SUCCESS

NOVEMBER 1902



THANKSGIVING NUMBER

FRANK X. LEYENDECKER

THE SUCCESS COMPANY
UNIVERSITY BUILDING, NEW YORK CITY

and 34 Norfolk St.
Strand,
London, England

TEN CENTS A COPY
ONE DOLLAR A YEAR

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SUCCESS

D. B. Lattey, Olivina, Cal., writes: "I have found the Powell System most interesting and a stimulus to originality and expression."

Miss B. E. Miner, Adair, Mich., writes: "I heartily recommend the Powell System and shall never regret my investment."



Mrs. Blanche Akin, Oleander, Cal., writes: "I have found Mr. Powell a conscientious instructor, with the power to impart his knowledge of adwriting to those who are willing to work."

Mr. A. J. Smith, 370 Lafayette Ave., Detroit, Mich., writes: "I know of no course one can derive so much benefit from as that afforded by the Powell System."

I Am Flooded With Testimonials

WHENEVER I can induce a prospective student to thoroughly investigate the testimony given the Powell System of Advertising Instruction, I invariably secure an enrollment. It could not be otherwise, for the statements of eminent advertising authorities and students are too sincere for any possible doubt to be entertained as to the unquestioned superiority of my methods. A short time since one of America's best known advertising agents said: "Powell is the only man to-day teaching advertising who has really earned the right." Ask others equally prominent and you will probably receive a similar reply. My school is the only one ever honored with enrollments paid for by such great publications as the "Review of Reviews" and "Everybody's Magazine." Can I publish anything stronger or more likely to induce you to send for my Prospectus, giving complete testimony and telling all about my course? If anything more convincing is possible in an ad. I want to know what it is.

PROOF THAT YOU CAN EARN MORE

The whole world marvels at the giant strides of advertising, and each succeeding year calls for many millions of dollars more than were ever before found necessary for exploiting the wares of thousands of new advertisers all over the land. The great demand for competent writers cannot be met, and in this emergency is the great opportunity for an army of young men and women at very large salaries. No other business offers equal chances.

The clerk, bookkeeper, or subordinate worker who wants to earn double the present income, should send to-day for my Prospectus, which may be the means of enabling him or her to carve out a brilliant future. The business man, too, who wants double profits should also get a copy. I never publish a testimonial without full name and address, and equal opportunity is afforded for properly investigating the minutest details of the Powell System of Advertising Instruction by Correspondence—a system far superior to oral instruction. But send for the Prospectus. Address

GEORGE H. POWELL, - 160 Temple Court, New York, N. Y.

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SUCCESS

The Great Home Magazine of America *For Every Member of the Family*

Editorial Announcements

ON this page reference is made to a few of the new features that have been provided to interest the readers of SUCCESS. Many more are in process of preparation, and will be announced from month to month. It is the intention to secure for SUCCESS the best reading matter possible, from the most noted of the world's novelists, thinkers and writers, and the editor of this magazine wishes to assure its readers that no expense whatsoever will be spared to make its editorial department the most noteworthy and brilliant of any monthly publication in America. When the late Benjamin Harrison said, "The magazine SUCCESS should be an integral part of every home," he uttered the keynote of our purpose. During the coming twelvemonth a series of features will appear in SUCCESS that will win for it the title of the greatest home magazine published.

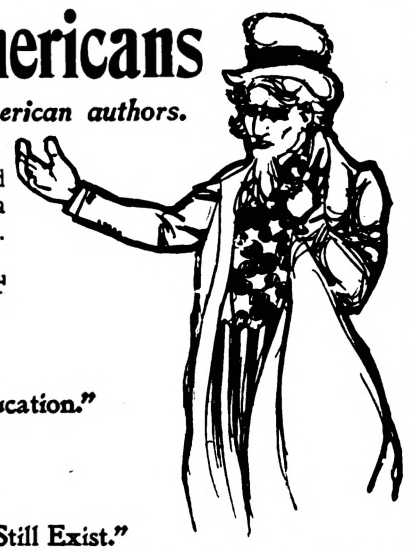
"Uncle Sam's" Talks with Young Americans

Written by JOSIAH STRONG, author of "Our Country," and other noted American authors.

A Notable SUCCESS Feature for the Coming Year.

A great, patriotic, historical, statistical, romantic story. The future of this country, its growth and development as a world-power. A complete record of the resources and capabilities of America in which the contrast with other countries is made as effective as possible. Valuable for every citizen. Necessary for every teacher. An education in American methods for everyone, young or old.

You cannot afford to miss this series. It will comprise the most important articles ever prepared on the growth and prosperity of the United States.



SOMETHING WORTH KEEPING.

These are a few of the subjects that Uncle Sam will talk about :—

"Uncle Sam Abroad."
"Scientific Farming; or Mixing Brains with the Soil."
"The Romance of Invention."
"The Growth and Possibilities of American Cities."
"The Underground Wealth of the Nation."
"The Development of American Education."
"America's Wide-Open Arms."
"The Progress of Transportation."
"The Printing Press of America."
"The Advance of Manufacturing."
"Opportunities and Resources That Still Exist."

Mme. Klumpke's Four Daughters

By LILIAN WHITING.

A remarkable story of a quartet of California girls who have become famous respectively in Medicine, Painting, Astronomy and Music.



CY WARMAN.

The Great Northwest

CY WARMAN, the noted author, is making a tour of the Northwestern States and Western Canada, specially for SUCCESS. He will make a thorough investigation of this important section of America, and write a series of papers about its industries, its agricultural possibilities and the great opportunities that lie within its borders.

Our Stirring Serial Story

Hiram Bennet's Gold Mine

By Henry Wallace Phillips

The first chapters of Henry Wallace Phillips's interesting story appear in this issue of SUCCESS. It is a romance of achievement blended with love and human interest. The author spent several years in the Black Hills,—the scene of the story—and his characters are drawn from life.

The literary style of Mr. Phillips is already known to American readers, by his clever book, "Red Saunders," and by "The Little Bear Who Grew" and other short stories that have appeared in SUCCESS and other magazines. Critics have claimed that he possesses the talent of being able to tell a good story in which pathos and humor are blended with delicate charm.



Henry Wallace Phillips.

"B. Carter"

By SAMUEL MERWIN.

MR. MERWIN, who is author of "The Copper King," and joint author with HENRY K. WEBSTER of "Calumet K," and "The Short Line War," some of the strongest and most fascinating business stories ever published, has written a new story for SUCCESS. "B. Carter" is a man who knows how to get results.



CHARLES F. THWING.

Embarrassments from a Deficient Education

By CHARLES F. THWING.

[President, Western Reserve University.]

DR. THWING has prepared this interesting article specially for SUCCESS. It is one of many on similar important educational subjects, which he will write for SUCCESS during the coming year.

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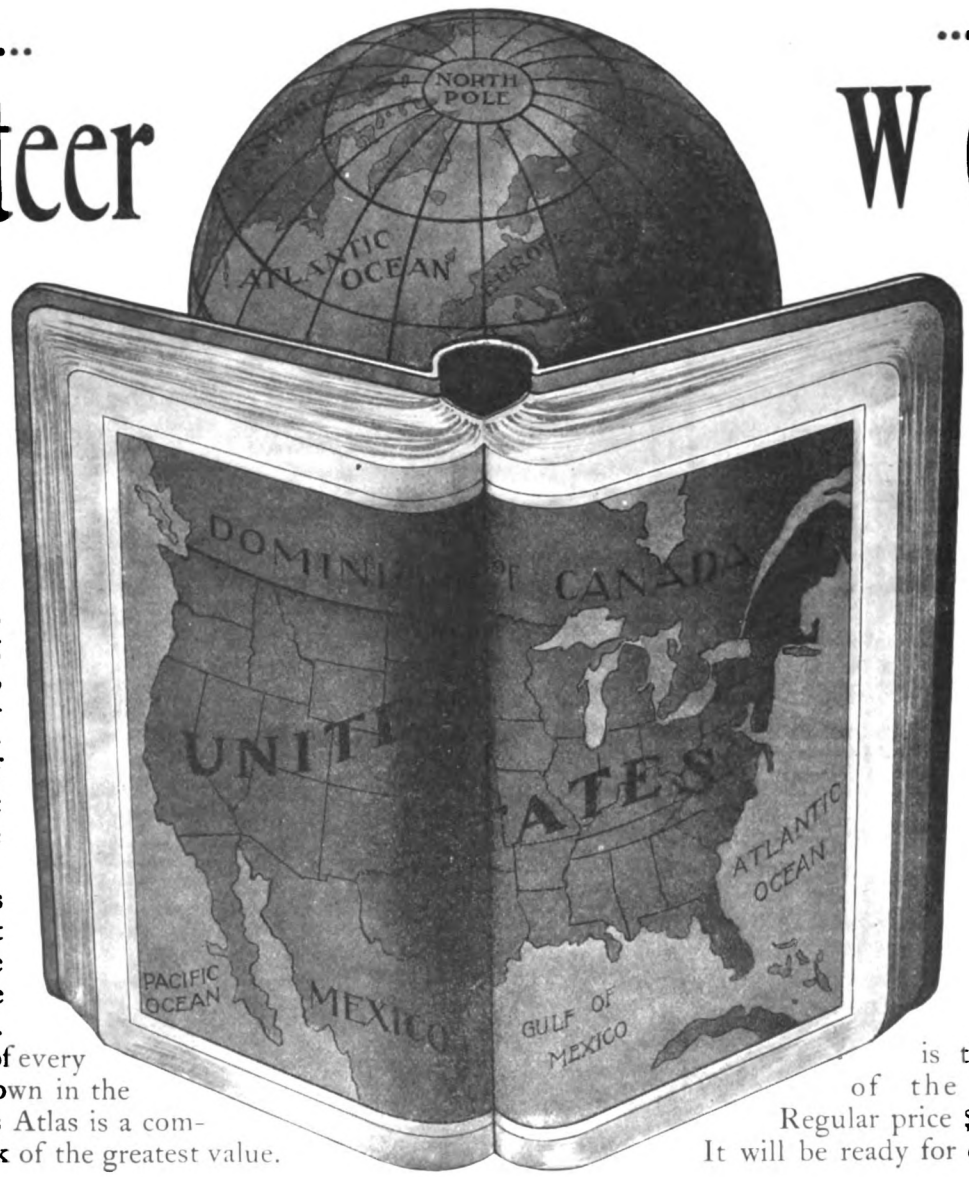
The Success Handy Reference Atlas

...and...

Gazetteer

...of the...

World



The Success Handy Reference Atlas and Gazetteer of the World—to give this beautiful little Atlas its "long title,"—has been in preparation for over a year under the editorial supervision of George F. Cram of Chicago, America's leading map and atlas maker, and Dr. Eugene Murray-Aaron of Washington, D. C., one of the ablest scientific geographers of the country.

This Atlas gives with the utmost clearness, but in the smallest possible space (size of maps 6 in. by 8 in.), the location of every important city and town in the world. The Success Atlas is a complete, up-to-date work of the greatest value.

This Atlas is compact and complete and is as thoroughly reliable as the more bulky, unwieldy and expensive atlases so difficult to handle.

It will find a place in a traveling grip, in a lady's writing desk, and at the business man's elbow.

In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred it will almost instantly give the information sought for, and it will add fifty per cent. to the value of periodical or newspaper reading because of its quick reference index.

The Success Atlas is the exclusive property of the Success Company. Regular price $1.00, postage prepaid. It will be ready for delivery November 10.

Our Three Great Atlas Offers

1.—We offer an annual subscription to "Success" (new or renewal) and the Success Handy Reference Atlas and Gazetteer of the World, both together, for only $1.25, postage prepaid.

2.—The Success Handy Reference Atlas and Gazetteer of the World may be obtained at an additional charge of but twenty-five cents, by all subscribers to the Success Magazine Clubbing Offers *who send their subscriptions direct to the Success Company.*

3.—We will send the Success Handy Reference Atlas and Gazetteer of the World FREE to any reader of "Success" who sends us $2.00 for his own subscription to "Success" (new or renewal) and one additional subscription (new or renewal) for any neighbor or friend.

SPECIAL FEATURES OF THE SUCCESS ATLAS

The Success Atlas contains over 200 pages of maps, each specially drawn and most beautifully engraved for this work, and printed in colors. Every country in the world, and every state and territory in the United States are mapped on a scale so large, and with engravings so perfect, as to make the maps unusually distinct and easy for consultation.

How completely the work has been done may be seen from the fact that there are over sixty separate maps of American states and possessions; seven of Central and South America; fourteen of Europe; seven of Asia; five of Africa; and nearly fifteen general maps of the world, including hemispheres, continents, oceans, islands, etc.

The maps are constructed scientifically, the more prominent places being given in black-faced type, the less prominent places in smaller type, etc.; and there is none of the usual "filling" of blank spaces.

Quick Reference Features

All maps are divided into squares with letters and numbers by which, in connection with the index, any important place in the world may be instantly located.

The general index of the Success Atlas is one of its principal features of value. It covers over 300 pages and contains nearly 40,000 names of cities, towns, villages, rivers, lakes, mountains, etc. The latest population of all cities, towns, and villages is given, and the square of the map upon which each is found is indexed on the "33-F-2" system, adopted in all the finest atlases made.

All names in the index are thrown into one general alphabetical arrangement, so that the "double hunt" for a name is avoided, and it is possible to find any city or town, even if you do not know what country or state it is in. This is a very expensive method of indexing and is adopted usually by the highest priced atlases only.

The maps of the Success Atlas are printed on a fine quality of plate paper. The binding is in cloth, strong, durable, and handsome.

What the Editor of the Atlas says

Dr. Murray-Aaron, Editor of the Success Atlas, writes, September 22, 1902: "I send you under separate cover a map just finished of Peru-Bolivia, which contains the rectified Bolivian boundaries, duly announced August 21st last, and not found in any other atlas. The new map shows the much discussed proposed Republic of Acre with its capital, Nova York, and its frontier custom-house of Puerto Alonzo. You may search the 'Statesmen's Year Book,' 'International Year Book,' 'Universal Year Book,' and the most recent works and none will give you a clue to this little 'neck o' the woods,' now so likely to cause international brawls. I blow this trumpet to show you that the Success Atlas is keeping right up to the mark. On Friday last, Peary's 'Farthest North' (84° 17′ N. W. of Cape Hecla) was announced, and I have ordered the plate of the Polar Regions corrected to show it."

THE SUCCESS COMPANY, Dept. C, University Building, Washington Square, New York

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ONE of the things we're proud of is that we've helped to popularize the best magazine literature of America—putting magazines in many homes where they could not be afforded before, and making it possible in others for several to be taken where one only could be had at full publishers' prices. The Success Magazine Clubbing Offers have done it. We have something of value for all,—low-priced offers and high,—and, as every one wants Success, (or ought to,) no offers can compare with ours. Note also our Book and Atlas Offers, and how they may be joined to our Magazine Offers for Christmas presents or for the home library and reading table. Enter your orders at once to avoid the holiday rush.

	Regular Price	Foreign Postage Extra
SUCCESS	$1.00	$0.75
Must be included in every order.		
CLASS A		
Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly	$1.00	.85
Everybody's Magazine	1.00	.85
Good Housekeeping	1.00	.60
Woman's Home Companion	1.00	.60

CLASS B	Regular Price	Foreign Postage Extra
Review of Reviews	$2.50	$1.00
World's Work	3.00	1.10
Current Literature	3.00	.60
Country Life	3.00	.84
Lippincott's Magazine	2.50	.96
Art Interchange	4.00	.75
New England Magazine	3.00	.75
The Independent	2.00	1.50

SPECIAL PRIVILEGES

Magazines ordered by subscribers (not newsdealers) may be sent to one or different addresses. Subscriptions will commence with the issues requested whenever possible to furnish copies, otherwise with issues of the month following that in which the subscription is received.

Present subscribers to SUCCESS may take advantage of these offers, either having their own subscriptions extended for one year from the present dates of expiration, or entering subscriptions to SUCCESS for relatives or friends.

OUR CLUB PRICES

All subscriptions may be either new or renewal.

Good Housekeeping . . $1.00
Or either FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY, or EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE.
Success 1.00
$2 for $1.25 *Our Price*

Woman's Home Comp'n $1.00
Or any other magazine in Class A.
Success 1.00
Success Atlas and Gazet'r 1.00
$3 for $1.50 *Our Price*

Frank Leslie's Pop. Mon. $1.00
Or any other magazine in Class A.
Success 1.00
Everybody's Magazine . 1.00
Or any other magazine in Class A.
$3 for $2 *Our Price*

Art Interchange . . $4.00
Or any other magazine in Class B.
Success 1.00
$5 for $2.50 *Our Price*

Review of Reviews $2.50 to 4.00
Or any other magazine in Class B.
Success 1.00
Frank Leslie's Pop. Mon. 1.00
Or any other magazine in Class A.
$6 for $3 *Our Price*

World's Work . . $3.00 to 4.00
Or any other magazine in Class B.
Success 1.00
Review of Reviews . $2.50 to 4.00
Or any other magazine in Class B.
$8 for $4 *Our Price*

Lippincott's Magazine $2.50 to 4.00
Or any other magazine in Class B.
Success 1.00
Frank Leslie's Pop. Mon. 1.00
Or any other magazine in Class A.
Everybody's Magazine . 1.00
Or any other magazine in Class A.
$7 for $3.50 *Our Price*

Special Atlas Offer

The Success Handy Reference Atlas and Gazetteer of the World (see opposite page,) may be obtained at an additional charge of but twenty-five cents by all subscribers to SUCCESS and SUCCESS magazine or book offers, *who send their subscriptions direct to The Success Company*, University Building, New York.

Current Literature . $3.00 to 4.00
Or any other magazine in Class B.
New England Magazine $3.00 to 4.00
Or any other magazine in Class B.
Success 1.00
Country Life . . . $3.00 to 4.00
Or any other magazine in Class B.
$11 for $5.50 *Our Price*

Special Offers for Magazine Reading Circles

	Regular Price	Our Price
SUCCESS and all four magazines of Class A,	$ 5.00	$ 3.00
SUCCESS and all eight magazines of Class B,	24.00	13.00
SUCCESS and all twelve magazines of Classes A and B,	28.00	15.00

Quotations made on any other combinations or on Success with any list of magazines desired.

ONE MAGAZINE FREE Any reader of SUCCESS who sends us three subscriptions (including his own, if desired,) to SUCCESS, or to Success Clubs listed at $2.00 or more, may have, as a reward, an annual subscription to SUCCESS or to any one of the four one-dollar magazines listed above in Class A.

WARNING! All representatives of SUCCESS carry properly signed and dated credentials. None others should be patronized. ***Beware of Frauds.***

Representatives wanted everywhere to take subscriptions for the SUCCESS MAGAZINE OFFERS. Liberal compensation granted. Send references and address all orders and requests for information to

THE SUCCESS COMPANY, Dept. C, = University Building, New York

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REWARDS FOR NEIGHBORHOOD WORK

WE want every boy and girl to send for our new Reward List, which is filled to the brim with illustrations and descriptions of hundreds of useful presents, including sports, games, household articles, etc., etc. This page is devoted to household rewards, although a mere hint only can be given of the large list to be found in the book. The few extracts below, however, will show how easy it is to earn a reward by quiet work for "Success."

Reward No. 176.—Razor. We offer a Wade and Butcher Razor, which has for forty years stood at the head, as a reward for securing three subscriptions to SUCCESS, new or renewal. Price, $1.50; postage, 5c. extra. Our Reward Book gives complete list of shaving requisites, including safety razor, strop, folding brush, etc.

Reward No. 161.—Morris Chair. We offer an elegant Morris Chair, in quartered golden oak, or imitation mahogany, with genuine mahogany veneer on top of arms, spring seat, adjustable back, fancy spindles, claw feet, etc., as a reward for securing seventeen subscriptions to SUCCESS, new or renewal. State whether red, blue or green cushions are wanted. Price, $8.00; freight extra. We also offer elegant rockers. See Reward Book.



Reward No. 168.—Opal Toilet Set. We offer an elegant six-piece Toilet Set that any lady will be proud to own. Each piece i superbly tinted, with edge-gilding and beautifully raised rococo ornamentation. There are two toilet bottles, one brush-and-comb tray, one manicure tray, one puff box and one pin or trinket box. Only six subscriptions to SUCCESS required, new or renewal. Price, $3.50; express charges extra.

Reward No. 789.—Lamp. We offer a superb Library Lamp and shade, complete, with polished bronze trimmings and pink roses on tinted ground, as a reward for securing only seven subscriptions to SUCCESS, new or renewal. Price, $6. Express charges extra.

Reward No. 167.—Fine China Dinner Set. We offer a fine Imported Carlsbad China Dinner Set, of 100 pieces, as a reward for securing 40 subscriptions to SUCCESS, new or renewal. Price, $22.50; freight extra.

Reward No. 186.—Carving Set. We offer a Superior Carving Set, consisting of knife, fork, and steel, of best quality, as a reward for securing four subscriptions to SUCCESS, new or renewal. Price, $2.00; express charges extra.

Reward No. 163.—Magic-Folding Silk Umbrella. We offer this useful umbrella, which can be automatically reduced in length to fit a 24-inch suit-case, as a reward for securing five subscriptions to SUCCESS, new or renewal. Price, $3.00; express charges extra.

Reward No. 171.—A Bureau Trunk. A boon to travelers, since it enables you to get at any drawer quickly, instead of being compelled to turn everything upside down. We offer a fine 32-inch trunk, of this pattern, as a reward for securing nineteen subscriptions to SUCCESS, new or renewal. Price, $9.50; freight charges extra.

Silverware.—Our Reward Book gives a large list of household articles, including spoons, knives, forks, dishes, etc., etc., which we offer as rewards.



Address all communications to

The SUCCESS COMPANY,
Dept. C, University Bldg., New York.



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There's Money in Working For SUCCESS.

We have congenial employment for those who want to work— soliciting subscriptions for Success.

If you are one of the army of progressive men and women who are winning their way in the world, our proposition will be interesting.

Success is a remarkable publication that has won the admiration of the whole civilized world, and its representatives carry with them the good will and helping hand of eminent educators, divines, and men of affairs everywhere.

Canvassing for Success is, therefore, more congenial and profitable than almost any other sort of soliciting.

There's no secret about the success of Success agents.

It is simply work—faithful, intelligent work—under our guidance and help.

We offer $650.00 in Cash Prizes for November subscription results.

Send for "The Red Book of Success."

CIRCULATION DEPARTMENT, SUCCESS CO.,
University Building, New York.

DO YOU WANT A FREE EDUCATION?



No matter what school or college you wish to enter—

No matter what correspondence school instruction you are anxious to take—

We have a plan that will enable you to get such an education as you desire, without cost.

Of course some work will be required, but everything in this world worth having requires an equivalent in one way or another.

It's a case of exchanging what you have for what you haven't, or may not be in a position to part with—cash.

As Dr. Warden says, "If a man would reach the highest success, he must pay the price himself."

And the life of every successful man or woman, and of every captain of industry, is evidence of the truthfulness of this axiom.

The work we offer in exchange for a free education is so congenial that hundreds have availed themselves of the opportunity.

The question, therefore, for you to decide is this: Do you want this free education?

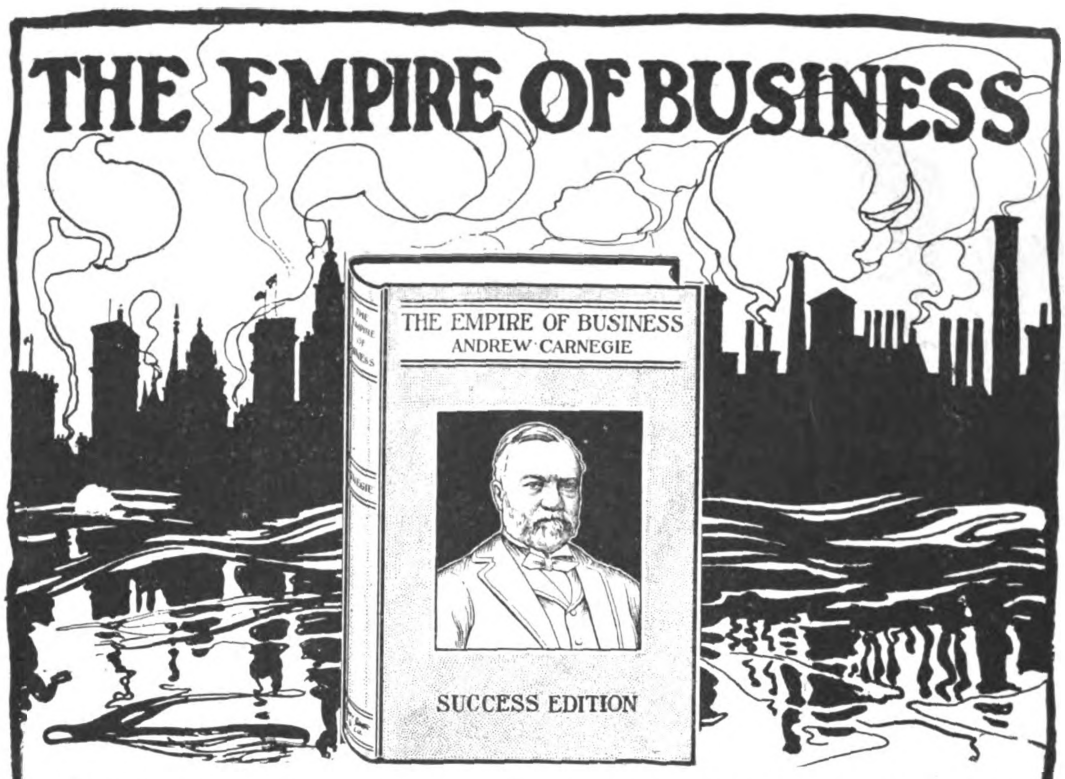
An affirmative reply to us will secure you the complete information you need to know.

It then rests with you to make good, and we know you can. Address

SUCCESS BUREAU OF EDUCATION,

University Building, - - - New York City.

THE EMPIRE OF BUSINESS



THE publishers of Success take pleasure in announcing that they have just contracted with Doubleday, Page & Co., Publishers of Mr. Carnegie's great book, "The Empire of Business," (price of regular edition $3.00) for a special "Success Edition" of 5,000 copies at a price so low as to make possible the following extraordinary propositions:—

Three Great Special Offers

1.—We offer an annual subscription to SUCCESS (new or renewal,) and "The Empire of Business" for only $1.50.

2.—We will send "The Empire of Business" FREE to any present reader of SUCCESS who sends us $2.00 for his own subscription to SUCCESS (new or renewal,) and one additional subscription (new or renewal,) obtained from any neighbor or friend.

3.—"The Empire of Business" may be obtained by subscribers to the SUCCESS Magazine Clubbing Offers, *who send their subscriptions direct to the Success Company,* at an additional charge of but seventy-five cents.

The Special "Success Edition"

The Success edition of "The Empire of Business" is the only low-priced edition which will be issued this season, the regular edition being sold by the publishers at $3.00. It will be printed from exactly the same plates as those used in the regular edition, and upon the beautiful, new "feather-weight" paper, first introduced this year,—a paper fabric which represents one of the highest achievements of the papermaker's art. The book contains 350 pages, and is substantially and beautifully bound in heavy cloth, gold stamping. The entire work will be executed in the style which has made Doubleday, Page & Co. famous as publishers.

CONTENTS

The great value of this book is but partially indicated by the following chapter titles:—

The Road to Business Success.
The A B C of Money.
The Common Interest of Labor and Capital.
Thrift as a Duty.
How to Win Fortune.
Wealth and Its Uses.
The Bugaboo of Trusts.
Anglo-American Trade Relations.
Business.
Steel Manufacture in the United States.
The Cost of Living in Britain
Oil and Gas Wells.
The Three-Legged Stool.
Railroads Past and Present.
Iron and Steel at Home and Abroad.
The Manchester School and To-day.
What Would I Do with the Tariff If I Were Czar.

Address all orders to

THE SUCCESS COMPANY, Dept. C, University Bldg, Washington Square, New York.



PRACTICAL COOKING AND SERVING

THIS new work is the latest authority in the science of cookery, and contains everything the housekeeper needs to know about food and its preparation. The author, Mrs. Janet Mackenzie Hill, is head of the Boston Cooking School, and editor of one of the best cookery magazines in the world, and is a recognized expert on cookery.

"Practical Cooking and Serving" is a beautiful book of 900 pages, size 5½ x 8½, elaborately illustrated with fine color and other engravings. A young lady can obtain from it a liberal education in the culinary art, valuable alike to the novice or expert.

Part 1 treats of food principles, including among others, Elementary Processes. Tables of Preparations, Time Tables, etc., etc.

Part 2 is devoted to practical receipts of all kinds—for preparing Beverages, Fish, Beef, Mutton, Veal, Lamb, Pork, Sauces, Desserts, Bread, Dressings, Dietetics for the Sick, etc., etc.

Part 3 gives suggestions on Marketing, Art of Entertaining, Special Lunches and Teas, besides a host of receipts for serving, garnishing, etc.

SPECIAL OFFERS: **1.—We offer an annual subscription to SUCCESS (new or renewal,) and "Practical Cooking and Serving," both together, for only $2.00.**

2.—We will send "Practical Cooking and Serving" FREE to any present reader of SUCCESS who sends $3.00 for his own subscription to SUCCESS (new or renewal,) and two additional subscriptions (new or renewal,) from neighbors or friends.

THE SUCCESS CO., Dept. C, University Bldg., New York

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THOMAS J. FOSTER.
PRES. OF THE SCHOOLS.



We Can Train You *BY MAIL*

For Any Position in the Coupon

THE International Correspondence Schools, established eleven years ago, was the first institution to train ambitious people *by mail* for advancement in the trades and engineering professions. Since 1891 more than half a million men and women have become I. C. S. students and over a hundred thousand more are enrolling every year. The reasons for this remarkable growth are:

1. The members of our faculty and our textbook writers are men of broad practical experience and technical education who devote their entire time to correspondence instruction.

2. We have already spent over $500,000 in writing and illustrating the famous I. C. S. TEXTBOOKS, which are furnished to our students for study and are used for reference purposes by leading universities and industrial establishments of the United States. **These Textbooks are the cause of our success and the success of our students,** and, as we own the copyrights, no other correspondence school can use them.

3. The salaries of hundreds of I. C. S. students have been advanced from 50% to 100% through our training. Their endorsements, portraits, and full addresses are published in our circulars.

No matter what you earn now we can train you to earn more. For full particulars cut out, fill in, and mail the coupon TODAY.

International Correspondence Schools

"FIRST AND BEST"

International Correspondence Schools,
Box 1172, Scranton, Pa.

Explain how I can qualify for position marked X below.

	Mechanical Engineer		Municipal Engineer
	Machine Designer		Bridge Engineer
	Mech. Draftsman		Railroad Engineer
	Foreman Machinist		Surveyor
	" Toolmaker		Mining Engineer
	" Pat'rnmaker		Metallurgist
	" Blacksmith		Sanitary Engineer
	" Molder		Architect
	Gas Engineer		Contractor and Bldr.
	Refrig. Engineer		Arch. Draftsman
	Traction Engineer		Textile Mill Supt.
	Electrical Engineer		Textile Designer
	Electrician		Sign Painter
	Electric Lighting Supt.		Letterer
	Electric Railway Supt.		Chemist
	Telephone Engineer		Sheet-Metal Drafts'an
	Telegraph Engineer		Ornamental Designer
	Wireman		Navigator
	Dynamo Tender		Bookkeeper
	Motorman		Stenographer
	Steam Engineer		Teacher
	Marine Engineer		To Speak French
	Civil Engineer		To Speak German
	Hydraulic Engineer		To Speak Spanish

Name _____

St. and No. _____

City _____ State _____

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MAR 11 1904
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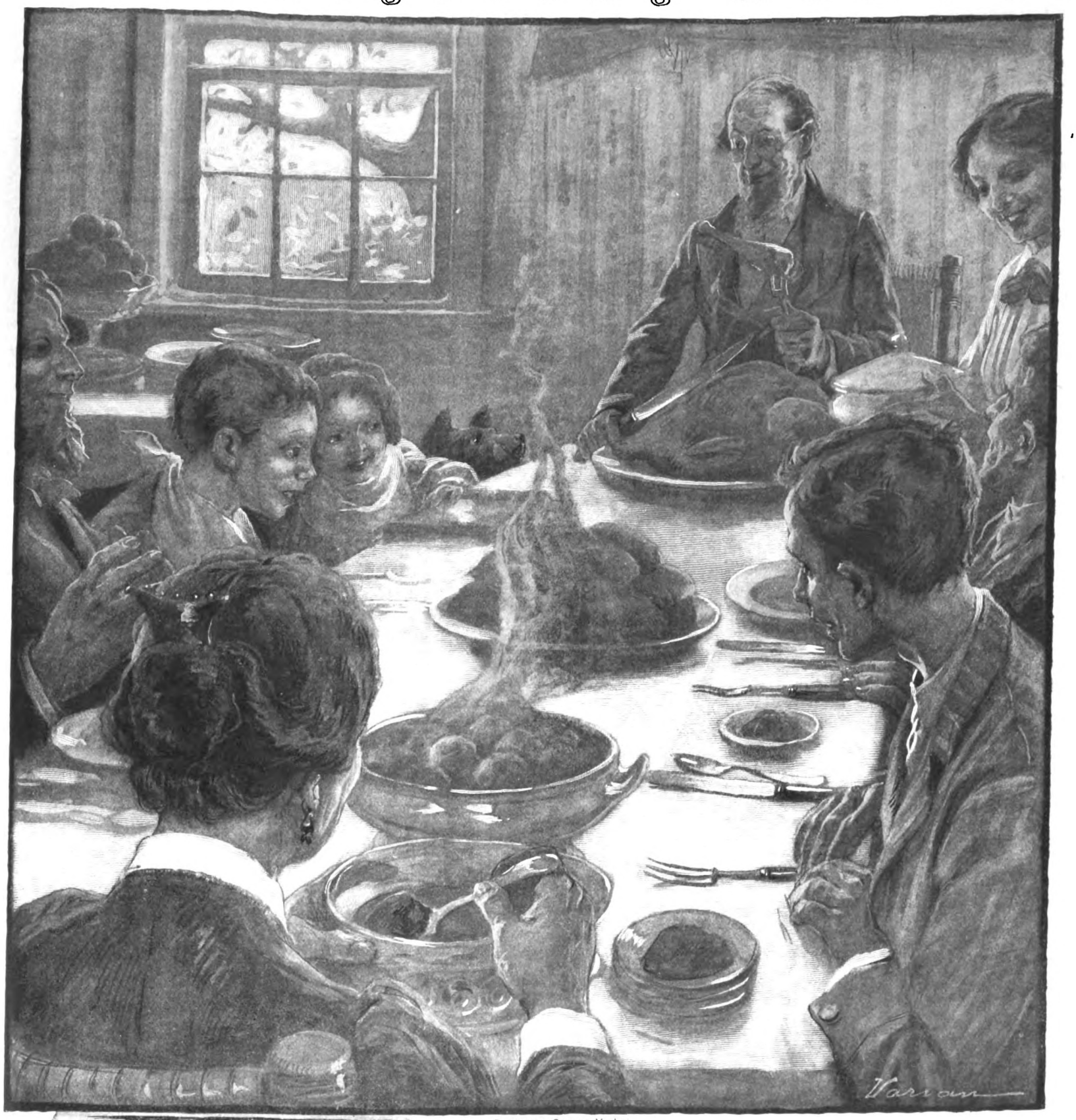
SUCCESS
Gratis
Volume V. NEW YORK, NOVEMBER, 1902 Number 102

Thanksgiving Number



Drawn by George Varian



**"Do you recall how beat our hearts beside the festal board,
With turkey brown, and pumpkin pie, and other dainties stored?"**

An Old Thanksgiving Day

Alfred J. Waterhouse

I.

O'er well remembered paths that lead to fields of long ago,
Although my feet have lost the way nor may its windings know,
My heart turns back, as birds return to summer lands of cheer,
Or as a pilgrim, worn and gray, unto his home draws near;
My heart turns back, the slow years fade, a boy again am I,
Who lacks the wisdom of the world, but also lacks its sigh.
The fire burns low, the mists steal out that hide the past away:
Again I am a little boy upon Thanksgiving Day.

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II.

No palace was my grandsire's home, a cottage brown and old,
The only wealth it ever knew was sweet contentment's gold;
All homely was our daily fare, but simple, kindly cheer
Gave it a zest that banquets lack through every later year;
Each meal began with spoken words of reverential praise
That He whose love is o'er us all was heeding still our ways.
So passed the days, remote from care, unmindful of the fray,
Till brightly o'er the waiting world there dawned Thanksgiving Day.

III.

Heigho! my sister, you who were a child but yesterday,
But now, by some mysterious spell, are growing old and gray,
Do you recall how beat our hearts beside the festal board,
With turkey brown, and pumpkin pie, and other dainties stored?
Do you recall our grandsire's "grace" ere we the meal attacked,
And how our squirming proved our thought that brevity it lacked?
Do you recall his kindly face? And so do I. I say
It bore a blessing of its own upon Thanksgiving Day.

IV.

Now for the turkey! Here are thanks embodied on a plate,—
No king fares better, whatsoe'er his royal pride and state:
Cranberries like ambrosia that the gods of fable knew,
And sweet potatoes,—there's a treat!—and even oyster stew;
And pumpkin pie, to finish all and bid the banquet cease,
That was so good, so very good, each—took a second piece:
And, when the meal at last was done, by mother cleared away,
Our faces shone with thanks and grease, upon Thanksgiving Day.

V.

A day of praise, a day of love, of gratitude and cheer,
It differed only in degree from others in the year,
For these were but old-fashioned folks, who walked in simple way,
And deemed that every morning brought a new thanksgiving day;
And still in dreams I see the trust that lit my grandsire's face,
The while he bent a reverent knee before the throne of grace;
And, like a song that steals adown from summits far away,
I hear the good man's prayer for me on each Thanksgiving Day.

VI.

Oh, grandsire! wheresoe'er you be, reach out and bless me here:
Teach me the simple, kindly ways that gave your life its cheer:
Teach me contentment,—'tis the art that most of us have lost,—
And, losing it, we've sadly learned that we must pay the cost:
Teach me the gratitude that feels His way is ever best:
That goodly deeds are more than gold, and love the final test:
So may I feel and humbly speak, as best a wanderer may,
The thanks that are no formal words, upon Thanksgiving Day.

An Audience with Edwin A. Abbey

[The American artist who was chosen to paint the coronation of King Edward VII.]

H. S. Morrison





Two hitherto unpublished sketches by Mr. Abbey, made in his youth



Edwin Austin Abbey in his studio

UNDOUBTEDLY the best-known American artist is Edwin Austin Abbey. He has done more than any other man to spread the fame of American art in Europe. He has proceeded, step by step, from his early youth, when he earned fifteen dollars a week as a "hack-artist," until he ranks as the greatest living decorative painter. The history of his life is an inspiration to students, as it furnishes striking evidence of what hard work and self-confidence can accomplish in the field of art. Mr. Abbey advanced gradually from water-colors and pen-sketching to oil-painting, pastel and fine decorative work. Although he is a very prolific artist, he has maintained a surprising degree of excellence. His work breathes forth his personality, and shows the character of the man; there is confidence in every line. His taste is as fine as his art and execution are perfect, and he has an extraordinary degree of comprehension and receptivity, due to his American blood.

Mr. Abbey has scholarly ability and intense application, but they would have availed him little if they had not seconded a talent of the most unusual order, and an individuality which is so personal that it may be said of him that he resembles no other living painter. It is only natural that he should have gained success in his chosen line of work, for his heart has been in it from his boyhood days. His earnest efforts have always been appreciated both in Europe and America. Only two seasons after he went to live in England, he was elected a member of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colors. In 1889, he received a first-class medal at the Paris Exposition, and, in 1896, he was honored by an associate membership in the Royal Academy. Two years later he was received into full membership, though John R. Sargent, his fellow countryman, had to wait three years. Mr. Abbey was honored by King Edward VII. with a commission to paint the coronation scene in Westminster Abbey, and by the Pennsylvania Legislature with a commission to decorate the new state capitol at Harrisburg.

During a recent visit to England, I determined to visit Mr. Abbey, and obtain from him some message for his young countrymen who are beginning where he began thirty years ago. He has a beautiful country house known as Morgan Hall, in Gloucestershire, an attractive English county. In this house is the largest private studio in the whole country, built especially for the preparation of the Boston Library decorations, which Mr. Abbey recently completed. It measures twenty-five by fourteen yards, and has a high ceiling. In this room, I observed a number of great easels, for Mr. Abbey usually has several pictures in progress at one time, but they occupied only a fraction of the space. It would be hard to imagine a studio more perfectly equipped for work. Great tapestries hung from heavy frames, not for ornamentation, but for study; carved oak doors and panels were resting against the walls, and scattered everywhere were casts of curious architecture. Priceless armor was displayed on every side, and along the walls were a number of canvases which had been used for studies, or paintings which had not been completed. There were chests filled with velvets, brocades, and silks of various ancient periods. All these things are accessories of Mr. Abbey's craft and nothing more. He uses them in working out the details of his historical paintings. There were trestlefuls of elaborate studies and half-finished drawings standing about, and, tacked upon the walls, were photographs of pictures of many interesting periods.

Mr. Abbey has also a vast collection of costumes. They are of all periods, and one might suppose himself in the stock room of some great theater. All these costumes help in depicting the dress worn at some great event which the artist desires to put upon canvas. Mr. Abbey is very accurate and careful in his work, and has never been challenged in any details of fact, of costume, of architecture, or of accessory. It must not be supposed that any of these costumes and decorations are copied in the paintings; they are merely suggestions for invention.

Mr. Abbey's industry and energy are prodigious, so that I was quite prepared to find him at work when I visited his studio. Although the artist has lived abroad for many years, he is thoroughly American in his personality, and I might have been talking with him at a Philadelphia studio, instead of in the heart of England.

"There was nothing at all extraordinary about my boyhood," he said, in answer to a question. "I was very much like other boys, perhaps less promising than most. I remember that my parents complained because I was unable to fix my ambition upon any single profession, and they urged that I must have some definite aim in life. When I appeared unable to decide for myself, they undertook to decide for me and to formulate plans for my future. They suggested that I enter

[*Concluded on pages 658 and 659*]

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"HOLT" BENNET

Hiram Bennet's Gold Mine

A Romance of the Black Hills

HENRY WALLACE PHILLIPS
[Author of "Red Saunders"]

Illustrations by Will Crawford

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"Stay with it, boy! Only a few feet more"

CHAPTER I.

HOLTON BENNET stood in the doorway, looking out into the street, where the struggle for existence was contracted into a wild effort to get home with all possible speed. Banging trolley gongs, the clatter of horses' feet, the roar of wheels, the swish and scuffling of a myriad human feet, and the blended confusion of a thousand voices clamored in the evening air. Within, the arc lights hissed and wavered, flooding the white-tiled hotel office with a violet-white radiance,—a daylight fit for ghosts.

"Going uptown, Holt?" asked an acquaintance, pausing beside him.

"No. Father wants to see me about something; I'm expecting him any minute."

"Nothing wrong, I hope? Mr. Bennet has looked a little troubled to me this trip."

"I don't know that there is; yet he wouldn't lay such stress on having me come on, unless something out of the usual were up. I'll tell you one thing: if it's a matter that will keep me from going back next term, I won't grieve as I should."

The other laughed. "What's the matter with the college, Holt?" he asked. "You're the most incorrigible anti-stay-in-the-house man I ever saw."

"That's right; I think there must be a gypsy strain in my blood. Anyway, I've stuck out these two terms to please dad, and I'm hoping that old Lady Fortune will cut out the next two, to please me."

"Well, there's your father now, looking as if he wanted private converse with you;—so long!"

"By-by," said Holt, and he turned to a thin, sinewy, sandy-haired man, who was approaching. "Ready for me, father?"

The gentleman nodded. They withdrew into a corner of the office. "Holton," began the older man, "I don't know where to start; you and I have seen so little of each other in the last few years that 'intimate strangers' is about the best term for us. Tell me, will you be heartbroken if you can't go back to Brown's next term?"

"No, sir! that I shall not. I've just been telling Bert that I stuck out the last two, to please you, and that I'd be glad of almost anything that would let me out of doing any more."

The elder man drew a long breath, half of relief, and half of regret. "Well," he said, at length, "that might be too bad if it wasn't the most fortunate thing in the world; for you can't go back,—that is, without working your passage." He hitched his chair closer, and ran his fingers through his hair. With his wiry locks up-ended, Mr. Bennet looked singularly like a blond Indian. He had a bold, arching nose, a determined jaw, and unflinching eyes. He shot the last in a quick, testing glance on his son. As he had said, the pair knew little of each other. The father, wrapped in his business, and the son, away at his college, had exchanged the necessary news, and there communion had ended. But Hiram Bennet had been trained both by army and by civil life to pick out a man for a purpose on the instant; he felt reassured, and a flush of fatherly pride went over him, as he looked at the well-made young fellow,—one half good, honest boy, the other half gentleman, bound together with a streak of humor. There was something in the lad's kindly gray eyes which suggested that it wouldn't always do to fool with him, and that he was no fool in the first place.

"Is your health pretty good, Holt?"

"Yes, sir," responded the son, wondering what all this meant; "in point of fact, sparring and wrestling are the two features of the course in which I have won distinction. I did something in the sprints, but in the middle-weight wrestling class your offspring has yet to know that he owns a back, as far as contact with the cold world is concerned."

His father smiled. "You look pretty husky," he admitted, "but it isn't muscle only that counts. I've seen men with the thews of horses go out quick in the army. How's your general health?"

"Why, when I eat anything, I never know anything more about it than if I'd slipped it into a pantry. I go to sleep at night, and lo! it's morning already. I haven't had an ache or a pain, that some other fellow's glove or earnest efforts to break me in two have not caused, since I can remember."

"That's a good hearing," said his father, nodding his head in satisfaction. "Now, I suppose you'd like to know what I am driving at. Well, four years ago, Will Truman and I bought a block of stock in a Black Hills gold mine. I never wanted to go into the thing, but you remember what a coaxing chap poor old Will was, so at last he got me into it. We had to subscribe to a block of stock, the directors—or rather the director, for a certain William H. Davis is the only person that seems to do much directing,—offering the plausible reason that they didn't care to waste money in advertising, but wanted to put the stock out *en bloc*. It cost us some thirty-five thousand dollars between us, and, when Will Truman died and left me the sole executor of his estate, that stock was the only estate he had. Mrs. Truman has three children. Now, the really pleasant part of the enterprise comes in this: that mine has hit me for assessments with the utmost regularity for three years. What they do with the money, I don't know. What I do know is that, between helping Mrs. Truman out, paying assessments, and trying to weather my own business through a bad time, I'm almost against the wall. Naturally, I hope there's something in the mine; equally naturally, I have begun to fear there is not, except the money a few fools like myself have put into it. I want to know which is true. I sent out two so-called experts, at considerable expense to myself, and both came back with the same story,—of a wonderful mine, a glorious mine, the fabled Ophir a mere prospect hole compared to it. Then came another assessment, and an effort on my part to square the conflicting testimony. Whether these men were fooled or paid by my esteemed friend, William H. Davis, I don't know. It looks like one or the other. On the other hand, it seems quite possible to my ignorance that they do need the money I have been pouring in to properly develop the property, but I have had enough of hirelings. Will you be willing to go out there for me?"

"Willing!" exclaimed Holt. "Great Scott! That would be a bit of the prettiest color out of my best dream! To turn myself loose out there, why, father,—"

"Hold on a minute! This isn't all hurrah. For instance, here's your problem: you, a boy of nineteen years, are to start for a wild country where you know nobody, and find out definite information, about a certain mine, that probably is a close-guarded secret. For the sake of argument, we'll assume that the business is crooked, and, from what I know of Mr. William H. Davis, I can assure you he is a pretty clever man; now, how will you start at it?"

Holton rubbed his hands in some satisfaction. "Here's where the incidentals of a college course come in strong, I fancy," he said. "My roommate was a Montana boy, raised on a miner's candlestick, as he used to say. He and I have talked over salted mines a hundred times. He says the only thing to do is to put on jumper and overalls and get right into the mine,—any kind of a job at all, so long as you are in touch with the men,—for they know what's going on, sooner or later. Coupling the information you get from them with what you pick up yourself, you'll come about as near to facts as is possible."

Mr. Bennet slapped him on the shoulder. "Holt," he said, "that is just what I had figured out for myself. It seems, perhaps, that you know more about this business than I do; you certainly know a hundred per cent. more than I thought you did; go ahead, and I'll sit and listen!"

"Well, father, the rest of my contribution is n't so important. Yet it bears on the case, too. I read almost everything we had in the library on mining and milling, and have quite a theoretical knowledge of an amalgamator's work."

"Who's he?"

"That's the man who runs the mill. He puts the quicksilver in the mortars and on the tables, to form the amalgam with the gold."

"Good for him; but I'll wager he doesn't do much of it at the Homestead, managed by William H. Davis. Never mind,—go on."

"That's all; amalgamating and reading about it are two different things, my chum says. It seems there's lots of thumb knowledge, only to be learned by doing it; still, I might pick up a job as a feeder. I'll learn in the mill, if in any place. I don't see how they can fool the mill people on what they're doing. I think I might make a bold push for a job as a feeder out there."

"I think you might, too. At any rate, I think you'll make a good attempt at bringing home some news. I can't tell you how you've heartened me up, Holt. Perhaps I've gotten a little morbid, but lately it has seemed to me as if there were no one I could both trust and rely upon,—as if everything I wanted done I must do for myself. By George! It is a pleasant relief, to have you take hold as if you knew something; I ventured the subject to you in fear and trembling. Didn't think you were either old enough or sensible enough. I'm very pleasantly disappointed. I wish I had made your acquaintance sooner."

Holton blushed to the roots of his hair. Praise from his father was praise indeed. The boy instantly felt humble.

"I was only talking out of enthusiasm," he said. "As you say, those are likely to be sharp men out there, and the chances are strong that I shall come back whipped."

"Of course," said Mr. Bennet, "that's perfectly to be expected, Holt. I am not looking for you to do the impossible. What I mean is that I will invest your cost in the trip with a joyful heart,—why, boy, I paid over five thousand dollars apiece to my experts, and see what I got for it! You rest

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easy on that score. You'll do your best, and I know it. That will be good enough for me. As for the practical side of it, a boy like you stands far more chance of getting in unsuspected than a man grown. Now, when will you start?"

"Why, any time,—now, if you say so. The sooner the better, is n't it?"

"Just that. If there's anything in the property, I'll scrape up the assessments somehow; if there's nothing, I want to be rid of that drain at once."

"That puts quite a responsibility on me," said Holton, thoughtfully.

"In a way it does, but, as I told you, ease your mind. What you tell me will be the best information that I can possibly get, do you see? Well, I'll act on it without more ado, and, if you've made a mistake, it won't be a worse one than I made when I went into the thing. I haven't been all a father should be to you, Holt. I have been too much taken up with my own schemes. It was a sad day for both when your mother left us. . . . But I'll treat you fairly, my boy; don't think I'll visit it on you if you fall into an error. I'm obliged for your help, and more comforted than you can guess."

Holton held out his hand. "Thank you, father," he said.

"For nothing at all," replied the older man, gripping the extended hand heartily. "To you comes all the work. However, you look forward to that pleasantly. I don't know but I should have done the same at your age,—or even now, if I could get off, for that matter. You're ready to go at once, you say?"

"Yes, sir."

"To-morrow night?"

"To-morrow morning, if necessary."

"Well, we'll start out and buy your traps now. You want to land out there like a man of the country. Let's see your hands,—why, they're pretty well calloused up."

"Oars and the 'gym.' I'll do for a hired man all right. And say, father, I think I'd better get a suit of second-hand overalls, a suit with plenty of marks of honest toil on them, from one of the hotel boys."

"A good scheme! Perhaps I credit our adversaries with more subtlety than belongs to them, but I can't help but think an attention to trifles will win better than a brilliant campaign. A new spandy suit of jumpers might look suspicious. You'll have to get some clothes of a less stylish cut than you have on now, too. Come on, Holton, let's get at it."

The pair boarded a trolley car and rode to the shopping district. In all his life, Holton could remember no such feeling of elation, mixed with a curious numb sense of living in a dream, as when he bought the things that coupled him with the rôle he was about to play. The many lights of the city seemed to dance; to his excited eyes every one wore a happy look. The town, that he had thought such a dreary medley of haste and confusion only a few short hours before, took a different appearance from this good-by excursion. It all wore a holiday glamour.

"Going to take your fiddle with you?"

"I had n't thought of it, but I guess I'd better."

"I would. It will entertain you many an hour; besides, music makes friends for a man. I can remember one fellow with a concertina, in the army, who used to gather the whole camp around him when he played,—officers and all. It sounded good to homesick ears. My, boy! This brings old times back to me. I wish I could go along. I begin to feel homesick once more. I don't know what there is about living uncomfortably that makes a man want to repeat the experience, yet he does. I believe ninety per cent. of men would be tramps, if it were not for women. Here am I, a sober, steady man of business, commencing to sniff the air like a colt,—well, enough of that, as Othello says."

"I always wondered whether the remark applied to his previous statement that he had done the state some service."

"Probably it did," said Mr. Bennet, laughing. "Now for home, before I have too hard a wrestle with the spirit. I like staying in my store less than you think, Holt."

"I may come by my roaming instincts naturally," said Holton.

"You do, lad. I wandered a good deal when I was your age. I thought I'd spare you something of what I had to pay for time lost,—although I can't truthfully say I think it a total loss, either,—by sending you to college, and giving you a start that I missed. Something bigger than my intention has decreed otherwise, and away you go, not looking one bit sorry."

Holton had never been on such terms with his father before. "It's almost as if we were young fellows together," he thought. He was a sensitive boy, and his eyes filmed over at the joy of it. He laid his hand on his father's shoulder.

"I am glad, father," he said, "and not the least of it is because you have such confidence in me. I'm going to do the best I can to act sensibly, and so you'll be glad you sent me."

* * * * * * *

A train sped over the continent, teaching one young citizen more fully what it means to be an American. Through the true wealth of the country,—the tidy, closely tilled farms of the East, and the broad domains of the middle-land, it flew, with the long roll of the engine exhaust calling the forces of peace to arms; then into the spectral desert,—the Sand Hills of Nebraska, shining like the bones of a long dead land in the moonlight, but swept by the sweetest, dreamiest air that ever charmed the sense of smell; then hauling hard, with a sharper and deeper note from the engine, up the long climb to the mountains, past cleft and gorge and sheer height; stopping at mountain stations, where a wild, cold wind whistled through the telegraph wires, keening the story of the lonely lands from which they came. It was wonderful and enchanting. Then the last stop was made, where the train was traded for the stage coach, which, after all, is tighter to one's heart than the more theatrical iron horse.

"Is this where I take the stage for Bonanza?" asked Holton, halting uncertainly before a shedlike building that held a man and a team.

"Yes, sir!" said the man, a tall and burly specimen, with long yellow mustachios and a white hat. "This is the place, and here's the stage, just pulling out now. Hop in, and we'll pick up the rest of the traffic."

Holton absorbed the free and easy manners of the stage, which was no stage such as he had dreamed of, but merely a three-seated mountain wagon. It stopped around at various places, gathering passengers and executing commissions, the driver sometimes upbraiding customers strongly, when they caused delay. It dodged all about the city, where the brick buildings stood in strange isolation from their boarded neighbors with the "battlement fronts." It gave Holton a view of something that surprised him,—sixteen yoke of "bulls" hauling freight into town, in three immense wagons, the drivers walking beside the teams, and snapping their long whips like infantry fire. The caravan was nearly two blocks long, and the people in the stage kept up a running fire of jocular comment during the period of passing, which was returned with spirit and point by the bull-whackers. Then, having fulfilled its duties, the stage struck a most business-like gait, and dusted out of the town, which shut with a snap behind it. There were no suburbs, there was no tapering off. Here was town, and there was open country. The way they rattled over some forty miles of that country, bouncing over corduroy, panting up mountains, sliding down the other side, taking corners on two wheels, with quite a perpendicular landscape on the unsupported side, made Holton's heart quicken its action at times. But it was all fine,—great,—the best holiday that he had ever known, and he felt a twinge of regret when the driver halted on an eminent mountain, and, pointing to a little cluster of houses and cabins in the gulch below, said, "There's Bonanza, my friend. I've got you there in time for supper. If you've lost any flesh, you'll make it up quick when you get your teeth into Brockey's providin'. He's a queer ol' gal, is Brockey, but the way he can cook would civilize a dog-soldier."

So, down there, business began.



Neil McGrath, the old Comstocker

CHAPTER II.

Brockey Cullen's hotel at Bonanza had a style of its own. The main building was a substantial log structure built of pumpkin pine, the red-tawny bark showing in pleasant contrast to the dark spruces behind it. On this were built additions of rough lumber to suit the growth of the camp. The particular feature that marked the Cullen hostelry beyond the hundred other little places of the sort in the Hills was its immaculate neatness. The cleanly approach struck the passenger's eye pleasantly, but within it was a marvel. The board floor looked as if it had been "holy-stoned" like a man-of-war's deck. The walls shone with a covering of fresh sheet cotton; the windows gleamed with a polished brilliancy. On the walls hung the regalia of the proprietor's former profession,—cow-punching. There were a huge saddle with many thongs, an ivory-handled quirt, a bridle, rich with bullion, and a pair of bearskin 'chaps.' Beside these hung a sign, a warning, or a creed, or whatever you are minded to call it, glazed in a frame. Holton read it in some astonishment. It ran thus:—

"No liquor sold here,—
Not so much as a glass of beer.
Don't ask for it unless you're stout,
Or the boss of the ranch will chuck you out."

This unusual ultimatum was executed in hand-printed characters. Next to this was another sign:—

"All kinds of tobacker and siggars. Smoking won't hurt you."

Brockey Cullen was a man of strong feeling. He liked what he liked, and abhorred the rest. No Holland housewife could have exhibited a stronger enmity to dirt. His was a pleasant place. Through the open windows one could see the mountain, bearing on its breast the flume that furnished power for the mill; the cool evening breeze romped all over it. Overhead the pines roared steadily, booming like a heavy surf, and, from down the road, came the rhythmic, beating thunder of the mill.

Holton took all this in and wondered what had become of the proprietor; no one appeared,—he was in sole possession of the hotel. After a quarter of an hour, this became irksome. He stepped to the door and called, "Hello!"

"Hello, yourself, whoever you are!" responded a voice from behind the house. "Wait till I ketch this spavined ol' hen, an' I'll talk business with you."

A vehement squawking and some hasty words followed. "There she goes, consarn her!" yelled the voice. "Head her off there, friend!" The hen came scuttling around the corner in the wild high-stepping hurry of her kind, and, after her, sailed the white hat of Brockey Cullen, he himself, red-faced and excited, tearing behind. Holton danced in front of the quarry, waved his arms and yelled, "Shoo!"

"That ain't no way to do!" cried Brockey, in exasperation. "Do n't stand there and yell 'shoo!' Nail her! nail her! Hey, Tommy! Round her up on that side!"

Holton saw a young fellow jump from the road and take position to the left. "Send her along, Cullen!" said he, "she'll never get by me in the world!" The mock gravity that underlaid the Irish burr of the speaker set Holton tittering internally.

"Now, boys!" said Cullen, full of serious interest in the chase.

"Close up on her easy,—there, there! Not so quick! Take it gentle—whoa, hen! Whoa, you fool!" They slunk upon their prey like Indians. "Now, jump her!" shrieked Cullen. They threw

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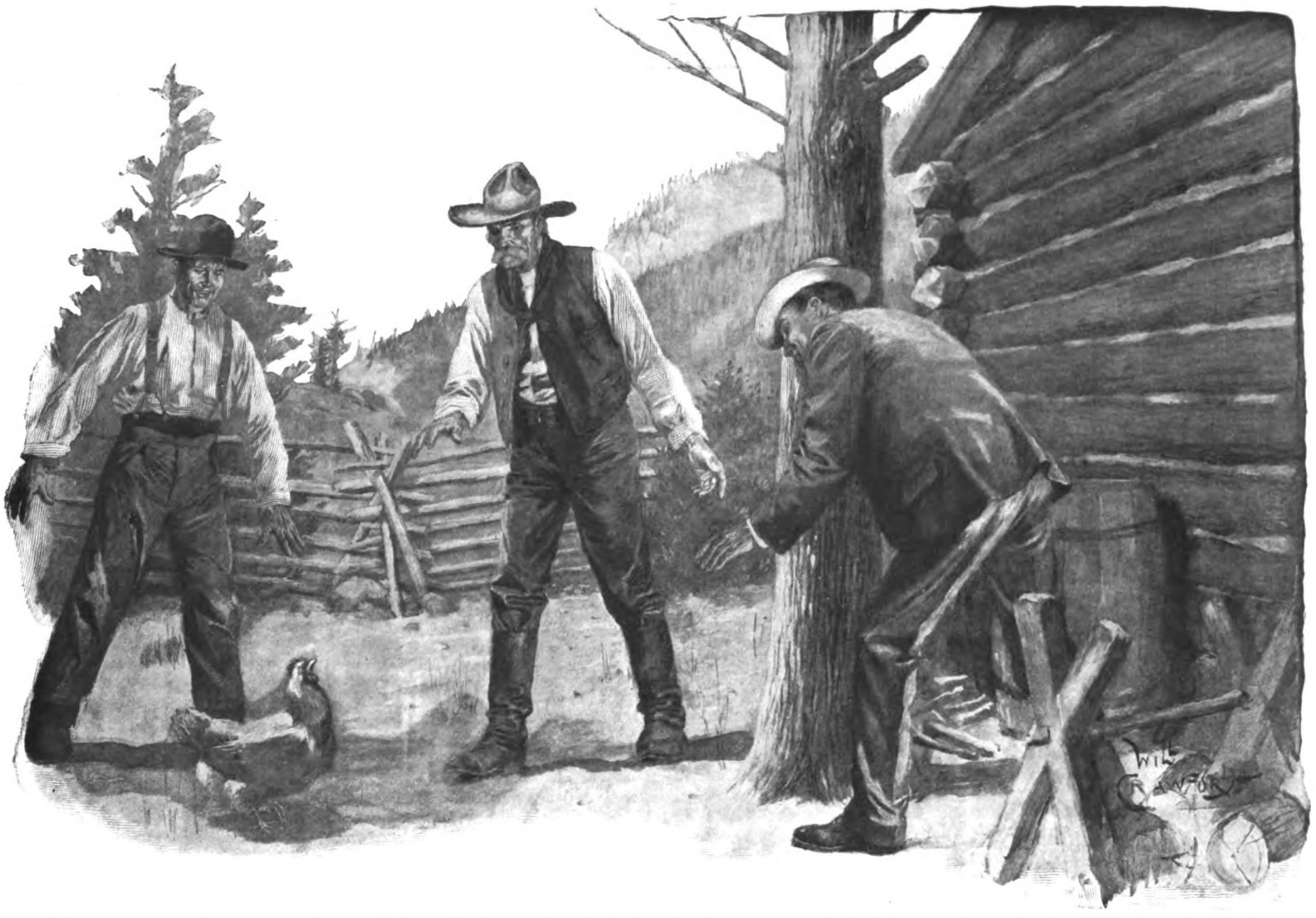

"'Close up on her easy,—there, there! Take it gentle—whoa, hen!—whoa, you fool!' They slunk upon their prey like Indians"

themselves forward, but the panic-stricken chicken, with a despairing squawk, flew straight up in the air and settled in a pine tree.

"There!" said Cullen, in the tone of one who has won a hard-fought field; "now, stay there, drat you!" At this lame and impotent conclusion Holton put both hands on his stomach and laughed long and loudly.

"Oh, Brockey! but you're the man to run a hen ranch!" said Tommy; "why don't you close-hobble them, or get some fish-line and rope 'em wid it?"

"You go set down and rest somewheres, Tommy!" said Cullen. "Phew, but it makes you hot, though!" He picked up his hat and went forward, mopping his forehead. "Just to think of me," he continued, shaking his head, "me, that was the best roper in the hull of Wyoming, spendin' my life chasin' little chickenses!"

There was so much fun in the mild blue eye he turned on them that both boys laughed. Holton felt acquainted at once.

"Come in, boys, come in," said Brockey. "I suppose you'll be wantin' a place for the night?" he said to Holton.

"Why, longer than that, if I can get a job," replied Holton.

"Oh, lookin' for work? You've hit it about right. Young Bob pulled his freight yisterday, did n't he, Tom?"

"Yes," replied Tommy, "but I don't think this gentleman will want his job. Brockey don't just understand things at the mine," he explained to Holton; "he thinks a job's a job. Bob was only tool carrier. You would n't want to take that, Mr.——?"

"——Bennet," supplied Holton, "Holton Bennet is my name."

"Mine 's Tommy Darrow; glad to make your acquaintance, Mr. Bennet." Darrow extended his hand with all the ceremoniousness of a young man. He gave the stranger the kind of treatment he wished himself to receive. Tommy Darrow had ambitions; and, with the natural courtesy of the West, he indicated that the presented opening was beneath the talents of the applicant.

"I don't know much of anything about mining," volunteered Holton, "and perhaps as tool carrier is where I should begin. What does he do?"

"Takes drills to be sharpened; carries water, and runs errands for the men, generally; it ain't such a bad job, but it don't pay nothing,—a dollar a day. Still, you can pick up a good deal of knowledge, if you keep your eyes open. You wanted to learn to swing a hammer?"

"No, not exactly. I do know something about the mill end of it, and I 'd rather work there. But I 've got to take what my hand closes on."

"Good enough," said Darrow, "the mill 's my place; I 'm night feeder. Say, the day feeder was saying that he thought he 'd pull out for the tin-camp soon. He 's a high-school man, looking more for all the information he can get than any particular job. If I spoke to him, I should n't wonder if he 'd quit next week; then you could step right in. Yes," he went on, energetically, "that 'll be all right. You be tool carrier this week, and next week come into the mill with us."

Holton felt that things were traveling by him. He was little used to such rapid decisions. Besides, he asked where the superintendent came in, in all this planning. He felt grateful for the instant friendliness of Darrow, though, and used diplomacy in replying.

"That would be good, if it could be managed," he said, "but I would not like to have a man quit a job for me to take it, and I do n't know that I 'd make much of a feeder for some time to come."

"You 'll make out all right,' said Tommy, "and Sam had just as lief quit this week as any other; you see, I 'm looking out for myself in this. I wish you could have seen the greenhorn Neil (he 's the superintendent,) unloaded on us before Sam come. He was a corker. I had to work first half of the night patching up the wreck he left. Finally, Dick,—he 's night amalgamator, my pardner,— Dick, he swore he 'd take a bin-rod to the lad if he did n't get out, and out he got. We want decent fellows in with us, and I like your looks. If you 're willing, we 'll go and brace Neil now?"

"Come on," said Holton, "and many thanks to you."

Darrow waved gratitude aside. "We 've got too many old codgers in this camp," he said; "I 'm awful glad to get in somebody my own age. There 's no thanks to it. There 's Neil in the saw pit."

"Is he the superintendent you just mentioned?"

"Yep, and a good one. Do n't let his fly-away style fool you. Neil knows his biz from two thousand foot under the ground up. He 's an old Comstocker."

They walked to the sawmill. "Hi, Neil," called Tommy, standing without. Holton looked upon this exhibition of unconscious independence with admiration.

"Hullo, Tommy! what 's wanted?" roared a big-bearded man.

"I want to speak to you a minute, Neil; come down, will you?"

"Aye," said the big man. He leaped from the platform as lightly as a boy, despite his grizzled hair, and came toward them in four-foot strides.

"Neil," said Tommy, "let me make you acquainted with Mr. Bennet, that 's just struck camp; Bennet, this is Neil McGrath, our boss. . . . . Mr. Bennet 's hunting for a job,—can 't he be tool bearer?"

"Shoo!" cried Neil, in flattering deprecation; "you do n't want to do boy 's work, man!"

"Well, that 's only for the time," interposed Darrow. "Sam 's going to quit us soon for the tin-camp, and then Mr. Bennet could step into his place. He knows something about mill work, and you ain't going to unload any more double-left-handed sheep-herders on us, if we can help it."

"He was a guzaboo, at times, and then again he was some, was n't he?" said McGrath, laughing heartily. "I turned a farmer 's pup loose on the byes, Binnet, and they were for havin' the loife of me. What was it he did to yez one noight?"

"Oh, nothing much," said Darrow, "only put a full head of water on with one battery on. There was n't scrap iron in the air of that mill, nor nothing. One end of a cam, weighing about a hundred pounds, missed Dick by an inch. Then our friend left,—through the window."

McGrath bent back and roared. "He did the quare things to 'em, that lad," said he. "Ye ought ter been grateful for the divarsion I gave you instead of pullin' me hair."

"That 's all right, but we 'll find our own amusements; well, then, Bennet will go up the hill to-morrow?"

"Yes; why not? But, lad,"—putting a hand

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on Holton's shoulders,—"have a care what you do. Did Tommy tell you what lost the last lad his job?"

"No."

"Well, more trouble and cursin' for me. He was a moony bucko, that Bobby, always thinkin' of somethin' else. I give him the work out of charity. So, one day, he comes to the Mabel shaft with an eight-foot drill in his hand. We run the Mabel eckinommycal, she bein' only two yards wide and a hunner and fifty foot deep. 'Heads below!' says Bobby, and heaves the drill down. There was Jack Foster, the Texan, Missouri Jack, and Tom Olley, the cousin of Jack, at th' bottom, tryin' to flatten themselves agin' the face, whiles that hunk of steel come whangin' down, tumblin' ivery which-er-way. Out of the Lord's marcy, it touched ne'er a man of thim,—but did they come out of that hole? Well, that Texas Jack leapt up in the air like a spoider, but Bobby was gone; he'd thought of what he did as soon as his hand let loose, and the last I saw of him was the soles of his feet disappearin' over the hill."

"They'd have spanked him till his mind wandered, if they'd laid hands on him," said Darrow. "He might have killed one of 'em as well as not."

"An eight-foot drill comin' down a hunner an' fifty foot kill wan of 'em? Well, I reckon yes," said McGrath. "'T would ha' gone through the man it hit, like a needle through cheese. Man or boy, ye must have your wits with ye in the moines. Well, by-by, now; I must get the saw fit to work to-morry. Tommy'll see to yer wants, Bennet."

The two boys walked back to the hotel. Holton's mind was one complete bewilderment. Many a way had he planned to secure his position in the camp, but any such offhand, happy-go-lucky solution as this had never crossed his mind. It was so easy he could hardly believe in it. But something in the air tempered his mood. He simply accepted it as far as it went and dismissed deduction, after the fashion of the country. He could see now, though, why the precautions which seemed sane to both himself and his father, in the city, were utterly absurd in Bonanza. The way the population roamed and floated of its own sweet notion precluded the idea of suspecting anybody, for, if they suspected one, they must suspect all, and that would instantly draw the suspicion of all upon them. However crooked Bonanza methods might be, they certainly were not the ways of sneak thieves. Bold and open they must be, of necessity. There a man instantly became your friend or your enemy, as he happened to be affected by your appearance. Precautions were ridiculous in such an atmosphere. Holton liked it. He felt he had never before breathed so deeply.

That night he listened to tales of the mines; wonder stories, not all true, yet holding all the truth; yarns that heated the blood, and put the love of life into you. He felt that he should lie awake for hours, looking at the dark blue patch of sky, and thinking over all that had happened; but he did n't. His head touched the pillow and that settled it.

CHAPTER III.

The next morning Holton opened his eyes wonderingly on a new world. The first thing that struck his consciousness was the thunder-song of the mill. It came from everywhere at once, like an earthquake's rumblings,—"rooor-roor, rooor-roor,"—filling the canyon ceaselessly from day's end to day's end. It was a call to action.

He pulled himself out of bed. Before him, framed in the little window of his room, was a rocky, jagged mass of mountain, cut out clear against a brilliant blue sky,—such a sky as he had never before seen. White clouds chased over the mountain top, and the pine trees on its summit whipped and sang in the glorious morning wind.

Downstairs all was alive with the tread of booted feet. Holton looked at his watch, and then, suddenly remembering that he had n't set it back two hours, for the change of time, lost his sense of fright at being so behindhand on his first morning. Nevertheless, he hurried into his working clothes and went down as quickly as he could.

Tommy was in the breakfast room, talking to a tall, dark man.

"Here he is, now, to speak for himself," said Tommy. "Hello, Bennet, how are you?"

"Oh, sleepy," said Holton; "much as I can do to keep my eyes open."

"Well, here's one of the 'Mabel' boys. I was telling him to keep an eye on you, as you're a friend of mine. Let me make you acquainted with Missouri Jack." Tommy liked that formula; he always rolled it out with unction.

The tall man held out his hand. "Glad to take hold of you, Mr. Bennet," said he, "although, from what Tommy tells me, I might regret it if it was in another way."

"S-sh!" said Tommy. "Don't give it away to the camp, Jack. I was just mentioning to Jack that you don't fall down the first little push a man gives you, Bennet. I spoke to Jack so he could give you a jump and square you with the boys. They always play horse a little with a newcomer,—nothin' rough, but just to get a rise or so out of him. You work up to Missouri's lead and you'll come through without turning a hair."

"Thank you, Darrow."

"Oh, you can look out for yourself, all right, but I've been on the ground a little longer. That crowd put me to panning tailings when I first hit the camp. They said that would be my job for a year, and I panned away there until my hands were all wore out and my back ached so I could have cried. At last I tumbled and banged Dick over the head with the pan,—hey, Brockey! who's stole the breakfast?"

"Hello, there, all hands!" returned Cullen, sticking his head through the doorway. "D'ye see that clock, Tommy? Well, when that hits six o'clock, there's breakfast."

"G'wan, you old machine! What harm would it do to make it five minutes of? Everything's cooked: I can smell it."

"Well, smell it, then, till six. This is the Hotel Cullen, run by Brockey Cullen; run to the dot by Brockey Cullen; no half-fast-and-half-loose-please-look-and-see-if-they're-tied,-Mary-Ann, way of doing things about this ranch, but——"

An uproar of cackles and squawks broke out from behind the house.

"Gol-ding them hens!" concluded the speaker abruptly, and he rushed out to a derisive chorus of "cockeedoodledoos" and "cut-cut-cudaw-cuts" from his guests.

Brockey returned with a grave face. "I'd like to ask you, Jim Squiers," said he, "if I don't have trouble enough tryin' to raise them chickens, without your leavin' that wild cat o' yours loose to come in and git his breakfas' offen them? If you think I'm goin' to pay a dollar and a half a hundred for chicken feed, jus' to keep that bobtailed critter of yours in meals, your picket-pin is draggin'."

"I don't know how he gets out, Brock," pleaded the guilty one; "I had him barricaded in with two-by-fours. If he's busted anything, I'll pay for it."

"Naw!" said Cullen, instantly appeased, "he only give 'em a little run to warm 'em up,—teach 'em to dodge things,—that's all right, Jim; stick your rags back in your pocket. All set, boys."

The hungry crowd surged to the table in one motion.

"Mind this, Bennet," whispered Tommy, when at length they rose, giants refilled and refreshed, "take everything as it comes."

Holton nodded understandingly.

"So-long!" said Tommy; "see you again to-night."

Holton followed his tall leader to a bench where the lunch-pails were set out, took the one proffered him, and began his first real day's work.

"Are you anyways dizzy-headed at all, Mr. Bennet?" drawled his guide.

"No-o-o, I think not," replied Holton; "never noticed it,—why?"

"Well, there's a path that leads up the hill, but the boys generally takes to the tram-track, if it ain't frosty, and sometimes they do then, too,—young Fales, he slipped and broke both legs this spring. So, if you don't mind it, we'll follow the track."

"Surely," said Holton, but he regretted it when they had traveled a little way. The tram-track was on the spideriest of trestles, and the traveler thereon stepped from tie to tie, and ties were separated by a gap of something less than a yard. Now, a hundred feet below, in this place, were the big bowlders that ballasted the bents. Holton felt the trestle sway and rise in a most unaccountable manner, and his legs fell into a nasty trick of going by jerks. He slipped once, and a wave of sweat burst out all over him.

"Here, now!" he said to himself, "steady, boy! You could do this all right, if it was on the ground, and you'll do it the way it is."

"Keep your eyes kind of up in the air, and don't look down if you feel nervous," said Missouri. "This is the highest part. You'll get over the airy feeling in a couple of days. Now laugh very hearty, and show the gang in front how you're enjoying yourself. The fellers behind will be 'on to' you, no matter what you do."

In spite of his trepidation, Holton did laugh at the absurdity of the thing.

"If I had my own legs, it would be all right," he said, in an undertone, "but these that I've borrowed don't appear to fit. Could you stop a minute? I'm on the edge of going over."

Missouri turned at once. "Right there is the 'Tom and Ella,'" he said, in a loud voice, pointing, "and there's the 'Little Joedy.' You grab aholt of me whiles I point out the scenery," he whispered.

Stopping was worse than going on for Holton. The hills began to revolve and the trestle to swing like a pendulum. Missouri caught him, and whistled sharply to the group behind. They came running. Holton noticed it with a black bitterness in his heart.

"Here, Billy," said Missouri, "give the boy your arm on that side, while I take him on this. Spread out in front, the rest of you, so the others can't see, or they'll make life miserable for him. Now we're off again; think of something besides the trestle as hard as you can, my son."

They made their way along past this extreme height. "Now, let me try it alone," said Holton. To his astonishment, when they released him, he found it no trouble at all; he could even lift his eyes from the ties,—a thing he could not have done to save his life five minutes before. He was enraged at himself in proportion.

"Why, you're stepping out great!" said Missouri.

"Yes,—now there's no danger in it," returned Holton, in disgust.

"Don't hold too hard a grudge against yourself," admonished Missouri; "you ain't the first man that's gone over this path with two left feet and a stomach that fainted dead away. There's something about the ties running by your eyes as you walk that queers you. Now that you can look up once in a while, you'll be all right."

"I hope so," said Holton; "but will you tell me, please, why the men travel over this gridiron, when they have a good solid path on the earth to use if they want to?"

Missouri's eyes twinkled and his drawl lengthened as he answered: "I more'n suspect it's because the other fellow dares us to by doing it,—we boys here ain't half growed up in some ways. Yet we'll stack our day's work against an even number for all the play. I don't know but what a man gets along better, in fact, for not being so horrible serious all the time. We're only serious when the circumstances are serious, and making a living ought n't to come under that head for a well-grown man."

"How about something more than a living?"

"We ain't so ambitious as we should be, that's a fact. You'll find it that way, though, when there's no women around."

"Do you believe that, honestly?" asked Holton, in surprise; "my father says the same thing."

"Believe it? Yes, indeedy! I might almost say I know it. I've banged around a heap, my son, and found it always that way. When a man's working for himself, he'll do just enough, or perhaps not even that; but, when a woman comes into the calculation, he takes holt with both hands and his teeth,—meaning a decent man, of course."

"Are there no women here?"

"Just a few,—three in the camp, but they're married, and then there's Doctor Broughton's daughter, who's away with the old man on a trip just now. She's the kind of young lady you would n't have to be a blind man to be glad to see."

"Pretty?"

"Um,—and then some. More'n that, too. You wait; she'll be along pretty presently to do her own talking. Here we are at the shaft. See the hoist over there? We ain't got the power on yet. Have to winch up by hand."

"Do you expect to find much gold in it?" asked Holton, searching for his first information.

"I think it was Solomon that said, 'Silver lies in veins, but gold is where you find it,'—if it was n't Solomon, it was somebody that did n't talk just to keep himself from feeling lonesome. I'm paid to do my share of boring that there hole in the ground. I'll leave the thinking to the man that pays the bills."

For all the pleasant way in which this was said, Holton understood the subject was closed. It would be a fool, indeed, who insisted when Mis-

[*Concluded on pages 668 and 669*]

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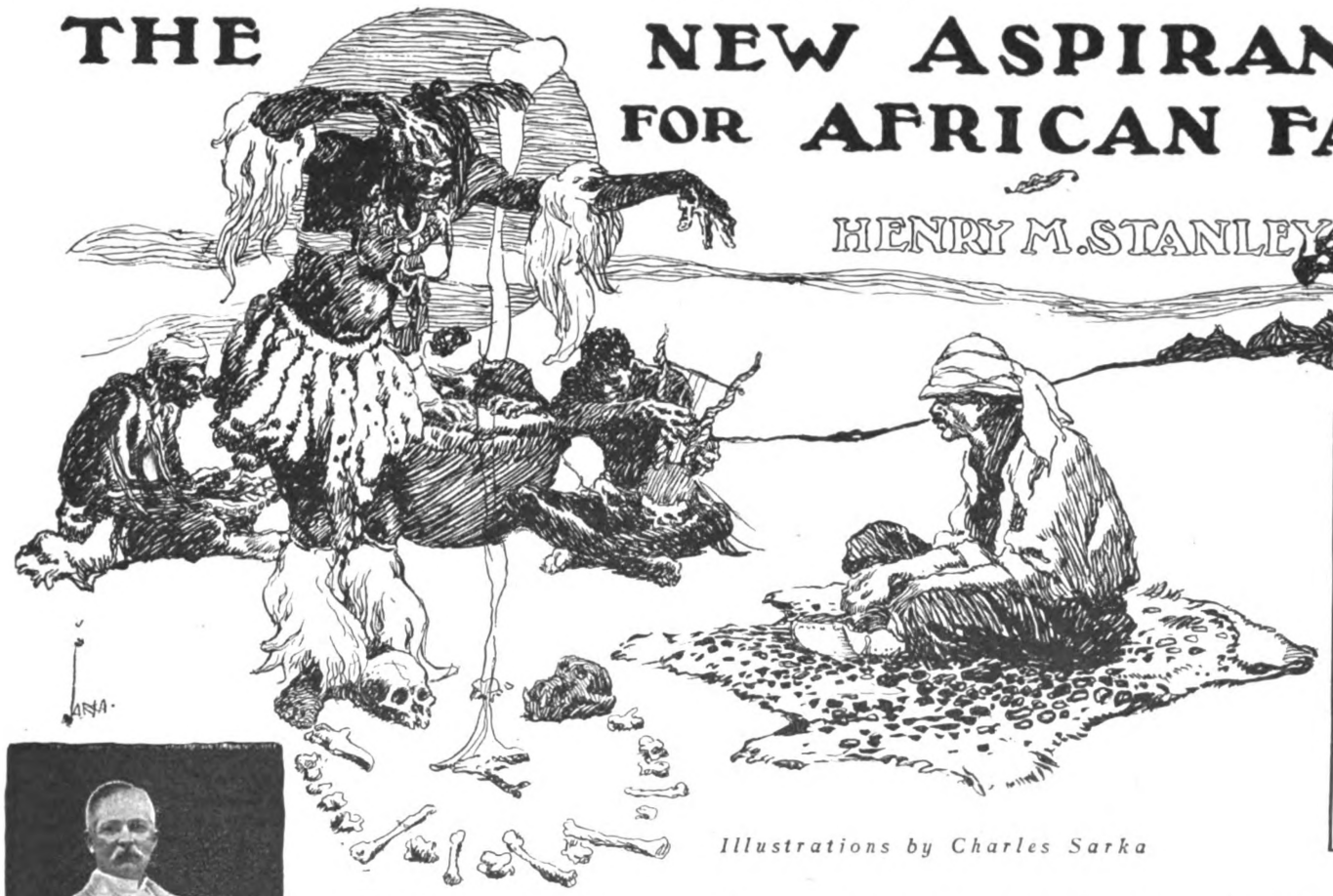
THE NEW ASPIRANTS FOR AFRICAN FAME

HENRY M. STANLEY



Illustrations by Charles Sarka

Henry M. Stanley wrote this important article especially for the readers of "Success." In it, the great explorer shows that there are still many untrodden fields in the "dark continent," for those who wish to continue the work that he began



HENRY M. STANLEY

SINCE the discovery of the course of the Congo River, the long-neglected heart of Africa has been the object of great interest to the intelligent world. Religious, philanthropic, commercial, and political bodies have been excited to the keenest rivalry in regard to it. One of the greatest consequences of the discovery was the partition of Africa into spheres of influence and protectorates among the European Powers, and the allotment of the larger portion of the Congo Basin to the king of the Belgians as a just due for the unprecedented munificence with which he had set about redeeming it from its terrible degradation. The necessity of establishing government in each of the spheres started a host of energies which changed the destinies of scores of millions of people who thitherto had existed in a world of "massacre, murder, and wrong."

Scarcely twenty-five years have elapsed, and the results have been beyond all prevision or calculation. The shores of the Atlantic and the Indian Ocean are studded with custom houses where German, British, French, Belgian, and Portuguese officials exact duties with as much zeal and impartiality as the much-blamed collector at New York is said to show. For thousands of miles inland, the routes are lined with garrisons, river shores are dotted alternately with fortlets and religious mission establishments, railways connect the oceans with inland navigation, fast steamers on the rivers and lakes daily remind the natives of the extraordinary energies and resources of white men, and far-reaching future lines of travel are indicated by new constructive works at the head of navigation. Thus, out of the chaos which involved the whole of Africa in the past, each power has competed with more or less success in establishing forms of law, order, and enterprise, which conduce to civilization.

Those who may be disposed to assist in the development of Africa by seeking that knowledge of its condition, resources, natural history, etc., which rouses interest and stimulates others, will do well to try to realize the great change that has come over the continent. Transport by carriers is almost a thing of the past along the main lines of travel. African humanity now aspires to higher uses than to hire out like beasts of burden. Men are no longer hunted for the slave market, for the slaver has been stamped out of existence. No savage potentate can block the highways of traffic, and the native blackmailer meets with a sharp rebuff from the administrator. Native communities are no longer harassed by the visits of roving depredators, and the smallest caravans may travel in safety without fear of molestation. Vast tracts are reclaimed from the wilderness for cultivation, and white planters are daily enlarging their plantations, free from anxiety and fear, under the ægis of the police agent.

During these twenty-five years of strenuous bustle and endeavor, other duties belonging to civilized administrations have not been neglected, especially that of discovering with scrupulous exactness the boundaries of the various regions under their control. With that view, explorers have been sent by each government to map out its domains and define its limits. Thus we have had the various British and German protectorates so surveyed that the pioneer's occupation is quite gone. The Congo State possesses a map so full of geographical information that it tells the tale of knowledge acquired at a single glance. The French have emulated the Belgians, and even the Portuguese are fairly well informed concerning every tribal community under their protection.

A virgin field of valuable research

It has been suggested to me that many young, enterprising spirits in America, of like temper and disposition to the old explorers, desire to know what fields still remain in Africa where their skill, talents, and courage might find congenial tasks. As will be gathered from the foregoing remarks, I am of the opinion that we have seen the last of the old style of pathfinders. The reading public, during the last quarter of a century, has been pampered with the novelties of African discovery and the exploits of exploration. The new generation demands something else, and the surest way to its favor must be sought for by the quality of what is supplied to it rather than by the quantity. There are no more great lakes, or great rivers, or snowy ranges to discover; but, as was said two thousand years ago, there is always something new to be found in Africa, and Ross, who found the deadly mosquito, has acquired an extraordinary reputation, and Johnston, who discovered a new antelope, has stirred anew the public interest. Hence we may learn that whatever new or striking thing contributes to knowledge is sure of public favor.

Now, fortunately for the wishes of the resourceful, elastic-minded, and courageous youth of the twentieth century, Africa is a very big continent, about three and one-fourth million square miles larger than the whole of North America, and it must needs require an incalculable amount of varied energy before it will become intimately known. The great continental mass is subdivided into immense areas of somewhat monotonous extent, its Sahara, its river-basins, its karos, its central plains, its longitudinal terraces, and its forests are on a generous scale, and each division, as well as each of its thousand tribes, and its fauna and flora, when closely examined, offer infinite variety of matter to seekers after knowledge. It is those who possess the special moral and physical aptitudes for research in this old yet new continent that interest me at present.

Between the vast Sahara Desert and the white man's land capeward, there lies an area which might be subdivided into about one hundred and fourteen squares of territory of the size of the state of New York, and each of these squares offers profitable fields for original research.

What numberless opportunities are here found for ethnologists and anthropologists! There are tribes uncounted, from the pygmy of the Ituri, the cannibal of the Aruwimi, the ichthyophagous Wenya, the troglodyte of Katanga, the undersized Watwa, up, by many degrees, to the advanced races of Uganda and Monbuttu. Representatives of natural man, from the earliest prehistoric period down to the present, may be found there. There are manikins and unusually tall peoples, types of exceeding variety, coal-black, and several shades of brown, copper, and fawn-yellow, woolly and frizzy-haired, but it would be tedious to enumerate the many varieties offered for study. The countless differences in the somatic character of African tribes suggest that as much blending and amalgamation of races has taken place in the Dark Continent as in the others.

The sociological character of African man is of great interest. It has not yet been treated scientifically. Travelers have confined themselves mainly to such novelties as they happened to meet. Anthropophagy is extensively practiced by some of the tribes near the equator, and it would be well to know why the practice is more general there than elsewhere. Another curious thing to know is whether stature is influenced by environment, climate, or diet. The tallest men I found lived in high altitudes,—from five thousand feet above sea-level upward; the sturdiest, from three thousand feet to five thousand feet; the shortest, excepting the pygmies, from sea-level to an elevation of three thousand feet. It deserves study, as well, as to what effect the different diets of tribes have on their physical systems. Some live on wild berries and fungi, and ground vermin; others, on fish; others, wholly on milk, or on meat, or grain, or solely on vegetables. I was often tempted to pursue the question as to whether such specific foods affected the strength or intelligence of tribes who thus limited themselves to one kind of food. The family life, and the social and economic organization of communities, faithfully studied and described, would

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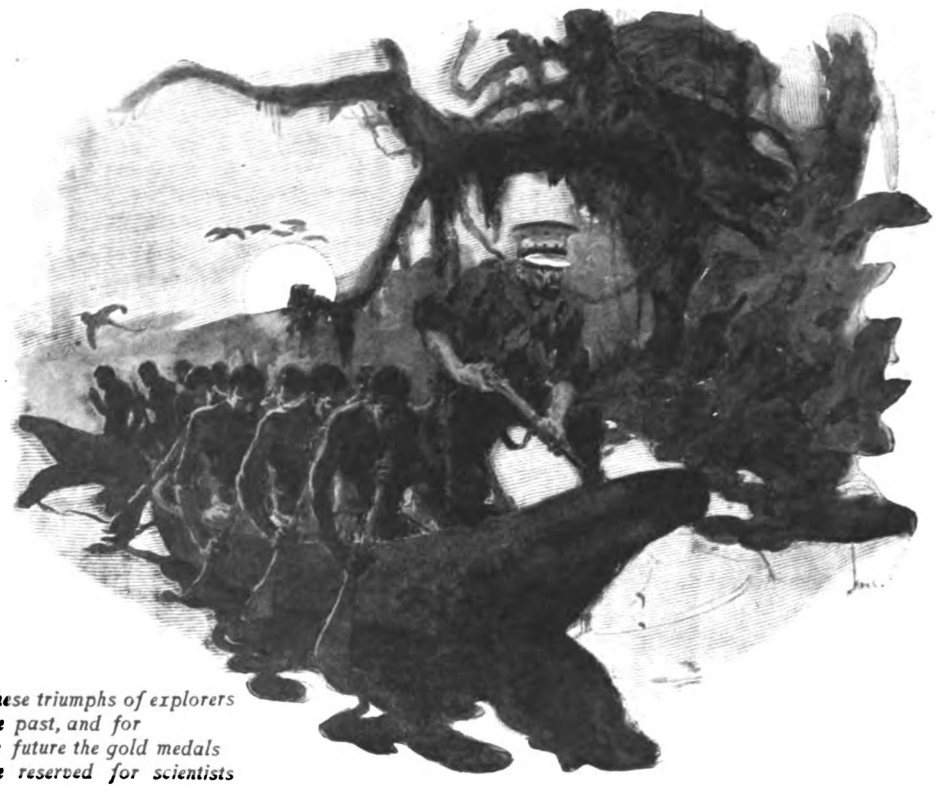
bring home to ourselves knowledge of the ways of our prehistoric ancestors. We should learn by these how, from the lowest state of degradation, the instinct of man has urged him onward by imperceptible degrees along the path of progress.

Personally, I was always much interested in the subject of primitive man. Had I been less absorbed with my own special work I should, owing to its fascination, have devoted all my attention to it. The tribes we met varied from those who wear not a shred of covering, and those who think that paint suffices as a garb, to those who affect the richest costumes that can be procured. Strange to say, the least-developed tribes were often but a week's march removed from the most advanced, so that wide disparity exists in development between contiguous races. In language, manners, customs, and physiognomy, tribes adjoining each other, even in neighboring villages, will be found to be as different as English from Portuguese, or Germans from Magyars. The merest novice will be able, at a glance, to discern the difference between a Mhumba and an Mgogo, though both may be quartered in one village. Achilles was no greater contrast to Thersites than a pure Baima is to a pygmy, and yet only a day's march separates one from the haunts of the other; and, if they were compelled to exchange residences, it would be fatal to both.



These triumphs of explorers are past, and for the future the gold medals are reserved for scientists

There is a multitude of tribes, occupying the area between the Sahara and Cape Colony, widely dissimilar in every characteristic and feature, and the biologist who takes the African for his study might make discoveries as strange and interesting as any that have been made in geography. Not long ago, the first sight of the Victoria Nyanza, or that of the snowy range of Ruwenzori, was hailed as a triumph. The first crossing of Africa won distinction, but these triumphs of explorers are past, and for the future the gold medals are reserved for scientists, and the master in African ethnogeny has a rare chance to win a fame that will be great and lasting.

Monstrous Pictures of Corrosive Grandeur Are Wrought by Time's Upheavals

Several explorers have observed peculiar geographical features in minor Africa which, with pardonable diffidence, they have left for the scientific geologist to explain. In former ages there have been earth-movements on a colossal scale in this continent, with long lapses of time between them. Between east longitude twenty-nine degrees and thirty-nine degrees are to be found the loftiest mountains, the greatest and deepest lakes, the highest plateaus, and such a pronounced corrugation of the earth's surface in parallel lines of hill ridges and valleys that no one has traversed this region who has not felt that there were problems of geology here of great interest. The examination of that singular line of subsidence which stretches over fifteen hundred miles in length, and in which are found Lakes Nyassa, Pamalombe, Rikwa, Tanganyika, Kivu, Albert Edward, and Albert, would be an absorbing task for one who is competent to treat of the subject. The hypothesis of a layman should not be taken too seriously, but it really seems that, in the first attempt of the subterranean fires to find vent, the land under the primeval sea was upheaved, and that, after the volcanoes of Ruwenzori and Mfumbiro had relieved the pressure, lengthy portions of the upheaved land subsided, forming profound chasms several thousand feet deep, which, in course of time, became filled with water. The bottom of Lake Nyassa is ascertained to be seven hundred and seventy-eight feet below sea-level, while the surface of the lake is over one thousand, five hundred feet above the sea. Though this may rightly be called a profound depth, yet it is generally believed that Lake Tanganyika is still deeper. If one could stand on the topmost crest of the lofty mountain frames around the lakes, and look down on their naked beds, he would better realize the fitness of the terms "colossal" and "profound chasms" which I have employed.

On the eastern flank of this singular line of lakes are piled the highest mountains, some of them, like the Ruwenzori Range, rising to nearly three miles of vertical height above the lake or the valley abreast of it. On the western flank, the high land is of more uniform and lower height, ranging from five thousand to eight thousand feet.

If we turn our faces eastward and imagine ourselves commanding a view of the Indian Ocean, we are impressed by the fact that the greatest force of the upheaval must have been spent in an easterly direction. We observe those rather regular corrugations of the land, or, rather, land waves, rising and falling until they die away in Lake Victoria and its southerly plains.

On the left, or northern side, there seems to have been another earth-commotion, whether simultaneous or not a layman should not venture to say, forming a line of lakes and lakelets and the parallel alternations of hill-ridge and valley, with the volcanic peaks of Kilima-Njaro and Kenia dominating the whole.

These regions are now daily traversed by railway passengers whose business does not lie in considering the complexity of the geological character of the country. One or two mountain-climbers have deigned to take a purview of them, but they have only accentuated the necessity for a geologist who has time and means to make an exhaustive study of the regions. William Gregory, in his fine book on the Rift Valley, leads us to the startling conjecture that, before the Red Sea was formed, a goodly portion of Eastern Africa was a part of Asia. It is beyond the scope of this article to follow him, however.

Another singular phenomenon is presented by the rise and fall of Tanganyika Lake. Its outlet is the Lukuga River on the western shore, when the lake is full enough to overflow. In 1871, we know, from Arab report, there was no outflow from the lake. In 1872, there were certain palm trees that afforded a little shade for the market place of Ujiji, and the edge of the lake was several hundred yards away, but in 1876 the market place was under water, and the palm trees stood in it. Proceeding to the Lukuga, I found that the lake had risen to within a few inches of an old bank that was overgrown with shrubs and reeds, and predicted that, if the rise should continue for two or three years more, that bank would be scoured away by the rush of outflowing waters. In 1879, Thomson and others discovered that the Lukuga was a powerful stream rushing westward to the Congo. Lately we are informed that the Lukuga is again dry.

A curious phenomenon about the lake is the difference in appearance between the shores on each side of the southern half and those of the northern half. The lake is about three hundred and sixty-five miles long, and, as I said, of unknown depth. Its southern shores present long lines of escarpments, abrupt and cliffy, with clean fractures of rock several hundred feet in height, while those of the northern half, though often steep and lofty, are smoothed and rounded, and well clothed with grass, shrubs, and trees. A competent geologist could alone be trusted to decide as to whether or not the southern half of the lake is a later formation than the northern half, and it would be highly interesting to know whether he attributes the periodic rise and fall of the lake to the slow or periodic subsidence of its bottom, or to cycles of lesser and greater rainfall.

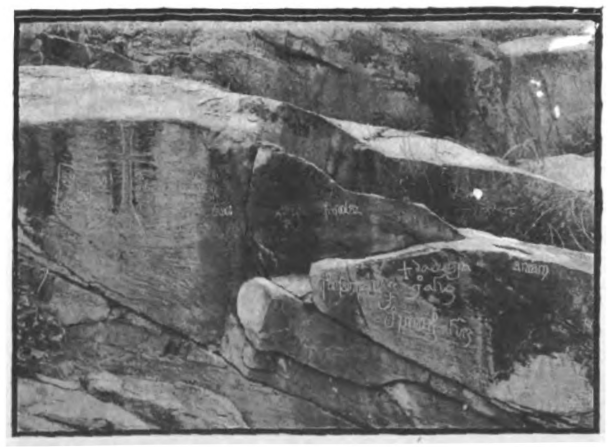
The problems may be very simple to the man that knows, but, apart from the interest involved in their authentic solution by a competent authority, their solution would tend to explain some of the many anomalies of the distribution of the flora and fauna of the continent.

Botanical Information Is very Meager, but a Wide Field Is Open to Botanists

In the alpine regions of Equatorial Africa—which are, of course, isolated by many hundreds of leagues of tropic and subtropic lands from all connection with the temperate zone,—are discovered several plants belonging to a northerly zone, such as groundsels, lobelias, heaths, pine, juniper, gladioli, blackberries, etc. Are these relics of an Euro-Afric continent, or are they due to wind-sowing, or to bird-migrations?

Fresh-water fish of the Central African lakes and rivers, as widely separated as the Zambezi from the Nile, would naturally be expected to be common to all, but in the Nile are found some which are not found in the other African rivers, but are identical with those inhabiting the Jordan, and of a kind which a few minutes' exposure to the air would destroy. We may reasonably explain why the fish of African rivers should be of the same species, but it appears to me to be a question for accomplished naturalists to account for the appearance of Syrian fish in the Nile and not in the Congo, when their headwaters are but a few yards apart.

Here Diego Cão, discoverer of the Congo, ended his journey



Some birds, also, such as the darter, are common from the Cape to the Soudan, but are not found in Nubia or in Egypt, though they reappear in Syria. The Palestinian grackle and fantail raven haunt northeastern Africa, but they are not seen in other parts of the continent.

Our botanical information respecting the plants of Africa is very meager, despite the heaps of dried herbs brought home from va-

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rious parts by travelers. More botanists of the type of Schweinfurth are needed. Since his day, the remotest parts of the continent have been opened, and naturalists have now boundless fields before them. In a continental area like that of Africa, which rises by stages or terraces from sea level to twenty thousand feet above it, there must needs be zones producing varying species of plant life. In the coastal zone, where the locality is favored by abundance of shade and moisture, we have a great variety of tropical plants; but, when we climb up to the second terrace, a few hundred feet above, we find that the cocoanut and the mangrove, which were conspicuous in the first, have disappeared, and, in their stead, we have sycamores, mangoes, planes, etc. The third stage upward brings us to a zone where are many varieties of thornbushes, shrubby jungles, cacti, dwarftrees, and the euphorbia and baobab flourish. A fourth stage, ranging from three thousand to four thousand feet above sea level, is peculiarly favorable to pasture grass and well-grown and useful timber. A climb of a thousand feet or more higher brings us to vegetation which reminds us of Europe. We see blackberry and bilberry bushes, thistles, nettles, sunflowers, gigantic ox-eye daisies, meadow rue, etc. Another rise takes us to an Alpine zone, where heaths, junipers, ragworts, and groundsels flourish, and above this are the glaciers and everlasting snow fields.

It will be clear, therefore, that a botanist may spend a lifetime on the coastal zone, and yet know scarcely anything of the plant life of Africa. I will go further and say that, though there were an army of botanists exploring Eastern Africa, our knowledge of the botany of the continent would be still incomplete; for, just as the fauna of the eastern half differs in many respects from that of the western half, so the flora differs. A few paces west of the central line will take us in view of the Ail palm, and almost every mile westward and downward will reveal greater variety and more luxuriance of vegetation until we reach a forest that has no parallel in North, South, or East Africa.

The Possibilities Are Practically Unlimited for Experts in Physical Geography

It is also clear, I think, that, besides the phytogeographer, Africa is much in want of patient physiographers to supply that fullness of knowledge which the pioneer explorer in his rapid traverses was unable to gather, and the gleaners of knowledge sometimes meet with unexpected results,—the rewards of patience and perseverance. I take, as an instance of what I mean, Commander Whitehouse's survey of the northern half of the Victoria Nyanza. In extent, the area he surveyed is not one five-hundredth part of the Africa to which I referred at the beginning of this paper, but he has produced a chart with which no cartographer will dare to take liberties. It has just been issued by the British Topographical Office, and at once takes rank, for its fullness of information, its accuracy of delineation, magnetic and true bearings, its soundings, and its marginal contours of eminences, with any of the best admiralty surveys. Such a chart cannot be produced by haste, but only by the most patient plodding, after voyages and crossings without number, observations pursued for months, and a wearing care for his notes, exposed to peril from barbarous ignorance, insects, and the mildewing influence of a fickle tropic atmosphere.

Approaching Mr. Waterhouse's work in completeness and detail is the chart of Nyassa Lake and its shores, by Lieutenant Rhoades. In this we have the bottom of the lake mapped out, as well as the mountainous shores round about it.

Another admirable example of thorough efficiency is furnished to us by Dr. Kandt's investigation of Lake Kivu and its shores. This lake, of whose existence and location I gave the first intimation as early as 1871, has only been discovered lately; but, though its discovery has been so tardy, it has been honored with one of the first complete investigations that has been made of a Central African district. The results of Dr. Kandt's lengthy series of investigations have not yet been published, but from the manner he has pursued them, and the time expended on them, it is confidently anticipated that his "Monograph au Kivu" will be of immense interest, and a model of its kind.

He Who Acquires Knowledge Is Greater than He Who Climbs Mountains

For an excellent handbook of a particular region in ethnology, I would commend Paul Kodman's book on the tribes round the Victoria Nyanza. Kodman is a German, and it is to be noticed with regret that his bias toward his fatherland should be introduced in a book specially treating of African ethnology. Except for this blemish it would be an admirable illustration of the form and quality of what would be welcome from future travelers who are not specialists in science.

A word might be said to those brave spirits who, with a passion for adventure, having special talents for observation, and being constitutionally energetic and naturally persevering, desire to enter Africa in the pursuit of knowledge. Assuming that they possess the qualifications hinted at, and are withal physically sound, they should deliberately choose the line of work according to their inclinations and aptitudes, and then devote a period to acquiring all possible information of what has already been accomplished in that line and in the region, or its neighborhood, where they propose to operate. In obtaining this information they would be able to test their own deficiency or capacity for better work; and, if the former, they would find it wise to perfect themselves in the knowledge they lack before undertaking, at perhaps peril to their lives and great cost, what would probably be superfluous.

It might be well to remember, also, that the race is not always to the swift, or to the strong. It is not the man who climbs the highest mountain, or marches the most miles in a given time, that wins most favor from a discerning public, but he who has brought back the greatest store of knowledge and the richest fruits of his studies.

If, in addition to his natural gifts, the intending investigator has been assiduous in preparing himself for the venture, by enlarging his mind and improving his powers of research, he should incline himself with all earnestness to his mission, and set forth in the sure conviction that, just as he magnifies and exalts his work, by giving it whole-heartedly his love and his faith, so will his work magnify and exalt him, and become valuable to all.

When Betty Entertained



II.—A Thanksgiving Dinner

CHRISTINE TERHUNE HERRICK

Illustration by Gordon S. Grant

IT was with mingled pride and nervousness that Betty looked forward to Thanksgiving Day; with pride, because she was in her own home, and found it more pleasing with each day; with nervousness, because she had planned to celebrate her first holiday in her new home by a family dinner,—a dinner to Jack's family, at that. His father and mother were going to Florida for the winter, and they had consented to time their journey so that they might spend Thanksgiving with their son and daughter-in-law.

As soon as this was decided upon, Betty, with the rashness characteristic of inexperience, decided that she would make a big affair of the festival. Straightway, she made Jack write to his married brother, who lived about seventy miles away, and urge him to come over and dine with the party on the festal day. Jack's sister would be with her father and mother, and Betty wrote and begged her own brother to come and make one more at the table,—"to balance things and help me support the dignity of my family," she said.

Even before the acceptances had come, Betty was busy planning what to have. It must be a fine dinner, of course, and there must be all the orthodox Thanksgiving dishes. Certain of these were taken as a matter of course in Betty's own New England home, and others, Jack had assured her, were more or less indispensable in his paternal mansion. So the occasion was fraught with many responsibilities.



"The pies that were to figure on her table on that occasion should be of her own make"

Along a few lines Betty felt she could depend upon her cook. She had proved satisfactorily that she could stuff and roast a chicken,—and if a chicken, why not a turkey? Likewise, she could cook the regular vegetables. There was no doubt that the sweet potatoes, the corn fritters and the boiled rice that Betty had mentally decided upon would be all they should be. There were also two or three soups on which Betty felt she could rely.

But when it came to pastry! Hannah had tried just one pie. Jack was the most patient of husbands, but on that occasion he had said with labored sprightliness that he thought in future they would do better to stick to rice pudding. That was one dessert that Hannah could make well.

Here Was a Problem! 'T was Her First Pie

Although Betty had then and there made up her mind to put into practice her cooking-school instructions in pastry-making, she had never done it, and here was Thanksgiving just around the corner, so to speak. For a moment she basely thought of the Women's Exchange, and the pies that could be bought there, but then she repelled the thought. The pies that were to figure on her table on that occasion should be of her own make, if she perished in the attempt; also, there should be a plum pudding, one of the dishes Jack counted upon. He had been away from home for three Thanksgivings, and a plum pudding was one of the things, he declared, he had married to get.

The pies were to be of pumpkin. Betty decided that with those and the plum pudding they must be content for sweets. Then she meant to have a chicken pie, because that was one of her own family traditions. There would have to be pastry for that, too.

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Betty began to believe she did not care much for Thanksgiving Day or for family parties. Still, when she came to think of it, she knew she would be horribly disappointed if anything were to happen to break up the plans, and she knew, too, in her secret soul, that she felt she could make good pies. Why had she taken lessons and made endless notes and watched the teacher as she mixed and rolled out and manipulated, if she could not make pastry? It should be a fine, light paste, too. None of the ordinary family pie crust would do on such an occasion as this.



The noble hero of the festal day

It would have been more prudent for Betty to have tried an experiment or two in the pastry-making line before the time arrived when she must make that which was to be submitted to the assembled family. She fully meant to do that, but half a dozen things crowded in. A friend from out of town came unexpectedly, and had to be piloted about the shopping district, Hannah's sister was sick for a day or two and she had to be cared for by Betty's handmaid, while Betty herself was left in the lurch. Even in so compact and convenient a little house as her own, it was a good deal for a rather inexperienced young woman to do all the work, and Betty had her hands full. But Hannah returned on the Monday night before Thanksgiving, and Betty heaved a sigh of relief and resolved to sally in on her pastry-making the first thing the next morning. Then the pastry would have time to get cold before she would make her pies on Wednesday. The plum pudding, too, had to be put together on Tuesday, and Betty spent most of Monday evening stoning raisins, pressing Jack into service for that and for slicing citron.

The last thing Betty did before going to bed was to put the chopping-bowl and knife, the rolling-pin, and the pastry-board by an open window in the pantry, that they might become chilled through. It was a cold night or she would have had to try to get some of them into the refrigerator. She did put the bowl of flour there, and the butter was already near the ice.

Betty's most Cherished Hopes Were All Jeopardized by *the* Plum Pudding

Breakfast was an early meal the next morning, and Betty was in more or less of a fidget until the dishes were washed and out of the way, so that she could get at her pastry. Her first step was to measure four cups of sifted flour into the wooden chopping-bowl, and put with it a cup and a half of butter. She should have weighed it, but she had no scales among her household possessions. She had been taught, however, that a cup of butter is equal to half a pound, and that four cups of flour weigh a pound. So, as her recipe for rough puff paste called for three-quarters of a pound of butter to one of flour, she knew that by her measuring she had an equivalent of this weight.

When the flour and butter were together, Betty took her stand in the coolest corner of the kitchen, near the window, which she opened a crack, and, after adding a pinch of salt to the flour, she proceeded to chop the butter into this. It was warm work, and the slight current of air was not unwelcome. It took her some minutes to get the butter and flour into shape for making into pastry. When she stopped her chopping, pieces of butter the size of a pea were still left, but these, as she learned from the scrawled pages of the manuscript notebook she had preserved from her cooking lessons, were not too large. Into the prepared butter and flour, she then turned a small cup of iced water, first hollowing a hole to receive it. The water she stirred in with the chopping knife, turning the ingredients over and over until she had a firm dough. All the scraps of butter and flour were not worked in, but these Betty turned out on the floured board with the dough. The ice-cold rolling-pin next came into play, and she made the dough into a sheet about half an inch thick, folded it in three, rolled it out, and did this twice more. By this time the dough was rather soft in spite of the fact that Betty had handled it as little as possible and had kept everything cold. She laid it on a tin plate and put it into the ice box. It was made, and she did not know if it was right, even though she had followed directions. Not until it had stood long enough to be chilled through could she know if it were really puff paste, or only "family pie crust."

The next work was to make the plum pudding. "This will not be a cheap meal," Betty sighed, as she looked at the recipe. The pastry in itself was expensive, for butter was thirty cents a pound, and a pound and a half of it had gone into the paste. But Thanksgiving comes but once a year, and so she braced herself to meet the cost.

The pound of raisins had been seeded and Betty next chopped them. She had bought the "cleansed currants," but in spite of the assurances on the outside of the parcel that they were entirely clean, she took the precaution to wash them and pick them over, setting them in the oven to dry. Then she chopped half a pound of beef kidney suet, freed from strings, into five cupfuls of flour, and after that rubbed two tablespoonfuls of butter into a cup of granulated sugar and beat the whites and yolks of six eggs separately. With eggs at thirty cents a dozen, she saw the cost of her pudding rising rapidly.

The materials prepared, they were to be put together. The beaten yolks of the eggs and a cupful of milk were stirred into the butter and sugar; then the flour, with the suet in it, alternately with the frothed whites of the eggs. After this, Betty measured out and added a grated nutmeg and half a teaspoonful each of ground mace and cloves, and half a cupful of brandy. She mixed enough flour with the raisins, currants and citron,—there were two tablespoonfuls of the citron,—to coat them well, so that they would not sink to the bottom of the pudding, and added them to the mixture already made. Then she beat it hard and stood back, tired but triumphant. All she had to do now was to put it in the mold and boil it.

This had seemed so simple an affair that Betty had hardly given it a thought. She found herself confronted with a difficulty. She had too much pudding to go into the one mold she had for the purpose. The only thing to do was to boil one now and the other later. So she greased her mold, put in the pudding, fitted on the top, and plumped it into a pot of boiling water. This went on the hottest part of the stove, and, heated, weary, but happy, Betty went up stairs, to lie down and rest her back and arms.

But alas for the pudding! In less than an hour, Hannah came up stairs with a troubled face.

"Would you please come down and look at the pudding, ma'am?" she asked. "I'm afraid there's something wrong with it."

Something was very much wrong. The mold had turned over in the pot. In spite of the top, the water had gotten into the pudding and a half liquid mess was the result. Betty could have lifted up her voice and wept. Perhaps she would have done so, if she had not recollected the extra supply of pudding which her ignorance had moved her to make. When she had emptied and washed and re-greased the mold, she filled it again. But this time she put it in a smaller pot. No amount of vigorous boiling could upset the mold this time. The water seethed and bubbled, but the mold stood firm until the pudding was taken from the fire at the end of the five hours of cooking that the recipe demanded.

The next day the work of making the pies was begun bright and early. The pastry was hard and solid. It was rolled out with as near an imitation as Betty could give of the light touch she recollected given by her cooking teacher. The instruction had been to handle it as one would fine velvet. Betty did the best she could. The board was lightly floured, and so was the rolling-pin, and the pastry cut into three parts. One portion was rolled into a sheet about a third of an inch thick and on this Betty inverted her deep, tin pie-plate. With a sharp knife, she cut a circle a little larger than the plate, so as to allow for the depth of the pie, and with this she lined the tin. The edges were not pressed on the outside, but allowed to overrun a little the outer edge of the tin. Into it went the pumpkin mixture. A pumpkin had been stewed and strained, and to a pint of it Betty added half a cup of sugar, three eggs beaten light, a pint of milk, and a half teaspoonful each of mace, cinnamon, and ginger. This made two pies, and they were, of course, baked without top crusts. They required careful watching lest they should scorch, but they were beautiful to behold when they were taken from the oven.

A nicely Seasoned Chicken Pie Made *the* Thanksgiving Dinner Complete

The chicken pie took a little longer and could not be done entirely until Thanksgiving Day, but the chickens, a pair of rather small roasters, were jointed the day before and put over the fire in just enough cold water to cover them. In this they stewed slowly for an hour. By that time they were tender, and Betty took them out and put them away. To the gravy in the pot, she added a bay leaf and a stalk of celery, a grated onion and a couple of sprigs of parsley, and salt and pepper to taste. This simmered together for nearly an hour before Betty removed it from the fire.

The family arrived on Thanksgiving Day to find the house in spick and span order, and a dinner that made the young hostess rejoice with pride. The plum pudding had been put on to heat in the mold in which it had been cooked, two hours before dinner, and liquid and hard sauce had been made by Betty. The chicken had been arranged in the deep dish provided for the pie, the gravy strained over it, a cover of the paste— nearly half an inch thick,—put over it, and this was baked at the same time as the turkey. On this and the vegetables and the soup, Hannah had excelled herself.



"Something was very much wrong. The mold had turned. Betty could have wept in her sorrow"



As Betty tried to look modest when receiving the praises of her guests, she wondered that she had ever dreaded the dinner. Even in the midst of the thought of the expense of the feast,—for a well cooked and generous Thanksgiving dinner of the orthodox kind must cost money,—she felt that it had proved worth while.

THE SONG OF THE WORLD - ROBERT MACKAY

Action, unceasing endeavor,—whether with brain or with brawn;
Singing of hammer on anvil, thrust of the plough through the soil,
Thought born of thought in the nighttime, ax-stroke in silence of dawn,
Solving the secrets of science,—secrets that guerdon our toil.
Action, strong effort forever,—this is the life of our time;
This is the heart-throb of Manhood, the pulsing of purpose sublime.

Flickered the glaive long in battles, carving the future of kings,
Cutting the fetters of bondmen, doing God's will in His way;—
Now in its scabbard 't is sleeping, here on the wall where it swings,
Dust on its hilt and Time's sharp teeth eating its edge, day by day.

Hauberk nor casque brought it harming, yet all of its temper is gone,—
Vanished its puissant prowess,—to-day labor rolls the world on.

Tides of the amorous ocean strive for the kiss of the moon,
Rivers, full-bosomed and brimming, bring their broad blessings to men;
Health from their restlessness rises; but, in the stagnant lagoon,
Born is the pestilent vapor,—born in the death-breeding fen.
Water, life's limitless solvent, its blessings will freely disburse;
When it is stagnant and pulseless, lo, it is turned to a curse.
Action, untiring and constant,—this is the law of our breath;
Live, then! O brothers who labor; labor that ceases is—death.

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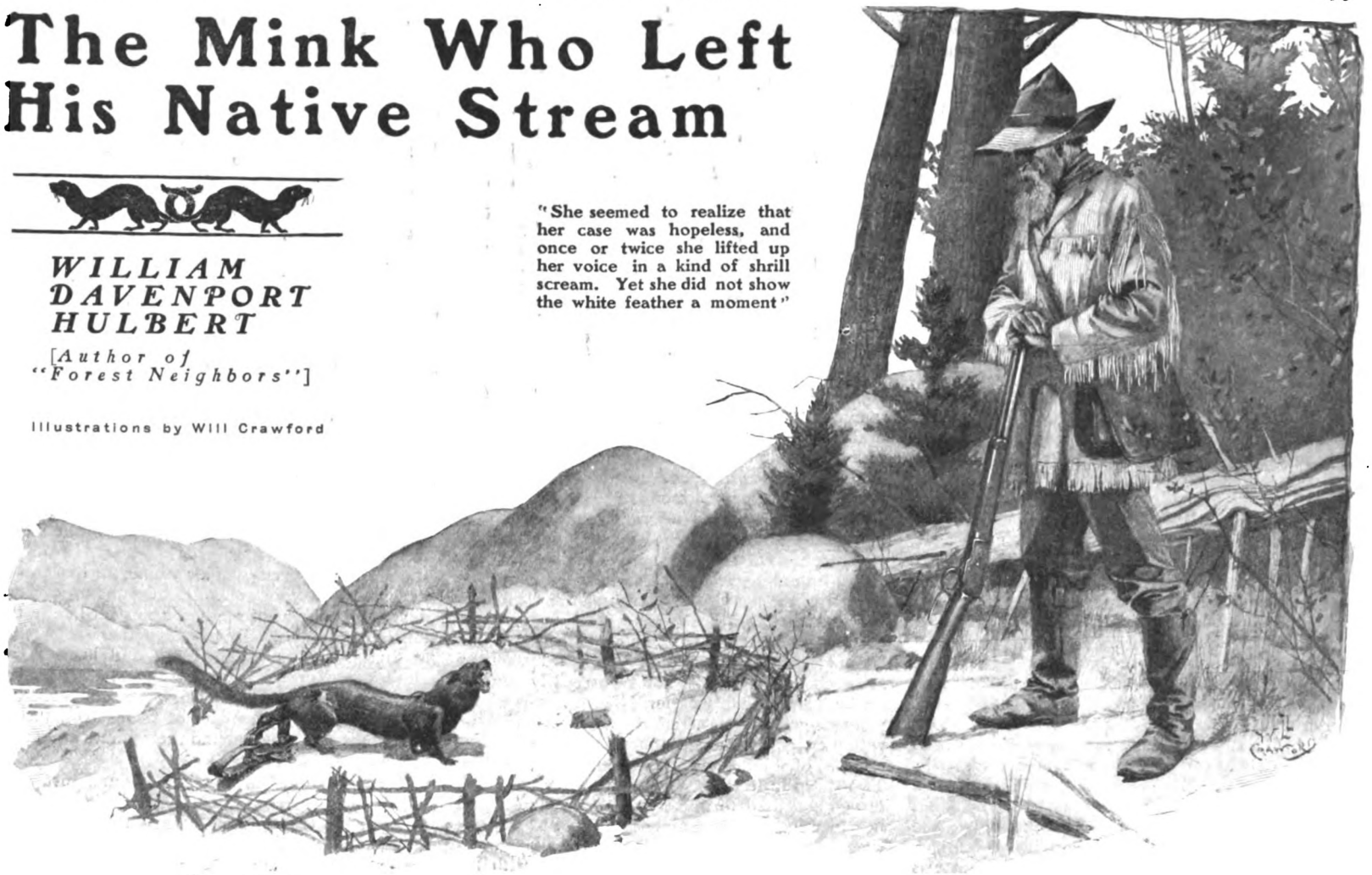
The Mink Who Left His Native Stream

WILLIAM DAVENPORT HULBERT

[Author of "Forest Neighbors"]

Illustrations by Will Crawford



"She seemed to realize that her case was hopeless, and once or twice she lifted up her voice in a kind of shrill scream. Yet she did not show the white feather a moment"

I CAN'T say that he ever did anything to distinguish himself above all other minks. He was born, grew up, practiced his profession,—which was that of a hunter and fisherman,—lived, died, and left his children to take his place. He had a few adventures along the way, it is true, but almost all minks have those. He was only a link in the long, long chain of life. But he was a good link, and a strong one, and the chain was never weakened through his fault. He played his part in Nature's scheme of things, and played it well; and it is at least supposed that the things which make a mink a mink, those peculiar traits and qualities which fit him to his environment, and which have doubtless been slowly evolving through thousands of generations, were a little stronger and a little more pronounced when he handed them down to his offspring than when he received them from his parents,—which was all that Nature could ask of him, and more than can be said of some of us.

Of all those traits and qualities there was perhaps none more thoroughly characteristic than his love of the water,—of water in general, and of his own trout stream in particular. It was his hunting-ground, his playground, and the source of a great part of his food supply; and, sometimes most important of all,—it was his safest haven of refuge when hard pressed by an enemy.

This latter fact was brought home to him quite forcibly on the night when he parted company with his mother, his three brothers, and his one sister, and started out to seek his fortune. The first thing he had to do was to go hunting, and, by the way, a great deal of his hunting was always done after nightfall, though by no means all of it. His eyes were so constructed that they could see almost as well in the dark as by day, and he found that in the daytime he was apt to feel a little dull, and not quite up to concert pitch, especially when the sun was at its highest. On this particular night, he was prowling up and down the banks of his beloved stream. Sometimes, as he went peering and prying through the darkness, he was fairly in the water, wading, or swimming free. Sometimes he was on land, creeping along under the bank, or making short, side excursions among the trees. Everywhere he was looking for something that was made of meat and that was not too big for him to tackle. An owl hooted, somewhere away off in the distance; the leaves stirred gently in the night wind; the stream gurgled and chuckled with low laughter as it swirled under a fallen tree; and once there was a soft rustling in the bushes as a deer came down to drink. To all these things the mink gave little heed, but by and by he heard something that really interested him,—the squeak of a wood-mouse. It seemed to come from a few rods up the stream, and he crept slowly and cautiously toward it, keeping himself hidden in the grass and low bushes that clothed the bank, and straining his eyes through the darkness for a glimpse of that foolish little animal that did not know enough to keep his mouth shut. Presently he caught sight of him, sitting under a large tree four or five yards from the water. Whether the mouse was hurt and was crying out in pain, whether he was lonesome and was trying to call his mate or his mother, or whether he was simply garrulous, the mink didn't know and didn't care. He would taste good, anyhow.

Our friend coiled himself up like a steel spring, with his back arched, his hind feet far forward under his body, and every muscle tense. Suddenly, he straightened and launched himself through the air, like a shot from a catapult, and the mouse stopped short in the middle of a squeak and never spoke again.

But someone else had heard that shrill little cry. Before the mink had time to begin his meal there was a faint rustle at the top of the bank, and he looked up and saw two great green eyes, bigger and more diabolical than his own, glaring fiercely down at him and his prey. Another steel spring was coiled for the leap, and, quick as a flash, another catapult-shot came flying down the bank. But the mink was quicker still, and the lynx snarled with disappointed rage as he saw the end of his long, dark-brown tail disappear in a little hole that ran down under a root of a tree. For a moment he seemed safe. But it was only for a moment; then the big cat began to scratch and tear at the entrance to his retreat, the moss came away in great chunks, and the soft vegetable mold flew in every direction as the big claws raked it out. Suddenly, a peculiar musky odor, strong and disagreeable, tainted the night air, for truth compels me to state that a mink possesses a weapon somewhat like that of a skunk, though not nearly so formidable, and the mink of which I write did not hesitate to use his on such occasions as this. I don't know that we can blame him, under the circumstances. Perhaps, indeed, we really ought to wish that for this once the weapon had been a little more powerful, for it didn't seem to have much effect on the lynx, who merely sneezed once or twice, and then dug away more eagerly than before.

It looked as if the mink's time had come. There was certainly no escape for him, unless he could find a back door to this hole and seek a better place of refuge. But, as it happened, he found one,—just a narrow chink that opened on the other side of the root. It was very small, but the mink was very slender and very slippery, and, wherever his head could go, his long, lean body could follow. Very cautiously and quietly he worked his way out, while the lynx was still clawing away at the front entrance. There was a soft scurrying among the dry leaves, and his catship looked up just in time to see a small, dark object gliding like a shadow toward the water. He made a wild leap in pursuit, but he was just too late; there was a little splash, and the mink was gone. The lynx fairly yelled, he was so mad, and for several minutes he watched and waited for a chance to catch our friend when he should come up for breath. But our friend didn't come. The current was with him, and he swam with all his might. He was long and narrow, like a torpedo-boat, his broad, half-webbed feet made oars almost as good as a loon's, his little, round ears were almost hidden in his fur, that they might not hinder him, and the fur itself lay back so smooth and sleek that even a fish could hardly have met with less resistance to his progress through the water. Moreover, his lungs were especially adapted to going a long time without taking breath. Once in the stream, everything favored him, and, when at last he came to the surface again, he was far away from the lynx, and the dead mouse was still in his mouth. The trout stream had saved him, and, in the gray of the dawn, he sat on a log beside the water, and ate his breakfast in peace.

He was fond of mice, as so many beasts of prey are; but of course he didn't live entirely, or even largely, on them. They and the earthworms,—another dish to which he was rather partial,—were his tidbits. The larger items on his bill of fare were many and various, but one thing was noticeable about almost all of them,—they were brought to him either directly or indirectly by the trout stream. For fish and fresh-water clams he had to dive and swim. Muskrats lived in burrows along the banks, as did many of the mice, and would n't have been there if the stream had n't. Even the land animals, the rabbits and squirrels, the partridges and the spruce hens, were easier to catch because of the stream. The mink could navigate on land, of course, and his gait, though not especially graceful, was fairly rapid. He could even climb trees, though he did n't often do it. But he was n't exactly built for running down rabbits. He used to try it sometimes, after he got older and larger, and I think he enjoyed

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"I think he enjoyed frightening them and trying to head them off as they doubled on their trails"

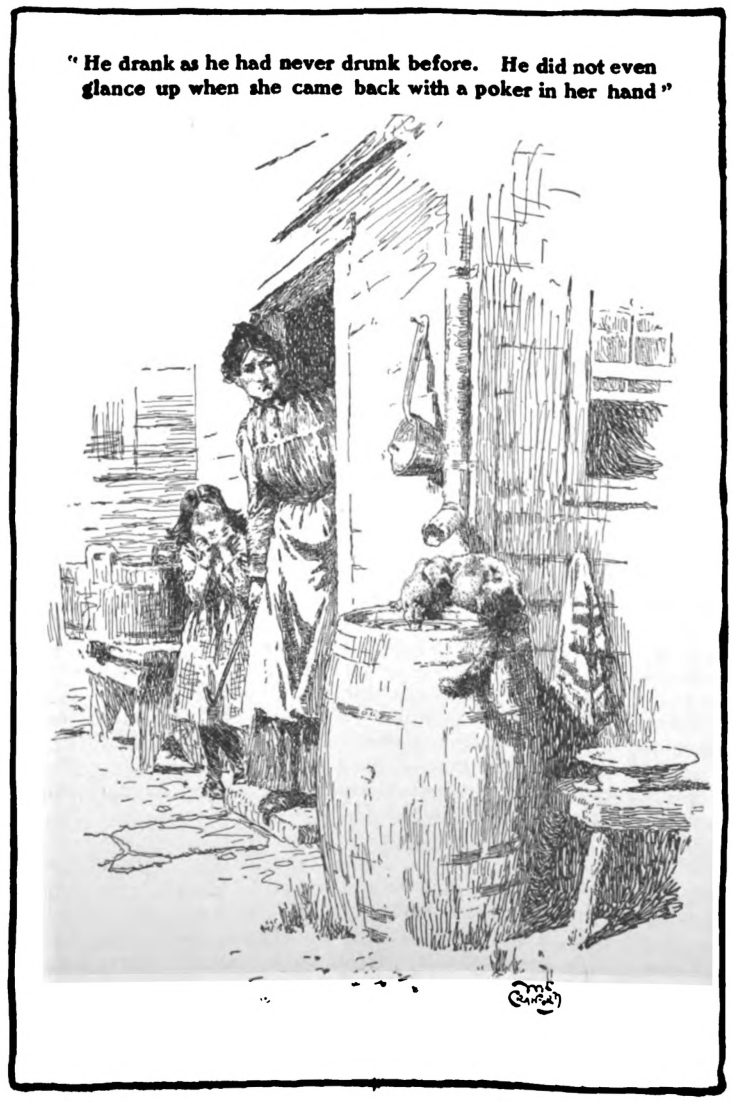
frightening them and trying to head them off as they doubled and twisted on their trails, but I don't believe he ever caught many. A rabbit looks soft and foolish and helpless, but the way he can unbutton himself and go bounding and somersaulting through the snow is something marvelous. A much surer way is to lie in wait for one, or to creep up behind him unawares, and leap upon him before he knows you are coming. Sometimes one screams like a baby, and struggles frightfully before you can finish him, but he is not a very good fighter, and you can generally settle him if you hold on long enough. What better place can there be for lying in wait than the spot on the margin of a stream where they come down to drink? Bird and beast, furred or feathered, big or little, must all come to the water, sooner or later, and if you are there you will have your chance of getting them. Then there are the frogs,—not merely their hind legs, as you get them in a fashionable café, but whole animals. Many a big bullfrog or tiny peeper, singing his bass or treble solo to the moon from the cool, wet heart of the Great Tahquamenon Swamp, was cut short in the middle of his song and went the way of the wood-mouse. Of course the frogs are only to be found in or near the water. And there were the foods which, like strawberries in the city markets, are to be had only at certain seasons of the year, such, for instance, as fishes' eggs,—those delicious little balls of yellow or brown jelly that are to be found in autumn in the nests of the brook trout. The mink was not slow in finding out all these things, and he got his full share of everything that was available.

Moreover, the trout stream gave the mink his home and his mate. You are not to suppose, however, that he was much of a family man. The home was merely a nest of partridge feathers in an old muskrat burrow, of which he had taken possession by turning out the rightful owner. He was not there all the time, but came and went as it pleased him. His mate, to be candid, was only a temporary one. He proved a better lover than husband, but he was not a good father.

They met in the stream on a bright, frosty day in February. What other place ever seems quite so cold and dead, so uninhabited and so uninhabitable, as a little river in midwinter, frozen over, and lying white and still, like a shrouded corpse, in its long, crooked bed between the ranks of snow-laden trees? Yet life, and pleasure, and sport, and even love, may be at play down under the ice. There is one spot where the mink's trout stream runs too swiftly to freeze, and to that he came on this cold, sunshiny morning, and plunged into the brown water to see what he could find. Up against the current he swam, stemming its rush and flow like an otter in a hurry; and, when he came to the edge of the ice, he simply ducked his head and dived into the darkness underneath, apparently as much at home as if he had been born there. To tell the truth, the darkness was not very dense, for the ice was almost as clear as glass, and the snow that lay upon it was not deep. To the mink it was as good as broad daylight. On he went, keeping a sharp lookout on every hand, but for a time finding nothing, till by and by he began to feel the need of some fresh oxygen. A man might have been frightened, but the mink knew his business, and he pushed right ahead, keeping close to the bank, where the stream was shallow. Suddenly, the icy lid lifted itself an inch or so above the water, just as he knew it would, and his nose popped up into a thin stratum of air. The stream had fallen a little since the ice had formed, for, in that bitter cold weather, the snow was dry as powder, and there was nothing to feed its sources in the swamp; and, as the water fell, the ice in the middle of the stream had sagged and fallen with it, but along the shores, where the bank had held it up, shallow air spaces were left here and there under the hard crystal roof. The mink breathed long and deep, and on he went again, the top of his head just brushing the smooth under surface of the ice. Don't you wish you could have followed him and seen all the strange sights that lie hidden in the heart of a frozen stream? He found, at length, the thing that he was seeking, for, in a dark little nook under the bank, he caught sight of the lurking, shadowy form of a brook trout. In a stern chase a trout is not very readily caught. Suckers are probably easier. But, once in a while, you can get one cornered, if luck happens to be with you; and this one tried to hide in the farthest recesses of a hole, and consequently lost his life. Two sharp little eyes had seen him, and, when he turned and tried to make a dash for liberty and life, four sharp little canine teeth caught him as he went by and held him fast in spite of all his wriggling. Our friend started down stream with his prey, and just then the other mink, his future mate, came by with a shiny little herring in her mouth. They journeyed on in company, and presently their two little brown heads popped up out of the open water of the rapid, and they climbed upon the ice and ate breakfast together.

That was the way they got acquainted. Though much smaller than he, she was very pretty and attractive, and it was no wonder that he fell in love with her, as far as it is in the nature of a mink to fall in love with anything. One sometimes wonders just how much pleasure and happiness a husband and wife among the woods people get out of each other's society, and how much they really know about that emotion which is said to make the world go round. There would seem to be some reason for thinking that the minks may have enjoyed their marital relations more than did some of their neighbors, for they were both of a rather lively and playful temperament, and were probably disposed to take a more or less cheerful view of life, at least as compared with such sluggish creatures as the porcupines. But, however all that may be, their matrimonial career was a short one, for she left him before the children came. I'm afraid she had an idea that he might want to eat them; and, what's worse, I'm afraid she really had pretty good grounds for her apprehensions. Anyhow, she cleared out between two days, and he did not see her again till late in the following autumn. By that time the babies, who at first were small and blind and had n't any clothes, had grown to a fairly good size, put on garments of soft, downy brown fur, and gone out into the world to take care of themselves, just as their father and mother and their uncles and aunts had done before them.

Then, one day, he met her again. Just what they said to each other, or whether they said anything in particular, is more than I can tell, but I do n't really believe they made much fuss about the meeting. They wandered off up the stream together, and presently she caught sight of something on the farther bank that roused her curiosity, and straightway she swam across to see about it. It proved to be a miniature fence, built in the form of a horseshoe, with the head of a partridge lying on the ground at the farther end of the enclosure. Planted in the entrance, though she did n't know it at the time, was a steel trap,—a very nice steel trap, brand new and in excellent working order. She ought to have been sensible enough to keep away from such an arrangement, but she was n't, I'm sorry to say. Under ordinary circumstances, and when going about her usual everyday business, she seemed to be quite bright and intelligent; but she was not always so quick as might have been desired in grasping a new situation. Circumspection was not her strong point, and, while she was as full as she could hold of a certain kind of valor, yet she had little of its better part,—discretion. So she walked straight into the enclosure, or at least she started in. The scene that followed was a very painful one, and I think we will not dwell long upon it. Some animals would have performed an amputation and gone off on three legs, but she did not seem to know that this could be done. Instead of cutting her limb off just above the trap, she bit and tore at the foot below its jaws, and only succeeded in lacerating her flesh. Next, she tried biting the trap, but of course she only succeeded in breaking off the points of all her best and most valuable teeth on the hard, cold steel. Again that strong musky odor, the same that her mate had tried to use against the lynx, drifted off upon the wind, as useless and harmless as the last summer's wild flowers. Everything was in vain, and for a time she fairly frothed at the mouth, she was so angry. Then, by and by, she seemed to realize that her case was hopeless, and once or twice she lifted up her voice in a kind of shrill scream. Yet she never showed the white feather, and, even when the trapper came to kill her and remove her skin, there was defiance as well as despair in the look



"He drank as he had never drunk before. He did not even glance up when she came back with a poker in her hand"

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she gave him. Did you ever take a rat in a "catch-'em-alive," and see him throw himself against the bars, squealing with rage, and fairly crazy to get at you and do to you what he knows you are about to do to him? Such a rat is gentleness itself compared with the fury of anger and hate with which the mink greeted the trapper; and, if he had only come near enough, instead of standing off and hitting her with a cowardly club, she would have done her level best to take his life instead of letting him take hers.

Our friend had to find another mate. In fact, he had to find several in the course of his life, for none of them ever stayed with him very long. That was n't usually very difficult, however, except when some one else happened to want the same wife. Then there was likely to be a battle royal, but our friend was a husky mink, and he seldom came out second best. Now a fight, and now a feast; now hunting, and now love-making; now the keen joy of life and health, of play, of the scamper on the beach and the frolic in the water, and now a vision of sudden death,—that was the way the mink's days went by,—and the stream had its part in almost everything, and, when the end came, it was the water—or, rather, the lack of it,—that took him to his fate.

Several crews of lumbermen invaded his territory that summer, and he was forced to leave his home and go wandering about the Great Tahquamenon Swamp in search of another location. If he hoped for a new one as good as the old one, he was to be disappointed. There may be other little rivers with banks and waters as populous with mice and partridges and fish and clams and rabbits, but, if there are, the mink did n't find them. For two or three weeks, he journeyed here and there, trying one water course after another, only to abandon it and look for something else, till one scorching August day, when he nearly died of thirst. When the woods are hot at all they are very hot indeed, and that day came very near being a "record-breaker." In the dense cedar, it was fairly suffocating; out in the blackened burnings, the ground was like the top of a stove; and, even in the maple woods and the open tamarack, the air was heavy and still, and the heat was almost unbearable. Worst of all, the mink could find nothing to drink, for there had been no rain for weeks, and the Great Tahquamenon Swamp was becoming dry. Perhaps he would n't have minded it so much if he had n't been accustomed all his life to bathing and playing in the water whenever he felt like it; but, to one who had lived in a trout stream, this strange, new form of suffering was almost more than he could endure. Life and strength seemed to be going out of him, and he felt as if he were burning. If he had known the way, he would have gone straight home to the old place, in spite of all the lumbermen in the woods; but, somehow or other, he had lost his reckoning and did n't know where he was. There was nothing to do but push on, hoping against hope that somewhere he might find water.

Late in the afternoon, he stood at the edge of a little clearing, looking out upon a scene that was to him a very novel one. A few rough board shanties were scattered about the field, a sawmill's machinery was shrieking and screaming, there were piles of lumber beside the tramways, and of logs on the banking-ground, a team was hauling sawdust to a dump, and, while the mink stood there, a railway train went rumbling and thundering by. It was no place for him. He knew that he ought to turn squarely around and go back the way he had come. But he did n't, for his nose told him that there was water near. For a long time he stood and fought a losing battle with the greatest temptation of his life, and at length he left the friendly shelter of the trees and struck out across the clearing, straight toward a house where a little girl was sitting on the threshold, and a water barrel stood beside the doorstep. There was a cry of fright from the child, and her mother came running just in time to see our friend thrusting his nose down into the barrel. He looked up at the woman, and his white teeth gleamed, and his eyes snapped with mingled fear and anger and defiance. He would n't budge an inch. He had come for water, and he meant to have it. She stepped back into the house, and again he lowered his head and drank as he had never drunk before. He did not even glance up when she came back with a poker in her hand, so oblivious was he of everything but the cool, comforting, refreshing stream that was pouring down his throat. It was one of the greatest enjoyments of his life.

When the little girl's father came home from work he was told a wonderful story, and they showed him a pretty little animal about two feet long, with soft, silky, brown fur, a white spot under his chin, a long, slender body, a bushy tail, half-webbed feet, and—a broken neck. The mink had found the water and drunk his fill, but he had paid with his life for the keen pleasure of a moment.

GOOD CITIZENSHIP

HENRY CABOT LODGE

[UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM MASSACHUSETTS]

Part II.

THE man of business who devotes his surplus wealth to the promotion of education or of art, or to the alleviation of suffering, is doing public service. So, too, among business men and lawyers and journalists, among the men engaged in the most energetic and active pursuits, we find those who are always ready to serve on committees to raise money for charitable or public purposes, to advance important measures of legislation, and to reform the evils which are especially rife in great municipalities. To do this they give their money, as well as their time and strength, which are of more value than money, to objects wholly outside the labors by which they support themselves or their families or gratify their own tastes or ambitions. Thus they meet the test of what constitutes usefulness in a citizen by rendering to the country, to the public, and to their fellow citizens, service which has no personal reward in it, but which advances the good of others and contributes to the welfare of the community.

Governmental Power Rests with *the* People, and not with *the* Politicians

Thus in divers ways only indicated here are men of all conditions and occupations able to render service and benefit their fellow citizens. But all these ways so far suggested are, however beneficial, indirect as compared with those usually associated in everyone's mind with the idea of public service. When we use the word "citizen," or "citizenship," the first thought is of the man in relation to the state as the very word itself implies. It is in that connection that we first think of service when we speak of a public-spirited or useful citizen. There are many other public services, as has been said, just as valuable, just as desirable, very often more directly beneficial to humanity than those rendered in relation to the state or to public affairs, but there is no other which is quite so imperative, quite so near, quite so obvious in the way of duty as the performance of the functions belonging to each man as a member of the state. In our country this is more acutely the case than anywhere else, for this is a democracy and the government depends upon the action of the people themselves. We have the government, municipal, state, or national, which we make ourselves. If it is good it is because we make it so. If it is bad we may think it is not what we want and that we are not responsible for it, but it is none the less, as it is simply because we will not take the trouble necessary to improve it. There is no greater fallacy than the comfortable statement so frequently heard that we owe misgovernment, when it occurs anywhere, to the politicians. If the politicians are bad and yet have power, it is because we give it to them. They are not a force of nature with which there is no contending; they are of our own creation, and, if we disapprove of them and yet leave them in power, it is because we do not care to take the trouble, sometimes the excessive trouble, needful to be rid of them. People in this country have, as a rule, the government they deserve. The politicians, so commonly denounced as a class, sometimes justly and sometimes unjustly, have only the advantage of taking more pains than others to get what they want and to hold power in public affairs. To this the reply is always made that the average man engaged in business or in a profession has not the time to give to politics which the professional politician devotes to it. That excuse begs the question. If the average man, active, and constantly occupied in his own affairs, cannot find time to choose the men he desires to represent him and perform his public business for him, then either democracy is a failure or else he can find time if he chooses; and, if he does not choose, he has no right to complain. But democracy is not a failure. After all allowances and deductions are made, it is the best form of government in the world to-day and better than any of its predecessors. The fault is not in the system, even if there are in it, as in all other things human, shortcomings and failures, but in those who operate the system; and, in a democracy, those who in the last analysis operate the system are all the people. It must always be remembered, also, that in representative government all the people, and not some of the people, are to be represented. In a country so vast in area and so large in population as the United States, constituencies are very diverse in their qualities and there are many elements. Some constituencies are truly represented by men very alien to the standards and aspirations of other constituencies. All, however, are entitled to representation, and the aggregate representation stands for the whole people. If the representation in the aggregate is sound, and honestly representative, then the theory of democracy is carried out, and the quality of the representation depends on the people represented.

The people form *the* public power



Party System *and* Opposition Have Given Us Representative Government

There are two things, then, to be determined by the people themselves,—the general policy of the government and the persons who are to carry that policy into effect and to perform the work of administration. To attain the first object, those who are pledged to one policy or another must be elected, and the persons thus united in support of certain general principles of policy or government constitute a political party. The second object, the choice of suitable persons as representatives of a given political party, must be reached by all the people who support that party taking part in the selection. In the first case, the general policy is settled by the election of a party to power; in the second, the individual representative is picked out by his fellow members of the same party.

This, in broad terms, describes the field for the exertions of the citizen in the domain of politics and the methods by which he can make his exertions most effective. I am aware that, in this description, I have assumed the existence of political parties as not only necessary but also desirable. This is not the place to enter into a history or discussion of the party system. Suffice it to say here that all experience shows that representative government has been a full success only among the English-speaking people of the world, with whom the system of a party of government and a party of opposition has always prevailed. In other countries the failures or serious shortcomings of representative government are attributed

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by good judges and observers, both native and foreign, to be due largely to the absence of the party system as practiced by us. The alternative of two parties, one carrying on the government and the other in opposition ready to take its place, is the system of groups or factions and consequent coalition among two or more of the groups in order to obtain a parliamentary majority. Government by group-coalitions has proved to be irresponsible, unstable, capricious, and short-lived. Under the system of two parties, continuity, experience, and, best of all, responsibility, without which all else is worthless, have been obtained. That there are evils in the party system carried to the extreme of blind or unscrupulous partisanship no one denies. But this is a comparative world, and the party system is shown, by the experience of two hundred years, to be the best yet devised for the management and movement of a representative government. Nothing, in fact, can be more shallow or show a more profound ignorance of history than the proposition, so often reiterated as if it were a truism, that a political party is something wholly evil, and that to call anyone a party man is sufficient to condemn him. Every great measure, every great war, every great reform which together have made the history of England, since the days of William of Orange, and of the United States, has been carried on and carried through by a political party. Until some better way is discovered and proved to be better, the English-speaking people will continue to use the party system with which, on the whole, they have done so well so far, and the citizen aiming at usefulness must therefore accept the party system as one of the conditions under which he is to act.

The most effective way in which to act is through the medium of a party, and as a member of one of the two great parties, because in this way a man can make his influence felt not only in the final choice between parties, but in the selection of candidates and in the determination of party policies as well. This does not mean that a man can be effective only by allying himself with a party, but that he can in that way be most effective both in action and in influence. Many there must be unattached to either of the parties, whose mental condition is such that they cannot submit to discipline or yield or compromise in their own views in order to promote the general principles in which they believe, all things which are necessary in order to maintain party organization. These are the voters who shift their votes, if not their allegiance; and, if it were not for them, one party, as politics are usually hereditary, would remain almost continually in power and the results would be extremely unfortunate. It is the necessity of appealing to these voters which exercises a restraining effect upon the great party organizations. But these men who vote as they please at the minute, and yet usually describe themselves by a party name, must be carefully distinguished from the professional independent whose independence consists in nothing but bitterly opposing and seeking to defeat one party at all times. This independent is the worst of partisans, for he is guided solely by hatred of a party or of individuals, and never supports anything because he believes in it, but merely as an instrument of destruction or revenge. Equally ineffective, even if less malevolent, is the perpetual fault-finder, whether in conversation or in the newspapers. He calls himself a critic, blandly unaware that unrelieved invective is no more criticism than unrelieved laudation, and that true criticism, whether of a book, a work of art, a public measure, or a public man, seeks to point out merits, as well as defects, in order to balance one against the other and thus assist in the proper conduct of life. The real and honest critic and the genuine independent in politics are most valuable, for they are engaged in the advancement of principles in which they believe, and will aid those and work with those who are laboring toward the same ends. But the professional independent, whose sole purpose is to defeat some party or some persons whom he hates, no matter what that party or person may be doing, the critic who only finds fault, the professional philanthropist or reformer who uses his philanthropy or reform solely to vilify his country or his government and to bring shame or sorrow to some of his fellow citizens, so that his personal malice may be gratified,—these persons advance nothing, for their attitude is pure negation, and they generally do great harm to any cause which they espouse. They are not useful citizens; but, as a rule, to the extent of their power, which luckily is not great, they are positively injurious.

The serious difficulty, however, is not with those who give a false direction to their political activities, but with the political indifference which most good citizens exhibit except on rare occasions when some great question is at issue which stirs the entire community to its depths. Yet it is in the ordinary every-day affairs of politics that the attention of good citizens is most necessary. It is then that those who constitute the undesirable and objectionable elements get control, for they are always on the watch, and, to defeat them, it is essential that those who desire good and honest government should be on the watch, too. The idea that they cannot spare the time without detriment to their own affairs is a mistake. The time actually consumed in going to a caucus or a convention is not a serious loss. What is most needed is to follow the course of public affairs closely, to understand what is being done, and what the various candidates represent; and then, when the time for the vote in the caucus or at the polls arrives, a citizen interested only in good government or in the promotion of a given policy knows what he wants and can act intelligently. His weakness arises, almost invariably, from the fact that he does not rouse himself until the last minute, that he does not know just what he wants or with whom to act, and that, therefore, he is taken by surprise and beaten by those who know exactly what they want and precisely what they mean to do. Here, then, is where the useful citizen is most needed in politics, and his first duty is to understand his subject, which a little thought and observation day by day will enable him to do. Let him inform himself and keep always informed as to men and measures, and he will find that he has ample time to give when the moment of action arrives.

No man can hope to be a useful citizen in the broadest sense, in the United States, unless he takes a continuous and intelligent interest in politics, and a full share not only in the election but also in the primary operations which determine the choice of candidates. For this everyone has time enough, and, if he says that he has not, it is because he is indifferent when he ought to be intensely and constantly interested. If he follows public affairs from day to day, and, thus informed, acts with his friends and those who think as he does at the caucus and the polls, he will make his influence fully felt and will meet completely the test of good citizenship. It is not essential to take office. For not doing so, the excuse of lack of time and the demands of more immediate private interest may be valid. But it would be well if every man could have, for a short period, at least, some experience in the actual work of government in his city, state, or nation, even if he has no idea of following a political career. Such an experience does more to broaden a man's knowledge of the difficulties of public administration than anything else. It helps him to understand how he can practically attain that which he thinks is best for the state, and, most important of all, it enables him to act with other men and to judge justly those who are doing the work of public life. Public men, it is true, seek the offices they hold in order to gratify their ambition or because they feel that they can do good work in the world in that way. But it is too often overlooked that the great majority of those who hold public office are governed by a desire to do what is best for the country or the state as they understand it. Ambition may be the motive which takes most men into public life, but the work which is done by these men after they attain their ambition is, as a rule, disinterested and public-spirited. I have lately seen the proposition advanced that, in the last forty years, American public men, with scarcely an exception, have said nothing important because they were so ignorant of their subject, and have done nothing of moment because the country was really governed by professors, men of business, scientists, presidents of learned societies, and especially by gentlemen who feel that they ought to be in high office but have never been able to get any sufficient number of their fellow citizens to agree with them in that feeling. With the exception of the last, all these different classes in the community exercise a strong influence on public opinion, the course of public affairs, and public policy. Yet it is none the less true that the absolute conduct of government is in the hands of those who hold high representative or administrative office.



He who fails to take his full part in the work of government is derelict in the highest duty of citizenship



The personal qualities and individual abilities of public men have a profound effect upon the measures and policies which make the history and determine the fate of the nation. Often they originate the measures or the policies, and they always modify and formulate them. Therefore it is essential that every man who desires to be a useful citizen should not only take part in molding public sentiment, in selecting candidates, and in winning elections for the party or the cause in which he believes, but he should also be familiar with the characters, abilities, and records of the men who must be the instruments by which the policies are to be carried out and the government administered. There are many ways, therefore, in which men may benefit and aid their fellow men and serve the state in which they live, but it is open to all men alike to help to govern the country and direct its course along the passing years. In the performance of this duty in the ways I have tried to indicate, any man can attain to good citizenship of the highest usefulness. Our success as a nation depends upon the useful citizens who act intelligently and effectively in politics.



THE GIVERS - SHARLOT M. HALL

I.

At the house of a soul once came knocking
The first of a line of gift-bearers,
Close-veiled, and light-footed as silence,
And speaking with voice soft and tender.
"Lo, here is a season for growing,"
He said, then passed into the stillness,
Leaving his room to a brother.

II.

And they that came after him softly
Set down in the doorway their burdens,
And whispered, "Make use of them swiftly,
O soul, ere one cometh to reckon."
But he, the proud soul, laughing lightly,
Looked up where the sun was unrisen,
And said, "I will slumber till daybreak."

III.

So he turned on his pillow, and, dreaming,
Saw laurels inwoven to crown him,
And wealth for his taking, and Beauty,
With love in her eyes, run to meet him:
Then he woke to a step in the doorway.
"All night at thy feet lay thy wishes,—
Now I take them," one said, and departed.

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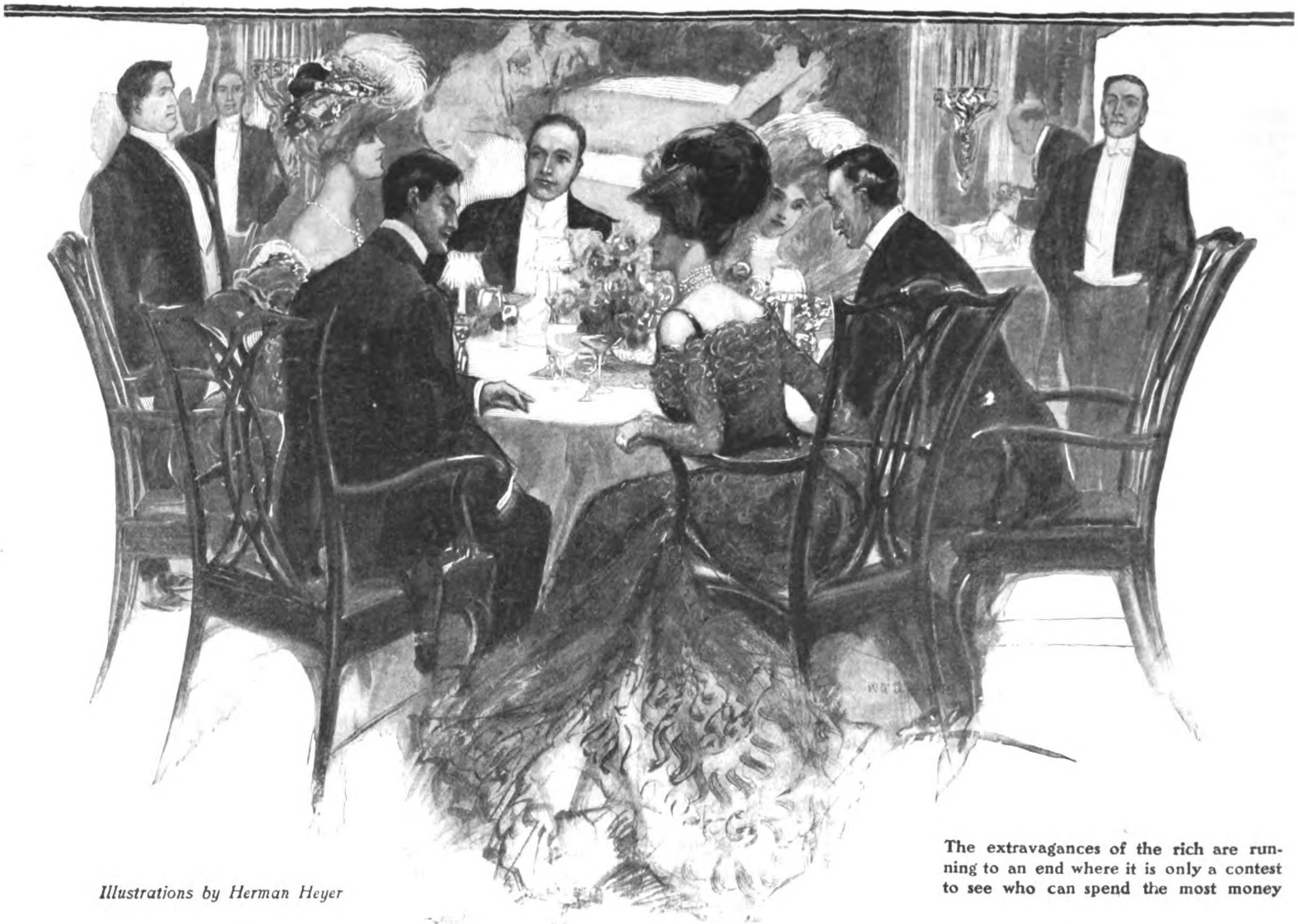
The Pace That Costs - John Gilmer Speed



Illustrations by Herman Heyer

The extravagances of the rich are running to an end where it is only a contest to see who can spend the most money

THE oriental imagination of Dumas in depicting the gorgeousness of Monte Cristo's extravagance did not carry him beyond what in America, at the present time, are everyday realities. Our rich people who are inclined to enjoy their riches to the full—and most wealthy Americans are most generous to themselves,—spend each year, for luxury and amusements, sums which, in any other age, would have been not only preposterous, but even impossible. The luxury which sapped the all-conquering enterprise and vitality of the Romans was of a different nature from that which is indulged in to-day; different, because it was less wholesome and less refined, and because it did not require the wealth which now is needed by those who live a life of fashion and go the pace that costs. The things a Roman voluptuary considered it fine to do, a modern would regard as utterly silly,—as silly, for instance, as the everyday folks of to-day esteem some of the most extravagant freaks of the sensation-providers of Newport to be. When Lucullus entertained himself he had what was considered, at that time, a feast fit for the gods; when the Newport fashionables have as a guest at their tables an ape, in the costume of a man of fashion, they have an entertainment fit for a lunatic asylum and hardly appropriate for a nursery dining room. But such extravagance of ideas is not common, for in this instance extravagance and poverty touch hands, completing the circle from one extreme to the other. It is, therefore, not quite germane to the subject under consideration. Here we are to discuss the pace that costs in money and not that which throws dignity away as if it were worthless.

The Luxury of America will not Lead to *the* Decay *of the* National Fabric

The sumptuous living of the rich Americans of to-day is something which makes visiting Europeans stare with amazement. When they go back home they tell tall tales of what they have seen, and these yarns sometimes find their way into print. In England, where there are also great fortunes, the exaggerations are kept within bounds, but on the Continent each writer who takes up the subject lets himself loose, piling up preposterousness on top of absurdity, until the staid people in France and Germany, who happen to believe what they read, must think us a nation of riotous madmen. In England, they look for Americans to be extravagant in expenditure, for they suspect all Americans of being rich. If you are not rich, the English say, with characteristic and simple directness, "what in the world is the use of being an American?" As a matter of fact, when either English or continentals see the reality in America, they are not disappointed, though they do have to readjust and rearrange their notions as to the way the wealth is distributed. They learn, in the end, that we are better housed, better clothed, better fed, and more aspiring than any other people in the world; and this abundance, beginning at the top with the rich and luxurious, stretches through all the grades and classes until it reaches even those whose brawn and muscle are their only capital. Those of them and of us who look beneath the surface learn that the plenty at the bottom is in some measure due to the open-handed spending of those at the top, while the rewards that come to those at the top are made possible by the content which plenty establishes at the bottom and so makes the workers efficient. In this condition is the great hope that the luxury of modern America is not baneful in its effect and likely to lead to national decay.

You can sleep in only one bed



The Average, Contented People Are still *the* Country's Hope *and* Bulwark

Individuals may be injured by it and die off; families may fall from their high estate and only reach the top again after mingling a generation or so with those at the bottom, but the average people are saved from penury on the one hand and too much luxury on the other, and so kept strong and wholesome and reasonably good, the bulwark of the state, the hope of the age. They who were the poor yesterday, and who will be the rich to-morrow, are the men and women of to-day,—in them we repose our hope with a confidence at once calm and childlike, and, if it be safe to judge by the past, we shall not be disappointed, neither we nor our posterity.

It is not in mere sumptuousness of living that rich Americans are remarkable at this period, but rather for the variety of the ways in which they indulge themselves and find means to spend their princely incomes. Their houses are like palaces in size, in finish, and in furnishings, and the establishments maintained in them were formerly only within the reach of those royal persons who had the revenues of the state to draw upon. That is one reason why we have got into the habit of calling some of our successful men kings,—the corn kings, the cattle kings, the coal kings, the iron kings, and so on, while we speak of the successful adventurers in the markets and on the exchanges as princes, as if we made a distinction in rank between those who profit by direct production and those who win by gambling. But we do not question very closely the means and the methods of getting wealth. Let a man but have the price and he is welcome to go the pace in whatever company he chooses to select.

The wealth that is spent in the construction of beautiful houses is surely well spent, for it encourages and stimulates art, and the result is not a merely selfish gratification to the owner. The palaces in New York give pleasure to others besides those who live in them, just as pictures do when they are not hid by exclusive walls. I do not need to own a picture to enjoy it and to love it so long as I may see it sometimes. These architectural triumphs, however, are not to be hid, so they are doing a constant æsthetic service in educating the public in that sense of beauty which is one of the most civilizing influences to which man is subject, and on these houses the rich Americans apparently never stint their expenditures.

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It is only when they are lavish in expressing their ill-formed ideas that such expenditures are immoral. Fortunately, the successful American is usually a very shrewd fellow, and knows how to get the best advice that may be had. This good fortune is resulting in the building by Americans of the most beautiful streets and cities in the world, giving thereby, to even the least fortunate, visions of beauty which hitherto were only accessible to them in the fairy tales in which they could not half believe. To build and equip a palace may cost half a million dollars, or three or four million dollars, according to the wealth and the ambition of the prince or king who gives the orders. That is a direct outlay, and, in a measure, is over with when the great place is finished. To live in such a palace is the thing that costs. How much such living costs varies as does the cost of the original structures, but it is quite safe to say that a man with an income of less than one hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year would be unwarrantably extravagant to establish himself in a palace and to try to do the things expected of him who has placed himself in regal surroundings. How much individual pleasure and profit a man gets out of such surroundings is a matter that every one has to settle for himself, but there are many of them, no doubt, who find less than they expected they would find in what wealth can buy, and, to themselves, at least, reason as William H. Vanderbilt did when he said: "No matter how rich a man may be, he can only sleep in one bed at a time, only wear one suit of clothes, and only eat three times a day."



Obliged to begin all over again on a farm

Vast Fortunes Have Been Made and Spent in Four Generations

That is about the truth of the whole matter, though, to be sure, there are some reckless people in this favored class who try to do a great many more things at once than can be safely accomplished. I once met a man fond of smoking who argued with himself that, if one cigar is good, two are better, and three still better. So he carried out his theory and would smoke three or four cigars or as many as his mouth would hold. This man's family put him in a madhouse.

Though they cannot safely do more than one thing at a time, the rich give to themselves as many varieties of gratification as possible. They have horses and carriages, and some of them racing stables; they have country places and hunting lodges and seaside villas; they have camps in the mountains and game preserves in the remote places where dense population does not crowd wild game too closely; they have yachts to race and other yachts in which to sail, or, rather, steam to whatever sea their fancy inclines; they have automobiles; they have dog kennels; their women folks have jewels which the old-time chroniclers would have spoken of as worth a king's ransom, and, wherever they are, at home or abroad, on land or on sea, they surround themselves with flowers almost as precious in cost as their jewels. To enjoy all these things, even casually, requires leisure, and never till now were there many men in America who had time for enjoyment. It is only with this generation that a leisure class has been developed in this country. In the past, the fortunes possible to accumulate were not large enough when divided to make all the members of a family rich, and so it used to be that, in America, it was only three generations from shirt-sleeves to shirt-sleeves. A man made a fortune, his children lived on it, his grandchildren were shabbily genteel on the scant remains, and his great-grandchildren were obliged to begin all over again at the bottom, and, with coats off, labor shoulder to shoulder with the humblest, regardless of their antecedents.

Yachting Is the most Expensive Indulgence in the Range of Extravagance

Now, however, such fortunes have been established that nothing short of the most wasteful prodigality can lessen them. Probably there is a good deal of such prodigality, but, so far as I know, this is not among the very rich, but among those who would like to be considered very rich and enjoy a distinction to which they are not safely entitled. The very rich, I suspect, usually live within their means, and so they get richer all the while, assuring for their children and grandchildren soft berths and comfortable homes. No one knows how rich these men are, and it is the commonest kind of thing to hear people say that John D. Rockefeller, or William C. Whitney, or J. Pierpont Morgan does not know, within five millions or so, what he is really worth. If they do not know, themselves, how can we come at it? We cannot, but we are perfectly sure, from the scale of their expenditures, that the great rich class in America is enormously rich. A million dollars conservatively invested will not yield above forty thousand dollars in a year. With an income of forty thousand dollars, a man with a family cannot go the pace and keep out of difficulties; so it is safe to conclude that a man who lives with the rich and like the rich must have several millions or earning capacity equivalent to several millions.



Their wealth is displayed to the lowly

Of the things rich men indulge themselves in, yachting is said to be the most expensive. This may or may not be so, and depends on the extent to which each man enters into the sport. The New Yorkers are great yachtsmen, and the amount of money they spend each year in this way is bewilderingly large. Belonging to New York and its immediate neighborhood are twenty-five yacht clubs, and the membership in these is larger than in the merely social clubs, which, by the way, in the metropolitan district, are more numerous and more expensive in housings and appointments than any other clubs in the world. Attached to the yacht clubs, or, rather, belonging to the members, are some twenty-five hundred yachts of various classes, ranging from the useful and easily handled catboat to the magnificent twin-screw steamer with triple-expansion engines. The property value of these yachts is about twenty-five million dollars, while the owners of them expend on them, each year, quite as much to keep them in commission. A yacht naturally costs according to the size of the vessel and crew and the amount of entertainment supplied by the master, while the duration of the time of commission is an important factor. There are members of the New York Yacht Club who spend, each season, twenty-five thousand dollars apiece on their yachts, and earn by their hospitality fame for generosity, if not for lavishness. There are others who keep their yachts in commission all the year round, and spend one hundred thousand dollars annually. But, taking the yachts small and large, they do not cost the owners more than ten thousand dollars each a year. If it were not for the men who spend one hundred thousand dollars and the few who spend more than this, even up to five hundred thousand dollars, the average would be very much less,—something, perhaps, in the neighborhood of twenty-five hundred dollars for each vessel. Independent, however, of cost of vessels and cost of maintenance, the Americans are great yachtsmen and excel in skill, in sailing, and in designing, and their hospitality is of the oriental sort, for they give their guests the ship and all that is in it.

There is one steam yacht of American ownership, that of Anthony Drexel, that is said to have cost upward of a million dollars. Her appointments are, of course, most luxurious, and the rooms are hung with splendid tapestries. A yacht of this class will have a crew of fifty or sixty, each member receiving from forty to seventy-five dollars a month, while the captain will be paid seven thousand dollars for his season's work. The running expenses of such a yacht are not less than ten thousand dollars a month when the boat is in commission. Men who do not own steam yachts often hire them from owners not wishing to use them. The rate of rental is, of course, a matter of agreement, but the standard is ten dollars a month for each yacht ton. An idea of the cost of chartering a first-class yacht may be obtained when it is known that the "Valiant's" tonnage is two thousand, one hundred and eighty-four, and that of the "Margerita" is one thousand, seven hundred and ninety-seven.

Rich Americans not only have great pleasure boats for their recreations on the water, but, when they travel on land, they have special cars, and often special trains. High railway officials usually have private special cars provided by their companies, and these are hauled over their own roads and the roads with which they connect as a matter of courtesy and free of charge. But the private traveler has to pay. A car will be hauled over the Pennsylvania road for eighteen times the first-class fare for the distance traveled. For a special train, the charge is a guarantee of one hundred and fifty to two hundred passengers, or the equivalent in fares. These charges are exclusive of the price paid for the cars.

Fifty Dollars a Day Is often Paid for a Private Car on American Railroads

The Pullman Company supplies special cars for the regular berth rate, supposing all berths to be occupied. Sometimes the Pullman Company, when the distance is great, will charter a car for forty dollars a day. This kind of land traveling is expensive, but it is certainly very luxurious. To go across the continent in a special car and return in the ordinary way will impress a person who takes such a trip and so returns with a difference that he will never forget. It has sometimes seemed to me that it would be a good thing if the high railway officials did more traveling in ordinary cars and less in the splendid private coaches. They would then have a better idea of how the ordinary public fares in its journeys to and fro in the land. That the President of the United States should have a special train when he takes a journey is most proper. He pays for his trains, but he does not pay quite so high a figure as a private citizen would be charged. If he should, his fifty thousand dollars a year would give out in six months, and he would have to draw on his private resources to pay the butcher and the baker.

There are ways of getting about other than by boat or railroad. The noble horse has not gone out of fashion, nor is he likely to do so, while the automobile has added to the available ways of traveling, and affords, also, another method of spending incomes that need depletion. Of course, the most expensive thing a man can own, next to a yacht, is a race horse, and, if the owner happens to have too much sporting blood and feels inclined to back his judgment against that of the bookmakers, a small string of thoroughbreds may prove more costly than a fleet of steam yachts. But gambling is not the theme of this article; indeed, it is hardly pertinent to it, as we are considering the pleasures of the rich rather than the vices.

On horses for driving and riding, Americans of means spend very largely, but, considering everything, they do not as yet do it quite up to the English standard. In England, for centuries, a gentleman has been regarded as a mounted man, though Carlyle, evidently, though in his old age a horseman himself, thought that a gig would do. We are improving the quality of our horses, while our horsemen are becoming always more particular as to the kind of animals they buy and keep. The horse shows exemplify this, and the high prices which really fine specimens of the various classes of horses bring prove it conclusively.

Two Million Dollars Is Paid yearly in New York City for Horse-hire

The metropolis spends, each year, several million dollars on the horses that are used for pleasure only; and this is exclusive of what is paid to livery stables and job masters who supply carriages by the month to those who prefer not to be bothered with ownership. For such services, in New York, two million dollars are paid annually.

What does automobiling cost? I must confess that I do not know and that I cannot find out. The great argument that the makers present is that it is cheap. I have never known an owner to confess as much in a moment of candor and frankness. We hear that this machine will go forever at a cost of half a cent a mile, and that another will go faster than an express train at a cost not exceeding one cent a mile, and so on. But the owner does not have exactly those experiences. He is like the gentleman farmer who offered his guests milk or champagne, and explained that the cost was about the same. He may pay seven hundred dollars or seventeen thousand dollars for his machine, according to his taste, or he may have a barn full of automobiles, as many rich faddists have. But, whether he goes into the sport on a small scale or on a large scale, he soon finds that he has

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obtained expensive toys which have inconvenient ways of always needing repairs. Automobiling may not be as expensive as yachting, racing, or riding in special railroad trains,—that is, if the automobilist does not pay for his sport with his life,—but it is a diversion—at present, at least,—for the rich. In a few years, however, it will probably become as common as the bicycle.

Flowers and gems are looked upon as the decorations of the rich, and very properly so. They are both very expensive and neither appreciates in value during ownership. At entertainments, such as balls and dinners, the flowers cost quite as much as the wines, and they are so generally used that, to supply the demand, businesses of magnitude that require large capital have been established in American cities. For cut flowers alone, the retailers in New York receive about two million, eight hundred thousand dollars, while for growing plants about one million, two hundred thousand dollars is spent. Flowers cost more in this country than in Europe, because of the severe extremes of our climate, and so they are not so universally used; but the rich in America have them as a matter of course, and regardless of cost. At some dinners, the flowers may cost a thousand dollars,—that is, be bought for that from a florist, but I have no doubt that the flowers of those who maintain extensive private greenhouses cost more than that. There are "tall yarns" told of the cost of floral decorations at social functions. I have read in newspapers that at this ball or that ten thousand dollars was spent for flowers. There may have been so much spent once or twice in American history, but probably not oftener. Five thousand dollars is rather a high figure, while two thousand dollars is nearer a general high-water mark, and one thousand dollars is nearer still to what even the extravagant will do in this way. But a great deal can be done for a few hundred dollars. It is not the exceptional entertainments that contribute most to the large sum annually spent in flowers, but the constant use of them in smaller quantities, which makes the great total.

Jewels probably cost ten times as much as flowers, without considering the loss in interest on the money locked up in gems. Pearls are in fashion just now; but, while one pearl is beautiful, they are most highly prized in beautiful groups. My lady must have a string of pearls for a necklace. These may cost anything a millionaire may choose to pay. A modest string may be had for five thousand dollars. This would be a most appropriate adornment for a young girl's neck. A maturer beauty, if she belongs to the class that goes the pace, will need a string that will cost twenty thousand dollars; and there are not a few such to be seen in the boxes at the opera in New York. This fashion in pearls is the most costly way wealth has had of expressing itself. A pearl is not showy, it does not flash as a diamond does, and its beautiful color is lost at a little distance. What is more, the imitations are so good that none but a most skillful expert can casually tell the genuine from the spurious. But, I am told, a woman never again feels so entirely the mistress of destiny as when she fastens on her throat her first string of rare and costly pearls. Pearls, however, are not the only jewels worn. Diamonds may have lost their primacy, but they are still in vogue, and millions of dollars are spent in America for these stones every year. What America pays annually for precious stones and jewels it is hard to compute. It would be interesting, probably, for each reader to make an estimate, assuming that in New York, the chief market of the country, the aggregate sales amount annually to twenty-five million dollars.

These few ways of spending money have been specially mentioned, not because they are the only ways that the rich have, but because they are characteristic of the rich alone. So far as the rich are themselves concerned, these expenditures are very well; so far as those who are directly benefited by them, such as merchants, dealers, and purveyors, these expenditures are excellent; but what of the influence on those who want to go the pace and feel degraded because they have not the price? That is the sad part of the whole social business; that is the dark side of the bright shield which the rich show to an admiring and sometimes an envious world. This aspect of the matter is sad, but it is inevitable; but, as such feelings hurt only those who are unhappy without the unattainable, there is no good reason why the rich should amend their ways or the mere observer be cast down. Those who are really busy with the big affairs of life have enough on their hands to keep them fully occupied, and these, after all, are about the only people in the world who are much worth while.

A New Profession for Women

The Social Secretary



Rheta Childe Dorr

ABOUT twenty years ago bitterly contested laws were passed, compelling proprietors of dry goods stores to furnish chairs for their saleswomen. The chairs were grudgingly provided, but it was some time before the girls dared risk their positions by sitting in them. Finally they sat, and their employers found, to their astonishment, that business suffered not at all. On the contrary, it increased. The girls, being less tired, were in better condition to wait on customers, and were thus able to sell more goods.

It is a far cry from those days to the rest rooms, baths, libraries, relief funds, and vacation homes which are part of the system of every great department store, nowadays. Public opinion, represented by such organizations as the Consumers' League, did much to bring about the change, but hard business acumen had more to do with it.

The logic of it all is very simple. In the old days of the small manufacturer with one or two assistants, the employer found it profitable to consider the welfare, physical and mental, of his apprentices. In no other way could he secure from them the sympathy and coöperation which made his business successful. Every great employer has come to realize that the same thoughtfulness and consideration shown toward the hundreds and thousands in his service pay him just as they did the other man. He has learned that the personal relation between the firm and its employees is a problem of grave importance, very intimately affecting the profits of the business.

The latest development of this theory is the "social secretary." The name, in itself, is a little ambiguous. The word "social" is used in a large sense, as it is in the term "social science."

She Fills a Gap Between Employer and Employed

The social secretary appears, as yet, only in the department stores, but it will not be long before her services will be called for in manufactories, and in all establishments where large numbers of men and women are employed. The office opens up a new and extremely attractive profession for women, wherein their rightful feminine inheritance of tact, intuition and sound common sense are called into service.

The social secretary is supposed to fill in the gap which exists between the employer and the employed, to stand in a judicial attitude between them, and, most important of all, to use her energies in every way toward increasing the wage-earning capacity of individuals. She must not only be familiar with every department in the store, but she must also have a personal acquaintance with every buyer, salesman, saleswoman, cash boy, wrapper, and cashier in the store. It is her duty to study them, and to place about them influences that will increase their usefulness to the firm, and put them in line for advance in wages.

Questions of physical comfort, fresh air, light, heat, as well as facilities for getting about, are in the social secretary's province. She reports to the firm concerning them, and also keeps it informed in affairs relating to the rest room and lunch room.

She is expected to increase the skill of salespeople by helping to educate them on the things they handle, by means of books and talks on textiles, raw products, and color combinations.

In a word, the social secretary exists to make coöperation possible. Her freedom is not hampered, and her methods are of her own choosing. The firm asks only results.

Where Tact and Calmness Are Always Necessary

She may find it necessary to speak to a girl about keeping herself neat and clean, in order to add to her ability to do good work in her department. She may have to ask a man why he comes in every morning sleepy and out of sorts, and to point out to him the advisability of keeping better hours. The knowledge that the firm has its eye on one's hours of sleep is a powerful incentive to send him to bed in season.

The social secretary has her private office, where personal grievances are reported, questions of promotion and advance of wages are discussed, and difficulties between clerks and buyers are adjusted. This part of the profession calls for a high degree of judgment and some decision of character. A girl comes in bathed in tears and asserts that the floorwalker swore at her. To sift the evidence, to find that the floorwalker really said: "Great Jehoshaphat! Can't you hurry?" and to send the girl back, not only comforted, but resolved to exercise more self-control in future, require tact, firmness, and a judicial mind.

Men are often as sensitive as women. One of the most valuable men in a certain store went to the social secretary recently and told her that he was going to resign his position. It transpired that the buyer, coming into the young man's department when he was absent for a moment, had inquired, in sharp tones, as to where he had gone, thus intimating that he was not attending to business. The clerk felt disgraced, feared that he had lost the confidence of the buyer, and declared that he could not stay another day.

The social secretary said: "I know exactly how you feel, but I think you have neglected to look at the matter from the buyer's point of view. I know that he likes you personally. He probably had his mind filled with important things, all pressing, and he knew that, if he did n't look into your matter that moment, other things would engross him and he would forget it altogether, so he spoke up sharply. You would better go to him and say frankly: 'Look here, Mr. Brown, you hurt my feelings this afternoon, by making inquiries in the department about me, instead of seeing me privately. If you have lost confidence in me, I'd like to know it.'"

The young man simply did n't see how he could do it. Mr. Brown ought to come to him. And then, like a sensible youth, he went and did it, and harmony was restored.

A frequent caller is the woman who says that girls who have n't been in her department as long as she has are getting more money, and she does n't see why. That girl gets a plain talk on the subject of the survival of the fittest. She is told that, in the competitive world, it is not, after all, what you aim at, but what you hit, that counts. A saleswoman is graded according to her sales. No matter how bright, or willing, or loyal she is, if she does not sell goods she is not a good clerk. So the social secretary says to her: "My dear girl, here is your record. Your rating is below that of the girls you mention."

"But why is my rating low? I do my best. I believe it's just luck."

But the social secretary knows that it is not luck, tells the girl exactly what her deficiencies are, and encourages her to overcome them. As the girls learn these things, they begin to have a sense of justice, and an appreciation of business principles. They learn that the only way to get anything in this world is to pay for it. The employer pays with money and the employed pay with service.

Department Stores Are Now Favoring Co-operation

The social secretary watches for unrecognized talent and executive ability. She advises where a little added responsibility would be developing, in certain cases. In this way she is of great service to the members of the firm, who are always looking for high-class people among their employees.

Another part of her duty is to lend herself to the various relief committees, mutual benefit associations, and the like, which exist in large establishments. The department stores are working more and more toward coöperation and self-government. In some stores the employees vote on the rules which govern them.

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SUCCESS

Orison Swett Marden

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There is no such thing as a small country. The greatness of a people is no more affected by the number of its inhabitants than the greatness of an individual is measured by his height. Whoever presents a great example is great.—VICTOR HUGO.

EDUCATION BY THE WAY

Hamilton Wright Mabie

HENRY WARD BEECHER was once asked how he had acquired the knowledge of the processes of all kinds which enabled him to draw so freely on the whole range of devices, methods, and machines used in manufacturing of every variety. He replied that, whenever he found himself in the neighborhood of a factory and had a little time to spare, he made it a practice to go through the establishment, ask questions, and try to understand everything he saw. In this way, without any special exertion, simply by using his eyes, his mind, and his time, he had come to know a great deal about many kinds of manufacturing, and this knowledge supplied him with a great fund of metaphors and illustrations, often of a very striking character. In like manner, whenever he was thrown with anyone of a different occupation, he made it a point to induce his companion to talk about his work, his habits, his skill. The great preacher went out of his way to secure a box seat on a stagecoach, in order that he might talk with the driver, watch his ways, learn his language, and get his point of view. If he was to make a journey on a steamboat, he asked permission to go into the pilot house, and drew the pilot into talk about piloting boats, and life on the river or lake. In this way he came to have a very wide knowledge of men, of their different points of view, their various skills, and the things for which they cared most. He took the attitude of a learner, and was able to pour out such a flood of thought because he continually added to his own store of knowledge.

This is an illustration of one of the chief means of getting an education and doing one's work at the same time. It is a method which men of genius have often pursued with such success that their duller fellow men have been puzzled by the results. In this way, Shakespeare gained an extraordinary knowledge of many things. He did it so easily that he was probably unaware of the intelligence he put into the process; he did it so well that many people of slow minds and sluggish imaginations are unable to believe that he did it at all, and feel compelled to look up another author for the origin of his plays. Abraham Lincoln educated himself in the same way, however, and with marvelous success. If he had lived four hundred years ago, some people to-day would be perfectly certain that a man who had so little "schooling" could never have written such beautiful English as we find in his second inaugural and his Gettysburg addresses.

Shakespeare and Lincoln were men of genius, but the possession of genius is not essential to this kind of education. Thousands of men to-day are quietly educating themselves, by this method, out of their present positions into places of influence and power. The results are often magical, but the method is simplicity itself. It consists in forming a habit of keeping the eyes and the mind open. Most people go through life with closed eyes and minds. They do not notice what goes on about them; they have no curiosity about trees, birds, stars, the mechanism of locomotives, the art of sailing, the wonders of electricity, the endless variety and movement of things in the world in which they live. They do not learn as they go on in life, because they have not formed a habit of learning. Make it a practice to look into the things which surround you, and which you use daily; find out how they are made; induce men to talk to you about the things that they know best; form a habit of studying everything which comes in your way. He who formed the habit not only gains the power which knowledge always brings, but also makes himself a very desirable companion.

IF I WERE A GIRL AGAIN

Mrs. Edwin Markham

IT is futile to assert, at the end of a game of whist, that, if one had led from another suit at this or that cast, the result would have been thus or so. A different play by any player would doubtless have called forth a different response by the others following the "rigor" of the game, and the outcome of the new permutations would again have been past guessing.

So, when Gillian or Marion has come to forty years, she cannot declare that any past act of omission or commission would have compelled any certain fate, or assured any positive meed of happiness.

Few of us, indeed, from Audrey to Portia, even if offered the convenient fairy-tale retrial of life, would exchange our own past—the light and shade and color that make our identity in the universe,—for any other set of experiences, however roseate and golden. Each of us, as in the "Vision of Mirza," would claim his own pack and no one else's, from the Mountain of Miseries, or the Mountain of Delights.

Yet there is endless fascination in turning one's face again toward youth and in rebuilding one's life in the iris atmosphere of Fancy. To be back again where life went a-Maying with Nature, Hope, and Poesy,—to have once more the eager, believing heart of youth, and yet to hold one's knowledge gained from the years, from the salt and the shine of the tear,—this were indeed the "paradise enow," the "very heaven," of the poets. Perhaps to be both young and wise is to be of the order of seraphs, and this frost and fire of spirit is what will await one when he possibly shall awaken in another land.

Should I, if a girl once more, with my woman's wisdom added to my maiden inclinations, select again the vocation that was my early choice? To only a few women is it given to choose their work. Generally one has to take the task at hand and adapt herself to it. Happy if she have the gracious nature of our little sister, the water, and can fit herself to her environment!

When I was a girl in a wild little mining camp in the Sierra Nevada Mountains, there seemed nothing at hand for me to do but to teach. So I drifted into school work, and later specialized my deferred college course along educational and literary lines, and went on teaching, and writing.

Of course, I realize that any work well done, from washing linen with Nausicaa and Ramona, to discovering stars with Caroline Herschel or Dorothea Klumpke, is equally honorable and necessary in the economy of the universe.

Yet one may have preferences and aptitudes. I loved the work I was doing, and it is beautiful, mothering work to care for children's souls as the "concerned" teacher does. It is solemn work, too, to stand as a providence for the fitting of the house of the spirit, at this mysterious threshold of life where, as with the Faithful at Mecca, every deed counts sevenfold.

But, fine a use of life as teaching is, to my mind there is a more delightful service, and as beneficent to the world, in the creative work of the artist toiling with his sweet sounds, or his shifting lines and colors, or his obedient clay, or his winged words. So, if I had had the ear of the destinies, and their favor, I should have prayed, at any time of the past as now, that it be given me to be a writer along some of the higher lines of literature: to try to pass on, for the possible light or comfort of others, some measure of the meaning of life that flashes to me from the faces of men and women, or the grasses of the field, or the galaxies of the skies.

Henry Van Dyke on "College Education"

WE find that the article entitled "A Four Years' College Course is Not Always Necessary," printed under Dr. Henry Van Dyke's name in the September SUCCESS, was not by him. It was brought to us by a SUCCESS representative, who, however, did not tell Dr. Van Dyke that he was a reporter. The article was, therefore, an incorrect report of a private conversation, which did not represent Dr. Van Dyke's views. We regret that the article was published without proper authority through a misunderstanding on our part, with our representative, who assured us that it was a signed article, and we apologize to Dr. Van Dyke and our readers for the mistake.

In order to set our readers right as to Dr. Van Dyke's real views on special students in college, we have secured from him an article on this subject which will be published in our December issue.

A COURTESY CLUB

IF young people, especially in small towns, would form "courtesy clubs," or graft this idea upon existing organizations, it would result in great advantage, not only to the young people belonging to such associations, but also to the towns themselves.

We find a great many men and women sidetracked all along the pathways of life because they were not taught the value of good manners and of a fine, gracious courtesy in their youth. The result is that they have grown up hard and coarse and repulsive in manner and have not been able to win favor or attract trade or business. In other words, their bad manners and repulsive ways have kept them back and handicapped their careers.

It is astonishing how fine manners and politeness in children develop into ease and attractiveness in manhood and womanhood. Other things being equal, the employee who is selected for advancement is the one with good manners, a fine, gracious demeanor, a good presence; these qualities are the best kind of capital, even better than money.

Agreeable deportment, coupled with good education and ability, will often win where capital in the hands of the boorish, the unattractive, and the ill-natured will fail.

Everywhere we see young men and young women drawing big salaries largely because of their superior politeness. The fine-mannered are wanted everywhere as superintendents, as salesmen, as traveling representatives, as clerks, as private secretaries, or as credit men. In fact, agreeable deportment is the one indispensable quality sought after everywhere.

There is nothing else which will so quickly open the door to opportunities, to society, to the hearts of all.

It is a real delight, a restful pleasure to be in the society of people who have been disciplined in the amenities of life,—of those who radiate an atmosphere of kindliness, of good will, and of helpfulness, wherever they go.

Courtesy is to business and society what oil is to machinery. It makes things run smoothly, for it eliminates the jar and the friction and the nerve-racking noise.

There is a great moral quality in fine manners, refining the character, as a rule, and making it more harmonious, with less that grates and rasps and exasperates.

Sticking to the Last

WHILE many of the old maxims and sayings have done a great deal of good, they have also done much harm.

Hundreds of people in this country are trying to make their living by the exercise of the faculties which they know are not their strongest ones. In other words, their vocations do not coincide with their bent, but they hesitate to change simply because they have been brought up to think that they must stick to what they have begun, and make the best of it.

A great many young people cannot tell, when they first start out, where their real bent lies; they cannot tell what they can do best; but, as they develop more, their strong qualities come out,—their predominant faculties push their way to the front. Again, a college course or an advanced course of education develops faculties which had lain dormant, perhaps from disuse. In other words, the entire setting of the mental faculties often changes a great deal during one's physical and mental development, so that what the boy can do best may not be the bent of the man at all.

The relation of the faculties is greatly changed by the special training of one set of brain faculties, so that what was dominant at the outset of an education or a course of training may become subordinated by other faculties which have pushed themselves forward in the course of development.

No man should stick to his last if he is convinced that he is in the wrong place and that there is a possibility of satisfying his inclination elsewhere. No man should stick to his last, if a change is possible, when he is conscious that he is getting his living by his weakness instead of his strength.

No man should stick to his last, when to do so will tie him forever to commonness or mediocrity, if a larger, fuller expression of life is possible.

No man should stick to his last when a better and higher way is open to him. No man should stick to his last when he finds that to do so will cramp his better life and handicap his career.

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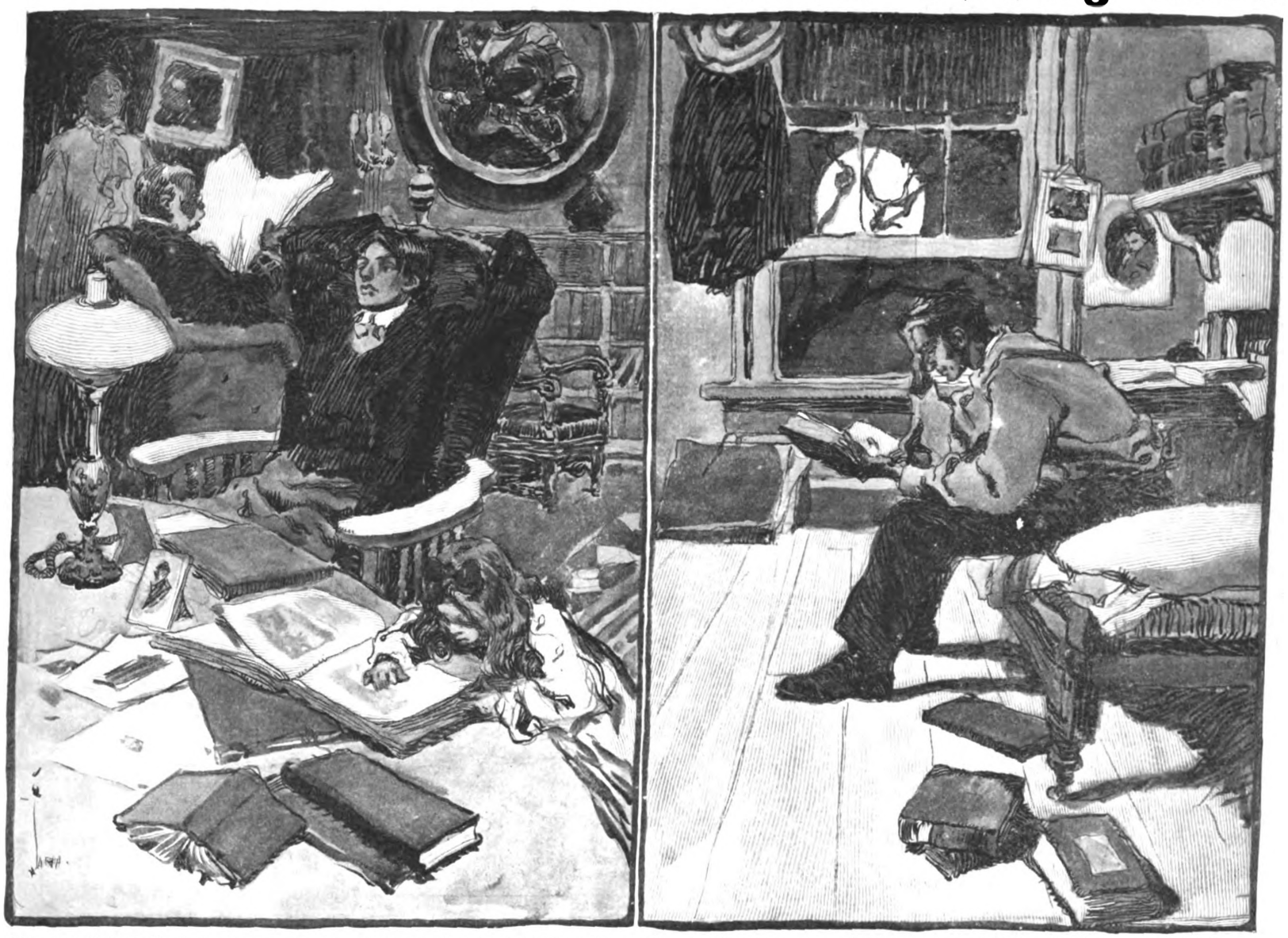
The Editor's Talk With Young Men



This youth has all that money can buy, but ennui robs it of its value This one lives in a narrow hall bedroom, but finds a limitless world in his books

Victims of Great Expectations

"WILL he not make a great painter?" some one asked the famous English artist, Northcote, in regard to a young art student fresh from his Italian tour. "No, never!" replied Northcote, emphatically. "Why not?" "Because he has an income of six thousand pounds a year."

Taking it easy comes natural to the majority of people. If they were not urged by the spur of necessity to develop their powers, our list of great, or even useful men and women would be very short. The world would go backward instead of forward.

"Poverty is uncomfortable, as I can testify," said James A. Garfield, "but nine times out of ten the best thing that can happen to a young man is to be tossed overboard and compelled to sink or swim. In all my acquaintance, I have never known a man to be drowned who was worth the saving."

The history of our country is a record of the successes of poor boys who seemed to be hopelessly shut off from books, culture, and education, except that of the most meager kind,—from almost every opportunity for mental development. The youthful Lincolns, Franklins, Hamiltons, Garfields, Grants, and Clays,—those who become presidents, lawyers, statesmen, soldiers, orators, merchants, educators, journalists, inventors,—giants in every department of life,—how they stand out from the pages of history, those poor boys, an inspiration for all time to those who are born to fight their way up to their own loaf!

The youth who is reared in a luxurious home, who, from the moment of his birth, is waited on by an army of servants, pampered and indulged by over-fond parents, and deprived of every incentive to develop himself mentally or physically, although commonly regarded as one to be envied, is more to be pitied than the poorest, most humbly born boy or girl in the land. Unless he is gifted with an unusual mind, he is in danger of becoming a degenerate, a parasite, a creature who lives on the labor of others, whose powers ultimately atrophy from disuse.

It is human nature to take it easy when we can, and with most people a big bank account will paralyze effort and destroy ambition. Who can tell what would have been the effect on our national history had Abraham Lincoln been born in luxury, surrounded with great libraries, free to the multiform advantages of schools, colleges, and universities, the manifold opportunities for culture that wealth bestows? Who shall say whether the absence of all incentive to effort might not have smothered such a genius?

What wealthy, city-bred youth of to-day, glutted with opportunities for acquiring knowledge, can feel that hunger for books, that thirst for knowledge that spurred Lincoln to scour the wilderness for many miles to borrow the coveted "Life of Washington" which he had heard that someone in the neighborhood owned?

What young lawyer of our day goes to a law school or library with such a keen appetite, with such a yearning for legal knowledge as this youth had when he actually walked forty-four miles to borrow Blackstone's "Commentaries?"

Where is the student in college or university, today, who experiences that satisfaction, that sense of conquest which thrilled Lincoln while lying on the floor of his log cabin working out arithmetical problems on a wooden shovel by the light of a wood fire, or enthusiastically devouring the contents of a borrowed book, as if his eyes would never rest on its pages again?

On reading Lincoln's Gettysburg speech and his second inaugural address, foreign readers exclaimed, "Whence got this man his style, seeing he knows nothing of literature?" Well might they exclaim, but their astonishment would have been still greater had they known that those eloquent utterances that thrilled the nation's heart had fallen from the lips of one who in his youth had access to but four books,—the Bible, "Pilgrim's Progress," Weems's "Life of Washington," and Burns's poems.

Recently a poor boy in China, eager for an education, heard of an inspirational book, by an American author, which he believed would be a help to him. He went to a professor in the Pekin University to find out how long he would have to work in order to earn enough money to secure the coveted prize. It would take three weeks of hard work, he was told. Joyfully he began his task. Toil seemed easy in comparison with the reward it would win.

Compare the spirit in which this Chinese youth, whose hunger for knowledge was so keen, would read the book that he had worked so hard to obtain with that in which an American boy, reared in the midst of books and schools and libraries, would open a volume. Such a spirit makes a few books more valuable than a library without it.

It is not the petted favorite of fortune, the spoiled, self-indulgent youth, who yawns over his books in his luxurious rooms at college, or who, in his father's elegantly appointed library, turns listlessly from one volume to another, looking for something to amuse him or to whet his cloyed appetite, who understands the value of books or gets the most out of them. It is the boy away in the backwoods, to whom libraries and luxuries are unknown, who thirsts for knowledge with the desperate eagerness with which a traveler on a desert thirsts for water, that knows how to appreciate the value of a good book. It is the youth working his way through college, lodging in some bare attic, or cramped hall bedroom, who drinks in the printed pages with the fervor of a Lincoln, a Webster, or a Franklin. He feels the spur of necessity, and realizes that all his success, all his future depends on the zeal with which he studies to-day. The continuous effort to earn his living and keep up with his class makes him begrudge every moment that is withdrawn from his beloved books.

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The Spry-Spys—V.—Thanksgiving in Turkey-land

W. Livingston Larned

I.

When autumn leaves came twirling down,
And autumn shadows meshed the town,
The Spry-Spy band set out;
Thanksgiving Day was near at hand,
And Captain Curly Locks had planned
To set new foes to rout.
Along their path in billowed waves the reddened leaves were strewn;
Each flitting, sailing bit of gold seemed like an elf's balloon.

The forest ways were steeped in haze,
While on the brook's green breast
A thousand woodland war-ships rocked
In autumn colors dressed.

II.

"'T is logic thus to reason now,"
Said one, "and surely you 'll allow
That turkeys should be found;
To-morrow is Thanksgiving Day, —
If festive birds we do not slay,
Much sorrow will abound.
Of course, some farmyard might contain a host of goblins rare,
But theft we shall avoid henceforth, and seek a way more fair;
If, in the past, a fairy cast
Her magic art about,
I have no doubt but that, if asked,
She 'll clear this tangle out."

III.

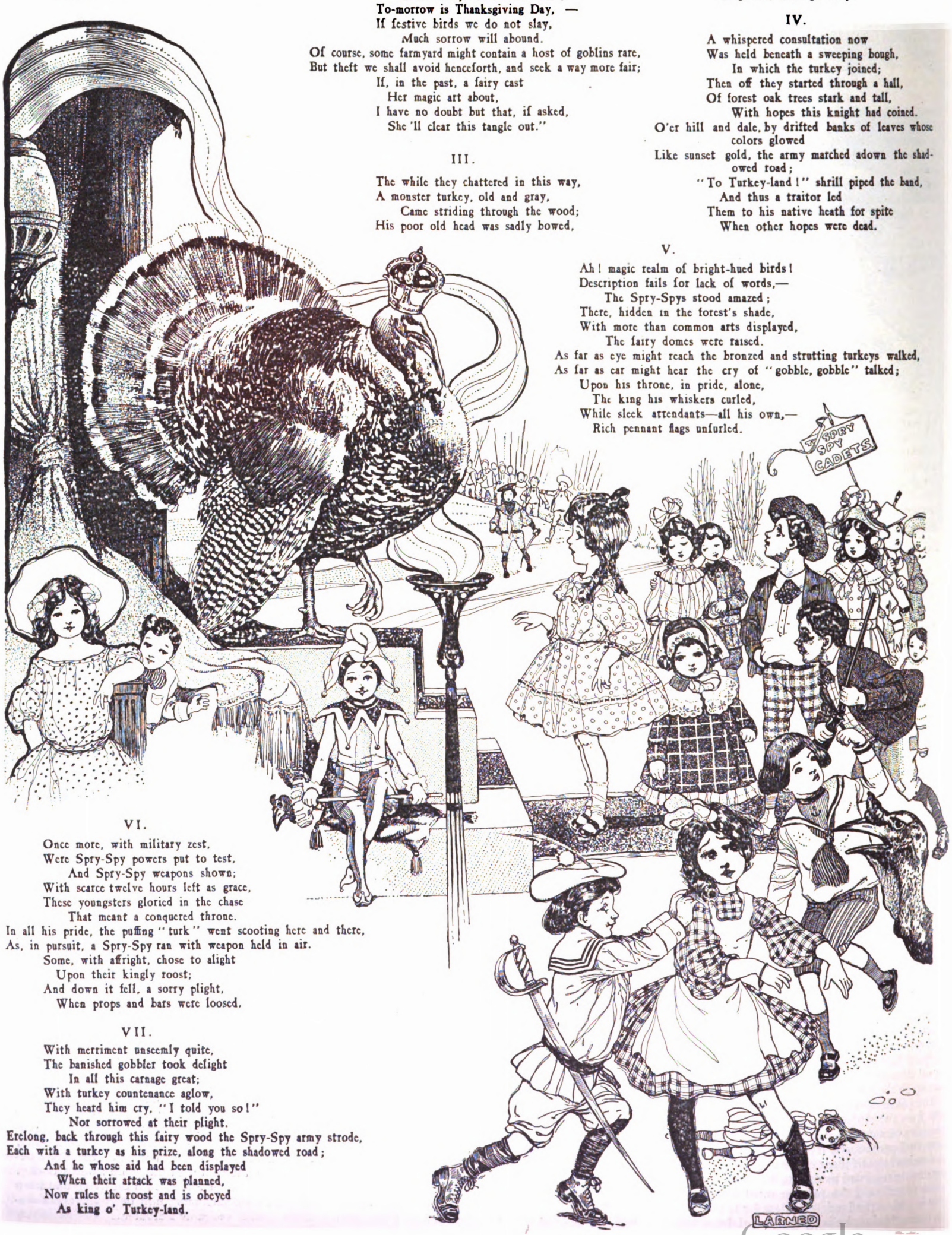
The while they chattered in this way,
A monster turkey, old and gray,
Came striding through the wood;
His poor old head was sadly bowed,
And as he walked he spoke aloud
As fairy gobblers should.
"An outcast, I, from Turkey-land," — thus did his musings run, —
"A banished knight of noble birth whose days are almost done;
Because I flapped my wings and clapped
Upon Thanksgiving Day,
The regal court decreed that I,
Disgraced, must go away."

IV.

A whispered consultation now
Was held beneath a sweeping bough,
In which the turkey joined;
Then off they started through a hall,
Of forest oak trees stark and tall,
With hopes this knight had coined.
O'er hill and dale, by drifted banks of leaves whose colors glowed
Like sunset gold, the army marched adown the shadowed road;
"To Turkey-land!" shrill piped the band,
And thus a traitor led
Them to his native heath for spite
When other hopes were dead.

V.

Ah! magic realm of bright-hued birds!
Description fails for lack of words, —
The Spry-Spys stood amazed;
There, hidden in the forest's shade,
With more than common arts displayed,
The fairy domes were raised.
As far as eye might reach the bronzed and strutting turkeys walked,
As far as ear might hear the cry of "gobble, gobble" talked;
Upon his throne, in pride, alone,
The king his whiskers curled,
While sleek attendants—all his own, —
Rich pennant flags unfurled.



VI.

Once more, with military zest,
Were Spry-Spy powers put to test,
And Spry-Spy weapons shown;
With scarce twelve hours left as grace,
These youngsters gloried in the chase
That meant a conquered throne.
In all his pride, the puffing "turk" went scooting here and there,
As, in pursuit, a Spry-Spy ran with weapon held in air.
Some, with affright, chose to alight
Upon their kingly roost;
And down it fell, a sorry plight,
When props and bars were loosed.

VII.

With merriment unseemly quite,
The banished gobbler took delight
In all this carnage great;
With turkey countenance aglow,
They heard him cry, "I told you so!"
Nor sorrowed at their plight.
Erelong, back through this fairy wood the Spry-Spy army strode,
Each with a turkey as his prize, along the shadowed road;
And he whose aid had been displayed
When their attack was planned,
Now rules the roost and is obeyed
As king o' Turkey-land.

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The World's Progress

NOTHING is more interesting, upon the surface of European politics, than the efforts of Germany and England to court the friendship of France. Germany is very anxious to become a great world-power. She wants ships and colonies, and she desires to be the supreme head of the nations, a place that no power really holds at this moment, although England has ships and colonies in plenty. This rivalry and enmity between Germany and England, and the prosperity of France and her judicious neutrality, have given the republic a European strength the like of which she has not enjoyed for half a century. Both these bitter rivals are courting her friendship earnestly. The English newspapers are full of praise for France, while the German emperor never misses an occasion to go out of his way to cajole her. The United States, for more than a year, has been subjected to this sort of English and German flattery, and it may be truly said that these two strong, prosperous republics are in better positions before the world than any of the great monarchies. France has her church troubles, and America has her labor troubles and trust problems, but everybody is straining his neck for American and French friendship, and all this is due to the stability of republican institutions in these two countries.

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ENGLAND'S task of reconstruction in South Africa appears to be almost as difficult as was that of conquering the Boers. Old Boers, like Kruger, Reitz, and Leyds, who went to Europe to help keep up the Boer side of the war from the outside, remain unreconciled, though their power to hurt in South Africa is not very great. It is the three puissant Boer leaders, Generals Botha, De Wet, and De La Rey, who did most of the fighting, whom the British government should reasonably satisfy, if order and prosperity are soon to come in South Africa. Some of the demands of these generals are unreasonable, notably that asking that the deposed Boer officials be restored to their offices in the Transvaal and in the Orange River Colony. It seems as if they might as well ask England to restore the republics. But England should lose no time in giving sufficient money to the Boers to rebuild on their farms, and it would not be amiss to provide an adequate fund for their widows and orphans. England should make these money grants as a matter of business, rather than have the Boers remain in a sullen mood and go about Europe begging for funds to house and feed themselves on the wasted *veldt*. The best thing for South Africa may be to fill it with English settlers and money, but the Boers must be made good neighbors.

▲ ▲

WHATEVER may be said to the contrary by a certain class of editors who are afraid to touch an electrode, President Roosevelt has done well to define and restate the Monroe Doctrine. The full realization of this doctrine or policy by Europe was never before so important to us as it is now. Let the continental European nations often be reminded in proper language that it is no vain boast that we are making; but our people, more than Europeans, need to know and to act constantly upon the fact that this external peace for the American hemisphere will be respected no longer than we have sufficient power to maintain it. If we do not constantly keep our navy up to the strength of that of Germany or France, we may expect to be called upon, on some disagreeable day, to fight, and possibly to suffer grave disaster and humiliation. The building of a first-class battle-ship is worth a million speeches on the subject, and President Roosevelt is building ships as well as talking. If he has his way, there will never be any danger in his day that a European swaggerer will fail to respect the Monroe Doctrine.

▲ ▲

THE strike of the anthracite coal miners, now of some four months' duration, is a struggle in which capital declares that the mine workers and their leaders are not to be trusted in arbitration, which has been offered on the part of John Mitchell, the leader of the strike; therefore, the efforts of all outsiders to effect a settlement and have these hard-coal mines reopened have gone for naught. President George F. Baer, of the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad, the chief coal road, has said, in effect, that this strike is none of the public's business, and that, if the newspapers and politicians had not meddled, the miners would have gone back to work long ago. Perhaps they would have done so, but it is time for capitalists like Mr. Baer to recognize the fact that a citizen of the United States has as much right to exercise his judgment as to how he shall secure a scuttle of coal on a cold day as Mr. Baer has to determine how he shall supply it. In fact, the more the public grows,—and it is growing very fast in numbers, at least,—the greater become its rights in these disputes between labor and capital. Abram S. Hewitt says that to arbitrate this strike would be like arbitrating the question of one's honor, so far as the coal operators are concerned; but it is a case where public rights are greater than private rights, and compulsory arbitration, with all its faults, will become an absolute necessity. Mr. Baer is certainly doing his share to bring it upon industrial America.

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FOR the first time in several years, the scientific world is without representation in active arctic exploration, the intrepid searchers for the north pole comprising the expeditions under command of Lieutenant Robert E. Peary, Evelyn B. Baldwin and Captain Otto Sverdrup having returned from their voyages without accomplishing their ambitious purpose. Though neither of the expeditions penetrated the north frigid zone farther than its predecessors, it is to Lieutenant Peary's credit that, in touching eighty-four degrees, seventeen minutes north, he went within three hundred and forty-three miles of the pole, a point nearer to it than has heretofore been touched on the Western Hemisphere. At that latitude, further efforts to advance were not attempted, because of the impracticability of the relay system, the ice floes becoming smaller, the pressure ridges on a grander scale, and the open leads more frequent. Notwithstanding failure to go to the pole, Lieutenant Peary is more convinced than ever before that it can be reached, a plan evolved from his more recent experiences being to start from winter quarters somewhere on the eighty-third degree, either from Franz Josef Land or from the north of Greenland, and make the journey by sledges. As he has the confidence and esteem of the scientific world, his belief that an adequately equipped expedition can reach the pole by the course he suggests will doubtless, in due time, result in the fitting out of such an expedition, and it would be well for the credit of American enterprise if the project should quickly meet the approval of wealthy men, and Lieutenant Peary could be commissioned to make the journey. Aside, however, from his own positive belief that the pole can be reached, his past four years amid arctic perils have resulted in the accumulation of much new information and a rich store of specimens of scientific value which cannot but increase interest in the promotion of arctic exploration and science in general.

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ROUMANIA has been engaged in the enslavement or the extermination of the Jews. Under the treaty of Berlin, the Balkan states were prohibited from discriminating against religious doctrines, but Roumania has made it practically impossible, by a series of laws, for a large number of her subjects, who happen to be Jews, to gain a livelihood. The United States, through John Hay, secretary of state, has called the attention of the world to this barbarous condition. Mr. Hay's famous letter in behalf of the Roumanian Jews is a fine mark of American diplomacy. Instead of being considered an interference, it has been upheld by the best of the European press.

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THE Juvenile Court of New York, appointed to adjust and correct the wrongs of little ones, is found to perform a long-needed function, and, if justice and humanity are to be granted children and the future men and women of the world made better, it will be wise for every state in the Union to create such an institution. An important feature of the New York court is the effort which is being made to throw the responsibility and expense of properly caring for children on their natural guardians. Its work has already borne the fruits of great good.

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THE figures that represent the commerce of the Great Lakes, for the first seven months of 1902, indicate very satisfactory business conditions. At one hundred and forty-four ports, 25,718,826 net tons of freight were received, an increase over the receipts for the corresponding period last year of 6,827,569 tons. The most notable increase this year has been in the transportation of ores and minerals, the total gross tonnage being 13,377,912 tons, an increase of 3,393,930 tons. It may be something of a surprise for some people to read that the registered tonnage of the Great Lakes is more than twice that of our foreign trade, which covers every sea; but in seven months 37,413 vessels, with a registry of 35,087,876 tons, arrived at American ports on the Lakes, and 37,798 vessels, of 35,786,701 tons' registry, cleared. For the same time the total of our foreign trade was 16,269,921 tons. During the entire year, 1901, the combined registered tonnage in the foreign trade at New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, New Orleans, San Francisco, and Puget Sound, was 18,868,808 tons entered and 18,487,246 tons cleared, which is slightly over half the total on the Great Lakes for seven months of this year.

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AS YET no solution proposed to curb the trusts seems to have met with very general acceptance. President Roosevelt's proposition to amend the constitution so as to give the chief executive of the nation the power to control such combinations has provoked wide discussion because it came from the President. The task of changing the constitution on any subject is very great, and, on a subject of such far-reaching importance as this, is too great to be seriously thought of without first having wrought the American people up to white heat. To remove the tariff from trust-made goods is the remedy proposed by many leading Democrats. Abram S. Hewitt is, perhaps, chief among those who think that the publication of the accounts of the trusts would be most effective in restraining them. Senator Morgan wants them taxed as much as they can stand. In view of so many remedies, some earnest efforts at legislation will undoubtedly be made at the next session of congress. Much as has been said of the danger of trusts, they are not as powerful as is supposed, though a careful statistician estimates that there are some eight hundred and fifty concerns that deserve to be called trusts, and that they control some fifteen billion dollars, or about one-sixth of the total wealth of the nation. Indeed, that is enough to startle the popular imagination. How they affect our national life, no one can pretend to say. It is their general undemocratic appearance and tendencies that produce anxiety in the popular mind more than their actual conduct. When specific charges of wrongdoing can be brought against them the difficulty of legislation may not be so great.

▲ ▲

THE employment of child labor in so many of the cotton mills of the South has naturally excited the protests of humanitarians all over the world. Lady Florence Dixie has sent a passionate appeal to President Roosevelt to stop the outrage. It is a deplorable waste of life to make small children work long hours in dusty cotton mills, but the lot of these children is scarcely worse than it was, in many cases, in their rude, dirt-floor cabins, back in the mountains, where the only stimulant of mind and body is "moonshine" whiskey and the only "sensation" is the killing of a revenue officer. The cotton mill has brought the poor child of the South into the light. It is the road out of perdition, but the air should be made very hot to every mill-owner who persists in sacrificing these young lives to his greed.

▲ ▲

THE prolonged strike by the anthracite coal miners has given unprecedented consideration to the coal question in this country. An opinion expressed by Stephen B. Elkins, of West Virginia, that coal lands are a better investment than real estate in New York City, appears to be approved by several other captains of industry. It is authoritatively stated that every railroad company in the country interested in coal mining is making an effort to secure additional land. It is certainly true that there is marked activity in this course in Alabama, Montana, and Colorado, thousands of acres in the last-named state having been sold to one capitalist.

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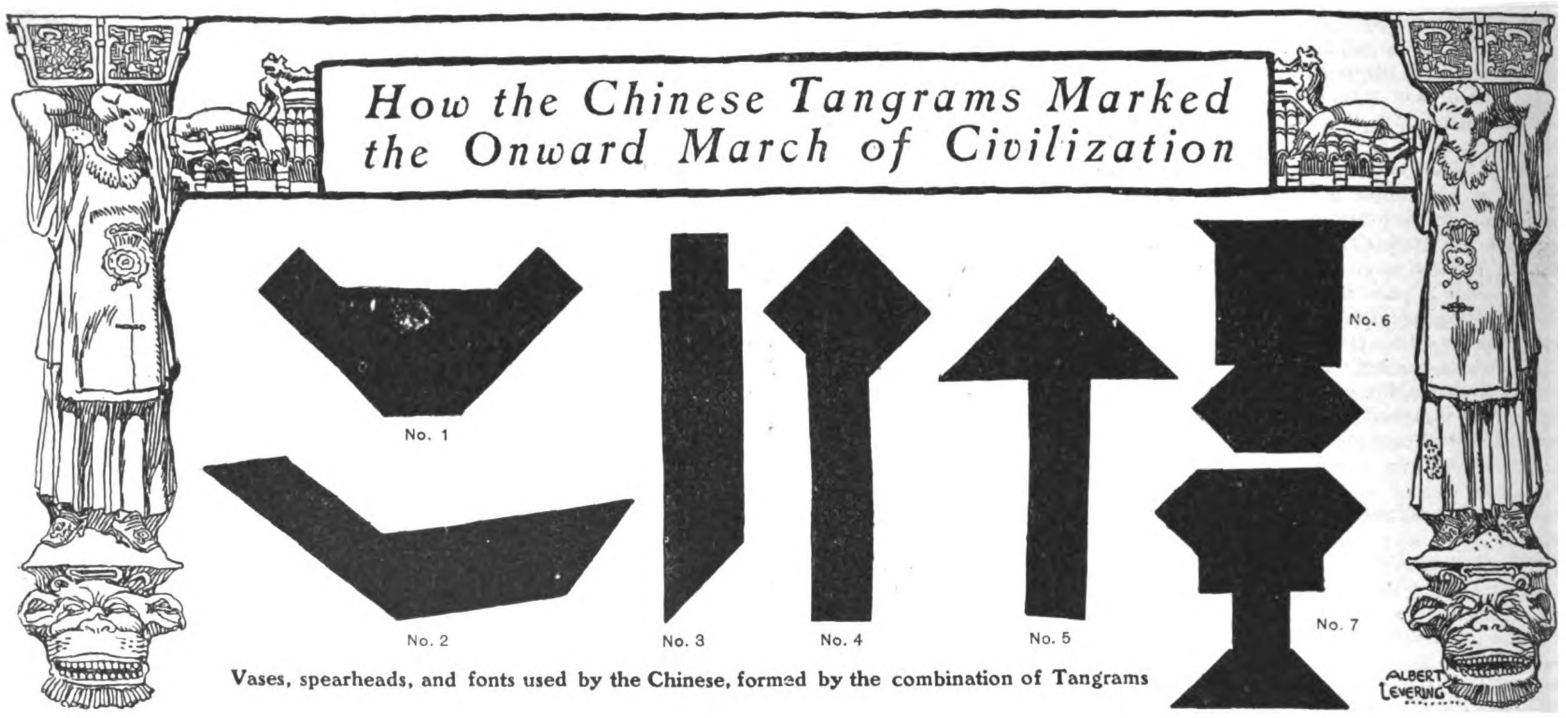
Sam Loyd's Mental Gymnastics

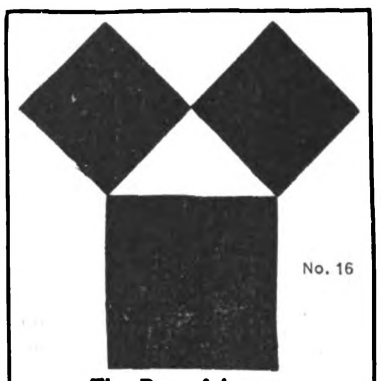
How the Chinese Tangrams Marked the Onward March of Civilization



Vases, spearheads, and fonts used by the Chinese, formed by the combination of Tangrams

AS LACK of space precluded the introduction of many illustrations in my discussion of this interesting subject in the October SUCCESS, occasion is now taken to make clear the reference to primitive pottery and tools as compared with the graceful vases, jardinières and fonts which appear later on, as if to mark the advance of civilization. See cuts Nos. 1 to 10.

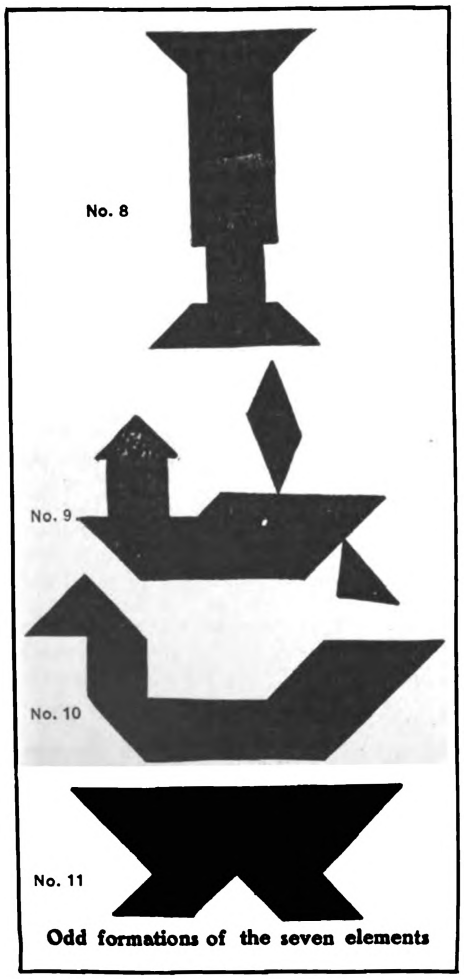
Mention was made of the accompanying illustrations of the gondola and junk as showing the progress in naval architecture, as well as in the construction of pagodas and castles of Celestial design, which, apparently, are arranged with the object of illustrating the gradual development from the prehistoric hut of the mound builder as shown in cuts Nos. 12, 13, and 14. In comparing No. 13 with that of the pyramid, No. 12, we detect the deceptive trick to which allusion has been made, as one is likely to imagine that seven pieces are required to build the hut, and that it surely requires one piece more to close the door. Several changes are generally rung upon these themes, as in the present instance, to show that the door might be square as well as triangular, which makes the proposition all the more paradoxical. Some trick or optical illusion is connected with most of the subjects of the second book, as in cut No. 11, which illustrates the basin previously shown with a piece removed in a surprising manner. The geometrical figures possess special interest for mathematicians, who can plainly see that Euclid and Pythagoras were anticipated by thousands of years in the famous *pons asinorum*, No. 16.



The Pons Asinorum

Connecting Li Hung Chang's statement, that he "knew the figures of the first book of Tan before he could talk," with his remarkable and hitherto unexplained reference to Tangrams as being "a progressive philosophy with seven interpretations," we get a faint idea of the scope of the work as claimed by Professor Challenor. He says that Confucius makes several allusions to Tangrams, among them being the following: "The game where the babes learn the form of things, the youths exercise their wits over the puzzles, the men study mathematics and art, and the wise ponder over the past, present, and future."

As a matter of fact, the game of Tangrams does appear as if it might be interpreted seven times to advantage. Gustave Doré, whose power of imagery was akin to madness, developed his love of art by designing with the seven Tangrams. Lewis Carrol, who had the temerity and power of imagination to portray the vagaries of dreamland, as told in the wanderings of "Alice in Wonderland," was a votary of the pastime; and, when he became noted as a profound professor of mathematics at Oxford College, England, he was wont to employ the seven magic pieces to expound the problems of Euclid. It is worthy of note to mention that, at a recent sale of Lewis Carrol's library, there was sold a little work entitled, "The Fashionable Chinese Puzzle," giving three hundred and twenty-three designs. It was published at a little place called Sidmouth, England, and we can get an approximate date of its publication from the following interesting bit of information taken from it: "This ingenious contrivance has for some time past been the favorite amusement of ex-Emperor Napoleon, who, being now in a debilitated state, and living very retired, passes many hours a day in thus exercising his patience and ingenuity." The great fighter had found relaxation for his tired brain.



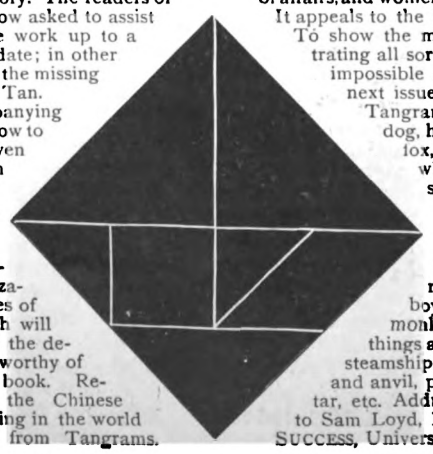
Odd formations of the seven elements

Can Our "Success" Readers Write the Missing Eighth Book of Tan?

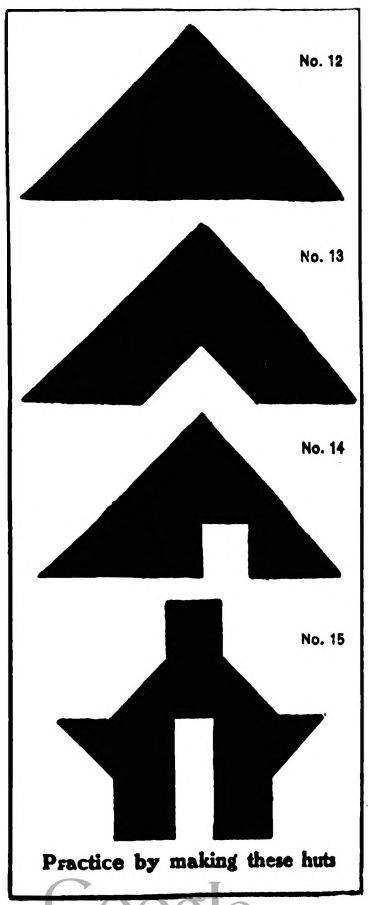
One Dollar Will Be Paid for Every Design Which Is Worthy of Receiving a Place in the Book

A GENERAL idea of the character and scope of the books of Tangrams, so far as known, may be gleaned from the solutions given, which illustrate a somewhat remote period in the world's history. The readers of SUCCESS are now asked to assist in bringing the work up to a more modern date; in other words, to write the missing eighth book of Tan.

The accompanying square shows how to obtain the seven pieces with which you may originate such objects as will illustrate the present era of civilization, and prizes of one dollar each will be paid for all the designs deemed worthy of a place in the book. Remember that the Chinese say that anything in the world can be made from Tangrams.



Now, get your wits together. See what you can originate from the seven pieces. Here is employment, recreation, and amusement for bankers, brokers, business men, farmers, men of affairs, and women and children. It appeals to the intellect of all. To show the manner of illustrating all sorts of seemingly impossible things, in our next issue we will show Tangram pictures of a dog, horse, cow, bear, fox, kangaroo, whale, shark, squirrel, turkey, swan, crane, ostrich, lark, rooster, a man resting, a girl running, a fat boy waking, a monk, and such things as a locomotive, steamship, pistol, hammer and anvil, pestle and mortar, etc. Address all answers to Sam Loyd, Puzzle Editor, SUCCESS, University Bldg., N.Y.



Practice by making these huts

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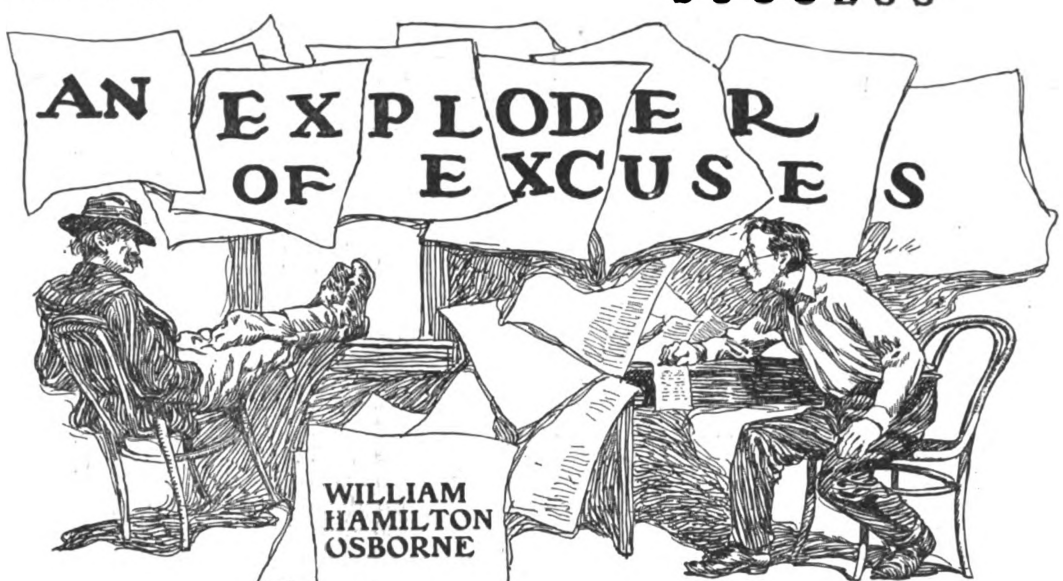

Illustrations by Albert Levering

"You're a stranger around these parts, I guess"

HE was long and lanky and loose-jointed, and he wore a pair of cowhide boots that complained loudly as he ascended the stairs. He had a shock of light hair, the ragged ends of which stuck out from under the brim of his big slouch hat. His age might have been twenty-seven, or it might have been thirty-five.

As he entered the sanctum of Boggs, the editor of the Monroe "True American," he chewed vigorously and industriously upon a piece of straw.

The editor looked up. His caller removed his hat, placed it on the floor, and seated himself on a chair, which he tilted back upon its hind legs. The extremity of one of his lengthy limbs he thrust across the window sill and out of the window. He seemed in no hurry to open the conversation. He sat and chewed on his straw.

"Well, sir?" inquired the editor, finally, after the stranger had apparently made himself acquainted with the details of the room.

"Well, sir?" repeated the other, with a not unpleasing drawl, "this seems to be a pretty likely town; and, as your paper coincides with my politics, and as I'm used to newspaper work, I thought I'd just step in and see whether or not you have anything open for a good man. Do you need an assistant editor? If you do, why, I'm your man."

He looked at the editor as if the suggestion were extremely feasible, and quite a matter of course. The editor snorted in disgust.

"You're a stranger around these parts, I guess?" he inquired. "Where do you come from?"

"Down yonder,"—indicating with a gesture of his long arms. "Name's Grice. Down my way they all call me Major,—Major Grice. I don't know just why they do," he added, reflectively, "but they do."

"I knew you were a stranger, or you wouldn't have come here to ask foolish questions," returned the editor. "Say, young man, just open that door there, will you? No,—that one. That's it. Now just tell me what you see in there."

He saw a big printing press, and three men and a boy setting type, and a lot of crumpled paper strewn around. He said as much to the editor.

"Well," resumed the editor, "not one of those fellows has had his pay for three weeks, and what's more not one of them is likely to get it for three years. That's what happens to a paper of my politics in this town. Why," he continued, "if I knew a man who would pay five hundred dollars for the whole plant, I'd sell out and be glad to, blessed if I wouldn't!"



"The public wants to know all about this"

The visitor removed his straw to see how much of it he had chewed, and how much of it there was left to chew. Then he returned it to his mouth and contemplated the press, the fixtures, and the men for a few minutes. As he did so, the editor glanced once more at his visitor,—a long, fixed glance. Though he looked steadily, he did not see the *man*,—he saw simply his exterior. He was unable to perceive that within the loose-jointed figure there was stored-up energy ready for action at a moment's notice.

Boggs could not understand that the man's glance, veiled as it was with a cool indifference, was seeing things palpably visible, but which he himself had never seen. He thought that he heard what the major had to say as he said it in his uncertain way; but his ear only detected the sound of the man's voice,—he failed to hear the ring of purpose that sounded in it. Boggs was not a man to understand such things. He grasped the superficial in the major's make-up,—nothing more. He could not tell that the lank, loose-jointed visitor was a man with a certainty of purpose, an unlimited capacity for detail, and a desire to do and dare. Grice had no "great ideas." The world has too many such men. He was essentially a man of little things, and none escaped him.

"Pretty good machinery you've got there," he remarked, finally; "is it mortgaged?"

The editor nodded. "Up to the handle," he assented, in a frank tone.



"How's business?" he asked. "None, thanks!"

"Well," said the other man, "I've only got about five hundred dollars. I don't know as I'd want to buy a paper, though I've taken a powerful notion to write for one. I'll tell you. I'm going around town a bit and will probably come in and see you again. I may want some information or advice. Always go to newspaper offices for both. Well, I'll go, and maybe I'll come back. So long!"

He did go back,—in half an hour. "Now, here," he said, "I'll tell you how I'm fixed. I've got just so much money and no more. I'm calculating that after I've paid the men here a week's wages in advance, and after paying some rent for the place, and some board,—why, I'll have just about four hundred left. I'm free to say," he continued, with a laugh, "that I never heard of buying out a newspaper in a town like this for four hundred dollars,—but, if you want to sell, the four hundred is yours."

The editor looked his visitor over doubtfully to determine what particular brand of idiot he had before him. Then he looked out the window for awhile and ruminated. Finally he spoke, with the utmost calmness and deliberation.

"It is more money in one amount than I've seen in two years running," he said; "I'll take it. Hand it over and the place is yours."

The other man whipped out a piece of paper. "Just sign that first," he said. It was a formal bill of sale. Boggs signed it and held it out with one hand while with the other he seized the proffered currency.

"Well, Mr. Grice," he remarked, as he started out, "I must say that this is a streak of luck for me, now that I've got your money. I wish you luck and all that, but,——" he sighed, shook his head dubiously, and disappeared downstairs.

When he reached the street he crossed it and entered a building directly opposite. Ascending the stairs of that building, he entered the office of the Monroe "Daily Chronicle," his erstwhile rival in the field.

"Shelburne!" he exclaimed to a burly, ill-featured, ill-mannered man who lounged over a desk, "I've sold my paper to a 'jay.' I've come over here to you. I want a job. Can you give me one?"

Shelburne looked up in surprise. "Who is the assinial fellow?" he asked.

"Don't know anything about him, except that his name is Grice. If you want to look at him, there he is at the window over yonder."

Shelburne strolled across the room and looked out. "Is that the fellow?" he returned, contemptuously. "Say, he'll last about a week,—that's the limit. There's only one newspaper in the place, now that you're out, Boggs, and that is the 'Chronicle.' Yes, I'll give you a job and be glad to do so. You write pretty nearly as good as I do. [Boggs winced at the doubtful compliment.] I'll make you assistant editor. How'll that do? Well, then, it's a go, Boggs, and we'll outwit that light-haired idiot together."

Over in his office, Major Grice perused the morning's issue of the "True American." "Hang such a sheet!" he said, as he crushed it into the wastebasket with his boot,—"it's small wonder it wasn't a success. Say, Mr. Roberts," he called to the foreman; "Roberts, I wish you would get me some plain boards about fifteen feet long,—eight or ten of them,—and some black paint, too. I want to set up a bulletin outside."

"A bulletin?" repeated Roberts, doubtfully.

"Yes," replied the editor, "a blackboard, you know,—something to write headings on outside."

Roberts shook his head. "That's a new one on me. This is the first time I ever heard of a blackboard in front of a newspaper office."

"You get it," returned the major, "you've got something to learn."

That afternoon Major Grice set up his bulletin and painted it. The paint dried readily, and before sunset he was able to announce, in large white letters which could be read from a distance, the change of ownership, and to inform the public, in short, terse sentences, of the policy to be adopted by the new management. The bulletin attracted a fair-sized crowd, both during the process of erection and decoration and afterwards.

The paper printed a full issue next morning. The news had spread, and about half of the output was disposed of. The purchasers bought largely out of curiosity. The front page was devoted to the change of ownership. The first two columns, headed in deep black type, recited the history of the purchase. It gave a brief sketch of Boggs, the late owner, which the major had unearthed from the paper's "morgue,"—the pigeonhole where biographies of well-known men are held in readiness for their demise. The paper then stated, in detail, the conversation between the old and the new editor, stated the purchase price, gave a copy of the bill of sale, stated how much money the new editor had at the start, how little he had left, gave the names of his office force, stated the editor's age, (twenty-nine years,) and printed the street and number of his boarding-

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house. He simply told all there was to be told.

"The public wants to know about these things," the major explained to his foreman, "and we might as well tell them at the start."

A brief editorial modestly announced the editor's political opinions, expressed his views briefly on popular local issues of the day, and bespoke for his paper the favor and patronage of his townsmen. He had not mistaken the character of his readers. It was a gossipy town, and the details of the affair greatly pleased the citizens. By evening, every copy of the paper had been sold, and at the newsstands there was a large demand for more. The price of the paper was two cents. At midnight it was selling for five cents.

"Now, Roberts," said the editor, that day, "what we've got to have is news and lots of it. If we can't get it, we've got to make it. I've been around town and I've collected a lot of items. Here they are. Set them up now so that we'll be free later. Keep three columns on the first page open and most of the editorial page; and, say," he continued, addressing the whole force, "you fellows are pretty wide awake. You get all the news you can,—items of any kind in your neighborhood or among your friends, and, if they're good and we print them, you'll be paid; not much, but enough. Now, don't forget that. We must have news!"

It was late in the afternoon. Grice's paper went to press at one or two o'clock in the morning, so he had hours before him in which to get it ready.

He sat by the window and looked out. Across the way sat Shelburne at *his* window, scowling at the morning's issue of the major's paper. Evidently it had failed to agree with him.

Grice glanced lazily up and down the street. It was in the day of horse cars. Other towns, it is true, had adopted the trolley system, but not so the conservative city of Monroe.

Carload after carload of men on their way home from business passed the major's windows. He watched them steadily,—the lean, gaunt horses and the crowded cars.

"Great Scott!" he said, in a half-whisper. He leaned well out of the window and looked down the street. Approaching, two blocks away, was an overloaded street car. The major donned his hat, and sauntered down into the street, whistling a somnolent tune. Roberts and the others stood at the window watching him. "Humph!" exclaimed Roberts, in a tone of contempt, "he's no good. He's worse than Boggs."

The car stopped a block away, and a woman got on the platform, but could not get in. The driver whipped up his horses. They tugged and pulled on the traces and were just able to make some progress with the load that was behind them. They were a cadaverous team. Neither horse had any visible flesh on his bones and both were covered with sores.

At his corner the major signaled. The car stopped. Instead of boarding it he stepped up to the off-horse's head and calmly addressed the driver.

"You'll have to unhitch this team," he said, quietly. "The load's too heavy for it."

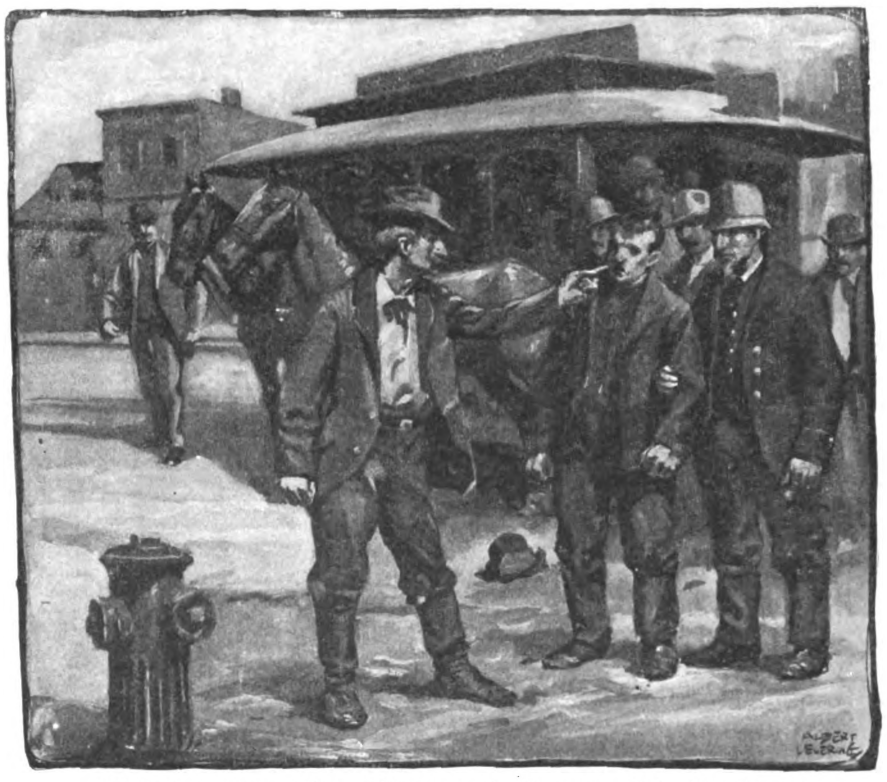
"Aw, get in if you're goin'," said the driver; "what are you givin' us?"

"Maybe you didn't hear what I said," returned the major, raising his voice and planting himself squarely between the rails. "I told you you could n't go any further with this team, and you can't. That's all there is to it. Your horses are no good," he said, sternly, "and you'll kill them with that load."

"Aw, get out o' here! What's the matter with you?" replied the driver, lashing up his team. The horses pulled and tugged, but the major, with a steady hand, steered them off the track, and then, holding them back for but an instant by the reins, he sprang around and unhooked them from the car. The whole thing, as he managed it, took but a moment. The onlookers were dumbfounded.

The vituperations of the driver and the general uproar among the passengers had by this time attracted a large and interested crowd,—just what the major had calculated upon from the beginning.

The driver, in a frenzy of rage, approached the editor, and, with a choice selection of epithets, thrust a big red fist before his face. The major explained to him at length that he didn't relish the contact, and immediately knocked him down. He then explained to the crowd in a short, well-considered speech, just what the difficulty was. His peroration extolled the noble qualities of the two abused animals. An old lady in the rear rank of the crowd was observed wiping her eyes, while the crowd cheered him. An officer in uniform approached.



"Take him along, officer, I'll answer for the car. Take him along"

"Officer," exclaimed Grice, "I give this man into custody. I charge him with gross cruelty to animals in violation of section 853a of the Crimes Act. I will make the complaint against him. You take him to headquarters. I'll be there in half an hour."

He spoke with the air of one having authority, and the officer took everything for granted. He grabbed his man and started off.

"But my car, my car," protested the man, who was thoroughly scared.

"Take him along, officer, I'll answer for the car. Take him along, and I'll make the complaint."

The officer departed with the culprit, and the joyous crowd followed. The major ascended to his office, and looked out of the window. Down the street, as far as the eye could reach, there was a long line of cars, blocked and immovable. It was a goodly sight to Grice.

"Roberts!" he exclaimed, "here, quick! It won't be dark for an hour yet." He scribbled hurriedly on a piece of paper.

"Mark this upon the bulletin. I've got to go. I'll be back in half an hour, and you have everything ready for a couple of big articles when I reach here."

Until after ten o'clock that night the crowd surged and swayed around the bulletin. Early next morning, the "True American" placed upon the newsstands an enormous issue. In flaming headlines across the page appeared these somewhat cabalistic words:—

"CROWBAIT CAR CATTLE"

The three-column story on the first page was an accurate account of what had happened, from the time the editor had stopped the car to the time the paper went to press. The editorial printed under the head of "Corporate Crime" was a scathing denunciation of the officials of the road. It included the section of the Penal Code applicable to the case, set forth the terms of the penalty, fine, and imprisonment provided thereby. It concluded with an emotional appeal on behalf of the weak, pain-racked brutes who had suffered and were suffering to satisfy the rapacious appetite for gain of a soulless and merciless corporation. It was a little sensational, perhaps, but a very popular and successful issue.

The entire edition was exhausted by ten o'clock in the forenoon. Grice routed his men out of bed, and printed an afternoon edition to satisfy the demand.

The driver was discharged, of course. Grice had assumed that he would be. The police and all other city departments were opposed politically to the major's paper. They were not in sympathy with him. It was said, during the day, that the street-railway company had consulted counsel and would visit some dire punishment upon the major.

Shelburne's paper, a day behind with the news, came out the next morning with a lame, halting, and puerile denunciation of the "True American" and its editor. It issued from the pen of Boggs, the renegade.

However, Grice was in the right, and the people knew it. The evil was palpable, but its presence had never been realized. It was now all so simple and self-evident. Grice saw the thing that others had not seen. He had discovered the perfectly obvious,—things obtrusively evident,—that was all.

On the afternoon of the next day, Major Grice strolled slowly down to the county court house. He inquired for the county judge, and found him nodding over some briefs in his private chamber.

"Your Honor," said the major. The judge looked up, and glanced over the top of his spectacles. There was no sign of recognition in his face,—he did not know the man. Major Grice produced a batch of papers. "I have an application, if your Honor please," he explained. The judge shook his head doubtfully. He was one of the old-fashioned, slow-moving kind, and invariably upheld with jealous care the dignity of the bench.

"Are you a member of the bar, sir?" he inquired, austerely; "I do not know you, sir. I really do not know you."

Grice pulled out a large leather wallet. He took out an old, worn piece of parchment, and handed it to the judge, who glanced it over.

"Why!" he exclaimed, in surprise, "your name is Grice. You come from Jefferson County. Are you related to the Grices down there, sir?"

The major nodded. "Colonel Pennington Grice, of Wetmore, was my father, sir," he said with pride.

"What!" exclaimed the old judge, "Penn Grice, Penn Grice's son? Why, we were boys together. And so you're Colonel Pennington's son, and a member of the bar, too. Let me," he continued, stretching forth his hand, "let me see your papers, then," my son.

There was a long silence. Grice sat at the window.

"Grice," resumed the judge, at length, "this is surprising. Is the condition, then, as bad as you describe? Are you sure?"

The judge was a conservative man; he was a firm believer in existing conditions,—in the idea that whatever is is right. From his position at the window, Grice could see far down the street. He turned to the judge.

"Your Honor has the affidavits. They are verified by reputable men. They state the facts; but," he added, significantly, glancing into the street, "there is an exhibit that speaks for itself. I ask your Honor to consider that."

The judge stepped to the window. Grice was in luck. It was the selfsame car crowded in the selfsame manner, with the selfsame steeds of the previous day.

The judge looked out. Then he removed his spectacles, cleaned them, and readjusted them for a better look.

"Why, bless my soul!" he exclaimed. "Bless

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my soul! I'm sure I never noticed that before."

They stood there and watched the car pass slowly out of sight. The judge pointed with a long finger in the car's direction, and, turning to the major, said, impressively, "That, sir, is crime, —crime pure and simple."

"What a fortunate thing it is," thought Grice, as he sauntered up the street, "to have had a father!"

On his way back to his office the major passed by Blaney's livery stable. Obeying a sudden impulse, he turned and went in. In the office sat a stout young man under some hanging harness, flicking the dust from his boots with a whip.

"Mr. Blaney?" inquired the major. The other nodded.

"How's business?" continued the major.

"Poor, thanks," responded Blaney, genially, and as a matter of course.

"Mr. Blaney," said the major, confidentially, drawing up a chair, "in the strictest confidence I want to show you something,—" he pulled a paper from his pocket. It was a temporary injunction restraining the railway company from propelling its cars by means of any of the horses now in its possession.

"Now, Blaney, listen," he continued, "I want to tell you something. This thing'll tie them. They can't do business without horses, and they can't do business with their own. Now, say, I'm not going to serve these papers until—. Look here, Blaney,"—he leaned over and grasped the other man's sleeve,—"down in Wetmore, ten miles from where I came, they've just put in a trolley system,—just got it started. Now here's the point. They've got horses down there by the hundred, —they're a drug on the market. They can't sell them. The instant these papers go to the concern up here, it can't move a car. It will need horses awfully bad, need dozens of them, surely, and—"

"By George! Major," interrupted the other man, smiting himself upon the thigh; "by George, you're a wonder, and no mistake!"

"All right," resumed the former. "You understand. Then you do this. You go down tomorrow and order, say, two hundred head, and get them up here right away. When I hear they're on the way, I'll serve the papers, not before. You can buy your horses for a song and sell them to the railway at your own price. See? That's all there is to it."

"It's not all," interrupted Blaney; "half the profit goes to you."

"Not a cent," protested the major.

"But it must!" insisted Blaney, as the major started off; "it's half to you, or I'll throw the whole thing up."

Two days later the major served the papers. That afternoon troops of sleek, well-fed horses cavorted down the street and entered Blaney's yard.

In addition to the news in the next day's issue of the "True American," of the injunction and its effect, including an effusive editorial on "Injunction,—the Constitutional Safeguard,"—the major issued a small special in the afternoon. It was headed, "Blaney to the Rescue."

All traffic on the tracks was totally suspended that day, and during it and the next Blaney made a small fortune out of cab and stage hire. The major sent him a note. On its receipt, Blaney got out most of his best teams and ran a line of omnibuses on schedule time up and down the car tracks. People lined up and watched them pass. Then they would look at the sign which Blaney had attached to each,—"No injunction here Blaney," and laughed. The whole town laughed.

The next day the railway company took Blaney's entire consignment,—cleaned him out, lock, stock, and barrel.

On the third day, Blaney in his gratitude laid upon the desk of the editor of the "True American" a roll of bills, twenty-three hundred dollars in United States currency,—the major's share of the profits.

The major looked at them doubtfully. Then his face broke into a smile.

"Blaney," he exclaimed, "singly I might have refused these, but together they are irresistible."

There were just two men cognizant of this transaction. One was Blaney, the other,—Grice. These two men looked at each other steadily for a moment. Blaney drew a long sigh.

"Well, that was easy," he remarked, "wasn't it?"

The major glanced across the street. Shelburne was pacing his office in a fearful state of jealousy.

"Confound that man!" he said to Boggs. Over at his own window, the major smiled. He could not hear the words, but he understood the situation.

"Take it all in all," thought Grice, "it was not a bad week's work,—especially for the first."

In the City of Monroe, Major William Grice had made his *début*,—he had entered the arena of events. It is now a town of some importance. It has electric lights in the streets, and the horse cars are soon to be supplanted by electricity. The railroad trains stop there more than twice a week, and there is some talk of operating a telephone system. Grice did all this. "Just took hold of the old town, and shook some life into it," as he said to a friend. He also induced some Chicago men to open the glue factory that had been closed for ten years because people said the trusts had killed the glue business. It was a paltry excuse, according to Grice, but he instantly exploded it.

The Meaning *of* the "Sky-Scraper" Trust - Burton J. Hendrick

IT was with no little surprise that the public learned, a few weeks ago, of the formation of a large combination which promises to be a noteworthy factor in the economic development of the present industrial era. By its very name, indeed, the United States Realty and Construction Company arrested popular attention. Realty? Construction? A corporation, with a capital of sixty-six million dollars, that proposes to buy urban real estate, and erect mammoth steel buildings in the leading cities of America, and, likely enough, of Europe? Here was evidently a new phase of the great industrial question. Here was a corporation which, unlike any hitherto formed, did not seek a monopoly of the chief products of nature and human skill, but a monopoly of the land itself, the final source of all wealth. It seemed as if the United States Realty and Construction Company had spoken the final word on the question of industrial combination. Probably the whole scheme would have been dismissed as absurd had it not been for its comprehensive nature,—for the great industrial and financial interests associated with it. It appeared, for example, that chief among the promoters of the new combination was the United States Steel Corporation; that Charles M. Schwab was on the board of directors; that associated with it were interests identified with the Mutual Life Insurance Company, the Equitable Life Insurance Company, and the National City Bank of New York City. All that unquestionably meant serious business.



These New York sky-scrapers produce nearly half a million dollars each in yearly rents

To understand the new corporation, therefore, one must understand the interesting economic conditions from which it was evolved. As a manifestation of the application of modern methods to the management of real estate and building, it is, indeed, a rapid growth. Although the present corporation is the result of the amalgamation of several constituent companies, these companies themselves, in their present form, have been in existence only a very short time. Until the formation of the Central Realty Bond and Trust Company, in 1899, real estate corporations, as at present organized, were practically unknown. Syndicates had been formed for the particular purpose of handling large building operations; and great landed estates, such as those of the Astors, the Enos, and the Goelets, had existed for many years. But the idea of organizing great corporations, for the purpose of buying and selling city land and improving it, is one of the developments of the present era of prosperity. And yet it is a most natural evolution. When construction work in New York City was a question of erecting, in the downtown office district, four-story and five-story non-elevator buildings, and, in the residential sections, the melancholy rows of brownstone houses which were the physical emblem of wealth and social respectability thirty or forty years ago, the operation was merely a subject of individual enterprise. These business buildings represented investments, on the average, not exceeding fifty thousand dollars each; and private houses, in those Spartan days, sold, as a general rule, for ten thousand dollars to fifteen thousand dollars. The Broad-Exchange Building, however, represents invested capital of not far from seven million, five hundred thousand dollars; and, in the high-class residential sections, private houses are now speculatively built to sell for three hundred thousand dollars to five hundred thousand dollars each. It is thus evident, at a glance, that a new form of organization is required to meet the new conditions; that the conduct of great building operations is as much a matter for corporate organization as the building of a great railroad or a steamship line. In the financial magnitude of modern building enterprise, therefore, the real estate corporation finds its economic justification.

The increase in realty values in New York City, during the last hundred years, is not only a fascinating story in itself, but a most suggestive evidence of national prosperity and importance. Old New York real estate brokers never tire of recalling the splendid opportunities to amass wealth which have slipped through their hands; and the great fortunes which have been made by those sufficiently prescient to foresee the future, or, more frequently, those whose ancestral acres have developed into high-class residential and business sections, form a unique chapter in American industrial history. There are plenty of New Yorkers living who can recall the time when Fifth Avenue lots, now worth two hundred thousand dollars, could be bought for seventy-five dollars or one hundred dollars each. It is the increase in the value of business property, however, that is, in property located in the financial section,—in Broadway, in the business portion of Fifth Avenue, in such conspicuous thoroughfares as Twenty-third, Thirty-fourth and Forty-second Streets,—with which we are now directly concerned. It is mainly with business buildings and hotels that the new corporation will occupy itself, at least at present. The explanation of the growth of real

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estate valuations in the business quarters is found in the invention of the modern elevator and the development of steel and fireproof construction; all stimulated, of course, by the pressing demand of the business population upon the restricted area of Manhattan Island. About thirty years ago, when buildings higher than five stories were all but unknown, property in the financial section had an average value of about fifty dollars a square foot. The modern elevator, however, permitted a height of eight or ten stories, reached in such structures as the Tribune Building, the Western Union, (as originally constructed,) the Boreel, the Morse, and the Vanderbilt,—all erected in the decade between 1870 and 1880. A greater height than ten stories, however, was not feasible, because the great thickness of the walls subtracted largely from rentable space. The effect of the doubling of the height of office buildings was to double the price of real estate, and thus, from 1870 to 1880, we find down-town property averaging, according to actual sales, about one hundred dollars per square foot. In the decade from 1880 to 1890, however, the cage system of construction was devised, which considerably reduced the thickness of the walls and permitted a height of fourteen or fifteen stories,—the best type of which is the present Pulitzer Building. The increased earning power of the land thus developed added some fifty dollars a square foot to the value of available property. The growth of the skeleton system, which permits an indefinite height with a wall not more than twelve inches thick, resulted in buildings eighteen, twenty, and twenty-two stories high. The result is that property is frequently sold for two hundred dollars or more a square foot in the best office districts.



The "flatiron" building, New York City. *The* latest design in tall structures

Thus we see that the new system of building has necessitated the reconstruction of a considerable part of the edifices of Manhattan Island. As a result of the economic revolution briefly described above, a considerable number of building sites of enormous value, whose proper and economic development means the expenditure of millions, have been thrown upon the market. These properties are offered for sale for a variety of reasons. There are certain valuable sites, of course, which cannot be purchased at any price. One of the watchwords of the Astor family, for example, amounting almost to a religion, is never to sell; it would be a pretty tempting bid that would persuade it to dispose of the Astor House, one of the immutable monuments of the race. There are other building sites of enormous value which cannot be purchased; but there are others that can be. Rich men die, and the division of estates frequently means the offering of valuable properties at public auction. Other holders are not reluctant to realize upon a rising market, such as exists now. But the possessors of these valuable properties, up to three or four years ago, were in the anomalous position of being practically without a market. Individual purchasers of properties valued from one million dollars up, whose adequate improvement required the expenditure of several millions more, were evidently not numerous, even in these days of great single fortunes. Thus the Fifth Avenue Hotel, at the death of Amos R. Eno, was offered at public auction. It could not be sold, however, for there was no one prepared to pay the enormous price—in the neighborhood of five million dollars,—the property was appraised at; and so it was withdrawn, and is still awaiting a purchaser. Not only was immense capital required for operations of this kind, but peculiar and exceptional talent. The erection of a twenty-story steel skyscraper is a great performance in mechanics; it is a task for an engineer rather than a builder; it is a work of science and requires scientific training. The rarest judgment is also required in the selection of sites,—of sites that can be advantageously handled both by the builder and by the real estate agent; and the profitable management of the enterprise after its completion demands experience of an unusual order. The great errors, both financial and constructional, which have resulted from the unintelligent application of modern methods to building construction, have pressed this lesson home. To meet this need, the realty corporations which have now joined hands in the United States Realty and Construction Company were formed.

These Buildings Are Coincident with *the* Expansion *of* American Industry

These corporations devoted all their energies to exceptionally located real estate. Their operations were confined chiefly to the financial section, to Broadway, and to Fifth Avenue. Private dwellings, except in the highest-class residential districts, they carefully eschewed; cold-water flats did not appeal to them in the least. Practically the only non-business properties to engage their attention were sites available for hotels of the apartment type, the recent large exploitation of which is owing considerably to their efforts. To a large extent they made a business simply of buying and selling unimproved land. That is to say, they handled real property simply as raw material, which they bought and sold whenever they could see a profit. On the other hand, they also made the improvement of their building sites an important part of their trade. The most important operations of this kind were the large skyscrapers, erected in the last two or three years, which have come into being through their agency. Among them are such well-known buildings as the mammoth Broad-Exchange, at the southeast corner of Broad Street and Exchange Place,—the largest office building in the world,—the Maiden Lane Building, at the southeast corner of Maiden Lane and Broadway, the Battery Place Building, on Battery Place, between West and Washington Streets, and the "flatiron" building, at the junction of Broadway, Fifth Avenue, and Twenty-third Street. All these buildings illustrate the peculiar function which the realty corporation was called upon to fill. That is to say, they are exceptionally located properties, whose improvement necessitated expenditures running far up into seven figures, and they are properties which would probably have long lain fallow had they not been taken in hand by the corporations in question. Until the advent of the realty corporation, indeed, high office buildings, constructed upon what may be called a strict business basis,—primarily as a source of investment,—had been rare, and, in the few instances in which this had been the idea in mind, not brilliantly successful. Nearly all of them had been erected by great corporations, banks, insurance companies, and the like, which were actuated by ambition to produce striking monuments and to secure conspicuous and commodious quarters for themselves. Many of these institutions already owned the land, which had been purchased in non-skyscraping days at a low cost, and which, at its original price, furnished opportunities for excellent profits. A few buildings had also been put up by the owners of well-known estates,—like Exchange Court, by John Jacob Astor,—who had also secured the sites under advantageous circumstances. But the outright purchase of property and its improvement with costly buildings had been infrequent. A new element was introduced into skyscraper-building by the entrance of the realty companies. That is, the construction companies not only built the buildings, but in large measure they were the owners of them. In some cases they went into the open market, purchased a site with their own capital, and erected a building at their own expense. This was the case with the now famous "flatiron" building, at Fifth Avenue and Twenty-third Street. A great construction company purchased the old Cumberland Apartment House, demolished it, and erected the present unique edifice,—the operation all involving an expenditure of more than three million dollars. In other cases, such as the Broad-Exchange, the same company had only a large interest in the expense. All these buildings came at a most fortunate period. They were coincident with the great expansion of American industry, and with the influx into New York of the nation's wealth. Great corporations have moved to the city and established their headquarters here; lawyers, bankers, and brokers have followed in their train; business has expanded in a thousand directions. Hence arose an unprecedented demand for office space, of which these structures have taken advantage. They are thus great monuments to the nation's multitudinous activities and wealth.

Great Construction Operations that Will Eventually Belt *the* United States

The consolidation of these several buildings, therefore, into one immense trust, is perfectly in keeping with the economic tendencies of the time. A "skyscraper trust" is a picturesque development of the modern idea of combination, but in every way a natural one. Like all other trusts, it intends to profit by the use of large capital, by enlisting the services of the most expert talent, by introducing economies in administration, and by suppressing competition. It has, indeed, almost a perfect monopoly of the peculiar field which it has assumed. For the purchase of the most available building sites in our great American cities,—in New York, Boston, Chicago, Pittsburg, Baltimore, and the rest, in which the Fuller Company has already largely operated,—it is hard to see how it can have many competitors.

Does it mean, therefore, that the physical development of our leading American cities, especially in the business sections, will be largely in the hands of this powerful corporation? That is certainly the idea with which it is formed. Its alliance with the steel trust gives it an incalculable advantage over its rivals. One of the greatest markets for the output of the United States Steel Corporation is the building industry, and the formation of the present building corporation is an attempt to monopolize that market. At the present time builders have the utmost difficulty in obtaining steel, and its prompt delivery at fair prices means everything to the success of building operations. The new corporation already has a good start in the important buildings and building sites owned by it in New York and other cities. It will add to these, and in a few years will own a succession of skyscrapers, hotels, and similar large structures in leading American cities.

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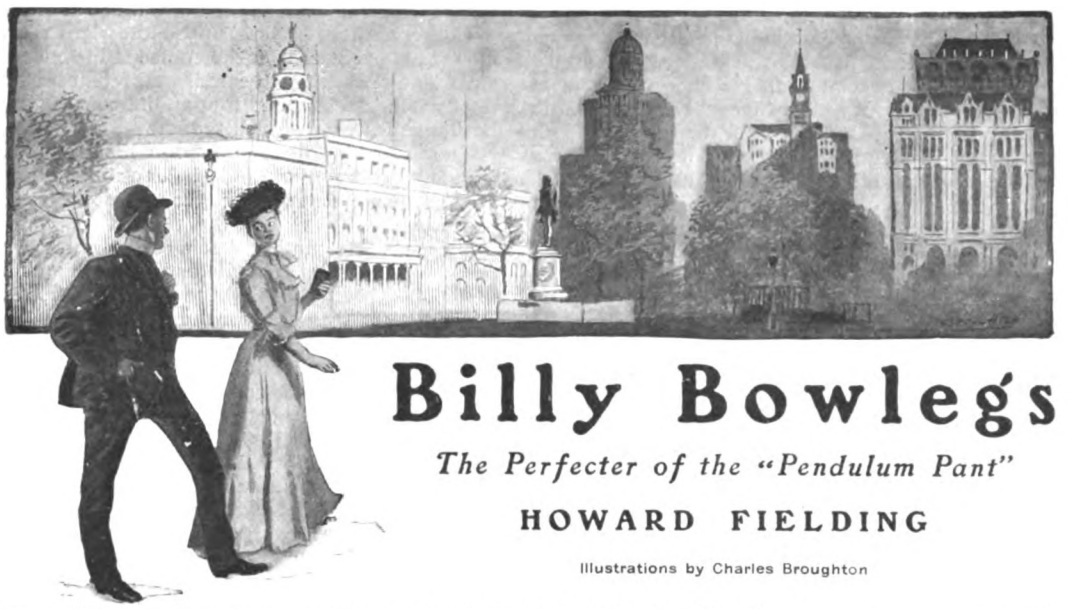

Billy Bowlegs

The Perfecter of the "Pendulum Pant"

HOWARD FIELDING

Illustrations by Charles Broughton

THE little round clock on top of my desk struck five, and the padlock which fastened the grating over the entrance to the cellar closed its iron fist firmly for the night. The grating was directly under my window, and I never had need of a clock to tell me the hour of five.

William Thompson was exceedingly prompt with the padlock: he always knew when it was time to quit work. I will not say that he was lazy, but I suspect that, with him, industry was a duty and not a pleasure. If William had had a greater ambition for the business of selling china and cut glass, there is no knowing to what position he might have risen therein; for I liked William,—upon my soul, I liked him right well,—and, if a judgment as biased as that of a mother of her only son could have found him worthy of promotion, he would surely have had it.

On that very day, while the clock and the padlock were striking the hour, I was thinking of a chance for William, and thinking, too, alas! that he was n't fit for it. He must stay down cellar, opening hogsheads,—how long? All his life, most likely.

Clang, clang! said the padlock: two bells means five o' clock on shipboard. I put my head out of the window, and beheld the janitor's daughter coming down the street. She was a little chronometer in petticoats; not even William Thompson could equal her for punctuality. Something had delayed him about four seconds in the cellar, and he came through the store with his coat half on. I was well aware that, if he should fail to meet the janitor's daughter at precisely the right spot and moment, the wheels of time throughout the universe would have to go back and try it again. Their junction might have been defined, in the language of the real-estate market, "on the south side of Murray Street, one hundred and nine feet west of Church Street."

The girl was not our janitor's daughter. We had our place of business in a building of the old style, and I could have thrown a stone to the roof of it. Little Miss Willett lived in a sky-scraper. She was one of a family of twentieth-century cliff-dwellers, and from her windows she looked down upon a great canyon, in which the turgid and bitter tides of trade rose every morning and ebbed away at night; and William Thompson, as I have intimated, had his habitat in a cellar. By what law did these two find each other out?

Miss Willett had evidently arranged her domestic duties so that she was at liberty every day till about quarter past five, when she probably returned to the top of the cliff to help her mother with the dinner,—I assume that janitors of modern buildings have dinner, and not supper, at the close of day. The subject was not pleasant to think about, for it suggested William's social inferiority: he always went home to supper, or, as I have sometimes heard him express it, to "push a bit o' supper t'rough me face." This language is rudely picturesque, and yet he has a softer speech at command, which he uses when he knows that I am listening,—and always in Miss Willett's presence, I've no doubt.

The girl and William usually take a little walk, and I have sometimes seen them standing by the fence around the City Hall, engaged in the singularly spasmodic conversation which is characteristic of persons who have been spared the advantage of culture. In the public parks I have often seen such lovers sitting together in silence; and I used to be so foolish as to pity them because they had nothing to say. In my later years, and after better reflection, I have come to see how much sweeter it must be to speak from natural impulse, and not, as cultured people do, from such elaborate training that the wonder of communication is all gone, and it has no more value than that of breathing. I would give more for ten words between William and his girl than for hours of too fluent speech by lovers who have read all the poets, as a matter of necessary education, and must be aware how hopelessly better all their thoughts have been expressed before, and, at the very best, in words as few and simple as those of William.

The time will come—thought I, watching their meeting, this particular afternoon,—when Mr. Thompson and Miss Willett will speak of marriage, and I envied them the plain and honest crudity of their discussion; but I did not altogether envy them the struggle with the world which must follow their decision to brave the multiplied (and multiplying,) perils of matrimony. That thought brought me back to considerations of business. In the interest of William's commercial future, what was it possible for me to do? Must I judge of his future by the past?

William had been with me about four years. He had come in response to an advertisement calling for "a strong, willing boy." Of two-score applicants for the position he was the first who looked both willing and able. He was not above the medium height for a boy of seventeen, but he was remarkably broad. His shoulders had a free swing, his arms were very long, and his hands were large and bony.

I shall always remember how he came into my office, his left foot leading the way, his left shoulder slightly elevated and thrown forward. When I turned suddenly in my chair, his right hand came up instinctively to the region of his solar plexus.

"Thompson," said I, consulting a slip of paper on which he had sent in his name, written with a heavy precision, "I like your looks. Have you had any experience in my line of business?"

"No, sir," he replied; "I do n't know anything about it."

His gray eyes were fixed upon mine, with a peculiar steadiness. I observed that his short, strong nose was tilted a little to one side, doubtless as the result of collision with a rapidly moving object. It was not hard to guess the young man's favorite exercise.

"Where have you worked?" I inquired.

He informed me that he had been with Douglass and Swift, wholesale chemists, for a year and a half, in the shipping department.

"Why did you give up the position?"

"Not me," he answered, promptly; "I was fired."

"For what reason?"

"I hit a feller," said he. "Mr. Swift saw me. It was a sort of a cousin of his that worked in the place."

I looked grave, and shook my head.

"What was the provocation of this assault?" I asked.

The precise meaning of this question sifted slowly into William's mind, and, while he was comprehending it, a great change came over him. He grew very red, and his eyes wandered from mine. I could hear his feet shuffling upon the floor.

"He said somethin' to me," said he, at last.

"Well," said I, "what was it?"

By this time William was of the color of a boiled lobster, and he moistened his lips with his tongue.

"Well?" said I, again.

William glanced over his shoulder hastily, and then he drew a long, deep breath through his closed teeth.

"He called me 'Billy Bowlegs,'" said he; and, after the words were out, his throat worked spasmodically, as if he were trying to show me the vain effort he had made to swallow this bitter insult.

"I'm a little sensitive on that point myself," said I; "we're both a bit bow-legged, William."

"It's me pants," cried he, springing up; "me legs is all right."

He made a terrible effort, and succeeded in putting his heels and his knees together at the same time. I judged that he had laboriously trained himself to perform this feat, for, when it had been accomplished, he looked at me in triumph.

"I could n't do that to save my life," said I; "how did you learn?"

"Me legs is all right," he repeated, dropping into the chair, and wiping the perspiration from his forehead with one hand.

I admitted that they were the straightest legs in my office at that moment, and he looked pleased.

"And now, William," said I, "we will get down to business. I believe that you will fill the bill here. I want a strong, careful boy to take charge of things down stairs. My samples from the factories come in hogsheads, barrels, and boxes, and you must get them out and make them ready to put on the shelves up here. My assistant outside will show you what to do. And, by the way, I don't want a quarrelsome boy. We use the cellar in common with several other people in the building, and there are half a dozen boys and young men at work down there. Your predecessor did not get along with them very well."

"If they let me alone," said Billy, "there won't be no trouble; I don't never go lookin' for it."

I put him in care of a clerk, who took him down stairs; and then, for an hour or more, I kept my eyes open, but no disturbance occurred. The fact was that our cellar was a sort of no-man's-land, a scene of border warfare and perpetual encroachments. It was infested by a set of young pirates, who had grown steadily worse, and the mild-tempered youth whom I had previously employed had been prey in the hands of the spoiler. The other boys had driven him into a dark corner; they had stolen his tools, and the coat off his back. My business interests were suffering seriously, and, when I advertised for a "willing" boy, I did not mean one who was willing to be imposed upon. I meant one who was willing to fight. Billy Bowlegs had unconsciously given me precisely the right "character."



A cliff-dweller

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The first day passed in perfect calm. At its close I asked Billy how he had got along.

"Fine!" he said; and then he looked at me with a shrewd questioning in his gray eyes. "I guess you was afraid I'd get into a scrap. Them fellows down there don't know how to get along. They walk over each other. But it's dead easy, if you only try to do the right thing."

I was somewhat surprised, and, when the unexpected peace had continued for several days, I asked my clerk to make a quiet investigation. He reported that Billy was a wonder.

"He handles that situation down there without a loud word," said he. "Maybe they're afraid of him, but, if you want my honest opinion, I think it's a case of steady good nature and executive ability,—and justice," he added. "Billy never asks more than is right, and never takes less."

At the end of a fortnight I increased Billy's wages, and, a little later, when I found how wise a use he made of his money, I did it again. It appeared that he spent very little upon himself, and that his mother and little sister received the chief advantage from improvement in his fortunes. His father I judged to be a worthless, but not a vicious character, one of those men who are always out of work, and may be found at home, idle, good-natured, smoking a pipe before the kitchen fire.

Billy always spoke well of his father, and enthusiastically of his mother. She seemed to possess an especial merit aside from the sum of such qualities as might suffice to command the admiration of a son, but it was months before I discovered what it was, for my talks with Billy were always of my own seeking. He never took advantage of my liking for him; never became familiar, nor laid aside the demeanor which, in the beginning, had seemed proper to him as an expression of respect. I learned that his mother "beat them all;" that she was "the limit;" that no one else was "in it with her for a second;" but I gained no very definite impressions from these disclosures.

Her particular distinction revealed itself at length in connection with Billy's one conspicuous weakness. He had been with me nearly a year, and the cellar had been a scene of peace and good order. It had been demonstrated, indeed, that he was anything but a quarrelsome fellow. Apparently his devotion to the gentle art of fisticuffs had served to steady his temper, as will always happen when a boy boxes for fun and exercise, as Billy did, and with no thought of a pugilistic career. I was therefore the more surprised, one day, when a frightful disturbance suddenly broke in the nether regions. It was incomparably the worst that had ever occurred there; the incessant quarrels of the old *régime*, if lumped into one, would not have equaled a tenth part of this.

At the first alarm I dropped everything in hand, and ran for the cellar. With my anxiety to avert trouble, there may have been mingled an unworthy curiosity to see Billy fight. The primitive, unconquered savage in my heart told me that the spectacle would be a good one. I arrived too late, for Billy fought much faster than he worked. When I got the first glimpse of him, he was standing beside one of our hogsheads, from which protruded two human feet, gyrating so wildly that I at first supposed them to be half a dozen at least. A hideous outcry proceeded out of the hogshead, and it was augmented by the yells of the cellar's regular crew, long denied the sight of battle, and now crazed with delight.

In the midst of the tumult I seemed to hear the clink of glass, and I became alarmed.

"Pull him out, Billy!" I shouted, and he obeyed with an amazing readiness and dexterity.

The object which came out of the hogshead was unrecognizable to me, though in reality it was a burly truckman with whose ordinary appearance I had long been familiar, because he had delivered goods to us for years.

"Gee!" said Billy, staring at the man, whom he had placed in a sitting posture on the floor, "I t'ought dere wa'n't nuttin in dere but straw."

For some minutes I was afraid that we had a serious situation to deal with, and I hastily sent one of the boys for a doctor, but a judicious use of cold water revealed the fact that the truckman was suffering only from many scratches. He had broken about forty dollars' worth of cheap finger bowls, and I think few men could have done it in the same way with an equal immunity from grave injury. It may have been that his good fortune helped him to accept defeat philosophically; at any rate he showed surprisingly little rancor against Billy, and went off about his business, after the doctor had decorated him neatly with court-plaster.



"That's *the* way a tailor cuts a pair *of* pants for a man like you or me"

Meanwhile, I had held an investigation, and had obtained the essential facts of the case without difficulty. The root of it was all contained in the bit of evidence given by the truckman's helper, a hoarse and stolid youth, who had viewed his chief's defeat with stony calm.

"We was movin' some boxes, in order to get in our load," said he, "an' Mike says to Thompson: 'Hurry up, Bowlegs.' An' de next I knew was 'biff!' Mike went half way acrost the cellar, an' Thompson after him. Thompson picked him up and chucked him head first into de hogset, an' dere was nuttin' more to it."

I turned to Billy, who was standing in the shadow.

"Was that the way of it?" I asked.

A dry sob burst from his bosom.

"He had a right to let me legs alone," said he; "what had I ever done to him?"

The gross injustice of Mike's conduct was manifest in the silence which followed this question.

An hour later I called Billy to my office, and we had a talk. He supposed that I would discharge him, and he touched my heart by recalling my exact language and manner when I had said to him, on the first day, that I did not want a quarrel-



"Billy fought much faster than he worked"

some boy. It was clear that he had accepted my words as his law, and that his admirable forbearance with his associates had been founded upon an earnest desire to please me.

I assured him that his position was safe, and he wiped a tear of gratitude from his eyes with the fist that had felled Mike.

"Me mother would feel pretty bad if I should lose this job," said he, by way of apology for the tear, of which he evidently felt very much ashamed.

I observed that he had ripped the right sleeve almost out of his coat in the course of the encounter. The cloth hung in shreds, and repair seemed impossible; so I offered him an old coat of mine, but he delicately declined the gift.

The next day he showed me his own coat, mended in a way that bordered upon miracle. It seemed to me that I had never seen so neat a bit of sewing.

"That's me mother," said he, swelling with pride. "Give her a needle and she's the limit. You ought to see the clothes she makes for the kid."

I said that I would like to see the child, and Billy brought her over on Saturday, when we closed at noon. She was a round-faced, hearty girl of seven, and she looked very neat, but my eye lacked appreciation, and I should not have known that there was anything remarkable about her clothes; but my sister, who has a habit of shopping on a Saturday forenoon and taking me out to her home in the country afterwards, happened to be present on that occasion, and her eye was quick to see the merits which my own would have missed.

It had threatened to be a sad day for Billy, because he had made up his mind to pay me for the glassware which had been broken by Mike's head in the cask. He brought his full wages to me for that purpose, and I had great difficulty in declining his proposal without giving offense. He was nearly as sensitive upon a point of honor as he was in the matter of his lower limbs. The satisfactory adjustment of his supposed indebtedness, and my sister's praise of little Jessie's clothes, filled Billy's cup of joy to the brim.

"That woman ought to be making a lot of money," said my sister, when Billy and the child had gone; "does she do anything at all?"

I replied that, to the best of my information, Mrs. Thompson had no steady employment outside of her own home, where it was likely that she always found plenty of work. I had understood that she did odd jobs of washing, dressmaking, and caring for the sick, and that the pecuniary returns were meager.

"She is a very clever seamstress," said my sister, "and she is more than a seamstress: she—she understands."

This somewhat indefinite expression was accompanied by delicate gesticulation which was supposed to make its meaning clear even to the crude masculine mind.

"Call upon her," I suggested; and Marion made a note of the address.

I would like to say that this resulted in the discovery of a genius hitherto overlooked, and in the establishment of the Thompson fortunes upon a stable basis; but it did not. Marion gave Mrs. Thompson a little work to do, and paid her well. It was very satisfactorily done, and there was no quarrel about the price; indeed, Mrs. Thompson protested that it was too liberal. Yet she showed no great desire to undertake more sewing, and she neglected to profit by the cards of introduction and recommendation which Marion gave her. In the woman, as in the husband, there was something lacking; they were not born to rise.

It was the same with Billy Bowlegs. He had not inherited his father's idleness; he would not have been contented to sit at home without work. But he was contented in my cellar with such work as was there to be done.

There was once a man who was an inmate of a lunatic asylum for twenty-seven years, though after the first week he seemed to be absolutely sane, except for one single symptom; namely, he did not want to get out. Such being the deplorable state of the patient's mind, the doctors decided that it would be better to keep him there, on suspicion.

It is much the same in the business world. A willingness to remain a subordinate is taken as an infallible indication of incapacity. In spite of my great and ever-increasing regard for Billy Bowlegs, I could not escape from the inevitable conclusion. So the months and years rolled by, and Billy grew to a man's full stature, and to many of a man's

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best hopes,—as I judged, from very respectful devotion to the janitor's daughter,—yet he remained in the cellar.

He was faithful and honest; he became more and more efficient in his duties, but he sought for no others that were higher. He learned how to handle our goods to admiration, between the cellar grating and the shelves, but he bade good-by to them there. The mysteries of trade enticed him not. He took the place of one of my clerks during the man's absence upon a vacation, but he showed no aptitude, and was glad when his brief



"The doctor had decorated him with court-plaster"

promotion was at an end, so that he might return to the cellar.

"I know me business, down there," he said.

We had heart-to-heart talks about ambition, and, as a result of them, Billy would make blind and aimless efforts for two or three days, and reveal a saddening incapacity. His work for me seemed to have no mental aspect; it was purely mechanical, the work of a cleverly devised machine, counterfeiting intelligence, but restricted absolutely to the operations contemplated by its inventor. There was, however, one trifling exception. He suggested canvas coverings for a certain kind of crates which we used occasionally in shipments, and he made a sufficient supply of them, working overtime for this purpose, with great diligence. He did the work remarkably well, and I paid him for the idea and for the labor, but the extra earnings failed to act as a stimulus. It seemed impossible to make him feel any pride in his departure from routine; he was glad to have pleased me, and he had a certain satisfaction in carrying the money home, but he was still content to stay in the cellar.

Four years had slipped away, as I have already said, when there came the real opportunity for Billy's advancement; but I did not dare to give him the advantage of it. Failure was a foregone conclusion. The immediate promotion itself was not worth while, except as the first of a series of steps leading upward, but unfortunately Billy was not going that way. He was not going any way; he was standing still.

I thought of this fact sadly, as I watched him stroll away with the janitor's daughter. He was a fine, sturdy fellow, with a clean-cut, honest face, and I did not wonder that little Miss Willett looked up at him with an expression such as no other man would ever bring into her pretty brown eyes.

The two were standing in their old place before the martyr's statue as I passed. The carved image of Nathan Hale, the man of high aims, stared over Billy's head into the western sky; even the platform of the gallows was to him a mere incident in an advance which death itself could not check, and he stood upon his pedestal as one who had gained it by right. I was tempted to halt, and deliver a brief lecture, with the patriot as my theme, but I was afraid that I could not make his success in the world quite clear enough to my auditors. It requires a faculty of idealization to see the character of the Striver for what it really is, a reward in itself, and a power eternal. Besides, Billy looked very happy.

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A Man Without an Axe to Grind

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He was on fairly good terms with Miss Willett's family, though I had information that her father did not altogether approve of him, and had put certain obstacles in his way. At any rate, he had been permitted to visit the young lady's home in the twenty-second story of the great cliff, and she came down to walk with him sometimes in the evenings.

I happened to see them, that very evening, saying good night on the steps, for I had dined with some men at a down-town club, and we had sat late over the coffee. The building where the girl lives has gigantic iron doors which are closed at night, though there is a small entrance at the side of the porch, which one would not readily perceive. Miss Willett was standing upon the topmost step, on this occasion. Her dainty figure, in white, was sharply outlined. I saw her bend forward, and I turned my head, for, if Billy was to have a good-night kiss, I did not care to spy upon it. When I looked again, the girl had vanished, and Billy stood alone outside the iron doors.

The next day I had a little talk with Billy. I told him just what was the matter with him, and he dashed such faint hopes as I might have had by accepting my verdict with perfect resignation. He was sad, but it seemed to be because I was not pleased with him, and it was for that reason that he attempted an explanation.

"I guess I got a grouch on myself when I was a kid," said he. "The big boys used to call me 'bowlegs,' and I got so that I did n't have no use for living. That's the reason why I took up the gloves, I guess. Anyhow, there ain't been much said to me since I was fifteen, except a couple o' times that you know about."

"It would be a queer thing," I said, half to myself, "if those legs really are the things that are beating you in the race of life. But we won't say any more about it. You 're a good boy, Billy, and you 'll never be out of a job while I 've got one to give. And now I want to talk a little about your vacation. You know I always make you a present at this time of year, and I'm going to raise it to fifty dollars, to show that I appreciate you, Billy. Now don't worry; it is really a part of your wages."

He had to be persuaded that the acceptance of this gift comported with honor, but I had learned how to handle him, and had no great difficulty.

"What are you going to do with it, Billy?" I asked, when he had pocketed the money.

He made some curious movements with his left forearm and hand, as if he were feinting an adversary in a boxing contest.

"I 'm goin' to have some trouble with myself," said he. "I 'll have to scrap to keep from buyin' a suit o' clothes. It 's funny that I should be so crazy for it, but I never had a suit that looked like anything."

"Billy," said I, "if you 'll go up to my tailor and order a suit, he won't send you the bill till you get rich. I 'll fix that with him."

To emphasize this temptation, I arose from my chair, the better to display a new suit which the tailor had made for me.

"Same man that made them?" queried Billy.

I nodded. He looked at me earnestly.

"Want me to tell you just what I think?" said he, trying in vain to restrain himself.

"Certainly," I replied.

"Well, he ought to get six months," said Billy, with decision.

"You don't like them?"

Billy compressed his lips and gave two little jolts in the air with his clinched left hand.

"How is it," he cried, "how is it that a tailor can do such a stunt as that? Do n't tailors know nothin' about pants, after makin' 'em all their lives? A pant is a pendulum. Did yo' ever try to swing a crooked pendulum? Won't it wabble? Sure it will. I 've tried it all kinds o' ways. Say, look a' here."

He seized a newspaper and a pair of shears from my desk, and began cutting so rapidly that the blades flashed dazzlingly under the electric light.

"Now, then," he continued, pasting the pieces together; "what do you think o' that? Was there ever a leg that would go into it? Would it make any difference what the shape o' the leg was? Surely not. Well, that 's the way a tailor cuts a pair o' pants, for a man like you or me. He hollers 'em out on the inside seam. Ain't that a crazy idea?"

I knew perfectly well that Billy was right. The usual method of cutting trousers, for gentlemen whose lower limbs are not broomsticks, is to hol-

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low the inside seam in a presumptuous attempt to follow nature. This method might do for a dead man, but, if the person wearing the trousers is ever to move his legs again, the result must inevitably be unsatisfactory. In the catalogue of human endeavor this distressing futility belongs upon the same page with squaring a circle and the vain labor of the man who tried to lift himself over the fence by pulling upon his boot-straps. As Billy had said, "a pant is a pendulum," and a curved pendulum will not swing evenly, except in the plane of the curve. Therefore, if a tailor puts a lateral curve into a pair of trousers, the wearer, while walking north or south, must swing his legs east and west. In short, the thing is a geometrical and mechanical absurdity.

"There's truth in what you say, Billy," I admitted, "but what are you going to do about it?"

Billy fumbled in his breast pocket and produced many odds and ends of paper. Some of them were yellow with age, and worn through upon the folds, and they were covered with rude and mystic drawings. I remarked that he must have been at work upon the problem quite a long time.

"Yes, sir," said he; "I've been punching away at it for a year or two. It seems queer," he added, reflectively, "that everybody else should have got this thing wrong."

The expression stamped him as an inventor, and I listened with patience to his explanation, which I was totally unable to understand. His principle, however, was undoubtedly good,—"a pant is a pendulum."

"Why don't you buy some cloth and work this thing out?" I inquired. "Get anything you need, and I'll stand the expense. I'm interested."

"Mother'd help me," said Billy. "I believe I'll take a fall out of it anyhow, win or lose."

Billy's vacation began a few days later, and, upon my earnest persuasion, he took his mother and sister into the country, where they boarded in a farmhouse and grew fat, and had "the time of their lives," as I was informed afterwards. The young man himself came back in the pink of physical condition, but there seemed to be something on his mind. He was surely not the same old Billy Bowlegs, on that Monday morning when he returned to work, and many times during the day I wondered what had gone wrong with him.

At five o'clock, when I heard the padlock snap, I stepped out of the office to intercept Billy, and ask him to come back for a talk after he had enjoyed his customary stroll with the janitor's daughter, but the minutes passed, and he did not emerge from the cellar. This was unprecedented, and I was conscious of a somewhat absurd anxiety, which increased until I was constrained to go to the cellar door and call to him. The next instant I perceived him sitting on the stairs, with his head in his hands.

"Why, Billy, my boy," said I, "what's the matter? You're overdue outside."

"It's all off," said he, shaking his head; "Mr. Willett's thrown me down. But it's all right; I ain't saying a word. I was out o' my class, and I got it. That's the way it looked to me."

Billy's language had been improving steadily, but in moments of strong feeling it would still be confusingly idiomatic. In this instance, however, the meaning was clear enough. By further questioning I learned that he had called upon the Willetts Sunday afternoon, but had got no further than the steps outside the iron doors, where he and the worldly-wise janitor had had a very serious talk.

I tried to assure Billy that his misfortune was not to be taken as a finality, but in this I labored under the disadvantage of running counter to some of my own admonitions, which had sunk deep into the young man's heart. It appeared that, in my efforts to stimulate his ambition, I had made the common error of mere faultfinding. I had shown him that he was not what he should be, but had failed to point out effectively the way of any alteration. It is a safe rule of life not to mention your friend's fault merely because you yourself would know how to put a virtue in its place; wait till you are reasonably sure that you can teach him how to do it. In the meantime, encourage such virtues as he already has.

"Billy," said I, "do you really care very much for Miss Willett? Are you in love with her?"

He looked up at me quickly, his gray eyes seeming remarkably in contrast with his bronzed skin.

"Why should n't I be?" he asked, surprised.

This was quite enough; it came straight from the heart. Not to be in love with her was unthinkable, and that is the true test. As for Marie,

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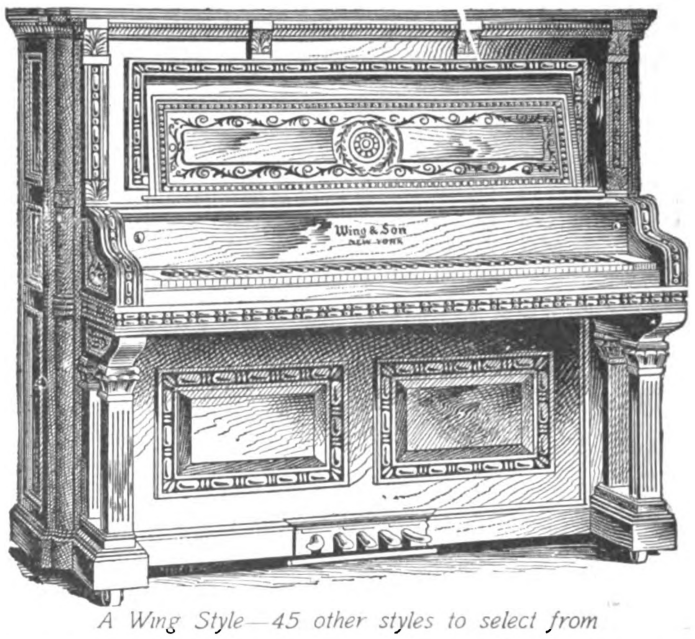

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The University Society (Dept. D.)
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I had seen her look at Billy in a way that was worth a thousand vows.

"Don't worry about this any more," said I; "take my word that it's as good as settled. You'll need a little time, and a big lot of hard work, but the prize is worth it. Now we'll talk about something else. How is the suit of clothes coming on? How about the pendulum pant?"

His eyes strayed wearily to a far part of the cellar, where there was a locker in which he kept his possessions.

"There ain't much doing in clothes, to-day," said he, with a sad smile. "I don't care if I never wear any more."

"Are they in that locker, Billy?" I inquired.

He nodded.

"I brought 'em in, Saturday," said he. "I was going to show 'em to you, but you 'd gone. I wore 'em yesterday. They did n't seem to cut much ice with Mr. Willett."

It required considerable persuasion, but I succeeded at length in exciting his interest in the clothes, and he agreed to put them on. I went to the office, and waited for him, and presently he appeared, clothed in the suit, which he and his mother had made while they were on the farm.

Long and bitter experience made it unnecessary for me to cast more than a single glance at Billy's legs. It was not a question of workmanship or of style; it was a question of principle,—and I generalize quickly.

"Billy," said I, rising slowly from my chair, as he advanced, "you have solved the puzzle."

It is not necessary to follow the story in detail any further. I have been at some pains to show the real incidents which marked the beginning of a successful business career. They were grotesque, and they will doubtless seem trivial, but they were not so to Billy Bowlegs; they were the essence of his life's history.

He was a born tailor, but he never would have found it out if nature had not jocosely determined to force the matter upon his attention. Surely she did not design those remarkable legs with any thought of the china and glassware business. Having been niggardly with Billy in the matter of enterprise and ambition, she threw in the legs to make the balance right.

After I had inspected the suit, we sat down and talked, and it was agreed that Billy should regard it as a settled fact that he had found his vocation.

I looked about a little, and discovered, among the educational institutions of the metropolis, an evening school of tailoring, and for several months Billy studied there faithfully and well.

He acquired a grip of the mechanics of his trade with remarkable speed and facility; and, after a while, I got him a position in the most conservative wholesale clothing establishment in the city, where he could learn much and teach nothing. For, if Billy had an idea worth money, I wished him to have the fruit of it, and, therefore, I placed him where no novelty would ever be adopted, for good or bad.

This experience, instead of making Billy conservative, made him more radical. He was never satisfied for one instant with the work that he helped to do; and he used to come and talk to me about it, until I felt as if I might as well be in the clothing business myself. The result was that I was slowly led to consider the possibility, and, at length, when I had a little money to spare at precisely the right time, I risked it on Billy Bowlegs. I don't think that there is a silver-tongued "promoter" in the world who could have persuaded me to do such a thing, but Billy had something better than eloquence: he had sincerity.

We started a small manufacturing business, I being a silent partner in the sense that no one ever heard of me in connection with the enterprise. To-day I am drawing more money from my share of that business than I ever made in my own line. It is share and share alike, and I am ashamed to take so much, for Billy is the real genius.

I see Mr. Willett quite often. He now has the honor of being Billy's father-in-law, an honor which, I think, he appreciates. He occasionally tells me, in confidence, certain stories about the great success of Mr. Thompson's business, with which he has no idea that I am in any way connected. There are reasons why I have wished to keep this a secret, and therefore Mr. Willett has only known that I advanced the capital at the start.

"William often says that he owes everything to you," remarks the former janitor, who now bears the higher title of superintendent.

"William is mistaken," I reply; "he stands squarely on his own legs."

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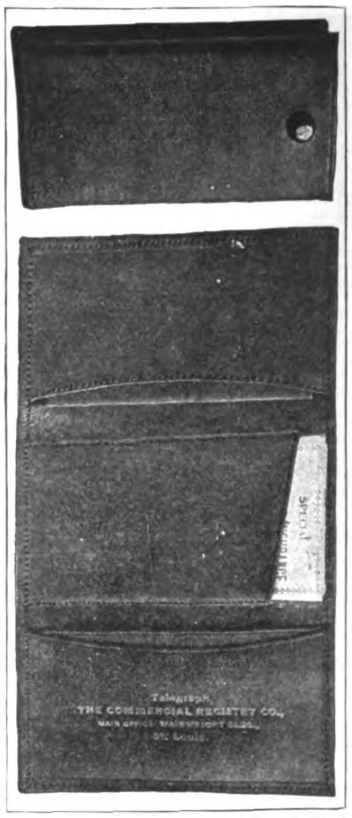

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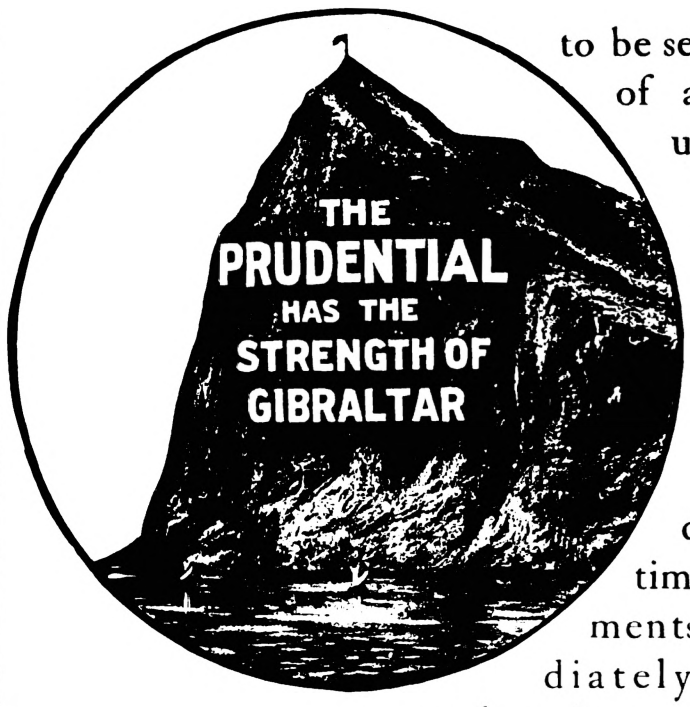

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An Audience with Edwin A. Abbey

[*Concluded from page 626*]

the ministry, but I had an instinct which told me that I was fitted for no such career. I told them then that art offered a greater attraction, and they were willing that I should begin studying. I entered the Academy of Fine Arts in Philadelphia, and was delighted with my undertaking from the very beginning.

"Of course I was interested in all that pertained to art, and especially in drawing in black and white. I read all publications which printed work of this sort, and especially 'Punch' and 'The Graphic,' so that they had no inconsiderable share in my instruction in the use of a pencil. I used to observe the styles of the different artists and study the best in each.

"In 1871, my father suggested that it was time to decide whether or not I was to earn my livelihood as an artist, and I decided that it should be my life-work. I was fortunate in obtaining employment in the art department of Harper and Brothers in New York City. I was only nineteen years old at the time, and was filled with enthusiasm over my work. I was anxious to learn as much as possible, and Harper's was an excellent place for me. I was given a great variety of work, and received every encouragement for earnest effort. Every improvement in my drawings was appreciated. Several boys who worked with me at that time have since become famous in the art world, notably Reinhart and Alexander. Even the boys who swept out the office were gaining an excellent start, for one of them has since become one of the most famous Franco-American painters practicing in Paris.

"My first published drawing represented the demolition of the Vendome Column in Paris by the French Commune, and I shall never forget my pleasure at seeing it in "Harper's Weekly." It does n't matter how old we get, we 're sure to remember our first appearance. I received many congratulations for my effort and continued my work with enthusiasm.

"The young artists in Harper's offices were given all sorts of subjects to do, pictorial, illustrative, and reportorial, and this variety has been of the utmost value to me. There was one sort of work, however, that I preferred above all others. When only a lad I fell in love with the classic literature of England; Goldsmith was always one of my favorite authors, and whenever I had spare time I devoted it to illustrating some of the stories that I had read. I was especially fond of English history, so you can imagine my delight when it was decided that I was to illustrate the works of Herrick for 'Harper's Monthly,' with a view to ultimate publication in book form.

"It was then that I first came to England. I thought it advisable to live for a time in the English country, and I settled for two years in one of the most picturesque districts of Worcestershire. I need not tell you that I enjoyed that visit, and, when I returned to America, in 1880, it was only to remain eight months and to arrange my affairs so that I could return here. Although I had lost none of my regard for the land of my birth, I felt that, if I was to draw pictures from English history, England was the place for me to live, so here I have been ever since, save for occasional journeys to America and the Continent."

Mr. Abbey breathed a sigh of relief as he finished the narrative of his early days. "But this does n't bring you up to date," I said, "and the most interesting story is about what you 've done since." But the artist shook his head. "It 's simply a record of steady work," he said, "you already know about the chief paintings I have done in late years."

"Of course," I said, "you are doing nothing now but painting in oils?"

"That 's all," replied Mr. Abbey, "and my contracts will prevent me from doing any other kind of work in the near future. I did n't begin painting in oils until I had been working many years; the "Mayday Morn," my first exhibit, was not shown until 1890. It seems quite the usual thing for artists to take up oils after they are known chiefly by black and white or water colors."

"It is well known that you spend much time in preparing the subjects of your paintings," I said, "but there are n't many artists who worry about the technical details as you do."

"I won't say that I worry about them," replied Mr. Abbey. "An artist should study for his profession just as a man should prepare for the law or medicine, and should never consider that nat-

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ural ability is all that he requires for success. He should have a knowledge of architecture and sculpture as well as of the principles of drawing; in short, he should carefully learn what may be called 'the grammar of his profession.'

"When I am to paint a subject which is mythological, I am at pains to absorb the atmosphere of the period, and to learn something of the geography in which the legendary figures moved. I visit the scene of the story, obtain every picture which will give me a knowledge of the dress of the period, and I am not satisfied until I have exhausted every possible source of information. It is well known that Sir Frederick Leighton constantly refreshed his mind and memory by visiting the classic scenes of his paintings.

"Some artists have been known to go so far as to paint a scene as an artist living in the period of the story would have painted it. I regard this as rather extreme. It is well to have the details perfect, but modern art has some advantage of technique and color which are not to be despised. I would not have you believe that technical efficiency is the greatest essential in an artist's qualifications, only it is a valuable asset when added to natural ability and earnestness of purpose."

Mr. Abbey has invariably practiced what he advises other artists to do. Before beginning the decorative paintings for the delivery room of the Boston Library, he spent many months traveling in Italy, collecting information which might aid him in the paintings of the Holy Grail. But in the end he decided that the scene should not be in Italy at all, and his effort went for nothing, as far as that particular series was concerned. He spent four years of unsurpassable toil, study, and application in completing the first five of the pictures, and when they were done the public was not slow to appreciate the effort he had evidently put forth. Mr. Abbey could not have chosen a subject more worthy of his talent. He has confidence in his ideas of what is best in art, is full of mediæval feeling, and is endowed,—in spite of his sunny, hopeful temperament,—with an appreciation of the tragedy underlying so much of human life. In historical pictures, he considers no toil too great to make sure of accuracy, and his university training has been of the greatest assistance to him in his work.

"No artist can be too well educated," he said, during my conversation with him; "every bit of information is sure to be of use to him sooner or later, in one painting or another."

"I am glad," he said, "if I can encourage anyone to hard work, for surely that is the chief aid to success in any career. The young person who believes that an artist's life is a bed of roses, and that he needs only to ply the brush a few hours each day, is mistaken. He must be scholarly by nature, must have a wide and minute acquaintance with art, and must never consider that he has learned it all if he hopes for lasting fame. I might add that he must also have earnest convictions regarding his work, and the courage to carry them out. Given these qualifications, combined with talent, of course, any person should succeed as well in the field of art as in any other profession, providing he is willing to give a reasonable time to study and preparation. Although the world may call him master, the true artist will never regard himself as other than a student."

Tranquillity

WHO does not love a tranquil heart, a sweet-tempered, balanced life? It does not matter whether it rains or shines, or what misfortunes come to those possessing these blessings, for they are always sweet, serene, and calm.

That exquisite poise of character which we call serenity is the last lesson of culture; it is the flowering of life, the fruitage of the soul.

It is as precious as wisdom, more to be desired than gold,—yea, than even fine gold. How contemptible mere money-wealth looks in comparison with a serene life,—a life which dwells in the ocean of truth, beneath the waves, beyond the reach of tempests, in the eternal calm!

How many people we know who sour their lives, who ruin all that is sweet and beautiful by explosive tempers, who destroy their poise of character by bad blood! In fact, it is a question whether the great majority of people do not ruin their lives and mar their happiness by lack of self-control. How few people we meet in life who are well-balanced, who have that exquisite poise which is characteristic of the finished character!

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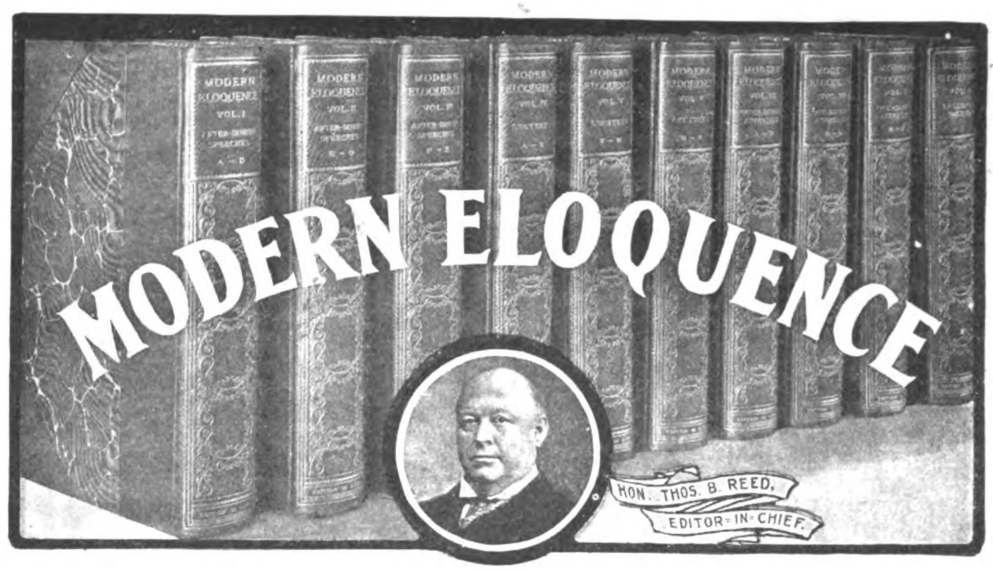

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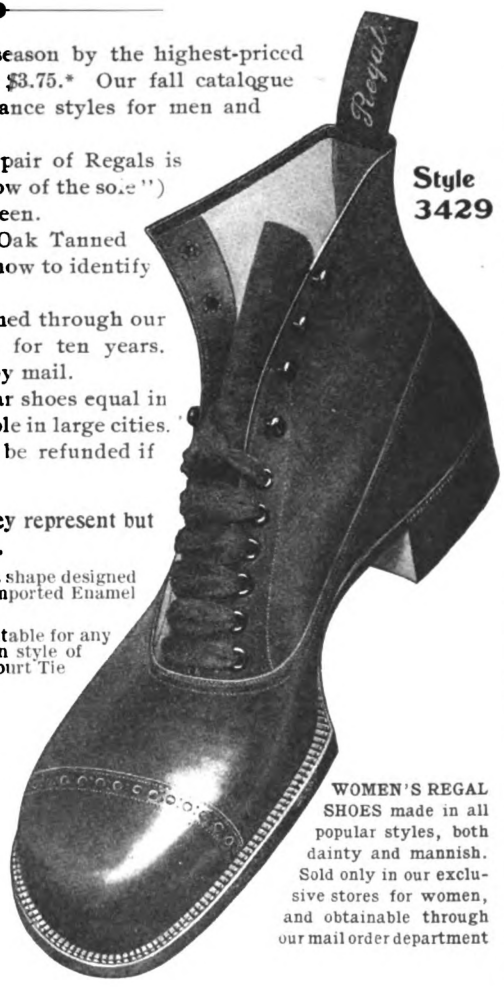

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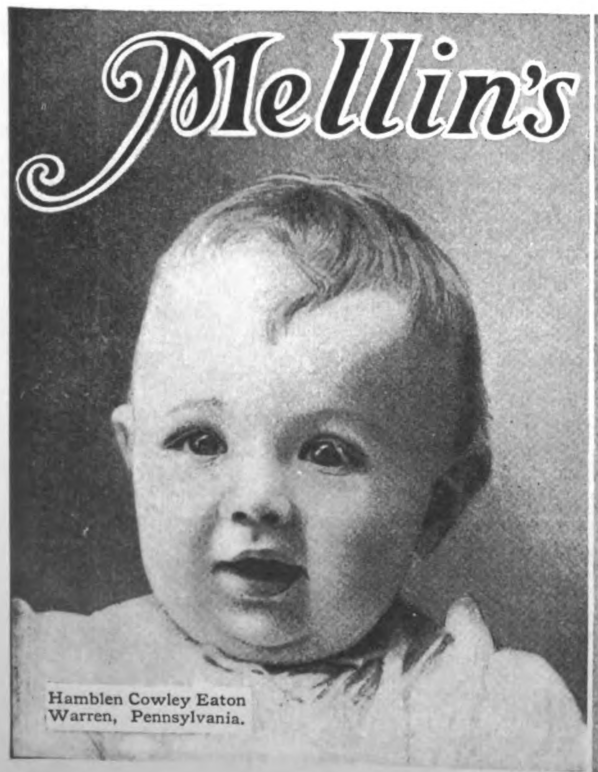

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MISS HELEN GOULD
on
The Obligations of Wealth

MISS HELEN MILLER GOULD was recently asked to say something concerning the obligations of wealthy young women. Her reply was as follows:—

"There is one obligation upon all persons, rich or poor. We are required to do our utmost to use wisely the gifts which God has granted us; we are expected to live for others rather than for ourselves. The possession of wealth is an undoubted aid in bringing about the happiness of unfortunate ones, and the possessor may reasonably be expected to carry on a larger work than a person with very limited means. It is also true, however, that spending money is only one way of meeting our obligations. I have known many consecrated men and women, almost penniless, who carried on a great work for the Master, and they accomplished more real good than those whose labor ended with the distribution of wealth. They used the talents which had been given them, and their hearts' interest was in what they did.

To Use Wealth Properly Is an Art

"It is not enough that we should distribute alms. We should be careful to see that our gifts reach the proper persons and are not placed where they will accomplish more harm than good. Many well-meaning people expend their money where it really is n't needed, while they ignore the urgent cases which they might discover before their very eyes. They are not true to their obligations. They are not commanded to distribute money, but to do good to others, and their possession of wealth should enable them to do good largely.

"It requires time and attention to use one's gifts to the best effect, and comparatively few are willing to give the necessary time. It is n't right that we should give to unknown charities without investigation, and yet to investigate will require many hours, perhaps. That is the hard part. It is n't pleasant in the beginning to refrain from calling on one's friends in order that we may look into some appeal for aid which has been made. Yet if we make those social calls and neglect the call of duty we are not true to the obligation to consider others before ourselves. We are failing to make use of the gifts which God has granted us, of our capacity for doing good. But after a time, when we have become thoroughly accustomed to thinking of others before ourselves, our greatest pleasure will be found in acts of charity.

The Richest Are Not the Most Successful

"Not all have been granted the talent of wealth, but it is by no means proved that wealth is the most desirable talent to have. Others have been given cheery natures which enable them to spread sunshine wherever they go, and some have the faculty of nursing sick ones back to health. All of us can do something to add to the happiness of humanity. It is wrong to suppose that the person with the most money is the most successful in the world. People are beginning to realize that money is of no use unless it is expended in the right way, and that very often it is a curse instead of a blessing. I might almost say that it brings about more harm than good. Money is a power, and it is well known that some of the greatest failures of life are brought about through misuse of power. The person who is poor, with just sufficient money for personal expenses, but who uses his life for the good of others, is far more successful than the rich man who expends his wealth on selfish pleasures.

"Everyone realizes in the end that the only record worth having is a record of good deeds accomplished. A wealthy man should expect a record as long as, but no longer than, any other. Those who have done their utmost will stand together, whether rich or poor. The laborer who gives his dollar to charity will stand beside the capitalist who gives his thousand. The obligation of wealth is to do as much as others, and to give more."

The Perpetual Failure

IF you lack character, downright, genuine honesty and squareness, your college education, your superior advantages only emphasize or extenuate your real failure, for no man has ever succeeded, no matter how many millions of dollars he may have accumulated, who has lost his character in the process. If he has left his manhood behind him, if his integrity has escaped in his long-headed methods, his shrewd, sharp dealings, in his underhanded schemes, his life is a failure. It does not matter what position he has reached or how much money he has made. He is a miserable failure if he has lost the pearl of his life.

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TRAINING FOR LONGEVITY

"I always find something to keep me busy," said Peter Cooper, when asked how he had preserved so well his strength of body and mind; "and to be doing something is the best medicine one can take. I run up and down here almost as easily as I did years ago, when I never expected that my term would extend into the nineties."

▲ ▲

How frequently we hear the expression, from people who are nearing, or have recently passed, their fortieth birthday: "I cannot go upstairs as nimbly as I used to," or, "My muscles are growing stiff, and I cannot walk as far as I could when I was twenty." There is no natural reason why a man of forty should not be able to walk as far, without tiring, as a man of twenty, or why a woman of thirty-five should not go upstairs as lightly as a girl of eighteen.

▲ ▲

Let us look in what direction we will, we shall find that the long-lived are characterized by bodily as well as mental activity. Indeed, the one state is dependent upon the other; for, if the body is allowed to become inert, the mind will quickly adapt itself to that condition and become sluggish also. Rev. Henry C. Potter, Episcopal bishop of New York, and Charles William Eliot, president of Harvard University, are both nearing seventy years of age, but have not abated a jot in physical or mental vigor since they began their work. Mary A. Livermore and Julia Ward Howe, who have passed into the eighties, are still active in body as in mind, and write and lecture with as much virility and enthusiasm as in the days of their younger womanhood. Florence Nightingale, the "Angel of the Crimea," who has also passed the fourscore limit, is even now an inspiration to women of the younger generation.

▲ ▲

Did it ever occur to you that success in school or college, in business, professional, or home life, indeed, in any form of work, as well as one's happiness and length of years, depend, to a very great extent, on the way one breathes, whether correctly or incorrectly? "Oh, nonsense!" someone exclaims, "breathing is a natural process, and there is only one way of doing it. We breathe automatically, just as we walk, or as our hearts beat, without our conscious volition, and of course it is natural for us to do it correctly." Very true. But if nature were not juggled with from the outset, if she were not twisted and diverted from her own methods even before a baby can make its wants known or its desires understood, we might all breathe correctly without conscious effort. But the fact remains that a vast majority of us do not walk, sit, stand, or breathe correctly.

▲ ▲

If one's health is impaired, or if he wants to preserve it and increase his power to resist disease, he must, first of all, give attention to his breathing. Even food and drink are second in importance to this, for one can live for days without nutrition save the air breathed, but if deprived of that, even for a few minutes, life ceases. Here are some of the first rules for acquiring a correct method of breathing, as given by a specialist who has made an exhaustive study of the subject: 1.—After retiring at night, release body and mind from all tension and take full and regular inhalations through your nostrils; hold the breath about one second; take all the time you can to exhale it; keep this up until you are weary or fall asleep. 2.—When you wake in the morning, repeat the exercise at least for five minutes; longer, if time permits. 3.—During the day, take as many full respirations as possible, exercising care with the exhalations. While taking these exercises, one should bear in mind the thought that he is inhaling new life and power.

▲ ▲

Another simple and beneficial breathing exercise prescribed by physicians, and included in the gymnastics insisted upon by many physical-culture teachers, is this: Stand erect, heels together, toes out, head in a normal position,—that is, not thrown back, but with chin down. Hold the breath a moment or two, and then exhale forcefully, coming down on the heels at the same time. If practiced faithfully for four or five minutes every night before retiring, and every morning after getting up, while the body is unrestricted by any hampering clothing, this exercise will do much to develop lung power and to purify the blood. It must not be forgotten that all breathing exercises are to be taken through the nostrils, and with an abundance of fresh air circulating in the room. It is very injurious to breathe through the open mouth.

▲ ▲

Nothing is more essential to the proper assimilation and digestion of food, and, consequently, to keeping the blood in good condition, than right breathing. The oxygen of the air is the great vitalizer and purifier of the blood and the renewer and upbuilder of the human system. If pale, hollow-cheeked anaemics, narrow-chested, predisposed consumptives, and fretful, irritable dyspeptics would only realize this, and, throwing away their drugs and patent medicines, fill their half-starved, undeveloped lungs with nature's own unfailing tonic, what a change would be wrought in their lives! Not only physical, but also mental vigor, as well as cheerfulness and will power, are dependent, to a great extent, on the amount of oxygen we absorb, so we can readily see of what prime importance in the economy of nature is the habit of correct breathing.

▲ ▲

The average length of human life is constantly and steadily increasing, having, according to Dr. George M. Kober, professor of hygiene in Georgetown University, D. C., doubled within the past three centuries. In the sixteenth century it was between eighteen and twenty years, while to-day it is forty. The principal agencies in this prolongation of life, Dr. Kober believes, are more attention to the air we breathe and more care as to the water we drink. This opinion is sustained by the statistics of large cities, which show that, owing to improved sanitation, the introduction of sewers and of public water supplies, their rates of mortality within the past forty years have been reduced to about one-half. Do you want to prolong your life and increase your powers? Then breathe deeply, and drink plenty of pure water between, not at, meals; not iced water or boiled water, but distilled water.



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Why Young Men Should Read Shakespeare

We print below a brief summary of a recent and admirable article by Prof. C. A. Smith, of the University of North Carolina, on this subject. Young men should read Shakespeare—

1st. For a Knowledge of History.—Shakespeare's historical dramas give history in a vital and attractive form. His portrayal of many of the characters of ancient times—as Caesar, Brutus, Coriolanus and many others—is exceedingly vivid. In the domain of English history our debt to Shakespeare is still greater. "*Nearly all the English history that I know*," said the Duke of Marlborough, "*I learned from Shakespeare.*"

2d. For Maxims of Conduct.—"Much of our daily thought," says Matthew Arnold, "is devoted to questions of conduct." Glance over a book of Shakespeare's quotations and note the number and familiarity of those that interpret conduct. As a guide in conduct, Shakespeare is quoted consciously and unconsciously by learned and unlearned alike.

3d. For a Knowledge of Human Nature.—It is a mere truism to say that no one can hope for success in any calling to-day without a knowledge of human nature. For a knowledge of men and women as deep as it is wide, for insight into social life as well as individual life, for appreciation of the depths to which an over-tempted nature may descend, or the heights to which a determined spirit may rise, Shakespeare remains our supreme teacher.

4th. For Training in Expression.—The art of writing, in literature and in business, is to see clearly and to see whole. In spite of obsolete words, Shakespeare is a model of clearness. *He uses a larger vocabulary than any other writer.*

5th. For Culture.—Culture implies growth. It is the unfolding of the mind and heart that comes from contact with what is best and highest. No one can commune with Shakespeare's characters and think Shakespeare's thoughts after him without receiving an access of culture. This is especially true of young men and young women.



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A WISE JUDGE



"AN honest monkey? impossible!" you exclaim. No wonder, for, as a rule, monkeys are not sticklers for the observance of ethical rules. Being notorious cribbers themselves, one would think that they would sympathize with their human cousins when they betray a tendency to feather their own nests at the expense of business associates or customers. But there was a monkey, living in what we are wont to regard as a more or less benighted land, who sternly discountenanced little peculations,—at least in others,—and meted out justice to the offender with the fine discrimination of a Solomon.

A milkman, so the story runs, who did not believe that the article in which he dealt was good in an undiluted condition for his customers' digestion, went, one day, to bathe in the Ganges River. It was then that a virtuous monkey—one, mayhap, that had often seen him in the same place caring for his customers' health by adding water to his milk cans,—seized the opportunity to teach him a lesson. Carrying the bather's clothing to a branch of a tree overhanging the river, he constituted himself a court of justice. Before the eyes of the astonished and horrified owner, who had come to the river bank and missed his clothes, the monkey sorted out the money that he had found in the pockets, and, as he dropped one coin into the water, returned every other coin to the pocket of the milk vender, thus giving one-half to the Ganges River, which, the monkey reasoned, had produced half of the milkman's stock in trade, and was entitled, therefore, to half of the receipts.

Strange to say, it is said, the culprit admitted the justice of the simian judge's decision.

Get in Touch with the World

THE man who gets "out of the swim," so to speak, who loses his touch with the great, pulsing world about him, who secludes himself in his study or laboratory, and deals only with books and theories instead of with men and things, will soon find himself going down grade.

It is not living in the world of yesterday, nor in the world of to-morrow, but in to-day's world, that counts. We must know the world and the day we are living in, and keep in responsive touch with the great movements of civilization.

A great many men have lived in the past, and have been educated in mediæval methods instead of modern ones. They have lived in history, spending their time in buried cities, in dead philosophies, in exhausted theories, until they are dried up. They have gathered all their nourishment from the past. They are as much out of place in the present as a bird of paradise would be at the north pole. Their physical sustenance is the only thing that ties them to the actual world of to-day. Their mental food, their reflections are all in the past, and yet they wonder why the world does not appreciate them, why they are not in touch with it, when the fact is that they are really strangers in a strange land. They have no sympathy with the struggles of the present, with the tendency of the age, or with the great movements going on all about them.

Somebody did a golden deed;
Somebody proved a friend in need;
Somebody sang a beautiful song;
Somebody smiled the whole day long.
Somebody thought, "'Tis sweet to live;"
Somebody said, "I'm glad to give;"
Somebody fought a valiant fight;
Somebody lived to shield the right:
Was that somebody you?—SELECTED.

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If you are earning less than $50 a week, you should read every line of this advertisement

For a young man seeking a position a knowledge of advertising is better than a business college diploma, or a *cum laude* university record.

Every young man, whether he is going into business for himself or is seeking employment, should study advertising It is the one essential to all business.

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We teach advertising. We teach the fundamental principles—then writing, display, the use of types, engraving, how to get effective printing at the least expense, how to buy and use advertising space, how to check results and follow up inquiries.

We show our pupils how to turn this knowledge into money.

If our pupil is a merchant we show him how to do better advertising for less money than he is paying. We show him how to cut off useless expense and how to buy space and printing and engraving for the least money.

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We speak positively about the value of our Course in Advertising because it is conducted under the direct supervision of Charles Austin Bates, who is undoubtedly the most widely known and most successful advertising specialist in America. Beginning nine years ago as a professional man—as a specialist in advertising—the demand for his personal services quickly became so great that his regular fee was $100 per day and upward. Gradually, in the proper execution of his clients' work, departments were added, until early this year the business was incorporated as The Bates Advertising Company, with a paid-in capital of $500,000.00, with one hundred and fifty employees, and offices in New York, Chicago, St. Louis, Philadelphia and London—doing a general advertising agency, printing and publishing business.

There is no question about Mr. Bates' qualifications as an instructor. He has made his own business successful and has assisted in the success of many leading business concerns in all parts of the country. He is the publisher of "CURRENT ADVERTISING," the leading advertising trade journal and is the author of the six-volume work "*The Art and Literature of Business*," and other books on advertising, and is generally accepted as the leading authority on the subject. If you want to know how to do better advertising at less cost. . . . If you wish to become an ad-writer or manager . . . If you wish to gain knowledge that will positively increase your salary or income. . . . If you wish your son or your daughter to learn a dignified and quickly profitable profession—

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We have just received from abroad some exquisite designs in tailor-made suits, costumes and cloaks for Winter wear. They are the most advanced styles that have yet been produced and we have illustrated them in a Supplement to our Winter Catalogue. We have also added many new Winter fabrics to our line of materials for both suits and cloaks. To the lady who wishes to dress well at moderate cost we will mail *free* this attractive Winter Catalogue and Supplement, together with samples of the materials from which we make these garments, to select from. These new styles and fabrics are the very latest that have been produced and are shown by no other firm. *Our prices are lower than ever before.*

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John Bigelow at Home



John Bigelow, at the age of eighty-five

"AN old man will pass his declining years in the country rather than in the city, if he can. However great his zest for the friction and clash and ceaseless movement of city life during the years of his virile manhood, there comes to him, at length, a longing for the soothing restfulness of nature. This is particularly true of the men who find within themselves the sources of their happiness and diversion. Read the biographies of our eminent men, our great thinkers and actors on the stage of life, and you will find that those who survive the tempests of their careers will glide finally into the quiet haven of some peaceful town or hamlet or country place. This has been the case, for example, with almost all of our American men of letters."

One of them spoke these words, and it is the case with him. From a cottage sequestered among the trees of Highland Park, New York, John Bigelow looks out over the broad expanse of the Hudson River, and back over the events and achievements of a life that has been successful in the best sense. Mr. Bigelow is the author of many noted historical works. He is eighty-five years old, but he shows few signs of feebleness. There is more elasticity in his step and more fire in his eye than we ordinarily notice in a man of sixty who accounts himself well preserved.

"I have much yet to do," remarked Mr. Bigelow; "more, I am afraid, than I can ever hope to finish."

"Have you not earned a rest?"

"I have no desire to rest. My pleasure is in my work, just as it has always been."

This remark is the clue to the achievements of John Bigelow. He himself says that whatever he has accomplished has been due to his love of work. This has been the motive power that has enabled him to put to his credit many volumes and articles and an active and most honorable career as a public man. Mr. Bigelow was minister to France in the seventies; he has been secretary of state of New York, and has been identified in an important way with many of the state's most progressive movements. During the period of his active career, he found time to write a biography of Samuel J. Tilden, in whom he had a stanch friend and admirer, and to prepare important editions of the biographies of Benjamin Franklin and William Cullen Bryant, with the latter of whom he was associated as a journalist on the staff of the New York "Evening Post." He has also written a treatise on the philosophy of Emanuel Swedenborg, "France and Hereditary Monarchy," and "The Mystery of Sleep."

Do Not Fawn Before the Golden Calf

"Sometimes," said Mr. Bigelow, "I feel that I would like to say a word to the young men and women of this country. The name of your magazine, SUCCESS, suggests a warning that has been often given, but which will bear repetition; it is a warning as to the danger of setting up false standards of success. When we worship the golden calf to the exclusion of almost everything else, as many of us do, we lose our feeling for and understanding of the only things that make life worth

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living. I am happy to say that in my youth my mind was turned in other directions. If I had devoted my years to the devitalizing seeking for money and yet more money, I should probably have been swept off the earth decades ago and should have been glad to go. Of course we must make a living and secure a competence, but the man who strives, day after day and year after year, to become a millionaire, is not, even if he succeeds, by any means to be envied, and our young people must not think so. Juvenal said that in seeking the means of living we must not forget the ends of life.

"I should like to say, also, that young men and boys should curb the roving spirit. There is nothing like concentrating one's efforts on one spot. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, the place where a young man lives or settles in his youth is the best place for him. There is much magnetism for the young in distant cities and communities, but these usually lose their charm and promise when they become realities."

One Way of the Fool

[Drawn by Egbert N. Clark]



In early life, he is overjoyed by finding a ten-dollar bill



So he wanders through life, looking for another

"Fair-Weather" Business Men

"HE had no reserve." How often we hear this expression on 'change or in the street, when a firm has failed, or when a business man has been pushed to the wall! It would make a fitting epitaph for the grave of many a failure. A man without reserve is like a condemned, leaky vessel. On a calm day, it can be towed from port to port, but it would be utterly helpless in a storm.

The country is full of "fair-weather" business men, who can proceed safely as long as there is no strain on the market, as long as collections are easy, and nothing unusual happens. But, the moment reverses strike them, they go down in the first financial squall, because they have no reserve of strength, no ballast, no spare sails; the knees of the ship are made of pine instead of sturdy oak, and they are easily crushed in a collision or by the strain of a storm at sea.

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SUCCESS NUGGETS

From 1880 to 1900, the number of books in the public libraries of this country increased from less than 13,000,000 to 44,591,851.

▲ ▲

Frank Sargent, the new Commissioner-General of Immigration, began his life-work as an engine-wiper at Phœnix, Arizona.

▲ ▲

In 1901, two million, five hundred thousand pounds of artificial graphite was produced at an electric furnace in Niagara Falls. The product is superior to natural graphite for many purposes.

▲ ▲

The largest goat ranch in the world is near Lamy, New Mexico, where Charles S. Onderdonk has ten thousand goats. Angoras are raised for their hair, and Corientes goats for their skins, which are used in making shoes.

▲ ▲

The United States is to build the largest lock in the world at Sault Ste Marie, Michigan. It is estimated that ten million dollars' worth of steel steamships will be built within the next year, on the American side, for the Great Lakes' service next season.

▲ ▲

From recent reports, it seems that Americans are going rapidly to the front in German opera. Miss Martha Hofacker, a daughter of the West, has won triumphs in "Carmen" and "Die Meistersinger." She is said to have a remarkably clear voice.

▲ ▲

That this is the age for young men has again been demonstrated by Otto Shoenrich, twenty-five years old, of Baltimore. Mr. Shoenrich is one of the three judges of the district court at Arecibo, Porto Rico, and was formerly secretary of the insular commission.

▲ ▲

Northeastern Colorado is the first section selected by the government for a reservoir to be built under the new national irrigation law. Thirty-nine townships along the Platte River, extending from Sterling into the corner of Nebraska, have been withdrawn from public entry.

▲ ▲

A wireless system of telephoning is being exhibited in Berlin. The inventor, Ernest Ruhmer, has succeeded in communicating a distance of about four and one-half miles. It is reported that the apparatus is too large, too expensive, and too delicate to be practicable commercially.

▲ ▲

Solomon H. Mudge, aged thirty-two years, has been made manager of the Postal Telegraph Company's office at St. Louis. He began with the company twelve years ago, as an operator in his home town in Illinois, and has since had charge of offices in Omaha and Lincoln, Nebraska, and Kansas City, Kansas.

▲ ▲

The first woman to become a Bachelor of Divinity in the Congregational Church is Miss Florence A. Fensham, dean of the American College for Girls at Constantinople. She returned to America, after eighteen years of successful work, to take a complete theological course in the Chicago Theological Seminary, where she won her degree.

▲ ▲

Farmers, so far as actual wealth is concerned, are the capitalists of the United States. The census bureau report on the value of farming property of the country estimates that the 5,739,657 farms of the United States are worth $16,674,690,247. Of this amount, $3,560,198,191, or 21.4 per cent., represents the value of buildings, and $13,114,492,056, or 87.6 per cent., the value of land and improvements. Farm implements and machinery are worth $761,261,550, and live stock is worth $3,078,059,041, making the total farming wealth over $20,514,000,000.

▲ ▲

The chemical laboratory of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad tested the following number of samples during the past year: axles, thirteen thousand, two hundred and fifty-nine; cement, one hundred and seventy-one; copper, thirty-four; iron, (various kinds,) five hundred; lead, twelve; oil, seventeen; phosphor bronze, twenty-eight; soda-ash, two; steel, (various kinds,) one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three; coal, thirty-three; glycerine, two; glue, two; limestone, one; lye, five; oils, eleven paints, twenty-four; waters, forty-six. Only a few years ago, chemistry was unknown in railroading.

▲ ▲

Professor G. R. Parkin, head master of the Upper Canada University, Toronto, has been delegated, by the English committee in charge of the Cecil Rhodes educational bequests, to travel through America to formulate a plan for awarding the American Oxford scholarships. He will visit each state, the West Indies, Bermuda, and Canada, conferring with prominent men. He says that a competitive examination scheme will probably be adopted. Legal difficulties in proving Mr. Rhodes's will will delay the awarding of the scholarships for some time. Professor Parkin is trying to get an endowment of American scholarships for English boys.

▲ ▲

Some interesting statistics on the foreign shipments of American locomotives was recently furnished by George H. Daniels, general passenger agent of the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad, in an address at a Chautauqua assembly. He said: "During the past ten years the Baldwin Locomotive Works have sent to Japan two hundred and fifty-five locomotives; to China, thirty-one; to Russia, three hundred and seventy-nine; to England, seventy-two, and to other countries, one thousand six hundred and fifty-three. The Rogers Locomotive Works have built five hundred and eighty-four locomotives for foreign countries, including Canada, Mexico, South America, Panama, Costa Rica, Cuba, Jamaica, Spain, Australia, New Zealand, Japan, and China. The American Locomotive Company has built locomotives for foreign countries as follows: two hundred and sixty-five for Japan, seventeen for England, seven for China, fifty-one for Russia, and several hundred for the British Colonies, Mexico, and Central and South America."

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Hiram Bennet's Gold Mine

[*Concluded from page 630*]

souri Jack chose to leave a topic. Holton felt that his desired knowledge would not be obtained in the first day or two.

The other men on the shaft were strangers to him, as they boarded at another house. He looked at them, a little in apprehension of what the hazing they might subject him to would be like. There was nothing in the faces to show it would be extreme or mean.

"Did you come up the track?" asked one happy-looking young fellow.

"Yes," replied Holton, "and I got scared and nearly fell overboard."

"No, no!" remonstrated Missouri; "you did n't either! You wiggled a little at the knees, but no more 'n was natural. I noticed you laughed when you was at the worst part."

"Why!" said Sammy, the young fellow who had asked the question, "if I drink too much coffee in the morning, my stummick kinder turns if I look down, even now. Coffee makes me bilious. Want to take a look around the mine 'fore you start in?"

"Thank you, I would like it very much," said Holton.

"I'll go along, too," said Missouri, casually. Then he slipped up to Holton and whispered, "You used to climbing any?"

Holton nodded assent.

"Come along, Sam," said Missouri, and off they went. They scrambled down through ore chutes, which are not good, because you feel you might stick tight, and there's no unpleasanter sensation in the world than being held fast in a little, long, narrow box, with a small square of daylight at the end to remind you of the cheerful world you have left. There is n't much chance of that, though; the real pinch comes in the suffocated feeling that you have when struggling through.

At the bottom of the last chute, Missouri stopped and pointed up.

"The ore got jammed about halfway to the top, a month ago," he said, "and Sammy here crawled up it with a lit giant-powder ca'tridge in his teeth, to shake it loose. He placed it, and come back all right, as you can plainly see,—but how would you like the job, Bennet?"

"I hope it is n't included in my duties," said Holton, shivering at the thought. "Was there no other way of loosening it up?"

"Well, yes," replied Missouri, "but that was a good deal the quickest."

"'Twas n't anything at all," interjected Sammy; "just the words 'giant powder' make it sound like a stunt. I c'd ha' pinched the fuse out, if anything went wrong."

"But what if the ore had started of its own accord?" queried Holton.

"Exactly," indorsed Missouri.

"Shucks!" said Sammy, "she was wedged in there for fair. I don't see why you keep telling that around, Jack; it makes me look foolish."

"When you did it, you was the fool," retorted the Missourian, "although I don't know as I've got any call to be jacking young fellers up for taking chances."

"I should n't say you had," remarked Sammy; "they say that there's no fool like an old fool, and any man that'll climb up Wheeler sledway an' then cast loose orter—"

"That'll do for you, Sammy, or I'll cut *you* loose right down that dump, and you'll be out a pair of pants!"

Sammy giggled. "P-a-a-a-a-n-n-ts," he drawled, mocking the Missourian's long-measured tones. "You go on, Misery, you're the worst in the lot when it comes to taking a dare."

"I leave it to you, Mr. Bennet, if that's a respeckful way for a young man to talk to another that's old enough to be his father," said Missouri. "These here bits of boys, they mawk my speech, and they call me 'Misery,' pretending that's the way the name of my old state ought to be pronounced. Some day they'll get me so excited that I'll take 'em acrosst my knee and wear 'em out!" These bitter words he accompanied by a slap on the youngster's back that expressed an affection as strong as the arm in action. "They're a triflin' lot of young critters," he continued, "but I do n't know but what they're growin' so's I won't be able to live up to my talk, if they keep on widening and filling out. Well, here's another game. We are now supposed to take hold of this rope and walk up the side of the bluff. You want to be sure of your grip before you

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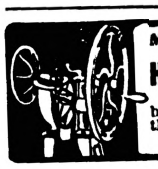

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tackle it. It's a long journey from here to the top."

The rope hung free from the end of a projecting log, dangling down the side of an open cut.

"How high is it?" asked Holton, squinting one eye up.

"One hundred and ten feet, to the dot," answered Missouri.

Holton felt weary of the minor part he had so far played. Besides, the wine-like mountain air was romping in his veins, calling for a feat. He took off his coat and laid it on the ground, gripped the rope and started up, hand over hand, legs straight, in good gymnasium style.

"Hey, boy!" yelled Missouri, excitedly, "that ain't the way to do it! You want to put your feet agin the bluff—there's foothold there! Put your feet agin the bluff, quick, I tell you, before you drap!"

But Holton chuckled to himself and paid no attention, keeping steadily going at the rate he had learned to be the best compromise between too strong effort and too long suspension.

"Well, look at him go, will you, Sammy?" said Missouri. "What do you think of that?"

"Crimpkins! He's a cool climber from the highlands, ain't he?" responded Sammy.

"He's going plumb to the top without touching a foot, as sure as you live and breathe!" cried Missouri. He put his hands to his mouth and shouted, "Hey, boys, come to the edge of the 'Happy Chance' cut, and see the sight of your lives!"

"Hi!" answered a hail from above, followed by the sound of running feet. The men who had still so much boy left in them were hurrying to see what the thing might be. In a moment, a dozen heads appeared over the edge of the cliff.

Holton found the first fifty feet of the climb easy, the next twenty-five merely hard, the next twenty-five desperate, and the last ten impossible. His hands were numb from grasping the rope; his arms ached with an almost unbearable ache to his shoulders. He was winded, and the compression of his chest, due to the strain of his position, increased his distress; yet he fought upward. There were no free, two-foot hand-sweeps now, but inches gained with gritted teeth, each one seeming positively the last that he could accomplish. He grew giddy, lost track of where he was, and felt himself in a nightmare, where he was doomed to climb an endless rope forever. Then, in lucid intervals, it came to him how easy it would be to curl a foot around the rope and slide down again,—defeated? Not much! Of all things these men with whom he was thrown admired, he knew by intuition that grit would take first place. Through them lay his only chance of getting anything out of his mission. Besides, it was poison to him to think of yielding. Let the blackness come; let the arms ache; let the sickness of exertion, carried to its limit, play their worst with him, to the top of that rope he would go. The shouts he heard made him the more resolved. The miners were not less interested in his attempt than himself.

"Stay with it, boy! Only a few feet more! Don't weaken! Every inch counts; lay back your ears and pull!" they called to him. It lacked but three feet of the top. Holton thought he must rest for one minute, at the same time realizing that, if he did so, he was whipped; then he drew on himself for a final effort, and literally wrenched that yard out of his paralyzed muscles; clapped his hands on the log above, and was instantly seized and drawn up by the strong arms stretched down to him, while a yell of "Bully boy!" from all sides rang pleasantly, if faintly, on his dulled ears.

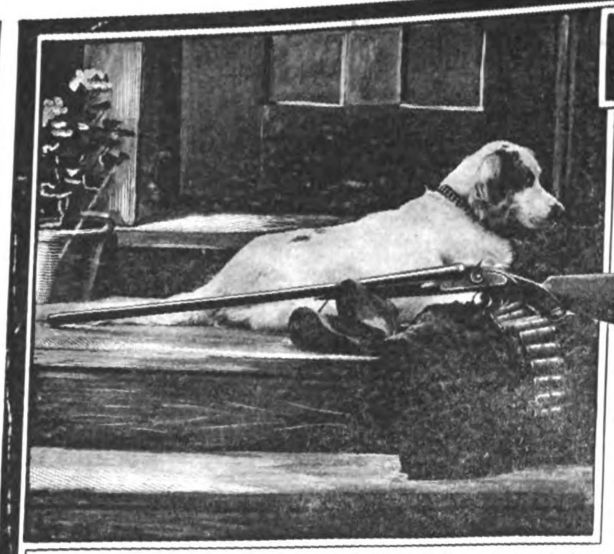
"Biggest fool in camp!" he gasped, as he collapsed to the ground.

"You're all right!" said someone, and slapped him on the back.

He had won the first trick, at least. A simple gymnastic feat had furthered his purpose more than would the keenest subtlety of a lawyer.

[*To be continued in the December "Success"*]

The contrast offered by the sunny, cheerful Sage of Concord to his gloomy, dyspeptic friend, the Sage of Chelsea, is brought into striking relief by the revival of an anecdote of Charles Kingsley's. Carlyle, it seems, had been bored by Emerson's persistent optimism, and undertook to cure him of it. "I took him," he said, "to the lowest parts of London and showed him all that was going on there. This done, I turned to him, saying: 'And noo, mon, d'ye believe in the deevil noo?' 'Oh, no,' replied Emerson, 'all these people seem to me only parts of the great machine, and, on the whole, I think they are doing their work very satisfactorily.' Then," continued Carlyle, "I took him doon to the House of Commons, where they put us under the gallery. There I showed him ane chiel getting up after anither and leeing and leeing. There I turned to him and said: 'And noo, mon, d'ye believe in the deevil noo?' He made me, however, just the same answer as before, and I then gave him up in despair."



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THE POWER OF CREDIT

Charles F. Clark

[President of "Bradstreet's"]

THE structure of society is based on confidence. We could have no civilization were it not for the fact that millions of men in the past were deemed worthy of credit by their fellow men, and there could be no further progress were it not for the fact that a great number of the men of to-day inspire confidence on the part of others.

These are obvious truths, yet in forty years of close study of the business men of this country and their enterprises I have seen thousands go down in ruin because they did not realize them with sufficient clearness. To-day there are many who lack a true appreciation of the importance of the confidence of their fellows, who are not concentrating their energies upon its cultivation with sufficient force and firmness, and for whom, on this account, disaster is looming up ahead. There are numerous young business men who, being possessed of the vanity that is the heritage of human nature, are more anxious to acquire reputations for shrewdness than for the strictest fair dealing. But they are not shrewd if they do not continually strive to establish themselves firmly in the esteem of those with whom they come in contact. So established, they are prepared to weather the storms that come in the career of nearly every business man that would otherwise certainly wreck him, as they have wrecked thousands whose business structures have been reared on less firm foundations.

The Man Himself Is an Asset

I should like to say, as strongly as possible, to every young business man, that one of the chief aims of his daily work should be the strengthening of his credit. Good intentions alone do not make good credit. These intentions must be coupled with ability to carry them out. For example, I know a clerk who has access to safe-deposit vaults in which there are millions of dollars' worth of property. Implicit confidence is placed in the good intentions and strength of character of this young man; but, if he should embark upon independent business, investing his savings of, say, five thousand dollars, he would not, of course, be given a high commercial rating. While there would be confidence in his integrity of purpose, he would have yet to prove his ability to put his purpose into successful effect, and to meet his business obligations.

Thus it will be seen that good credit is based on general character and special ability. A young man cannot expect to possess, at the outset of his career, the financial position and ability that would give him a high commercial rating; but he can have the character, and he must have it to build up his commercial credit and become even a moderately successful business man. I do not regard the mere speculator, even though he be possessed of considerabls means, as a successful business man. He may be penniless to-morrow, and, as a matter of fact, he almost invariably does come to poverty in his old age. He must prove that he has stability, and must begin to build upon the rocks instead of on the quicksands before he can get a favorable rating. In gathering the information about a man that is to be the basis of his rating, the Bradstreet reporters do not take cognizance alone of the extent of his business and the amount of his income. While these are matters of prime importance, they are by no means all. It is essential that attention be given to some extent to the man himself, his general character, present habits, and past record.

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dry goods business, and he issued a book of ratings.

It Was Denounced as a System of Spying

But the business was misunderstood and maligned. It was denounced as a system of espionage, of spying into private affairs. I, myself, in the early days, was a considerable sufferer from the misunderstanding and general dislike of the business. I was very severely criticised and forced to forego the society of some persons whom I had regarded as friends. For at least twenty years the prejudice against Bradstreet's was strong. For the forty-odd years that I have been connected with the company I have tried every day to add something to its credit. The discredit in which the work was held caused me to hesitate long before accepting a position offered me in 1858.

I was then a clerk in the offices of a firm of prominent Detroit attorneys who did a large real-estate and collection business. I had established myself in the confidence of one of the partners, who was regarded by most persons as a stern and suspicious man. I thus obtained an intimate knowledge of the business of the firm and of the financial standing of its many clients. I was also a notary, and every afternoon I used to go to some of the banks where notes were to be protested and a similar business transacted. One day when I was at a bank, which is now the First National, a man who announced his name as Slingerman, and himself as a representative of Bradstreet's of New York, entered, and asked the president to give him certain information as to the commercial standing and credit of a number of business men whose names he had on a list. The president replied to Mr. Slingerman that he would better ask me. The man from the East did so; I glanced rapidly over his list, changed most of the letters that were the keys to the ratings, and told the representative that he ought to have twice as many names. He obtained these additional names, brought his list to me again, and I went over it. When he reached New York, he told his superiors that there was a young man in Detroit who knew a great deal about the commercial houses of that city, and shortly afterwards I received an offer to become the Detroit representative.

I gave the matter very careful consideration. I was earning a good salary and had excellent prospects in the law office, and the prejudice that existed against the men who made a business of "prying into affairs that were no concern of theirs" influenced me strongly at first. But, as I gave the subject further thought, I began to see clearly that the character and financial status of a man who is doing business with others and asking them to give him credit is very much the concern of these others and of the community at large. I saw that the able, honest, and prosperous business men would be glad to have the conditions of their business known, and that others should be prevented from doing the harm which comes from conducting business unsafely or dishonestly. I believed then, and still believe, that to impeach the credit of a business man works an injury to his community, since the latter's progress and prosperity depend largely upon favoring conditions for commercial enterprises, but that this impeachment must be made when there threatens the greater danger of a business man,—failing to meet his obligations and thus involving others in his difficulties.

Investigation Is Justifiable in Business

While still considering the offer, I remembered the example of my father, who was a clergyman, and one of the most just men I ever knew. I remembered how, when receiving an applicant for membership to his church, he would put questions to this applicant and to others who knew him, and would thus obtain as much information concerning him as he could gather. I also thought of the inquiries that are put on foot when a young man comes to town, a stranger, and seeks to establish himself on a social basis with the residents. The mothers take care to know something about the young man before they will admit him to their homes to visit their daughters. The man whom he meets in business must have some knowledge of his antecedents before he will take him home to dinner. If such scrutiny and investigation are justified in the church and in society, as of course they are, I decided that they are certainly justifiable in the commercial world. I also looked ahead and saw communities bound closely together by railroads, distance annihilated, and the vast territory west of the Mississippi, which was then little



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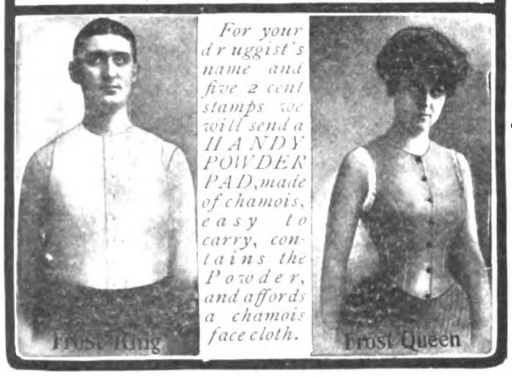

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more than a wilderness, dotted with thriving cities and towns. It seemed to me that the time would come when the means then in vogue for ascertaining credit would be extremely inadequate. So, at length, I resigned my position in the law office, and, with much enthusiasm, took up my new work, not for what was in it then, but for what it promised, both as a business and as a commercial utility.

In those days the merchant who wanted to buy goods in New York, and who was not well known to the wholesalers, would obtain, before starting on his journey to the metropolis, letters from his clergyman, who could attest to the fervor of his religious feeling; from the sheriff, perhaps, who could affirm that he had never been in jail; from the judge, if possible, and from others who had some official position that would give their words weight. These letters would be made the basis of requests for credit in New York, and the merchants of the latter city would make experimental advances of goods, until they found out for themselves, often at considerable loss, just what the status of their customer was.

How *the* Credit *of* Firms Is Secured

It is easy to see how misleading and inaccurate these letters often were, and yet in many cases the wholesale dealers had nothing else to guide them. To-day, a wholesale merchant, upon receiving an applicant for credit, has only to turn to a certain page in a volume he keeps at hand and obtain at a glance carefully gathered knowledge bearing directly upon the business responsibility of the applicant. The extent of the field covered in this way, and the proportions the business has assumed, are suggested by the fact that our last quarterly volume gave the ratings of 1,330,442 business men, and covered over ninety thousand cities and towns.

Astonishment is often expressed that we are able to go over, every three months, as we do, this great field. This is due, of course, to the fact that the work, through years of experience and experiment, has been reduced to a smoothly running system. In its outlines, this system is simple enough. For instance, in the wholesale dry goods trade in New York City, we have, say, five reporters, each with a distinct district within this dry goods field. It is the province of each of these men to know all about the houses within his domain. He associates daily with dry goods men. In a thousand ways he gathers information. If a house is lagging behind the times, if it is afflicted with dry rot, if reckless methods are in vogue, if its proprietors are not attending to business, if they are making more lavish expenditures than the house can afford, our man knows about it. He is an expert who views each business in perspective and in its relations with the others. When a concern fails he has almost invariably foreseen the failure.

I, myself, of course, have seen the rise and fall of many business men. When I first began this work I wondered why more men do not succeed; now I wonder why more do not fail. My wonder has veered around, so to speak, for the reason that my forty years of experience have taught me that there are comparatively few men who are willing to work with the concentration and singleness of purpose, and to make the sacrifices, that will make success an almost inevitable result instead of a mere accident. I recollect a little incident in Chicago that has a bearing on this point. It was just after the big fire, and, because the fire insurance offices were running under great pressure, two penniless young men who applied for work in one of them were given places. I knew that office pretty well, and happened to be there one day some time afterwards, when the "boss" was out. One of these young fellows, leaning back and stretching himself, began to joke the other, who still bent over his work, for being so industrious.

"What are you working so hard for, anyway?" inquired the first youth.

"I'm working for the big desk over in the corner," answered the other, without looking up. This desk was the superintendent's, and the reply gave rise to a good deal of hilarity.

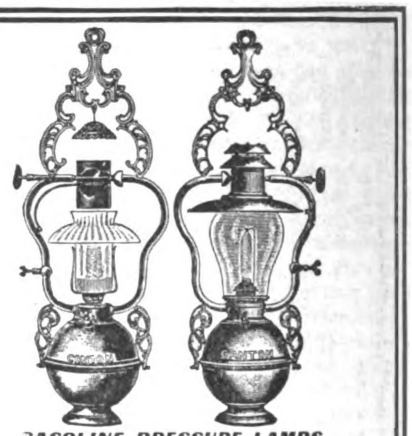
After a moment someone asked the young man who had spoken first:—

"What are you working for, Tom?"

"For forty dollars a month," answered Tom, who considered himself something of a wit.

Tom is still working for forty dollars a month, or a little more, while the other has been graduated from "the big desk in the corner" and is one of the leading insurance men of this country.





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It Is Easy to Be a "Nobody"

IT is the easiest thing in the world to be a "nobody." All that is necessary is to do nothing, or to be like the boy who, when questioned by his father as to why he had resigned his position as clerk in a store, replied, "The work was too hard; I am looking for something easy."

Look for a "soft snap." Don't get up in the morning until you feel like it. Don't go to work until you are obliged to. Don't put yourself out to meet engagements. Never mind if you miss a train, or if you are half an hour late at your work.

If you are at school, don't trouble about preparing your lessons. "Crib" whenever you can, cheat as often as possible, and get the best of your teacher whenever you see a chance, and your progress in the desired direction will be assured.

If you are in college, never mind about a scholarship; the main thing is to slide through. You can employ a tutor at the close of each term and "cram" for the examination. Have "a good time," and never bother about results: they will take care of themselves.

Do not try to do things as well as you can; any way will do. If you are sawing a board, do not exert yourself to saw it straight. If you start to make a sled or a bookcase, never mind about completing it; or, if you do, put it together anyhow. Half done, botched work is just the thing for "nobodies."

How to Reach a Goal Quickly

Do not put yourself to inconvenience to be orderly in your room, or elsewhere. Drop your overshoes, hat, overcoat, and other wearing apparel, wherever you happen to be when you remove them. "Some other time" you can put things where they belong.

Never bother about your papers or letters; leave them scattered on your desk. Don't file away anything, for it takes too much time. Don't hurry about answering letters, for many of them will answer themselves if you leave them long enough. Confusion and disorder are characteristic of "nobodies."

Do not be particular about your dress. It does not matter to a "nobody" whether his linen is soiled or not, whether his finger-nails are clean or his clothing well brushed. Do not trouble to black the heels of your boots; very few people will see them, and those who do are too particular for comfort.

Give yourself no concern about your manners. If you are a clerk, be as curt and gruff as you please to customers. Do not try to control your temper or to restrain your ill-humor. Act naturally.

Do not tire yourself with your work. Take things easy. Life is too long to hurry about anything.

Do not try to decide things; let them "slide" and they will finally decide themselves. Do not rely on yourself; lean on some one; it will save you the trouble of thinking or acting. Be a "wishy-washy" fellow, well mated with every one; agree with everybody; antagonize no one, and you will make neither friends nor enemies.

Paths to the Land of "Nowhere"

If you are doubtful in regard to the efficiency of work, or the wisdom of spending energy and time in trying to develop body or mind, it is of no consequence; but let nothing impair your faith in the saving grace of luck.

There are many paths leading to the land of "Nowhere;" but it is not necessary to point out all of them.

If you send a snowball rolling down hill, it will gather additional weight and momentum as it rolls faster and faster to the bottom; so, if a boy starts out in life with a few of the qualities necessary to the making of a "nobody," others will quickly hasten to give momentum to his downward course.

No one reaches his goal more surely, swiftly, and easily than the youth who makes up his mind to be a "nobody."

The power to form oneself is almost infinite, but environment and outside influences have their share in it. Therefore it is a needless taxing of one's formative powers to seek environments that make it harder to reform our faults. No one would advise a drunkard to go and sit in a saloon to become temperate. Purity cannot be acquired by looking at impure scenes or words. If you have a bad temper, avoid persons that irritate you and prompt you to break out in passion. Avoid circumstances that you know will be apt to make you lose your self-control. By breaking but once over the line you have set for yourself, you will undo all you have gained by keeping a hundred times within bounds.





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Which Would You Employ?

MARTIN W. FOSS

IT is common belief that modern business methods have so radically departed from old practices that the merchant princes of the first half of the last century would now struggle to make a living. The reputed differences extend to the qualities supposed to be required by employers in those they hire, and bid fair to invalidate all of the old stories of how boys got jobs and a foot on the ladder of fortune by their manner of wiping their shoes or closing a door. One particularly well-known story, I recently heard told and ridiculed twenty times by actual count. This story is usually told of Stephen Girard, (at his death in 1831, the richest man in America,) but other names have been used with it, including the late A. T. Stewart's. The employer, whoever he was, tested two applicants of equally good character by giving them bundles to undo. One boy cut the string; the other untied it carefuly, saved paper and string, and was given the position. The twenty tellers of this tale were clerks of good degree, traveling men, or small merchants. In every case, they laughed at the boy who untied the knot, and expressed, with various degrees of violence, the manner in which this boy would be kicked out of a modern store. Their verdict was: "Time is worth more than string."

Wishing to test the constantly expressed opinion that the careful, painstaking, and economical boy was out of date, entirely superseded in favor by the cutting, slashing hustler, who wasted paper and string to save time, I addressed the following letter to a selected number of the big department stores of the country:—

GENTLEMEN: It is related that Stephen Girard, in testing two boys for a position, gave them bundles to unwrap. Boy No. 1 quickly cut the string and threw it aside with the paper. Boy No. 2 carefully untied the knot, rolled up the string, and folded the paper. Mr. Girard chose Boy No. 2 because he was careful, painstaking, and economical.

Other things being equal, which boy would you prefer?

From the secretary of John Wanamaker came the following letter:—

DEAR SIR: Your letter of July 15, addressed to John Wanamaker's superintendent, is handed me for reply. I would say that there are so many similar anecdotes told of Stephen Girard that it would be best to sift them a little. A great financier who dealt in cargoes of molasses might have engaged such a boy as No. 2, but Mr. Girard was not a retail merchant in any sense, and the story does not appear plausible. I should think it would depend altogether on the circumstances of the case. A gentleman received a package tied with good stout twine, which would have been worth saving, but, being a "hustler," he immediately cut the cord with his knife. Four of our best boys stood by while I suggested that it would be better to untie it, but he said: "Not so. Time is too precious." The package was not the one expected, and needed to be immediately returned to the sender. The string was too short, and ten minutes were lost in hunting another with which to retie the package. Of course, my four good pupils had a demonstration of how to save time by untying a string. Should the knot be too hard, then cut it as quickly as possible. But the boy who would use his common sense, and save the string if he could, would be my boy every time.

I lived on a farm, half a mile from town, and it was my duty to save all the strings we received from the store. My first employer in a wholesale house taught all his boys to save the strings which came upon the wholesale packages. These were made into huge balls, awaiting the busy season; and every package of hosiery, gloves, etc., etc., was carefully tied, before packing for shipment, with the saved strings.

Very respectfully yours,
H. S. JONES,
[*Secretary of John Wanamaker.*]

From G. D. Cooper, of the Siegel-Cooper Company, the big department-store firm of New York and Chicago, came a brief answer very much to the point, and taking the stand that the boy who untied the knot would be better for their purposes. Mr. Cooper wrote as follows:—

DEAR SIR: In reference to yours of June 24, we will state that we should prefer boy No. 2. A careful, painstaking, economical boy is of more value to us than a boy who, willy-nilly, rushes through his work.

Very truly yours,
SIEGEL-COOPER CO.,
Per G. D. Cooper.

The following letter came from the superintendent of R. H. Macy and Company, New York City, who conduct one of the largest department stores in the world. It adds, as requested, a word on the qualities which this house desires a boy to have:—

DEAR SIR: In answer to your letter of June 25, it seems to me that boy No. 2, (the boy who untied the knot,) other things being equal, would be preferable. The qualities required in boys to meet the demands of modern business methods are honesty, industry, clean habits, (both moral and physical,) supplemented by a grammar or high-school education. A boy equipped with these qualifica-

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The Laughlin Fountain Pen holder is made of finest quality hard rubber, is fitted with highest grade, large size, 14k gold pen, of any desired flexibility, and has the only perfect feeding device known. Either style richly gold mounted, for presentation purposes, $1.00 extra.

Why not order a dozen of these pens for Christmas Presents for your friends? Surely you will not be able to secure anything at three times the price that will give such continuous pleasure and service. Everybody appreciates a good Fountain Pen. Safety pocket pen holder sent free of charge with each pen.

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tions ought to raise himself in any kind of business to which he gives his earnest attention.

Yours respectfully,
W. R. PITT.

John V. Farwell, the famous Chicago merchant, sent the following letter over his own signature:—

DEAR SIR: I have yours of blank date, and would say boy No. 2, in Girard's day, when paper and twine cost so much, would be boy No. 1 now, when such things cost less than the time employed by Girard's boy would be worth at the present day. However, the general principle that "a penny saved is twopence earned" is still true. Economy and thrift go together, and so do waste and ruin, in the long run. General principles never change, while methods must change to meet changing conditions. Were Girard in New York or Chicago to-day, with his methods, he would get run over by the business procession evolved since his day. Yours very truly,
JOHN V. FARWELL.

Several other replies, to which the writers withheld permission to attach their signatures, were received, but in every case, save one, the decision was strongly in favor of boy No. 2. The one exception was from a book dealer in a small side street in New York City. Since the request was sent chiefly because the merchant had previously told the tale, it is unfair to give his name. But his letter ran as follows:—

I would n't try such a test; but, if I did, you may be sure that I would help a boy out of the store who stopped to untie a knot. We New York business men have to keep moving. There is no time for untying knots. Time is worth more than twine.

Let it be observed that the men who have actually made successes and who really employ boys and push the good ones ahead, while they would not apply the test nowadays, would still prefer the boy who saved the twine. Let it be observed, also, that those who prefer the boy who cut the string, save two side-street merchants, are men who have been employed as boys, and are not beyond the employee stage. To be sure they are men, in some cases, of sound business judgment, and men who earn good salaries, but they are not the big men of big business places.

The inquiry seems to show that, notwithstanding the popular impression, the second boy, the one who saved the paper and string, is the one whom the successful merchants want to-day. "Business methods have changed, but the cardinal principles of economy remain unchanged," is in substance the verdict of all these people.

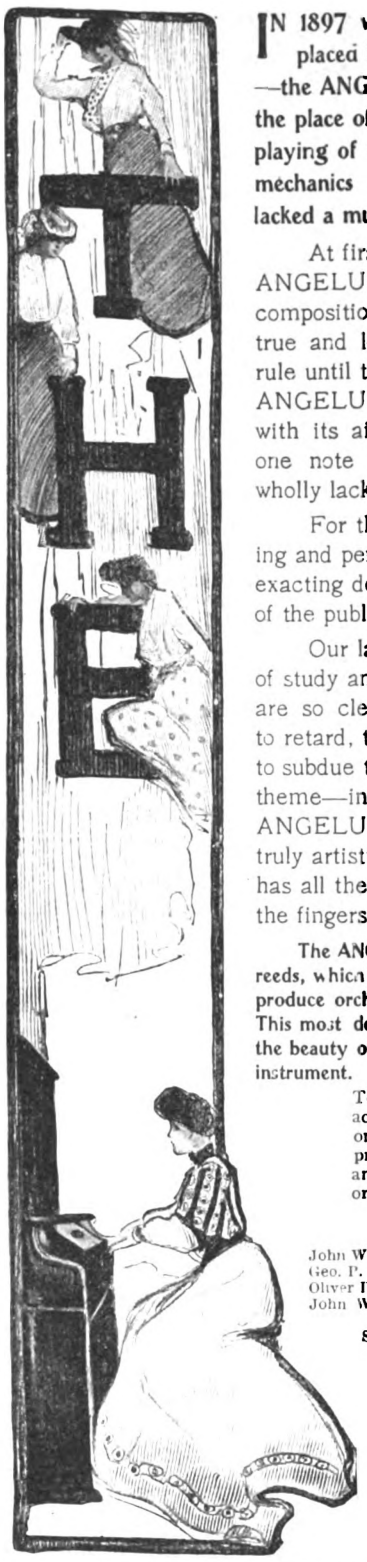
Dissipation Is Only a Mocker

[Drawn by Egbert N. Clark]



The World Knows the Original

THERE is no real growth except original growth. Real expansion must be creative, not imitative. The man who tries to be somebody else never gets his full growth. He is only an imitation and passes for such. The world does not mistake a copy for the original. People who carry weight in the world are satisfied to be themselves. They are not trailers or imitators. They may not be geniuses, but they are real and genuine.



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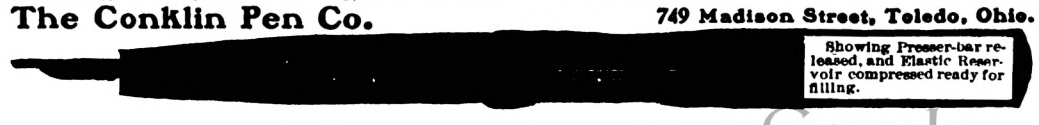

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SOME LETTERS

The Story of a Failure

GEORGE ETHELBERT WALSH

JIM GRAHAME felt the sting of defeat keenly. He walked back to the mining camp convinced that he was a total failure. It was not an isolated case that had forced this unpleasant conclusion, but the climax of a series of unfortunate enterprises that extended back in his life as far as he could remember.

Over across the gulch the sun was sinking in a glory of light. The departing rays of gold brought no happiness to the man who had made a failure of life. He was thinking grimly of the past. Of the future he knew nothing,—there was no future for him.

He entered the dismal cabin that served as a miner's home, and mechanically lighted his pipe, adjusted the belt around his waist, and then threw himself on the rocks in front of the shanty. He lay there for an hour, thinking only of the past. The lights in other shanties gleamed out one by one, and made fairyland in the valley.

They brought other scenes to him—pictures of the past. It was all a vision of days when youth was hopeful and ambitious,—when the world was bright and beautiful. There were fair ones mingled in the passing show which ever and anon smiled at him. One stood out from the rest, and gazed tenderly and lovingly at him. He winced under her gaze, so beseeching and fascinating were the liquid eyes. He fled from those eyes once to fight down the love which he knew he could not possess until he had found—success.

Across the burning sands of inhospitable South America he had toiled to locate valuable ore mines for a company that had failed even while he was near to death's door with fever. Then he summoned his resolution, and joined a party for the Cape only to be shipwrecked and to remain for six months on a dreary island. From there he turned his steps northward, and sought a fortune in the unexplored wilds of Alaska. Under the snow glaciers of that great northern world, he suffered all the tortures of a climate that burns and freezes by turns. Still elusive fortune failed him.

Ten years more of fearful struggle and baffling failure scorched and burned his soul. He grew quiet and morose. The confidence of youth seemed to slip from him. He lost the buoyancy of faith and hope.

In the mining claim at Golden Gulch, he had staked his last resources, and they had panned out as other enterprises had done before. It was the old story of failure and defeat.

But there was added to his defeat another pang that cut deeper than the realization that he had failed again. He was getting partly used to that, and it left less serious scars on his soul. Through some strange coincidence of fortune he had that day received a package of letters from the East, which had been following him half around the globe, ear-marked and stamped with the dirty seal of a score of domestic and foreign post offices. Combined, they told a tale of old times, of acquaintances not soon forgotten, of cheer and good will; but unintentionally they drove the steel deeper into the heart of the solitary recipient. It was a tale of contrasts,—a story of failure and success.

The first opened with the memories of the past crowding fast around the familiar handwriting. It was written thus:—

"My dear old fellow, where under the canopy of heaven are you? If this letter ever reaches you, do not spurn it, but send some sort of reply to your old partner. If you are dead, I want to know it. I can't mourn properly for one who, for all I know, has not departed from the land of the living. I have a wife and two bouncing boys to help me mourn or rejoice, and I want them to know something of my feelings. You are lost to all the world here; and, if you don't turn up soon, you will not be recognized when you do come back.

"I have had some good luck recently, and I know you will be glad to learn of it. The western mines I invested in a few years ago have turned out splendidly. They are a regular bonanza. I expect to be counted a millionaire in another year, and to have my private car and yacht. I suppose you have struck it rich, too. I heard that you had been lost in the crowd of gold seekers rushing for the north pole. If there is any plum to be pulled out there, of course you will be the lucky dog to find it . . . ."

There was much more in the letter,—little references to personal matters, and accounts of family bliss and adventures,—but they had less of interest to the reader than the opening paragraphs.

The second was from one who had chosen the difficult field of art for his life-work. No one had expected that *he* would ever make money; and they had admired him for the pluck he had shown in throwing away his talents on unremunerative

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work. But here was the result of a dozen years of toil and worry:—

"MY DEAR JIM: You of all friends I should like to go to first and tell of my success; but, when I need you most, you are not to be had. I would give half my fame if I could spend this night with you. It would console me for nights of sorrow and toil more than the flattery of the papers. I have just returned from the academy, where my picture has been the attraction of the season. It has not only been the drawing picture, but has also caused a commotion among art dealers. I have already been offered $50,000 for it! Think of what that means to me! It is not the money so much, but the reputation, that I glory in. Of course money comes with fame, and it is always a good thing to have. We—that is, my dear wife and the children,—will know how to use the luxuries that money will purchase, and I am fully conscious of the future joy and happiness . . . ."

There was no need for more. The tale was told, and Jim Grahame had put down the letter with a groan. With his head in his hands, he could see the blurred picture of happy homes in the East.

There were two others in the batch, which he opened mechanically. The first started off grandiloquently, thus:—

"Well, old man, here's to your success and mine! You may have found yours ere this, but mine has just come in. The ship arrived to-day. Half a million dollars and more are to follow, and the handsomest, prettiest girl in the world to lead to the altar. But why speak of her? You know her . . . ."

He did not finish the epistle, but crushed it in his bosom, and glanced hard and fiercely at the barren rocks which had failed to yield him the desired metal. There was only one girl whose face and figure deserved the description of handsomest and prettiest, and his friend of half a million had loved her as he had in those far-off days. Had the changed conditions of life and fortune made love blind?

He refused to open the last one for some time, but remained strangely silent. He felt the crushing force of the letter he had just read, and had little interest now in success or failure. It was half an hour later before he tore open the last envelope, and read:—

"MY DEAR OLD FRIEND: I am such a busy man that I seldom have the time or inclination to write to my old companions and chums, but I have so often thought of you and wondered where you were that I feel I must send you a few lines. My legal practice has grown so large in recent years that I am working myself to death. I have a dozen big corporations under my charge, and it keeps me hustling all the time to attend to their legal work. The physicians say that I must take a vacation, and next summer I should like to run out West and rough it. I heard from Tony, the other day, that you were in the mining region, and I decided that I would hunt you up and pay you a visit. Tony, by the way, is a great success as a writer. His latest book has quite taken the town by storm. You have probably read it by this time. If you haven't, and can't get a copy, I will send you one. I know you will be glad to hear of the success of any of the old boys . . . ."

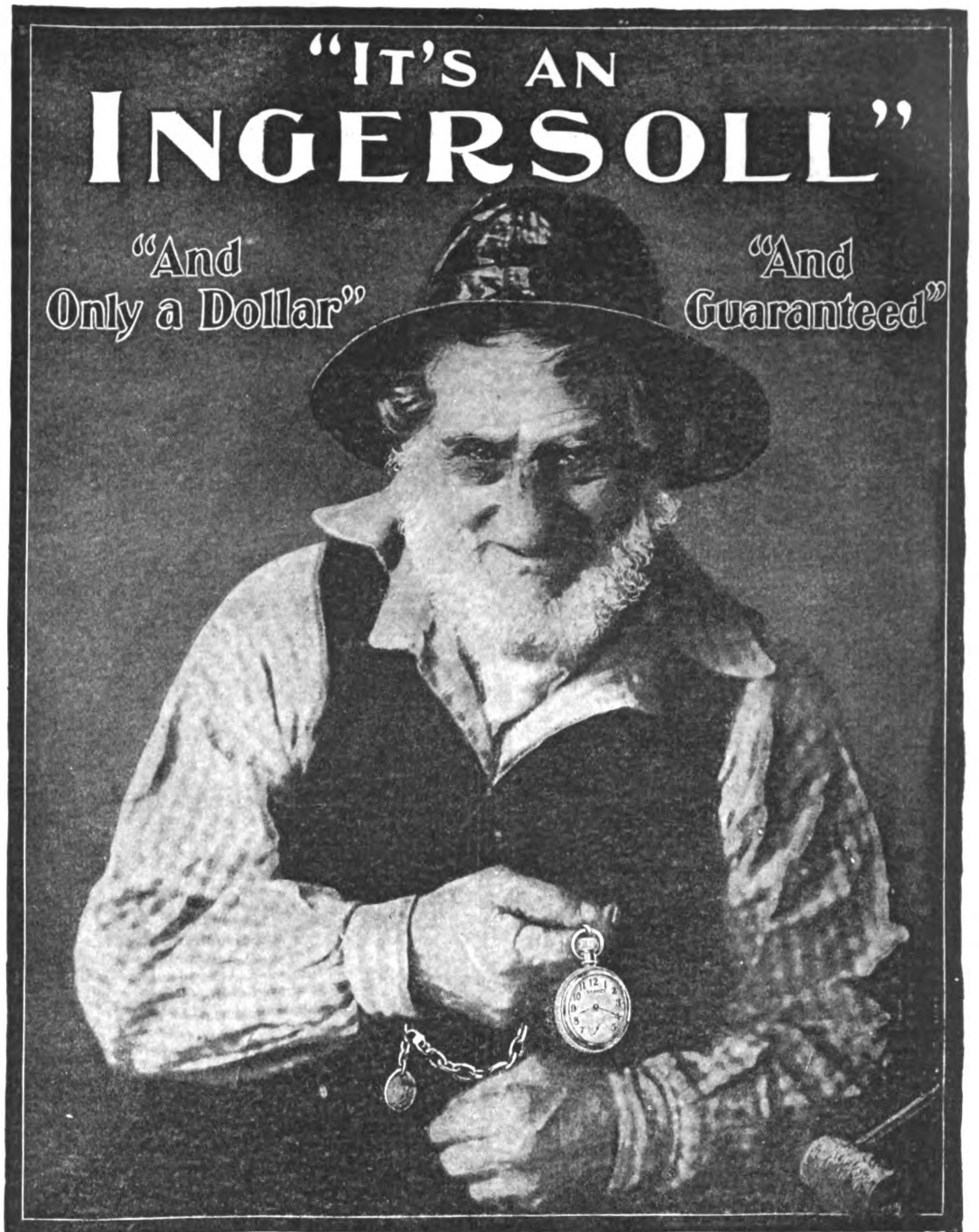
When he finished this letter, he dropped pick and shovel, and walked back to his cabin. It was all over. Failure was his lot in life. He could rejoice that his old friends were successful. Yes, he was glad that they had succeeded. They deserved it.

But what of his success? Would they know that he had failed?—repeatedly failed? Rumors might have already reached them, and they might be pitying him. Pride made the blood rush to his bronzed face. Failure he could endure, out there in the mining regions, away from old friends and scenes. But why should they know? Why should they extend him sympathy? Why should they be privileged to gloat over his misfortunes?

He rose from his position on the rock, grasped his pipe fiercely, and walked inside of the dingy cabin. Then, under the feeble glare of a lamp, he wrote his first letter of the year. His mind worked rapidly, but his hands were clumsy and cramped from hard toil, and his letters were formed with difficulty. Yet he persisted, and for hours he toiled at his task. Then, when finished, he copied what he had written. The letter was in reply to one that he had received, but the paragraph that was resplendent with fiction read thus:—

"I, too, have succeeded far beyond my anticipation. I am not merely a millionaire, but the owner of mines that will yield me an annual income of a million. My little funds I invested in a gold mine, and then sold it out for a small fortune. The proceeds from this I put in other mines, and the money has been accumulating so fast that I am almost staggered. I hardly know what I am worth to-day. I have just built a railroad to my leading mine, and own every square foot of it. I expect to build a palace next spring which will eclipse anything in the West. I shall put at least a million into it, and possibly two. It is immaterial to me how much I spend, for money comes so easy that I hardly know its value. Do not think that I am boastful, or unduly puffed up by my good fortune. I would not write so if you had not first told me of your success."

When this was finished the man leaned back in his chair and smiled. There was some consolation in the thought that his old friends would



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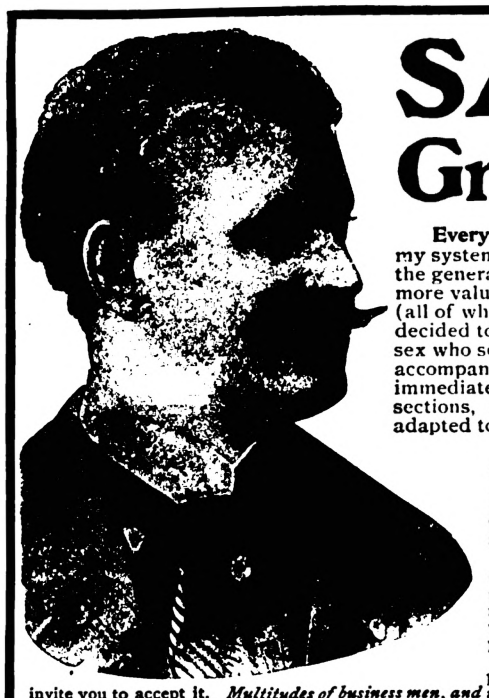

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think him successful,—successful beyond anything that they had realized.

He was still contemplating the work of his hand, when the crunching step of a man outside attracted his attention. A moment later the door was shoved open, and a gruff but pleasant voice said:—

"'Nuther letter fur ye, Jim. The postmaster said he must hev mixed it up with the papers. Cum with the other batch. Good news from home? Waal, good night! Glad the folks writes to ye."

Jim Grahame rose hastily from his seat and took the letter from the dirty hands of the miner. There was something in the shape of the envelope that distinguished it from the rest. It had, in spite of its long journey, a faint odor of perfumery. When the door closed behind the miner, Jim Grahame studied the envelope slowly and carefully. How well he knew that handwriting!

He broke the seal, and found it dated months back, but the ink was still fresh and distinct. It had been sent to him when he was just recovering from that fever in the Klondike, when brain and body seemed to be consumed. In a moment he glanced through the letter, and stood as if petrified as he read:—

"DEAR JIM: I have just heard from returning miners that you are very sick and likely to die. If I knew that you would be alive to see me I would go to you immediately instead of sending this. How my heart bleeds for you up there in that miserable country, sick and alone! I never wished more to be at your side. If you ever get this, will you not leave that miserable life and come back and live with your friends! Or, if you have become wedded to it, let me go to you. What is success, that you must spend your best days waiting for it? If it is such a horrid monster as all that, we should not want it. Not in all these years have you written me one word of love. And I,—I,—have I not waited, waited, waited these long, dreary years for one word? What do I care for your success? We were both mad when we vowed that we should wait for it. I cannot wait any longer. Tell me to come, if you are alive when this reaches you. What you can endure, I can also.

"I would not write this if I knew that you had succeeded,—that you had found the fortune you sought. I would hang my head in shame, then. I would wait on,—forever, if you did not come. But they tell me that you are poor and sick,—that, yes, that you have failed. That, I know, makes your need greater, and I can put back all pride, and say that I want to go to you. I am tired,—tired of waiting!"

There was a tear on the eyelashes of the bronzed miner, and the hand which held the letter trembled. She, too, knew that he was a failure!

He picked up the letter he had written, and once more read it through. How his friends in the East would stare when its contents were told abroad! Jim Grahame a failure? No, for aught his little world in the East might ever know to the contrary, he would be a success,—a great financial success.

But she! Ah, yes, she would hear of it with dumb sorrow and wounded pride! With the tear still lingering on his cheek, he turned and placed his own letter near the flame of the lamp, and, in the smoke of the burning paper, disappeared the only chapter of success in his life. But he was ready to begin over again,—and he was still hopeful.

A Multiplication-Addition Table

THE following table was worked out by a Harvard professor. It is interesting to look at, but one is thankful that it is not included among the multiplication tables:—

1 time 9 plus 2 equals 11.
12 times 9 plus 3 equals 111.
123 times 9 plus 4 equals 1111.
1234 times 9 plus 5 equals 11111.
12345 times 9 plus 6 equals 111111.
123456 times 9 plus 7 equals 1111111.
1234567 times 9 plus 8 equals 11111111.
12345678 times 9 plus 9 equals 111111111.
1 time 8 plus 1 equals 9.
12 times 8 plus 2 equals 98.
123 times 8 plus 3 equals 987.
1234 times 8 plus 4 equals 9876.
12345 times 8 plus 5 equals 98765.
123456 times 8 plus 6 equals 987654.
1234567 times 8 plus 7 equals 9876543.
12345678 times 8 plus 8 equals 98765432.
123456789 times 8 plus 9 equals 987654321.

THE DREAMS OF GENIUS

Clyde Walton Hill

THE lowly bed whereon young genius sleeps
To common eyes a dismal place may seem;
But, for the one who there doth lie and dream,
Ambition all her brightest splendor keeps.
The Muse her wing above it grandly sweeps,
And, lo, the dark is gone; and, through the gleam
That fills the once-bare attic, comes the stream
Of all earth's famous. Then the young brain leaps
And burns with zeal, at seeing this vast throng
Of conquerors, of artists, bards, and kings
In time's eternal grandeur move along,
While, down the ages, Fame her pæan sings.
Ah, grandest visions their bright glories shed
Wherever struggling Genius lays his head!

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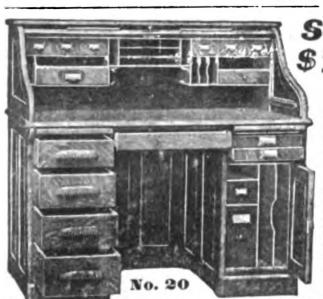

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WHY SOME WOMEN SUCCEED

SARAH K. BOLTON

ONE reason for the success of some women is found in the fact that they are willing to work. Many young women lead idle lives. Instead of going to college and fitting themselves for some noble or exalted place, they saunter on the streets, spend hours and even days in shopping, talk about clothes, waste time at parties, and are not of much use in the world.

Little was ever attained without labor. Jenny Lind, a child of poor Swedish parents, who sang to her cat so wonderfully that the people on the street stopped to listen, who was educated at public expense by the state, who, at seventeen, had appeared on the stage one hundred and eleven times for her board and clothes, and who refused to enter society, preferring to devote her time to study, said: "The greater part of what I can do in my art I have myself acquired by incredible labor, in spite of astonishing difficulties. God had so plainly written within me what I had to study; my ideal was, and is, so high, that I could find no mortal who could in the least degree satisfy my demands. Therefore I sing after no one's method; only, as far as I am able, after that of the birds: for their Master was the only one who came up to my demands for truth, clearness, and expression."

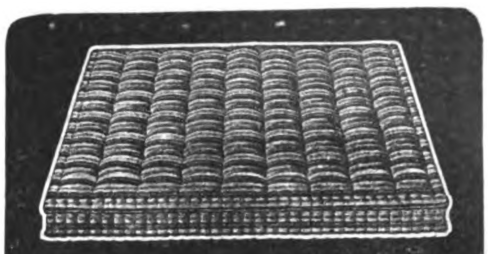
Harriet Martineau, one of the greatest women of England, was deaf at thirteen. In speaking of a "vow of patience," which she made at that age, she said: "I determined that I would smile in every moment of anguish from my misfortune,—and that I would never lose temper at any consequence from it." She thought deafness the best thing that ever happened to her, "in a selfish view, as the grandest impulse to self-mastery; and the best in a higher view, as my most peculiar opportunity of helping others."

Left poor by the death of her father, and lonely by the death of the young minister to whom she was engaged, and unable to teach by reason of deafness, Harriet sewed all day to make things to sell, and wrote in the night and till two or three o'clock in the morning, to earn money. Finally, she decided to write some stories teaching people about property, taxes, etc.; and, when two were completed, she went to London to find a publisher. They all said "No," into her ear trumpet, but she plodded for three weeks through the mud and fog, though often going to sleep sorrowful at night. At length success came, with thirty-two volumes written in two and one-half years. When told by a doctor that she must drink wine to keep up her failing strength, she refused, saying, "Fresh air and cold water are my stimulants."

She did great good with the little books, gained the friendship of well-known people, and made ten thousand dollars. Later, she received thousands for a single volume. She traveled in America, and was a noted opponent of slavery. For fourteen years she wrote leading editorials—one thousand, six hundred and forty-two in all,—in the London "Daily News," on "America," "French Free Trade," "Drainage in Agriculture," and the like. All through our Civil War she wrote for four leading English papers in favor of the Union. She conquered difficulties and did a grand work. "Whatever a woman proves herself able to do, society will be thankful to see her do,—just as if she were a man," she once said.

Catherine Booth, the wonderful leader of the Salvation Army, so timid that she dared not speak, at first, in public, but by whose words I have seen thousands thrilled in England, all her life had to combat illness. "I can scarcely remember a day in my life," she said, "which has been free from some kind of pain or other." With eight children between the ages of five and sixteen to care for, in the midst of poverty, she led a life that puts most of us to shame. At the last she said, "I am going into the dark valley believing. I am ashamed of the little I have achieved. . . . . Don't be concerned about your dying; only go on living well, and the dying will be all right. Redeem the time, for we can do but little at our best."

Still another reason why some women succeed is because they have a definite aim. Many of us drift from day to day. We are very busy with a social call, or visit friends for weeks, and let life slip by; although, alas! it is ours but once, and we will have accomplished very little when the end shall come.



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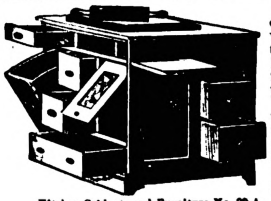

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WHY A MINISTER FAILED

A Confession

THREE dismal failures continually stare me out of countenance. I have failed to develop powers that are latent, that travail to be born. I have failed of large returns in the churches I have held. I have failed to get a large field where what powers I have might reap greater returns. Is the third failure necessarily a result of the second? By no means. It may be, or it may not be.

As a schoolboy, I excelled in all but arithmetic. The age of ten years found me wallowing in the despairing conviction that arithmetic is beyond my natural powers. The conviction left me when I learned to enjoy some parts of higher mathematics in college. The despair, alas, has been a pall over me, and, while it does not now apply to one department of effort, it hangs over all my horizon. The fact is that I was always very near-sighted, and could not learn arithmetic, as the primary teacher taught it by use of the blackboard, and I could not see the figures. My failures did not excite the teacher's interest. I was set down as stupid. I responded to the charge by becoming so with docility. In my school life, I have doggedly floundered in arithmetic, occasionally getting my feet on some rock of mathematical principle and wondering that it could be so simple and charming.

Naturally, I lost much time in partially making up, by reading, the fundamentals lost to me through oral teaching. This took valuable time and vitality that, put on studies in which I had a fair chance, would have made my academic life brighter and more profitable. A record of but seventy-eight per cent., in mathematics, played sad havoc with a rank of ninety per cent. in other subjects.

The reduction of scholarly standing by my infirmity (which was not attended to until my fifteenth year,) is not, however, the worst feature. The conviction, gained so early, that I am mentally deficient, I have never been able to shake off. I have never dared assert myself, even when I knew my subject well and the event has shown me to be correct. I am lacking in push, but not in native ability. I yearn to say to parents, "Don't let a child so much as imagine deficiency." But in this paper I shall confine myself to a record of facts.

In my formative years, the world was a misty affair; I could not see sharp outlines and objects were not well defined. This formed the basis for my concepts of all things. Analogy should have told me that straight lines are really straight, and edges exact, for so much I could learn by feeling of objects within my reach. But childhood is content with the eye's message. This told me that the world is "*about* so and so." The habit of inaccuracy was fastened upon me. Before practical necessity challenged accuracy and thoroughness in me, I had become saturated with the disposition to slur fine points. I learned not to "spend time and take pains." The terrible drive that my infirmity put upon me made it a temptation all through my school and college days to be glad merely to "get through." Seminary and university study has helped me overcome the vicious habit a little, but very little! Consequently, I am master of not one department of my profession. Only he that masters one subject can handle general information scientifically.

Discursiveness has hurt me. *Humani a me nil alienum puto.* This interest in all things human has opened to me avenues into many men's hearts. I can do many practical things in an amateurish way. Illustrations from everyday life are helpful in my sermons. On the other hand, however, sermons must have foundation and frame as well as windows. I have too many windows. I have spent too much time on other than my own professional concerns. I have been too much afield when I should have been digging in my own lode. Nothing can atone for lack of concentration. I am an "all-round" man. Alas, this reminds me of tablelands,— broad, not lofty, and flat.

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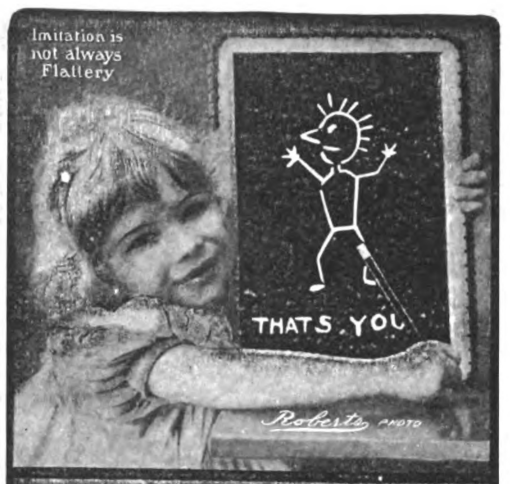

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deficiencies? Only by chance is this done, by dean, president, or professor. The more plastic years set hard in the few required courses. Professor Solon could have prevented many of my failures.

My work in my several fields has been faithful, in the main, and has been, at least, fairly productive, yet it has shown no striking qualities, new methods, or a satisfactory number of conversions. Lack of push and thoroughness, want of executive ability as an organizer of multitudinous societies, troupe manager, agent, and "captain of industry," have prevented me from revolutionizing these small parishes as it was my ambition to do. Nevertheless, I had a feeling that the sermons that won congregations, considered by the people as being large, might win more applause if my fishing grounds were more extended. With this feeling, I have left delightful fields of small size several times. No doubt the few years spent in each were too few to allow an average minister much influence. Here is probably one vital reason for my lack of success.

At the same time I know that many men of no greater general ability than mine have larger fields, and all ministers know that fair general ability can secure, if not hold, a large field.

There are two ways in which a minister in a non-Episcopal church may get a pulpit. First, he may get it through ministerial influence. Secondly, his growing power where he preaches may make his call to a larger field inevitable without seeking. In Episcopal communions, also, this is substantially true, the bishop taking the place of ministerial influence.

Certain causes [I am neither accusing nor excusing myself in this paper.] from the first limited my number of friends. Field sports, street play, education in public schools, activity in various societies, and political meetings, were impossible or distasteful to me, and I became a recluse. Few friends endured me; they were superb friends, but they were few. I lost touch with people; only the congenial would do. I was piteously lonely. I was defenseless against the shafts of outrageous fortune.

I have always been losing the advantages that friendship brings with it. For example, I lost chances to preach during my seminary days. Pulpit appointments were passed around among the members of a certain group of students. Surplus opportunities were given outside the "ring." None came to me, and it was by chance that I even learned of their existence. So the friendless student lost in money, experience, and acquaintance. At graduation no field was open to me, though I stood well up near the head of my class, whereas most of my mates were refusing surplus calls.

My ingrained uncongeniality has gone on playing havoc with me. I have not been popular with my ministerial brethren. The atmosphere is one of cold respect, or an attempt at brotherhood among the conscientious. This is sadly in contrast with the atmosphere of my congregations, where I have always had and have any number of warm personal friends. But ministers have not passed on to me timely news of pulpits about to be vacant, nor have they got me calls. Calls are frequently in the reach of the minister with many ministerial friends. It is even a fact that strong recommendations can foist a mediocre man into a large pulpit. Any minister retiring in good standing from a pulpit can usually so introduce a friend that, with fair ability, the newcomer will immediately be called. I was once helped thus to a delightful field. The candidate with fair ability, backed by strong ministerial friends and heard early, before a congregation's power of choice is palsied, has an advantage that is almost conclusive. While my ministerial standing is of the best, I suffer from want of friends. "I have no friend, when the water is troubled, to put me into the pool, but while I am coming another steppeth down before me."

I must warn young people of all professions against uncongeniality. Don't say you can't help it, nor pride yourself on your exceptionally strong individuality. It is bad enough to lose material successes through want of friends. But I have also suffered loneliness that has a worse effect. A dismal habit grew upon me. It so possessed me that, when a witty classmate in college dubbed me "much-enduring Ulysses," I enjoyed the fitness of the *mot* as much as anyone. I don't blame ministers for preferring sunshine to me.

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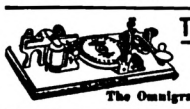

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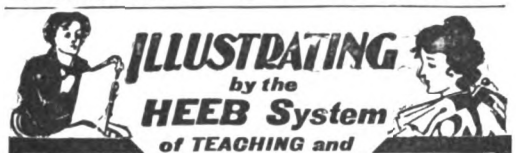

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neither, I move in ministerial meetings in the frigid zone. Given nothing to do, I do it and grow rusty. There is lack of stimulus to read the best books and keep up with the advances in my profession. I cease to study and seek anodynes in lesser or other intellectual pursuits. This is another cause of failure.

After laboring in the ministry for some time, it became evident that I could get a larger field only by becoming conspicuously too large for the place I occupied. I must climb the precipice by sheer ability. I pause to remark that, while this is the ideal way of rising to larger opportunity in the ministry, in the army, and in many other professions, it is not the sole method; but this everybody knows. The ability necessary I did not have, as the reader perceives. There remained one potency.

"The very head and front of my offending" is this,—I have persisted in the sin of the sons of Zebedee. I have desired ten cities to rule over, but have developed only two talents. I have thought more of other pulpits than of having power in those I held. Flowers, not soil, roots, stem and leaves have been my care. I have not kept immersed in the Bible. My heart has not been in it. Literature about the Bible has supplanted study of the Book itself. My soul life has not been in its atmosphere. It is a tribute to the potency of the Word that what little of it seeped through me has yet given me what would be called average success in small fields.

I have failed in being a man of influence because of selfish ambition. When I have felt nettled at being atomic among the brethren, I should have asked myself, "Why should it occur to me that I am ignored? Why not be glad to let others serve, preach the presbyterial sermons, deliver the addresses, read the essays, and amuse with postprandial chestnuts, while I profit withal and use my leisure for better work?" With such an ambition I should have tapped the secret springs of spiritual power. I should have been able to move people where now I can only tickle them. This was the secret of Dwight L. Moody's success.

Selfish ambition in my profession is the taproot of mediocrity. It does not prevent a minister of good ability from securing a large pulpit, but it is fatal to the hopes of mediocrity.

Swelling the Unsuccessful Ranks

A GREAT many men have been left behind because of their listlessness, their easy-going ways. They were too slow. Opportunities would not wait for them. They would have taken advantage of them, would have succeeded, if the chance had not hurried by so fast. If the opportunities had tarried a while, had given them a chance to look them over and consult their friends, or if they had only come back, these gentle people would now be on the heights instead of looking wistfully up from the foot of the mountain. But alas! opportunities never return, and he who is not ready to seize them, as they flit onward, will have only regrets for his portion.

But of the great host which every year goes to swell the ranks of the unsuccessful, thousands have been side-tracked through no fault of their own, and for these one can have no other feeling than that of deepest sympathy. Many a brave, hard-working man has been driven to the wall because of an environment in which even a Webster or a Wanamaker could not have succeeded. Business men often side-track themselves by getting out of the line of traffic. No matter how hard people work under such circumstances, no matter how unflagging their energy and ambition, they cannot bend their environment to their will. In such places they cannot create the conditions of success. Others are forced out of the race by sharp competition, backed by unlimited capital, against which they are powerless to struggle. Many unfortunate ones, crushed by early trials, or disappointed in their affections, lose courage and slip off the track, careless of the future and indifferent to their own fate.

But growth is the divine law of life, and even for those who have recklessly squandered their youth and wasted their opportunities,—for all who have been side-tracked, through whatever cause, the law still holds. "The only duty of life," says David Swing, "is to lessen every vice and enlarge every virtue." The day is not yet done; the light still shines on the mountain tops; and, if the discouraged wayfarer will only look upward, turn his face toward that light, and bravely take up the duties at hand, he may, to a large extent, redeem his past.

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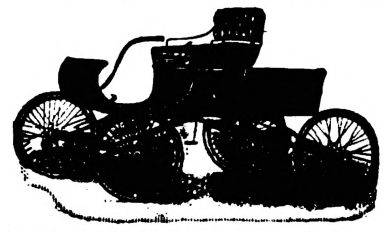

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The Villain in the Nursery*

LA TOUCHE HANCOCK

IF one were to venture the opinion that Mother Goose, the mythical authoress of the time-worn nursery ballads, had a mind teeming with dishonesty, cruelty, vulgarity, murder, and most kinds of villainy, the children of Christendom would rise in a body and mob the accuser. The parents, doubtless, would also pooh-pooh the idea, without considering the truth of the statement. Whoever Mother Goose was,—and there are many theories, the most probable of which is that she was a conglomeration of old women, who sang to their children, and their children's children, the first thing that came into their heads, regardless of rhythm or meter,—certain it is that a more hideous collection of pernicious jingles has never been published. One cannot think that there was any direct intention to inoculate the minds of the little ones with such wanton ideas, but the fact remains that, with few exceptions, the rhymes and stories most highly appreciated by the past and present generations of children are entirely opposed to every right and proper sentiment. Furthermore, the pictures that illustrate the productions have a tendency to increase the intensity of the tragedies. The "Mother Goose" alphabet begins with a description of an act which is unsportsmanlike, to say the least, and, withal, monstrously cruel,—"A was an archer, who shot at a frog!"

This is, no doubt, supposed to convey a suggestion of fun, which an ordinary child would at once seize upon, and probably imitate, when a chance might offer. The drawing, which in some cases accompanies the lesson, portrays an unfortunate frog transfixed with an arrow, and in dying agony, with its eyes turned toward the sky! This is meant to keep the little ones out of mischief, and give them something on which to ponder.

The moral of good King Arthur, who, tradition says, was an example of uprightness, shows distinctly that it was, and is, *cæteris paribus*, the acme of royal instinct to steal food to satisfy a regal gluttony. Notice, further, when reading the rhyme, that the queen joins him in what can only be designated as a gross act of theft, and that even the nobles follow suit. There is n't a word of explanation why the king, with all his vast culinary resources, should conduct himself in this criminal manner. On the contrary, it is explained that "he was a goodly king!"

Little Jack Horner, though he did not actually commit theft, was certainly an embodiment of gluttony, while for "Taffy, the Welshman," there is no possible excuse. "Tom, Tom, the piper's son," who stole a pig in a most unwarrantable manner, certainly meets with a just retribution; but this is a rare exception. In—

> "Butcher, butcher, kill a calf;
> Run away with the better half!"—

the slaughter of the calf may not amount to cruelty, but there is not the least doubt about the theft, while—

> "Little Dicky Dilver
> Had a wife of silver;
> He took a stick and broke her back,
> And gave her to the miller!
> The miller would n't have her,
> So he threw her in the river!"—

sets one to thinking why the little man with the alliterative name should have committed this cold-blooded murder. To all appearances, there must have been something wrong with the young woman, or else the miller would not have discarded so precious a gift, and his deed would never have been recorded in popular literature for children.

There seems to be an entire absence of purpose in the tale of "Joll McCrory," which runs:—

> "I 'll tell you a story about Joll McCrory:
> He went to the wood and shot a Tory!
> Then he went back and told his brother,
> And they went to the wood and shot another!"

Why politics should overcome the better nature is not explained. Perhaps that information is purposely left out for later years. There seems to be no reason why the whole Tory party should not meet the same fate at the hands of the rest of the family. As a really cheerful lullaby, none other can equal:—

> "Here comes a candle, to light you to bed!
> Here comes a chopper, to chop off your head!"—

and, when a child is thoroughly frightened by this vivid picture, what can better befit the occasion than a recital of the inquisitorial story of—

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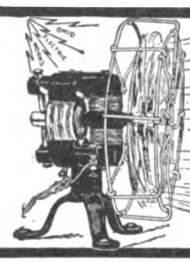

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"Money I want, money I crave,
If you do n't give me money, I'll sweep you to the grave!"—

highway robbery is suggested strikingly and in a most impudent manner. Likewise, there seems to be no satisfactory reason for the "Little man, who had a little gun," to shoot the duck through the "head, head, head," unless he was on a poaching expedition.

A tangent of incendiarism is seen in this advice given to the pretty lady-bird, that inadvertently lights on one's hand:—

"Lady-bird, lady-bird, fly away home,
Your house is on fire, your children alone!
They are all burnt but one!"

Had the insect enough understanding, it would undoubtedly hasten homeward without waiting to be blown away. An effective moral is certainly reached in—

"Bye, Baby Bumpkin! Whose 's Tony Lumpkin?
My lady 's on her death-bed
From eating half a pumpkin!"

A lack of sequence is to be noted, but it is quite natural for the lady in question to be very ill after such a gastronomic feat.

What the two birds mentioned have to do with the following rhyme is not evident:—

"The woodcock and the sparrow!
The little dog has burnt his tail,
And he must be hanged to-morrow!"—

nor is there any excuse offered for the prospective execution of the little dog. It is only natural to suppose that he did not burn his tail on purpose.

"Little John Jig Jag rode on a prancing nag,
And went to Wigan to woo!
When he came to a beck,
He fell and broke his neck!
Johnny, how dost thou now?"

In this, there is a sarcastic commiseration which seems to hide a sense of delight at the mishap of the knight-errant, and which would be accounted for if his name was any criterion.

In olden times it would seem that poultry were invariably shot, instead of having their necks wrung, or heads chopped off; for, in addition to the "Little man with the gun," we read:—

"'Where are you going?' said Robin to Bobbin.
'Where are you going?' said Richard to Robin.
'To shoot an old hen,' said Robin to Bobbin."

This deed will surely take its place in the records of heroism.

The answer to the question, "Who killed Cock Robin?" is, to say the least, absolutely barefaced. The boasting sparrow does not receive any punishment. Oh, no! Nor is there any justice in the whole narrative. Cock Robin lies on his back, with his legs pointing up, while all the birds chant a dead march, and the sparrow merrily chirps on a near-by tree!

For being a good servant, and excellent watch-dog, this sharp little animal is thought worthy of a felon's fate. Surely, this is monstrous:—

"Barnaby Bright was a sharp little cur,—
He would always bark, if a mouse did but stir;
But now he 's grown old, and can no longer bark,
He 's condemned by the parson to be hanged by the clerk."

The condemnation by the man who is supposed to have the most Christian feeling in the neighborhood is emphasized.

Poverty and death are charmingly combined in—

"Snail, snail, shoot out your horns!
Father and mother are dead!
Brother and sister are in the back yard
Begging for daily bread."

Passing over the stupidity of "Where are you going, my pretty maid?" we come to a series of



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rhymes, all of which are unseemly, and some abhorrent in their nature. For instance,—

"She invited me to her own house,
Where I 've often been before,
And she tumbled me into the hog-tub,
And I 'll never go there any more."

Probably the young woman had grown tired of the importunities of her lover, and thought the best way to get rid of him was to make him ridiculous in the eyes of his associates. One can readily understand his promise not to make another visit. In the contrary sense, the youth, or maiden—the sex of the speaker not being mentioned,—who said—

"If you 'll consent to marry me now,
I 'll feed you as fat as my grandfather's sow!"—

considered that an appeal to the gustatory senses of his, or her, sweetheart would bring about the desired union. If candy had been the bribe, and the word "sow" omitted, it might be easily understood that a young woman would at once have capitulated.

Two rhymes from Scotland, which are not infrequently heard in the nursery, will be sufficient to illustrate the sunny wit of the land of cakes. The first, which begins,—

"My father me slew!
My father me ate!"—

no doubt contains a hidden meaning; but there cannot be any possible doubt about the following, which is too horrible to quote at length:—

"I sat wi' my love, and I drank wi' my love,
And my love she gave me a licht!"

This is a riddle, and the solution is as follows: I sat in a chair made of my sweetheart's bones! I drank out of her skull, and was lighted by a candle made of her fat!

The impudence of a young woman who has first refused a suitor, and then, hearing he is rich, meekly makes her apologies with—

"Oh, sir, I 'll accept the keys of your chest,
And count your gold and silver when you are at rest!"—

is almost charming in its *naïveté*, while the mere statement of—

"There was a lady loved a hog, etc.,"—

must be charitably dismissed on account of its utter improbability and vulgarity. Then comes another jingle, running thus:—

"The white dove sat on the castle wall;
I bend my bow, and shoot her I shall!"

The idea of teaching a child to shoot such a bird as the dove is absolutely inexcusable. Here is a case of wanton homicide:—

"Tit-tat-toe! My first go!
Three jolly butcher boys all in a row!
Stick one up! Stick one down!
Stick one in the old man's burying ground!"

Perhaps the climax of depravity is reached in this quatrain, which used to be widely quoted in the nursery, and sung, presumably, by refined mothers to their drowsy offspring:—

"When I went up a sandy hill,
I met a sandy boy, O!
I cut his throat! I drank his blood!
And left his skin a-hanging, O!"

Wales should not be left out, for it brings up the rear with a more than respectable rhyme, when compared with the foregoing. Some children agree to go to a wood to hunt for a wren. This is harmless enough,—but wait! A tragedy cannot be omitted, and so the *finale* relates:—

"'We will boil it for broth,' says Owen to Hugh!
'We will boil it for broth,' says Morgan to Pugh!
'We will boil it for broth,' says John Jones and son!
And they did,—and the broth drowned every one!"

The nursery fairy tales, too, cannot pass without condemnation. Take that delightful tale of "Little Red Riding Hood," absolutely marred by its *dénouement*. "Blue Beard," made more terrible by aid of abnormal illustrations, with its headless wives and bloodstained closet, is a monster of iniquity. "Jack, the Giant Killer," and "Jack and the Beanstalk," are full of murder,—maybe it is justifiable slaughter; but the element of truculent slaying is always to the fore. Certainly, these two tales are of French origin, though we cannot be ungenerous on that account, for we are also indebted to our friends over the water for those charming tales of "Cinderella," "Puss in Boots," "The White Cat," and others.

There is, however, one redeeming feature amidst all this seething mass of crime, this flood of nursery literature, personified in Hans Christian Andersen. For beautiful morals, for nobleness of thought, his stories cannot be surpassed.

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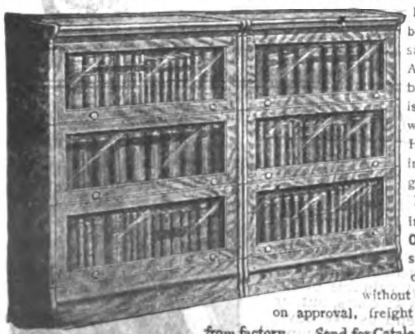

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SHOULD WIVES WORK?

Award of the Prize Contest

IN the September SUCCESS there appeared an article by Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Gilman, entitled, "Should Wives Work?" It was a strong, interesting statement of a broad, diversified subject, and, in order to secure the general trend of opinion among women on this matter, SUCCESS offered a prize of twenty-five dollars to the woman who would write the best reply to Mrs. Gilman, stating the most cogent reasons why a wife should or should not work. Thousands of replies were received from all parts of the world,—several even from far-away China. The reading of these articles required a great deal of care and time, and, while many were excellent, the one written by Miss Effie S. Black, 313 North Detroit Street, Kenton, Ohio, was declared the best, and Miss Black will receive the prize money.

Miss Black's article is published in full herewith. We regret that we cannot possibly publish other manuscripts that won praise, but we wish to thank our many women readers for the great interest they took in this contest. Among the papers marked for honorable mention were those written by the following:—

Mrs. William H. McGwinn, Carterville, Missouri; Mrs. H. Schulze, Comfort, Kendal County, Texas; N. A. H., Blair, Nebraska; Louise Castle Walbridge, Russell, Kansas; Elsie Janet French, 607 West Sixty-seventh Street, Chicago, Illinois; Mrs. A. H. Bigney, Greenville, Maine; May A. Woodruff, Oconomowoc, Wisconsin; Beatrice Hopson, Conconully, Washington; Dr. Elizabeth Mattoon Clark, 1411 North Eighteenth Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania; Mrs. S. S. Brown, 141 Truslow Street, Charleston, West Virginia; Winifred Norris, 1046 Asbury Avenue, Evanston, Illinois; Laura P. Trumbell Spinner, Overbrook, Pennsylvania; Mrs. N. J. Campbell, Renfrow, Oklahoma; Jessie Smith, Jeannette, Pennsylvania; Ida Louise Beardsley, Manson, North Carolina; Kathryn T. Farrow, White Haven, Shelby County, Tennessee; Zaidee Beardsley, Odessa, Delaware; Ella M. Crowell, Harrington, Washington; Mrs. Katharine Darwin, Whatcom, Washington; Emily G. W. Rowe, 529 East Exchange Street, Akron, Ohio; Mrs. G. A. Andrews, Lyons, Wayne County, New York; Maia Pettus, Elkmont, Alabama; Mrs. Annie Rodd, Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, Canada; Mrs. Maude C. Murray-Miller, 740 East High Street, Springfield, Ohio; Miss Grace Dolan, Atlanta, Georgia; Sylvia Bliss, 6350 Jackson Avenue, Chicago, Illinois; Elizabeth Warfield, San Diego, California; Jeannette Miller, 308 Odd Fellows Building, Springfield, Illinois; Mattye Reid, Routt, Kentucky; Mrs. Pauline B. Radcliffe, 1517 East Hoffman Street, Baltimore, Maryland; Mrs. F. L. Sharpe, Jacksonville, Illinois; Mrs. E. H. Glatfelter, Central City, Nebraska; Mary Abarr, Long Beach, Mississippi; Mrs. Clara E. B. Perry, 15 Morey Street, Attleboro, Massachusetts; Mrs. E. A. Hill, Orange City, Florida; Amy Oswald, Springfield, Ohio; Mrs. M. J. Neely, Linden, Iowa; Mrs. G. A. Tyler, 134 Homer Street, Cortland, New York; Mrs. R. G. Mitchell, Jr., Blackshear, Georgia; Martha Elizabeth Hoyt, Ironsides, Charles County, Maryland; Elizabeth Maclean Peplow, Winnipeg, Manitoba; Virginia L. Coates, Newman, Georgia; Mrs. A. R. Tufts, 2444 Evanston Avenue, Evanston, Illinois; Ora Wood, Gonzales, Texas; Bessie Jane Howarth, Fairbury, Illinois; Alice Sloan, Cotton Point, Arkansas; Lavon C. Cheney, 167 Twenty-eighth Street, Milwaukee, Wisconsin; Sarah W. Streeter, 14 Scio Street, Rochester, New York; Florence E. Pratt, 80 West Ninety-second Street, New York City; Mrs. Ida Earle Fowler, 108 Jesup Avenue, Hopkinsville, Kentucky; Mrs. Elsie M. Licht, 1920 South Auburn Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio; Mrs. Richmond Farnsworth, Bedford Place, London, England; Conie Bear Mason, Roswell, New Mexico; Cornelia L. Loyd, 228 A Street, S. E., Washington, D. C.; Mrs. Georgia Stenger, 279 Corinth Street, Dallas, Texas; Mrs. Saidee Gerard Bugbee, 733 Bush Street, San Francisco, California; Mrs. Dora F. Kerr, Phœnix, British Columbia; Mrs. Effie M. Tinker, Lapeer, Michigan; Mrs. Marian Atherton, 450 Madison Street, Brooklyn, New York; Mrs. W. S. Wimbish, 911 Thirteenth Street, Birmingham, Alabama; Nannie Remey Cotton, Highland Park College, Des Moines, Iowa.

▲ ▲

THE PRIZE ARTICLE

Should Wives Work?

EFFIE S. BLACK

IF housework and the care of children constitute home, then the substitution of family hotels, boarding houses and competent nurses might afford sufficient reason for wives to enter professional or business careers, but every woman who follows a profession or engages in business makes it more difficult for some man to provide the necessaries for an invalid wife, an aged mother, helpless children, or whoever may be dependent upon him.

Business sense is a convenience, but not an essential, to marital happiness. Any woman who would be successful in business will evidence and develop a fine business sense in her home. In a successful partnership of any nature, a certain dependence upon each other must exist,—no less so in the "common existence" marriage. If a husband and a wife were both absorbed in business, they would be wholly independent of each other

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in regard to their home. Neither would be responsible for their home life, or for the rearing of their children. Half-hearted interest in home and business would mean failure in both.

Domestic virtue and tact are rare, and as beautiful as they are priceless. The woman who has health, beauty, and real womanliness, linked with intelligence, is sure to be trained, even skilled, in some direction; and she who is trained to govern a home, and is skilled in the rearing of children to be noble men and women, has a field for feeling and action greater than that of any profession or craft. Such women are truly charming. They may be born to public life, but they do not choose it, and they are as famous for domestic virtues as for public service, as was Queen Louise of Prussia. Charming women have brightened every path of life, but one scarcely thinks of Cleopatra, Mary, Queen of Scots, Nell Gwynne, and others, as examples of felicitous marriage.

"Love goes where it is sent" is as true a saying as "marriage is a lottery." Until professional men select their mates more wisely than others do, why conclude that professional women would choose right? Professional training may do much, but it does not change the disposition. Rose-colored spectacles and dark blue atmospheres are matters of temperament, and not of higher education.

Should wives work? By all means. Work is the key to health and happiness. A successful wife and mother cannot evade it, nor can she find time to follow another calling for a livelihood without sacrificing the better part. When a daughter arrives at the time of life when she feels no need of advice, restraint, or any guiding hand, when a son reaches that period when no one loves him but his mother, no thought can be too deep, no attention too great to give them. The mother is the naturally appointed committee on ways and means for them. If she were absorbed in business or a profession, she would have little time to untangle and adjust the knotty threads of the golden skein of life.

Imagine a mother, at such a time, practicing medicine or law for relaxation or pelf! Let us not overestimate gold, let us not put too high a premium on higher education, but let us study more the laws of adaptation and specialized work in our homes.

Should wives work? Yes, but for something better than gold: work for better homes, nobler manhood and womanhood, higher ideals, purer thoughts, holier living, and all that can make our country—yes, and the whole world,—better for our having lived,—

' For 'tis plain
We may not pass this way again."

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Articles must not exceed six hundred words. Whenever possible, manuscripts should be typewritten. When this is not possible, they must be written in ink, in a clear, legible hand, on one side of the paper only. The full name and address of the writer should be clearly written on the upper left hand corner of the first page of the manuscript. No manuscripts mailed later than October 19 will be considered. The award of prizes will be announced in the January, 1903, issue of SUCCESS. Address, Domestic Problem Editor, SUCCESS, University Building, New York City.

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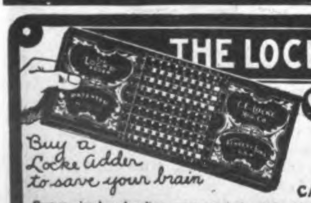

LITTLE HEROISMS

SEVERAL months ago, SUCCESS asked its readers to send short stories of little heroisms,—stories of the valorous deeds of unknown people that are worthy of recognition. A gratifying response followed our request, and we have received some remarkable instances of heroism. Those which we are able to use we will pay for at our regular rates, and we will publish them from month to month. SUCCESS asks its many readers all over the world to act as its representatives to secure these true stories of courage, sacrifice, and bravery.

An Opportunity Lost

JAMES N. SPAWN
No. 8 Avon Avenue, Newark, New Jersey

It was a little Italian boy who was tending a peanut stand that grasped it, and proved to me that I had lost an opportunity to do a kind act.

A blind man was walking along a street, feeling his way with a cane. As he came to a crossing, he stopped and seemed afraid to go further. After passing by him, I turned to see what he would do. Just then the Italian boy saw him. Without a moment's hesitation, the boy left his stand, ran to the blind man, locked arms with him, as much as to say, "Come, I'll help you across." Instantly the man gave himself up with confidence to the little boy's guidance. When he had taken the blind man across, he returned to his stand and continued selling peanuts as if nothing had happened. So an opportunity was lost and a lesson taught.

▲ ▲

True Friendship

JAMES W. WEIR
Elkins, West Virginia

Practical humanity was never better illustrated than after an accident which happened recently in a steam laundry. A girl about eighteen years old stood near a rapidly revolving belt. Suddenly, part of her hair became entangled in the belt. A friend standing close to her grabbed her, but she was saved only at the cost of her scalp. She was taken home, and it was found that the skin as far down as her ears and eyes had been completely torn away. The physicians asked if any one would volunteer to part with his or her cuticle. The response was noble. Between fifteen and twenty young women submitted to having a small particle of cuticle taken from them and engrafted on the suffering girl. Now that she is almost well, her friends are gathered about, willing to part with more cuticle if necessary. She speaks with tears in her eyes of her gratitude.

▲ ▲

He Lost His Life For a Dog

FOSTER F. V. STAPLES
No. 520 Second Street, Portsmouth, Virginia

This hero was a negro boy. On the last day of his life, he was driving a delivery wagon for a grocer. The grocer's pet dog was following the wagon, and, as it was crossing Union Bridge, in some way the dog fell into the water. What motive urged the boy to attempt to rescue it, we have no means of knowing. Perhaps he loved the dog; probably he feared his employer would hold him responsible for its death, and would discharge him. However, he tried to save the dog. He left the wagon and leaned over the bridge. He stretched his arm to reach the dog. He made a heroic struggle to rescue the struggling animal whining piteously at him, but he reached too far, and fell into the water. The tide was swift and it carried him under the bridge. Before help could come, he was drowned. Doctors tried in vain to save his life. He died for a dog. The dog was saved,—how, nobody knows.

▲ ▲

His Family Came First

HOWARD WAYNE SMITH
No. 1326 Morris Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

It was the morning after a funeral. The dread angel of death had summoned a stalwart man, loving husband, and devoted father. His widow was discussing her future, and that future was a problem with four children, three under eighteen, to look after, and no reserve fund on which to draw. The talk had not gone far when the eighteen-year-old boy went to his mother's side, and, taking her hand, said: "Mother dear, we won't move into a smaller house; we will stay here and all keep together." They did. That boy toiled at his work and thought only of keeping his home intact. A year later, by his efforts, his invalid and dependent grandparents were taken into the household. The others of the family helped some, but soon the youngest sister became a hopeless invalid and the other brother married. Seven years have passed; the young man is still the support of the family, with never a thought of himself, but only of his mother and his sisters.

▲ ▲

The Heroism of an Old Man

MARIAN MERRIMAN
No. 800 Goodwin Street, Peoria, Illinois

Every man is worth just as much as the things are worth about which he busies himself.—MARCUS AURELIUS.

It is evident that John Cowen has not been successful in worldly affairs. Perhaps he considers his life a failure, for, at the age of seventy-eight years, friendless and feeble, he is an inmate of the Peoria County Poor Farm. Yet, when I tell you of one unselfish, courageous act of his, I think you will agree that he is a hero.

One morning in August, John Cowen was wandering about the grounds, when he noticed two small boys busily engaged in picking up coal along the track of the Northwestern Railroad Company, which runs alongside the farm. The boys were so engrossed in their occupation that they neither saw nor heard an approaching train. I think the engineer could hardly have seen them, for they were small boys and were in a stooping position. Old John Cowen saw their danger and called to them, but his feeble voice could not be heard. Summoning all his strength, he ran



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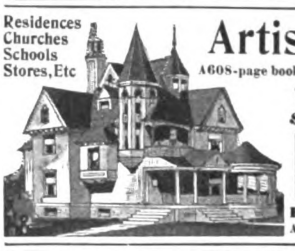

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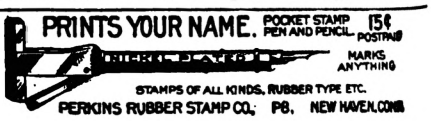

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toward the track. It was hard work; his breath came short, and his stiff legs obeyed but tardily the mandate of his kindly spirit. But he did not falter until he had reached the little boys. He pushed them out of harm's way, just in time. Then he was too tired to save himself, and he fell just in front of the locomotive, which threw him aside as carelessly as if the life-breath of a hero was no more to it than the idle wind.

Some men ran to aid him. They lifted his crushed form gently and tenderly. His heart was still beating, but feebly. They feared he would die on the way to the cottage hospital. The surgeons who examined him found that his right hip was fractured, four ribs were broken, his foot mashed, his ankle crushed, and his head bruised and bleeding. Yet the old hero is still alive and has a fighting chance to recover, though he will be a cripple if he does. But, whether he lives or dies, John Cowen is a hero.

▲ ▲

Rare Presence of Mind

FRANK DOLFINGER KRAFT

No. 250 Cherry Street, New Albany, Indiana

Carl Gueldig, a small boy, about eight years old, of New Albany, Indiana, is a hero for having saved a young man from drowning, at the risk of his own life. One day last winter, a large crowd was attracted to a pond by cries for help. George Wilson had attempted to skate upon a crust of ice. Alone, he ventured upon the ice, the remainder of his party being afraid. When he was in the middle of the pond, the ice broke and young Wilson fell through.

Vain were the attempts made to throw him a rope, the ice being too thin to warrant any one to venture upon it. After being in the icy water for over an hour, the young man was almost exhausted, and the crowd of spectators began to abandon hope, when Carl Gueldig pushed through. Throwing aside his hat and coat, he caught the end of the rope, and began to crawl toward Wilson, the ice wavering as if it would break. When within about ten feet of the hole, Gueldig pushed the rope inch by inch forward until within reach of Wilson. He then turned and crawled to the bank, amid a volley of cheers. As soon as he was safe, Wilson was drawn to the shore by eager hands.

▲ ▲

She Remembered Her Mother

L. S. WHITE

No. 67 When Building, Indianapolis, Indiana

It is my fortune to know a girl who belongs to the heroic silent. Her lot is not to save a life directly, nor has she the applause of the public. She lives without adulation, as bright as the sun's rays, and gleaning all the pleasure possible under the circumstances.

Being possessed of a naturally sweet, rich voice, it has been her ambition to have it cultivated. To do this required the earning of money, which she cheerfully set about. As she is an apt tailoress, positions came to her and also most of the hard work in the shop.

Not long ago, she was offered a position in the neighboring city of K——. The work would be pleasant and remunerative. It had long been her desire to obtain lighter employment, in this same city. Here were many girl friends, and all the pleasures of a city. But her mother's health failed. She was threatened with a long and serious illness. So the daughter, after a consultation with her father and two younger brothers, wrote back, declining the proffered position, and returned again to the tailor shop, assuming in connection a good share of the household duties. Furthermor her mother is never to know of this sacrifice.

❦ ❦

LIMITATION

Ida Goldsmith Morris

Not mine the nightingale's rare gift of song
To whose rich notes the world's loud plaudit rings,
Not mine the power to thrill the listening throng
And wake men's souls to dreams of nobler things;
Yet, if, perchance, my feeble strain be heard
By one who hails it ere its force is spent,
If, by its echoes, one sad heart is stirred,
Not all in vain my toil!—I am content.

Not mine the sparkling fountain, at whose brink
The world may seek new impulse, day by day;
Rather a wayside well, where one may drink,
And with no further thought pass on his way:
Yet not in vain my bounty were bestowed,
Nor would I ask of Fortune aught beside.
If one tired traveler, on life's dusty road,
Pass on refreshed, I am well satisfied.

❦ ❦

Suggesting False Ideals

MANY a boy is seriously handicapped in life, especially if he is exceedingly bright, by being told too often by his parents and friends that he may become president of the United States.

There is nothing which stunts the growth, or cripples steady and persistent development more than being made dissatisfied with downright hard work, which, after all, is the great secret of achievement.

It is cruel to suggest false ideals, hopeless attainments, improbable success to a boy or a girl. It is cruel to make either chafe under the discipline and drill which alone can make achievement possible.

Many a youth has been handicapped in his struggle to get on, and kept from the goal he might have reached, by those who have made him dissatisfied with the ordinary routine of his daily work, by suggesting that his talents and his genius would enable him to win without drudgery.

"If you want to know what smartly dressed men will wear this Autumn and Winter, ask your clothier to show you Stein-Bloch Smart Clothes."

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that many well dressed men thought nothing but a made-to-measure Suit or Overcoat would fit them or wear as well as they'd expect. To-day very few of these men have their clothes made-to-measure---because they can buy

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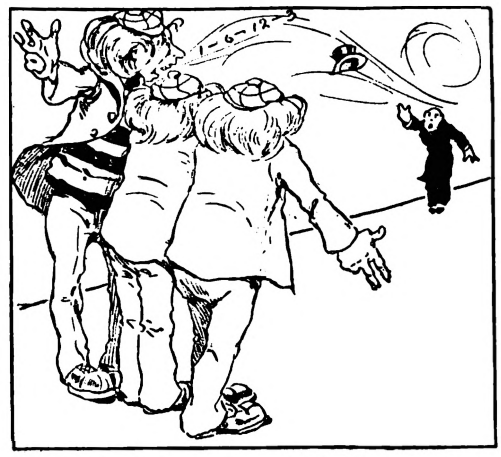
VULNERABLE

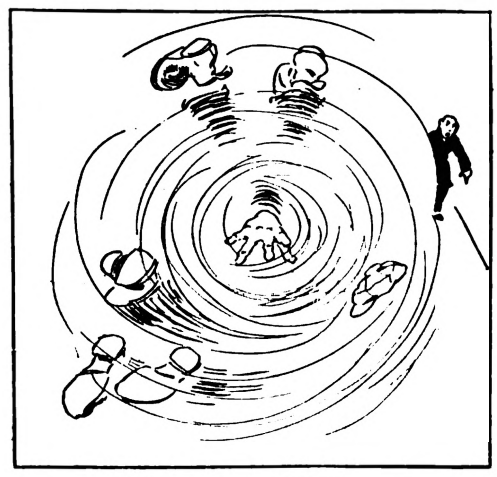
Susie M. Best

Many there be with strength to bear
Life's black misfortunes multiplied,
Who yet beneath success seem heir
To vain presumptuous pride.

How Professor Twig's Hat Was Returned



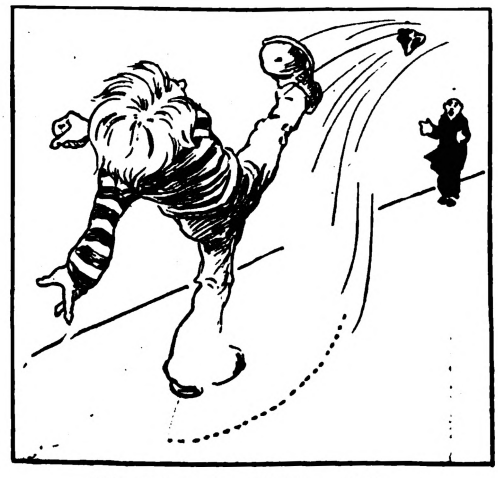
I.—Captain Rush gives the signal when the Professor's hat blows off.



II.—Bucking the center.



III.—Captain Rush makes a forty-five-yard run around the end.



IV.—Tries a drop kick from field—



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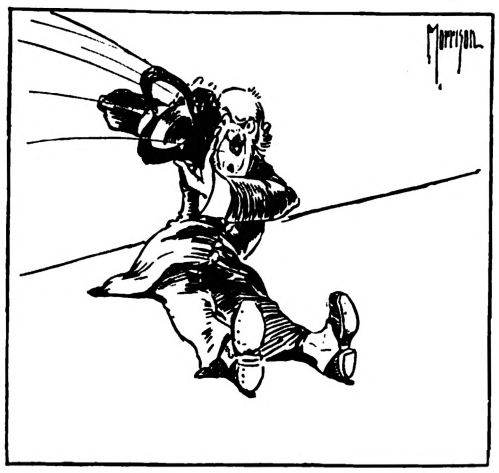

V.—And makes a goal.

The Tragedy of Postponed Enjoyment

THE only way to be happy is to take advantage of the little opportunities that come to us to brighten life as we go along. To postpone enjoyment day after day, and year after year, until we get more money or a better position, the means to travel or buy works of art, to build an elegant mansion, or to attain some distant goal of ambition, is to cheat ourselves not only of present enjoyment, but also of the power to enjoy in the future.

Speaking of looking forward to happiness, some one has aptly said: "I would as soon chase butterflies for a living or bottle moonshine for a cloudy night." Postponed enjoyment is always a failure. Many young married people, starting out with little capital, work like slaves for years, putting aside every opportunity for pleasure or relaxation, denying themselves the luxury of an occasional outing, attendance at a theater or concert, a trip to the country or the purchase of a coveted book, and postponing even their reading and general culture until they shall have more leisure and more money. Each year they promise themselves that by the following year they will be ready to take life easier, perhaps to indulge in a little travel. When the next year comes, however, they feel that they must economize a while longer. Thus they put off their enjoyment from year to year, scarcely realizing the import of the fact that each successive postponement causes less pain than the previous one.

At length the time comes when they decide that they can afford to indulge in a little pleasure. Perhaps they go abroad, or they try to enjoy music and works of art, or attempt to broaden their minds by reading and study. But it is too late. They have become hopelessly wedged into the rut the years have made for them. The freshness of life has departed. Enthusiasm has fled. The fire of ambition is dead. The long years of waiting have crushed the capacity to enjoy. The possessions for which they have sacrificed all their natural and healthy longings for joy and brightness have turned to Dead Sea fruits.

Such lives, which are repeated in thousands of homes all about us, are almost worthless. They contribute little to the sum of human happiness and progress. Such living is no real life: it is only existence.

Has life no higher meaning than to draw in the breath and blow it out again? Has it no broader significance than that indicated by the dollar mark, or by lands, houses, and a big bank account? Why did the Creator make us in His image, and put within us marvelous powers, if they are to be mocked, or allowed to die without development or satisfaction? If man is to live like a brute, why does he bear the human form, the impress of divinity?

Aspiration for enjoyment and longing for brightness and happiness were not implanted in us without a purpose. They were meant to play their part in our unfoldment, just as truly as ambition, desire for knowledge, or beauty, or virtue, or any of the other nobler qualities of mankind. As a rule, the man who cultivates a habit of enjoyment, who gladly avails himself of the opportunity each day offers to indulge in some innocent pleasure, to brighten and broaden his life by listening to good music, looking at rare works of art, studying the beauties of nature, or reading an inspiring book, will, unconsciously, find himself far ahead, in the race for success, of the one who postpones all his enjoyment and relaxation until he has accumulated a fortune.

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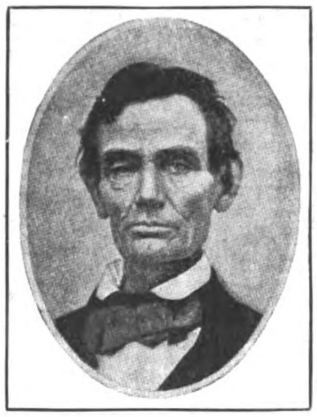

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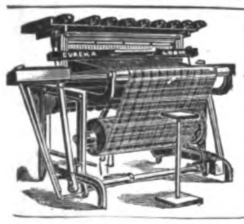

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How a Newsboy Became a Great Paper-Maker

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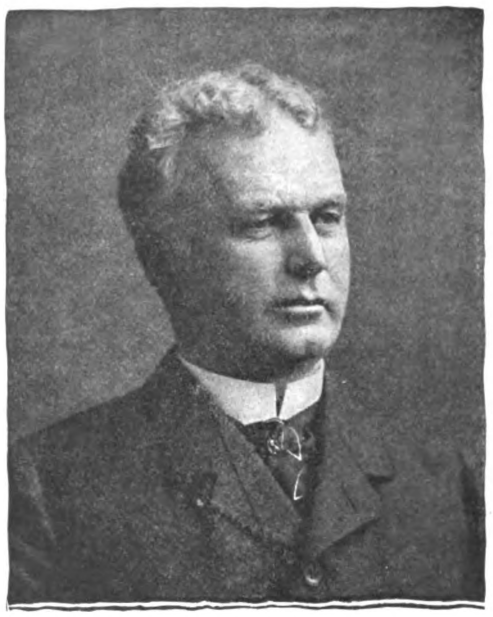

HUGH CHISHOLM

WHEN the North and the South went to war, a curly-headed, square-jawed young Scotch-Canadian was selling papers on the Grand Trunk railway trains running out of Toronto. He was a poor but determined lad, and the railroad men liked to pat him on the back and tell him that some day he would be a great man.

"Yes, sir, I intend to be a great man," he would answer, sturdily.

News of the war across the border was eagerly sought. England's attitude toward the Confederate States was in doubt. Canadians knew not when they might be drawn into the conflict, and everyone wanted the latest news. The young train newsboy prospered. Oftentimes, when the papers brought the news of great conflicts,—victories and disasters,—the lad held his wares at a premium. He watched his "market" with Scotch shrewdness. His daily profits he laid aside. At first they were small, but he knew that, if he could make them a little larger each day, he might some day have a railway of his own. In the evening he went to a commercial school to learn the principles that, at a future time, he intended to apply to a great business.

By frugality and self-sacrifice, he saved enough of his earnings to hire other boys to sell papers for him. He obtained from the railroad company the exclusive right to sell newspapers on the division east of Toronto. This was his first "combination." His profits kept increasing, and he constantly pushed his business into new territory. The war ended, but the appetite for the world's news, "fresh from the press," had been formed, and the young newsdealer, no longer a newsboy, kept enlarging his business. Steadily eastward to Montreal, and then into Maine, he acquired the Grand Trunk Railway news routes. Before he was twenty-five years old, he had news routes over four thousand miles of railway, and he had two hundred and fifty young men on his pay roll.

Where Would Paper Come From?

He might have been content with that business, but he wanted always to reinvest his profits. Going to Portland to manage his business, he became interested in publishing literature for sale on the trains. He had taken his brothers into partnership with him, and he sold to them his interests in Canada, taking New England for his field. What money he had, he had made in the sale of newspapers. He saw that, in this rapidly developing country, there would be great strides in the newspaper business, and that journals would be published that would use white paper as the furnaces of a steamship consume coal.

But where would all the paper come from? The art of making paper from wood pulp was just then beginning to be practiced. The young newsman was convinced that paper made from timber in the forests would be the paper to feed the printing presses of the future. He would engage in the wood-pulp business. That was about twenty-five years ago. The name of Hugh Chisholm was becoming known in Portland as that of a sturdy,

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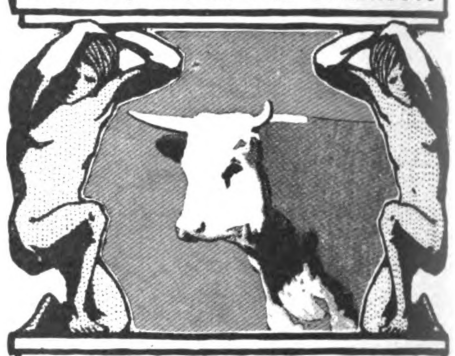

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self-reliant, courageous, and thrifty young man. He had no difficulty in interesting others to invest capital in the wood-pulp business, and he handled it just as energetically as he had the sale of newspapers in Toronto.

Going every summer into the Maine woods to spend his vacation, he saw there the marvelous possibilities in the utilization of the power of the mountain streams. One summer, his love of the woods took him to Rumford Falls, on the upper reaches of the Androscoggin River.

"Here," he said to a companion, "there is enough power going to waste to run a great manufacturing city, with miles of virgin forest lands to supply pulp mills; but what good is it away up here, far from any railway?"

"Why don't you build a railway down to the sea?" laughingly asked his companion.

"Oh, I am going to do so some day," replied the young pulp-maker, "and I'll ship my pulp and paper to Portland over my own road."

Mr. Chisholm needed no engineer's advice to convince him that capital invested in developing Rumford Falls would yield rich returns. Already he had established, lower down the river, the Umbagog pulp mill at Livermore Falls, and the Otis mill at Otis Falls. He began buying forest land along the shores of the Androscoggin, for a mile on either side of Rumford Falls. It was a wilderness, then, two or three log cabins in a clearing being the only signs of civilization. But the pulp-maker was looking far into the future. Meanwhile, the valuable process of making sulphite pulp and mixing it with ground wood pulp, thus producing a perfect stock for news paper, without the use of rags, had become known, the first sulphite pulp having been made in Providence, Rhode Island. Young Chisholm kept abreast of all discoveries and inventions in his field, and in a short time he was making sulphite pulp.

The Revolution of a Few Huts

Steadily he acquired the valuable timber lands bordering on the Androscoggin River and the water rights at Rumford Falls. But he had to have transportation to the sea. There was a moribund little railway there which he bought. Then he organized a power company and began building dams and digging canals that he might control the great energy going to waste hour after hour. Building pulp mills, sulphite mills and paper mills followed, and he advised Portland capitalists to locate industries at Rumford Falls. In 1890, when the power company began operations, Rumford Falls consisted of a clearing, four log cabins, and prospects. Two years later, when Chisholm's first railway train came from Portland, the Falls had more than three thousand industrious inhabitants, and Portland people began to marvel at the young newsman who was making an industrial town in the wilderness and supplying paper to the greedy printing presses in Park Row, New York City.

Hugh Chisholm became a man of more than ordinary importance in Maine. Portland capital was at his command. In Boston and New York, the Maine paper-maker was recognized as an unusually capable man,—one able to grasp a situation, see into the future, organize and direct, and lead men. With infinite capacity for general executive work, he combined a mastery of details. He was ready to determine, at a moment's notice, the proper location for a new pulp mill, the price of paper in New York, or the weight of new rolling stock on his railway. He possessed, in a remarkable degree, the power of concentration.

Meanwhile, the newspapers of the metropolis were rapidly increasing in circulation, and editions of many pages (sometimes more than one hundred,) were the rule. The consumption of white paper was enormous. Mr. Chisholm saw that white paper was just as good an article of commerce as pig iron, or wheat, or coffee. He controlled the Maine output of news paper, but there were rival mills in other parts of New England and in the Adirondacks. If he would command the market for his product, he must control these rival mills. He devised a plan of consolidation, and four years ago the Chisholm properties and a score of other mills in New England, New York, and Canada were united.

So the boy of two score years ago, who sold newspapers in Toronto, is the man who has brought into existence a company making paper for nearly all the newspapers of America. One New York newspaper buys six thousand dollars' worth of white paper a day. The output of the mills is more than one thousand, five hundred tons a day, and is increasing rapidly.



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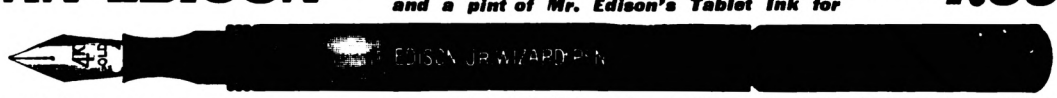

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1.—The name and address of the writer, and the number of words in the article should be written plainly at the top of the first sheet of the manuscript.

2.—No articles of more than five hundred words will be considered.

3.—Manuscripts must be written on only one side of the paper. If possible, the size of the paper should be five by eight inches.

4.—No manuscripts will be returned unless a stamped, addressed envelope is enclosed.

5.—All articles intended for this competition should be addressed to the Success Club Bureau, Washington Square, New York City.

6.—Articles intended for the November contest must reach this office on or before November 25. The announcement of the prize-winners will be made in SUCCESS for January, 1903.

Prizes to be Awarded

1.—A complete set of the Success Library, bound in half-morocco, will be given for the article judged to be the best.

2.—A copy of any one of Dr. O. S. Marden's books that the winner may choose will be given for the best article contributed from each state.

▲ ▲

Progress Prizes

IN order to encourage each Success Club to put forth its best efforts, Dr. Marden offers six sets of the half-morocco edition of the Success Library as prizes to the clubs making the best progress during the coming season, one prize being awarded to each class of clubs. Thus the church clubs will compete only against church clubs, and so on, the Success Club work being divided into the following special fields: church, Young Men's Christian Association, school, commercial, home, and amateur journalism.

The executive board of the League, which is composed of its officers, will be the judges in this contest. The regular reports of branch clubs to our Bureau will give the data on which their judgment will be rendered. The contest will close April 20, 1903, and prizes will be awarded as soon after that date as possible. General helpfulness to the community and to members, and the progress made in membership, programmes, and work, will be the standard for judging in the contest.

▲ ▲

A Thousand Clubs by New Year's Day

THIS is the slogan of everyone interested in the League, whether a member or not. Hundreds of SUCCESS readers who never expect to belong to a Success Club are enthusiastic over the possibilities of this movement. They are willing to lend encouragement to it and from them we have received many valuable suggestions. We appeal especially to these readers to assist us in our effort to bring the number of branches in our League up to the thousand-mark. We are now well past the five-hundred notch, and reports of new clubs are being received in encouraging numbers.

We are anxious to break all records of progress during the next few months. We have never before had so many splendid plans for club work, nor have we ever had such excellent facilities for looking after the interests of each club.

If you can give only a few moments of your time to aiding the Success Club cause, here is what you can do. You surely have several friends or

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acquaintances who would probably be interested in our League if they knew about it. Perhaps some of these already belong to a social, literary, debating, or other self-help society. So much the better if they do, as there are very few such societies that will not gladly affiliate with our League when they find that they may do so without changing their plans, and yet receive all of the privileges that can be had only in a large organization. So, if you will send a list of the names and addresses of those whom you think could be interested in our League, we will write a personal letter to each one, saying that we do so at your suggestion, and give full particulars about the League of Success Clubs, together with instructions for organizing and conducting branch clubs.

While we presume, of course, that most of you will do this because of the good that may come of your efforts, yet, to add interest to the matter, we will give ten autograph copies of a special, morocco-bound edition of "Pushing to the Front" to the ten persons who will send us lists of names from which clubs can be organized. We will keep a careful record of each list, and will award the ten prizes in the order of organization. Let it be understood that these prizes are not for those who organize the clubs; there are numerous other prizes for them. These prizes are for those who send in the lists.

A Success Club Camp



A row down the river



Breaking camp after a happy summer

ONE of the liveliest Success Clubs, that of the Jarvis Street Baptist Church, Toronto, Canada, carried success principles and club fellowship into a vacation outing this year. It established a Success Camp at Rosebank, on Lake Ontario, which proved the jolliest kind of a success. For two weeks, the members were free to come and go as they pleased. They paid seventy-five cents a day, or three dollars and fifty cents a week, for accommodations that included everything except bedding and personal toilet articles. An average of twenty guests made a number sufficient to enjoy the pleasure of boating, fishing, and bathing.

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THIS is the motto of our League. We have emphasized the "don't wait" part of it because that is very important just now. It is your opportunity to either organize a new club, or by your influence, to induce any literary, self-culture, or debating club to which you may belong to affiliate with our organization. The way to "make" this opportunity is to write at once to our Bureau, stating whether you want to organize a new club or affiliate an old one, and we will send you by return mail full particulars, describing in detail the purpose and plans of our League. If you are not convinced of the advantages of belonging to the League, write anyhow, for we believe that the booklets we send you will be convincing. If you want us to include the Success Club Year-Book with the printed matter sent you, enclose six cents in stamps when writing. Address the Success Club Bureau, University Building, Washington Square, New York City.

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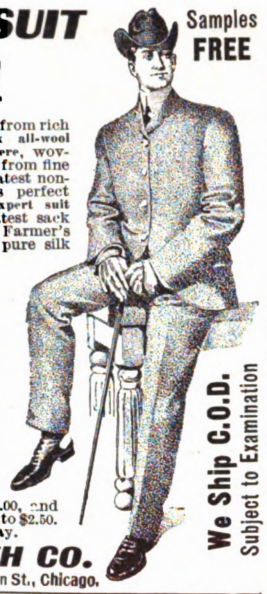

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THE SUCCESS CLUB BUREAU,
Room 805, University Building, New York City.

When Roosevelt Was a Boy

Rene Bache



Photographs copyrighted by Rene Bache

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S FATHER — THE PRESIDENT'S MOTHER — THEODORE ROOSEVELT, AGED 17 YEARS

NOBODY thought of calling Theodore Roosevelt "Teddy," when he was a boy. He was always known as "Tedie,"—pronounced as if written "Teedie." But several years before he went to Harvard, when he was about fifteen years old, his mother thought that it was high time that the baby name was replaced by something more dignified, and so it was decided, in family council, that he should be addressed as Theodore.

Unfortunately, family decisions of this kind are not always respected at school or college, and, when young Roosevelt became a freshman at Harvard, he was promptly dubbed "Teddy" by his classmates. The nickname stuck; he has been "Teddy" ever since to his intimates, and to-day he is more generally known under that title by seventy-six millions of people than by any other. There is every reason to believe that he enjoys the little informality, justly regarding it as a tribute to his popularity.

When he was nine years of age, young Roosevelt was taken abroad by his parents, and he made another trip with them to Europe not long afterwards, greatly enjoying a voyage up the Nile. At seventeen he entered Harvard, and promptly grew a pair of side-whiskers, of which it may reasonably be supposed that he was very proud. The side-whiskers resembled those of Pendennis, as pictured by Thackeray. It goes without saying that he soon became extremely popular at college, where he acquitted himself fairly well in his studies. Old classmates recall the fact that he had a passion for animals and that he collected many queer natural history specimens, which he kept in his room.

Mr. Roosevelt's father was a well-to-do, substantial citizen of New York, and belonged to one of the oldest families of the metropolis. He was in business with his brothers as a merchant. Later they became bankers. Theodore Roosevelt the elder, in December, 1853, married Martha Bulloch, a southern lady of distinguished family. They had four children,—two sons and two daughters.

Miss Bulloch was the daughter of Major James Stephens Bulloch, who was a grandson of Archibald Bulloch, the first governor of Georgia, and commander-in-chief of the forces of that colony in 1776. Her people had a dignified Colonial history on both sides of the family, in fact, and her home at Roswell, Cobb County, Georgia, was one of the stateliest mansions in that part of the country,—a noble residence built in the familiar southern style, with a great portico and pillars in front. To this house came the elder Theodore Roosevelt a-courting, and from it he bore away the fair Martha, then only eighteen years of age. Though she was forty-nine years old when she died, she preserved the youthfulness of her appearance to the last.



Anna Roosevelt when a baby, with her aunt, Mrs. Cowles — Corinne Roosevelt the President's sister, when a young lady

The four children born of this marriage were, in order of birth, Anna, Theodore, Elliott, and Corinne. Anna is the wife of Commander W. S. Cowles, of the United States Navy. Elliott, who died a few years ago, while yet a young man, looked a good deal like Theodore, but was darker and less robust. Corinne is Mrs. Douglas Robinson, Jr., and lives in New York City.

The Roosevelt family has always clung closely together. The president is extremely fond of his sisters, and his devotion to his children is exceptional.

On the whole, it is rather surprising that Theodore Roosevelt ever lived to grow up and become the President of the United States. He was an exceedingly delicate child, suffering such tortures with asthma, that on many occasions his father was obliged to harness his four-in-hand in the middle of the night, take the boy from his bed, and drive forty miles, in order that he might get his breath



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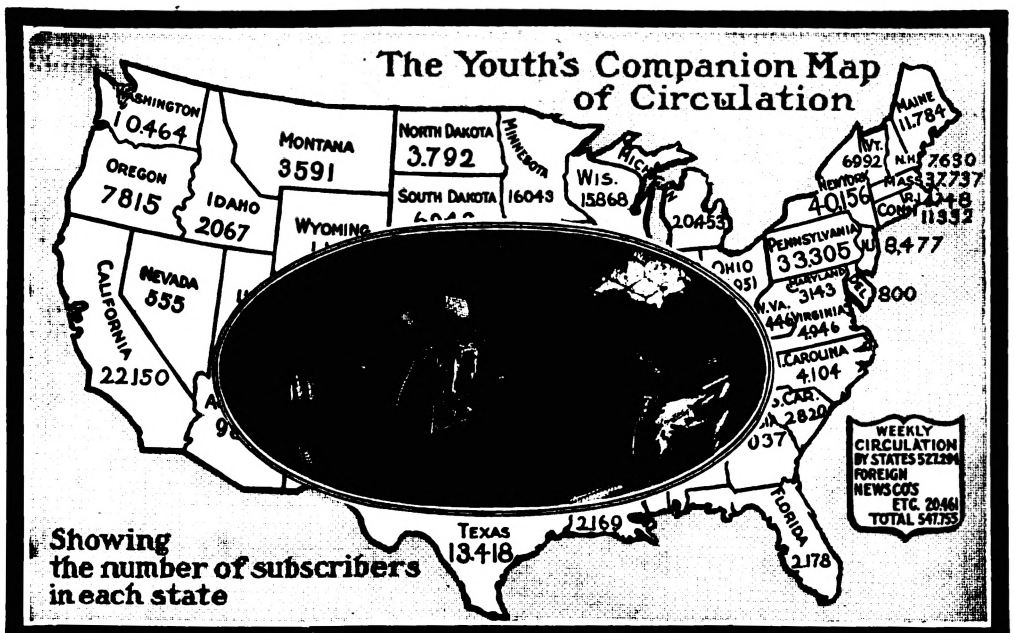

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Success for December, 1902
Christmas Number
A Few Important Features

The Christmas Number will contain many new and important features, noteworthy among them being "How America May Avoid the Mistakes of Europe," by the **Right Hon. James Bryce, M. P.** All our women readers will be interested in "The Daughters of Madame Klumpke," a romantic history of the wonderful achievements of a quartet of California girls, recorded by **Lilian Whiting.** A true story by **Cy Warman,** entitled "The Stuff that Stands," will have a prominent place. **Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Gilman,** whose article entitled "Should Wives Work?" attracted so much attention, will contribute another article on the subject of higher education for women.

This number will have its usual goodly quota of fiction. The second installment of "Hiram Bennet's Gold Mine," by **Henry Wallace Phillips,** will carry our readers well into the plot of this clever romance. We shall also publish a new short story by **Samuel Merwin,** entitled "B. Carter." Mr. Merwin, who, with Henry K. Webster, wrote "The Short Line War," and "Calumet K.," is one of the most successful fictionists in America, and "B. Carter," like his other stories, is founded on industrial conditions that exist. "The Gift of the Czar" is a remarkable story of a sculptor, based on a true incident, by **William Ordway Partridge.** "Christmas Rea," by **John Oxenham,** and "The Conversion of a Pessimist," by **Haryot Holt Cahoon,** will also appear.

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