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JULY 1902



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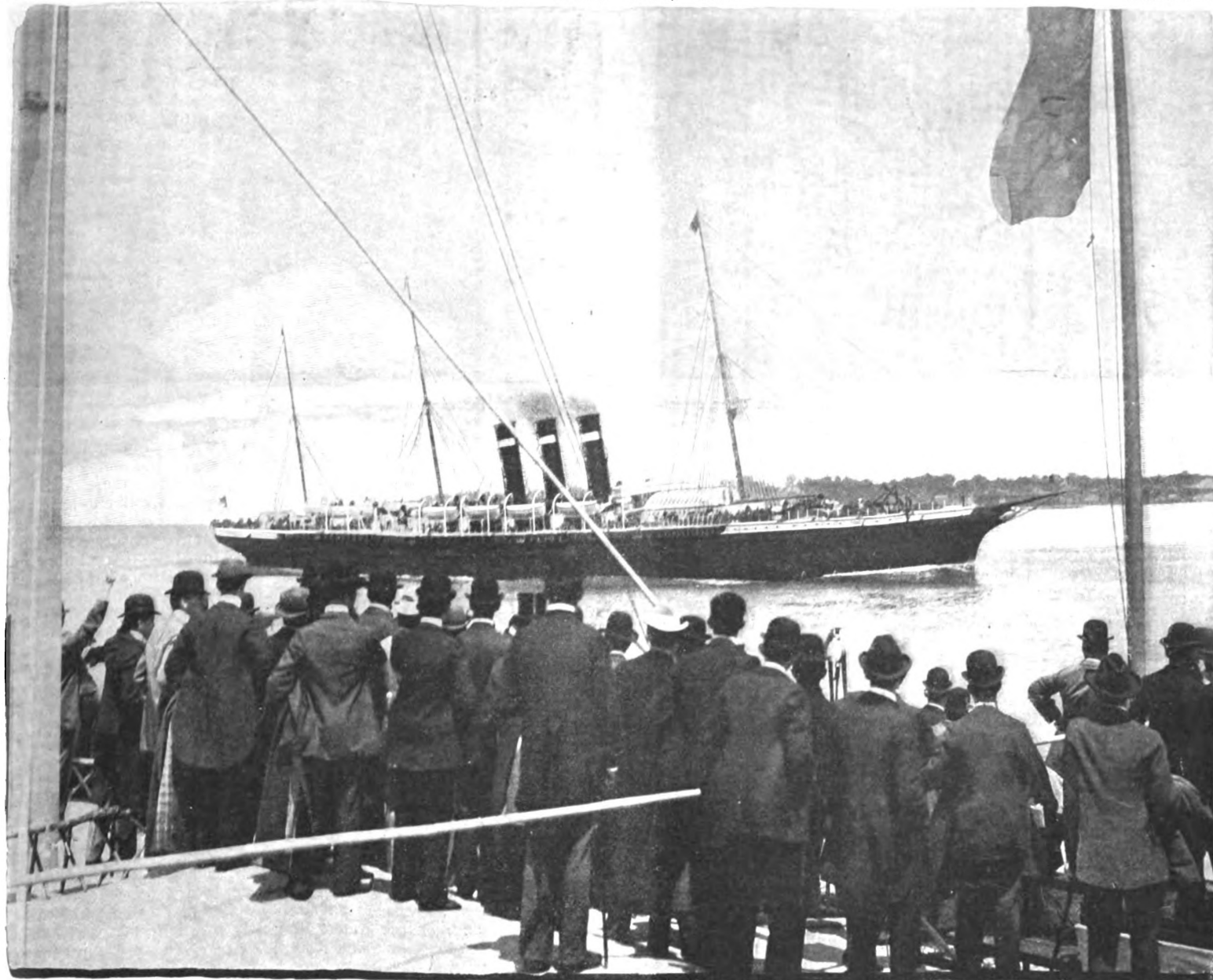


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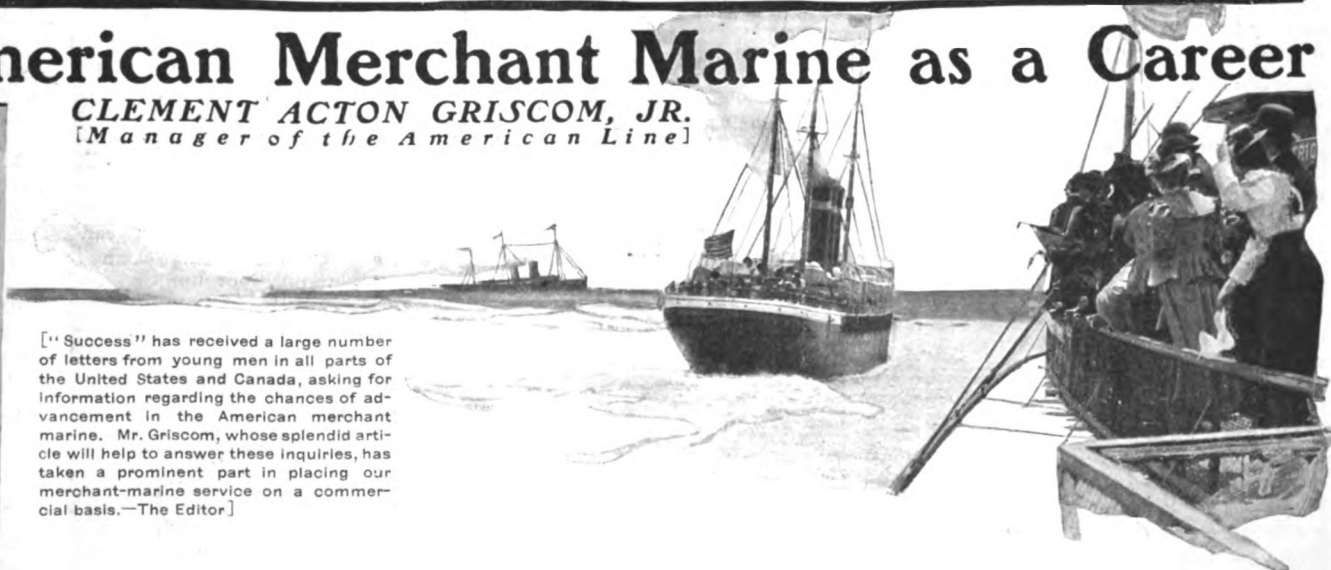
The American Merchant Marine as a Career

CLEMENT ACTON GRISCOM, JR.
[Manager of the American Line]



CLEMENT ACTON GRISCOM, JR.

["Success" has received a large number of letters from young men in all parts of the United States and Canada, asking for information regarding the chances of advancement in the American merchant marine. Mr. Griscom, whose splendid article will help to answer these inquiries, has taken a prominent part in placing our merchant-marine service on a commercial basis.—The Editor.]

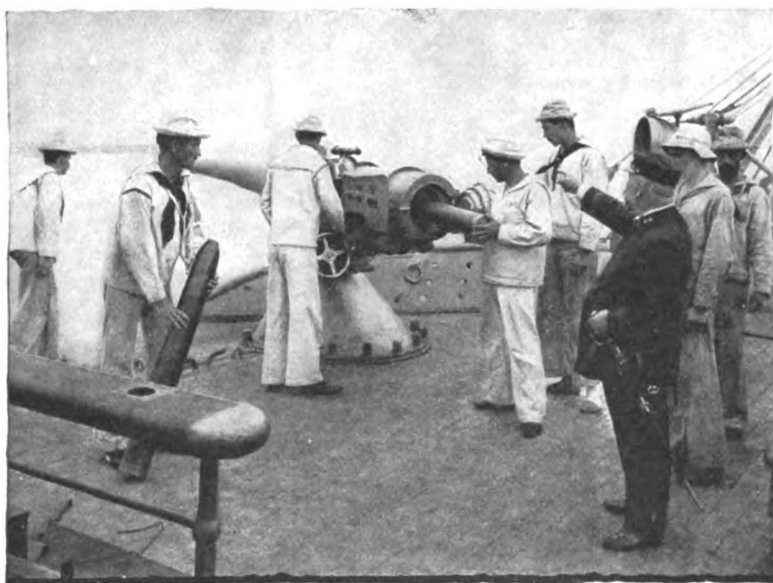


WHILE patriotic Americans are nobly striving to upbuild our sadly neglected merchant marine,—to place the American flag again on the seas in the commanding position it held in the early days of the republic,—it must not be forgotten that men as well as ships are needed to carry the flag again to the ports from which it has been so long absent. It is much to be desired that American products should be carried in American bottoms, built in American yards by American workmen, and manned by American sailors. Now it is a problem of great difficulty to man even the four express steamers of the American Line with enough Americans to comply with the law of 1893. But I am confident of the future. With wise shipping and navigation laws, and ample opportunities for training men for the sea, I look forward to the day when our flag will command the commerce of the world.

All the signs of the times point to a rapid upbuilding of our merchant marine. It cannot be believed that a nation that is taking its place as the greatest producing and greatest trading nation in the world is long to

allow its products to be carried in foreign bottoms. By nature, our people are sea-loving. The best sailors in the world, to-day, come from Maine. Before the Civil War swept our commerce from the seas, the finest sailing ships that crossed the Atlantic were built in the United States. Who shall say that, to-day, when we excel every other people in whatever form of handiwork we essay, we cannot lead the world in fashioning that most wonderful of all man's creations, the ocean steamship? Unless the rapid commercial development of this country is to be checked by a miracle, we are entering upon a great shipbuilding era, and the time has come to direct young Americans to seafaring careers.

It is not my intention, in this paper, to take up the discussion of our shipping laws. I believe that prejudice will not blind the nation's lawmakers longer to the needs of our merchant marine. But I want to recall an incident in recent history. Nine years ago, under a special act of congress, two English-built ships were admitted to American register. It was believed that this marked the restoration of the United States flag to the seas.



Instructing cadets on the forward deck of an express passenger steamer, with the implements of modern naval warfare

When the late Benjamin Harrison raised the American flag over the "New York" on a Washington's Birthday during his term as president, he said:—

I have felt, both as a citizen and as President, the mortification that every American must feel who examines into the standing of the United States in the merchant marine of the world. I believe that we have reached an epoch in our development when we may successfully recover our fair share of the carrying trade of the world. We lift the flag to-day over one ship,—a magnificent specimen of naval architecture,—one of the best afloat on any sea. That event is interesting in itself, but its interest to me is in the fact that the ship is the type and precursor of many others that are to float this flag.

What have we done since then? As Senator Depew said in congress, in a recent debate, in ten years we have invested two billions of new capital in American railways, three and one-third billions in American manufactures, but nothing in American shipping! Why? For the reason, as Senator Depew stated, that there could not be brought forward any figures to show that the investor could get his money back, much less any return for his money. We have just built, in an American yard, the passenger steamship "Kroonland," the largest express steamer ever built in this country. If we should place her under the British flag, we could save thirty thousand dollars a year in wages. Between the English "Campania" and the American "St. Paul," there is a difference of three thousand dollars a month in wages in favor of the foreign ship. American registry costs our ships two hundred thousand dollars a year. We have carried this burden through a decade with the hope that the government would encourage the American merchant marine. Without this government backing we cannot expect to compete with foreign ships, and we are now making ready to put the American liners under the British flag, should congress refuse to act.

Our navigation laws, as every seafaring man knows, are ridiculous. We sail the twelve-thousand-ton steamship, "Kroonland," under the same laws that governed the six-hundred-ton sailing vessels of the eighteenth century. For more than a century, our navigation laws have been unchanged, and they are now so antiquated that no one has the courage to take up the task of brushing the cobwebs from them. But, with the up-building of our merchant marine, wise legislation must follow.

The Possibility of Quick Promotion Gives a Cadet Good Standing from the Start

In thus pointing out what obstructions there are to our progress on the ocean, let me not discourage ambitious boys from choosing navigation as a career. For young men who have a love for the sea, the American merchant marine service provides most tempting rewards. Because of the certainty of a rapid increase in the number of ships, the merchant marine offers unusual opportunities for rapid advancement. Men to command—many of them,—will be needed. They must be Americans. Any bright boy, born to command, who now enters the merchant service, is reasonably certain, if he proves his merit, of some day commanding his own ship. What other occupation offers as brilliant a future? The hardship and drudgery of the old sailing-ship days are almost forgotten. In these days of twenty-four-knot liners, some of the romance of a seafaring career may have passed away, but with it has gone the physical suffering that made the sea anything but tempting in the older days.

When the American Line was created, in 1893, by the law allowing the placing of the "New York" and the "Paris" under American register, the government provided that every ship of the line should give instruction to American boys, one "cadet" for each thousand tons. On the "New York" and the "Philadelphia," we carry eleven cadets for each ship, and, on the "St. Louis" and the "St. Paul," twelve cadets, making forty-six cadets for the

Southampton fleet. I have now applications for cadetships from four hundred young Americans, showing that Young America has not lost its proverbial love of the sea. The law provides that cadets must be boys of American birth, under twenty-one years of age. We like to have them come to us at about the age of eighteen, so that they can hold their cadetships for three years. Then they are ready for active service.

Going to sea as a cadet on an American Liner is a different thing from shipping as a cabin boy a century ago. The cadets, since they go aboard our ships with the expectation of commanding them some day, are treated, from the beginning, as gentlemen. They have their own sleeping quarters, and their own mess rooms. They rank as petty officers. They are under the supervision of the chief officer, who instructs them in seamanship and navigation. On the first voyage, they are paid at the rate of ten dollars a month. After that, they are paid fifteen dollars a month. Of course, they have no expenses. In reality, they have free instruction in the art of handling ships, and the small sum the company pays them cannot be considered as wages.

A Weeding-out Process soon Eliminates All Those not Fitted for the Sea

As soon as they become proficient, they are offered positions in the company's service, and many of our young officers were developed in the ranks of the cadets. Half of these apprentices are in the deck department, the others in the engine department. Just now, it is unfortunate that we lose some of our best junior officers, after we have trained them to be of service to us, because of a provision of the American law. The government will not issue a master's license to anyone who has not had experience as a watch officer, and, on the American Line, we require our watch officers to have masters' licenses. The result is that our fourth or third officers, before they can gain further promotion, must go to the service of some other line, where they can act as watch officers. Our idea is that no man should be a watch officer who is not capable of commanding a ship.

Few of the young men who apply for cadetships become officers, for the weeding-out process sends to other occupations men who are not fitted to be merchant-marine officers. Of the one hundred and twenty-nine young men who were appointed last year, eighty-one left the service. The first voyage usually is enough to weed out the most incapable. Those who do stay with us learn to love the sea. Captains' berths are waiting for them, if they will but prove their worth. Commanders in the service of the American Line are paid from three thousand, six hundred dollars to four thousand, five hundred dollars a year, the salary of the commodore being four thousand, five hundred dollars a year. The salary of a captain is increased one hundred dollars each year he is in our service. Chief officers are paid one thousand, four hundred dollars. The reason for the great

difference between the pay of a chief officer and a captain is that promotion from chief officer to captain of an American Liner goes by way of commanding positions in the other lines of the company. The lowest salary we pay a captain is one thousand, seven hundred and fifty dollars a year. American Line captains are usually chosen from Red Star steamers. Right here I might say that Americans make the best officers.

In war-time, the ships of any large passenger line can be converted into auxiliary cruisers by the government, as was done during the Spanish-American War, when our entire fleet was sent to the West Indies on scout duty. Our cadets, therefore, are always subject to the call of the government in time of need. During the late war, thirty cadets were aboard the American Liners in the service of the navy.

So many are the applications now for cadetships that we are taking only graduates from the



A Jack tar studying the notation of the compass on the deck of an Atlantic liner

three schoolships on the Atlantic Coast,—the "St. Mary's," of New York; the "Enterprise," of Boston; and the "Saratoga," of Philadelphia. With the growth of the merchant marine, more of these schoolships will be needed, not only on the Atlantic but also on the Pacific Coast. The great sea-carrying trade of the future will be developed on the Pacific Ocean.

The schoolship "St. Mary's," from which we draw the majority of our cadets, is a full-rigged sailing ship, formerly an American man-of-war. She holds the record for being the fastest sailing vessel ever on the naval list. Before the Civil War, when our magnificent steam navy was undreamed of, the "St. Mary's" was the scourge of the slavers on the African Coast and in the West Indies. The schoolship has a crew of experienced sailors under efficient officers, who make sailors out of the young men who ship on her as cadets. The boys are signed for two years, and the entire expense to a cadet for the two years' training is less than fifty dollars.

Youthful dreams of the romance of the sea are not always realized, and many of the boys find life before the mast much different from what they expected. There are hard lessons to be learned, and hard work is to be done aboard ship, as everywhere else, and the boy who wants to go to sea because he thinks it will be an easy life would better remain a landlubber. The sea is no place for lazy boys. One voyage on an American Liner is frequently all that is needed to prove to a boy that life on the sea is too strenuous for him. On the schoolship actual conditions—such as the young men will meet in the merchant marine,—are faithfully reproduced. The discipline is firm, and troublesome boys are promptly sent home.

Seamanship and navigation form the basis of the instruction. During the two years they are aboard the schoolship, the cadets are instructed in English, algebra, trigonometry, sail-making, marline-spike seamanship, the rigging and sailing of ships, the stowage of cargo, and practical navigation in all its branches, extending into solar, lunar, and stellar calculations, great-circle and other sailings, the adjustment of compasses, and so on. A cabin boy of the old days had the rudiments of navigation knocked into his head by years of painful experience; nowadays, our schoolship cadets come aboard a merchant ship ready to lay her course from Sandy

Hook to Shanghai. They know the difference between the bowsprit shrouds and a marline spike, and do not call the hold the cellar. The "St. Mary's" usually cruises in European waters, giving the cadets a chance to see interesting foreign ports. When the boys come home from their cruise, they are not only better sailors but also more self-reliant young men. There is something about the sea that makes sturdy men. Nowhere among our citizens will you find more manly men than among the masters of the merchant marine.

Schoolships like the "St. Mary's" are not to be confounded with naval training ships of the "Hartford" class. The "St. Mary's," the "Enterprise," and the "Saratoga" are devoted solely to training young men to be officers in the merchant marine. The "Hartford," and other ships of her class, train our "Jack tars." Naval officers, of course, come from Annapolis.

For young men who have an opportunity, a supplementary course of study in the New York Nautical College—the only institution of its kind in the country,—is of great advantage. Many of our officers go to the college to brush up in the science of navigation, and nearly all the yacht owners in this harbor have been instructed there. Navigation is taught with the aid of a complete set of working instruments. Every student learns the use of the compass, the navigator's chart, the log, the chronometer, the quadrant, the octant, and the sextant. He learns how to calculate the latitude and longitude of a ship by the sun, moon, planets, and stars. He becomes familiar, too, with "weatherology" and the laws of storms. The seamanship department of the college is equipped with large working models of catboats, sloops, cutters, yawls, schooners, brigs, barks, and ships, perfectly rigged in every detail, affording opportunity for handling and learning all the names of the various parts of fore-and-aft yachts and merchant vessels, as well as the particulars of square-rigged pleasure craft and cargo vessels. A room is set apart as a rigging loft and furnished with cordage, tools, blocks, pin rails, and all appliances for marline-spike work, and in the model room masts are stepped, spars sent aloft, standing rigging set up, blocks hung, rigging rove off, and sails bent, set, reefed, and furled in an orthodox manner.



The chrysalis

"The
charm of
fine manners
will always
win respect"



M. E. W. SHERWOOD

"A cultured
woman is
nature's
most gracious
power"

The Country Girl Abroad

M. E. W. SHERWOOD
[Author of "A Transplanted Rose"]

THERE are few people in the world who deserve more sympathy than a young woman born and bred in the country, unused to the strict etiquette of society, who has been rudely thrust into the vortex of fashion in a metropolitan city. For example, let us suppose that such a young woman has been invited to spend a season in New York, or at one of the large seaside resorts. She does not know how to dress, how to eat dinner, or how to conduct herself at a ball or a theater party, and she finds herself surrounded by women of society who will look at her with derisive smiles, and follow her with malicious speeches. She has no house of refuge, particularly if she be pretty, as nearly all American girls are.

Young women are divided into three classes at this time of year: those who have planned golden summers which they expect to enjoy to the utmost, those for whom there will be no enchanted vacation, because there is work to be done, and those who have both time and money for long, delicious days between now and autumn, which, however, they are giving up with a mournful sigh, because they "would n't know how to behave."

The Rules of Etiquette Are Many and Varied, but They Must Be Obeyed

The girl who does not know how to behave! She is up the state and down the state; she is in New York as well as in the lands nearer the setting sun. She is usually pretty, she usually has good instincts, but the disadvantages of a sequestered town or provincial society, together with an exaggerated idea of her own unfitness to cope with overestimated grandeurs,—these combine to make her giddy at the thought of a summer hotel, with its veranda people, or of a hotel dining room, and what seems to her a volley of forks and knives at every plate.

Let me give a few hints to the unsophisticated girl who feels that she would like to spend a summer at one of the fashionable resorts, but who shrinks from it because of its customs and manners, so alien to her simple home. These are hints to the girl, unused to society, who has been asked to spend part of a summer with some friends in the mountains or at the seashore, and who is writing to refuse the coveted opportunity simply because she is uncertain of her own society manners. It is a talk to the poor country girl who feels that, in society, she would not know how to behave.

In the first place, unless she is going with a friend whose mother or other chaperon is with her, she must have a chaperon of her own. Let us suppose that she is to stay at the seashore, at some fashionable hotel. She should be accompanied by her mother, or by some woman older than herself. A hotel of good repute would hardly receive a young woman unchaperoned, unless, indeed, she were protected by the armor of work, which might not be in the case we are supposing. The mistake of selecting a young married woman, approximately the age of her charge, must not be made. Such chaperonage is no protection whatever. The chaperon should be a middle-aged or elderly woman, of dignity and distinction.

The wardrobe of the young woman should consist of a walking dress, a short skirt, a number of white shirt-waists, a cloak for evening wear, and as many simple summer gowns and equally simple evening gowns as she can afford. She should avoid anything savoring of loudness or queeriness, anything that will attract attention or brand her as being eccentric. She



The butterfly

should also have a modest, but fashionable black or dark blue bathing suit.

The keynote of her behavior, upon arriving at her destination, should be quietness. She should enter the hotel quietly, leaving her bags for the porter or the bell-boy to transfer from the carriage to the hotel office. Her chaperon may enter both their names on the hotel register; or, if she writes her own, "Miss Rives, Coytesville," will be sufficient. She will follow her chaperon to their apartments, carrying for her any light wrap or small parcel which may be necessary. Her apartment must, if possible, adjoin and communicate with that of her chaperon.

If the time of arrival be late in the afternoon, she will at once dress for dinner. Evening dress is seldom worn by a young girl in a public dining-room or café. A pretty summer gown, or a light and simple silk gown, may be selected, with Oxford ties, but no gloves. She should dress her hair simply, using the pure ornate style of coiffure until she is dressed for a ball.

Entering a large dining room, brilliantly lighted and already well filled, may, at first, be quite an ordeal. The young woman will follow her chaperon from the door to the table, and allow her to be seated first, taking her place a second after, in the chair the waiter is holding for her,—and she should seat herself without fussiness or looking over her shoulder to be sure the chair is being properly placed. It will be properly placed, and her part is simply to be seated. It is somewhat less awkward, where a long room is to be traversed from the door, if the young woman and her chaperon converse quietly, without laughing, on the way to their table. She has simply to remember not to hurry, not to brush against those whom she meets, and not to overturn dishes on the corners of the tables she is obliged to pass. The eyes of those in the dining room are by no means upon her; probably not one person is actually regarding her.

She will find at the left of her plate four forks, with a tiny one crossing them, and, at the right, two knives, and a third smaller knife. A spoon will lie before her plate. The use of these is most simple and logical; but, when she is in doubt, she should watch her chaperon, or, failing that, be quietly absorbed in conversation for a moment while she learns from someone at the next table.

Ordering from a Menu Card Is a Fine Art, and Should Be Left to a Chaperon

Her napkin should be partly unfolded in her lap when the first course is served,—for the napkin must not be fastened to the bodice. The first course will, perhaps, be clams, and, when she has used lemon juice and seasoning, she will take the tiny fork at her left to lift the clams from their shells. The shells must lie in the crushed ice in which they were brought, being touched only by the tips of the fingers to detach them from their contents. Nor must they be piled one on the other, or otherwise disturbed, when the clams are eaten. The dish in which they are served, or the plate for any course, must not be set aside: the waiter will come to remove it.

Soup, fish, an entrée, a roast, a salad, dessert and coffee will follow. The three smaller forks will be used for the fish, the entrée, and the salad; the large knife and fork for the roast, and the extra knife may be used for the entrée, if needed. The soup is served by the chaperon, one ladleful being sufficient. It is eaten with the large spoon, which is carried quietly to the mouth, nor should a hissing sound accompany the eating of soup, which is taken from the side of the partly filled spoon. Wafers or bread must not be broken in it. A piece of bread, laid by the side of the plate, may be broken in small pieces and eaten from the fingers. When the small bread-and-butter knife is used, in the other courses, the bread is never to be cut, but always broken. In finishing the soup, the plate must never be "tipped up" or "scraped" for the last drops.

Salad should be dressed before it is brought to a table. If it is not, quietly request the waiter to prepare it. Dessert and black coffee in small cups complete a dinner. Crackers and cheese should be eaten with the fingers, but a fork may be used for soft cheese.

The tips of one's fingers should be dipped in the finger bowls, crushing the fragrant leaves or rose petals floating on the water, and then dried on the napkin which is laid beside the plate.

Ordering from a menu card is confusing to one not accustomed to it. A young woman may allow her chaperon to do this for her; but, if she does it herself, she should order the dishes which she can pronounce, and not try to ask for those printed in foreign languages. She must give her order to the waiter in a low, distinct tone, and, on no account, *point* to what she would like. A rebuke to the waiter should be left to her chaperon. In this connection, it may be observed that, when at dinner or luncheon at the home of a friend, a rebuke to a waiter is a false step indeed, as is also a request made to her hostess and not to the waiter for a seasoning or a condiment which may not have been served to her.

The matter of eating gracefully should be cultivated at home, and not during the first visit to a watering place or to a friend's home.

Leave the dining room leisurely. It is always gracious to thank the waiter who opens the door or places a chair on the veranda. Indeed, a quiet expression of thanks is seldom out of place. A gracious manner shows a kind heart and self-respect.

Letters of Introduction to People at a Resort Should Be Mailed, not Presented

It is to be observed that artists or teachers, or other girls who are self-supporting, may go to these public places together, and, if they behave quietly, they do not subject themselves to ridicule, or to mortifying criticism. Indeed, a young woman alone, if she is careful, can journey from Dan to Beersheba. She must be modestly dressed and behave quietly; then she will not give the evil-tongued occasion to talk.

The matter of chance acquaintanceships at summer resorts is simple. The overtures of a man to whom a young woman has not been introduced must be distinctly but politely ignored at once, and, if a second attempt be made by him, he is simply to be referred by the young woman to her chaperon. The single exception is when all are guests at an afternoon tea or a beach party; then the hostess is a sufficient guarantee for entering into conversation with a stranger, though the acquaintance need not afterwards be resumed.

Conversation with women she has not met is permissible, providing they are immediately introduced to her chaperon. Where such acquaint-

ance has been found desirable, and has ripened a little, the young woman may accept invitations to go on sailing parties or to picnics made up of young people properly chaperoned, in which her own chaperon is not included, provided the latter knows those in whose care she places her charge.

At affairs of this nature, the acquaintanceship of men is likely to be made, but the same rule for the evening should be maintained, and, while a young woman is receiving calls, her chaperon should remain in the room and should not leave the veranda or drawing-room before the young lady retires.

If she has brought letters of introduction to anyone staying at the same place, she will, upon her arrival, mail these, enclosing with them her chaperon's card and her own. She will return first calls within two weeks,—preferably within a week, accompanied by her chaperon.

She must not ask men to call upon her, verbally or by note. That will be left to her chaperon. She should never go for a walk or a drive with a man in the evening, or during the daytime, without her chaperon. Indeed, without the latter, she should not go out, even with a young friend.

The idea that a summer resort is an unconventional place, necessarily haunted by Bohemianism, is fortunately a mistaken one. No society, however, is more censorious, or more prone to gossip, than a summer hotel contingent. A young woman who, through ignorance or bravado, or an assumption of fastness, has made herself conspicuous at such a place, or once becomes the object of any comment whatever, has effectually injured her own pleasure for the entire season, and should make her departure quietly.



Nicholas C. Creede and "Whiskers," his faithful friend of many years

A Miner and His Mascot



A way up in Colorado, where the Rio Grande River is so narrow that a good hunter—with hounds in hearing,—could clear it at a single leap, there was a mining camp called Del Norte. To this camp came Nicholas C. Creede, with his hairy little dog, and there they passed the winter of 1877-78. In the spring of 1878, they went away to the hills to prospect. All that summer they traveled over the Colorado Rockies, but where they dug there was no pay dirt, and often the man and his faithful friend went hungry to a hard bed; while the wolf, as hungry as they, howled and called his mate from the quaking aspen grove at the top of the gulch. Finally, when the wild flowers faded, the aspen leaves lost their luster, and winter shrouded the Sangre de Christo, Creede and his dog again went to Del Norte. They lived very economically that winter, for they could not afford ostentation, had they been so inclined.

When spring opened, the miner kicked the kinks out of his legs, the little dog stretched, yawned, scratched, and followed his quiet master up the dim trail that led to the hills. When the trail ended, they went on into a trackless wilderness. Very slowly they traveled, for the miner's muscles were soft and his pack heavy; but, at the end of a month, they were lost to Del Norte. That summer, like the one preceding, was passed in a fruitless search for gold, but the miner enjoyed every hour. He was fresh from the solitude of the plains, where, for seven years, at the head of a small company of Pawnee scouts, he had been guarding the builders of the first transcontinental railway, protecting the scattered settlers, and keeping the Sioux Indians from the overland stage, and their merciless hounds at bay from the solitary, but heroic riders of the Pony Express. After seven years on the level lands that were as lonely and monotonous as would be seven years at sea with never a shore in sight, the change to the wild, awful grandeur of the Rockies was a welcome one. All too soon the season closed; and, as the snow came down, the man and his dog went into winter quarters.

This yearly going and coming of Creede and his dog continued so long that the permanent people of the place came to regard them as the fixed

signs of spring and winter. No man who knew ever thought of changing his flannels while the silent miner and his mute partner were in camp; no prospector ever packed until Creede packed; and, when he returned to town, they began to fetch firewood from the foothills and heap it at the ends of their cabins.

Often, while prospecting, Creede came upon small bands of Indians, regular renegades and roaming robbers, but he was so accustomed to the red men and their treachery that he lost little sleep on their account. One night, when he was weary after a hard day's work, he spread his blanket beside a murmuring mountain stream and was soon asleep. Presently, he was awakened by the touch of the little dog's nose to his own. "Lie down, Whiskers!" said the miner.

Whiskers obeyed, and Creede closed his eyes. Soon he was disturbed by a low growl, and peeped out to see Whiskers sitting up and looking intently into the darkness. Creede's trained eyes swept the shadowy shores of the little stream, but he could see nothing. Whiskers continued to stare, turning his little hairy head only long enough to nose his master and urge him to be careful. Creede looked again, and, after gazing steadily for some time, he made out a dark object hugging the ground by the brookside. It looked like a bear, but a summer bear will not creep toward a man in that way. Creede, turning on his side, reached for his rifle and drew the hammer back. At sound of the "click! click!" of the gunlock, the dark object raised itself the least bit, and then silently vanished down the stream.

The next morning, when the miner went to look for tracks, he saw, on a tiny sand-bar, the imprint of a moccasin. The dog put his nose in the track, sniffed, and looked at his master. "Yes, Whiskers, I see," said Creede, and then he stooped, picked up the little hairy object, shook him, hugged him, and carried him back to the camping-place. When he had kindled a fire, he roasted a young grouse that he had shot the day before, and they had a fine breakfast, which the miner must have missed only for the dog.

For six consecutive summers Creede and his companion camped in Colorado. Creede was growing weary of the hopeless hunt. The mountains, that had seemed so wild and grand, grew monotonous and commonplace. Familiarity had bred contempt. One day, when he had lain longer than usual on a mossy bank, and had smoked his pipe a second time, he allowed the song of the Saguache to soothe him to sleep. When he awoke, he found Whiskers grubbing away where he smelled a wood mouse, or a gopher, or the track of a gray mountain squirrel. Creede sat up and watched the industrious little digger work. Some of the broken rock that he clawed out rolled to where the miner sat. Creede picked up a piece, as a prospector will, to examine it, but with his mind far away, for he had been dreaming of the dead past, of rolling plains, of Indians, and of buffaloes and the wild chase. Suddenly he jerked his head slightly, as if he had received an electric shock. His lips parted. He stared at the bit of stone. He broke it across the head of his pick, looked at the broken end, and then looked at the dog, still working away. He kindled a fire, burned some bone-dry piñon and roasted the rock on the hot coals. As he sat and watched it, he saw little beads of perspiration come to the surface. Tiny beads they were, half the size of an ordinary pinhead, but rich and yellow. They were beads of gold.

Then, as if he felt entitled to a report, the little hairy prospector came down and looked into his master's face. "Oh, you lucky dog!" cried Creede, catching up Whiskers and shaking him, and then holding him off at arm's length and shaking him again. "Whiskers," said he, "we win."

Creede spent some happy days there, digging and prospecting; and, when he had fixed his stake, he secured some rich specimens and went to Del Norte.

When the people of the camp saw him coming down the trail, they were interested. Some said he had found pay dirt, but others guessed he

had become disgusted and discouraged, and was going to sell out for cash.

Many of the vulgarly curious crowded into his cabin, and asked impertinent questions as to the cause of his unexpected return, but they could get little or no information. They saw him enter an assay office, and saw him go back later, and by that sign they knew he had found something.

There was no end of gossip in Del Norte that night, and early next morning some prospectors, who had known Creede slightly, called at his cabin, hoping, in the leading loafing place of the afternoon and evening of the previous day, to hear something of a fabulously rich camp that had been opened. The cabin was empty. The prospectors stared into one

another's faces, then turned and began to pack up. They were old-timers in the hills, and could follow a trail like Indians. They did not get near enough to see Creede, but they camped at noon and at night where he had camped, only half a day behind him. Creede had scarcely unpacked and begun to grub, when his pursuers filed into the narrow cañon. They were welcome, of course, though Creede would have preferred his dog and undisturbed solitude.

Now, when the others of the populace missed Creede and learned that those who had boasted of being friends of the lucky prospector had also disappeared, there was a stampede to the headwaters of the Saguache.

Upon the heels of the prospector came the capitalist. Creede was cramped. He did not like so much noise, so many people, or so many questions. Correspondents came from Denver, made pencil sketches of Creede and Whiskers, and wrote wonderfully impossible tales of the marvelous richness of the new region, and of the matchless prowess of the mysterious prospector by whom it had been revealed.

Creede read these stories with a feeling of disgust, but he smiled, and looked guiltily at the dog. "Whiskers," said he, folding his paper, "you're a great chap, and the more I see of other people the better I like you."

As summer waned, the excitement died out. Creede's claim was the only one worth working, and it was not very rich. Some Denver men offered the miner five thousand dollars, cash, for "the Gopher," and Creede, being tired of the place and the endless talk, took the money. He knew a quiet man who ran a private bank at a little town called Poncha Springs, over on the Arkan-

sas River. Into the custody of this meek-looking man Creede gave most of his money, keeping only enough to take him back to Del Norte and winter him there. The prospectors lived well that winter, and, when the bluebirds and robins came again, Whiskers was fat and fine.

With a fuzzy burro and a new outfit, they set out early in the spring, leaving something more than four thousand dollars in the Poncha Bank. That summer, like many others, was lost, for nothing worth assaying was unearthed.

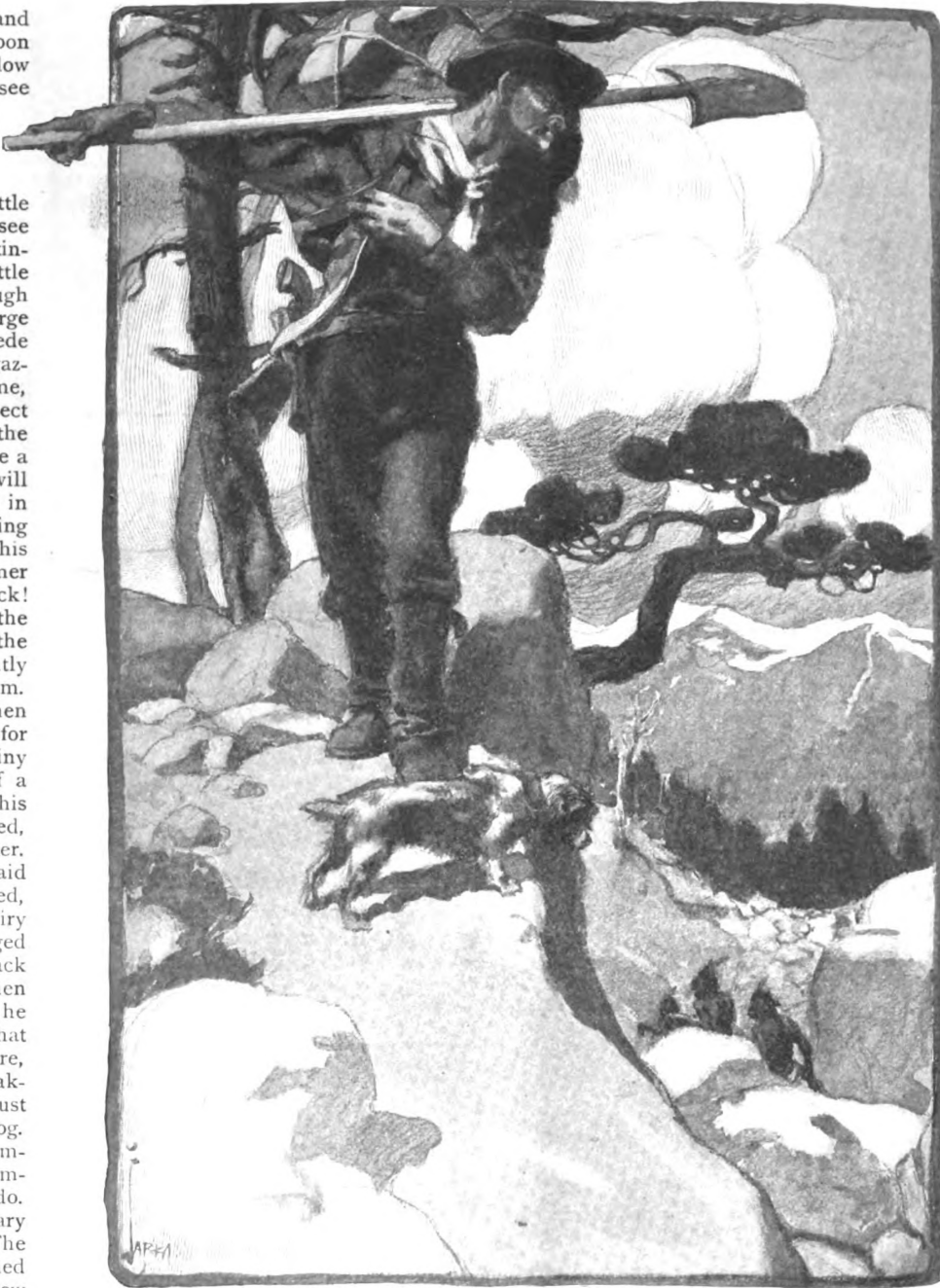
A blinding blizzard, running ahead of time, caught them in a cañon and nearly snuffed them out; but, after a three-days' battle, during which Creede carried Whiskers in the bosom of his blouse, they got to the valley and to Del Norte, with nothing more serious than a few frostbites.

Creede found two letters in the Del Norte post office for him. One had been there a month and the other for two months. The first was postmarked "Poncha," and Creede read it eagerly, scenting trouble. It was from his banker. It spoke of embarrassment, and hinted that it would be hard to make good if a "run" were started, and expressed the hope that the prospector would leave his money a little longer. The other envelope had been stamped at Denver, but it was from the banker.

It was frank, almost cheerful. "Our bank is busted," the letter said; "the building's burned, and I'm going back East to try and dig up."

"P. S.—I'm sorry; but such is life. So long!"

Creede crushed the letter in his sun-scorched hand, and gazed into the fire that he had just kindled in his cabin. Presently he opened his hand, straightened the letter out, re-read it, then crushed it and tossed it into the



He was acquainted with red men and their treacherous wives

blaze. The other letter met a like fate. Unlocking his little tin trunk, he took out his bank book and threw that into the fire. Then he sat down and lifted the dog and shook him, then held him off and shook him again.

"Whiskers," said Creede, "we lose our bank! Did you hear that, Whiskers? We're bankers,—that is, we were. We're out of business just at the present writing, but we're in that class. We've been to the summit. I presume we barely escaped society. In a little while I might have seen you in some fine lady's lap with a yard of ribbon around your neck. But it is past now."

Putting the dog to one side, the miner picked up a few bits of paper that had fluttered to the dirt hearth, threw them into the blaze, and then went out and bartered his burro for breadstuff. That was a long, hard winter,—the longest and hardest that the two quiet prospectors had ever known. Six more years of profitless prospecting followed. The prospectors were growing gray. Only miners can appreciate the long, tireless digging for a coveted metal. Nobody else understands a true miner's grit.

Creede and Whiskers hit the trail later than usual in 18—, and they walked out of the camp slowly, pausing once or twice to look back. A few persons who had known something of the pinch and poverty of the little household saw them out of town, but always from a distance, and some of them predicted that they would not come back.

One day, early in September, Whiskers dragged himself into the post office. He was alone, but that was always Creede's first calling place, and, naturally, Whiskers followed the habit. The good, kind postmaster patted the little dog, then went to the door and looked for Creede. The dog trotted in front of him and stopped in the road when the man stopped at the door. When, seeing nothing of the prospector, the postmaster returned to his work, the dog came back. Hours went by and still the little dog hung about the office. The man gave him an envelope to take to the cabin, but he dropped it, looked at the man, and whined. "He is starved," said the man, and he brought food for the dog. The dog ate as fast as he could gulp it down; but, when the postmaster started toward the door, the dog left his dinner and trotted out ahead, only to stop again when the man stopped. By the middle of the afternoon half the men and all the women in Del Norte knew that Whiskers had come into camp alone. The postmaster started for Creede's cabin, the dog trotting in front of him; but, when they came to the point where the trail turned off toward the foothills, the dog took to the trail. He would not go near the cabin. The dog sat down, trembled, and whined, and at last the man understood.

Leaving his wife in charge of the office, the postmaster organized a rescuing party, which was then headed by Whiskers, who led the way to the hills. When night overtook them they camped, and Whiskers camped with them. At sunset on the following day, the little dog grew nervous and impatient. Poor and weak though he was, he led on so fast that the rescuers found it hard to keep up with him. Finally, at the summit of a low ridge, he broke away. A few moments later the postmaster and his men found him by his master, who lay tossing on a hard bed of boughs, burning with mountain fever. They brought fresh water from the adjacent stream, boiled the bitter mountain sage and drenched him with the brew, and early on the following morning set out for Del Norte, carrying poor Creede on a gray blanket stretched between parallel poles of aspen wood.

Creede offered no objections,—he was beyond that. At midnight they had him housed and a doctor by his bunkside.

That was the battle of his life, and for his life, one might say. Creede came out of it saddened and discouraged. He knew that the good people of the place had done a great deal for him and that he was unable to repay them.

In time the story of his hard luck and heroism got into the Denver papers, and a banker, who had helped many prospectors and others, offered to grub-stake the miner, and give him a fresh start. If he had offered to give, Creede would have felt hurt, and would have refused the offer; but, as he wanted to help, Creede accepted and took courage. He was to draw a fixed salary, win or lose, and to have a one-third interest in all his finds.

The prospectors lived well, but not extravagantly, the following summer. One day, when they were climbing a thickly wooded slope, one hundred miles or more west of the scene of their last misfortune, the trained eye of the prospector picked up a trail of float. He followed it eagerly, up and up, and near the summit he staked a claim and called it "the Amethyst." It came, in time, to be a good claim, and a town was built in the narrow gulch below, called "Creede," after the locator of "the Amethyst." The camp prospered and made money for deserving men, and made some undeserving men rich.

In a little while a railway was built to the new district, and the people of Del Norte saw trains going through, bound for Creede Camp, full of passengers and freight, and men even riding on the roofs of the cars hugging hot stovepipes, and risking their lives at every curve, that they might not be too late at the new camp.

The Del Norte butcher, who bought Creede's burro, and who gave Whiskers many a choice scrap during Creede's illness, got the claim adjoining "the Amethyst." He is now living in luxury at Los Angeles, California.

* * * * *

EARLY in 1893, when the author of this sketch and his friend, the prospector, were having their last long, undisturbed talk together, this pen-picture was made.

Creede had been reading "Huckleberry Finn." A box of cigars stood on his table; and, when he opened it and held it out to his visitor, it played a tune. Off in one corner a big music box was tinkling. Whiskers was wearing jewelry. About his neck he had a gold-bound collar, ornate with nuggets, with a golden pendant studded with stones. "How is 'the Amethyst?'" asked the visitor, and for answer the prospector tossed over a bit of white paper that had been torn from a small pad such as busy men keep near them to scribble and figure on. Not a word was written, but on the bit of paper were these interesting figures:—

"\$30,000.00."

They had been marked down by that big, busy man in Denver, Creede's banker and benefactor, and represented Creede's share of the net earnings of "the Amethyst" for the short month of February.

"A thousand dollars a day!" said the visitor, looking at the quiet,

almost melancholy face of his friend, and rejoicing in his success. "You ought to be happy."

"Yes," said Creede, "I ought to be," and he looked out where the March winds were sweeping the Mesa.

There was silence for some moments, during which the visitor wondered why this man should seem so sad. He could not know that, even then, a Judas was at the old miner's board,—a Judas whose kiss, it is claimed, has since caused one of the awful, unwritten tragedies of the West.

But that story is not for you now. Some other time it may be.

This is the story of Whiskers, and of the reward that came from kindness to a diminutive, helpless, but wonderfully intelligent dog,—a little dumb animal that almost seemed to have the reasoning power of a man.



Duane H. Church, the watchmaker who has perfected many almost human machine-tools

A Master of Mechanics

FRANKLIN J. FORBES



EVERY now and then, a man is "discovered." For years, he works on quietly, performing some great task. The searchlight of the daily newspaper does not cast its glare upon him, and the great part that he plays in the world's activities is known only to the members of his little personal circle. Then, by accident, all the world hears of him, and the "man in the street," who always knows the celebrities, speaks of the newest one as if he had been in the public eye for years.

By the merest chance the whole country has heard a new name. When the brother of the German emperor came to America this year, he asked to meet the men who have made this country the world's greatest commercial nation,—our captains of industry. In seeking out the one hundred living Americans, in all our varied activities, who have done most to promote our material advancement, Duane H. Church was selected as the master tool-maker, the genius whose inventions have revolutionized the art of watchmaking. Until the coming of Prince Henry of Prussia, not one American man in ten thousand knew that the world-fame of the American watch is due to one quiet worker in a New England town.

A man who lays an iron trail across a continent, or sends a mighty merchant fleet across the seas, or organizes scattered industries into a giant corporation, is more likely to be in the public eye than the quiet genius who devises intricate machinery to reduce the cost of making a watch, or designs an engine of increased efficiency, or discovers a new formula in chemistry. The one produces spectacular effects, but the other provides for him the materials for his fireworks. The organizer and the inventor both have their parts to play, and one could not exist without the other.

Mr. Church might have been a great ironmaster, or shipbuilder, or cotton spinner; chance made him a watchmaker, and, now that he has been "discovered," it is recognized that he is the greatest living watchmaker; but, for twenty years, he has worked in the same shop, known to but a few. He has labored to improve conditions, without seeking praise.

In these days of wonderful industrial progress, one hears a great deal of labor-saving machinery, of the ingeniously contrived automats that do the work of many men. They have been developed to their highest efficiency in this country, and in all the distinctively Yankee industries—pin-making, watchmaking, shoemaking, and the like,—it is the machine tool that has enabled us to undersell our trade rivals in international markets. Probably in no other industry have labor-saving machines played such an important part in reducing the cost of production as in watchmaking. Before the days of machines, thirty times as much work was expended in making a watch as now. There is a gain of over a hundredfold in making ratchet-caps, click-spring screws, and minute hands; over two hundredfold in making hour and second hands and minute wheels; over three hundredfold in completing third, fourth, and center wheels; over five hundredfold in punching from sheet brass the barrel bridge; nearly seven hundredfold in punching pillar and top plates, and over two thousandfold in punching balance cocks. As many as a thousand different operations enter into the making of one stem-winding watch, yet the equivalent of one man's work for eight or nine hours will make the movements, and three or four hours more—twelve hours in all,—will enclose the works in a gold case.

He Was an Ordinary Watchmaker, but He Had Grit

Not very many years ago, Mr. Church was an itinerant watchmaker,—a very good workman, to be sure, but just a plain artisan. Of a roving nature, he left the East, where he was born half a century ago, and sought fortune in the West. His bent was for mechanics; he liked to tinker with machines. In St. Paul he met a watchmaker named Gridley, from whom he learned his trade. While working at his bench one day, Gridley stopped to examine a watch Church had been at work on.

"Is that the best you can do?" he asked.

"Maybe I might do a little better," said Church.

"Then, young man," said Gridley, "you just

begin and do it all over again, and remember this: never leave a piece of work until you have done the best you know how to do."

The great watchmaker says that he began to achieve success from that day. He has always done his best. Leaving St. Paul, he drifted about the West, working at his trade. He wanted to travel, and found a place with a watch company as an "advance agent" for its make of watches. He was to travel through the West ahead of the sales agents, proclaiming the praises of their wares. After four weeks on the road, he went back to the Chicago office and turned in the watches he was carrying.

These Machines Increase the Wages of Workingmen

"Here's your truck," he said to the manager. "I am tired of trying to make other folks believe things about these watches that I don't believe myself."

"Could you make any better watches?" asked the manager, jokingly.

"If I could n't, I would n't call myself a watchmaker."

"I'll take you at your word. I'll set you to work in the shops, to see what you can do."

That was twenty years ago. Mr. Church had not been long in the factory before it was found that he was a rare genius. He told his employers that their watches cost too much to make. They were spending too much for raw material, and their wage account was extravagant.

"Give me a free hand in this factory," he said, "and I'll save you money."

So Mr. Church was made mechanical superintendent of the works, and told to go ahead and do whatever he liked. He saw that men were performing purely mechanical operations that might better be done by machines, which could work more rapidly and accurately. He set himself to the task of devising the wonderful automats that have made him the first watchmaker in America, if not in the world. Mr. Church is constantly at work making more wonderful machines, and more than one hundred and fifty watchmaking ma-

chines bear his name and the stamp of his genius.

So rapidly does he work that the machine shop, where his tools are made, is five years behind his designs; and, as for taking out patent rights, he gave that up long ago. He knows that he is so far ahead of other men in the same field that he need not fear the theft of his ideas. An idea of what he has accomplished may be gained from the statement that in ten years the output of the works has increased from one thousand, seven hundred, to two thousand, seven hundred watches a day, with scarcely any increase in the number of workmen. Wages have steadily increased, the average pay of the men being eighteen dollars a week.

In addition to providing machines that have taken the place of human labor, Mr. Church has instituted economies in the use of materials. The cost of the waste material, when Mr. Church began his work, almost equaled the present cost of production.

The machines which Mr. Church has devised do almost everything but talk. His idea has been to invent automatic watchmakers. His machines work with remarkable precision. Take, for example, the one for making the balance staffs.

Despite Ill Health, He Has Improved Conditions

"Under the old order of things," as the inventor explains it, "there were a score of operations in making the balance staff. Now, but one operation is required. The balance staffs are made from steel wire, in lengths of thirty-six inches. One of these wires, while held in a hollow spindle, is worked upon in succession by six different tools, all working automatically. The machine leaves nothing undone. Some of the pivots made in the machine are no larger than a human hair."

What Mr. Church has accomplished in life has been despite ill health. He has been for years almost an invalid. He has breakfast in bed, goes at once to the works, and at night goes home and directly to bed again. He never travels alone, because of an affection of the heart. Physicians have advised him to stop working, but he will not.

A CONSERVATIVE estimate places at two thousand the number of young men who will this year be admitted to the bar in the United States. Of these, perhaps one-third will never practice their profession, they having studied law as an aid to business careers, as a ladder on which to mount to political success, to equip themselves to teach others the science of jurisprudence, or, in certain rare cases, to enable them to administer intelligently the fortunes left by less highly favored ancestors. "Every gentleman should know the law," says an ancient writer, and the present complexity of business interests and the frequent necessity for immediate action make it almost imperative for a man of affairs to acquaint himself as thoroughly as practicable with the fundamentals of this science.

In Two Decades All-Round Lawyers Will Be Scarce

It may seem a gloomy and hazardous prophecy to say that, within twenty years, the individual or general-practice attorney will be extinct, save only in the remoter country districts. Yet, after observing the trend of events for a number of years, and listening, as the author has, to the stories of many hundreds of attorneys throughout this country, he is forced to this conclusion.

Reduced to a chemical formula, computed on a scale of ten, the sum of legal business may be said to be compounded of the following:—

Real estate.....	3 parts.
Corporations.....	2 "
Commercial cases and "collections".....	2 "
Wills and administration of estates.....	1 part.
Accident and negligence suits.....	1 "
Defense of criminals.....	1 "

Fifteen years ago, real-estate practice was the most lucrative branch of the calling. Ten thousand dollars a year was looked upon as a very small income for a lawyer who made it his specialty. Its following practically ceased with the organization of title-insurance companies. Their

fees are less than the individual lawyer can afford to accept, their staff comprises counsel of the highest skill in this particular line, and, best of all, from the layman's standpoint, the company's financial responsibility is unquestioned in case an error is made. It is quite true that there now exist certain law firms claiming to do a real-estate business; but, in nearly every instance, it will be found that their work is loaning funds of clients or of members upon bonds and mortgages. But even the "loan" business has been cut into by the title corporations, many of which are now engaged in selling bonds and mortgages of which they guarantee payment of principal and interest.

The Law's Practitioners Will Be Divided into Classes

When an individual attorney has a stray title to search for, he almost invariably takes it to one of these concerns and receives the ten, fifteen, or twenty per cent. which competition has forced them to allow him as a bonus. Retribution is overtaking them, however. The "Torrens Act" has been passed by many legislatures. It is unfortunate that the scope of this law is not more generally understood. Under it, title to land may be guaranteed by the state, thus permitting real property to be as easily pledged and sold as any chattel.

One of the few strongholds in the real estate line still left to the lawyer in a large city is the representation of clients whose property is being condemned for the opening or widening of streets.

This is usually done upon a contingent basis, the attorneys receiving a percentage of the amount recovered. Competition in this field is exceedingly keen, and it is not considered beneath the dignity of a most reputable firm to employ agents for the purpose of obtaining retaining contracts from property owners, the moment proceedings are considered. Certain changes which will materially interfere

with the pursuit of this line of business are, however, being discussed by many municipalities; and it is not improbable that, in a few years, practice along this line will be made impossible.

Commercialism Is Allying Itself with Legal Work

Corporations have ceased to be appreciable factors, owing to the organization of various "incorporation companies," one of which, for fifty dollars, plus state fees, will organize a company, and for twenty-five dollars per year will thereafter provide an office for directors' meetings, write the minutes, prepare the annual reports, and attend to the various details which the particular state statute makes obligatory. Two or three New York City firms, which represent themselves as doing corporation business, will be found, upon examination, to be largely "promoters," supplying the capital for schemes which are likely to prove successful.

The legal department of many trust companies will draw wills, free of charge, providing the testator will appoint the company executor and trustee. The profit is derived from the statutory fees.

"Collection agencies," whose representatives are usually young men not admitted to the bar and receiving a weekly stipend rarely over ten dollars, are prepared to dun a recalcitrant debtor upon terms so low as to render competition by an attorney out of the question.

The fidelity and casualty companies are also a

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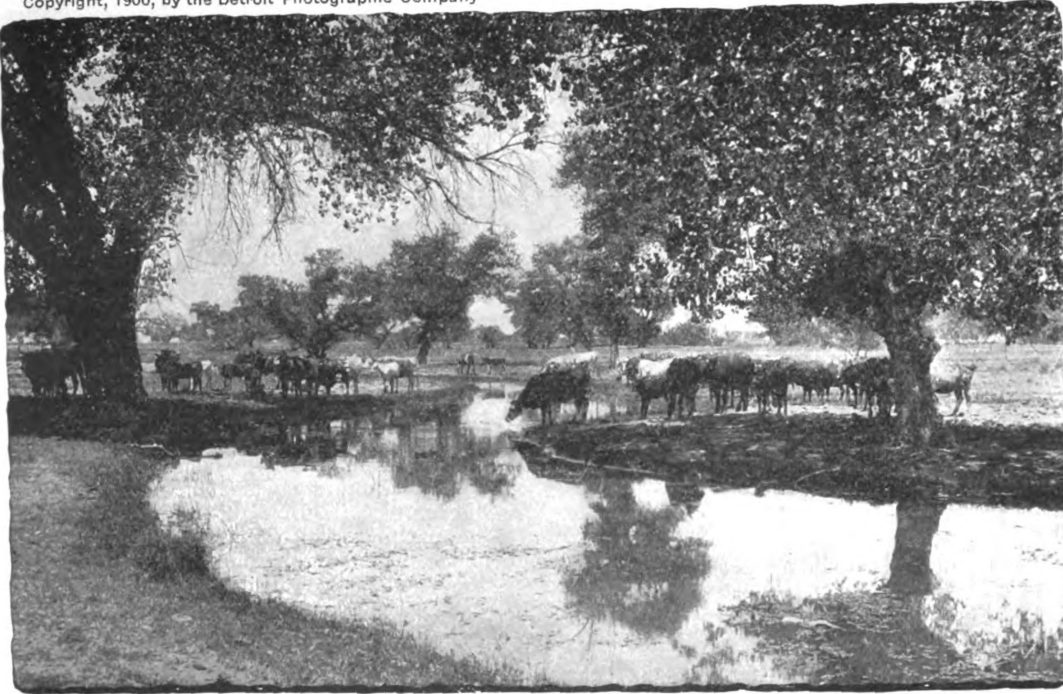
The Decline of the Practicing Lawyer

H. GERALD CHAPIN

[Editor, "The American Lawyer"]



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In California's golden-poppied fields, kind Nature all her subtlest beauty yields

What America Offers Her Artists

WILLIAM ORDWAY PARTRIDGE

[Sculptor and Author]

"Here, alone, only within these magic circles, rise up the awful spirits whose words are oracles for mankind, whose love embraces all countries, and whose voices sound through all ages. Here, and here only, may we confidently expect those mighty minds to be reared and ripened, whose names are naturalized in foreign lands,—the sure fellow travelers of civilization, yet to render their own country dearer and more proudly dear to their own countrymen. This is indeed cosmopolitanism, at once the nursling and the nurse of patriotism."

SO WRITES Coleridge, the poet and philosopher, of his own beloved England. There are few men who dare to question his knowledge or his insight. What he says of art, in his various essays, is definitive. There can be no appeal from what he has written here, either by artists or critics. What he says of England is, of course, applicable to America or to any other civilized land. It is well, then, for us to consider these weighty words, and to think seriously of the patriotic idea in art;—if we have such an idea, to develop it wisely, and, where it does not exist, to call it at once into being.

It has been a popular fallacy that a man may study art, and, indeed, become great as an artist, in a foreign land; but a careful search will explode this theory. It would be difficult for anyone to mention an artist who has become great [I do not refer to the men of merely average eminence.] without having had direct and frequent association with his native land. Can a man spend his life abroad and still be an American?

A Painter Should Portray the Era in Which He Lives

There is something in expatriation that unsexes masculine genius. I do not say that a man may not travel, at certain periods of his life, with great profit, and even spend months in foreign lands; but he must carry with him racial instinct and desire. If he does not do this, he returns to us out of touch with our institutions and our progress, and his art is like a false note,—not in harmony with the great needs of his people. It is an untraveled Shakespeare who becomes the articulate voice of England.

Believe me, there is danger to our people from overstudy,—which is often understudy,—and from overtravel. While it is well for a man to go abroad for a few years, to see the great masters and obtain the advantages of foreign schools, there is great danger as soon as he wishes to make a home here. Alfred Stevens has said that "an artist should live and work in the land in which he was born and in which he passed his youth." Again he writes, "However mediocre he may be, the painter who reproduces the era in which he lives will be more interesting in time than the one who tries to reproduce an epoch which he has not seen." I remember that Phillips Brooks accosted, on a busy Boston thoroughfare, a young artist who had just returned from Paris, and, with a word of welcome, expressed the hope that he had come to take up his abode in America. "Not yet," the young man replied, "I wish to go back to Europe for more study." A serious expression passed over the face of the great human being, and he

said, "Ah, remember that a man may study until his hair is gray." He said little more, but the inference was clear; namely, that many a life is wasted in selfish study.

Young American art students, after a year or two of study in Paris, have exhibited a freshness and an eagerness that have delighted their masters; but they have fallen away, as soon as they have taken up a permanent abode in France, into a pseudo-French style, which is neither American nor French, but an unhappy hybrid. We may establish this fact, then, that a man becomes an oracle to his people only as his pulses throb with the thousand kindred hearts about him.

Art Should generally Be Taught in Public Schools

Let us consider the purpose of art. In a word, we must know its universal purport before we can estimate fairly its possible benefit to our people. We must see how great art is bound up with true patriotism, and how great art is the reflection of great and simple living. It is the artist's mission to reveal to you the hidden world; and, when he has opened its beauties to you, you may go from world to world, forever enjoying and forever finding something new to enjoy. Art has not reached a point with us where it ranks with literature, music, or science, as it has done abroad. Still, a taste for it is now considered necessary to cultured men. Almost every well-equipped college in the land has a course in the fine arts, and no school is considered well-ordered which has not an art department.

The claim of certain literary men, that artists are narrow, is true. The training of an artist is not yet understood in this country, and it is only dimly realized abroad. Instead of wondering how Shakespeare and Giotto and Donatello managed to do such perfect work with such poor schooling, we would better look more closely into the conditions of life which rounded out such men, and then attempt to make our schools correspond to those conditions. We cannot have a great art until art education is more generally taught in the public schools. What the clear-eyed Greeks thought to be the most essential thing in the educational plan we relegate to the last place. Art is a thing that must grow with a child's life; it can seldom be grafted in later years. Our whole system of education is wrong in this respect. A child will acquire a knowledge of reading and writing from almost any environment in which he may be placed, but love and taste for the beautiful come only through association with beautiful things.

America Can Establish Her Own Standard of Art

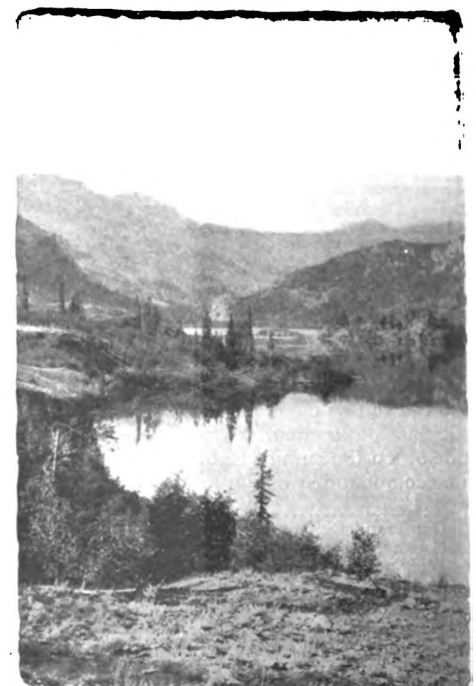
It is to be clearly understood that I wish to do reverence to all the great men that have gone before; to all the great movements of art,—the Egyptian, the Greek, the Renaissance, or the French,—but I wish distinctly to say that, if other nations have become great on their own



A deep-cut canyon, silent and sublime,—A gorge of Colorado's rugged clime



By Lake Champlain, the cooling winds impart The breath of love and life, of song and art



Wyoming's mountains, high, majestic, grave. Look down on rivers where the wild birds lave



Within the charmed Yosemite, one finds
The cosmic food to feed a million minds



O Delaware, bright river of my dreams, thy marge with Earth's poetic magic teems



Fair Florida, what wonders are displayed
By thy low shores, beneath thy palm trees' shade!



The moonbeams on Lake Michigan at play
Illumine the lonely steamer's midnight way

lines of thought and action, we must and should have the courage to do something great on those lines of progress which our ancestors have laid down for our national growth.

At first our early sculptors and painters, especially the sculptors, caught the classical fever, and they produced the lifeless school of Powers, Milmore, and other men. They peopled our cities and our towns with a series of granite men such as were never seen on this earth, or in the waters above or below it. I would that the ground might open and swallow them all, for we should be a great deal better off for it. What must a sculptor be, in his life and training, in order to do great and enduring work?

American Sculptors Are not Making Our Monuments

Let us glance at the only people who have done really great work in monumental sculpture,—the Greeks. The French, even, are not excepted; for, when all is known, they are, at their best, only clever, rarely great. The Athenian republic was not unlike our own in point of civilization and literary ability, but it was unlike our own in one vital respect. The artist was a rounded man, and not a one-sided creature. "The grandeur of character in the work of Phidias is heightened and partly produced through the absence of all conscious striving and straining after effect. It is its simplicity which adds to its power; yet all the qualities in the work cannot be immediately produced by one act of the will of an artist; they are to be traced back to the same characteristics in the man, and such a man was Phidias." So says Professor Waldstein in his Phidian essays.

If there are great artists in our country to-day, why is it that they are not making our public monuments? Surely the only reason can be that personal or political influence often has greater weight with those in control than absolute merit. True sculptors often hesitate to bring their work into competition with the offerings of marble yards and granite quarries; neither do they desire to have their work passed upon by those who are often incapable of judging of sculpture. The admirable scheme of an art commission in this city will, fortunately, save us, in the future, from more of such horrors as we have seen and yet see.

American Architecture Is in Need of Improvement

After the sculptors and painters come the architects; and they, at least, when the patriotic fever was high in colonial times, produced things of beauty. Then came the fever for reproducing foreign models, not in any way suited to our climate or our needs, and the result is known to the most casual observer in Boston. The Masonic Temple, on Tremont Street, in that city, was an evidence of the abuse of a noble style like the Gothic. There are too many hideous examples of this treatment of classical and Gothic styles to need mention.

Next came men with larger endowment and of more generous education, who saw much in the Renaissance movement that might be used to advantage in our domestic and public architecture. In one or two instances a successful adaptation

has been made, but in almost all others our public buildings have been overlaid with finical ornament, and the architecture has been a travesty upon the fine old colonial style. When will men learn what James Russell Lowell has so well put in his "Present Crisis;" namely, that "a miracle cannot be encored?" You might as well try to produce human beings on the plan of some human being once produced. In our literature the "Chap Book" and other like efforts show this tendency to return to worn-out styles. If we could not do as good work to-day as was done in the old days, in publishing or in designing, there would be some excuse, perhaps, for such a disastrous and vulgar work as the publications and illustrations exhibited with Mr. Beardsley's name attached, and which people in society ask you, with unabashed front, if you have seen,—as if they were the supreme note of design. "What a fine feeling for line he has!" they will exclaim. It would be better if his "fine feeling for line" had been quenched, while he was still young, and his attention turned to some useful trade, instead of being allowed to demoralize the world and our taste with inhuman and disgusting designs. Among the young men who call themselves poets, and many of them have excellent poetic talent, if not genius, one cannot help but observe a lack of sane, healthful virility. I talked with one, the other day, a man of undoubted ability, who told me he could not recite or read his poem, because he had not had his glass of brandy after his coffee. They will choose those beautiful forms by the old English or Italian writers,—even the wording,—and reproduce rondeaux and sonnets that might have done very well in Elizabethan times, but are entirely out of place to-day. They make one feel that a good form has been debased.

Beauty Begets Pure and Perfect Enjoyment of Life

But we are making giant strides in the right direction. The leading men of our time understand the world in terms of law rather than in terms of beauty, which comprehends both law and truth. The universe presents itself to man's æsthetic nature in terms of beauty. There are many of us who, with the utilitarian spirit of the age, will ask, "What is the use of beauty?" Primarily its use is for perfect and pure enjoyment, and to make us absolutely free. In the doing of this great thing it furnishes us with repose without waste, with growth without weariness, and with character without sad experience. It does more than this, however: it reveals to us the harmony in the universe,—the divine order of things that seem chaotic. The universe lends itself, or, better, gives itself to us in the ratio of our desire and right to appropriate it. Surely there is no more elevating way than through the sense of beauty.

How shall we get the best out of the world's past, and yet be just to our own time, our country, and ourselves? It is evident that the men of the present day who have achieved any worthy and enduring success are those who have, in some way, so mastered the past as to make it

[Concluded on pages 432 and 433]



To the outer world forbidden, in a spot remote and hidden,
Every rose doth claim a secret guarded far from mortal view;
Thus it is with us, who, flurried, through the garden plots are hurried,
With a speechless love for flowers that are bending 'neath the dew.
Spry Spy led his troops, brave-hearted, where the crimson petals swayed,
Where the soft-cheeked rose was rocking with her every charm displayed.
Bright the road that led before them, and the sunshine shimmered o'er them,
While the dust was all with dewdrops of the early morning laid.

All advanced at once, as stated, and the greater part, elated,
Scaled the sunlit crags undaunted, as they heard their captain's cry;
While the Bumble kept them plodding, as his bandaged head went nodding,
For he still remained submissive, filled with fear that he might die.
Thus it was that, far in hiding, where the tender petals curled,
Spry Spy's host approached the entrance to a strange, enchanted world;
"None has gone before," said Bumble, in a manner meek and humble,—
"I may yet be reprimanded,"—and his spotted wings unfurled.

Dreamland's ways are most surprising,—past all hope of analyzing,—
And a fairy's wand works wonders when 'tis in the proper hand;
Lo! the dim, dark ways entrancing, where the diamond petals were dancing,
Led to depths, by elfins lighted, in a gorgeous fairyland.
Down the stem, now grown gigantic, trooped the Spry Spy horde in glee,
With a faithful guide to lead them, and that guide a bumble bee;
While above, as dawn was creeping, lay a fairy queen, there sleeping,
With her robe a crimson petal that was blown from o'er the sea.

Miss Amelia, blindly groping through the darkness, wandered, hoping
That the journey would be over in a very little while,
And the soldier close beside her stirred a creepy, sleepy spider,
As he tried to help a comrade down the dimly lighted aisle.
Was there ever rose so wondrous?—Just to think that, down its stem,
Flocked an army, bold and fearless, with its charm surrounding them!
Spry Spy gripped his sword the tighter, as, advancing, all grew lighter,—
Would an evil gnome watch over and their dauntless deed condemn?

Lo! the gloom was soon dissembled, and each little trooper trembled,
With his paper cap a-tilting, though his heart was not upset;
Sweet the air, with perfume scented!—Could a man stand discontented
On the threshold of a country where such perfect charms were met?
Bumble limped still forward, buzzing out a bee's bombastic woe,
[He would much prefer the meadows where the nectared blossoms grow.]
And, from every nook enchanted, buds, by elfin hands transplanted,
Smiled their doubtful sort of welcome,—half a "Yes" and half a "No."

There the sky was bluest flowers, formed in Nature's quaintest bowers,
And the clouds were nodding daisies, that hung limply overhead.
Mountain high, wild roses pillowed,—hosts of jonquils gaily billowed
In this sea of fairy magic that would know a monarch's tread.
All were deftly fashioned posies,—'t was a world of color rare!
Why, it seemed no sage could mention all the kinds assembled there!
Who e'er saw such fragrant regions?—Roses smiled in lovely legions.—
What a realm for Mr. Bumble, with an acre for his share!

"Comp-an-ee, attention! Good, sir! I should think at last you would, sir,
Hold your gun as if 'twere loaded. Now, then, straighten up the line!
Sergeant Young, please drop that candy!—You may plainly understand he
Never would become a soldier lik the other men of mine."
Spry Spy did n't like disorder, so the scattered crowd was made
To assemble at attention, in a sheltered lilac glade;
Then, at double time, they started, light of feet and happy-hearted,
Under trees that bent with bluebells,—over pinks they had to wade.

It was "hep-te-hep-te,"—hurry,—do not have a single worry;
What are worlds Columbus gave us, in comparison with this?
'T was a field where life bespotted, odd of shape and well assorted,—
All the regal realm of Dreamland felt the touch of Nature's kiss.
Into caldrons, magic-heated, pea-green goblins poured the best
Of the odor-laden flowers that Dame Nature's hand had dressed;
Dumped them in, all overflowing, roses red and posies glowing,—
Stirred each sleeping pink and poppy from its leaf-enshrouded nest.

Small need there for guns and rattle, or the uproar of a battle!
Spry Spy bade his hosts dissemble that each one might see it all.
Mr. Bumble, hungry fellow, spied a blossom bending, yellow,
And he made a search for honey where the grasses sheltered tall.
"What is this?" one elfin grumbled, as he staggered 'neath the load
Of a vari-tinted burden, down the flower-guarded road,—
"Who are all these folks approaching, on our sacred ground encroaching?—
'T is audacious thus to venture to our gracious queen's abode."

Soon the Spry Spy band was sighted, and the elfin folks alighted;
Faces strange and faces comic did the army strong behold.
"We are from the world above you, and I feel quite sure we love you,"
Spry Spy said, with calm demeanor, fearing that the host would scold.
"Here is sunshine strangely fashioned, here are boundless stores of wealth,
All these flowers are rich in perfume, and their fragrance brings you health
Now we trust that our intrusion will not bring about confusion,
For our purpose is most worthy, and we do not act by stealth."

"These," explained a gnome, "are flowers that were killed by autumn showers,—
All the wilted buds of summer that the season threw to waste;
'T is our duty thus to find them,—pluck and keep and safely bind them,
In our garden of the rose-tree, where each vagrant one is placed.
Here are gems from days forgotten of the ancient long ago,
Here are blooms of summer hours that, neglected, used to grow.—
Down the darkened dells, faint lifting, when the cloud-ship barks were drifting,
And the South Wind never found them as it wandered to and fro.

"Here the peachblow that was flurried, when the cold blast onward hurried,
Has been brought to life, glad-hearted, and the dreaming violet
That some ruthless hand has smitten knows grim laws and stern are written,
In our fairyland, forbidding that a leaf should be upset.
When the springtime banner flutters, then our year of work doth show:
Every flower must have its perfume, since Queen Nature wills it so.
Roses, hyacinths, are bending, for the touch of those attending,
Who pour forth a share of perfume in the hollows where they grow."

Now the giant caldron's steaming, there are miles of roses streaming;
Did you know that last year's blossoms help to make the next complete?
Work, each gnome and sprite and fairy, on your vine-swung derricks airy,
For the pansy lost last summer makes another pansy sweet.
Heap the caldrons full to brimming, and the fairy queen shall give
To the labeled potions essence, for the flowers soon to live.
In the dead of night, soft-treading, goes the pea-green elfin, spreading
All the perfume of the woodlands with a posy-girdled sieve.

While these wondrous sights were flashing, Mr. Bumble's feet were dashing
From his nectar-loaded cradle to the Spry Spy leader's side.
"Run," he said, with accents humming, "for the fairy queen is coming;
You must haste to cover quickly, for 't is policy to hide."
Through the lane of green she wandered, stopping now to press her lips
To the petals of a flower,—then they claimed her finger-tips.
All the dreamland seemed to greet her,—flocks of goblins went to meet her,—
"We are captured," mumbled Bumble, "say farewell to future trips."

W. LIVINGSTON LARNED



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Winter is mild in these lowlands, so spring toward the swamp-growth is always riotous, coming to the richness of a golden midsummer before the end of May

The Truce of the Flood

CERV snuffed the air uneasily, and belled in his lowest note, as he trotted down to his favorite drinking pool. He had been feeding since sundown,—now it was full dark, though not late enough for the mocking birds to begin their night singing. A doe in the verge of the swamp answered his belling with a little piteous bleat, but did not venture to join him as he deigned no answer. Cerv was very proud,—his antlers had full five points, and were just fairly in the white; that is to say, they had grown again, after the winter shedding. Antlers are not constant, like the horns of sheep and cattle. They fall every winter,—then from the roots push out budded velvety knobs, burning hot to the touch, which spread and grow, and, by and by, take the shape of antlers. The velvet shrinks and cracks, until it can be rubbed off, leaving the fine new antlers a clear chalk white.

Cerv flung up his chin until his antler-tips touched his shoulders. He was a notable fellow, cognizable from all the other bucks in the swamp by the darkness of his chin-band, the clear white of his ear-lining, and the length and thickness of the tufts growing inside his legs. He went at an easy lope, keeping to the road at the border between the swamp and the clearing. There was a high crooked-rail fence around the field. He leaped it without effort, straddled down some corn stalks, devoured the ears just in the milk, jumped out again, and loped away.

There was water anywhere within fifty yards of the road, but he chose to go a full mile for his draught. Deer are curiously constant, in drinking, couching, and feeding, seldom lying down twice in the same spot, yet making a new bed but a little way from an old one. They have a still more curious fondness for human neighborhood. The trackless deeps of the swamp offered always safe asylum; but, partly because he had opened blinking fawn eyes in them, Cerv chose to stay in the comparatively open ones round about Red Gum Plantation.

Red Gum lay just well inside the levee line, with its big fields sloping to the swamp, but so gently that they seemed, to the casual glance, of a dead level. In the overflow times, one found out the difference. Red Gum House was above the highest-water mark, when the fields were ten to twenty feet deep with it. Throughout all the great alluvial plain which the Mississippi River has built between Cairo and the Gulf, the highest land is close along the river banks, sloping thence to the swamps further in, which, in turn, lead out to the smaller streams flowing at the foot of the hills bounding the bottoms.

Winter is mild in these lowlands, so spring toward the swamp-growth is always riotous, coming to the richness of midsummer before the end of May. That year the green things had grown so tall and slim that the land-wise, and especially the swamp-wise, said they were making ready for overflowing. Cerv knew only that they were juicy, well budded, and uncommonly well flavored. Still he did not

Martha McCulloch-Williams

[Author of "Next to the Ground," etc., etc.]

wholly lack prescience,—more than once he stopped short in his tracks, snuffed, turned his head this way and that way, while flicking his ears back and forth to catch sounds from every quarter.

All about there was an oppressive stillness. No wind ruffled the tree-tops, and never a dewdrop plashed and fell. But tree toads peeped, bull frogs boomed a double bass, and from myriad insect harps came fine, faint, thorny trebles. Under-voicing all was a hissing, gliding tremolo, almost too faint to be called a sound, yet thrilling as the whisper of a dying world, or the voice of a waxing river, raging and gnawing its bank. Cerv shook his head, stamping impatiently, for the threat of that constant noise irritated him. Besides, he was really thirsty,—the corn-milk, and the salt he had licked from the earth, beside a deserted cabin, lingered still in his mouth. Belling louder than before, he threw up his chin again, and went toward the pool at a dead run.

It was glassy-smooth as ever, but curiously swollen. He put down his head, meaning but to sip, and found his nose buried. After the first swig he raised his head, mumbling water, and letting it drip. It was earthy, bitter almost,—tainted with seep-water; that is to say, river water strained through the big alluvial sponge of the bottoms, and, in the straining, heavily charged with earthy salts. It sickens whatever drinks deeply of it; it also kills grass, and weeds,—indeed, whatever tender green thing it may touch. Cerv turned disdainfully from the pool, just as the doe which had answered him came up behind him. She had a spotted fawn trotting beside her, and ran past him to drink. In a wink he had pushed her away from the water, pummeled her with his horns, and sent her, bleating and terrified, along the way she had come. He himself followed more slowly, bound for the bayou, and for his fill of running water.

Manager Burton sat upon the piazza at Red Gum listening to the river even more intently than Cerv had done. A veteran of many overflows, he knew what every shade of sound meant. Thus, when a sucking surge blurred the whispering trem-

olo, he understood that some earthy flat, in the space outside the levee, had slipped down into the river. The levees ought to hold, for they were high and firm and well grassed. But there had been no overflow for five years,—and flood water is the only real test of levee-strength. The levee captains and the patrol laughed at his fears,—so far, with water only a foot below the levee top, there had not been even a single sand-boil. He had said to them: "Wait and see, boys: when the old Mississipp' gets real hungry-mad, she can eat her way through anything,—brick wall or cast iron, much more your nice mud banks."

That night in early June, the water was getting hungry-mad. The sucking surges came louder, and closer together. Tom-Jeff,—meaning Thomas Jefferson, Manager Burton's son,—a tall lad of seventeen, got up from the piazza bench, where he had been lightly dozing, saying, as he stretched himself: "Pa, ef you do n't mind, I'll saddle Beck-mule and ride up to the patrollers,—I sorter want to see the water, by this big full moon."

"Take along your knife," Manager Burton said; "wild cats are very audacious this time o' the year,—besides, the niggers say they've seen a bear projickin' around this last week."

"B'leeve I'll take my rifle, too," Tom-Jeff replied. His father shook his head. "I would n't," he said; "you'll just rust the barrel for nothin'." I forgot to tell you, thar's orders out against night-shootin'. Gun-fire after dark now is to be warnin' of a break. With Beck-mule and a bowie knife, you can fend off anything you're likely to meet. But jest listen to the old Mississipp'! Boomin' stronger every minute! Say, Tom-Jeff, ride down to Little Red Gum instead o' the levee, wake up Parsons, and tell him to load his wife and young ones in the wagon, with meat and meal enough to feed 'em a month, and strike for the hills. Ef the water do n't come, I'll look after his place and crop,—ef it does he had a heap better be outside of it. Real high water'll come jest about level with his chimney-top, for the house stands all of twenty foot lower than this one does."

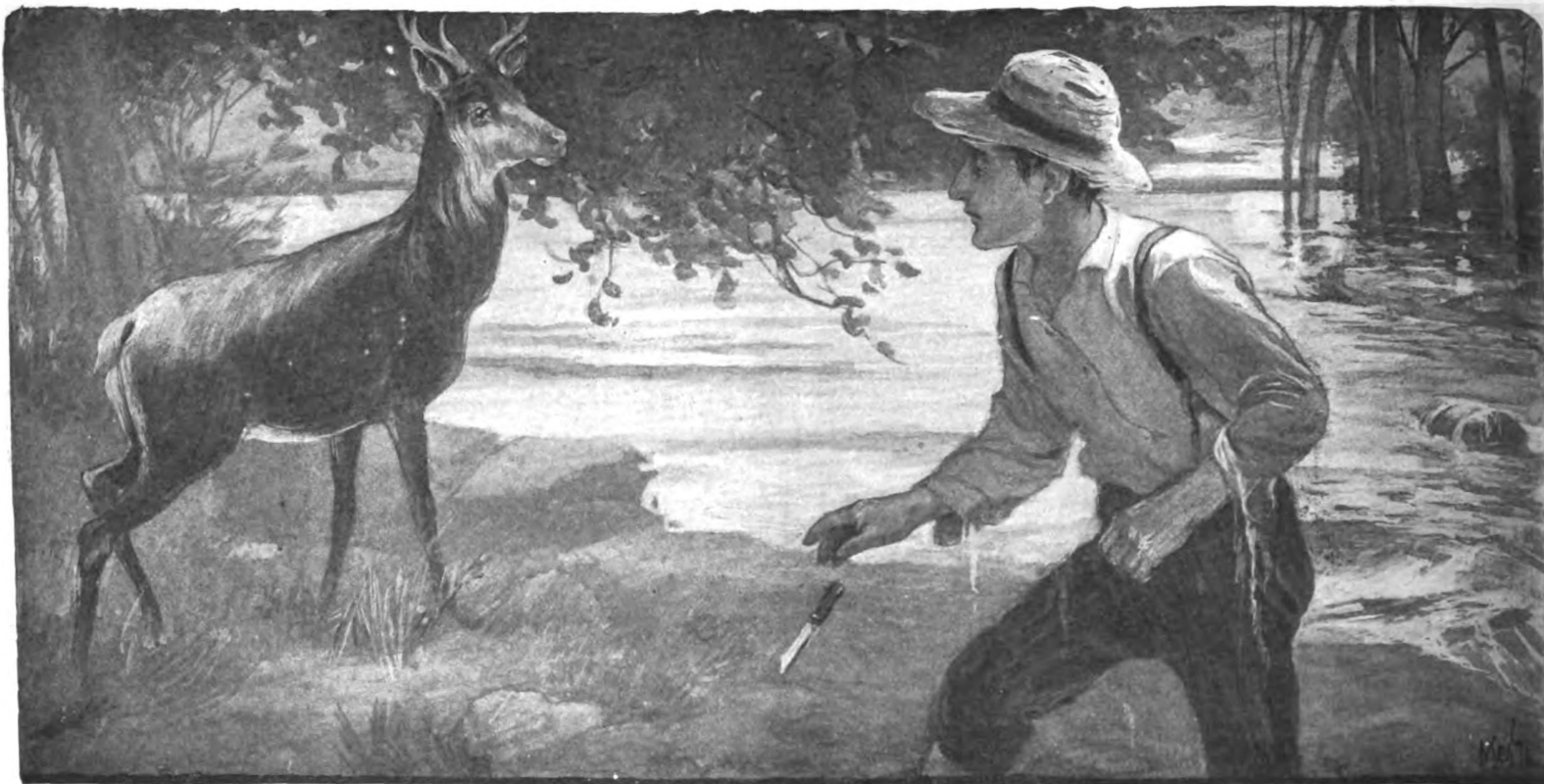
"All right, sir!" Tom-Jeff answered, with just the least wry face. "I do n't see what made Parsons ever settle here, though. He do n't even know how to chop cotton,—and, as for the swamps, I've taught his biggest boy more about them than he'll ever know."

"Oh! He's a good man enough,—only jest sorter shiftless,—however, he's got five little children,—so hurry," Manager Burton said. "You'd better stay there till you see 'em start, then make haste home, or, rather, you can come on to the levee,—I'm going there myself,—I want to see her break."

"So do I," said Tom-Jeff, buckling on his knife belt. But, once in the saddle, he took the lower road. His father looked after him proudly. Tom-Jeff was the apple of his eye. He might have sent a black man to warn the Parsons family, but he wanted to impress upon his boy the chivalric obligation of strength and manly courage to serve and succor weakness.



With heads erect, they listened to the roar and rush of the waters



He dropped the knife, saying: "Do n't cry, Mister Prong-Horns! I won't hurt you, for I've been too near death myself, this morning"

Tom-Jeff stood five feet, ten, and he was still growing. In woodcraft, and especially swampcraft, he was almost up to his father, who, as man and boy, had lived in the bottoms fully fifty years. The road ran across fields bristling with rank cotton, or very tall yellow-tasseled corn. The corn was, for the most part, in the deadenings, where still great trees stood stark and gray, holding up bare grim branches to the sunlight as if they were protesting to heaven itself against such sylvan sacrilege. Tom-Jeff did not like to ride underneath them,—partly because the big owls haunted them, hooting hoarsely from dead tip to dead tip, and partly also because there was no knowing when a dead trunk or branch would topple to a fall.

So he kept in the turn rows dividing the cotton, a longer route, and one that brought him in full sight of the truck-patch. Abreast of it he stopped, and looked close, smiling oddly. Melons grew over half of it, planted thus remote to save them the taint of gourd-pollen the bees would otherwise bring in. Tom-Jeff had half a mind to get down and break open a ripe one. He kept it half a mind, saying to himself: "T would n't surprise me if that sassy fellow was hid there in the roasting-ear patch,—and, next time we two mix up, I want to have my gun."

The sassy fellow was Cerv. He liked black-eyed peas as well as Tom-Jeff did melons. Last August, in the season when bucks are ready to fight anything, Cerv had chased Tom-Jeff out of the truck-patch and fifty yards on the way home. That, of course, was insult only to be wiped out in blood. Tom-Jeff had kept a sharp eye for his enemy all through the winter hunting, yet, though he had seen him so many times that he had come to know him well, he had never got a fair shot. It was aggravating,—but less so than to have some luckier hunter take those especial horns. Tom-Jeff was resolved to have them, even before the adventure of last week. Then, as he knelt replanting melon hills for a late crop, his gun, his knife, even, fifty yards off, Cerv had dashed from a sweet-corn ambush, leaped square over him, and gone off like a streak, his tail so upright it showed as a white feather against the glossy darkness of his quarters.

Tom-Jeff shut his eyes, recalling the picture. Beck-mule all at once pricked her ears and snorted loudly. Two owls hooted from dead tree-tops, then flapped heavily away, as sharply across the night came the sound of shots,—three, one after another, thrice repeated. Tom-Jeff moved as if to turn back at the sound, but suddenly wheeled and rode faster than ever, saying to the moonlit road: "My old man knows the Mississipp' fer true! There she goes,—and here she comes! Git up, Beck! Old gal, we're runnin' a race."

Long before Cerv was within scent of the bayou, terror laid hold of him. Overhead the leaves trembled ominously; at his feet the ground gave out faint bubbling sighs. Presently, the sighs were swallowed in a stealthy, mounting sound, heavy,

threatening, coming behind. As he fled from it the swamp spread and rose up to meet him,—he splashed through water where there had been only damp earth and moss. It was running water, sweet on the tongue,—sweeter at least than the tainted seep-pool. He drank deep, then turned bewilderedly back. The fields were lighter, warmer,—the swamp had grown suddenly so dank that it oppressed him. But, when he came to the open, he saw long gleams all up and down the corn rows, and terrifying ripples in the cotton land beyond. Then, too, there were shots, now coming steadily at half-minute intervals. He hated the sound of them,—more than once he had felt a stinging, burning pain after such noises. The swamp meant safety, so he made for the highest runway of it. As he came to the runway, he saw the doe and her fawn scuttering along ahead. Last night he would have fought the doe out of his sight. Now he was meekly glad to follow her lead. She knew swamp heights and depths, ever so much better than he, haunting and couching there while she cared for her young. He belled to her, not lordly-loud as was his wont, but low and plaintively. Her answering bleat was in the same key, yet to him it seemed to say: "Follow! I will lead you to where it is safe."

Presently the ground rose,—the water dropped lower than the knee,—the ankle,—at last he stood amid leaves and moss. By some geological freak a low rocky knoll rose up thus deep in the swamp. The top of it was but a few yards across. A mulberry and some sassafras trees grew there, so shaded by the encompassing swamp giants that they shot up straight and slim. Underneath them starveling briars disputed with each other every inch of dry and sunny earth. There was not much to dispute, for dank rotting leaves covered most of the ground, but Cerv dropped luxuriously upon them, spent and panting, his nose to

the wind. In deer language he called the doe to lie beside him, with the fawn snugly between. Thus they watched the night away, occasionally nestling one toward the other. They heard hisses, spittings, and low growls, as the creeping, mounting water drove wild cats from the thickets to the tree-tops, but the hissing was nothing like so frightful as the steady lap, lap of the flood around the great trunks. Before daylight they got up, and browsed scantily. Full sunrise made them cower. The whole world was water,—what availed it to swim, with no sound earth to swim to? Once Cerv waded out until he was breast-deep. The doe bleated distressfully, and he came back. As he stood shaking himself, she stopped licking her fawn, and timidly laid her tongue to his rumpled coat. By way of reward to her Cerv stood still, quite as if he did not know what was going on.

Little Red Gum lay five miles from Red Gum proper, upon a tongue of arable land, making into the swamp. The flood won the race, but Tom-Jeff managed to send the Parsons family away in time to have a chance of reaching the hills. He hitched in Beck to make up a stout and fast team for them, cutting short poor Parsons's protest with: "Oh! you've got to take her. Never mind me! I'll sleep in the loft and row home in the dugout, before breakfast in the morning. Yes,—you can row all over the bottoms by then. Go with you? No, thank! I'm bound to get back to my old man."

Once afloat in the cranky dugout, he found getting back to be a thing much easier said than done. True enough the fields were lakes,—mirrors of sheeted silver except where the tallest corn stalks came through. Fences had vanished,—in places there were rails eddying in the slack. He laid his course across the slack water, rather fearing to trust his paddling in the currents that ran down the roads and drains. Now and again, the paddle caught in some submerged growth. Once he was nearly upset, and again he shipped so much water that it took a long time to bail it out, with only his slouch hat for a cup.

Yet, he said to himself, the voyage was worth while. Far as the eye could reach was water, water,—water wimpling, dimpling in the early sunshine, darkling in wooded shade, black and threatening down the vistas of the swamp. The sight awed him, made him feel small and lonesome. Fear was something he did not know, but there, in the face of the flood, he got an understanding of what it might mean. A mile out, he shipped his paddle, drew a long, deep breath, and glanced upstream. It was well that he did. As he looked, the water rose visibly,—sheeted silver changed in a twinkling to a low gray hissing wall. The sight set his heart beating at trip-hammer pace. The gray wall meant another break, a wider and worse one, higher up, through which a madder flood swept savagely, curling the earlier water in mile-long crested waves.

[Concluded on page 421]

SCIENCE

Agnes M. Matthews

O Science, child of pale Philosophy,
Whose clear-cut features, too correct for Art,
Have oftentimes played Medusa to the heart
Of budding Fancy: fair and wild and free,
Thou, who art yet the queen of Liberty,
For whose white favors sages oft have sighed,
On whose broad plain brave men have moiled
and died,

Striving through mists of hope thy face to see,—

Thou, whose bright touch, like sunlight, doth
divide
The heavy clouds which long have veiled the
prize,—

Who, grandly careless of a world's renown,
Dost search, untiring, earth and heaven wide,—
Shall we yet find in thy calm, clear, cold eyes,
The faith thy feet have seemed to trample
down?

Cheerfulness in the Home

MARGARET E. SANGSTER



When cheerfulness has fled

IT is so very easy not to be cheerful at home that people whom nobody suspects elsewhere of giving way to moods are as depressing in their melancholy, behind their own front doors, as a London fog in January. The man in the counting-room, in the shop, or in the street, has a pleasant word and an alert, bright look; if he meets a neighbor, he raises his hat, with a courteous bow, and his greeting matches the little act of everyday politeness; but, when he has turned his own latchkey, too often he is suddenly metamorphosed. The change is extraordinary and swift. Somehow the man collapses,—or *slumps*, for I cannot think of a better word,—is dispirited, cross, fault-finding, and melancholy. It is a black fiend, that demon of the low mood, that perches on one's shoulder, veils his countenance with gloom, and acts as a wet blanket on the mirth of children, and the joy of the children's mother. Talk of a sunshiny wife,—a sunshiny husband is as much a necessity in the average household, as much a factor in the average successful home living, as she can ever be. A man, having been out of doors and away from the "trivial round, the common task," of sweeping, dusting, baking, brewing, cooking, and contriving, should come home like a fresh breeze, bringing a waft of gladness with him, waking the shouts of boys and the laughter of girls, and adding to the wholesome store of family joy. This, thank heaven, is what most men do. The chronic fault-finder and the inveterate and ever-chilling hypochondriac are exceptional among men.

Laughter always Creates Laughter

If a man should be cheerful at home, it goes without saying that a woman should be. Whatever her cares or anxieties, the wife and mother must make it part of her religion to live above them. What is most prized in household economy is not a temperament which is gay by fits and starts, up to-day and down to-morrow, full of hilarity on occasions, and heavy as lead at other times, but an even serenity of soul

which makes people at ease and happy under the roof. A home in which one treads always on thin ice cannot be tolerable. A cheerful disposition will influence its possessor to make the best of existing circumstances, forget the discomforts of yesterday, and anticipate delightful things to-morrow. To live largely in the present, doing one's best and trusting God, is to maintain an almost unbroken cheeriness of demeanor and of experience.

A distinction may always be made between high spirits, the sanguine optimism which makes people gay to effervescence, and the equanimity which is a good outfit for the common road. In choosing a life-partner, either a man or a woman does wisely who seeks one whose habitual cheerfulness will fit him or her for good comradeship.

Much of the lack of cheer which undermines home comfort may be laid to the score of insufficient health. A dyspeptic sees the world as through a haze of indigo. Inability to assimilate food makes poor blood, poor blood means low vitality, and low vitality brings, in its wake, an absence of joy and a presence of pain, which result in fretfulness and morbidness. A resort to the dentist or the doctor, a change of diet, an increased amount of exercise, more sleep, less worry, will often restore, to a jaded mind and a wearied body, the lost sense of happy cheer, and make a whole family glad where they have been sorrowful.

Worry Is One of the Most Destructive Elements of Modern Home Life

Put an emphasis on that little word, *worry*. I hear some one say, "Ah! preaching is easy, practice is difficult." There are things that worry us, doubtless, but it is possible to eliminate them from most lives. We are living, perhaps, in too complex style, and should cut down expenses, retrench, and aim at greater simplicity. We have uncongenial relatives around us, or somebody in the circle of the kindred is a trial, or we are afraid of the future that is unknown, and we give way to worry and are not cheerful. Then we seem to lose all interest in life and living.

I once met an elderly lady in a fur cloak, on a melting Fourth of July.

"Pray, why do n't you wear something thinner?" I asked. "I have no summer clothes," was the answer, "and I can't buy any. General — and I must live with the greatest frugality, or we'll go to the poorhouse!" This was a rich woman, by the by, but she was a pauper in spirit, never cheerful,—because always looking out for disaster. Worry harassed her into her grave, and, as soon as he decently could, the general married a frivolous girl, who promptly spent all her predecessor had saved. She died, in her turn, and the old gentleman married a third mate, who survived him. The first incumbent might as well have taken more cheerful views, forborne worry, and enjoyed herself as she went along.

As an important part of children's development, they should grow up in the open air of cheerfulness and the sunshine of love. No child can be symmetrical or strong, however carefully trained, who has a famished spiritual nature; and, if a house be gloomy, cold, and wretched, the nature will starve, even amid material plenty.

A Merry Heart Eclipses Sunlight

Curiously, people who give the reins to moroseness and allow the disagreeable and the perverse tendencies of life to run away with them, are not those who have most cause for real griefs. Real sorrows may make the heart sad, but from such a state it presently rebounds. The curse of melancholy is that it springs, in numerous instances, from mere fancied intangibilities, from causes that never could be defined though one should try for years to discover their reasons for existing.

Better than a fortune,—than gold, silver, and jewels,—better than anything that can be weighed in earthly balances, is a sunny hopefulness of habitual thought, which makes the common day and the rough road cheery and smooth, for "a merry heart doeth good like a medicine."

Just one word more! At home we are apt to be off our guard. This is why "company manners" are careful, and home ones sometimes brusque. This is why people are too candid to home folks, too quick with caustic comment to those they love best. When a man is so far gone in moodiness that he eclipses the gayety of society, we send him to a sanitarium. Then he is mentally distraught in earnest. But the person who can control himself among strangers may do so at home, if he will, and persistent lack of cheerfulness there is simply a sin and shame.

Remember that Your Home Should Be an Integral Part of Your Country

The chief aim of every family should be contentment. Without this quality, no home can be maintained on the lines of peace, happiness and progress. Contentment will bring more comfort than scores of costly paintings or thousands of dollars' worth of furniture. It is a great study; it means all that home life stands for.

Those who imagine that home is only a place in which to sleep and eat, have a mistaken idea of the most constructive measures of life, and little or no regard for their country. The men and women who have located and established homes are the ones who maintain good government, and not those whose lives are given to idle roaming and whose homes are "under their hats."

The seriousness of this matter is apparent to all. We have only to look around us, and note the conditions of our townspeople. The most solid, the most respected, and those who carry the greatest weight in a municipality, are those whose homes have been established the longest. Several years ago, a man was considered as a candidate for the mayoralty of an eastern town. When the critical moment for selection came, his party refused to nominate him, because he had been in that town only five years! I only mention this to show the advantages of having a well-established, well-guarded, well-conducted home.

[This is the second of the series on Home Culture, begun in the May Success. The next article will be entitled "Beauty in the Home," by Harriet Prescott Spofford.]



When contentment reigns

Matters of Moment and Coming Events of



The world is at peace now, save for the war in the Philippines, where the ground is ripe for the great American sower to scatter the seeds of plenty and to establish freedom

THE anthracite coal miners' strike, in Pennsylvania, presents one of the most pointed illustrations of the necessity of compulsory arbitration in this country. The members of the Civic Federation, which, in its short career, has done so much to allay friction between capital and labor, have made all reasonable effort to have the operators and miners reach an understanding. The operators refused to entertain any proposition of compromise. The miners, however, were willing to accept arbitration, and have naturally won public sympathy. Unfortunately for the miners, three hundred and fifty out of eight hundred and eleven voted not to strike, and the impression has gone out that the men were forced into the strike by unwise leaders, and that their lot is not half so bad as has been represented. The majority of these men are Hungarians, Italians, and Poles, and their mode of living is very inexpensive, but they are people who are trying to rise in the world, and they have as much right to try to do so as anybody else. They are permitted to work only one hundred and ninety-four days in a year, and they receive, on an average, one dollar and twenty-eight cents a working day, which means that their daily wages are about seventy-nine cents per day for a year. They ask that these wages be raised a beggarly ten per cent, or to about eighty-six cents a day for a year. Each miner, out of his present annual income of two hundred and forty-eight dollars, must pay thirty-six dollars for rent, five dollars for oil, fourteen dollars for powder, and six dollars for the "company" doctor, leaving one hundred and eighty-seven dollars for food, clothing, tools, and other necessities. It is also stated that, within the last ten years, four thousand three hundred and ninety-seven miners lost their lives, and that annually an average of one man in every two hundred is killed. Over ten thousand men were injured in the same decade. The life of a man who is not killed or maimed is notoriously short. All things considered, it is the worst-paid labor in our country, yet many of the greatest fortunes have been made by the mine operators, and all the coal roads and coal companies have prospered to a degree beyond that in most other good businesses for the last few years. Even in the panic year, 1893, every coal railroad, with the exception of the Reading and the Lehigh Valley, paid big dividends. A coal miner's lot presents one of the gloomiest pictures of industrial slavery and greed to be found in this country.

IN M. Waldeck-Rousseau, the republic of France has developed one of those strong men that the average Frenchman has been praying for since the death of Jules Ferry and Gambetta. Indeed, it would appear that this new leader is, as an administrator and party leader, the strongest man yet given to the republic. In the recent parliamentary elections, he has won over eighty majority in the chamber of deputies. This victory triumphantly vindicates his iron-handed suppression of the priests, who sought to meddle in politics. It is the most emphatic answer the people have yet given to the monarchists, nationalists, and opportunists, and it shows plainly that they want no more of them. Yet, in his hour of triumph, this great statesman announces his resignation, having, as he says, finished the work he was appointed to do; namely, to carry the republic safely and honorably through the Dreyfus re-trial and to suppress its enemies. He is doubtless entitled to a rest, but France is never safe without such men at its head. Émile Loubet, the safest and wisest president that the republic has ever had, remains to direct its destinies.

A CHICAGO editor once wrote that there were only half a dozen papers in this country read closely by all the editors, and among them was the New York "Evening Post," whose editor was Edwin Lawrence Godkin. Mr. Godkin died in England, about a month ago, having retired some two years ago from the "Evening Post." He was a native of Belfast, Ireland. Through his paper he probably inspired more editorials in other papers than any other man of his generation, for the men who write leaders read the "Post's" editorials for ideas and suggestions, more often to disagree than to agree with them. Mr. Godkin, like Greeley, was not a great editor, but a great editorial writer. He cared nothing for the commercial end of his paper, or the meager news that it contained. In fact, he would rather have sent only the editorial page to the public. Mr. Godkin was one of those men—and there are very few of them,—whom their friends embrace because they have to, not because they want to, and whom their enemies—and they have a multitude of them,—fear and hate, because they too have to. Charles A. Dana, with all his gifts for irony, spent the

best part of his late years trying to ridicule "Larry" Godkin, but it was like pouring water on a duck's back. Mr. Godkin seemed to have had a sense of humor that never let him lose his head. A powerful critical force has gone out of American politics and literature.

THE American shipping trust seems to have disturbed nearly the whole of the British Empire, but more especially certain elements in Great Britain and Canada. We have never doubted that Britannia made the sea, built the first craft that ever floated upon it, and that she owns it now, to do whatever she pleases with it, as John Smith will do with his mill pond. In all things maritime, she has a fine self-assurance, and it is a pity to have it so rudely disturbed by greedy American millionaires. But the facts are these: America has more money than she knows what to do with, if she does not meddle in some one else's business; three fourths of all the freight traffic that crosses the North Atlantic comes out of our hills and fields and workshops; and four fifths of all the passenger traffic is composed of Americans or people who are trying to become such. American capital and enterprise are certainly entitled to a share in a business which is so largely indebted to Americans for its existence. There was one of three things for our capitalists to do:—to build a competing line of ships, and, by the control and assistance of the principal railroads of this country, finally drive all foreign ships out of the trade; to buy all these ships at enormous prices and see that the foreign shipyards build more for competition; or, to buy a controlling interest in a majority of the chief lines and have the ships continue for the present, at least, under their own flags. Mr. Morgan chose the easiest of the three tasks, and the one that certainly would prove least offensive and injurious to the best interests of England. Naturally, Britons are much exercised over the possibility that these greyhounds under their flag will be unable to help to protect the flag in case of war, now that so many of them are in the hands of a syndicate controlled by Americans; but it is writ in fate that Great Britain can never again go to war with the United States. It would simply end in suicide for our island kinsmen. Nor can the mother country go to war with any other great power without an understanding with the United States, whether or not we own her merchant ships. England has at least six months of food in her pantry and warehouse. She produces about one fourth of her needs, her colonies furnishing only about one seventh. To America and Russia she must look for about seventeen twenty-eighths. Russia supplies only a small fraction of this. America sends to her about one half. Not only this, but American capital is pouring into England for investment, and the money market is changing from London to New York. The fact is that neither Englishmen, nor, indeed, the best-informed Americans have any conception of how much the mother will soon be dependent on the daughter, so to speak, for her well-being. The ship trust is only one of several straws being blown by the wind. America will soon need the English railroads and will buy them.

THERE appears to be a new field opening up for ambitious young men. It is the field of scientific forestry,—one of the most important matters of the day. The young forester has prospects of a salary that equals that of the average college professor. To men of mental and physical vigor who delight in nature and outdoor life, this would seem to be a congenial and lucrative occupation. In forested states, the abandoned stump lands need scientific attention.



Oklahoma, Arizona, and New Mexico, having been permitted to join the brotherhood of states, may now begin a new era of peace and prosperity



The demand for good literature is a noteworthy sign of modern progress

Western women have taken their place as tillers of the soil so as to be independent



Note that Mark the Busy World's Progress



The strike horror is again abroad in the land, spreading devastation and hunger in its path, and ruining the homes and the best interests of many of America's workingmen

NATURE has again reminded us that she is not our slave and never will be. The complete destruction, in the twinkling of an eye, of St. Pierre, Martinique, a city of about twenty-five thousand inhabitants, by an eruption from the volcano of Mt. Pelée, and the almost complete desolation of St. Vincent, by continual eruptions from Mt. Soufrière, again show us that we know practically nothing of the internal nature of our own globe, only some eighty thousand miles in diameter. But such catastrophes always bring men close to one another for the time being, and strengthen the bonds of humanity and charity. The afflicted island was fortunate in being near the United States, whose charity is as boundless as its wealth. The description of the destruction of St. Pierre is left to the imagination. There were a few survivors who heard the cannonade of escaping gases, who saw the eruption of lava and mud, the falling fire and missiles, followed by profound darkness; but these spectators were so burned by hot lava and stifled by gas, that they were unable to describe with much intelligence what they did see. One of the heroes, who escaped, was Captain John Freeman, of the English tramp steamer, "Roddam," which was anchored in the harbor when the city was destroyed. Captain Freeman, with two or three of his crew, managed to get his burning ship out of the harbor and to take it to Santa Lucia. The act seemed to be nothing less than a miracle, for about the only thing left of the ship was the hull. The "Roddam" was the only ship that escaped.

King Edward VII., of England, and King Alfonso XIII., of Spain, having received their crowns, the world wishes them many years of good luck, and hopes that they will strive for peace instead of war. Great Britain has already had her share of trouble, and Spain is in no position to quarrel



tried to make it appear that there was a shortage of cattle, but they could not conceal the facts. As a consequence there have been meat riots in the poorer sections of many of the great cities, and millions of people have gone to their labor with sinking stomachs, for nine out of ten Americans, if they do not have meat three times a day, think they are not properly fed. This excess in the consumption of meat, however, in no way excuses the trust; but, if the law and the courts permit the trusts to live a while longer, they will increase by the compulsion of economy, the number of vegetarians in this country. In several towns, the citizens massed against the trust and decided not to eat meat until the prices had been reduced.

THE German press remarks that Dr. von Holleben, the German ambassador at Washington, should have instructed Emperor William whether or not to present a statue of his ancestor, Frederick the Great, to the American people. This conclusion is drawn from the fact that the Americans have not accepted the offer, with the enthusiasm expected of them. It is understood that Emperor William desires, at his own expense, to erect this statue in Washington, because Frederick the Great is alleged to have been the first prince who recognized American independence. Let us first be sure whether Frederick did or did not perform this great service for us. The question is in dispute, and every government archive, library, old closet and trunk and tradition, in Germany, France, England, and America, should be searched and the matter settled. Give us the truth first, and then it matters not whether he did or did not recognize us, for we will let the truth be the pedestal of the statue, because the German emperor thinks that Frederick's statue is the best thing he has to give us. By and by he will learn how to make us a more suitable gift.

THE existence of a beef trust is one of the best proofs of the truth of the saying that there can be no such thing as a secret. Somebody knows the secret; and, if it affects the interest of enough people, the public will find it out. That there has been formed at least a morally criminal combination among eight packing companies of Chicago, who handle sixty per cent. of this country's meat trade, seems quite likely. The following are the charges brought against these concerns:—

That the packers, together, control about sixty per cent. of the trade and commerce in meat, and that but for the fact of a combination they would be in free competition with one another.

President Palma is not forgetting the good work of the fair American school teachers



The cartoons were drawn by Charles Siska

That they have entered into an unlawful combination to manipulate the purchase of live-stock, by refraining from bidding against one another, except perfunctorily, thus lowering the price at which the stock-raiser is able to sell.

That they also manipulate the purchase price of live-stock by bidding it up for a few days, thus inducing stock-owners to make large shipments, whereupon the price is quickly dropped and the owners fail to secure a fair profit.

That they conspire to manipulate the selling price of fresh meat, combining to raise or lower it, restricting the amount of shipments, maintaining uniform systems of credits, imposing unjust charges of cartage on dealers and consumers, and jointly agreeing not to sell meats to "delinquent" dealers.

That by means of rebates and other devices they receive unlawful advantages in railway freight rates, and because of this discrimination they are enabled to escape competition.

On the strength of these charges, President Roosevelt instructed the attorney general to bring suit against the packers on the ground that they are violating both the Sherman Anti-trust Law and the Interstate Commerce Law. At this writing, Judge Grosscup has just issued an injunction restraining the railroads from granting the combination discriminating freight rates, the whole issue to be fought out in the federal and state courts. Much depends upon its settlement, for it is the most far-reaching trust that has ever been created, and the indictment is most serious. That eight companies should succeed in commanding sixty per cent. of the meat trade, domestic and foreign, of this country, is due more to the great cold-storage system that has been developed within the last twenty-five years than to any other factor. The packers, with their warehouses full of meat and their stalls full of cattle, have



The Vegetable brothers and Mr. Wheat rejoice in the rising of beef

THE death of the British ambassador, Lord Pauncefoot, at Washington, recalls the remark of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, who, years ago, described the Washington embassy as "very pleasant socially, but not requiring any great talents politically." It is now, in actual importance, the first post in England's diplomatic service. Lord Pauncefoot, it may be remarked, began, as a diplomat at Washington, negotiations which may, one day in this twentieth century, end in the complete political union of the American and the English people under the stars and stripes. It is as inevitable as the revolution of the earth.

THE Boers, after two years and eight months of as stubborn warfare as ever colored red the annals of men, have surrendered the independence of their republics to the British. In losing their independence as a separate people, they have gained by their devotion, endurance, and courage, the respect and admiration of their opponents, and will doubtless enjoy a liberty and prosperity that they never could have acquired alone. The war was the result of forces that no man or set of men could have controlled, and so long as such forces remain beyond control, it will be idle for peace congresses to proclaim the world's peace. Just like our Civil War, just like the Spanish-American War, the Boer War had to come. It has added nothing to British prestige. It has made evident

what was demonstrated a thousand times before, namely, the valor and spirit of the English soldier in the ranks, but it has revealed a most incompetent set of officers. General Buller, General Methuen and a half dozen others under ranking are at home to-day, in practical disgrace, while there are scores of officers of lesser rank with blots of cowardice and incompetence on their records. Even Lord Roberts and Lord Kitchener have not added a cubit to their reputations. The war has been costly, both in treasure and in lives, and it has shown that men who never held arms except in self-defense are as capable of entering warfare as men who have been drilled in all the flummery of gold lace and all the mystery of "dum-dum" bullets. It has shown that men are as eager to leave their farms and fight for independence as they were in the days of 1776, that liberty must still be won at the cost of blood. There will doubtless be a great rush to South Africa by Englishmen, Americans, and Germans for trade, for mining, and for homes, and in another generation the Boer population will have been as completely absorbed by the spirit, language, and customs of the Anglo-Saxons, as the Dutch were more than a century ago in New York. America is likely to gain more from peace than England, because she is taking England's place in the world as far as the car of progress can travel. South Africa, by the middle of this century, will be another America in many respects. We confidently hope that the best traits of British colonization will appear in the final settlement, and that the fallen but worthy foe will be generously treated.

ORISON SWETT MARDEN,
Editor and Founder

EDITORIAL PAGE

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To the Man Who Is Standing in His Own Light

UNCLE REUBEN studied a sundial from every point of the compass, but always with his big umbrella interposed between it and the sun; and, as he shifted from one point to another, he wondered more and more how folks managed to see the time of day on the odd-looking thing.

A person standing over a sundial with a great umbrella will never read its secret. The radiant sun must have full play on its surface to write its message there. Uncle Reuben is sure the dial is worthless, when it is his own stupid blunder that prevents perfect time-telling. Thousands of despairing men and women declare life all wrong, existence worthless, and success impossible, when the truth is that they are standing in their own light, shutting off the brightness of life and the radiance of successful endeavor. With fatal obstinacy, they hold to some pet fault, some set opinion, or some preconceived judgment, which prevents them from seeing opportunities, or reading the warning messages that circumstances form. The sunlight of success cannot penetrate this barrier, which they alone can remove, and their lives thus seem void of good, or hope of happiness.

Many who are wondering why they do not succeed, who are discouraged by repeated failures, and are inclined to give up what they feel to be a hopeless struggle, are like Uncle Reuben at the sundial. They are standing in their own light. The shade of something is shutting out the sunlight of success, which should smile upon all legitimate and properly directed efforts.

Perhaps it is the all-enveloping shadow of a mistaken calling, or the lesser one of some personal fault in temperament, or a tyrant habit that prevents progress. But, whatever it is, it is as impossible to succeed until the hindering shade is removed as it was for Uncle Reuben to tell the time of day by the sundial while his umbrella was shutting off the sunlight.

"You cannot teach painting to one who is color-blind, or modeling to one who has no eye for form, or literature to one who has no power of expressing himself on paper," says Joseph Jefferson. Yet, in New York City alone, hundreds of persons who have no eyes for color are wasting youth and losing opportunities in other directions by trying to become artists. Other young men who have no gleam of the sculptor's genius are plodding along, making distorted images in clay, buoyed by hope of success which in the future will give place to despair as effort ends in failure. Thousands of persons in New York and elsewhere, some of whom have not mastered even



the rudiments of grammar, are wasting time and courting disappointment in trying to put on paper words without ideas. Magazine and newspaper offices are daily flooded with their productions.

The profession of law seems to have a special attraction for young men. In every part of the country hundreds and hundreds who have not the slightest adaptability for legal practice are struggling as lawyers to make a meager living, when, in some other field, they might be winning a liberal measure of success.

Like many another mistaken youth, Leland Stanford tried practicing law, although his instincts were all mercantile. After the usual studies, he was admitted to the bar, and began practice in a remote part of Wisconsin. Losing by fire everything he possessed, he went to California, and started in business, the success of which enabled him to become so munificent a benefactor of youth seeking education.

Fortunate was it for himself and the world that he was "burned out," and fortunate would it be for every young man to be driven out of a mistaken calling before wasting the best years of his life.

While the profession of law is, perhaps, more overcrowded than any other with those who have erred in regard to their vocation, in every occupation and profession many "misfits" are obscuring themselves from the sunlight of success.

Perhaps the fault may be an unbridled tongue, a hasty or violent temper, or a rough, uncouth manner. It may be carelessness in regard to dress or personal appearance, some offensive habit, lack of thoroughness in work, slurring over details, or want of system that casts its shadow and prevents one from seeing how to take the

next step forward, how to advance with a thorough knowledge of his ability.

Possibly it is ignorance of one's capabilities, from not having studied oneself with sufficient earnestness, or the old maxim, "Know thyself," has not been heeded, the victim stumbling on, either under or over-estimating, or having no knowledge whatever of his special gifts or peculiar failings. The only thing of which he is certain is that he does not go forward.

How to be practical is one of the most important matters that one should study, for a proper adaptability to environment is indispensable. Is it not worth while for one to stop and examine himself, to study carefully his strong points and his weak ones, the things that illuminate the advance road and those that put it in shadow; to close, forever, the umbrella that is obscuring his vision? Many of us do not really know that it is open.

Close, Careful Observation Often Paves the Path to Promotion

THE Spanish have a proverb which says: "An unobserving man would go through a forest without seeing firewood." So some youths do not seem to see anything going on about them. The difference in the capacity of boys to absorb knowledge is astonishing. One boy will work in a store for years, and know little about how the business is done; he does not keep his eyes open, or does not see things, while another boy will learn most of the details of the business in three months.

We have known of a boy in a law office, for example, getting very little salary, who from three years of office work carried away so much knowledge of the actual methods of doing things, and of law itself, that, with comparatively little additional study at a law school, he was admitted to the bar. We have known other boys who remained in law offices for years, and carried away nothing but foolishness and small salaries. It is all in the boy. One boy is success-organized; he sees things, he grasps situations, and is all the time storing up knowledge, devising improvements and new systems of doing things. Another boy is just the reverse.

We once had in our employ a splendid young man, earnest, faithful and honest, but he could never get up or on because he did not seem to have any capacity for absorbing knowledge. It seemed to be almost impossible to get new ideas into his head. He would do the routine work with the utmost faithfulness, was always on time, and was

never idle, but he utterly lacked this capacity of growth and expansion from absorption.

We have also had other boys in our employ who seemed to take in every situation at a glance, and they would advance by leaps and bounds, as it were, simply because their minds were open to impressions and active in assimilating and applying knowledge. They looked upon business as a school in which they were bound to stand at the head of the class. They seemed to drink in useful facts as a thirsty person drinks water.

An ambitious boy realizes that, to rise in the world, he must know the business he has chosen, through and through, from top to bottom. He keeps his eyes open; nothing escapes his attention; he is always alert, all the time absorbing, and reaching out for knowledge, experience, methods, and system.

He does not think so much of the little salary he gets as of the opportunity to learn his trade or profession. To be where he can observe all that is done, in close touch with the men at the head of affairs, where he can learn all the details, and where he can study and compare methods, and acquire the secret of his employer's success,—these things, he realizes, are worth many times more to him than his salary. He is satisfied with getting enough to live on, besides the chance to learn, to get drill and discipline. When he gets through at night, a shrewd, ambitious boy realizes that what he has carried away with his eyes, dur-

ing the day, what he has got by keeping his mind alert, and by his deductions as to the best methods of handling the business, are worth many times more to him than the few dimes paid to him for his day's work. He knows that, if it is in him, he will be able in a single day, in the future, to make more, perhaps, than his whole year's present salary.

It is knowing how to do things that is of value. It is said that a skilled mechanic once sent in the following items in a bill for a small job:—

For doing the work,	- - - - -	\$.25
For knowing how,	- - - - -	24.75
Total,	- - - - -	\$25.00

It was the knowing how that added value to his services, not the mere doing. It was the years of discipline, of dry details and drudgery, the years of learning the trade, with little compensation, that gave the value.

Hundreds of boys in this country, to-day, are bemoaning their small salaries and lack of opportunities, when they are right in the whirlpool of business or trade, the finest school possible for them. If they would keep their eyes open, and their minds alert, and learn to see things and absorb knowledge, they would no longer complain of "no chance," or say that luck is against them. They would realize that they have been set on the road to fortune, and that, by sturdy trudging, they can arrive in triumph at the goal.

SO MUCH has been said at random of the self-made man, and so often has he been presented as an altogether wonderful being, that it is not strange that, in some quarters, there exists an entire misapprehension of the manner of his creation, as well as an exaggerated idea of his nature and mission. A romantic and sentimental glamour has enveloped him, magnifying his proportions and causing him to appear much larger and in every way greater than other men.

As to the origin of his qualities of size and greatness, the notion seems to be current that they are the direct results of the frowns of fortune, which have deprived him of educational advantages and doomed him to travel to success by a road rugged with obstacles and difficulties.

Of course, in this view of the self-made man, success is a necessary factor in his existence. Unless he accomplishes something not altogether commonplace and usual, he is deemed unworthy of the name. It is not surprising to find that success, if reached after a fierce struggle with difficulties and disadvantages, leads by familiarity and easy association to a sort of hazy conception that these difficulties and disadvantages were not untoward incidents, but necessary accompaniments of such success.

Respect and admiration are the due of those who have won honorable success in spite of discouraging surroundings, and have made themselves great and useful in their day and generation through sheer force of indomitable will and courage. Nothing can be more noble and heroic than their struggles, and nothing can be more inspiring and valuable than their example and achievements. Whatever may be their measure of success, their willingness to undergo hardships to win it demonstrates that they have in their nature the fiber and lasting qualities that make strong men.

Paying a deserved tribute to true manliness should not be construed as an admission of the fanciful notion that the difficulties that stood in the way of these self-made men were essential to their success. They were, rather, obstacles which they overcame, thus winning distinction and honor. Thousands of others have been discouraged by these same obstacles, but have found an appropriate place among dullards and drones.

Many eager men have laid the foundation of future usefulness and greatness in study between the hours of their labor for bread, or by the light of a pine knot or an open fireplace; but many others have spent the same time not more profitably than in careless, sleepy indolence, and have by the same light undermined their mental and moral health with vile books and companionship, or in learning the first lessons in vice.

Not infrequently there are seen handsome and quite elaborately carved articles or trinkets made entirely with a pocketknife. As curiosities they challenge interest because of the ingenuity and the difficulties of their construction with such a simple tool. They are not regarded as more useful for that reason, nor is it supposed that the pocketknife was essential to their construction, or that their beauty or merit would have been diminished by the use of more suitable and more effective tools that operate with remarkable speed.

In considering those who succeed notwithstanding difficulties, it should be remembered that not all successes, even though so gained, are of that useful and elevating kind that excites admiration. The churlish curmudgeon who, by sharp practice and avaricious dealing, has amassed a fortune, should not be permitted to cajole his fellows by boasting of his early privations and sordid self-denial. There should be prompt resentment of an attempt to cover a multitude of sins with the cloak of the self-made man, by playing upon regard for the worth of labor that conquers a useful and honorable career; nor should the successful political hack be allowed to distract attention from a damaged character by parading his humble origin, his lack of early advantages and the struggles of his boyhood as independent and sufficient proofs that he is entitled to consideration.

The merit of the successful man who has struggled with difficulties and disadvantages must be judged by the kind of success he has achieved, by the use he makes of it, and by its effect upon his character and life. If his success is clean and wholesome, if he uses it to make his fellows better and happier, and if he faithfully responds to all the obligations of a liberal, public-spirited, and useful citizen, his struggles should add immensely to the honor and consideration he deserves.

If, on the other hand, his success is of the grasping, sordid kind; if he clutches it closely for his selfish gratification; and if, with success, he is bankrupt in character, sordidly mean, useless as a citizen, or of evil influence in his relations with his fellow man, his struggles should not save him from contempt.

Those included in either of these classes may, in the ordinary acceptance, be termed self-made men, but it is quite evident that there are so-called self-made men not worth the making. The latter should be excluded from consideration. What should be considered is the manner of production, and the characteristics and use of the men who fit themselves to benefit and improve human conditions according to their environments, who, if they fulfill their mission, learn that the fruits they gather are sweetest when shared by others, and who cheerfully yield, in benefactions to their fellow men, self-imposed tithes in kind, from their accumulations of hand, mind, or heart. The men thus described are self-made men

The merit of the successful man who has struggled with difficulties and disadvantages must be judged by the kind of success that he has achieved

The Evolution of Self-Made Men

GROVER CLEVELAND
[Ex-President of the United States]



Grover Cleveland

because they can only be the products of self-endeavor and struggle,—often to overcome external difficulties and disadvantages, and always to improve whatever opportunities are

within their reach, to subdue the selfishness of human nature, and to stimulate its noblest aspirations and best purposes.

The construction of such a man requires fit material and the use of proper tools. Some grades of material may be capable of better finish and finer form than others, but all will yield sufficiently to treatment to become strong, durable, and useful.

Manifestly, among the tools to be used in the construction of the best quality of self-made men, education is vitally important. Its share of the work consists in so strengthening and fashioning the grain and fiber of the material as to develop its greatest power and fit it for the most extensive and varied service. The right kind of educated self-made men are needed in business circles, on the farms, and everywhere else. They are needed for the good they may do by raising the standard of intelligence within their field of influence, for the evidence they may furnish that education is a profitable factor in all vocations and in all the ordinary affairs of a community, and especially and sorely is there need of such men abundantly distributed among the people for what they may do in patriotically steadying the cur-

rents of political sentiment and action. In a country like this, where the people are the rulers, it is exceedingly unfortunate that there should be so many blind followers of lying partisans and flattering demagogues.

It must be remembered that, after the happy completion of construction, his care and preservation cannot be safely neglected. The self-made man will be exposed to the warping distortion of temptation from without and to the corrosion of selfishness from within. But continual watchfulness and well-directed activity in attempting to compass the high purposes of his creation may easily baffle temptation, while by opening his heart to the bright influences of love for his fellow men, and by deeds of charity and kindness, he may save himself from selfishness.

There should be no cause for depression in recalling the fact that success will not always bring to the self-made man either riches or fame. Though these rewards will be lavishly distributed, he to whom they may not be forthcoming, if he endures to the end and remains true to himself and his mission, will have in his own keeping a more valuable reward in the consciousness of duty well and faithfully performed. Popular applause is, of course, gratifying, but there are times when a man's satisfaction with his own conduct is a better criterion of real merit.

Wealth should by no means be disparaged as representing success, provided it is accompanied by a reasonable realization of the obligations its possession imposes. If wealth is the best that can be exhibited as a result of success, it cannot do less than to make its fair contribution to the welfare of society. We have a right to complain of rich people, if, after spending their lives in gathering wealth, they find in its possession no mandate of duty and no pleasure, save in the inactive and sordid contemplation of their hoards and in expecting the masses to fawn before them.

Sordidness is not confined to those whose only success consists in riches. There is a sordidness of education more censurable, though perhaps less exposed. There are those whose success is made up of a vast accumulation of education who are as miserly in its possession as the most avaricious among the rich. No one is justified in hoarding education solely for his selfish use. To keep it entirely in close custody, to take a greedy pleasure in its contemplation, and to utilize it only as a means of personal and unshared enjoyment, are more unpardonable than the clutch of the miser upon his money; for he, in its accumulation, has been subjected to the cramping and narrowing influences of avarice, while he who hoards education does violence to the broad and generous influences which accompany its acquisition.

The self-made man ought to see his course so plainly as to make it easy for him to avoid the wrong of sordidness in the possession of any of the rewards of his success. He ought especially and with clearness to apprehend the binding force of the active and affirmative obligations which are laid upon the rewards of success. Their discharge involves enlightened and discriminating charity, the inauguration and encouragement of agencies for increased culture and information, intelligent liberality in business, a clear regard for the interest and welfare of those who toil, a constant exemplification of the strength and nobility of strict integrity, the incitement, by precept and example, to frugality and economy, the continual inculcation of the benefits and usefulness of education in every occupation, the stimulation of genuine patriotism, the cultivation of independent and thoughtful political judgment, and last, but by no means least, a hearty and healthful interest in the ministrations of religion and the extension of a sound moral sentiment.

There is, too, a particular condition of American life which needs the active and persistent interposition of the well-constructed and well-preserved self-made man. Evidence is constantly accumulating that at no point can he do more vitally useful work than in the field of politics, where self-made men are always in the greatest demand.

There should be no cause for depression in recalling the fact that success will not always bring to the self-made man either great riches or lasting fame

The Editor's Talk With Young Men

Don't Be a Second-Class Man

You can hardly imagine a boy saying: "I am going to be a second-class man. I don't want to be first-class and get the good jobs, the high pay. Second-class jobs are good enough for me." Such a boy would be regarded as lacking in good sense, if not in sanity. You can get to be a second-class man, however, by not trying to be a first-class one. Thousands do that all the time, so that second-class men are a drug on the market.

Second-class things are only wanted when first-class can't be had. You wear first-class clothes if you can pay for them, eat first-class butter, first-class meat, and first-class bread; or, if you do n't, you wish you could. Second-class men are no more wanted than any other second-class commodity. They are taken and used when the better article is scarce or is too high-priced for the occasion. For work that really amounts to anything, first-class men are wanted.

Many things make second-class men. A man menaced by dissipation, whose understanding is dull and slow, whose growth has been stunted, is a second-class man, if, indeed, he is not third-class. A man who, through his amusements in his hours of leisure, exhausts his strength and vitality, vitiates his blood, wears his nerves till his limbs tremble like leaves in the wind, is only half a man, and could in no sense be called first-class.

Everybody knows the things that make these second-class characteristics. Boys smoke cigarettes to be smart and imitate older boys. Then they keep on because they have created an appetite as unnatural as it is harmful. Men get drunk for all sorts of reasons; but, whatever the reason, they cannot remain first-class men and drink. Dissipation in other forms is pursued because of pleasures to be derived, but the surest consequence is that of becoming second-class, below the standard of the best men for any purpose.

Every fault you allow to become a habit, to get control over you, helps to make you second-class, and puts you at a disadvantage in the race for honor, position, wealth, and happiness. Carelessness as to health fills the ranks of the inferior. The submerged classes that the economists talk about are those that are below the high-water mark of the best manhood and womanhood. Sometimes they are second-rate or third-rate people because those who are responsible for their being and their care during their minor years were so before them, but more and more it is becoming one's own fault if, all through life, he remains second-class. Education of some sort, and even a pretty good sort, is possible to practically everyone in our land. Failure to get the best education available, whether it be in books or in business training, is sure to relegate one to the ranks of the second-class.

Trailers Have No "Go" in Them

MANY people are like the street cars called "trailers," which have no motors or power-generators of their own, or, if they have, do not use them. They depend on the cars ahead of them, or, perhaps, on some poor hack of a mule, which, in spite of his leanness, has some "go" in him. Such people have no energy of their own, but must hitch to someone that has. They could n't run a business for themselves if their existence depended on it. They must "hire out" to some person of independent and masterful character. They must be set tasks and told how to do them. "Trailers" are always dragged behind. So are the people that correspond with them. They are imitators. They do not think, because it is easier to let the leaders do it for them. They are too indolent, or have too little ambition, to act independently.

Many of these human "trailers" might have been leaders, had they taken pains to develop their inherent qualities of leadership. They thought it would require too much effort to train for generalship. They preferred ease to action. They were willing to remain in the ranks. The discipline for self-mastery is too strenuous for them. They want to lead an easy life, and yet they complain



A clerk who dreams in business hours will always remain a clerk



Supercilious manners and "loud" clothes will not secure employment

because they do not enjoy the success that can come only from effort. A street-car system made up solely of "trailers" would not take anybody anywhere, and a community composed solely of human "trailers" will never be heard from in the world's progress.

What the Plodders Accomplish

IF we were to examine a list of the men who have left their mark on the world, we should find that, as a rule, it is not composed of those who were brilliant in youth, or who gave great promise at the outset of their careers, but rather of the plodding young men who, if they have not dazzled by their brilliancy, have had the power of a day's work in them, who could stay by a task until it was done, and well done; who have had grit, persistence, common sense, and honesty.

It is the steady exercise of these ordinary, homely virtues, united with average ability, rather than a deceptive display of more showy qualities in youth, that enables a man to achieve greatly and honorably. So, if we were to attempt to make a forecast of the successful men of the future, we should not look for them among the ranks of the "smart" boys, those who think they "know it all" and are anxious to win by a short route.

Self-Culture and Success

A MAN does not need a college education in order to succeed in any ordinary business. You may reach a commanding position in the commercial or political world without attaining a high degree of scholarship. You may be successful, in the purely material meaning of the word, without a touch of higher culture, without any appreciation of the nobler things of life. You may be a millionaire, with great influence in your community, and yet be almost wholly ignorant of books, art, music, or travel.

But this is a very narrow view of success. Is the meaning of life not broadened and beautified by an expansive mind, a wider horizon, and the satisfaction of finer culture?

The glory of a sunset, the beauty of a landscape, or the delicate loveliness of a rose or a lily is not necessary to our mere animal existence, but it adds much to the sum of the highest things of life.

Pictures and draperies are not necessary to a wall, oriental rugs to a floor, or delicate pieces of statuary and bric-a-brac to the furniture of a room; libraries lined with noble books are not absolutely essential to bare existence; a knowledge of the mysteries and beauties of science, the fascination of literature, the delights of music and art,—none of these things is necessary to the support of life; but how barren life would be without them! If we were suddenly deprived of these things, what could we substitute for them to differentiate our lives from those of animals?

Capable Finishers of Botched Jobs

MANY of the cleverest men in the world are not originators, but have achieved their success by completing what others have begun, but could not finish.

It has been said that Edison, perhaps, has never made an absolutely original discovery, but this does not detract in the least from his worth or his fame.

The Patent Office at Washington contains hundreds—yes, thousands,—of inventions which are useless simply because they are not quite practical, because the men who started them lacked the staying quality, the education, or the ability necessary to carry them to success. Edison has been shrewd enough to see a vast field of usefulness for the man able to carry such half-finished inventions to useful application and commercial success. He saw more in these incomplete, half-finished devices, or inventions, than he could carry out if he should live to the age of Methuselah.

Indeed, this world is full of half-finished work,—failures which require only a little more persistence, a little finer mechanical training, a little better education, to make them useful to civilization. Would that we had a thousand Edisons to pick up all such dropped cords or threads, half finished inventions, abortive attempts and discoveries which have stopped just this side of practicability! What a blessing to civilization are men who can do things to a finish, who complete what they undertake, who leave nothing undone! Think of what a loss it would be if an Edison, a Bell, and a Thomson had not come to the front and carried to a successful termination the half-finished work of others! Had it not been for these men, we should have no telephone, perhaps, no electric railroad, no electric lights.

Whether Edison is an originator or not, he has been clever enough to have some five hundred patents placed to his credit. He has been better than an originator, for he has been a practical improver and completer of other people's ideas, many of which were but impracticable theories when he took them up. Perhaps no other man in this century has turned to practical use so many impracticable ideas as Edison has.

What Is Its Message?

WHAT does your money say to you? What message does it bring? Is it one of hope, of culture, of soul-growth, of education, of opportunity to help others, or is it a message suggesting more land, more thousands for yourself?

Does it bring a message of generosity, or of meanness; of broader manhood, or of more selfish exclusiveness; of larger aims, or of lower ideals? The character of the answer to these questions measures the worth of your career.

If your success does not mean opening wider the door of opportunity to those about you; if it does not mean encouragement, inspiration, and helpfulness to those who are struggling to get up in the world; if it does not mean a wider outlook upon life, a truer measure of real values, you have missed the higher meaning of life and have failed to catch the keynote of the great harmony of the universe.

What if you have gathered money, if you have starved the mind; what if you have broad acres, if you have a narrow intellect; what are houses, stocks, and bonds to a man too small, mean, and narrow to use them wisely? What if you have reached the top of the ladder yourself, if you have crowded others off and kicked the ladder down after your own ascent! Is this success?—to keep others back?

No man climbs the ladder successfully who does not grasp firmly and helpfully the hands of others who are crippled and handicapped in their climbing. When riches beget greed, they become perfectly useless. The man who possesses them creates animosity among his fellow beings while his own life is a burden.

The man who mounts the ladder alone without trying to help others, lacks the warmth of human sympathy, the touch of helpfulness, the quality of humanity.



Fling out its folds to the winds of earth from every crest and crag,
Roll a strong salute from a million throats to honor this greater flag:
The flag of a larger freedom, the flag of a wider trust,
From the arctic snow-peaks waving to the gray-flung desert dust;
Flower of the New World's morning, noon's promise and prophecy,
Spanning the reach of endeavor into the vast To Be;
Broadening its stripes that their shadow may shelter a mightier brood,
A nation reckoned of nations, fearless of temper and mood;—

Never the past forgetting, ne'er to the past untrue,
But formed of a larger stature, 'neath skies of a deeper blue;
Grown to a fuller being, wise with the wisdom of years,
The prudence born of mistakes outwrought, the tenderness taught of tears;
Strong with the pain of the purchase, tense muscle and sweat of brow,
When Destiny over the nation's heart drove deep its iron plow;
Fit with the brawn of battle for defending the ways of peace,
That the factions of evil may dwindle, the forces of right increase;—

Hemmed no more in the cradle on the marge of the eastern sea,
For a puissant people only the stars of the West float free.
As a tree grows,—as a child grows,—as a man to his power and prime,—
So the life of our nation broadens, strong-souled in its riper time;

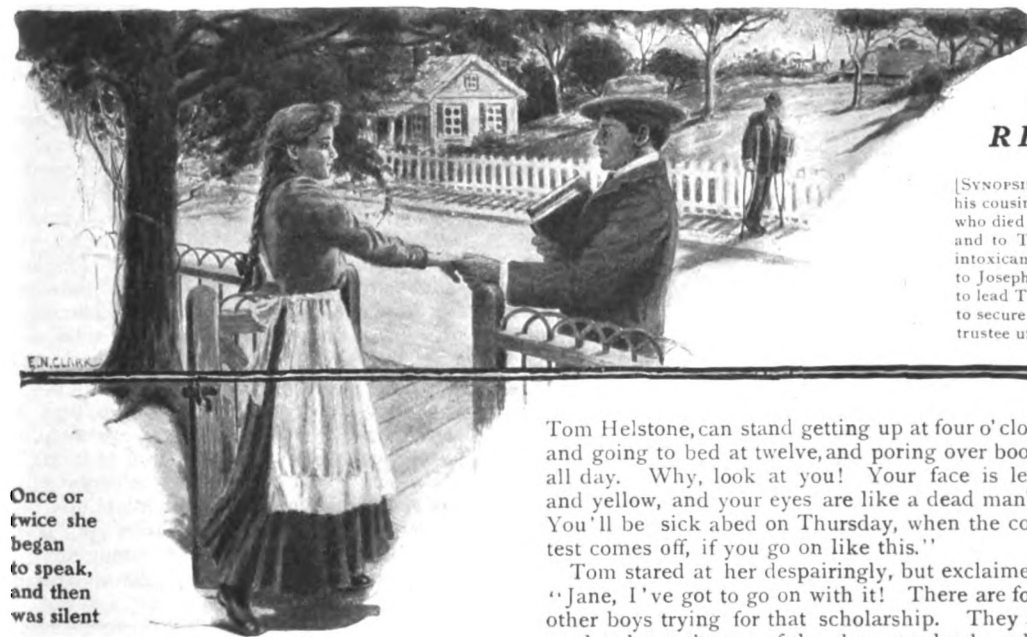
With the might of a titan impulse, a million hands at the wheel,
A million minds far-serving, a million hearts to feel;
Upborne, as a ship sea-driven, when the full tides sweep and roll,
In the track of the gods far-destined to one unchangeable goal;—

In the front of the great World-Shapers appointed to lead and to mold,
Lining the solid course of the new to plumb with the tried of the old.
On the broad foundation buttressed with mortar of blood and tears,
There towers the temple foretold in the dreams of prophets and seers;
Wide-domed as the vault of heaven, including, as heaven includes,
The strong and the puny in status alike, full-handed or bare of goods;
Holding no caste in justice, no fief of air or of light,—
Not flung as a bone to beggars, but ceded, a primal right.

No more shall the grail of the ages for the few be sought and won,
But alike and equal the sharing, when the strife is striven and done;
Each man, by the flag above him, bound to his bravest and best,
To full free chance for his making, to room for his highest quest;
Bound, by the flag above him, to reckon his brother's need;
Bound, by the flag above him, to hearken, and help, and heed
The voices crying in darkness, as the crying of kith and kin,—
The call of the scourged and the outcast, as the call of the housed within.

Not all to the captains and leaders,—to them be the good that is theirs,—
But they battle for Liberty's largess, and the sons of slaves have shares;
No more to her borders only the power of the nation bends,
But the keepers of earth are kindred, and the weakest of earth are friends;
Friends by the bondage of urgent need, equal, insistent, and strong,
Kindred by kindred purpose to better the ancient wrong;
Tempered and tried in the furnace, proven of sight and of soul,
She measures the message of Fate etched large on the future's golden scroll.

Unfurl its folds to the winds of heaven from every cliff and crag,
Roll a strong salute from a million throats to honor this greater flag:
The flag of a larger freedom, the flag of a wider trust,
From the arctic snow-peaks waving to the gray-flung desert dust;
With the light of its starry halo outtossed on the utmost seas,
Its stripes in the sunshine rippling caressed by the farthest breeze;
With the hope of the hearts that won it the torch of our beacon still,
And the blood yet red for its keeping that flowed on Bunker Hill.



Once or
twice she
began
to speak,
and then
was silent

CHAPTER III.

ONE afternoon, just after Christmas, Jane Turner opened the door of her cousin Tom's study and looked in. The table was heaped with books, and Tom sat on a high stool leaning over them; even his hunched back looked tired and discouraged. "Time's up!" she said. "You've been here seven hours. Come to supper."

Tom turned his dazed eyes on her. "Jen, I wish you'd listen to this bit of translation," he said; "I've spent three days on it." He read it, stammering, and stopping anxiously at every line to look at the original. Jane knew nothing of Virgil, but Tom's version seemed dull to her, and faulty in its English.

"I'm no judge of translations," she said, "but I do know something about boys; and no boy,

Tom Helstone, can stand getting up at four o'clock and going to bed at twelve, and poring over books all day. Why, look at you! Your face is lean and yellow, and your eyes are like a dead man's! You'll be sick abed on Thursday, when the contest comes off, if you go on like this."

Tom stared at her despairingly, but exclaimed: "Jane, I've got to go on with it! There are four other boys trying for that scholarship. They all used to be at the top of the class at school, and I never could get above the middle. Study was play to them, but it's death to me!" He stood up, stretching his arms, and then struck his fist violently on the table.

"I'll get ahead of them now, Jen! I'll work harder than this at Princeton, and I'll work harder still when I'm a lawyer. I tell you, Jen, I mean to be the most learned judge in the United States!" He tossed his head as he spoke, and laughed.

Jenny tried to laugh. She watched him as he sat down and bent over his books again. "Oh, I wish I could help him!" she said to herself, clinching her hands.

Tom looked up presently. "Jenny! You're crying! Why, child, it'll all come right! I'm bound to win. If I don't, you and mother will

A Boy's Fight

The story of a battle against temptation

REBECCA HARDING DAVIS

[SYNOPSIS OF THE PRECEDING CHAPTERS.—Unscrupulous Joseph Turner and his cousin, ambitious Thomas Helstone, were the nephews of William Turner, who died a bachelor. To Joseph, he bequeathed all of his bonds and money, and to Tom's mother a farm, with the provision that, if Tom should not drink intoxicants for three years, it would be his property; otherwise, it would revert to Joseph. By eavesdropping, Joseph learned the secret, and at once planned to lead Tom astray. Meanwhile, he listened to a proposition from one Crawford to secure the property and "clean out Wall Street." Squire Logue was the trustee under the will.]

be beggars. But there's no doubt, Jane," he broke out, passionately, "that I'm a dunce. God knows I've worked faithfully here these three months; but sometimes the Latin and the Greek and the problems all go out of my head suddenly, and my brain is one big blur."

"You are overtired; you have not taken time to sleep or eat," urged Jenny; but in her secret soul she did not think this explained all of the trouble. "Come to supper now, and let some fresh air into the room. It is stifling." She flung open the window. "Why, Tom, what is this," she asked, leaning over a small tub upon the sill. It was half full of sand and sea water.

"Oh, that," said Tom, uneasily, "that is just a crab and a sea spider or two,—pets of mine. I look at them when I'm too tired to sleep. Look at that fellow, Jen!" he cried, eagerly, lifting a squirming little yellow mass on his forefinger. "Get the magnifying glass, quick! Do you know there is a difference in the motion of his fore claws? I've been studying that for a year or two. There is no record of it in the books."

"For mercy's sake! Why should there be a record of it?" exclaimed Jenny. "What matters it how a sea spider moves its legs?"

Tom looked at her, surprised. "Surely you

can see that anything which proves the connecting link between the lower animals and man is of importance," he said, mildly. "Do n't be vexed with me, Jenny," he added, covering his tub; "I've been working up to my full strength. I could n't sleep. It rested and helped me to have my—friends with me."

"Oh, Tom, forgive me! I did n't mean to be brutal to you!"

"You were n't,—you never are. But,—run along now, Jenny; I'll come in a minute." He closed the door behind her and stood in the middle of the room, staring at the books. He knew it was a good thing he was trying to do,—to make a man of himself,—to provide a home for his mother. He had worked very hard,—would he be beaten, after all?

The boy was weak; his nerves were unstrung. The morrow seemed to him the one great crisis of his life; defeat, then, would mean ruin forever. He looked around as if expecting somebody to stretch out a helping hand to him,—to speak a kind word,—but the room was dark and silent.

Tom suddenly walked to the window and knelt reverently, looking up into the cold blue sky.

"I don't know who is listening to me," he said, aloud, not realizing fully what he did; "but, whether it is God or Christ, or somebody they send,—whoever it is,—help me. I'm trying to do the right thing,—help me! Bring it out for the best for me!"

Presently, his mother tapped on the door. "Come, my son," she called; and Tom, who was still kneeling, with his head on the sill, rose quickly and stepped out. He was unusually quiet, she noticed, and did not boast once that evening. It was, perhaps, the first time in his life that he had prayed. He said over, every night, the prayer he had been taught as a child, and every morning at school the boys rattled over some form of words together; but never before had he spoken directly to One existing somewhere in the universe, who knew all about Tom Helstone and his troubles, and could help him out of them. Never before had he been so earnest and so interested in anything.

* * * * *

JOE came in for his supper a little late, and, in high good humor, was humming a tune. He jerked his aunt's cap awry and pinched Jenny's ear until the tears came; but they both laughed, for it was merely Joe's way when he was pleased.

He was carefully dressed in a cheap, fashionably cut suit, and carried himself erect with a swagger which he conceived to be the bearing of a city man. These new graces and signs of prosperity had made Joe the object of much scrutiny in the village of late. Fareham and Company watched him suspiciously,—the more so because he had been less zealous in his work, occasionally disappearing from the store for a whole day.

"Turner's a sharp salesman," Mr. Fareham said, "but he knows his vally to the outside pint; and he presumes. He may presume too far."

Joe only laughed contemptuously when he heard this. Had he not cleared one hundred dollars by speculating in Manhattan Trolley stock! It was the first drop of the coming torrent. What was Fareham's niggardly salary to that?

He took his seat noisily. "Hello, fish again! No hot cakes, Aunt Maria? You women must bestir yourselves. We've all got to earn our salt in this world." Joe had a vague belief that he was supporting the family in idleness, and ought, gently and affectionately, to remind them of their duty. "Why, Tom, you look agueish. Brace up, man! You'll never win your place on the bench with a mug like that."

He was sorry for the "poor dolt," as he called

Tom. How foolish it seemed to think of working for half a lifetime as a pettifogging lawyer, for a bare living, when other men could win a fortune in an hour! He carelessly took out four gold pieces from his pocket and ranged them in a line on the table, whistling softly.

"It is kind in Fareham to pay you in gold," said Aunt Maria, trying to keep him in good humor.

"Fareham!" exclaimed Joe, laughing. "This came out of Ali Baba's cave. There's plenty

his promise to pay when he came of age. The shrewd old Jersey farmers laughed at the idea.

"Thee's a minor, Joey," they said. "Thee can give no security. Wait till thee gets the property William Turner willed thee. 'Twa'n't no sich large amount, anyhow. Thee did n't get the farm, we've heard? Thee should have asked Bill for the farm, as thee's so ready to ask. Land's land. It do n't run away."

"If I had the land, maybe they'd loan me the money," thought Joe, as he turned over the glittering coins. "Any day,—if Tom makes but one slip,—the land's mine!"

The next moment he jumped to his feet. "He ought to have a tonic,—his mother said so! No,—no! I can't do that! It's too mean, when the poor fool is trying for the prize. But he has no chance for the prize."

He blew out the light and sat in the darkness, thinking. A little later, he went out of the front door, but came back a half hour later, and pushed open the door of the kitchen.

"I thought you had gone to the store, Joey," his aunt said, looking up.

"No. I,—I went for a tonic for Tom. You said he ought to have it to pull him through the night. Here it is. I'd rather you'd give it to him."

He shut the door quickly, without listening to her exclamations, and hurried down the road.

"He really needs something to brace him up," he said, "and Squire Logue will see him in the morning,—I'll manage that." He tried to laugh, but the laugh scared his guilty soul and died on his pale lips.

Aunt Maria pattered into the study, pleased and smiling. "Joe brought this strengthening cordial for you, Tom," she said. "It will help you through the night. Be sure to take it. Joey has a good heart,—at the bottom."

"Leave it on the mantel shelf, mother; I'll not forget to take it. Yes, Joe's all right. Thank the old man for it."

Tom's blood crept cold and sluggish in his veins for want of sleep. He stirred the fire in the stove and trimmed the lamp. The air grew stifling. The clock struck eleven, twelve, one; but

still he worked on doggedly. His head throbbed with acute pain; his eyeballs burned, and the overstrained nerves in every limb ached. Sometimes the meaning of the page flashed out vivid and strong before his brain, and then vanished in dull fogs of unconsciousness.

His mother came to the door, from time to time, and pleaded with him. "Go to sleep, if only for an hour, and give your brain time to rest," she said. But Tom had an obstinate, stolid will. "There's so much that I don't know that the other boys know! They'll trip me up. I've only to-morrow and two nights for cramming."

"Take Joe's tonic, then, dear," she urged, and left him.

But Tom plodded on without the tonic until nearly dawn, dozing now and then, and waking guiltily.

It was five o'clock; the fire had burned out; the air was stagnant and damp; there was no hint of the coming day in the leaden sky and the heavy wet fogs that swept in from the sea. The tide was out, and its low purring lap on the shore beat against the silence. It was the hour of the day when the current of vitality runs lowest in every living body. Tom, as he stood up, shivered and walked, unsteady and weak, across the floor.

"I'm dead beat at last," he said; and, going to the window, he opened it and looked out into the gray fog. Back in the shadow of the porch a figure cowered suddenly into the deeper darkness. It was Joe, who had watched all night for the outcome of his scheme. The red light of the lamp showed him Tom's haggard face at the window.

"I'll work harder than this at Princeton. I tell you, Jen, I mean to be the most learned judge in all the United States."



more inside, and I know the words that open the door!" Jenny asked no questions, but he felt her brown eyes gravely fixed on him. He grew red, and hurried the coins into his pocket.

"When does this contest for the scholarship come off?" he asked, as he helped himself to fish.

"Day after to-morrow," Jenny said.

Tom, at the words, bolted his last mouthful of food and rose.

"I mean to work all night, mother," he said, forcing a laugh. "Do n't worry about me. I'm going over the whole ground, now, in seven-league boots."

"If you would go to bed, my son," said his mother, "and get a whole night's sleep, you would be much more likely to win the prize."

"No, no," said Tom, hoarsely, pushing past her to the door.

Joe looked at him. "Do n't be a fool, Tom," he said, kindly enough. "You're not fit, as you are, to stand any examination. Go to bed and work to-morrow."

Tom laughed and hurried out. "His hands shake as if he had the ague," said his mother; "he ought to have a tonic."

"A little common sense is what he needs," Joe muttered, as he went to his own room. He sat down and laid out ten glittering eagles on a table, chuckling over them. "And all for nothing,—nothing!" he said. Presently his face clouded. Ten eagles was a small capital with which to "clean out Wall Street," and he had no more.

Joe had not succeeded in borrowing money on

JULY, 1902

SUCCESS

The lad's eyes were nearly closed; he gaped wearily. As he turned from the window, he caught sight of the bottle which Joe had brought. The yellow liquor, glittered cheerfully in the lamplight.

"Hey, this is what I need!" he said aloud; and, taking it up, he uncorked it and poured out all the liquor into a glass.

As he lifted it to his mouth, a sudden splashing sound came from the window. One of his crabs was plunging through the tub, awakened by the light. Tom laughed, as if an old friend had suddenly come in at the door.

"Hello, old fellow, what do you want?" he called, and ran to the tub.

The cold wind blew in, strong and fresh. He was awake from head to foot. In an instant, the heavy weight he had tried to lift for months was gone.

There were his friends,—the living things in life that he best understood and loved! He bent eagerly over the water, and then, recollecting himself, carelessly threw the liquid out of the glass which he held, and set it down beside him.

CHAPTER IV.

THE cold night wind still blew on Tom as he stood, both hands in the sea water, fingering his horny friends.

His mother knocked at the door.

"Why, Tom, you look like yourself again!" she said.

He nodded and laughed. "I'm going to bed. I've been acting like a pig-headed fool," he said.

In ten minutes he was sound asleep. Joe, in the next room, lay with staring, wide-open eyes, thinking over his balked scheme.

Tom woke late the next morning. He gave all of that day to his books. The contest was appointed for the following day. Three examiners, to whom the boys were unknown, came from Princeton that evening. Jenny saw them as they drove down the road with Squire Logue, whose guests they were to be.

"Two of them," she told Tom, "are white-haired, gentle-looking old men. The third is young, with shrewd, watchful eyes. I wish he would examine you. His name is Doctor Pyne. The others may know books, but I'm sure he knows boys."

Joe overheard her, and, when Tom left the room, he came up to her.

"If Doctor Pyne knows boys," he said, in a shrill, angry whisper, "he certainly never will waste a scholarship on Tom Helstone."

"What do you mean?" asked Jane, quietly.

"What are you angry at Tom for now?"

"I'm not angry," he said, checking himself.

"There are things you do n't understand, and it's time you did understand them. Tom's doing the best he can with the body and brain that were given him, but there's an incurable disease in both. His father and grandfather died of it. It's the craving for liquor. No Helstone can escape. Tom has the seed of death in him, like that mildewed potato there on the ground. He may do his best, but he is marked for ruin, body and mind. The mildew spot is there."

Jenny's little face slowly lost its red color as she listened, but her eyes did not flinch.

"You've heard this before," said Joe, sharply.

"Yes, I've heard of the Helstone men. So has Tom; he has been warned since he was a baby. He's safe!"

"A Helstone safe?" Joe laughed loudly, and, turning, left the house. Jenny went to her room. Should she go to Tom and warn him afresh of his danger? Should she beg him not to forget it to-morrow? Was there any special danger for him to-morrow? What folly! How could there be? Tom had never tasted liquor. His mother had told him the terrible story as soon as he could understand. Why should Jenny bring it up now when it was so important that his nerves should be strong and calm? She looked out into the hall, called "Good night, Tom," cheerily, and then closed her door.

She was up early the next morning, but Tom was already down in his study, carefully dressed, ready for the great day. He was standing by his tub, watching its tenants.

"They're a great help to me, Jen," he said. "My brain reels when I try to keep company with Virgil and Cæsar; but the sight of these old, everyday crabs steadies it somehow, and makes it sane again."

Nobody ate much breakfast that morning. Mrs. Helstone sat beside Tom, heaping his plate and

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I think I wrote you before that I had been a great sufferer from indigestion and constipation, also its attending evil, nervousness, for 25 years. As long as 22 or 23 years ago it was a common thing for me to go 5 or 6 days at a time without a movement of the bowels. I had a position at a desk, writing, in the East and had to give up my position in 1879 on account of extreme nervousness.

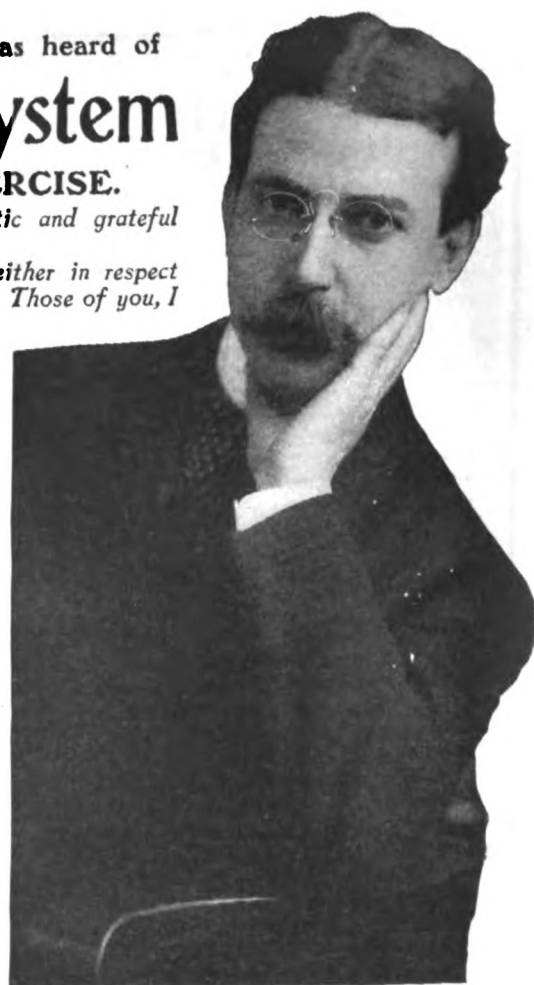
I took a long rest, came west, changed my occupation, and by taking extra good care of myself, was fairly comfortable for awhile. I became worse again and placed myself under the care of a skillful physician here—he said there was not much for me to do except to go onto a very limited diet. For three years he confined me to three articles of food, viz: predigested bread, fresh eggs and the best beef steak all carefully prepared and well masticated. I improved some under this treatment, but again became worse and could hardly drag myself around. Last winter, a year ago this month, I was taken to a city hospital suffering from nervous prostration.

November 29, 1901, I commenced with your exercises. For months I had been turning it over in my mind how I could get out of business, I was so miserable. I took your course carefully and conscientiously and immediately commenced to improve. I never was better in my life than I am to-day; my bowels move like clockwork every morning, I work like a good fellow from morning until night and do not tire. I take a walk of four or five miles when I can spare the time—could just as well make it ten if I had the time—and when I am through, feel just like starting out.

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talking breathlessly, groping about here and there for feeble jokes.

"Well done, mother!" laughed Tom. "When did you turn story-teller?"

"I only want to keep up your courage, Tom. I want you to understand that I don't think this examination is a question of life and death. You will do your best,—you can do no more. Remember what the negro said, when his master told him he need n't try to go through a stone wall," she said, smiling. "He said, 'Goin' troo it 'longs to de Lord; but jumpin' at it 'longs to me.'"

"Well, I'm going to make my jump at it," said Tom. "It's time I was off, too."

His mother brought his hat and put it on his head, and buttoned his coat with shaking hands, trying to laugh. "Make your jump, my son," she said, "and perhaps you will be taken through."

"Yes, mother," Tom said, in a low voice. He remembered what he had asked for, and he was sure it would be given to him, exactly according to his wish.

Jenny walked with him to the gate. Once or twice she began to speak, and then was silent, watching him closely. Tom's face was ruddy that day; his blue eyes were full of fun and courage. "A mildew spot of death in body and brain?" she thought; "what folly!"

A lean little fellow with eager dark eyes was limping on crutches down the road. "That is Bob Doan, the cobbler's son," said Tom. "He's trying for the scholarship, too. If I don't get it, I hope he will."

"But you will get it," cried Jenny, squeezing both his hands. "Good luck, Tom! You must get it."

Joe met him at the door of the schoolhouse. "Hello, Helstone!" he said. "The day and hour have come, eh? See here, Crawford and I are getting up a supper to-night for the competitors,—the winners and the losers. You'll be sure to be there?"

"I don't know. Yes, yes; I'll see about it," said Tom, incoherently, for he had already opened the door. The schoolhouse was dark and somber inside. Tom gave a quick look backward at the sunshiny street, and the lucky people who were not going to undergo an examination. Then, drawing a long breath, he threw up his head and went in.

"T. Helstone, attorney-at-law!" "Chief Justice Thomas Helstone, of the supreme court!" Why should it not be? It should be.

The careless passers-by sauntering along—indeed, all of the village people,—were interested in the struggle going on that day behind the closed doors of the little schoolhouse. To three of the boys, success mattered little. They were sons of men who were rich enough to send them to Princeton, if they should fail to win the scholarship. But this was the only chance for a college training for Tom or little Bob Doan.

The men of the village gathered in the "Omnivorous Store," at noon, to discuss their chances. Tom was a general favorite, and the popular voice was in his favor.

"It is a pity about that poor little cripple," said Joyce, the blacksmith; "but how kin a man with a body like that kerry an education? He'd be dyin' with nervous perstration before he left college."

"Yes, that's so," said Squire Logue, solemnly. "Now, Tom has flesh and muscles enough. Tom's a favorite of mine, I acknowledge. His nerves won't trouble him. But I'm not sure that he's the stuff out of which great scholars are made."

The men, perched round on barrels and the counters, chuckled.

"No," said Fareham, "He's a genuine fellow, young Helstone. I'd give a dollar down any day to hear him tell 'how Cousin Dillard gin a party.' That's pure genius. But Greek and Latin don't fit into his make-up, somehow."

All were silent for a few minutes. The prophecy of defeat for the village favorite was received with cold disfavor.

"Poor Tom!" said Joe Turner, yardstick in hand, leaning over the counter; "you forget that he's not responsible for his stupidity. The Helstones were all hard drinkers for generations. He's a relative of mine," he added, laughingly, "but I belong to the other side of the family,—the sober side."

"Tom himself has never touched liquor," said Squire Logue, sternly.

"N-no,—not yet. But,——" Joe shook his head sadly.

"Well, gentlemen," said the blacksmith, "I'll

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bet on Tom. He may n't be a scholar. But there'll be a big outcome of some sort from that queer head of his one of these days; take my word for it."

A girl, who had been buying needles at the back of the store, went out at that moment and flashed a grateful look at the blacksmith as she passed.

"Your sister Jenny is a better friend to Tom than you are, Joe," said Squire Logue.

"Women are easily fooled. Tom can hide his bad habits from most folks. But I—know him," said Joe, meaningly.

The squire watched him uneasily. Was it possible that Tom was secretly following his father to a drunkard's grave? There was no hint of dissipation in the boy's clear eye and candid face. The squire resolved to keep a closer watch over him. He was pledged to do it.

* * * * *

THE sun had set and a dull rain was falling. The examination was over and the learned professors were closeted in an inner room for consultation. A little crowd sat on the steps of the schoolhouse, waiting to hear the result. They peered eagerly through the half open door at the five boys inside who were awaiting the verdict. Three of them were chatting together around the stove, but the little cripple sat apart, his set, pale face turned toward the closed door of the inner room, and Tom stood alone by the window, looking out over the foggy meadows. He saw the crowd outside, and,—what was that? In the little church porch were two women, huddled together, back out of the rain, watching.

"It's mother and Jen! And mother has n't been out of the house at night for years! Oh, if I should lose it!"

It seemed to him that he must go out and yell and run, or go mad. His brain ached with the day's work. "I did my best, he said; "I did my best. But I hate that Greek and the figures!" He felt like a child who had tried to hold a great rock which was falling on him to crush him.

There was a stir in the room behind him. He turned; the door opened and the examiners came out and stood in a little group by the desk.

The oldest of them was speaking to the boys, whom he called "Gentlemen,"—congratulating them upon their earnest efforts, etc.

"All of you have done well," he said, "but we are agreed that the prize, a scholarship at Princeton University, has been fairly earned by—"

He hesitated. Tom caught the bench before him. His head reeled.

"By Robert Doan."

The little cripple sprang to his feet. There was a sudden silence in the room. A boy's voice broke it hoarsely. "That's fair," he said. "If I could n't get it, I'm glad you did, Bob." Then Tom hurried out into the night.

"Who won? Who's got it?" The crowd pressed around him.

"The boy who had the brains to get it,—Bobby Doan," he said, pushing his way through them.

He turned into the darkness, where his mother could not see him. He never would face her again. A queer sickness of body and soul crept over him.

He had stood his trial and failed. It was for life. "I said I would be the chief justice of the United States," he said, laughing, "and I have proved myself the idiot that Uncle Bill called me." He hurried on, unconscious of the cold rain. He knew nothing, except that he was beaten for life. He had asked God to help him, but he had not been helped.

"Stop, Tom!" An umbrella was held over him, and Joe's face peered into his with a kind smile.

"Did you lose?"

"Yes, I lost. I've done the best I could do, and that's the end of it."

"I thought you would lose, Tom," said Joe, gravely. He walked on in silence beside him. Presently he said: "A man has to face facts about himself. It's the bravest thing to do. The men in the store were talking of you to-day, and they said—"

"What did they say?"

"They said you are n't the stuff that scholars are made of."

"No! I've proved that," said Tom, bitterly. "Do n't let it break you down, old man!"

In his agony of defeat, Joe's unusual kindness touched the boy.

"I didn't think you'd back me, now that I'm beaten," he said.

"You've got to take yourself as God made

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291 Broadway.
785 " cor. 10th.
1211 " "
1341 " "
125th St. and 7th Ave.
Brooklyn, 357 Fulton St.
111 Broadway.
1001 " "
Newark, N. J., 841 Broad St.
Jersey City, N. J., 66 Newark Ave.
Albany, N. Y., 34-36 Maiden Lane.
Rochester, N. Y., 40 E. Main St.
Baltimore, 6 E. Baltimore St.
Philadelphia, 1218 Market St.
732 Chestnut, cor. 8th St.
Washington, D.C., 1003 Penn Ave.
Pittsburg, 433 Wood St.
Atlanta, Ga., 6 Whitehall St.
Denver, Colo., 423 Sixteenth St.
Louisville, Ky., 346 W. Market St.
Richmond, Va., 909 E. Main St.
Nashville, Tenn., 515 Church St.
Buffalo, N. Y., 362 Main St.
Cincinnati, 429 Vine St.
St. Louis, 618 Olive St.
Chicago, 103 Dearborn St.
215 Dearborn St.
Detroit, 122 Woodward Ave.
Cleveland, 69 Euclid Ave.
Milwaukee, 212 Grand Ave.
Minneapolis, 526 Nicollet Ave.
St. Paul, cor. Wabasha and 6th Sts.
Los Angeles, 222 W. 3d St. (Bradbury Block.)
San Francisco, corner Geary and Stockton Sts.
Hartford, Conn., 65-67 Asylum St.
London, England, 97 Cheapside (cor. Lawrence).

WOMEN'S STORES

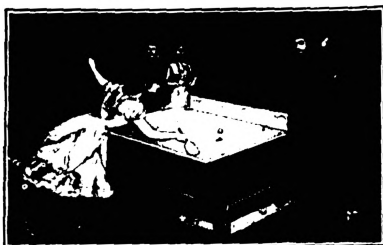
Boston, 109 Summer St.
Philadelphia, 1218 Market St.
New York, 785 Broadway, cor. 10th St.
1339 " "
166 W. 125th St., cor. 7th Ave.

\$3.50

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42 Rende Street, New York City. 9 London St., London, E. C., England.
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you," said Joe. "One man's made to take in learning as sand does water, and another man's made," he glanced askance at Tom.

"To do what? What am I fit for?"

"To be a good friend and jolly companion; you know that. There is not another boy in this village that is as much sought for as you. It runs in your blood. The Helstones were all gay, friendly fellows."

"They made a short run of it," said Tom, in a low voice.

"Could they help that? What's the use of fighting against fate? It's of no use. You never will be a scholar, Tom. Come, enjoy life while it lasts. To-night, at least, don't let people think that you're crying in a corner. Show your courage. Crawford gives a little supper to the men who contested. Little Doan has limped home, but the defeated men are all to be there. The 'Great Four,' eh? Come! Pull yourself together and show what stuff is in you. Don't let the boys see you whine."

Tom hesitated, but only for a minute. He had aimed high and done his best and been beaten. There was nothing more to hope for,—nothing to do. What did it matter how he spent that hour, or any hour to come?

"I'm with you, Joe," he said, laughing loudly; "come on."

Joe turned and walked quickly to "The Traveler's Rest."

The windows of the little tavern shone redly through the fog and rain.

"Looks friendly, doesn't it?" said Joe. He watched Tom, uneasily.

His blue eyes burned, and his face was heated. "We'll make a night of it, Joe!" he cried, in a wild, shrill voice.

The Helstone blood was awake at last. Joe watched him furtively, as he might a wild beast that he had suddenly roused.

When Tom went into the tavern, Joe stood outside. He took off his hat and wiped his forehead. Cold as the night was, the sweat stood out in great drops. "It is a mean job," he muttered; "but I've begun it, and I'll go through it."

The boys were seated when he went in. The table was spread with the finest feast that the "Rest" could furnish: turkey, cranberry jelly, oysters cooked in a dozen ways, etc.

"Now, gentlemen, you've had a hard day's work. You must be hungry. Fall to," said Crawford.

The boys obeyed, laughing and joking. Tom's laugh was the loudest. Hoyt, the landlord, looked in and came to the table.

"Young Helstone," he whispered to Joe, "looks to-night like his father when he was out on a spree. I'm glad you've ordered no liquor."

"You're the last man to object to it," Joe sneered.

"Oh, I've a conscience, though I sell rum," Hoyt said, laughing, and presently he went out.

Joe ate nothing; he bent his pale face over the untasted food heaped on his plate. "If I do it, it's meaner than murder," he said to himself, "but it gives me the land. One glass will be enough, and then I'll manage to get Squire Logue into the room and the farm's mine!"

"Did n't you order the punch?" he said to Crawford.

"Yes." He whispered to the waiters. "Full jugs, mind, and strong," he called after them.

"Fill your glasses, gentlemen," he said, when the punch was brought. "There's something that will warm your hearts."

Tom shook his head carelessly, when it was passed to him. But Joe poured out a full goblet.

"Drink it, boy," he said, setting it down before him. Joe's lips were parched and his voice hoarse. "Have some fun while you live. You've done your best, and what did it count for? Nothing. Now take your fun."

Tom did not answer for a minute. Then he raised the glass. The fumes of the liquor reached him. Something within him—an uncontrollable longing unknown before,—cried out for it.

"Have your fun," Joe said again, feebly.

"It's no fun. But—I've got to drink this," said Tom, with a scared, whitening face.

His hand shook as he lifted the glass to his mouth.

"Helstone!" The landlord tapped on his shoulder. "Come, quick. One of the examiners has sent for you,—Doctor Pyne. He has but a few minutes; come, at once." Tom set the glass down untasted. He rose slowly, and followed Hoyt with a dazed face.

HAMPERS BUSINESS.

Coffee Drinking Incapacitates Some People for Business at Times.

A gentleman from McBain, Michigan says, "Coffee drinking has cost me much, for during my life I have been many times so thoroughly put out of condition that I have been compelled to abandon business for a day or two at a time. The attacks of headache would commence on the right side behind the ear and become so severe as to totally incapacitate me for any exercise, even mental. I have frequently had to take morphine to relieve the suffering. Sour stomach troubled me and I had a nervous heart that gave me a great deal of trouble."

Four years ago I saw an advertisement for Postum Food Coffee which recited the ill effects of coffee on the nerves. I at once decided to make the change and leave off coffee and take on Postum. The result has been all that one could expect.

I am never constipated any more, the bilious attacks never come on except from some indiscretion such as drinking coffee, which I am foolish enough to indulge in now and then. I have no more headaches, no more sour stomach and no bilious spells. I have not been sick to my stomach or had a nervous vomiting spell in three years. Am now 56 years old, and have better health and do a better business and more comfortable than ever before in my life. I certainly attribute the change to leaving off coffee and using Postum for I have taken no medicine to aid in making the change.

The experiment as stated is absolutely true. I am willing, if necessary, to attach my affidavit to it." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

UNDERWOOD'S DEVILED HAM

Take it with you for an Outing Lunch

For every occasion. Wheeling, On the Links, On the Cruise, in Camp or at the Seashore, it is most palatable, appetizing, nourishing and satisfying. Requires no cooking, always ready. 1/4 lb. can makes 12 sandwiches. Send for Free book of recipes to the

WM. UNDERWOOD CO., BOSTON, MASS.

See that Buckle

A SHOE MADE STYLISH FOR 50 CENTS

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gives the desirable modish appearance of the latest Colonial Oxford to any low shoe, new or old. Patent leather or kid shield, black satin bow, and gilt, nickel or gun metal buckle form a device that smartens up an old shoe, gives dash and style to a new one. Makes one pair of shoes serve for different occasions; easily attached when dressy footwear is appropriate; taken off without disturbing if plainness is in order. No bother, practical, attractive and correct. Ask for Columbia Colonial Attachment and take no other.

If your dealer cannot supply you, we will mail you a pair, postpaid, for 50 cts., stamps or coin. We also make a cheaper attachment for 25 cents which is very neat.

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Instantly applied or moved to meet changing conditions. 400 kinds of printed tags, including Alphabets, Months, etc., kept in stock. Tags to WRITE on. Used by U.S.P.O. & War Dept. Catalogue and Price List Free. Sample Tag 5 Cents.

Dept. E. CHAS. C. SMITH, EXETER, NEBRASKA.

JULY, 1902

SUCCESS

"I say, let that cursed stuff alone," said Hoyt, outside. "There's death in the pot for you, Tom."

"Yes," Tom said, dully. "I understand what it is, now. Who wants me, did you say?"

"Come, wake up! One of those learned doctors has taken a fancy to you and wants to speak to you before the stage goes." He hurried down the pavement to where a group of men stood.

"Ah, Helstone!" Doctor Pyne stepped out from among them with a cordial face and outstretched hand. "I have but a moment, my boy," he said, drawing Tom aside, "but I wish to say to you that there are successes to be reached by other means than literature. You are no linguist or mathematician; but you have keen perceptive faculties, industry, and accuracy. With these you ought to do good work in the world. Do n't be discouraged. Take up whatever duty lies nearest to you now, and give your whole strength to it. You will conquer something better than a college scholarship. There is the coach! I must go; but I shall not forget you. I shall see you again."

He wrung Tom's hand heartily, and climbed into the stage. It disappeared down the dark street, but Tom stood looking after it, as if a new day had dawned.

"I must go and tell mother the great news," he said to himself.

[To be concluded in the August SUCCESS]

The New Commissioner of Pensions



EUGENE WARE

WHEN President Roosevelt selected Eugene Ware, of Topeka, Kansas, to fill the office of United States Pension Commissioner made vacant by the resignation of H. Clay Evans, he is reported to have said to a friend, "I know Ware is a good man, because he has never known the word 'fail.' In all Ware's life, no one has been able to keep him down." Mr. Ware's determination fits him for what may be called the

"most unpleasant office in the country." It is an unpleasant office, because the list of pensioners is growing, and their governmental troubles are almost overwhelming. Some very knotty problems are left to the pension commissioner to solve.

It has been Mr. Ware's greatest success-quality to never give up. He went West with his parents when a small boy, and was one of the first to respond to Abraham Lincoln's call for thirty thousand volunteers. He fought Indians, who burned his father's home and left the family penniless.

Mr. Ware looks back on those dark days now with considerable satisfaction. Left homeless on the prairies, with but one ambition, and that to be a lawyer, he started anew as a chore boy on a ranch. At night, when others were asleep, he was reading a borrowed volume of Blackstone. When he did get a chance to open a law office in a small Kansas town, the residents of the place had so little use for law or lawyers that Mr. Ware was obliged to sell leather for a living. After a long struggle, he was finally selected to plead a case before the United States district court, whose judge recognized his ability and gave him the long looked for chance. Mr. Ware is also a poet, known best by the *nom de guerre*, "Ironquill," but he has been considered, for a long time, one of the first lawyers of the Middle West. He appeared for Kansas before the United States supreme court, in an injunction suit which that state brought against Colorado for utilizing the waters of the Arkansas River. This remarkable case is still undecided.

Teaching people to help themselves is the work undertaken on a large scale by the Porto Rican Benevolent Society of Ponce. Under Spanish rule, the stores would set out, twice a week, pails of crackers or handfuls of pennies, from which licensed beggars could help themselves. The society has so far bettered affairs that beggars have almost disappeared from the streets. Women are taught fancy work, the society selling the product in the States, the profits serving to set more women at work. Boys are taught carpentering, cobbling, or gardening, and girls, sewing and household duties. Assistance in this charitable work is greatly needed. Machinery for a laundry, and kitchen and garden utensils and carpenter tools are desired. All articles sent to Henry Knowlton, 1 Broadway, New York City, will be sent to Ponce freight-free. Communications or donations may be sent to Robert A. Miller, postmaster, Ponce, Porto Rico.

An important saving of waste material is the compression into small bricks, or "briquettes," of waste from factories that have formerly been thrown away because they are so finely divided as not to be usable. This is being turned into a profitable industry.

Mellin's Food



GUY S. COTHRAN, JR.

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"My baby boy, Guy S., Jr., is now two years old and has never tasted anything but Mellin's Food since he was one week old. He was very delicate at the start, but he commenced to improve from the very first, and we give Mellin's Food the credit for his present condition."

Send for a free sample of Mellin's Food

MELLIN'S FOOD COMPANY

BOSTON, MASS.



AVON BAMB

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Opera, MANRU, praises

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young or old

realizes that the best in life is Health and Strength—the energy—the endurance—which is so essential to success. An

O=P=C suspensory

will help any man—will help you as much as any one thing can—not because it will develop your brain or your muscles, but because it will save—reserve—foster—the energy or nerve force which is consumed or wasted by the strain which every man experiences. Many thousand alert, vigorous men wear O-P-C suspensories.

We authorize every druggist to refund your money if you are not satisfied.

Get the Right Brand. Should you be unable to get an O-P-C from your druggist, we will supply you postpaid, upon receipt of price. No. 2 O-P-C, lisle, \$1.00. No. 3 O-P-C, silk, \$1.50.

"The Struggle for Supremacy"

A booklet giving the reasons why, under the rush and grind of modern life, every healthy, normal man should wear an O-P-C suspensory. IT'S FREE—write for it.

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Manufacturers of Frost King and Frost Queen Chamois Vests, REX Porous Plasters, Blue-jay Corn and Bunton Plasters.



SUCCESS CHIPS



The Iowa State College, at Ames, is the first state agricultural college in the United States to build and equip a building specially for practical instruction in horticulture.

Three hundred million feet of logs were cut on the Penobscot River last season. This is the largest harvest ever known, and nearly one half of it is for the manufacture of paper.

Charles W. Hayes, the vice president of the Grand Trunk Railroad Company, has issued an order to the heads of all departments in his company, to look for "bright young men."

The war department has given orders to Captain Morse, the chief signal officer of the Department of California, to open negotiations for the installation of a system of wireless telegraphy between the army stations in Alaska.

The Illinois Central Railroad has increased the pay of all its engineers and firemen. About eight thousand employees will be benefitted, and the pay-roll will be increased over three hundred thousand dollars annually.

The Southern Railway of South America has plans for extending its lines through the southern passes of the Andes to the Santiago-Victoria line in Chile, thus connecting the Atlantic and the Pacific Oceans by rail over the Andes.

The semi-annual distribution of prizes by the National Cash Register Company, of Dayton, Ohio, for the best suggestions for improving factory methods and shop work, seven hundred dollars in gold, with engraved diplomas, were presented to fifty prize winners.

The total population of the United States on June 1, 1900, as given by the final results of the twelfth census, is 84,233,069. The Chinese, British, and Russian empires are the only countries which have a greater number of inhabitants. They also have a greater area.

Otto A. Lund, of Perth Amboy, New Jersey, one of the few Americans ever given a scholarship at the Royal Conservatory of Music at Leipzig, won the highest praise of his professors at the recent commencement exercises by his splendid execution of the concerto in A minor by Vieuxtemps.

The Chicago and Northwestern, the Union Pacific, and the Southern Pacific railroads will place telephones on their overland trains from Chicago to San Francisco. Special wire connections between the trains and stations will permit the use of the telephone to within thirty seconds of the leaving time of the train.

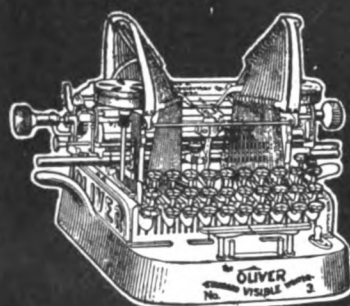
R. H. Alley, of Seattle, Washington, has returned from Australia, where he says he secured \$1,500,000 capital to erect and operate a woolen mill in Seattle. The wool growers of Australia and New Zealand are interested in having a market for their product in the rapidly developing Northwest. The plans include a regular line of steamships between Seattle and Australia.

Commercial relations between the United States and Spain have been resumed with greater activity than ever before, and apparently with greater cordiality. During the year 1901, our imports from Spain amounted to \$7,040,758, and our exports to that country amounted to \$16,785,711. With a single exception the imports and exports were greater than in any preceding year.

A list of the number of students at the largest universities in the United States has recently been completed by an officer of Columbia University, New York City, and the leading ten make the following showing: Harvard, 5,576; Columbia, 4,422; Michigan, 3,812; Chicago, 3,727; California, 3,540; Minnesota, 3,536; Cornell, 3,216; Wisconsin, 2,812; Yale, 2,680; Pennsylvania, 2,520. Total, 35,841.

Colonel William Heckert, of Toledo, Ohio, who has patented more than one hundred and thirty devices, has invented a machine which he calls a trimotor, a combination of steam boiler and steam and gas engines. Only crude oil and water are needed to run the machine. It does its own firing, generating first the amount of steam measure required and using the steam repeatedly, additional water being necessary only to replace leakage. The motor can be started, stopped, and reversed like any steam locomotive.

The Pennsylvania Railroad passenger coaches will soon be lighted by electricity. Experiments with the storage battery system have been sufficiently satisfactory to warrant a gradual introduction of the light on all passenger trains. The Pennsylvania limited train, which has been lighted by electricity generated by a dynamo in the baggage car, is to be lighted, hereafter, by electricity generated by a small generator on the locomotive. The company expects to run a train between New York and Philadelphia in eighteen hours.



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Outfit No. 10Q consists of 400 5" x 3" white, Record Cards, best quality linen, machine ruled; 3 sets of tab Guides; monthly; daily (1 to 31); and 20 alpha. (A to Z) Guides.

\$1.25, prepaid.

Outfit No. 13Q same as above, but Cards are 6 x 4 in., and Tray 10 in. deep, \$1.85. Cash must accompany order.

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is about \$3,000 in average locations. Study this design, and if interested, send 2-ct. for large figured floor plans and view; and any idea you have of a Home, send it in, and I will scale it up and submit, giving estimate of cost and cost of plans. My six books classified are of great help to home builders. Select books according to the cost of house desired. Book No. 12 new and up to date.

Book No. 6 has 56 Designs from	\$250 to \$1,500
Book No. 7 has 57 Designs from	1,600 to 2,500
Book No. 8 has 54 Designs from	2,600 to 3,500
Book No. 9 has 30 (12 stables),	3,600 to 10,000
Book No. 10 has 37 (20 one-story),	450 to 3,000
Book No. 12 has 45 (New '99 Colonial),	1,200 to 5,000

plans, descriptions, dimensions, estimates, with modifications to books, \$1 each; any two, \$1.50; any four, \$3; any five, \$3. Booklet of 20 sample designs, "How to Start Right," 25 cents (silver). All postpaid.

Dept. 7, GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

Our Pen Carbon Letter Book
Copies
Your Letters
while you write.

The Truce of the Flood

[Concluded from page 405]

It should catch the boat broadside! Instantly he flung his young might against the paddle. It snapped short,—the canoe rocked and danced as the slack about it broke up in troubled, boiling waves. Then, with a low whishing roar, the water wall was upon him, rolling the dugout over and over, striking his hands loose from it with the hundred arms of flotsam carried relentlessly on its forefront. He went under and down, rose, felt himself sinking,—then, in the nick of time, a broadish plank was swept within arm's reach. He clung to it, and let himself drift. It would be worse than madness, he knew, to try swimming against this flood.

Presently the water rose slower,—he felt his plank circling on the verge of a monster eddy. The swamp was calling home all its vagrant waters. They came with a rush, dashing over thickets, around big tree-trunks, under drooping creepers, to fill all the hollows, drown high, heady growths, and, at length, as they sank to rest, to fling their living burden, prone and breathless, upon the rocky core which alone withstood their might.

Tom-Jeff lay still for minutes, staring hard at the blue sky, which peeped in snips and scrolls through the green fretwork of the leaves. How blue it was, how bright, how full of life! Yes, that was the word,—life! How near he had come to being shut away from it! Even yet he was not afraid, but something seemed to break inside of him,—he rolled over, hid his face in his arms, and swallowed a queer lump in his throat; then, with his face suddenly hot, and foolishly red, he scrambled up, felt his bruised arms and shoulders all over, and said aloud:—

"Here's a pretty go! I'm hungry enough to eat snakes,—and not the least chance to get away, or even smell anything to eat, until huntboats come out,—which won't be until to-morrow."

The second flood had made the knoll's compass sensibly narrower, but still one brier clump was dry. Tom-Jeff looked at it speculatively. "I lay there ain't a blackberry left," he said; then, casting his eyes up, he added: "But hello! sassafras?—Well,—if I can manage to get some tips without breakin' my neck, it'll be better than starving."

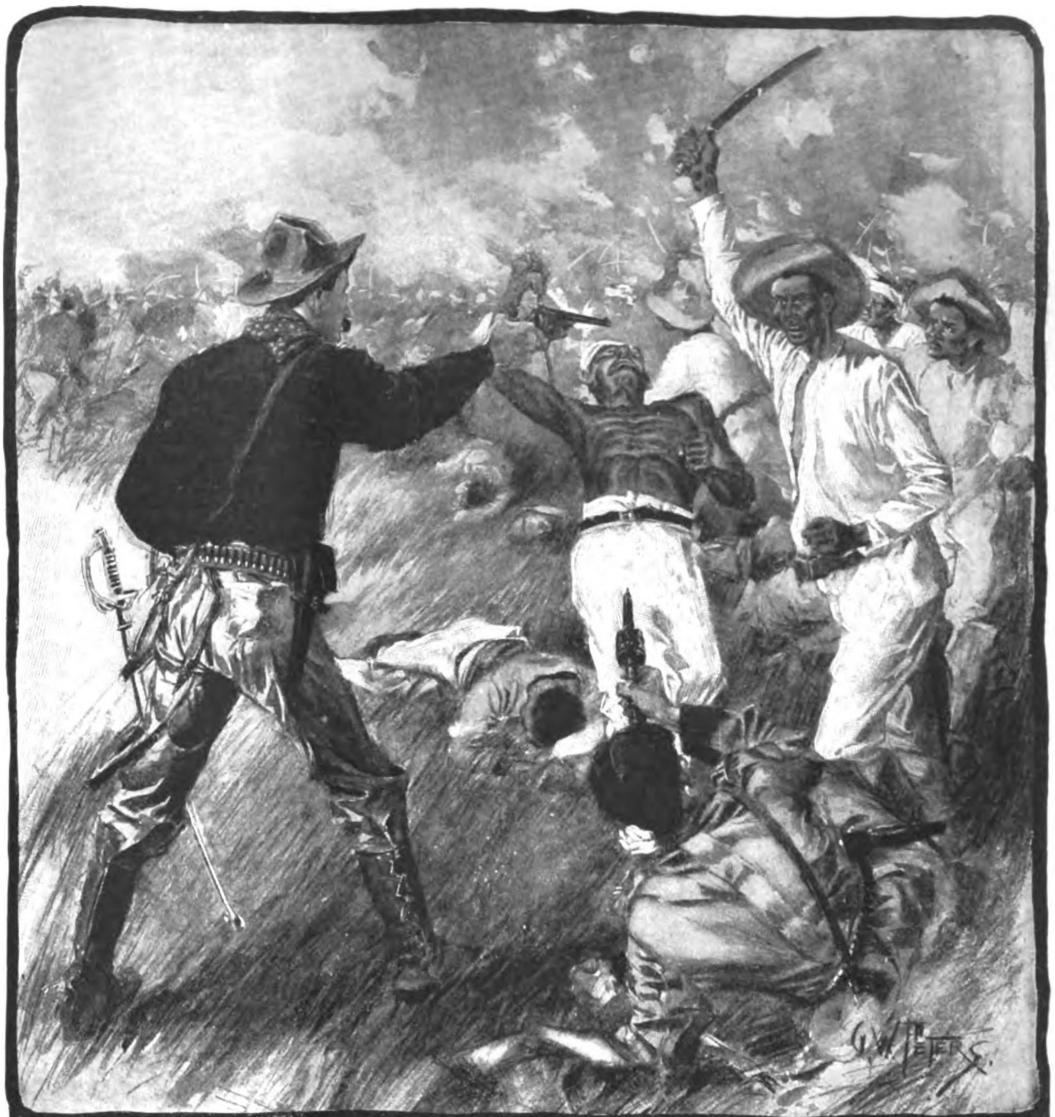
He limped to the foot of the mulberry,—by climbing it he could the better reach the coveted tips. As he came to it, he sprang back a yard, bruises and hunger alike for the minute forgotten. Cerv had risen from the scant tangle,—Cerv, no longer defiant, no more wanton in pride, but with drooping tail and antlers meekly low. The doe stood back of him, trembling visibly, bleating almost inaudibly, and cuddling her fawn under her chin.

Instinctively Tom-Jeff reached for his knife, drew it, and ran his fingers down the keen edges. Here was food, and, more welcome yet, vengeance, for the flood had delivered his enemy into his hand. One strong stroke would settle matters,—then, with flint and steel, he would somehow manage a fire. He raised the knife, flashing a sunbeam from it full in the doomed buck's eyes. The deflected sunray showed there tears, big, pelucid drops, that overflowed and ran down. Cerv's heart, too, was laboring,—Tom-Jeff could hear the stound of it where he stood. The deer had given up,—he would not try to escape on that little scrap of earth. Tom-Jeff knew it,—other hunters had told him how deer, thus islanded, had almost seemed to kneel to meet fatal blows.

He raised the knife higher still to deal a death stroke. Something stayed his hand. The feeling that had come, when he looked up at the blue morning sky, made his own eyes dim. Life, even brute life, was sweet and sacred, not to be taken wantonly, and never in murderous fashion. He dropped the knife, saying, half shamedly: "Do n't cry, Mister Prong-Horns! I won't hurt you, for I've been too near dead myself, this morning. You are safe for all of me,—you and your foolish wife, and your little spotted baby. I don't believe I shall ever hurt one of you again while I live."

How, finally, Tom-Jeff got away, how he came back and fed the deer and let nobody harm them until the swamps were dry, is another story, too long for telling here. But this may be said: though he long since reached man's estate, he keeps, to this day, with the whole deer race, the truce he made in the face of the flood.

"Unselfishness writes beauty first upon the heart, and then, gradually, but with marvelous sureness, upon the face."



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All Smith & Wesson Revolvers have this monogram trade-mark stamped on the frame. None others are genuine.



SMITH & WESSON,

We have published a limited number of copies in exact reproduction of Mr. Peters' painting, "AT CLOSE QUARTERS," in ten colors, on heavy plate paper, 14x16 in size. We will send prepaid a copy of this splendid work of art for ten cents postage. In the August Scribner's, Cosmopolitan, McClure's, Smart Set, Churchman and Life we will reproduce a spirited design by Frederic Remington, entitled "HANDS OFF"

60 Stockbridge Street, Springfield, Mass.

Venus

\$1000. GIVEN AWAY



with the sole object of extensively advertising these two popular articles, *Venus Hose* and *Flexo Garter* for Men.

HOW TO SECURE YOUR SHARE. Everyone who, before Sept. 10, 1902, answered this advertisement, and complied with the following two conditions, shall receive an equal division of this \$1,000.00 distribution in cash.

FIRST: Write plainly the name of a dry goods firm or men's furnisher that you patronize.

SECOND: Buy any one of the following, either from your dealer, or order direct from us.

Venus Hose Supporter, Satin Band, Frilled Silk Elastic, 50c.
Venus Hose Supporter, Same Style as Above, Mercerized, 25c.
Flexo Garter, Silk Finish, 25c.

If you buy of your dealer, send us the purchase slip, this will entitle you to your share. If ordered direct, supporters will be sent postpaid on receipt of above listed retail price, stamps.

On the evening of Sept. 10, 1902, the counting of answers shall be made, and the \$1,000.00 will be divided equally among all who have complied with above terms.

Each Pair Ordered receives a Share of the \$1,000.00.

The Venus Hose Supporter

for women, is ideal for summer wear—it is worn over or under corset or girdle, and is independent of either. It materially assists the wearer in maintaining an erect carriage—keeps the abdomen and point of corset flat.

Supporter for each stocking draws direct upon opposite side of band, and thus does away with back-strain so common to ordinary supporters.

Both styles of the Venus are beautifully made, and fitted with ornamental metal parts, and the new non-tearing *Fiber Shank Flexo Fasteners*.

In ordering, be sure and mention the color you desire, either light blue, white, black, cardinal or pink.

Flexo Garter For Men

has more good features than any men's garter on the market. Made of one continuous piece of flat silk finish webbing. Lies perfectly flat against leg, therefore never slips or unfastens.

The *Flexo Loop* and *Fiber Shank* fit any thickness of hose, and absolutely prevent tearing.

A better looking—feeling—wearing garter cannot be made at any price, than the Flexo at 25c.

Ask your dealer for *Flexo* or *Venus*—take no old fashioned substitute. The *Flexo Loop* and *Fiber Shank* are little things to look for, but big things to possess.

Booklet, "Order of the Garter," Mailed Free.

Flexo Garter



A. STEIN & COMPANY, 206 Market Street, Chicago.



Take a SHUMATE DOLLAR RAZOR

with you when enjoying your vacation. Why go into town for a shave or painfully perform the operation yourself with an indifferent razor?

If you own a "Shumate" you will use it the year around. It's quality and workmanship are the best and the guarantee safest. We replace it if you are not heartily pleased.

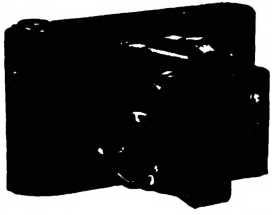
\$1.00 brings the razor postpaid to your address if your dealer hasn't the genuine. Don't accept a substitute and don't waste money on higher priced razors. Our booklet, "The Razor with a Character," contains valuable hints about how to shave. It's free.

SHUMATE RAZOR COMPANY.

Dept. H, Austin, Texas.

St. Louis Office, 2929 Henrietta Street.

If it isn't an Eastman, it isn't a Kodak.



\$6.00

A new folding KODAK

for the pocket—almost for the vest pocket, at six dollars. Makes pictures $1\frac{1}{8} \times 2\frac{1}{2}$ inches, loads in daylight, has a fine meniscus lens, brilliant finder, automatic shutter—in fact, has the "Kodak quality" all the way through.

No. 0 Folding Pocket Kodak, for pictures $1\frac{1}{8} \times 2\frac{1}{2}$ inches, - - - - - \$6.00
Transparent Film Gartridge, 12 exposures, $1\frac{1}{8} \times 2\frac{1}{2}$, - - - - - .25
Do., 6 exposures, - - - - - .15

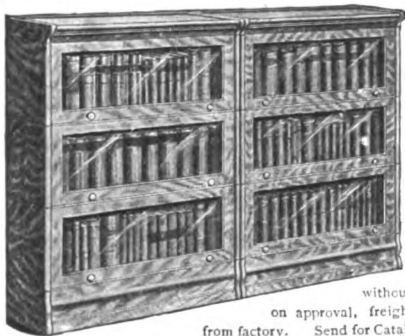
EASTMAN KODAK CO.

Catalogue free at the dealers or by mail.

Rochester, N. Y.

\$4,000.00 in prizes for Kodak and Brownie Pictures.

The Standard Sectional Bookcase



Pronounced the best by thousands of users. Always complete but never finished. It grows with your library. Has disappearing non-binding glass doors. Highly finished in solid Golden Oak. Price per section, with door, \$1.75; without door, \$1. Sent on approval, freight prepaid, direct from factory. Send for Catalogue No. 22.

THE STANDARD MFG. CO., Little Falls, N. Y.

PURE WATER

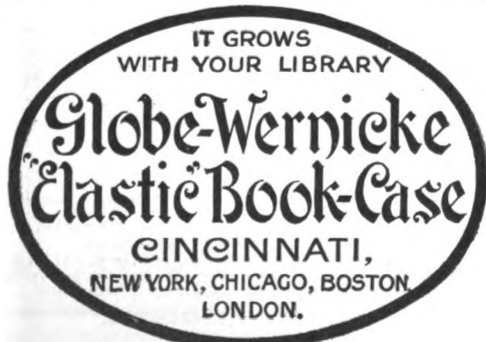
Can Only be Obtained by Distillation
OUR

AUTOMATIC STILL

gives a gallon of pure sparkling water every hour. Use it on the kitchen stove. It heats the water for bath and kitchen. Pure water means immunity from fevers and insures good health. It saves doctor bills and enables you to partake freely of Nature's best remedy—Pure Water.

Our catalogue gives full information. Send for it.

NATIONAL STILL COMPANY
50 Ruggery Building, - - - Columbus, Ohio



BRAND NEW—NOT A TOY Liquid Pistol

(Polished Nickel, Durable, Safe)

will stop the most vicious dog (or man) without permanent injury. Valuable to bicyclists, uncorted ladies, cashiers and homes.

Over 20 shots in one loading. All dealers, or by mail, 50c. PARKER, STEARNS & SUTTON, 227 South St., New York

Rural Free Delivery and the Farmer

A. W. MACHEN

[General Superintendent, Free Delivery Department, United States Postal Service]

OF all the institutions that promote the progress of the United States, there is no other, to my mind, that compares in importance with free rural mail delivery. Although it is scarcely five years since the system was adopted, it has already revolutionized social, business, and economic conditions in territory covering more than one hundred thousand square miles. Its popularity is increasing at a rate exceeding that attending any improvement heretofore attempted in the post-office service, and it means more in the way of personal happiness and public advancement than anything else of which I know. This may seem an extravagant statement to dwellers in cities, who are not in touch with these things; but by men in the postal service who know, and by the people affected in rural communities, the statement will be accepted as very moderate. We have a farmer population of twenty million people. To all these, rural free delivery is one of the greatest boons ever vouchsafed. It places them in touch with the outside world, keeps them informed on current events, causes improvements in roads, enhances the value of farms and farm products, and takes from farm life the monotony and isolation which are so largely responsible for the desertion of the farm by young men who seek the excitement of large cities.

For the first time in history, many farmers are now in a position to get their daily papers. This means that they are in close touch with the market reports, so that they are enabled to dispose of the products of their farms under the most favorable conditions. A member of congress recently told me that free delivery was worth a thousand dollars a day to every county in his district. When I questioned this, he said:—

"You can accept that statement and write it down as moderate. My people are among the largest cattle-raisers in the country. Now that they get the market reports, they can act with discrimination. Instead of shipping their animals haphazard, regardless of ruling prices, they learn from their daily papers when the prices are right. This insures a steady and regular market. After a careful talk with the farmers in the district, we figured it out that rural free delivery means easily a thousand dollars a day to every county."

The importance of this new branch of the postal service is best indicated by the rate at which it has grown. We began, in 1896, with an appropriation of forty thousand dollars. For three years previous to that, congress had made, each year, an appropriation; but, with declining revenues and increasing deficits, the post-office department had been loath to take any step that might involve additional burdens. As the matter of establishing rural routes had been left to the discretion of the postmaster-general, the appropriations were unused. In 1896, congress, in making the appropriation, embodied a mandatory clause; and, with much misgiving, Postmaster-General William L. Wilson, in October, 1896, established the first route, which was out of Charleston, West Virginia. On the first of July, 1897, only forty-three routes were in operation. To-day there are more than six thousand routes, serving six hundred thousand farmhouses, in which live more than four million people. It requires some experience of life in the country, under old conditions, to realize what it means to these people to be suddenly brought from an isolated position into daily touch with the outer world, the news and events of which had only sifted to them at haphazard. The territory covered by the rural routes is equal to about one hundred and twenty thousand square miles, equaling in area the New England States, New York, and New Jersey. Eventually they will cover one million square miles or more. The appropriation for the maintenance of the service advanced from \$40,000, in 1897, to \$50,000, in 1898; \$150,000, in 1899; \$450,000, in 1900; \$1,750,000, in 1901. For the fiscal year ending June, 1902, we have an appropriation of \$3,500,000. Of this sum, three million dollars will be required to maintain the more than six thousand routes, the cost of each being five hundred dollars. Nearly five hundred thousand dollars will be used in the expense of administration. For the year 1903, the department has requested an appropriation of \$6,250,000, and there is not the slightest doubt that it will get it, for members of congress are agreed that no other single item in our annual expenditure brings anything like a proportionate return to the people.

At present, the service is not self-sustaining; but



THE WIZARD SUSPENDER DIFFERENT IN 15 WAYS

OUR patents cover 15 points. The first suspender ever made that permits the removal of trousers without removing coat or vest. The cords pass through little pulleys and lengthen out to correspond with any movement; this prevents strain on seat of pants—does away with baggy knees—prevents tug on the shoulders. No strain on the suspender—the trousers or the buttons. The lightest and the strongest suspender in the world. 50c.

If your dealer cannot supply you send 50c. and his name direct to

THE ROYAL SUSPENDER CO.

545 Broadway, DEPT. C New York
NOTE!—Wizard Suspenders Bear the Union Label.

A Shakespearean Classic

FREE



If you do not own a complete Shakespeare, or if you own a complete set and the Notes are not sufficiently full and clear, if there are no satisfactory Glossaries, no Critical Comments, or no Helps to the study of the plays, send us your name and address and six cents in stamps to pay postage, and we will forward to you an elegantly printed copy of

"Shakespeare, the Man"

by Walter Bagehot. This brilliant and unique essay is sold by other publishers at 50 cents a copy. With it we will send a fine photogravure plate of Shakespeare, and a colored chromatic plate, representing a scene from one of the plays, and hints regarding the study of the plays. We make this offer to enable us to give you some information regarding the best Shakespeare ever published, and it is made only to reliable men and women. Send name and address and six cents in stamps to pay postage. Mention SUCCESS when writing.

THE UNIVERSITY SOCIETY, (Dept. E)
78 Fifth Avenue, - - - New York.

"Hello Polly"



Parrots are the most jolly, sociable and interesting of all home pets, and particularly desirable in homes where there are no children. We import great numbers of choice young hand raised birds, which are unsurpassed, and we guarantee every bird to learn to talk. A beautiful Cuban

PARROT \$4.85
and Cage.

If ordered during July or August, Mexican, Panama, African and other kinds at low prices. Parrot Book, illustrating and describing many varieties and how to care for and train them, if you mention this paper. Complete book on birds, 25 cents.

IOWA SEED COMPANY, Des Moines, Iowa.

HYLO

turns down like gas. Fits any ordinary electric socket. Can be used any place that a common electric lamp is used. No skill necessary. More than half a million users already.

WE WANT AN AGENT IN EVERY TOWN. If the electric light company does not sell HYLO lamps, send 2-cent stamp for agent's proposition and full details. Sample lamp by mail on receipt of 75 cents.

THE PHELPS COMPANY, 47 State Street, Detroit, Mich.

WE SAVE YOU 50%

Have all makes of typewriters, many as good as new. Lowest prices and strongest guarantee. We rent, buy, sell or exchange machines. Sent on approval, one month's rent to apply on purchase. Write for catalog C. E. H. STAFFORD & BRO., 18-20 E. Van Buren St., Chicago.



it is official belief that within a comparatively few years it will return a handsome profit to the department, proving, in its financial result, similar to that obtained by free city delivery. When that was established, in 1863, there was a tremendous outcry because of the expense, but it required only a few years' experience to demonstrate that free delivery so stimulated the use of the mails that the cost of the service was soon exceeded by a large sum every year. The collections from rural delivery routes mean a good deal more to the post-office department, relatively speaking, than collections in the large cities. Farmers send practically nothing but first-class matter,—letters, and postal cards; they send no circulars, nor do they mail newspapers at the rate of a cent a pound, so that nearly all the mail collected on rural routes bears two-cent stamps and is proportionately profitable to the department. Experience shows that the collection of first-class matter from farmers increases twenty-five per cent., under this system, immediately after the establishment of a rural free delivery route. Just how it works was made clear to me, not long ago, by the statement of a well-to-do farmer of Carroll County, Maryland.

"Before rural free delivery was established here," he said, "it cost me about two or three dollars a year for postage stamps. Now, every time the mail wagon comes over the hill, my boys and girls think they ought to have a letter for it. The result is that I am paying two or three dollars a month for postage stamps, instead of that amount yearly, as heretofore."

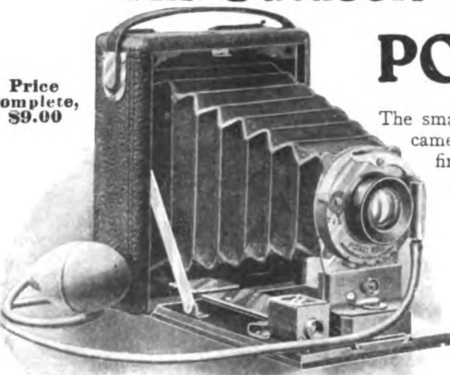
Rural routes are established in response to petitions signed by the heads of farmer families. All, or a majority, of the persons living on the proposed route must sign the petition, which must be forwarded directly to the post-office department, or, preferably, to a representative or a senator from the state. The system does not provide for a village and suburban free delivery, though this fact is difficult to impress upon the public. Rural free delivery was established by congress to give postal facilities to those who have none, and to carry the mails daily to remote communities, the residents of which would otherwise have to travel from two to twelve miles to receive letters and newspapers. Unless circumstances are exceptional, no route is established by the department that is less than twenty or twenty-five miles long, or on which fewer than one hundred families live.

Petitions are received and filed in regular order. Last year there were about twelve thousand, and they are disposed of at the rate of six thousand per annum. Each route is carefully gone over by a special agent, who, if he finds everything satisfactory, recommends for appointment, with the aid and coöperation of the postmaster, a carrier. The carrier, upon furnishing proper bonds, is appointed by the postmaster-general. The job is no sinecure, and it is generally a difficult matter to find the right kind of man for it. It pays only five hundred dollars a year, and, for this sum, the man must provide himself with a horse and wagon. He must get over his route every day, Sundays excepted, and make his deliveries as promptly as possible. Disagreeable wind or weather is no excuse for failure to deliver, and, if he does not do his duty, he forfeits his salary. Under the circumstances, there is no rush of applicants; on the contrary, the trouble is in providing for resignations, of which there were between eight and nine hundred the past six months.

The perfect system of rural delivery that the department is striving after is a concentrated service; that is, a service covering a whole county, and displacing the old system of fourth-class post-offices and star routes. In a few counties, where it has been possible to organize a service on this basis, the results have been most satisfactory. It will come everywhere, gradually; but, under existing conditions, it is impossible to establish it rapidly. Carroll County, Maryland, has the honor of being the first district in which the concentrated system was applied. It has a population of about thirty-five thousand, and an area of four hundred and fifty-three square miles. There forty-five rural letter carriers are delivering mail to between seven thousand and eight thousand farm families every day, and ninety per cent. of it reaches the farms before nine o'clock in the morning. The service in this county displaced sixty-six post-offices and thirty-three star routes. The saving effected by these discontinuances, added to the large increase in the revenues from the sale of stamps, brought the receipts in the county to within three hundred dollars of the total cost of delivery for the first quarter.



All Outdoors Belongs to the POCKET POCO



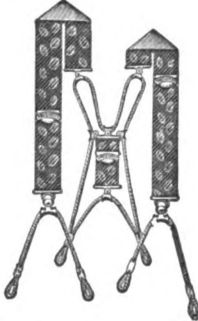
Price
Complete,
\$9.00

The smallest *complete* camera. No matter how many big cameras you may own you need a Pocket Poco. It makes first-class pictures $3\frac{1}{4} \times 4\frac{1}{4}$ inches, the correct size for enlargement or lantern slides. It is the *only* pocket camera using either plates or films, and having a permanent ground glass for accurate focusing. Thoroughly equipped with a rapid rectilinear lens and iris diaphragm; an automatic shutter; a 7-inch bellows; a perfect finder for snap-shot work; and an actuated spring-back. Weighs but 17 ounces. Measures $1\frac{3}{8}$ inches thick, $4\frac{1}{4}$ inches wide, $5\frac{1}{4}$ inches high. Examine the Pocket Poco at your dealer's or send for the Poco book for 1902.

ROCHESTER CAMERA AND SUPPLY COMPANY
515 Poco St., Rochester, N. Y.



Whatever your "bent" President Suspenders



allow you to follow
it in absolute comfort

Riding, bowling, walking, golfing, at work or at play, you can rely on complete suspender comfort if you wear President Suspenders. The only suspender constructed on scientific principles. Refuse any of the many cheap imitations. The word "President" on the buckles distinguishes the genuine. Every pair guaranteed. Trimmings can not rust. New model now ready for men of heavy work; also small size for boys. Sold by dealers everywhere, 50 cents. If you have any difficulty in getting them, tell us what kind you prefer—light or dark, wide or narrow—and we will mail them to you, postage paid, on receipt of price.

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SHREDDED WHEAT BISCUIT

From Natural Food comes health. Nature has stored in the whole wheat the necessary properties to support perfect teeth, bone, body and brain. Mischievous man in making white flour, removes a part of these properties. Thinking people realize that **naturally organized foods make possible natural conditions, and that there is no other way.**

Whole wheat is a Naturally Organized Food, that is, contains all the properties in Correct Proportion necessary for the Complete Nourishment of man. "Soft cooked" cereals are swallowed with little or no mastication and, therefore, the teeth are robbed of their necessary—natural—exercise, causing weakness and decay. **Shredded Whole Wheat Biscuit** being crisp, compels vigorous mastication and induces the **natural** flow of saliva which is necessary for **natural** digestion.

The daily use of Shredded Whole Wheat Biscuit builds strong teeth, strong muscles and a strong mind.

Sold by All Grocers.

Send for "The Vital Question" Cook Book (free). Address

THE NATURAL FOOD CO., Niagara Falls, N. Y.

MUSIC FOR YOUR SUMMER VACATION



WHY don't you take a Regina Music Box with you? When it is too hot to play the piano, the Regina plays music for dancing or out-of-door amusements. The Regina is always in the mood and never refuses a request for an encore.

We will rent you one for the Summer, applying your payments on the purchase price, if you decide to keep it. The Regina plays every tune you know and like—as you like it played—with expression and technique. Your choice of music disks furnished by us. Write for prices, terms, music lists, etc., etc. We pay freight where we have no dealer. Address Dept. L

REGINA MUSIC BOX CO.
Regina Bldg., N.Y. or 259 Wabash Av., Chicago



"Grandpa, why don't you get a pair of
Wilson's Common Ear Drums
and throw that long tube away?"

The use of trumpets, tubes, audiphones and other cumbersome and obsolete devices to aid the hearing is being everywhere abandoned since the appearance of these
SCIENTIFIC SOUND CONDUCTORS FOR DEAFNESS
They are invisible and fit in the ear, are comfortable, and restore the hearing. Beware of imitations. The WILSON is the original and genuine. Physicians recommend them. Information and letters from many users free on request.
WILSON EAR DRUM CO., 387 Todd Bldg., Louisville, Ky.

THE BEST
SEND FOR CATALOGUE
FIFTY STYLES



PAUL E. WIRT
FOUNTAIN PEN
ALL DEALERS OR ADDRESS, BLOOMSBURG, PA.



The Sign at the Crossroads

HERBERT HUNGERFORD



THE interest with which many church workers have taken up the Success Club idea, in view of the already numerous organizations connected with church effort, has been a pleasant surprise to the founders of the Success Club movement. Churches of all denominations were represented in organizing branch clubs, and special provision was immediately made for this line of work, so that now more than one hundred clubs of the League—one fifth of the membership,—are in some way connected with churches. Philadelphia, where the first church club was formed, now has five clubs. The Jarvis Street Baptist Church Club, of Toronto, Canada, a most progressive society, a picture of whose club members is shown here, has fitted up a gymnasium in the basement of the building. At Sabina, Ohio, the club of the Friends' Church, not having room in the church building, raised money and built a five-hundred dollar reading room and gymnasium. The club of the People's Home Church, of East Eleventh Street, in New York City, makes gymnastics a prominent feature of its work. Pastors of churches in which Success clubs have been formed are unanimous in endorsing them as helpful to the churches and to individual members.

The Success Club is admirably fitted to be a church auxiliary, for it may be said that it meets the young man at the most critical time in his life, when he is at the parting of the ways, and the problems of independent existence present themselves. He has begun to wonder what is the good of his schooling, of his churchgoing, and, left to himself, he is attracted to many forms of amusement that in the end may work his ruin. To his inquiry as to what he is good for, what is to be his work in life, he too often does not receive a ready answer. The Success Club offers him a chance to discuss these questions in suitable companionship, to listen to good advice and wise counsel, and to gain information from older and more experienced persons. The club appeals to him as practical, devoid of what in contempt he calls "goody-goody" features. He is just at an age when he is sensitive to ridicule, a feeling that often drives well-meaning boys into dissipation; but, in the discussion of practical problems at the club meetings, and in listening to men prominent in various lines of business, he is inevitably made to realize the importance of character and right-doing in their practical bearing. Ethical questions, he finds, are an unavoidable part of daily actions, and, viewed in this light, new interest is taken in them, and reasons for their discussion are made evident. As the young man gets wider views of life and business, he comes to recognize the value of the church as a social influence, a teacher of morals and builder of character, and his former contempt is turned to respect. In this attitude, an interest in the spiritual side of church work is easy to arouse, and the Success Club, without in the least abandoning its own work, has pointed the way to a religious life.

To a young man who is already a church worker, the Success Club offers a most attractive field. In it he can make application of his principles to real problems, as they arise for discussion, and he can reach his fellows who know religion only in its outward form.

In the Success Club the pastor has a chance to come into closer touch with the practical world, and to know the problems confronting the business man and the employee. The religion of today must be practical or it will be cast aside, and the most successful pastors are those who have the least of the "cloth" about them in their attitude toward men and things.

The Success Club will prove a help to the church, as it does to the community, by affording clean, helpful, healthy amusement for young people, saving them from much temptation and frivolity,

Grecian BUST Girdle

Trade "CORSET REST" Mark



The Ideal Health and Comfort Garment for Every Woman
Gently supports the bust and braces the back. Retains weight of clothing, removes all pressure from vital organs. Allows

Full and Deep Breathing

Assists Nature in Creating and Retaining a YEAUS FORM. Used in Negligee, Debarie, Physical Culture, Athletics, Maternity, and for all wear which does not demand corsets. Lightest, Softest, Coolest and most comfortable of all garments for warm weather.

Should be in every woman's wardrobe.



GRECIAN BUST GIRDLE

Endorsed and Recommended by Eminent Physicians, Hygienists and Thousands of Delighted Wearers. They Will Please You. Satisfaction Assured.
Take snug measure around fullest part of bust.
Style 40, White Summer Netting . . . \$1.50
" 72, White Imported Batiste . . .
" 64, White, Drab, or Black Satene } Postpaid
Style 58, White or Drab Jean, \$1.00

Bust measure 30 to 50 inches. Circular on request.

CLASSIC CORSET CO., 187 Fifth Avenue, CHICAGO

Eastern orders filled by **GIMBEL BROTHERS, PHILADELPHIA**

"Let the **GOLD DUST** twins do your work."



GOLD DUST

solves the problem of easy dish washing. It cuts grease and cleans dishes better than anything else. Does its work quickly, well and economical.

Made only by **THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY,**
Chicago. New York. Boston. St. Louis.
Makers of **OVAL FAIRY SOAP.**

DEAFNESS

Why don't you use a
Morley Ear-Drum?

and hear like other folks, without ear-trumpets or tubes.
Send for book about the

Morley Ear-Drum

a harmless, invisible and comfortable help for the ear. Different from anything else.

THE MORLEY COMPANY, Dept. P,
19 South 16th St., Philadelphia.

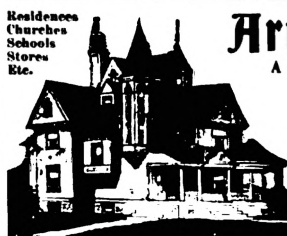
THE GEM NAIL CLIPPER



25 cents

Better than knife or scissors. Trims nails nice, even, oval shape, any desired length. Best for removing hang-nails. Convenient to carry. Nickel-plated. Warranted.
Complete Manicure Set. Cuts, cleans, files. Sold everywhere. Sent by mail for 25 cents.

PRICE, \$1.00. No. 2 Sterling Silver Handle.
THE H. G. COOK CO., 81 Main St., Ansonia, Conn.



Artistic Homes

A 608 PAGE BOOK OF DESIGNS

SENT POSTPAID FOR \$1.00

The Cottage Builder

Issued Monthly

\$1 per annum. Sample 10c.

Purchasers of 608-page book will require no other, as it is the largest published. Will send with Cottage-Builder 1 yr. \$1.50.

HERBERT C. CHIVERS,
Architect, 104 7th St., St. Louis, Mo.



Success Club of the Jarvis Street Baptist Church, Toronto, Can.

while giving vent for their energy and courage. Wherever organized, the Success Clubs have aroused young people to greater exertions, higher ambition, more self-reliance, and wider usefulness. They have made their members better sons and daughters, better employees, and better citizens. It stands to reason that if they are church members, they will be better church members. The Success Club is an organized tonic for the home, the community, society, and the church. Its effect is a good deal like attaching an electric battery, and the pastor who attaches one of these clubs to his church will be surprised at the electrifying influence it will have upon himself and on his flock.

Subscription Prize Winners for May

MR. LEONARD JOHNSON won our May Prize Contest with 457 points,—the highest total yet scored in our series of monthly competitions. It is a rather remarkable fact that Messrs. Johnson, Scharf, and Shipway, winners of the first, second, and third prizes, respectively, each broke the highest previous record for a single month. This is but another evidence of the justice of the assertion, heretofore made in the columns of SUCCESS, to the effect that more subscriptions for this magazine have been taken within a given time than for any other in the field of American periodicals. The complete list of prize winners is as follows:—

1.—LEONARD JOHNSON.....	457	points
2.—REV. W. J. SHIPWAY.....	379	"
3.—DR. CARL SCHARF.....	374	"
4.—W. L. FRENCH.....	202	"
5.—J. E. STAUDACHER.....	201 ½	"
6.—W. H. GREGORY.....	124	"
7.—P. J. CONWAY.....	104	"
8.—R. W. MASON.....	84	"
9.—L. R. FRENCH.....	82 ½	"
10.—W. P. WEBB.....	46 ½	"
11.—ALEXANDER HEATH.....	46 ½	"
12.—C. W. HILBORN.....	37	"
13.—W. RICHARDSON.....	35	"
14.—G. C. CROWLEY.....	32	"
15.—J. W. SEARING.....	32	"
16.—REV. M. C. DAVIS.....	27	"
17.—ELLEN F. MOLONEY.....	25	"
18.—JOS. MIREUR.....	24	"
19.—J. A. OLIVER.....	23	"
20.—ROBERT MCCALL.....	23	"
21.—E. W. BURN.....	22	"
22.—MISS B. E. TRICKEY.....	21	"
23.—A. E. TRASK.....	21	"
24.—JAMES PARKER.....	20	"
25.—R. C. RUDRAUFF.....	20	"
26.—MISS PET BARGER.....	18	"
27.—A. E. BROCK.....	17	"

Of these, Messrs. Conway, Mason, L. R. French, Richardson, and Miss Trickey are members of the Success Scholarship Staff—an energetic and wide-awake body of workers which bids fair to outdistance even the tried veterans of the regular agency staff in the not distant future.

A company is being formed in St. Louis to manufacture the power plow designed by Richard J. Gatling, the designer of the famous rapid-fire Gatling gun. The machine will do the work of thirty or forty men, using from sixty to eighty horses, and the daily cost for fuel is said to be six dollars when using oil, wood, or coal, and two dollars a day when using gasoline. A wheat drill may be attached to the machine and the grain sown as the disks turn up the earth. The first public appearance of the Gatling plow will be at the St. Louis Purchase Exposition.

\$1.00 PER SECTION and upwards
(without doors) buys the **Macey SECTIONAL BOOKCASE**

the only kind having absolutely "Non-binding, Self-disappearing doors." (Patented.)

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THE WORLD OF SCIENCE

Arthur E. Bostwick

SCIENTIFIC comment on the West Indian volcanic disaster is, so far, little more than speculation, and must always remain so to some extent, as the few survivors only saw the explosion from the water, and their minds were hardly in a proper state for scientific observation. The outbreaks in the West Indies, seem, however, to have been violent local manifestations of renewed activity all along a great line of volcanic and earthquake action that is believed to mark an extended region of weakness in the earth's crust. Pent up steam or gas under high pressure accumulated until it blew off the top of Mont Pelée, whose fragments fell in clouds of fiery debris on the now ruined city of St. Pierre. Professor Gregory of Yale says that it is his belief that all this activity is but a phase in the birth of a future West Indian continent. The reported lowering of the ocean floor by a thousand feet certainly shows oscillation of the earth's crust, but hardly in the right direction here. Professor Gregory also believes that the very rocks of the volcano were saturated with superheated steam, and that the whole cone exploded in the air like a bomb, after it had been lifted from its base. These and other speculations may or may not be confirmed by future observation.

THAT persistent invention, the "electric gun," has just cropped up again. For several years inventors have been busy trying to utilize electric motive power to throw projectiles, but without much practical success, although from time to time the press has teemed with accounts of the wonderful things their "guns" were to be capable of doing.

This time it is a Norwegian, a Professor Birkeland, who is said to be working in Berlin on an electro-magnetic cannon that is to throw a projectile of two tons' weight a distance of ninety miles or more. In reporting the invention, Mr. Bordewich, the United States consul at Christiania, writes that "a small model of the gun throws projectiles weighing a pound, with great force." "Electricity," in an editorial commenting on this report, reminds us that all electric-gun models work well, but the increase of velocity which, according to theory, should accompany increase in size, is never realized, owing to some difficulty that is imperfectly understood. The "Engineering News" calculates that, even theoretically, to attain a muzzle velocity of three thousand feet a second in such a gun, sixty feet long, would require six million, three hundred thousand horse power, which, it says, "seems a good deal of power to put in dynamos."

IT is stated in the daily papers that a Boston inventor has patented a device for insuring privacy in conversation by telephone. This arrangement automatically locks all telephones on a circuit, except the two that are in use, so that their bells will not ring, and, practically, transforms the line between the two persons who are talking, into a private wire. As the current is confined by this means to a portion of the line, it is claimed that there is a saving in electric energy, and that it may be possible to use short-distance instruments, with the aid of the apparatus, to talk over a long-distance line.

EXPERIMENTS made in Berlin by Dr. Loeffler seem to show that the germs of malaria and cancer cannot exist together, and that we may be able to cure the latter disease by inoculating the patient with the former. Dr. Koch believes he has shown that, by examination of the blood of a malarious person, the proper time may be selected to effect a complete cure by the use of quinine, so that physicians may yet be in a position to cure cancer by first substituting malaria for it, and then drugging the malaria-germ to death.

IT is asserted by a writer in an American medical weekly that cases of poisoning by illuminating-gas are on the increase, and he attributes this to the use of the so-called water-gas, which contains a high percentage of the deadly gas called carbon monoxide. In Massachusetts, a law so limiting the proportion of this substance as practically to exclude water-gas from use, was repealed about thirteen years ago. Since that time, there have been four hundred and fifty-nine deaths from inhalation of gas, while in a period of equal length preceding the repeal of the law there were only eight deaths from this cause. Carbon monoxide is not only fatal in large quantities, but it produces a general condition of ill-health in very slight proportions, and the writer believes that many puzzling cases of decline in physical vigor are to be attributed to almost inappreciable gas-leaks.

A NEW machine for laying railroad tracks is being used in Pennsylvania. It has proved itself capable, with a crew of forty men, of putting down two miles of track in a day. The track-layer has a huge crane, sixty feet long, which projects forward over the road, and it hauls behind it a train of sixteen flat cars loaded with ties and rails.

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Professor Perry believes that we are bringing the end as near as the close of the present century. If we could utilize ninety per cent. of the energy of our coal, instead of ten per cent., as we now do, the evil day might be removed some centuries further. Professor Perry thinks that this may possibly be done by the invention of a method for turning the energy of the coal directly into electrical energy. Of course the world's water power will remain after the fuel is gone, but, if we are forced to depend upon it alone for our energy, our centers of industry will shift, and London, Paris, and New York will be doomed.

THE prospects are that alcohol may be used exclusively for lighting. The Welsbach burner has taught us that in a lamp it is not necessary for the combustible to do more than develop great heat, — a refractory mantle made white hot by this heat will give the light. Now alcohol is one of the best heat-developers known. In Paris, an official exhibition of alcohol apparatus, under government auspices, has just been held, and the French papers describe and illustrate a great number of lamps for illumination with alcohol. These are of two general types,—incandescent lamps and lamps with an exposed flame. In the former, the alcohol is vaporized, mixed with air, and burned with an ordinary Welsbach mantle. As great an intensity as six hundred and thirty-four candle-power a burner may be gained by vaporizing the alcohol under pressure, but small lamps of less power, for ordinary domestic use, are also made. In the "free-flame" lamps, the mantle is dispensed with, but carborated alcohol is used, giving a bright flame like that of an ordinary hydrocarbon oil.

ALTHOUGH America is regarded as being ahead of Europe in the development of electric traction, it is certainly behind in its application of that motive power to canals. A model electric haulage system was shown at an electric exhibition in New York City, years ago, but our canal boats are still drawn by the patient mule, although successful experiments with electricity have been made on the Erie Canal. In France, Germany, and Belgium, electric systems are already used with much success. In the French system, both sides of the canal are used for tow-paths, so boats can go in opposite directions. The motors that tow the boats run on three wheels and take their power from an overhead wire by means of a trolley, the central stations being six or seven miles apart. In Brussels, the Charleroi Canal, about fifty miles in length, which passes through Brussels and connects Antwerp with the Charleroi coal fields, is operated by electricity, having been one of the first in Europe where the new power was adopted. On parts of this line, electric tug-boats are used, which take current from the same trolley wire that supplies the shore motors. In a recent article on the subject, in "Electricity," Frank C. Perkins states his belief that, although still in the experimental stage, electric traction on canals will rapidly be introduced in all parts of the world.

A METHOD of locating faults in underground electric cables, recommended by a recent authority, consists in sending through the cable into the earth a current whose direction is automatically reversed every ten seconds. A pocket compass laid on the cable will reverse at the same intervals, if its location be between the fault and the source of the current, and so, by repeated trials, the fault is finally located between two manholes.

"ROUNDHOUSE" YOUNG MEN

THERE are a great many young men in this country who are like engines, just completed, standing in the roundhouse, all ready to go out on the track, but waiting to be started. They have finished their education, as far as the schools are concerned; they have their college diplomas; they are polished and ready for the run, but somehow they never get out on the main line. They ought to be busy pulling trains: some of them, freight trains; some of them, local passenger trains; and still others, lightning expresses; but they do not move.

An engine may be a wonderful piece of work to look at, but, if it does not fly along the track, and take people or goods to their destination, what is it good for? Of what use are education and college diplomas to these "roundhouse" young men? Of what possible service can they be to the world if they never get started on the track? How many of them do we see lounging around clubs, or in drawing-rooms chatting with society women,—dawdling, listless nonentities, admiring themselves for their completeness, but never doing anything, never pulling a train of cars! Their lives are meaningless, and some of them are worse than useless because they are obstructing the way of the engines which are puffing steam, waiting to pull a train if the track were only clear. They have been foisted into positions through "pulls," and occupy, as mere figureheads, the places which worthy young men are waiting to fill efficiently.

These engines exist merely for themselves. They have nothing for the world; they do not wish to contribute to its work; they would feel insulted if asked to go out on the track and pull loads. But, "roundhouse" young men, do not forget that, the moment a man stops growing, he begins to decay. There is no standing still in this world: one must make up his mind either to progress or to retrograde.

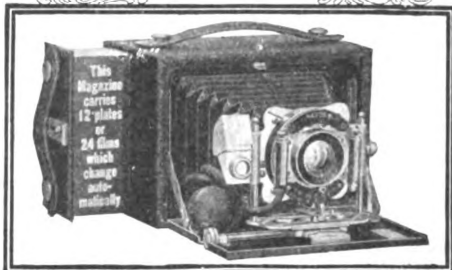
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ARNOLD
VINEY

PHILIP E. VINEY and **Arnold Viney** are two bright English lads, aged twelve and thirteen years respectively, who were rewarded recently with a certificate of the Royal Humane Society of Great Britain, in recognition of their bravery in saving an elderly man from drowning. The society is very particular only to give testimonials when it is absolutely certain that the danger has been very great, both to the rescuer and the person rescued. It is that fact which makes the distinction in this instance particularly remarkable, considering the ages of the young life-savers.

The boys are the grandsons of the late Sir Edward Creasy, who, for many years, was the chief justice of Ceylon. While staying at Swanage, England, recently, they saw a man who could not swim go beyond his depth. He was being carried out to sea, when the elder of the boys, realizing the great danger the man was in, immediately swam to his rescue. In his desperation, the drowning man caught hold of the gallant lad and pulled him under, but the little fellow, with wonderful skill and endurance, finally managed to reach shallow water with his charge. They would undoubtedly have been drowned but for the fact that the younger boy, realizing their peril, also plunged into the sea, and at great risk succeeded in reaching his brother in time to help save the man. A display of such bravery and presence of mind is certainly deserving of the recognition it has received.

SELLING newspapers after school hours is probably one of the commonest methods employed by boys to secure money to put them through city schools. **Roy Blanchflower**, a member of the class of 1903, of the high school at Springfield, Illinois, is one of the boys who pursue this method. The principal of the school, L. M. Castle, writes that the young man has ability as a student, and is a successful competitor in athletic contests. He has high ambition and a determination of purpose which are examples to other students of the school.



ROY
BLANCHFLOWER

THE number of clever boy and girl musicians scattered over the country is surprising. In Madison, Wisconsin, **Jesse C. Harrison**, a seventeen-year-old high school student, is a marvelous pianist, notwithstanding the fact that he has but one hand. His services are in general demand.

EDWIN GRASS, an eleven-year-old blind boy, of New York City, who got his musical education in Brussels, is a remarkable violinist. He won so great success, on his first appearance in Berlin, that an account of his playing was cabled to newspapers in every part of the world.



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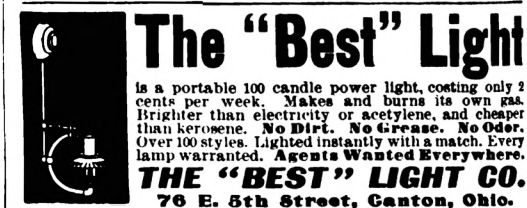
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The Decline of the Practicing Lawyer

H. GERALD CHAPIN
[Editor of the "American Lawyer"]

[Concluded from page 401]

menace to the individual lawyer. They insure against the result of accidents to or caused by the employees of their clients, and a salaried staff of able counsel is prepared to carry to the highest court of appeal any case which may be brought against those insured. There remain, in this line of work, the so-called "contingent-fee suits,"—actions brought on a speculative basis, one-quarter, one-third, or even one-half of the amount recovered being the attorney's reward for his labor; but the tactics of the "ambulance chaser" have lately brought this practice into disrepute, for perjury and subornation of perjury are rife in these actions. But, apart from any question of ethics, it is debatable whether this is really a paying line of practice. For one suit which the attorney may win, after carrying it to a court of appeals and usually advancing the expenses,—despite statutes made and provided to the contrary,—he is likely to lose five, after having had all the trouble of carrying them to the same tribunal.

Criminal law, whereby the reputation of a Brady, an O'Connor, a Hoffman, or a Graham was built up a generation ago, has fallen into the hands of two or three well-known and reputable firms, and a few smaller ones, whose rank in the profession is exceedingly low. The majority of criminals are able to pay but the smallest fees; and, as long as the *auri sacra fames* prevails among lawyers, as well as with the race of mankind generally, the able men of the profession are likely to continue to shun this line.

In New York City there are ten thousand lawyers, four-fifths of whom are dependent upon the exercise of their profession as a means of livelihood. It is safe to say that, as a result of the conditions recorded above, fifty per cent. of them are not making over one thousand, five hundred dollars per year; twenty-five per cent., not over two thousand dollars; fifteen per cent., not over two thousand, five hundred dollars; nine per cent., not over five thousand dollars; and probably not much more than the remaining one per cent., more than that amount.

It has become a platitude to state that the tendency of the age is toward specialization and concentration. This being the case, it cannot be expected that the now thoroughly commercialized legal profession can escape its influence. There are now in New York City about twenty-five law firms which are gradually absorbing all business of any moment. They represent a number of wealthy clients, whose operations, while large, are not sufficiently great to justify them, like railway or life-insurance companies, in having a special legal department of their own. Each of these firms is divided into half a dozen departments, in charge of experts in different branches of the profession. The members of the firm receive comparatively large incomes, while the salary of individuals of the working staff ranges from ten to twenty-five dollars per week. The lower amount is the average. There are thousands of young men of excellent ability living on that income, who, under the old *régime*, would have become leaders of the bar, instead of insignificant cogwheels of a mighty machine.

This condition is typical of the state of the profession to-day in any of the large cities. While the old-fashioned "general practitioner" still exists in the larger communities, with dwindling income and vanishing prestige, he is being gradually relegated to rural communities and towns of small population, there to try an action on a promissory note one day, foreclose a mortgage the next, and defend a criminal the third. The days of eloquence have passed. Courts are too busy to listen, and cases are almost invariably decided upon typewritten or printed arguments alone.

Country lawyers, while not obliged to contend with such difficulties as weigh upon their city brethren, have, nevertheless, the evil of overcrowding to contend with. One need only open, at random, any legal directory to note that there is usually one attorney for every nine hundred men, women, and children of a locality.

In the light of a careful study of existing conditions, is it difficult to forecast the near future, or hazardous to prophesy that, before a quarter-century shall have elapsed, the business, even in cities of the fourth rank in population, if not handled by the great trust, title-insurance, or fidelity and casualty companies, will be absolutely

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controlled by from two to half a dozen firms, each with its large staff of lawyers whose practice has been absorbed? For the country practitioner there will still be an opening, such as it is, though it is far from improbable that the operations of the companies will not, in time, be extended even to the remotest districts.

These facts, and the trend of progress of which they give evidence, should in no way discourage any young man who feels impelled to take up the study of this, the noblest of all professions. He should distinctly realize, however, that, as a calling, law is fast becoming obsolete. Nowhere is stern Nature's doctrine of the survival of the fittest more rigorously applied than in the legal profession. The incompetent, the misfit and the faint-hearted are being pitilessly and rapidly eliminated.

A Few Thoughts About Salesmanship

ONE of the most valuable money-making qualities which any man or woman can possess is that of salesmanship. To be a good salesman or saleswoman means to be in demand by, and among, the world's workers. A good salesman is rarely or never "out of a job," and the better ones are constantly sought for at higher and still higher compensation.

"Salesmanship" is a very broad term. The silk-tiled drummer for a boot and shoe house, the insurance agent and manager, the great banker and broker whose business it is to dispose of millions of dollars' worth of stocks and bonds,—all these are "salesmen," trafficking in one kind of goods or another,—all form a part of the world's great system of organized barter.

To the successful salesman starting in the humbler ranks of this system, all things are possible. In the insurance business, for example, the good local agent is supposed to be able to train others, and he becomes a local manager. The good local manager in time becomes a state or district manager, and, if he develops organizing ability, control of some large department of the business or of a general office of the company is in sight. Somewhere along his upward line in promotion, he is able to contract for his services to such good effect that, instead of gaining a mere salary, he commands a contingent compensation larger than the salaries of many or most of his superior officials. It is his *salesmanship* that brings about these results, and he gradually builds up a connection that makes him a power in the field—makes rival companies anxious to secure his services at almost any price. Only a short time ago two companies actually went to law about an agent who transferred his connection from one to the other, his original employers holding that he had no right to do so, as he was under contract (at a \$50,000 salary).

A good training in salesmanship is well worth acquiring. The qualities needed are courtesy, tact, resource, reserve power, facility of expression, honesty, (for permanent success,) a firm and unshakable confidence in oneself, a thorough knowledge, of, and confidence in, the goods which one is selling, and ability to close. It will be instantly seen that all these qualities make the *man* as well as the *salesman*,—they will bring success in any career, when coupled with sincerity and high-mindedness.

The foundation for such a training can hardly be laid too early. The young boy or girl who uses his or her spare time in school, in vacation season, or out of business hours, for acquiring the art of salesmanship, (in such a manner, for example, as that of canvassing for *SUCCESS*;) will gain power to climb in the world that cannot be obtained so quickly by any other means. The very fact that he is meeting people regularly, brushing against their opposition, and finally winning them over to his point of view, brings to him a feeling of self-confidence, a mental and physical *poise*, that commands the quick attention of employers, on the lookout, as they always are, to discover and develop ability.

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[This is the third of the series of articles on "Books and Reading," which eminent people are preparing for publication in **SUCCESS**.—THE EDITOR]

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What America Offers Her Artists

[Concluded from page 403]

subordinate to the present and all that it needs.

We have now in America a number of strong painters and at least half a dozen sculptors of marked ability fitted in every way to do monumental work, which I take it to be the true way of handing down a nation's heroic thoughts and ideas. The trouble is that the artists do not understand entirely what they are about, and that means that our life is still in a formative condition. We have passed through the classic stage and are now going through the romantic era. We may say that we are on the border of that era which must fix in permanent form our national art, and I believe that it will be on the lines of character, and that it will comprehend the best of all arts that have preceded our own. But, as Seneca said with his terse sagacity, "No man ever became wise by chance," and this thing will not happen to us unless we make an effort to bring it about.

There is much being done in this land to develop a taste for the fine arts, but there is one thing which I venture to suggest, although I may receive the condemnation of the more conservative men by so doing; and that is, that the new art leagues forming in our cities shall have power, not only to pass judgment upon such monumental works or mural paintings as are presented to them, but that they shall also be invested with the right to pull down and destroy such public monuments, buildings, paintings, or statues as disfigure our public parks and places, and tend to undermine the good taste of our people. There are statues in our cities that ought to be melted and the metal laid aside until some young man shall come along with the genius to work out some fine thought in an artistic way. There are some men in this country, thank Heaven, working for the good of American art. If it be true that the fruit-bearing ages, with their inspiration, have passed away from the old world, it is equally true that our civilization stands on the threshold of her greatness and looks out upon a garden filled with blossoms. Now is the time, the romantic period of our existence as a nation, when, if we follow historical succession, we ought to do our most forceful work in art. There is something about the prephidian statues that is titanic. The men who made them were wrestling with the forces of nature and striving to uplift humanity by presenting to it nobler ideals. Such a man in our time was Richardson. Such a man in our beginnings was William Hunt, a genius whom we have never yet given his meed of appreciation, but who will some day be mentioned among the forerunners of our national art.

What shall this art for America be? What shall it make us? It must not be less lovely than the art of Greece, but more so, for we shall have breathed into it the spirit of self-forgetting love. This new art will owe much to the arts that have gone before, and acknowledge it frankly and gratefully. It shall be an art in which buffoonery plays no part. Harlequin will find no place upon its stage. How shall we know this art for the future? First of all, by its uplifting power, as we know and believe in nature, and love to keep in tune with her. What shall be the chief characteristics of this new art, to distinguish it from all others? Character, in the Christian sense. Our conception of nature must tally with the wider knowledge we have gleaned of the universe and the men who inherit it. If we do not see in nature more than the Greeks found there, it is surely our fault. The doors of the heart and soul are closed to the revelations of the hour.

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cloud forms and the effect of the moonlight falling through the branches of the pine trees. Never will one become a great artist by shutting himself up within the four walls of a studio and closing out the letters that go to make up the alphabet of beautiful art. But these cloud forms and this moonlight we must not attempt to measure with a compass or to fix with a camera. If we attempt to do this, we have the same result that comes when we hold a dead bird in the hand. Its song and movement are ended. But we are to take into ourselves the majesty and the loveliness of form and of the mingling of light and shadow which we call moonlight, lacking some word to characterize more fully its exquisite beauty. These effects are to become so much a part of the artist that he will put them into his work unconsciously, and they in turn will uplift the public with a measure of the same inspiration by which he has been moved. So an artist, to be great, must be true. He must not borrow his glories,—he must own them.

The \$100 Prize Contests for Juniors

THE four contests announced in the May SUCCESS have brought many responses, some good and some poor. Of course, according to the terms, no decision can be rendered now, as the contests are open until August 1.

The contest about "The Most Successful Person I Know" offers an excellent chance for several prize winners.

For the benefit of new subscribers, the rules for these contests are repeated: (1.) General interest and originality will be the standard used in judging. (2.) Each article should contain three hundred words or less, written with a pen or a typewriter, on one side of the paper only, and mailed flat. (3.) The prizes in each contest are as follows: First, ten dollars; second, eight dollars; third, five dollars; fourth, two dollars. (4.) All articles should be mailed before August 1, 1902. Announcement of awards will be made in the October number. (5.) The name and address of the sender should be plainly written on the manuscript, and postage enclosed for its return, if desired. Some of the articles which do not win prizes may be accepted by us, and paid for. Address all articles for the contest to SUCCESS JUNIOR, University Building, New York City. The four prizes are as follows:—

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HOW I MADE IT

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THE BEST LAUGH I EVER HAD

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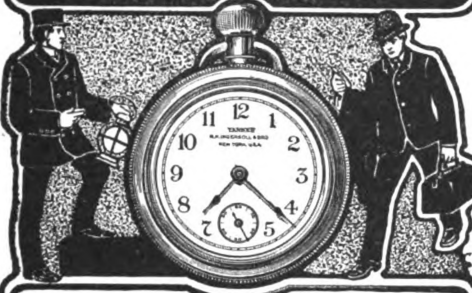
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The first article of his series, entitled "Do the Teachings of Jesus Countenance Advertising?" appeared in the May issue; in June, the subject is "False Pretense in Advertising," and for July "The Advertising of Fictitious Bargains."

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