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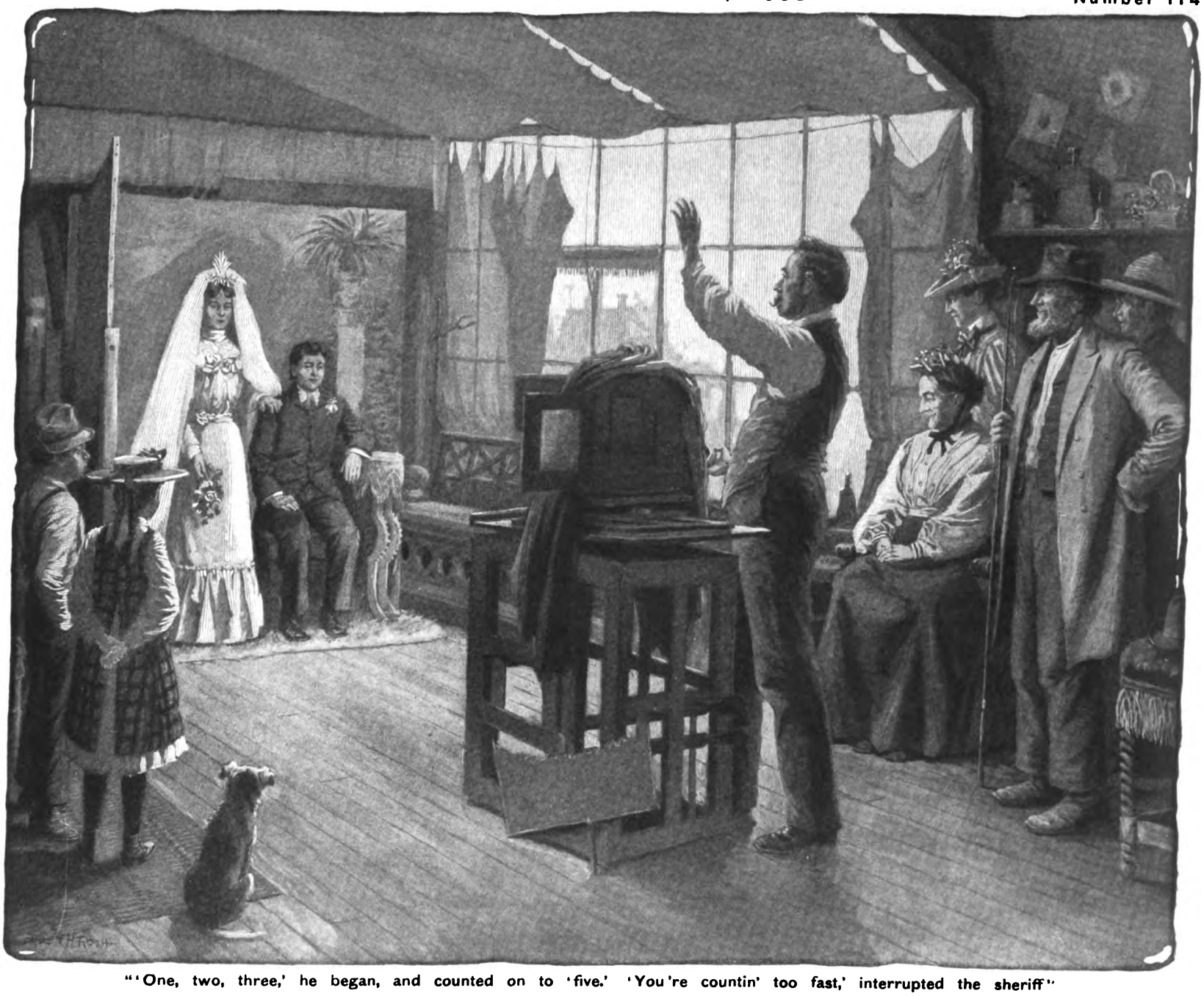
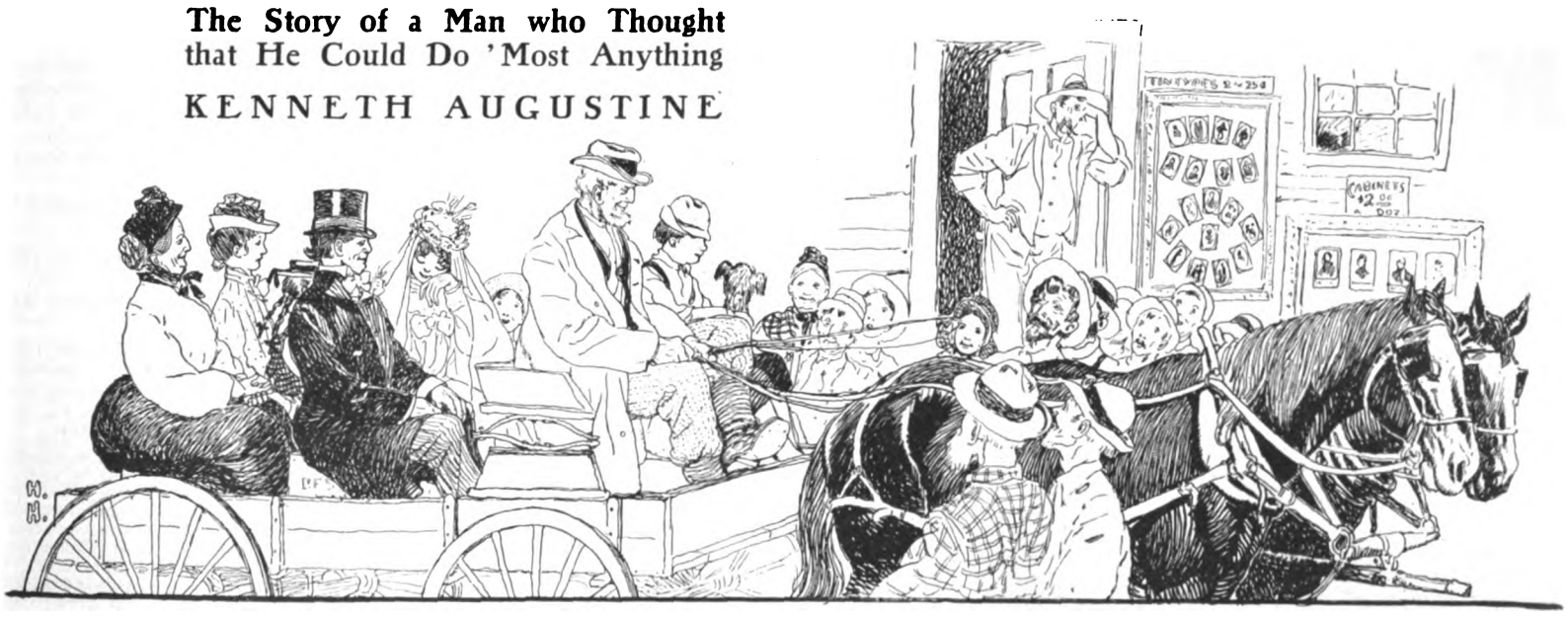


"'One, two, three,' he began, and counted on to 'five.' 'You're countin' too fast,' interrupted the sheriff"

William Woffington, Volunteer Photographer

The Story of a Man who Thought that He Could Do 'Most Anything

KENNETH AUGUSTINE



"WILLIAM, if you ever had an ounce of common sense, you must have lost it. Really, I never saw such a boy. You go at things helter-skelter, and there's no telling where you're going to end."

Mrs. Woffington addressed these words to her son. She believed that she still had a right to address him as a boy, although he had long been tramping through the "thirties." To her, big and raw-boned as he was, he was still, and always would be, her one pet lamb. Once she had read a little dialect poem, one verse of which closed with the quaint couplet:—

"And when you get 'bout forty-three,
'Tis time to leave your mother's knee."

That was the basis of her philosophy regarding William. Never should he leave the old farm until she was ready to have him go. Never should he cross the threshold of her door to carve out his place in the big world until, as she remarked, he was "old enough to take care of himself." So, notwithstanding Mr. Woffington's numerous pro-

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tests that she was "spoilin' the child an' preventin' him from becomin' the president of the United States," she was calmly but forcibly obdurate.

William stayed at home. In fact, he did n't want to leave. Great cities had no magnetic charms for him, and the endless routine of farm life, with its ever varying incidents, pleased him beyond measure. Nothing was ever suggested that he would not attempt to carry into effect, even if he should fail in the end. He never said "No," and even when it was suggested that a new wheel had to be supplied for the windmill, or a famine in drinking water would be the consequence, William was not dumfounded.

"The horses have had pink eye, and I've had the measles, and the price of hogs has gone down, and all since spring," said his father, "an' I do n't know how we're ever goin' to buy a new wheel."

"Never mind," said William; "I'll make one."

Jabez Smith, the son of his nearest neighbor, and Priscilla Weston, who had been known for several seasons as the belle of the village, had decided to marry. Indeed, it was the chief Thanksgiving Day event in their township. It had occasioned more talk than the proposed increase in taxes, for the young people were widely popular. Every arrangement to make the affair one of more than passing notice had been carefully planned. The ceremony, the reception and the departure on the evening train were all brought to a head with scheduled *finesse*. There was only one hitch. Jabez and Priscilla wanted a photograph representing them as they would appear just after the tying of the knot. Like the mighty army of young married folks who had gone before, they wanted a photograph to pass down to posterity "showing them as they looked when they were married."

The village photographer was away. Business during the summer had been unwarrantably dull. He had photographed nearly every resident within a radius of a hundred miles, and, as the population in the district had not increased since the last census, he betook himself to another location, but left his little gallery quite intact and ready for business when he should return. But these matters had no necessary place in the affair, except to make things more inconvenient, for Jabez and Priscilla *must* have the photograph taken. Who would take it?

"I will," promptly answered William, when the question reached his ears.

It was as if a mighty matter of state had been settled, or as if some determined patriot had answered his country's call. When William Woffington said that a thing was to be done, there were those who knew that it was as good as done.

It was this particular determination that had made his mother refer to his lack of common sense and his readiness to "go at things helter-skelter." But William wavered not. The photograph should be taken.

This feature of the day grew in importance. The ceremony itself, the bride's dress, and even the honeymoon departure, for which the young people had been collecting old shoes and surreptitiously storing away handfuls of rice, paled into insignificance. William Woffington was asked, almost every day, for permission to see the picture taken, and he soon saw that the little gallery could not hold the growing throng. He refused every request, save those of the sheriff and his wife and the bride's little brother and sister. He did ask his own father and mother, however. "Ma's presence gives me encouragement, whenever I try to do anything," he said, "and then where she goes pa must go, too." He would have liked to exclude the sheriff, but that officer was "the law" and demanded a place at the undertaking, "in case thet there pesky camery, or some o' them smelly bottles should explode."

William's knowledge of photography was as limited as his ability to measure star-distances, but that did not thwart his purpose. Nothing could thwart William's purpose. He wrote to the owner of the gallery, and, in reply, a letter came which said: "Place the couple before the palm scene at a focus commensurate with the size of picture desired. Insert the plate in the dark box. When ready, say, 'Now smile, please,' remove the cap, count thirty, withdraw the box, close it, and leave it in the dark room for development until I return."

This technical epistle needed some studying. "A focus commensurate with the size of picture desired" seemed to be an Iliad of plausibility in a way, but to William it was an Iliad that had not been rendered into English. He spent the few days that remained between the arrival of the letter and the wedding in repeated visits to the gallery. He wheeled the old, loose-jointed camera back and forth, he looked through the aperture with the cloth over his head, and there before him appeared the palm scene in all the grandeur of its gray and pristine glory. But "a focus commensurate with the size of picture desired" puzzled him greatly. Fearing that he would be laughed at he dared not seek information on the point. He found the plate box and the plate and remarked how easily they ran in and out of the groove in the camera provided for the purpose. He was willing to take a chance at the focus. Maybe that would set itself right in the development.

The day came. Scores of the curious left the little church before the ceremony and wandered down the main street to the gallery. Inside, William Woffington and the sheriff began preparations. William was still wheeling the bungling machine back and forth through the little tracks that its years of usage had worn in the floor, wondering if the "focus commensurate with the picture" would come right, and the sheriff was at the door keeping the merry but inquisitive crowd at bay with the law that was reflected from his battered shield. Really he was of more importance than William. Had it not been for his stern upbraiding, the gallery would have been mobbed.

The bride and groom and the attending guests and Mr. and Mrs. Woffington rode from the church to the gallery in Mr. Woffington's farm wagon. Cheer after cheer pierced the circumjacence as they wheeled before the door and alighted. Men stood on the wagon's floor, on fences, and on one another's shoulders in their mad desire to see what was going on inside, but the gallery was some distance from the ground and they had no view.

"Take your place by the palm scene," said William.

"Do we sit or stand?" asked Jabez.

"Sit," said William.

"There's only one chair," broke in the sheriff.

"You mind the law, and I'll mind this affair," replied William, with unmeet sternness.

"William, my cherub," said his mother, softly.

"You sit, and I'll stand, Priscilla," said Jabez.

"No, you sit, and I'll stand; that's stylish."

"No, it's polite for you to sit."

While this debate was going on Mrs. Woffington went over to the bride and the bridegroom. A tear glistened on her cheek. Something brought back a similar scene in her life, and recalled the day when she stood blushing beside her stalwart husband. "Ah," she mused, "he was sitting, and I stood with my hand on his right shoulder, and why not ask Jabez and Priscilla to do the same?" With the dear memories clogging her brain, she posed the man and wife. William entered no objection. "Ma's done it, and ma's right," he said to himself, "and maybe—"

He stepped aside and approached the sheriff. It was a last, desperate hope. He leaned over and whispered in his ear.

"Bill, what's er—er,—the focus?'

"Do n't know," answered the doughty peacemaker. "Do n't know, unless it's some er that stuff in them bottles in the dark room."

William jumped at this gleam of light. Still he had his doubts. Perhaps it would be just as well not to experiment.

He adjusted the plate box, and with an air of dignity threw the cloth over his head. In the next instant, he jumped back, startled, and placed his hand on his brow.

"Gosh, all hemlock," he remarked, "you're standing on your heads!"

"Let it go some way," said Jabez, in a shivering voice; "I'll freeze if I have to sit this way much longer."

"Pelted by rice and old shoes"

Priscilla's set face mirrored her husband's thought.

"All ready, then!" called William. Then, with steady precision, he added, "Now smile, please!"

Truly, if there had been any hope of smiles from the bride and the bridegroom it had been irrevocably dispelled. But over the faces of the specially bidden guests faint smiles rippled,—smiles which seemed to greatly disturb Jabez and his bride.

"Now, do n't move till I count thirty," said William.

"One, two, three," he began, and continued on to "five."

"You're countin' too fast," interrupted the sheriff.

"What do you know about it?" asked Jabez.

"Jabez! do n't move," said Priscilla, twitching his shoulder; "you'll spoil it."

"Eight,—nine,—ten,—eleven," William went on, with slower effect. "Fifteen" was reached, and Jabez squirmed. That "thirty" seemed as far off as the eternal hills. His legs grew stiff. If he did not move his arm it would drop off. He had forgotten to smile! He did not know what to look at. First he looked at William's upraised arm, then at the smiling faces of the spectators. Priscilla felt his uneasiness and laid her hand more heavily on his shoulder. It seemed like a ton of dead weight. He shifted to ease it, but Priscilla leaned harder. William reached "twenty-one." Each number was pronounced with cautious precision.

"Go slower," said the sheriff; "take a good one."

Jabez turned his gaze to the speaker and glared. A sudden throbbing noise seemed to overpower him. A steady, hammer-like beating was being administered to his body. In the sudden silence it seemed awful,—like the approach of doom. Louder, stronger, more powerful came each beat. Alack! it was only the ticking of the watch which William held in his hand.

"Twenty-seven,—twenty-eight,—twenty-ni,—" William thought it best to give a good exposure toward the last,—"nine." He drawled out the "thirty" so that it covered nearly as many seconds. Jabez did not wait until it was over. He arose, stretched every muscle, and, with a wry face, turned to Priscilla and said, "Come, darling."

"Better sit again," said William, pleased at the promised success of his work.

"Not for a thousand pictures," answered Jabez; "do you want me to become a mummy?"

Away they went amid cheers, pelted by rice and old shoes,—away to their new happiness. There was only one person in all the district who did not join the merry departure. William Woffington was carefully depositing the plate box in the dark room. Ay, he put it in the darkest corner, and carefully locked the door for further safety.

Two weeks later the proprietor of the establishment returned. William was first at the station to meet him. They walked over to the little gallery and hastened inside. In about ten minutes William returned. His face was fixed. He saw no one; he spoke to no one. He seemed to be as one transfixed. Mounting his horse he rode straight to his father's farm. Only his mother, patiently sewing a garment, was in the old home at the time.

"A fine picture it will make, eh, William?" she asked, smiling.

There was no answer. The glum face of her son startled her.

"What's the matter, William? Was n't the focus right?"

"Do n't know, ma; I forgot to take the cap off."

This Trust Was Too Much for Him

PHILANDER C. KNOX, attorney-general of the United States, is an enthusiastic angler. Recently he took a trip to a mountainous region of Pennsylvania to fish for trout. One of his guides was an old mountaineer named Jacob Krebbe, and well known to the attorney-general. Krebbe is quite an adroit conversationalist, and is not unknown to the fishermen in his section as a humorist.

One hot afternoon, Jacob Krebbe and Mr. Knox chanced by a big pool below a fall where the trout were rising freely and snapping at a greenish-blue fly that was much in evidence on the surface of the water. Mr. Knox had nothing in his fly-book that resembled the insect in question, and, after a series of ineffectual casts, gave up in disgust. The trout were all after the greenish-blue fly.

"Seems as if that green and blue fly had a sort of a trust on that pool of trout," said the patient guide.

Mr. Knox nodded.

"Well," resumed Krebbe, "if you can't bust a trust I do n't know who can. Let's be gettin'."

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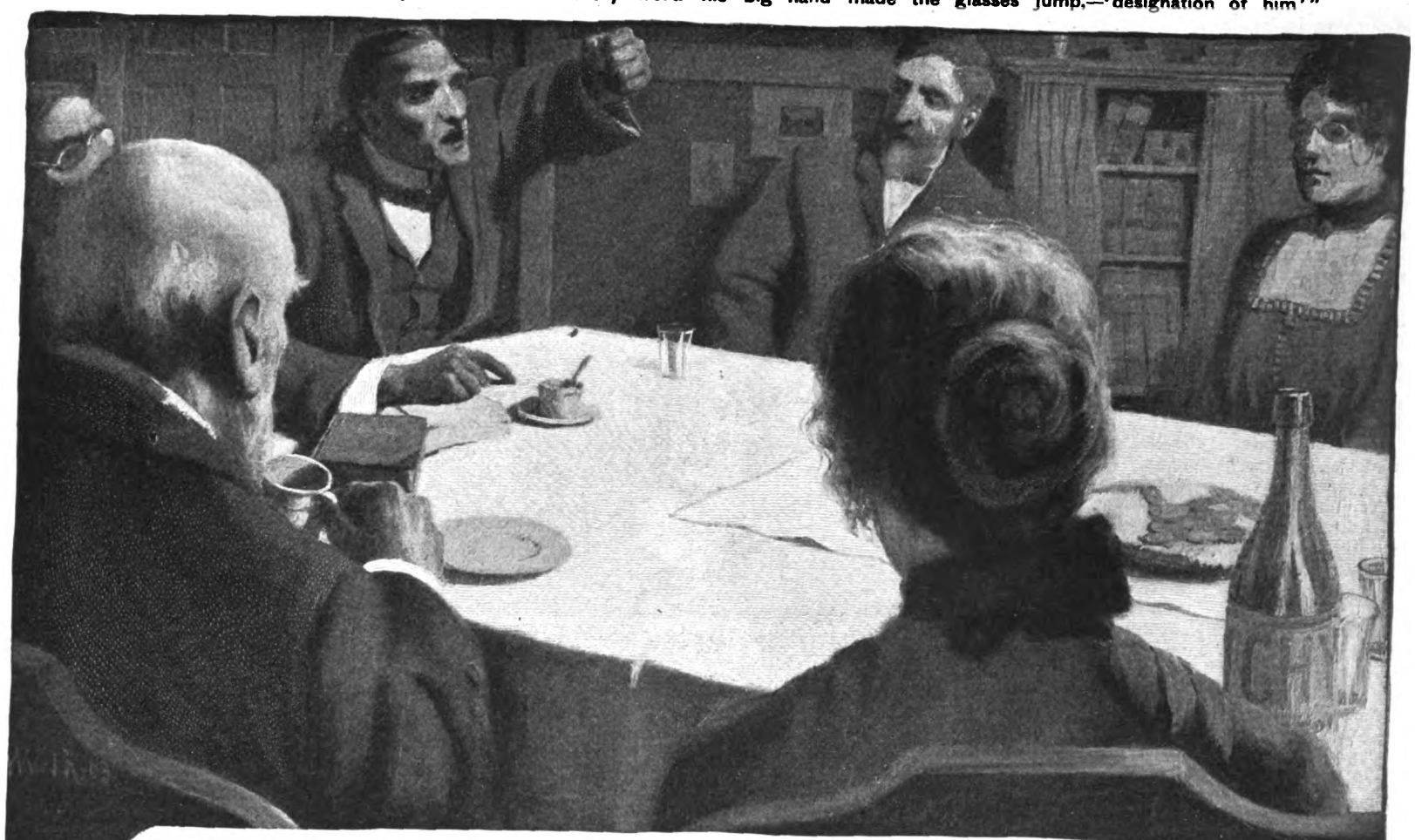
"'It's a scientific, historic, precise'—and at every word his big hand made the glasses jump,—'designation of him'"



The Duke of Cameron Avenue,

or, the Settlement Fight in "The Seventh"

HENRY KITCHELL WEBSTER

[Author of "The Banker and the Bear" and "The Copper King," and joint author, with Samuel Merwin, of "Calumet 'K'" and "The Short Line War"]

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CHAPTER I.

THE fifth annual meeting of the Carter Hall Association was nearly over, and most of the twenty associates and Douglas Ramsay, the warden, were glad of it. The dinner which had preceded it had been long, Ramsay's report, though cut as close to the bone as he knew how to cut it, had not been short, and the retiring president had fairly surpassed himself. But when the new president's turn came, he said that, if they would take his speech for granted, he would give his time to Mr. Ramsay. He believed that that gentleman wanted an additional appropriation to the one which covered his regular budget and would now explain for what he wanted it.

This, being unexpected, was all the more interesting, and everyone turned to see what was coming. Ramsay drew his chair closer to the table and "hunched" forward. He was a rather rawboned man somewhere in the early thirties. His features were not finely modeled, his hands were big and knotted, and he gesticulated so violently with them that his coatsleeves worked far back from his wrists, his voice was rough in timbre, and the range of his inflections was amazing. He worked hard, he talked hard, he used hard words, and he even smiled hard. But for all that he was not unamiable, or underbred, or awkward, or even ill-looking. What the mitigating quality about him was one could not at first discover. It would seem absurd to call so outspoken, hard-hitting a man tactful, but for three years he had worked in unbroken harmony with the Carter Hall Association, and his various predecessors could assure you of the weight of that fact as evidence.

"If you listened to my report just now, you know better than I shall know myself, to-morrow morning, what we have been doing: how many babies there have been on the average in the day nursery, how many boys in the sloyd classes, and so on. So far as we're concerned, we've had a good year. We've made a good showing. But how much we've accomplished for the ward in that time, I don't know. After the compliments Mr. Payne has been giving me, I guess I dare own up that I don't know what it is that we're trying to accomplish. I'm completely mystified."

"Surely you don't mean that, Mr. Ramsay!" It was a white-haired but fresh-complexioned woman who interrupted him and she spoke as if reading out of a paper before a club. "Isn't it to give those poor people a glimpse of the higher life and to help them to attain it for themselves?" There was a slight, indefinable stir all about the table at that. It quickened galvanically at Ramsay's reply.

"No doubt, no doubt, but what does that mean? How are we going to translate it into terms that will guide our actions?"

"In the last typhoid epidemic," he went on, hastily, "our ward, with one thirty-sixth of the population of the city, had one quarter of the cases,—nine times its share,—and I was not surprised, for I knew what the sanitary conditions were before it happened. In the tenements and brothels south of Cameron Avenue, they're at the worst, but they're nasty enough up in our part of the ward. I'll not go into details unless you want me to. That was the first investigation I made on coming to Carter Hall, and when I saw how things stood I began trying to have them bettered. I wrote letters to the newspapers, and, after I'd compared notes with Robertson and Holmes on their wards, we began to try what we could do to get a reasonably good housing and sanitary bill through the council. We stopped pretty soon because we saw that we were trying something about as possible as washing up a dirt road. The man who stood in our way was the chairman of the housing committee. He holds that place for the purpose of preventing any such bill as we wanted, and he is Alderman Albert Gollans of our ward,—a newspaper the other day called him the Duke of Cameron Avenue."

"That's not a joke," he went on, raising his voice above the rustle of polite laughter. "It's a scientific, historical, precise"—and at every word his big hand made the glasses jump,—"designation of him. He levies tribute and grants protection. He holds the ward, or a great part of it, in a strictly feudal relation."

He leaned farther forward and began to talk rapidly. "As I said, I know a lot less than I did three years ago. I'm not near so sure what altruism means, or improvement of economic conditions. I used to like to lecture on sociology, as they call it. I wouldn't do it now for a hundred dollars. But I do know something about the ward and the people in it and the way they live. And I know that, if Carter Hall can cleanse the Augean stables,—I mean, literally, if it can by law compel the landlords to fill the vaults, flush the pipes, and give the people air to breathe, if it never does anything else, it will have justified its existence."

His voice, when he said it, had been clanging in their ears like a big bell, but now he checked himself suddenly. He leaned back in his chair and wiped his red forehead with a handkerchief. Then he said, quietly: "What I ask of you is an appropriation of two thousand dollars to play politics. I want to tip Al. Gollans out of his chair."

It was ex-President Payne who broke the silence which followed. The shower of heresies had thrown his thoughts into some confusion. "Our policy has always been opposed to that, Mr. Ramsay. We have regarded our work as something quite outside of politics. We want to elevate the masses by—by the leaven of culture, and—"

"Don't you want to think," put in another man, "what the consequence of a defeat would be to the settlement, before you embark in such an enterprise? Would not a defeat be a serious, a fatal blow to our influence? And is not such a conclusion quite possible?"

"I can't promise a victory," said Ramsay, "and I think a defeat would no doubt impair our usefulness for a time." Suddenly he thrust his body forward. "You've been building a ship," he said. "You've spent five years at it. We don't know the sea, except that it's stormy, and our ship may come to grief in it, but it's better to lose a spar than never to try at all. If we can ride it out, we've won a victory for the city as well as for ourselves, and, if the example of success is worth anything, to other cities.

"I'm not asking you to go on a wild-goose chase, either. I've canvassed the ward very carefully, and I think we stand a good chance to

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win. I can turn our men's club into a machine of our own in half an hour. They're eager for something like that. We can carry the six precincts north of Cameron Avenue and west of A. Street. That's as certain as human certainty can be."

"I don't know what Mr. Ramsay means, but I'm sure—at least I hope,—he doesn't intend to express approval of machine politics, and certainly not to adopt them himself." The speaker was a deep-voiced woman in a black gown. Her name was Ficklin.

"I should say that it depends on the machine," said Ramsay. "I can imagine a good machine, and even think I could build one."

But the deep voice went on. "We founded Carter Hall for the purpose of presenting an example, an ideal, to the poor and degraded. And rather than that we should sanction political barter and bargaining by our example, or sully the ideal of civic purity by our actions, I would undergo fifty defeats. I should consider a victory as the only disaster."

A young lawyer named Dallas spoke up quickly. "You don't agree with Abraham Lincoln, then, Mrs. Ficklin? You know he said that good statesmanship is using individual meanness for the public good."

Ramsay grinned across the table at him. "Did he?" he asked.

"Oh, I'm perfectly capable of adding what I can to the Lincoln myth upon occasion," rejoined Dallas, "but I couldn't make up anything as good as that. That's according to Hay." Then, with hardly a pause, he continued: "Tell us some more about our chance to win, Ramsay."

The warden made no reply for a moment, but eyed the wineglass which he spun between his fingers. When he did speak it was to Mrs. Ficklin.

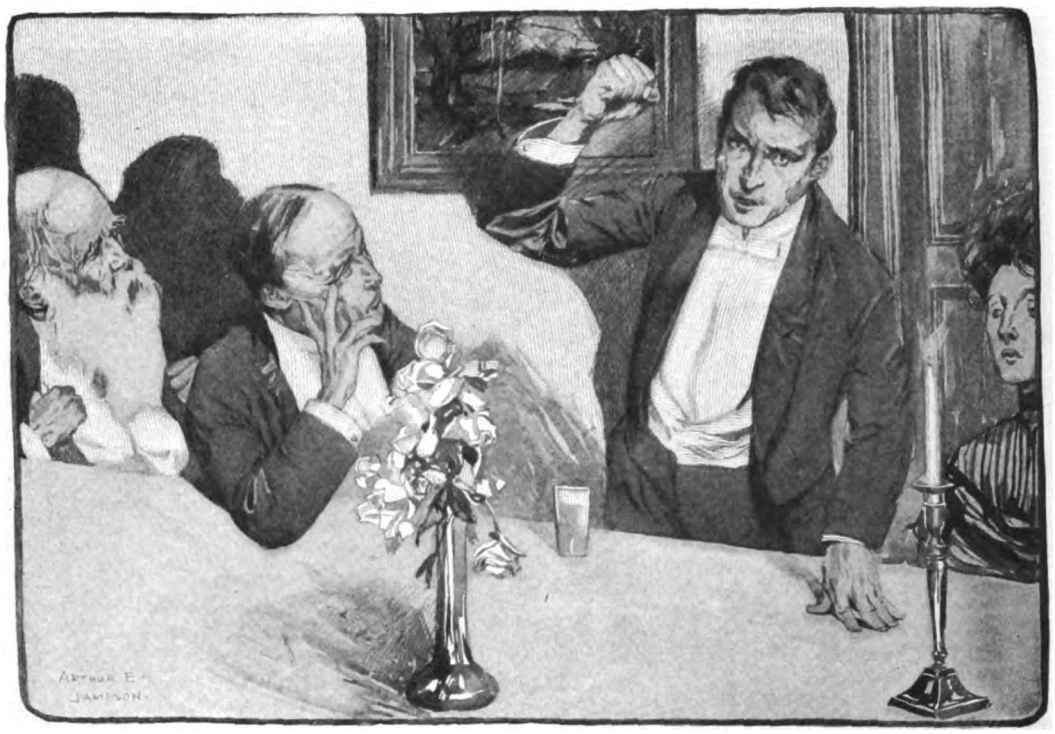
"I'm glad you brought up the subject," he said, "because it's important that we should all understand each other on that point before we go further. I agree with you that one should take high ideals into settlement work, and that, if he succeeds, his neighbors become aware of those ideals. Perhaps that's the measure of his success."

He was hesitating over his words,—feeling for them rather cautiously,—and there were many pauses in his speech. "But ideals are n't a matter of externals. You can't conscientiously present one, for you can't exhibit an immaculate ideal as you'd wear a clean collar. If you do, it will soon grow rather dingy. If you keep it where it belongs, why, contact with facts, even grimy facts, won't soil it."

"That's theorizing, and a little out of my line," he went on, and his voice rose and his fist thumped out his periods on the table. "But here is what I want to say. We won't mince matters. I'll not go into politics unless you tell me to. But if I do go in it will be into practical politics. I won't deal in pure abstractions on Cameron Avenue any more than I'd talk in pure Urdu. I'll take high ground when I can, but lower ground in default of it. I'll appeal to anything that will help me win and that isn't dishonest. I don't call it dishonest to get one man to admire the view, and to show another that the situation is healthy, and to point out to a third that the soil is good for potatoes. Before I go in you must decide whether you can trust me with a free hand or not. I must do it in my own way. I shall no doubt do a few things, and be said to do a good many more, which some of you will think are wrong. When it's all over I'll tell you the whole story, and you can judge whether it's been a hard fight and fair fight or not. It will be too late then, of course, to mend matters, and so I say again that now is the time to make your decision."

"Let me add just this much more: if I'm whipped, it will, as I said, impair the influence of Carter Hall for a while. But the hall won't be saddled with a warden who has outlived his usefulness. I'm going in with my eyes open. I shall play myself against the Duke of Cameron Avenue, and, if I fail, I'll take the medicine that the leader of an insurrection usually gets.

"I've made my speech wrong end to. I don't want you to think about the consequences to me or even to Carter Hall. I want you to remember how poor and helpless those people are and how they die; that disease doesn't take the sickly ones, those who have n't much chance anyway. It attacks the strong men who are carrying them, the men and women who earn the cabbages and the corn meal and the baskets of coal. I could show you a map with the death spots all over it, but I did n't bring it because I don't want you to think of it in percentages. If this association means anything, it means that those people are your neighbors,—that Peter Salvinski, who died of fever, who had ambitions and ideals as good as yours and mine, and who loved his children as you do, was your neighbor, and that all of his family, who are pitifully trying to get on without him, are your neighbors, too." There was a pause, and then he said: "That's all. Thank you for listening so long."



"'If I fail, I'll take the medicine that the leader of an insurrection usually gets'"

There was a long silence. The twenty associates were not looking at the warden, or at each other. At length somebody said, "I move that the appropriation be made," and with a palpable flutter of relief it was done. "Thank you," said Ramsay, quietly, and by common consent the meeting was over.

CHAPTER II.

RAMSAY walked downtown, and, before taking the car out to the settlement, dropped into a little *café* where they raised no objection to his pipe, and sat down to a hot Scotch and a half hour of solitary reflection. Solitude was a luxury not often to be enjoyed by the warden at Carter Hall. For a while he dismissed from his mind Alderman Gollans and the plans for the insurrection he meant to lead against him, and took up another less important but not uninteresting matter.

Just after the meeting had broken up, and as he was leaving the room, the youngest and newest of the twenty associates had accosted him and asked whether he could take in another resident at Carter Hall. "Because, if you can," she had said, "I'd like to be that one." He had told her that he could not answer offhand. The hall was supposed to be full, but it might be possible for him to manage it. He would let her know the next day.

Thanks to a late uncle, Anne Coleridge had, quite in her own hands, a much larger income than she could spend, and, as the preoccupation of both her parents in affairs of their own left her as much to herself and as free to do as she pleased as a girl in her position in society could be, the wonder was, when you came to think of it, that she had not "gone in for philanthropy" before. What little he knew of her Ramsay liked. He liked the humorous droop of her mouth he had seen when Mrs. Carpenter had begun her well-known dissertation on giving the poor a glimpse of the higher life; when he had said he would let her know next day whether he could make room for her at the hall or not, he liked the flicker he caught in her eyes, which told him that she knew why he hesitated and that she did not take it amiss.

But still he was not sure he wanted her at the hall. Ramsay knew two sorts of women residents, the earnest and the gracious. One or two precious jewels in his experience had been both, but that only proved the rule, and to preserve anything like a just proportion between those classes was rather a nice matter. There was no doubt where Miss Coleridge belonged. She possessed a charm even beyond that of most women of her birth and breeding, and he knew that none would more infallibly perceive it, or be more amenable to it than his neighbors in the ward. But how she would affect the balance of his family in the hall was another matter. He knew she could sing. He had heard her do it, and play her own accompaniment in what the people who knew said was a really musicianly way, so he was sure she was capable of helping out Miss Enderby, but he did n't know whether she would or not, or whether or not Miss Enderby would relish it if she did.

His inclination was so strongly one way that he resisted it for a while, but soon he yielded. "She'll keep us out of the sociological rut," he reflected, "and won't it be a recreation, though, to see the way she'll dress for dinner!" Then a little regretfully he put her out of mind and turned his attention to a more important but less beautiful object, the chairman of the housing and tenement committee, Alderman Albert Gollans.

He had not been thinking of him three minutes when the man himself walked into the *café*, escorting a couple of gaudily-dressed women. He wore a dress suit, patent-leather boots which betrayed the fact that they were too small for him, three diamond studs in his shirt, and a derby hat. His closely cropped mustache was of the bristly, aggressive sort, but his hair under some mollifying influence or other submitted to be plastered tight to his head and shone with positive brilliance. He carried his overcoat on his arm.

Ramsay watched them go to a table, then knocked the ashes out of his pipe and finished his glass. Just as he put it down Gollans recognized him and came over to where he sat.

"Won't you join us, Mr. Ramsay?" he said, as they shook hands. "I guess you don't know Mrs. Gollans."

"I'm just going," said Ramsay, rising. "I've been out all the evening and I've a lot to do yet to-night. Thank you, though."

"I know you keep pretty busy." The alderman smiled as he said it. "I understand your men's club out at Carter Hall is bigger this year than ever before. You have n't asked me to go out and make them a speech for a long while."

They were walking together toward the door, and Ramsay stopped and faced him. He, too, was smiling, and he held out his hand. If the warden had ever been nice in the matter of handshaking, he was well over it.

"I invite you now," he said, cordially. "Let's see. You're chairman of the council committee on housing and sanitary matters. Come out and make us a speech on tenement conditions in our ward. I'd like to hear it myself, and I think the rest would. Good night."

It was late when Ramsay reached the settlement, and he noted with satisfaction that Carter Hall appeared to be asleep and that he should have his private office quite to himself. He sat down

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"'What you propose seems to be that I hand over the Democratic machine'"

in his swivel chair, and, unlocking a drawer, took out two little bundles of memorandum slips, one indorsed "Independent," and the other, "Dr. Haversham." He spread them out before him, keeping the two sorts distinct. The slips were covered with figures: additions, deductions, computations, totals, grand totals,—such as might appear to a schoolboy as some nightmare problem in arithmetic. Patiently he went over it, checking this, altering that, and often consulting a card catalogue on his desk or a filing cabinet at his right hand, or odd-looking maps which he pulled up from an ingeniously contrived well at the back of his desk and buttoned over the edge of it. When he got to the end he drew a long breath and shook his head. He locked up the slips indorsed "Dr. Haversham" in the drawer again; the others he gathered into a bundle, tore them very fine, and dumped them into his waste-paper basket.

James Haversham, M. D., was, perhaps, within a year or two of Douglas Ramsay's age; he was as good looking as regular features, a pair of keen, intelligent eyes, and an athletic figure could make him. He had a light, dry, nicely inflected voice; he could talk about a great many things, and gave evidence of having traveled and read rather widely. Altogether, he catalogued very well, and if you did not like him it was hard to say why. The only thing you could put into words against him seemed to be that he was vain of his hands and bestowed an inordinate amount of pains upon them.

The ward was not curious, and nobody asked or wondered why he had chosen to settle in Cameron Avenue, except, perhaps, one of the newer residents at Carter Hall, who nearly always sustained a great surprise on first encountering him. About five years back he had taken the flat over the drug store on the corner of Cameron Avenue and B Street, and had hung out his shingle. His first step was the sagacious one of making friends with the police, and he did it so well that it was not long before most of the "emergency" cases in the neighborhood—and there were a good many between Saturday noon and Monday morning,—fell to his share. With that for a start, he rapidly accumulated a considerable practice of one sort or another. Fortunately it is not necessary to go further into it than to say that it paid him rather more than a living.

The doctor's chief aspirations were political. He had joined the precinct Democratic club at the outset, and was soon the most important member in it. At the next club election, with a true politician's instinct, he had refused the captaincy himself and secured the position for his chief rival in the club, and thereafter gave orders, when necessary, quietly, from behind the throne. It is enough to say that he knew how to make himself useful without making himself conspicuous. After two or three years the county chanced to go Democratic, and Haversham's share in the victory was the office of county physician and a modest amount of patronage in the way of sixty day jobs,—which do not fall under civil service rules,—small matters, but enough to enable him to maintain himself as Democratic boss of the ward. He was only minority boss, of course, for the ward, and Gollans and the city administration were Republican. He made it go as far as possible, and then went on as before, waiting for events to offer him another opportunity.

Dr. Haversham's curiosity was smartly aroused on the morning after the annual meeting of Carter Hall Association when Ramsay called him up on the telephone and asked for an appointment with him. "If you can come out here to the hall, I guess you'd better. If you can't, I'll go to your office," he said, and the doctor, wondering what could be in the wind, answered that he would stroll in about three o'clock that afternoon.

He did stroll into Ramsay's private office, just as Mrs. Ficklin, who lectured once a week on Browning to the Woman's Club, was coming out, and the coincidence made the warden's greeting of the Democratic boss a little more spontaneous than it otherwise might have been.

"Who was she?" asked the doctor, as Ramsay closed the door. "I've seen her somewhere, or her picture."

"Her picture is on the society page at least once a season, so you've probably seen it. She's Mrs. Ficklin."

"Oh," said Haversham. The indifference in his tone was a bit overdone, and it provided Ramsay with a new idea.

The doctor sat down, and took a frankly comprehensive look about him. He had dined at Carter Hall once or twice, but had never been in here. "Do you know that this reminds me of Al. Gollans's office?" he said. "He goes in for this sort of thing." A wave of his hand included the filing cabinets, card catalogues, maps, and other scientific paraphernalia. "He has regular office hours, and when a man goes in to see him he makes him send in his name. It's ten to one that he has his whole biography in his card catalogue, and then when the man comes in he knows all about him. I think he rather overworks the system, myself, though I must say he gets good results. Do you know him?"

"Yes, I know him pretty well. As for the system, it can be overworked, but still you can't do without it."

He pulled a map out over the desk and motioned Haversham to draw up his chair. "This ought to interest a doctor," he said. "It shows the sanitation in the ward. I suppose you know a good deal about it."

"I know it's rather primitive and very nasty. However, it don't bother the people out here. They're used to it, I suppose."

"They aren't so used to it that they don't die of it like flies," said Ramsay, gravely.

"Oh, yes! but, you see, they're bound to do that, anyway. They'll find some capital law of health to break. If it isn't one its another." He was looking at the map, however, with a rapidly growing interest. "This is immense," he said. "If we could only see what relation the deaths in the last epidemic had to the conditions,—"

Another map with little yellow crosses strewn over it was under his eyes in an instant. He shook his head over it awhile, and then laughed shortly. "Well, that tells the story," he said, and added, ruefully, "You don't often get a thing to work out as neatly as that. Cause and effect aren't, as a rule, so willing to be seen in each other's company. I congratulate you."

"No, thank you," said the warden, grimly. "It comes rather closer home than that. I don't mind telling you that I'm in earnest. It is my purpose to clear up that map and some way or other I'm going to do it. I want a city ordinance to go on. Al. Gollans, for reasons of his own, and no doubt they're good ones, means that I sha'n't get one; and, as he's chairman of the housing and sanitary committee, I can't get my bill through him or over him or around him. So I'm going to try to throw him out. I'm going to try to beat him in the April election."

Though it was in the power of Mrs. Ficklin and some other worthy persons to prod him to growling, Ramsay was not a cynic. He took the highest ground he could. He knew facts enough out of Dr. Haversham's career to establish a strong presumption as to his character, but, in the absence of certainty, he paid him the compliment of holding a high motive before him. If there was a spark of generosity, it should have been a breath of air, not a wet blanket.

But the doctor was puzzled. What was Ramsay driving at, anyway? Where was the graft? Why talk to him about Gollans? He would give something to know the facts of the case. It would do no harm to hold back a little.

"Oh," he said. "Independent, anti-boss, purity-of-the-polls, turn-the-rascals-out, reform sort of thing, I suppose? Well, I don't wonder that you settlement people try that on once in a while. But, frankly, Ramsay, you can't make it go out here."

"I've no sneer for the crusader," the warden answered, thoughtfully. "He quickens the pulse, anyway. But this isn't going to be a crusade. It's to be practical politics. I didn't ask you over here with nothing more substantial to offer you than Utopian fancies. It seems to me that for the present our interests lie the same way. You want Gollans out, yourself. But your Democratic machine can't do it; you've been trying to for years. And my plan—call it reform, if you like,—I'm afraid could n't do it, either. But together we should make a better job of it. Together, with luck, we could win."

Haversham shrugged his shoulders. "We'd be glad to have you support our man, of course," he said. He was acting again, and again he rather overdid it. Ramsay laughed and shook his head. "It won't do, doctor. That's not what I propose."

"What you propose seems to be that I hand over the Democratic machine to help push along your gaudy reform."

"I only want to borrow it." The warden's face became serious and he began to speak more rapidly. "See here, Haversham. This is a matter of business. I'll show you what I can do. I think I can convince you that I can deliver the goods. If I can, we'll add together what we've got. If we've a chance to win, why, there's a victory for your party,—and personal advantage for you."

Ramsay did not overdo it. The last half-dozen words of his speech had no labored emphasis, nothing but the little hesitation which preceded them, but still they were significant.

"Go ahead," said the doctor. "If you'll show your hand, I'll show mine."

[*To be continued in the December "Success"*]

A Modest Beginning

SENATOR ARTHUR PUE GORMAN, of Maryland, a little while before the adjournment of the United States senate last March, heard Senator Nelson W. Aldrich, of Rhode Island, scolding a page for carelessness in delivering cards.

"I will have you dismissed," said Senator Aldrich to the boy; "this card was given to you to deliver more than two hours ago and I have been here in my seat all the time. What is your name?"

"Gently, gently, Aldrich," Senator Gorman interrupted, laying his hand on the angry Rhode Islander's shoulder; "give the boy a show. I often made the same mistake myself. Let it pass this time."

"You often made the same mistake!" echoed Senator Aldrich.

"Often," Senator Gorman replied. "Don't you know that I first entered the senate as a page nearly fifty years ago? I have never forgotten those days. You have no idea what a hard time a page has, with a half dozen senators calling him at the same time and all of them in a hurry. He is bound to make mistakes. If I had been dismissed for a little delay in delivering a card, I should not, probably, be in the senate to-day."

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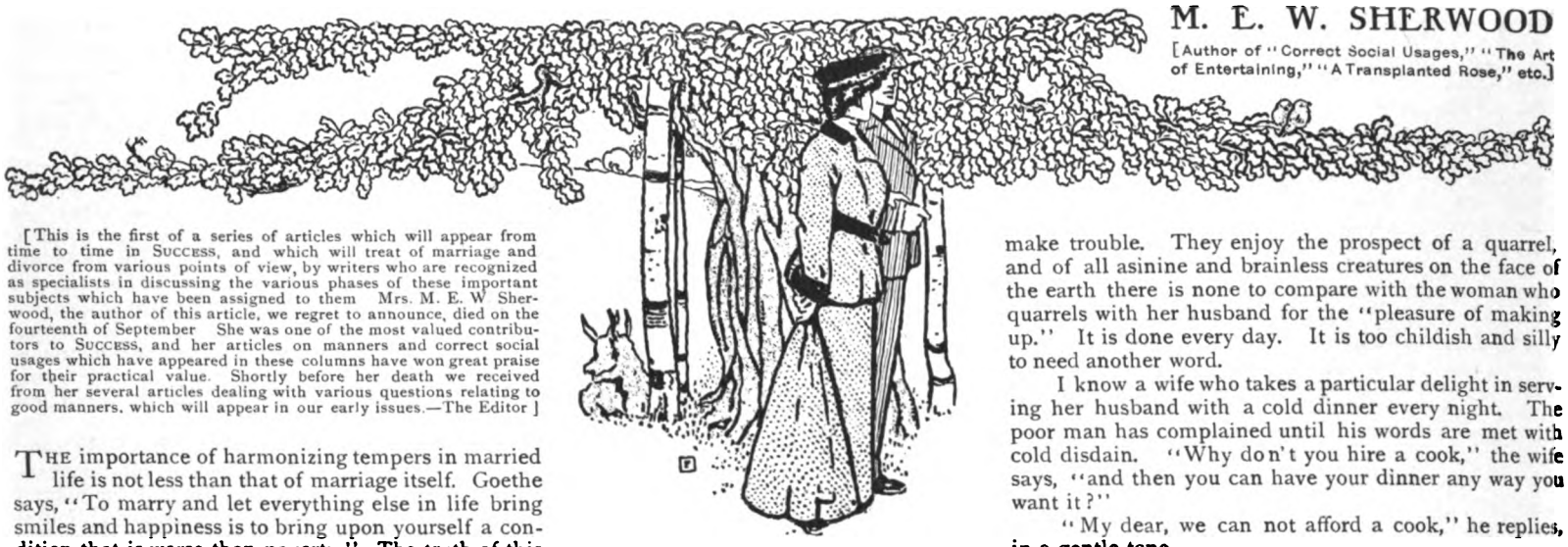
Harmonizing Tempers in Married Life

M. E. W. SHERWOOD
[Author of "Correct Social Usages," "The Art of Entertaining," "A Transplanted Rose," etc.]



[This is the first of a series of articles which will appear from time to time in SUCCESS, and which will treat of marriage and divorce from various points of view, by writers who are recognized as specialists in discussing the various phases of these important subjects which have been assigned to them Mrs. M. E. W Sherwood, the author of this article, we regret to announce, died on the fourteenth of September She was one of the most valued contributors to SUCCESS, and her articles on manners and correct social usages which have appeared in these columns have won great praise for their practical value. Shortly before her death we received from her several articles dealing with various questions relating to good manners, which will appear in our early issues.—The Editor]

THE importance of harmonizing tempers in married life is not less than that of marriage itself. Goethe says, "To marry and let everything else in life bring smiles and happiness is to bring upon yourself a condition that is worse than poverty." The truth of this statement is to be found in numberless homes in every city in the land. People seem to marry because they can picture a land of unalloyed happiness in which they may dwell. After one or two years of married existence the dream is shattered. Pride alone then bids many a man and wife live together in inharmonious union. They have everything that life can give, including too much of one thing,—temper. If they could know how to harmonize their tempers,—how to meet each other in all the matters that pertain to their lives,—the outcome would be too wonderful, too beautiful even to record on these pages. In short, this grand life, which is really a special privilege that has been given to us to enjoy, would increase in value, and overflow with joy and contentment.

Temper Is a Thing That Should Be Exhibited only by Mad Dogs

How can tempers be harmonized? How can etymologists learn the mysterious ways of industrious bugs and birds? By close application to the subject that they have in hand. Mr. Husband, do you really know your wife? Have you studied every phase of her make-up? Is she sensitive and tender in her nature? Most women are. Do you say things that you know will hurt her feelings? Do you make certain remarks about her, her friends, her frocks, or her milliner's bills, in a certain semisarcastic way, simply because you know that she will be cut to the core and that her finer feelings will give way to her temper? Then she will round you up smartly with some curt response, so curt that you did not believe she had it in her. Certainly she did not let you know it when she and you were engaged. No, certainly not. She did not want you to know it. She preferred to show you only the pacific side of her nature, but you dared her and thwarted her and made her angry. The worse her temper becomes, the more you add insult to injury. Then you fling some piercing, parting remark, as she sits with her tear-stained face buried in her hands, and you slam out of the house and you meet a friend and—you smile.

You want to argue this matter with me and say that she has been willful, or extravagant, or annoying, and that it is a wife's place to be subservient and "obey" her husband. I grant all of this. But I do insist that it is for a husband to help make his wife blend into a peaceable condition in life even if it is a task that takes years. It can only be done by address and politeness, by tenderness, and by showing that the fires of love have not been burned out. Add to this a goodly amount of reason,—downright, cool, calm, and justifiable reason,—and a large percentage of civilized women of the world will learn to know that temper is a thing that should be exhibited only by mad dogs.

Just because I am a woman, I do not intend to take the part of women. I do not hold that husbands are alone to blame for the lack of harmonizing tempers in the world. There are few people so instrumental in destroying the peace of man as fretting, unsatisfied, envious wives. I know men whose dispositions would abash the seraphim. Lo! their wives will not let them have a moment's peace,—no, not for worlds. They make a deliberate effort to spread the germs of discontent whenever they can. They love to make trouble. They enjoy the prospect of a quarrel, and of all asinine and brainless creatures on the face of the earth there is none to compare with the woman who quarrels with her husband for the "pleasure of making up." It is done every day. It is too childish and silly to need another word.

I know a wife who takes a particular delight in serving her husband with a cold dinner every night. The poor man has complained until his words are met with cold disdain. "Why don't you hire a cook," the wife says, "and then you can have your dinner any way you want it?"

"My dear, we can not afford a cook," he replies, in a gentle tone.

"Then earn more money, and afford one," she blurts out.

This man is doing the best that he can. He is doing all in his power. He is working hard and is trying to make both ends meet. His wife has no sympathy. She could be a great help and blessing. He loves her and nothing in the world could make him refuse her anything within reason.

Happiness is the easiest thing to drive out of married life; derision is the easiest thing to lure into it. When two people marry they expect to live in peace and contentment. If one or the other finds that it is impossible to do so, he or she must make it a duty to bring about that condition. The greatest things in the world are transacted in the midst of calm and order. When the President and his cabinet meet, the most momentous matters are taken into debate,—matters that may not only affect the peace and standing of their people, but also the peace and standing of the world. When the Spanish-American War was declared, it followed a debate that lasted almost an hour, but during that time not a man spoke above a tone scarcely more than audible. The greatest leader that the United States congress ever knew—Thomas B. Reed,—awed men with a smile. Lincoln was severest when cool and deliberate, but always smiling he judged and admonished and left an impression. One Confederate prisoner is reported to have said, "Lincoln could have sent me to prison for twenty years, and I should have gone happy, for I knew that his judgment and his *heart* were right." One of the most effective parliamentary bodies in the world is the British house of commons, and yet one seldom hears within its walls a word spoken in anger or with temper at bursting heat.

By Cool, Calm Reasoning, the Worst Family Quarrels Can Be Settled

If great deliberative assemblies can settle matters that affect their people and other nations with cool, calm reason, why can not the lesser but equally important affairs of the home be adjusted in the same manner? Nathaniel Field says, in his spirited comedy, "Amends for Ladies:"—

> Man is not the prince of creatures,
> But in reason; fail that, he is worse
> Than horse, or dog, or beast of wolderness.

Here is another quotation, from Charles Churchill, which I freely advise every inharmonious-tempered man and wife to keep constantly in view if they can not learn it by heart:—

> Within the brain's most secret cells,
> A certain lord chief justice dwells,
> Of sovereign power, whom, one and all,
> With common voice we reason call.

Unless tempers can be harmonized, no marriage can be truly happy. Some may say that to resort to reasoning out every little quibble will lead to a melancholy existence. Reason should never be considered a tyrant, as Bryant said, but a counselor. However hard the struggle may be, it is sure to lead to wonderful results, and as nothing in this life is gained without struggle and honest effort, married couples who are not happy only because they can not harmonize their tempers will find that the struggle, even if it has taken years and years, will be worth the while.

The Sunshine Brigade - - Alfred J. Waterhouse

Make way, make way for the Sunshine Brigade!
There comes no gloom where its troops have strayed,
For they bear the peace of the fairy dells,
And laughter's the music that ripples and swells
To the rhythmic tread of their marching feet,
And they love the world, for the world is sweet;
And Worry and Trouble creep back, dismayed,
When they view the flag of the Sunshine Brigade.

Make place, make space for the Sunshine Brigade,
As it cheerfully marches, in joy arrayed,
For the world has need of laughter's tone,
And has worries and flurries enough of its own;
And a smiling face is a message of cheer:
"Let the world wag on, there is blessing here."

Oh, we need them all on life's upward grade,
The beautiful folks of the Sunshine Brigade!

The flag, the flag of the Sunshine Brigade!
It is woven of light that the sunbeams made
As they kissed the waters that love them well
As they crept, as they leapt through a hidden dell;
And there's never a thread of gloom that is hid
The strands of the sunlight beneath, amid,
For a cheery heart is the emblem displayed
By those who would march in the Sunshine Brigade.

A song, one song for the Sunshine Brigade!
Though I am unworthy, I know a maid
Who laughs to me when my toil is o'er,—
I would march behind as she marches before,
And, hearing the laughter of her I love,
There is nothing about, or beneath, or above
That can sadden my heart or make me afraid
As I march in her steps in the Sunshine Brigade.

Recruits, recruits for the Sunshine Brigade,
From those who have wandered, and stumbled, and strayed,
Yet know the sweet music of laughter's glad song,—
That defeat presses down the battalions of wrong;
Who know the love that was born to bless,
The pressure of lips in a fond caress,
From those who are blessed, though the ransom Christ paid,
Recruits, recruits for the Sunshine Brigade!

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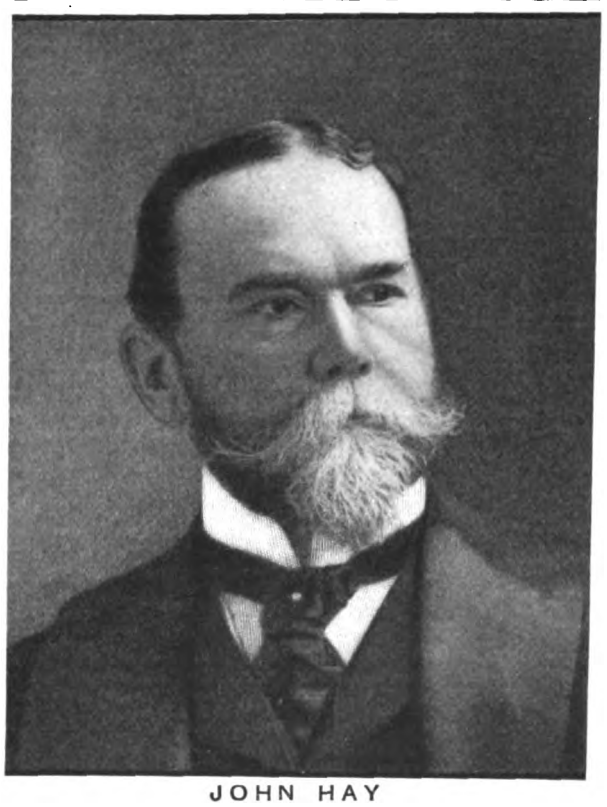
John Hay, a World-Leader in Diplomacy

The Story of a Character Written in Achievements

WALTER WELLMAN



JOHN HAY

IT is customary to speak of ministers of foreign affairs and ambassadors as diplomatists. Such they are, of course. But a diplomatist who rises to the first rank in his profession is more than a diplomatist: he is a statesman; he deals with the affairs of nations in their relations with one another rather than with their purely domestic policies; he is a statesman with a broader field, a more delicate responsibility,—a statesman of the world.

By common consent the foremost international statesman of to-day is an American,—John Hay. Tributes to his genius, his success, and his commanding influence in the world's affairs, come from all quarters,—not alone from his own country, where appreciation has been tardy though sure, but from Great Britain, from continental Europe, and from the Far East. The London "Times," the "Spectator" and other English papers sound his praises. It is the same in Paris, where serious journals like "*Le Temps*" and "*Le Matin*" justly regard him as the most powerful figure of to-day's world-diplomacy. From the Far East come the tributes of events and of changing policies, all centering in the touch of the master hand of this American molder. In the American isthmus, in South America, in Russia, Roumania, and Turkey, his influence is felt.

There is no better test of success than the estimate placed upon a man in his own profession. The verdict of the masses may be wrong; fame is sometimes won fortuitously, popularity by accident. But the men who play the game know the players; they know where there is strength, and where there is weakness; they can afford neither to underrate nor to overrate their adversaries. Among diplomatists, John Hay stands at the top. His place has world-wide recognition. A few years ago most of the nations sent as envoys to Washington their third-rate or fourth-rate men, their beginners, their men of promise rather than their men of achievement. Now they send the best they have. The men who come here, the *crème de la crème* of the trained *corps diplomatique* of many countries, have but one verdict after they have been here long enough to form their judgment; and that verdict is that the greatest diplomatist they ever knew is the modest, democratic, serene American secretary of state. Talk with them as I have talked, and it is this you will hear: "Ah, your Mr. Secretary Hay; he is so astute, so adroit. We can not do anything with him. He understands everything, foresees everything. It is impossible to deceive him or to get the best of him. He is a very great man. And yet it is such a pleasure to deal with a gentleman so polished, so quick, so fair, so broad."

For This Quiet, Forcible Man the World Has a Growing Respect

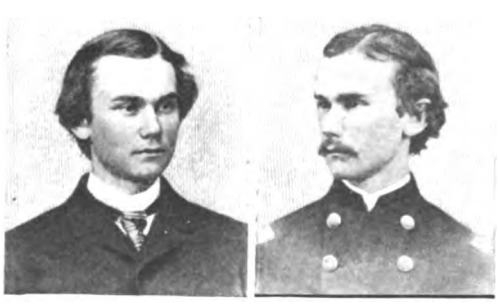
Flattering as this estimate is, it may not be all-convincing. The envoys at Washington may be too much influenced by personal contact. It is best to seek a wider judgment. For it go to the prime ministers, the ministers of foreign affairs, the leaders of nations, even to the sovereigns of Europe themselves. Their opinion is the same. At London, Paris, Berlin, St. Petersburg, Vienna, Rome, Peking, or Constantinople, every head of a state, every minister, every publicist is watching and talking of the American secretary of state. I know this from conversations with ambassadors who have conferred with their sovereigns and their chiefs. They tell me all eyes are upon America, and that when they look to America they see only two men,—President Roosevelt and John Hay. The former is more or less of an enigma to them; the latter, his guide, counselor, and friend, the shaper of his foreign policies and instrument of their execution, they fully understand. Of him they have no fear in the sense of apprehension that he will be audacious, or meddlesome, or over-ambitious. For him they have a growing respect because of his quiet forcefulness and his consistent and insistent adherence to certain policies which profoundly affect their interests. They know that he will always play the game fairly; but they know, too, that he will play it with unexampled skill and success.

It may be said, with truth, that this is the first time an American diplomatist has seriously impressed himself upon the Old World in relation to affairs not purely American. Great secretaries of state we have had, men able to guard most admirably the interests of their country with dignity and learning. But their work was exclusively with American questions. Here we have a statesman who has become the central figure in a problem which by long odds is the greatest that confronts the civilized world of to-day, and which is no more an American question than it is a German, an English, or a French question. This problem is the future of China. Every careful observer of events knows that that problem involves: 1.—Is the vast Chinese Empire to hold together or is it to crumble to pieces? 2.—Is it to remain virtually intact, gradually emerging from its stolid isolation and assuming modern commercial and political relations with the outward world, or is it to be devoured by the hungry powers? If China stands, "the yellow peril" is a myth, because Christendom will always be stronger than the Flowery Kingdom. But if China should fall, and the greater part of the four hundred million Chinese come under the rule of a single power, what a momentous change in the aspect of the world that would mean! An oligarchy at St. Petersburg holding within the hollow of its hand eastern Europe and three-fourths of Asia; six hundred out of fifteen hundred millions of people upon the globe; thirteen millions out of forty millions of square miles of the inhabitable area of our earth! Were such a thing to come to pass the Muscovite peril, with four or five hundred millions of yellow men used by an autocratic-oligarchic power as puppet-instrumentalities in commerce or war, would be a peril indeed, one before which the remainder of the world might shudder.

One man has perceived this danger more clearly than others, and has thrown the genius of his statecraft into the breach. It is known of all men that Russia plans ultimately to be master of the most of China. Russia is patient, sleepless. Time is of small consequence. It matters little whether a half-century, or a century, or two centuries be required for the accomplishment of her purpose, so that she accomplishes it in the end. Stealthily she creeps forward when conditions are favorable; when they are untoward she halts. When powerful opposition appears she may placate by retreating or seeming to retreat, only to advance again when the opposition is withdrawn. Four years ago the huge northern bear was creeping eastward and southward. He had managed to deprive little Japan of all substantial fruits of her victory over China, reserving the plum for himself. Everything appeared propitious. Germany was lustful for territory, and to be easily bribed with a small slice; France was an ally willing to lend money and be complacent; Japan, standing alone, was a mere stripling; England's energies were turning to South Africa, where, it was written in the book of fate, her blood and treasure must soon be poured out. The path seemed open for the bear.

Suddenly there appeared from an unexpected quarter a proposal which at first blush tended to excite ridicule. It was a demand from the United States for the establishment of the principle of the "open door." For years Great Britain had tried to secure application of this principle to China, but had tried in vain. The "open door" means that there shall be no more exclusive "spheres of influence," but that, whether territorial integrity shall be preserved or not, the ports of the country shall be kept open to the commerce of all countries on equal terms. Mr. Hay knew his trade too well to make a formal demand at the outset that the territorial integrity of China should be respected. As to that question the United States had no *locus standi*, but as to the commerce of China the United States had not only the common right to equal opportunity, but rights secured to it by treaty with that empire; and in demanding the open door it was only demanding that in which it had an actual interest and an undisputed right to speak. The United States did not assume to say who should or should not control Chinese territory; but it did dare declare that whosoever might control it should recognize the rights of the United States therein.

To the surprise of the world, Mr. Hay secured assent to this principle not only from England, Germany, and Japan, and from some of the minor powers, but also from France the ally, and Russia the leader in Chinese aggression. These assents were in writing; they were the formal pledges of nations to nations, a joint agreement regarded by the United States as having all the solemnity of a treaty. At first there was an expression of general incredulity as to the sincerity of Russia. The record of the diplomacy of that country for making promises which it never intended to keep arose in many minds. But Mr. Hay pursued his way. He had adopted the principle that you may in the end pin even a slippery customer down to the sticking point if only you put him on record often and solemnly enough. The doubters asked if three pledges would be of any value where the first was made without the intention of keeping it, and, while Mr. Hay admitted that this looked like a searching question, still his knowledge of



Two early portraits of John Hay

The one on the left shows Mr. Hay when he was a student at Brown University, Providence, Rhode Island. The other shows him as an officer of the Union army in the Civil War

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human nature taught him that three promises are better than one, especially if all three are made to a number of parties, not to one alone.

So Mr. Hay secured his triplicate pledge from Russia, and the end has justified his faith. After much squirming on the part of Russia, and much timidity and quibbling on the part of China, (for Russian influence is dominant in the foreign office at Peking,) a treaty between the United States and China has been signed, with Russia's assent, opening to the world certain ports in Manchuria,—namely, Mukden and Ta Tung Kao.

JOHN NICOLAY ABRAHAM LINCOLN JOHN HAY

The illustration given above shows Abraham Lincoln in 1861, shortly after taking the oath of inauguration as President of the United States, with John Nicolay, his private secretary, and John Hay, his assistant secretary. Mr. Hay was then twenty-three years of age. The photograph here reproduced was loaned to SUCCESS by Osborn H. Oldroyd, it being a part of his collection in the house where Lincoln died in Washington, D. C.

Mr. Hay Stood Resolutely for a Principle

Highly significant of the true character and aims of Russian diplomacy, the czar's minister for some time endeavored to placate the United States by consenting to open these ports to American commerce alone, reserving the right to close them to the trade of other nations. But the American secretary was not for a moment tempted by this bait. He stood resolutely for the principle of the open door for all. Now the world is ringing with his praise. It is declared to be a notable victory. London is enthusiastic, Paris complimentary, Berlin sympathetic. The world recognizes that Mr. Hay has been fighting for civilization, and that he has won. By persistency, by skill, by starting right and sticking everlastingly to it, he has achieved what many diplomatists look upon as a modern miracle. He has not only secured a pledge from Russia, but has also compelled the performance of it. Clear-eyed and serene, he declined to be caught and lost in the meshes of Muscovite diplomacy and Chinese trickery.

A word may be permitted here as to the methods by which this triumph has been won. The victory has been gained without a show of force, without a great American army or fleet in the Orient, and in the face of the knowledge of every government in the world that the United States is not ready to fight for its commercial rights in China. Yet the Russian government has shown for some time past an almost painfully keen desire to preserve the friendship of the United States. It could with safety, so far as war is concerned, flout Mr. Hay and openly repudiate its pledge. But the important position to which the United States has arisen as a counselor and moral factor in the affairs of nations has caused the astute Russians to wish to make sure of having the United States on their side. Just as there are men whose word is more valuable than other men's money or muscle, so there are nations which exert influence without the employment of force or bluster.

All the leading nations now vie with one another for the good will of the United States, wholly irrespective of the question of physical power. One may imagine that thorough respect for the ultimate potentiality of the United States—its vast wealth, its coming military prowess, its almost limitless financial resources, its prosperity, which awes and overshadows the world,—has played its part in this development. But primarily it is a tribute to the disinterested activity and the moderation and skill with which our diplomacy has been conducted.

A Tussle with the Russian Bear Which the World Has Applauded

Again, Russian diplomacy overreached itself, as diplomacy of that sort is likely to do. While pretending for the United States the greatest friendship, while ever harping upon the traditional bonds between the two countries due to the somewhat mythical value of a Russian naval demonstration in our behalf during the Civil War, Russia was actually playing in bad faith by endeavoring to bring pressure to bear upon China to refuse the requests of the United States and to repudiate the pledges which she had made. In other words, Russia craftily endeavored to keep faith with the United States by inducing another power to be faithless, thus defeating application of the principle which Russia had thrice pledged her word to! Evidence of this duplicity on Russia's part is in writing and in the possession of Secretary Hay. It was what President Roosevelt referred to in his undiplomatic but most timely and effective outburst against Russia anent the discussion of the Kishenev petition. I am in a position to assert that possession of this knowledge by Secretary Hay, and the skillful and wholly proper use which he made of it, turned the tide at St. Petersburg and Peking and secured the open-port treaty. There are governments, as there are individuals, who find it possible to trick and tergiversate; but there are few who like to have the proof of their bad faith published to the world. What happened in this episode is what often happens when shiftiness comes in collision with honest straightforwardness backed up by courage. Some one has said that wherever there is a great event there is always a great man; rarely has there been a diplomatic triumph so completely due to the genius and the steadfastness of a single individual.

The world does well to sing Mr. Hay's praise, for it is more than probable he has builded better than any of us yet knows. For one thing, he stayed the progress of the bear during a critical period. Virtually alone and singlehanded, armed with nothing more terrible than a sound moral and international principle and the skill and courage to present it most effectively, he stood in the path till Germany recovered from her mad desire, till France cooled a little in the one-sided copartnership, and till Great Britain emerged from her South African travail. For another and most important thing, he had shown that it is possible for other powers to checkmate Russian intrigue at Peking, and to secure something like a fair deal there. That Manchuria is Russian, and to be Russian to the end of time, no one really doubts. But by opening the door in that province, and opening it in the name of China and not in the name of Russia, the fee simple is confirmed at Peking. Chinese sovereignty over Manchuria may be only a matter of form, but it is a form which is likely to prove of the utmost importance in the coming years. The bear is in Manchuria, and it is not probable the powers will go to war to expel him. Now that the American master of state craft has put upon record the fact that other nations have rights there, too, and that Russia's occupation is simply an occupation and not a possession, the great hungry beast of the north is likely for a long time to come to find that this province is the farthest frontier of his southward incursion.

Here Diplomacy Brought About Peace

To use the commercial rights of the United States as an instrument with which to assure Chinese commercial integrity was in Secretary Hay's policy the thin edge of the wedge. He next turned his attention to the real object of his campaign, the territorial integrity of that empire. Fortunately an opening soon presented itself. Everyone will remember the chaos into which China was thrown by the "Boxer" uprising; the peril of the foreign legations at Peking; the relief expeditions, and the dramatic rescue. It is well to remember, too, that Secretary Hay stood between the prostrate and quivering dynasty and the hot and hungry vengeance of the outraged powers,—between distracted China and Russian intrigues to take advantage of her woes by wresting great areas from her domain. Fully to understand the situation it should be borne in mind that it is thus Russia plays her game at Peking: bribery and cajolement of certain ministers of the sovereign, intimidation of others, threats to back up demands and to give an excuse for recreant Chinese officials to yield,—in other words, she plays the brutal game of corruption and the club. When asked why they sign secret treaties surrendering valuable territorial or administrative rights to Russia, Chinese statesmen always reply: "We dare not refuse; there is the great Russian army at our frontier." Often it is difficult to determine whether this supineness is genuine fear or a pretext.

But again rescue came from the office of the secretary of state in far-away Washington. In his now historic note of July 3, 1900, Mr. Hay outlined his policy of the preservation of the territorial integrity of China. By the end of the following month he had secured the assent of all the powers, Russia going so far as to declare that she had "no designs of territorial acquisition in China." As usual, Russian sincerity was doubted, and as usual there was not long to wait for the expected duplicity. Soon it was discovered that by secret treaty (a favorite part of the far-eastern game with this nation,) a valuable concession of territory had been wrung from unhappy China, and that the envoys of the czar were actually trying to force the alienation of Manchuria, Mongolia, and also Turkestan,—that is, all of northernmost China. Once more was to be played a stirring act in the great drama of eastern Asia; the bear was again to be confronted by the one world-statesman who had a consistent and far-reaching policy and the courage to enforce it. Mr. Hay protested to the Chinese minister against the injustice and dishonor of a secret agreement with one power while all the powers were in consultation as to the whole question of China's fate and future. Fearing that China was too weak to withstand the aggressor, Mr. Hay determined to rouse the powers to a realization of the peril. In March, 1901, he sent out a joint note in which he declared that "the preservation of the territorial integrity of China having been recognized by all the powers now engaged in joint negotiation concerning the injuries recently inflicted upon their ministers and nationals by certain officials and subjects of the Chinese Empire, it is evidently advantageous to China to continue the present international understanding upon this subject. . . . The government of the United States . . . desires to express its sense of the impropriety, inexpediency, and even extreme danger to the interests of China of considering any private territorial or financial arrangements, at least without the full knowledge and approval of all the powers now engaged in negotiation."

He Aroused All Thoughtful Men to the Imminence of the Russian Peril

This quickly elicited from Great Britain, Germany and Japan most hearty acceptances. Russia hesitated, but the conscience of civilization had been awakened by this master hand, and Russia feared to outrage it by bold persistence upon her course. Within a few weeks the Russian ambassador at Washington handed to Secretary Hay in writing the pledge of his government that it would withdraw from the proposed land-grabbing agreement. Again the American statesman had grappled with the bear and bested him.

How much longer this struggle is to continue, and what is to be its final outcome, no man can say. But this brief narration of recent events shows how great a debt of gratitude the world really owes Mr. Hay for what he has accomplished up to this time. He has checkmated Adam Zad, the bear that walks like a man, at every crisis of the game. He has held the beast in Manchuria, and has secured the support of at least two of the great powers—Great Britain and Japan,—in erecting the warning sign, "Thus far, but no farther." Best of all, he has roused the thoughtful men of all nations to the reality and imminence of that mighty peril,—that momentous upsetting of the political and commercial balance of power which must

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follow if four hundred millions of yellow men become the servants of the four hundred aristocrats who rule the Russian empire. No one who knows Russia and Russian statesmen imagines that the game is played out or that the last chapter has been written. Russia intends to Russianize China, and Russia will go on forever, while Mr. Hay must some day fall by the wayside. There can be little doubt that sooner or later the great question whether or not virtually all Asia is to be Muscovite must be settled by the arbitrament of the sword. To one man belongs the honor of having stood like Horatius at the bridge during the last four years. He has done his work, or the most of it. He has gained time, precious time; he has shown what may be done, and how to do it; at length he has a goodly share of the world at his back. It is not too much to hope that civilization will preserve the fruits of his toil. In these days the world marches fast, and no other nation gains in power and gathers in responsibility so rapidly as our own. There are men who believe that when come the final rush and crush and crucial test of blood that are to tell whether or not an autocracy is to rule nearly half the world, the United States will be at the front with all its might in championship of the policy of its most distinguished world-statesman.

To speak of Mr. Hay's other activities is to open up many chapters in the history of our own times. It is not generally known, but it is true that, as a private individual in London, knowing all men there worth knowing, he materially assisted in keeping the peace between the United States and Great Britain in the Venezuelan crisis. It must be known of all men that as ambassador to Great Britain he played an important part in averting European hostility to the United States at the outbreak of the Spanish-American War. Called home shortly afterwards to be secretary of state in the cabinet of his life-long friend, the late William McKinley, he entered upon the career of which we have just had glimpses,—a career for which he had been assiduously preparing himself through a life of travel, study, and diplomatic service in many posts and many lands. This is not a biography, but a study of character written in achievements. The lesson should not be overlooked, however. It is this: success comes with training, with fitness acquired in work, and in thinking not at all of self but only of results. If one characteristic stands out above all others in the great secretary of state, it is modesty,—almost humility,—impatience of self-seeking, aversion to praise, indifference to fame, finding satisfaction only in devotion to country, to duty, and to friends.

The man who has stood for four years in the path of the northern bear, who kept his wits about him through the long days of peril at Peking, who removed the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty obstacle to the isthmian canal, who put the Alaskan boundary question in at least a promising way of settlement, who strengthened the Monroe Doctrine, who wrote the noble note to Roumania concerning the treatment of the Jews,—a classic in our diplomatic literature,—who put the American Jewish petition into St. Petersburg despite the declared refusal of the czar's government to receive it, and who secured reparation from Turkey for outrages upon American missionaries,—the man who has done all these things and many more, and who has served by the side of Lincoln, McKinley, and Roosevelt, has won a place in literature and has been an ornament to journalism. Even with fame and power he is and will ever be one of the most democratic of Americans, accessible, companionable, witty, sympathetic, and well beloved.

The Romance of Savings Banks

According to statistics, there are 6,770,867 men, women, and children in the United States who own deposits in savings banks, amounting to $2,772,388,256.00. This vast sum has been made up principally by the little hoardings of the thrifty middle classes. The average belonging to each depositor is $409.23. The stories that are told of the devious methods by which many of these hard-working people have saved are wonderfully romantic

JOHN GILMER SPEED

THRIFT and romance are generally considered to be antipodean, and generally they are quite so. It is most fitting, however, that there should be, even about the practical working out of a very practical idea first formulated by a great story teller, much that is romantic, even sentimental. In the popular mind —in America, at least,—Benjamin Franklin gets the credit for having suggested savings banks. This is probably due to the confident belief that he could have suggested them if he had tried, because pretty nearly everything, at one time or another, was turned over in his wonderfully comprehensive and busy mind; also because it was in Philadelphia that such banks were first on this continent successful.

No doubt Franklin could have deserved the credit if he had tried, but the idea had been suggested before his time by Daniel De Foe, the writer of "Robinson Crusoe." In what we may call savings-bank literature, however, it is Jeremy Bentham who gets the credit as father of this great idea, which has assisted thrift most potently, and in millions of instances has done more to alleviate poverty than all the ideas and works of the socialist Marx and his followers combined. Whether Bentham got his idea directly from De Foe or not there is no present means of knowing. But when, toward the end of the eighteenth century, the former wrote on the subject, the latter had been on record for more than a hundred years. The author of "Robinson Crusoe" may have anticipated the stealing of his thunder when he wrote in his essay, "Second Thoughts Are Best," "Nothing is more easy than to discover a thing already found out." It is certain that De Foe was far in advance of his time, and it is likely also that the English, of whom he made such a lot of fun, did not take him seriously, though, to be sure, they did take the trouble, now and again, to put him in jail.

At First Our Legislators Saw Great Danger Lurking in Savings Banks

At any rate, Bentham gets the credit, for, before his influence had waned, "frugality-banks" had been started in England and Scotland and also on the Continent. These banks were reasonably successful from the start, and soon the British parliament enacted a general law to control and regulate them. The idea came to America by means of the English newspapers, and soon public-spirited men in Massachusetts, New York, and Pennsylvania were at work establishing institutions for the benefit of the thrifty poor in America. The politicians in the state legislatures, particularly in New York, did not take kindly to the idea. They saw infinite danger in it. The managers, some of the legislators maintained, would accumulate great sums of money belonging to other people, and would become too powerful to be safe in a country where no one was very rich, and where, though all were trying their very best to get wealth, riches were looked upon as aristocratic and aristocracy was considered a menace to republicanism. Besides this, the established banks were hostile to the notion. They said, in effect, "Let one bank in each center be designated and then a special clerk in each such bank could attend to the savings department." But the men who unselfishly had interested themselves in the projects were not deterred by this opposition and went on with their plans. Here is how the idea took form in Philadelphia, which was then, and is now, in my opinion, one of the most American cities in the country.

The First Savings Institution in America, in Philadelphia, Still Exists

"On or about the twentieth of November, 1816, Condy Raguet, having noticed in the recently received English journals accounts of the establishment of savings banks in that country, and having met, on the same day, when on his way to his office, Richard Peters, Jr., at the southeast corner of Fourth and Chestnut Streets, introduced the subject to him of the expediency of establishing a similar institution in Philadelphia. They subsequently, on the same day, met Clement C. Biddle and Thomas Hale, and discussed and agreed upon establishing a savings bank in this city. It was decided to call a meeting of a few prominent citizens on the following Monday to consider and at once act upon the suggestion of Condy Raguet."

This neighborhood way of doing business must have been very effective, for we find that "The Philadelphia Savings Fund Society" was established and began business December 2, 1816, though it was not incorporated for more than two years. The first savings bank in America is still in existence and is one of the largest and most prosperous institutions of the kind in the world. After eighty-six years this old-established bank has 230,839 depositors, to whom is due on account of deposits $67,664,190.57, while the contingent fund or surplus amounts to the very comfortable sum of $6,020,458.08. Surely Condy Raguet did not foresee this when he made his suggestion to Richard Peters, Jr., on the southeast corner of Fourth and Chestnut Streets. And it is not at all likely that the fearsome legislature did, either, when it granted a charter. If the legislature had, the projectors, no doubt, would have knocked at the doors in vain.

Singularly enough, or naturally enough, perhaps, these savings banks,

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with their great accumulations of wealth, are as far as possible from being a menace to our republican institutions. On the other hand, they make more for conservative security than any other banks. The depositors constitute a great conservative army which numbers 6,770,867 men, women, and children. This army has on deposit the immense sum of $2,772,388,256.00, with an average to each depositor of $409.23, while the estimated surplus brings the total wealth of the savings banks of the country to more than three billion dollars, which is nearly one half in excess of the principal of the public debt of the United States. This means that the savings of the thrifty people who have placed their little hoardings in these institutions is sufficient to wipe out the public debt of the country and have an immense surplus left over. So long as this great conservative force holds together, the demagogues and fanatics with cure-all panaceas, either financial or political, must reckon with it as an insurmountable impediment in their progress toward national ruin.

Thus much has been so particularly of economical purport that the title of this article can not help seeming somewhat of a misnomer. But romance is woven into the web of those savings almost as much as thrift is. Indeed, I may say, romance, or that which is akin to it, is often expressed by thrift. The careless idea of romance in its relation to money involves reckless expenditure. This is all very well if those who care to be romantic in this way have wealth with which to be free. But the careless improvidence which leads to debt and poverty crushes out romance from the lives of those who suffer by it as effectually as miserliness itself. The rainbow gold about which our great-grandfathers dreamed, and which they sought without ever finding, is most romantic when woven into a tale; love in a cottage with scant supplies of crackers and cheese in the larder is a fond aspiration of childhood which it is a fortune never to realize.

"One of the dormant accounts belonged to an old woman who sold apples"

Thrift Is not an Attribute of the Canny Miser

Let us dream our dreams in youth, and keep on dreaming through life if we can. But the time comes to all of us, to many of us all too soon, when we must realize that we are amazingly dependent on material things that are hard to obtain. Without these material things we can not have the time even to understand what romance means. A man with his nose on the grindstone by day and by night does not think of much else than his suffering proboscis and the grittiness of the revolving wheel; a woman perpetually bending over a washtub has no thought of other things than the task that never ends and the back that always aches. So I maintain that the thrift that lifts the nose from the grindstone and emancipates the tired back from its perpetual stoop over the washtub makes mightily for romance, for through it new fields, otherwise impossible, are opened for its cultivation.

This is no plea for miserliness or stinginess. Thrift does not belong even in the same class as miserliness. One is a miserable passion, the other a conservative expression of strong manliness. Improvidence and miserliness are as near akin as either is to thrift. They are the opposites of one another, and one is about as respectable as the other. A spendthrift, walking straight to disaster for himself and his family, is not a romantic figure, to my mind; he is only pitiful. A miser, wretched in his life and the creator of wretchedness for those who belong to him, is no more romantic; he is only contemptible. But the thrifty man or woman who is now and again, and as frequently as possible, laying aside what can comfortably be spared so that the loved ones may be protected in critical times of need,—these persons, humble though they may be and prosaic though they may seem, have woven into their natures the very stuff which goes to the making of romance. They are the persons who make citizens upon whom the country may rely in time of stress; they make the defenders of states and the builders of commonwealths. Fortunately there are very many of them in this country, for of the six and three-quarters millions of savings-bank depositors in the United States, more than eighty per cent. are of the class of which I speak. They have no idea that they are doing anything fine. They are too modest and too simple to think such thoughts of themselves. But they are fine, and if there were not so many of them in this country the Fourth-of-July spirit which swells within us would not be half so justifiable as it is.

One Statement Shows that Women Depositors Outnumber the Men

Of course, there are misers who use savings banks, but there are comparatively few of them, for your genuine miser generally likes to have his hoard in a more tangible shape than an entry in a bank book. He likes to see it and feel it and count it over and over. Some of the more enterprising misers use the savings banks very shabbily, and the managers have to keep a sharp lookout for them. A savings bank has to invest its deposits in safe and substantial securities, so as to earn the interest paid to depositors. That is also what other capitalists do. Now your miser capitalist, in times of high prices, sells out his securities and puts the proceeds in savings banks. He gets interest on his deposits and leaves his money in these institutions until a time of low prices, when he withdraws it and buys back his securities. He is thus taking a very unfair advantage and working in direct opposition to the savings banks themselves.

The banks usually will not let an account exceed three thousand dollars, but this does not bother an enterprising miser. He will open accounts in twenty banks, and, by representing himself as trustee for several members of his family, he may have three or four accounts in each bank. He is a wily and unprincipled fellow, and, as he is about the most unlovely creature that cumbers the earth, he is also the most unromantic.

But the misers are not important savings-bank factors. They are nuisances, just as blue-bottle flies that buzz persistently on window panes are, but they neither make nor break the savings banks, which are too comprehensive in their business to be affected by any class. To get some idea of how comprehensive this business is, I take from the report of the Philadelphia Savings-Fund Society this statement showing the occupations of the depositors who opened accounts with the society during 1892:—

MALES		
Mechanics, artisans, weavers, and handicraftsmen,	9,547	
Foremen, managers, and superintendents,	291	
Porters, waiters, laborers, and attendants,	3,731	
Coachmen, carmen, draymen, carters, and stable-keepers,	797	
Policemen, watchmen, and municipal and Federal civil officers,	268	
Liquor dealers, and tavern and saloon keepers,	127	
Mariners, soldiers, and officers of the army and navy,	183	
Merchants, shopkeepers, traders, and brokers,	886	
Farmers, gardeners, dairymen, and marketmen,	831	
Agents, bookkeepers, clerks, and salesmen,	2,823	
Stenographers, typewriters, telegraph and telephone operators, and electricians,	350	
Physicians and apothecaries,	272	
Lawyers and scriveners,	123	
Clergymen, teachers, professors, and artists,	632	
Gentlemen,	41	
Students,	695	
Boys without special employment,	235	
		21,832
FEMALES		
Domestic servants,	3,340	
Nurses and seamstresses	1,058	
Boarding-house keepers and housekeepers,	11,340	
Shopkeepers and market-women,	55	
Saleswomen, bookkeepers, clerks, agents, and forewomen,	959	
Stenographers, typewriters, telegraph and telephone operators, and electricians,	293	
Widows and gentlewomen,	4,000	
Operatives in manufactories,	1,854	
Professors, teachers, artists, superintendents, lawyers, and physicians,	443	
Students,	410	
Girls without special employment,	129	
		23,881
Total,		45,713

This statement shows that the women depositors slightly outnumbered the men. This is the case pretty nearly everywhere in the country. It does not show, necessarily, that women are better savers than men, though I am by no means prepared to deny them this power, but it proves that the men who make the money very frequently, and very, very properly, turn it over to their wives to take care of. This brings me to the first illustration of a savings-bank romance that was ever brought to my notice. Indeed, it brought savings banks to my notice as well, for I was at the time a lad who in ignorance believed that all his father had to do was to put his hand in his pocket and bring forth money in any quantity desired. The idea that that pocket could get empty he had never entertained; of the source of replenishment he had no thought. But one day he heard a very moving tale. A friend and neighbor with a young family had met with misfortune; his money was all gone and he was in debt. The next day, however, things looked brighter, for his careful wife had been placing money in a savings bank, and with this the husband could make a fresh start. I recall, after thirty years, the way this woman was spoken of. No praise was too great for her. In the eyes of her neighbors and friends she seemed splendid, and her husband was heard to say, with Mark Tapley optimism, that even bankruptcy has lessons of comfort. Several years later I came across a story similar to this told by Washington Irving, and then I knew that my instance was not solitary. In talking with savings-bank people I have learned that, if such instances are not frequent, they are not by any means unheard of. Are such things romantic? Yes, just about as romantic as they are satisfactory. When they do happen they raise the commonplace out of its plodding and place it for a moment upon higher levels.

The entire respectability of the great bulk of savings-bank depositors is attested by the infrequency with which frauds are attempted. To be sure, there are not many ways in which these banks can be defrauded, as long experience has enabled the officials to safeguard the deposits very securely. About the only way open to would-be tricksters is by overdrawing their accounts, or by forging the names of other depositors. All savings banks, however, compare a depositor's book with the books at the bank every time a draft is made, so that a depositor can never, except through a clerical error, draw out more than is to his credit in the bank. One bank makes it a practice never to write the full name of a depositor upon his pass-book. The initials only are written, except in the surname, as "J. M. Smith." Any finder of the book is deterred from an attempt at forgery by ignorance of the real name of the depositor. It may be "John Marshall" Smith, or it may be "Jeremiah Moses" Smith. The real name of the depositor is kept on the bank's books, and an attempt at forgery of

[Concluded on pages 685 to 687]

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"'What's this, Archie?' demanded Mr. Nagberry; 'have you been borrowing money?'"

The House of Nagberry

The Story of a Family that Rejoiced in Arguing Every Point

J. GEORGE FREDERICK

"MUST we have her here?" asked Bella Nagberry. "Heavens, what a bore!"

"Does mother insist on our having her, you mean?" drawled Harvey; "mother's to blame for foisting her on us all."

'Harvey!" cried his father, sharply, "Alice is your mother's niece. It would be a little more becoming in you to keep to yourself what you think."

"As you do, sir?" asked Harvey, deliberately.

"Well, as I do not, at any rate," said Bella. "If I said what I really think about having that little fright here, the house would echo. She has no more style than a street lamp."

"Bless you, Bella, she's many degrees prettier than you are, though!" remarked Harvey. "And," he added, critically, "I should say good three years younger."

"What a beast you are, Harvey!" cried Bella, flushing angrily; "Alice Arnold is just my age, and she has neither complexion nor expression."

"I beg your pardon," said Harvey; "I had forgotten how much alike you really are. Get up, you young lazybones," he added, closing with his foot the open book before a little boy lying peacefully upon a rug.

"Pig!" cried Archie, scrambling angrily to his feet; "you've lost my place. I hate you! I hate you!"

"Archibald," said Mr. Nagberry, lowering his paper, "stop that incredible noise. Can't you leave the child alone, Harvey? Why don't you read, yourself? I thought you had begun Green's 'History?' Have you finished that?"

"Finished Green's 'History!'" said Bella, scornfully; "yes, as much as he ever will. He isn't through the first volume. Archie, leave my embroidery alone. Archie!—Father, do make Archie stop!—There, now, see what you've done! I never knew such a child in my life."

The embroidery frame was overturned, and Bella's attempt to catch the boy only upset her basket of silks. Harvey removed his cigar and laughed indolently.

"You're positively plain when you're angry, Bella," he said, with enjoyment.

Bella was on the verge of tears, and turned to him with an uncontrollable burst of fury, when the door opened and Mrs. Nagberry entered. She was a little woman with hair that would not curl, lips closely compressed, and utterly weary gray eyes. Mr. Nagberry was gathering up his papers.

"I declare," he said, "this house is like Bedlam all the time, Isabel. When I come home to this, and then remember the quiet library at the club, I sometimes wonder if marriage is a failure."

"Oh, Horace!" said his wife, "please sit down! I want to settle this matter about Alice. We all want to talk it over."

"Well, I, for one," said Bella, raising a flushed face from her tumbled silks, "don't want to talk it over. I have discussed it all I care to. I say that Alice is a bore and nuisance, and I'll do anything I can to make her uncomfortable if she comes."

"I'm inclined to agree with my sister," remarked Harvey, pleasantly; "and she talks good sense so seldom that I have especial pleasure in seconding it when she does."

"All you can do is to second it, for you never originate it," flashed Bella.

"Neither do I originate the ill temper of a charwoman," retorted Harvey, composedly.

"Children, children!" pleaded Mrs. Nagberry, "do stop quibbling over nothing and let us talk seriously. Alice is a dear girl, and—"

"Oh, I don't want any Alice coming here," called Archie, taking his cue from his brother and sister; "she'll boss me."

"Never fear that anybody will ever do that!" Bella assured him; "you're the worst-mannered child I ever saw in my life, and if I was father,—"

"I'd try to get him away from your influence," put in Harvey, helpfully.

"Ho, ho, ho!" roared Archie, uproariously.

"Harvey! Bella!" begged Mrs. Nagberry, "do be still for five minutes. I must get the letter off to-night. Bella, dear, you know that Aunt Martha, when she died, really left Alice to my care. The child has stayed on in that lonely house for two weeks since the funeral, and something has simply got to be done about it."

"Well, send her to school!—send her to school!" cried Bella. "I'll pay for it out of my allowance, rather than have her in the way here."

"If you're as flush as all that," said Harvey, pointedly, "why, there are ways in which a penniless brother—"

"Who has lost all his own allowance at poker," interrupted Bella, spitefully.

"By the way, Harvey," said Mr. Nagberry, "I saw you at Shurb's again last night, with Crockett. You have in mind, I suppose, what I said about your quarterly check. Not one penny—"

"I ought to have it in mind. It's been drummed into my head about long enough," said Harvey, rising, with an angry glance at Bella, whose eyes were dancing at his discomfiture. "And as for this Alice," he added, as he left the room, "my advice to everybody is, for heaven's sake, to have her come. Bella is getting so spoiled that anybody else here would be a relief."

"Relief!" cried Bella, as the door closed, "you'll see how much of a relief if she comes. Father, why can't she be sent away to school?"

"She can, in the fall," said Mr. Nagberry, "and it is my wish that she should be. In the meantime there are some lonely weeks to be lived through, and I give my hearty assent and approval to inviting her here. I shall expect her to be treated as one of ourselves."

"One of ourselves!" exclaimed Bella; "I can't wish her any worse fate, when everything any one of us wants is overridden like this. And as for that little slip of a girl,—"

"Bella's got going again!" shrieked Archie; "I guess I'll go cut the grass."

"Archibald, please order Phantom put in the cart and brought round," said Mr. Nagberry; "I've stood all this that I can."

He followed his son from the room, and Bella turned the vials of her wrath on her mother.

"Do you realize what it means, mother," she asked, angrily, "for me to have Alice at my heels all day long, probably crying on my shoulder over her mother half the time, or keeping up a schoolgirl chatter that would drive one mad? She'll copy my clothes, I dare say, and try to attract the men who come here, and have her nose in everything. Why, we—"

"Bella, Bella!" cried Mrs. Nagberry.

"We don't even know whether we'll like her or not," continued Bella, relentlessly. "I'm sure, as I remember her, she was a little cat, and her pictures don't show that she has improved in the least. Oh, you are doing the best you can, mother," she added, with her hand on the *portière*, "to make this house and everybody in it miserable!"

She left the room, and Mrs. Nagberry buried her face in her hands, and her thin shoulders shook with sobs.

The situation in which the Nagberrys found themselves was somewhat hackneyed, but it was none the less a tragic one. Partly through nervousness, partly because of the slight misunderstandings that always arise when two or three are gathered together, they had arrived at a state in which the members of the family could not be in one another's company for fifteen minutes without some such scene as had taken place regarding the coming of Alice. If no family matter were at issue, or if no one wanted a permission that was withheld, or a gown or a pony or a change of air that was not believed advisable, there straightway arose a quarrel concerning any subject that presented itself. Certain stock subjects occasioned periodic heated debates. The lines of various conventions was one; whether or not physicians know any more about disease than the rest of the world was another; the character of some of Bella's men friends was a third; and mention of the way girls used to conduct themselves when Mrs. Nagberry was young was almost certain to end in tears. The arrival of Bella with her hair arranged in a new way usually resulted in the departure of Bella in a fury, either because the new style was disapproved, or because Harvey and Archie lent themselves to imaginary descriptions of how unbecoming the former style had been. A comment on almost any of their acquaintances was a sharp signal for taking sides about the characteristics or actions of the person under consideration, concerning which none of the family cared, or, perhaps, had

"'I beg your pardon; I did n't mean to hear'."

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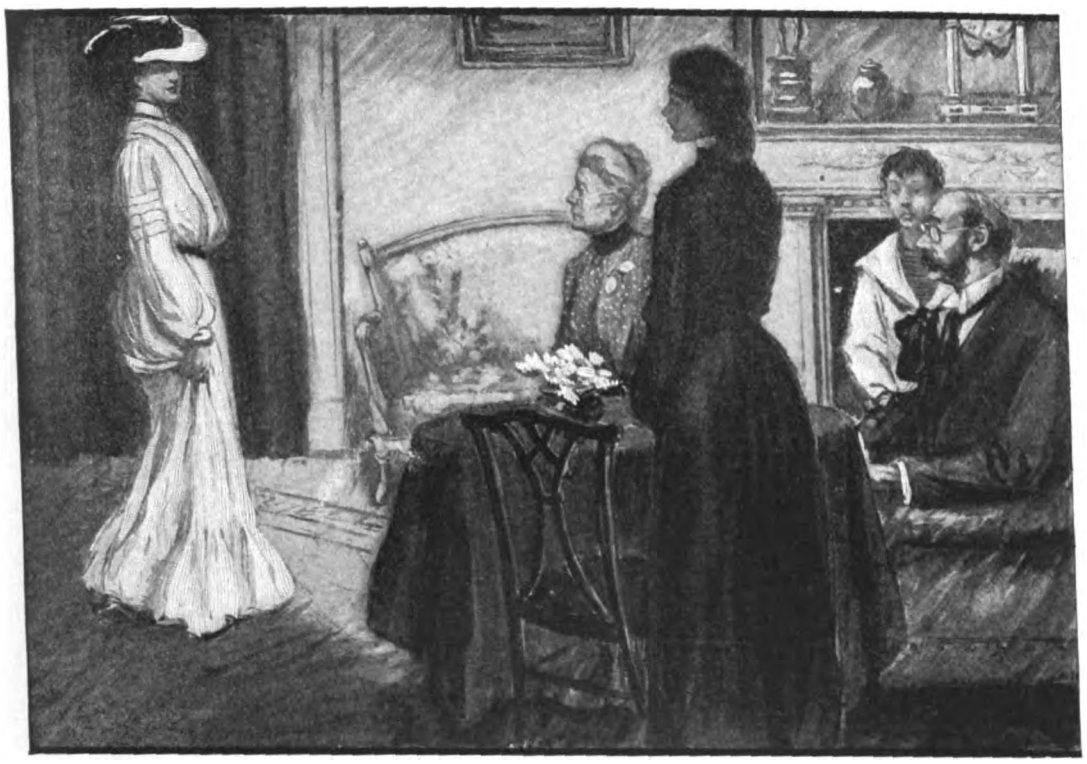

"'Oh, how do you do?' said Bella, over her shoulder 'one hardly sees you.'"

ever thought until that minute. The arrival of a new piece of furniture, the departure of a guest, the choice of a gown, or a visit to a playhouse or the opera, were all productive of pitched battles of opinion. For more than one member of the family to read the same book meant endless altercation over any possible question that the book called up. The family took sides almost unconsciously and argued as valiantly as if the issue involved some important principle. To attempt to explain anything to any one of the family was fatal to peace; and Archie's geometry, the workings of the board of trade, the rules governing the start of a yacht race, the methods of national diplomacy and arbitration, and even the principle of endowment insurance policies had all brought tears, sharp answers, and sometimes insolence among them, and had ended in the temporary inglorious dispersing of the circle.

"How perfectly happy the Nagberrys must be," everybody said; for Mr. Nagberry was a famous lawyer whose income had been for many years in excess of his luxurious living, and Mrs. Nagberry's name was on all lists worth entering. Bella was undeniably pretty and popular; and cleverness, beyond the pretty wit she possessed, was not asked for. Harvey, just home from college, was the most eligible fellow in his set. Both the town house and the seashore place, where the family was now living, were gay centers; and, through a certain pride far removed from a sincere feeling of courtesy, the family always managed to present a peaceable front to society, though their intimate friends they admitted—to the great discomfiture of the intimate friends,—into the very heart of their most intimate disputes.

Mrs. Nagberry tried to keep the peace, but ill health and many sensitive nerves and a weak will combined to make her but a figurehead, and her desultory attempts at an armistice degenerated into little more than a tired ripple of aggrieved reproach. She had expected that the duty of bringing her orphan niece into her home would produce variance, but she was not prepared for the storm which shook the house when the subject was presented. She shuddered to think of the disturbance the actual arrival of the girl would cause; but she meant to protect her, and she had her husband's entire approval, and besides she counted, in a pitiable way, upon the fact that Bella's uncompromising attitude might win Harvey to be the champion of Alice, if for no other reason than to put Bella to discomfiture. She went quietly about her preparations, and that evening Harvey was appointed by his father to go to the town the next day to meet his cousin. To Mr. Nagberry's surprise, he raised no objection, going to the town chancing to accord with his own inclination.

When his business was finished the next afternoon, therefore, Harvey drove to the modest apartment which Alice had occupied with her mother, and sent up his card. That she belonged to an utterly different world from his own, and that she probably had neither presentable clothes nor possible manners rather amused Harvey, because of Bella's consequent vexation.

"I ought to have some fun with Bella out of this, at any rate," he thought, as he looked about the plain little drawing-room while he waited for Alice. "I suppose she'll 'cousin' us all, with every breath. Oh, I hope she'll try to kiss Bella! I wonder if I ought to make a speech about Aunt Martha's death?"

"How do you do, Mr. Nagberry?" said Alice Arnold, at that moment. "You are very prompt. We have time for some tea."

Her pallor, her fine dark hair drawn back from her face, her simple black gown, and the warmth of her hand clasp impressed Harvey most agreeably. He was considerably surprised, and not at all ashamed to find, as he watched her hands move among the tea things, that he was exercising what charm he could in his manner to her.

"Have you left everyone well?" she was asking,—"Aunt Isabel, and Uncle Arthur?—and your sister,—how beautiful she is! I have her picture. It will be a pleasure to be near her just to watch her."

"Bella is very pretty," admitted Harvey, "but you have a pleasure nearer home than watching her, I should think."

Alice laughed unaffectedly.

"For that I have spoilt your tea," she said; "I'm sorry. Taste it and tell me."

"Thank heaven," commented Harvey to himself, in amazement, "she neither affects the *ingénue* nor scorns to affect it! I'll bet she can even talk."

They made the journey safely, and at its end Harvey handed her trim little black figure from the carriage and followed her up the broad steps of his home, with but one sentiment.

"If Bella isn't nice to her," he was saying silently, "either Bella or she shall leave the house till school opens; and, if I have any influence with father, it won't be Alice who leaves."

Mrs. Nagberry opened her arms to her sister's child and was ready to cry a little hysterically on her shoulder, but Alice greeted her quietly and shook hands with her uncle and Archie with perfect composure. When the door of her own room next Bella's had closed upon her, there was no one to see the rain of tears with which she perceived her mother's portrait on the wall.

Bella did not appear until dinner was ready. Then she came in from a drive, and trailed lengths of pretty muslin into the drawing-room where they were all assembled. Her face, flushed, and shadowed by a great drooping hat, plume-laden, was as attractive as Alice remembered it, and she had one ecstatic moment of welcoming the Bella of whom she had dreamed.

"Delightful drive behind Fannie's ponies!" Bella said; "it makes me so ashamed of Dash and Dainty. Father, I positively *need* new ponies. Archie,—mother, do look at Archie's hair! One would think that he had walked on it, really. Is dinner ready? I'm starving. I'll be down at once, everybody."

She was leaving the room with a little swish and curl of her skirts, when her father called her.

"Bella," he said, sharply, "this is your cousin."

"Oh, how do you do?" said Bella, over her shoulder; "one hardly sees you, does one?—there in the shadow. I'll be down directly."

Mr. Nagberry's glance crossed his wife's, and the anger of his was as great as the pain in hers. Alice perfectly understood all that Bella's manner implied. And so the first shadow of doubt fell upon her while she was still bewildered by the beauty with which her uncle's home was filled.

The rest of the disillusionment followed quickly. Just before entering the dining room Archie fastened his eyes upon Bella's hands and announced:—

"You've got on all Fannie Anstruther's emeralds. Pawnbroker! How much'd you lend her on 'em?"

Bella's eyes flashed, and she turned to the child passionately.

"You," she said, "please attend precisely to your own affairs, and keep your remarks for them. I lent her nothing. There are other people to whom I shall also lend nothing—*now*."

The little boy's face flushed and he looked down for a minute; then he met her eyes.

"You have to, for the ferret," he said; "you promised."

"I don't care what I promised or what I didn't promise," cried Bella, "I shall not be insulted by you, or any one else, and you can get your ferret however you please."

Archie's eyes flashed and narrowed.

"Girl!" he said, contemptuously.

"You're right, old man," said Harvey, promptly, "never let anybody back down on his word to you without telling him what you think of it."

"What's this, Archie?" demanded Mr. Nagberry, sternly; "have you been borrowing money?"

"I was going to," said Archie, firmly, "a dollar and eighty cents—I'd got the other seventy cents,—to buy Oliver's ferret. I'll have to take it because I promised him, but I'll die before I'll take the money from Bella."

"You certainly will," said Bella, grimly.

The altercation increased uninterruptedly as they walked into the dining room and took their places at the table.

"I forbid you borrowing money from anybody!" cried Mr. Nagberry, furiously; "I have repeated this a hundred times. Are you in the habit of doing this?"

"No, sir," said Archie, subdued; "but if I had a boy I'd rather he'd borrow of the coachman than to have my daughter lend and tell."

"Bravo!" cried Harvey; "there's where you came a cropper, Bella. It was rather low down, was n't it, old fellow?"

"Will you, Harvey Nagberry," cried Bella, passionately, "keep your street adjectives for your street associates? 'Low down,' indeed!"

"I don't think," said Mr. Nagberry, "that anybody is to be blamed for believing he is with street associates at this table, to-night. But, as for Archie's borrowing, Bella is quite right to refuse, though not, perhaps, in public."

"If he's ashamed of it, why does he do it?" asked Bella, shortly.

"Well, I'm more ashamed of having you for a sister," said Archie, bluntly.

"Never mind, old fellow," put in Harvey, "I find myself desperately in need of a ferret myself, at this moment. Could you manage to get hold of that one of Oliver's for me, and then look after it for me for a day or two?"

Archie's assent was given as much in amazement as in joy, and even Mrs. Nagberry looked up in some surprise. In all her life she did not remember hearing her eldest son pour oil on troubled waters in such a fashion. What had wrought the change?

"O ho, Sir Harvey the champion!" mocked Bella; "well, this sudden sweetness—"

"Bella," said her father, sternly, "I beg you to be silent."

Meanwhile poor Alice had been looking from one to another, and finally to her plate, with bewilderment and pain. It was a mild enough scene for the Nagberrys, since anything that did not result in bursts of tears and departures from the room was regarded as little more than badinage. But to Alice it revealed a world of which she had personally known nothing, and the possibility of such a conversation taking place in a room whose mere beauty and distinction ought to have kept most people calm amazed her even more than that it took place before the servants. She was

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utterly unable to eat. Her heart was beating, and her hands were trembling so that she could not have raised her glass. All Mrs. Nagberry's well-meant and anxious prattle about the decorations at the luncheon party that day were futile to distract her thoughts. But she was conscious of two things that lessened the horror of the scene: the truth and frankness of the child, and the interposition of Harvey in his behalf. It was a new pain to her to hear Bella saying to Harvey in the drawing-room:—

"Well, you came out of that very well, I suppose you think. I nearly died at your brotherly aid to Archie. You are trying to impress the little cousin, I suppose? Well, I'll give her about two days to see you at your best."

To Alice's relief Harvey did not answer her. Mrs. Nagberry, who had also overheard, was inexpressibly pleased at what she saw was to be Harvey's position; but, while it overjoyed her, it was a puzzle to her, and she half feared that it could not last.

Dinner on the night of Alice's arrival was but a foretaste of the days that were to follow. The circumstance of her relationship seemed sufficient excuse to Bella for attempting no restraint, from the first. As for Harvey, partly to oppose Bella and partly because he was honestly ashamed to do an ill-bred thing in his cousin's quiet presence, he usually curbed his temper, though his occasional satirical remarks, delivered in a tone of the utmost peace and gentleness, drove Bella to limits which his outbursts of temper had never provoked. It was not at all unusual for her to push her plate away and rush from the dining room, or to leave the drawing-room in the evening in similar haste.

As for her relations with Alice, they were entirely what the latter forced them to be. Bella would have quarreled with her on almost any provocation, but it did not enter Alice's head to let her. Consequently, Alice gave up to her in everything, let her taunts pass unnoticed, and did not try to suggest to her; and this was not because Alice was by any means a saint, but because it all seemed to her desperately little worth while, and very ugly.

"Why don't you ever scrap, Cousin Alice, the way Bella does?" asked Archie, one day, when Bella had just delivered a biting criticism of him.

Alice colored and answered gravely:—

"Perhaps it's because I'm 'company,' Archie."

To have made a polite attempt to deny that Bella did "scrap" would have been only humorous.

"Well," said Archie, "I wish you'd tell me how you keep from it. Bella ought to know."

"Yes, tell us, Alice," said Bella, sarcastically, "what is your rule for never changing expression?"

"I don't know about not changing expression," said Alice, seriously, "but I suppose we all have the same rule,—to try not to do anything, socially as well as morally, that is ugly."

"Oh!" said Bella, pensively, "then losing one's temper 'socially' is as bad as a moral offense,—a crime, isn't it?"

"They are both very ugly," assented Alice. "To lose one's self-control, to kill a butterfly and to tell a lie are all alike in that one thing,—they are ugly, and there isn't beauty enough in the world to waste any."

Bella looked at her curiously, laughed, and was silent. Mrs. Nagberry smiled at her across the table, and Mr. Nagberry nodded his approval, with a sigh. Alice was frightened lest she had been betrayed into a false position of assuming to criticise.

About this time there began to take place a strange change in Archie. Bella was the first to notice it.

One day she came in to luncheon with her hat on. Her trap was standing at the door. Archie followed in fresh white duck.

"Of all things," said Bella, pettishly, "what are you dressed up for?"

"Why, I'm going with you," said Archie, in surprise.

Bella stared.

"With me!" she exclaimed, "oh, I forgot! I've changed my mind. I'm not going down the beach to-day. I've telephoned to Ann Finch to go out to see the polo game."

"The arrival of Bella with her hair arranged in a new way"

Archie's face crimsoned.

"And I've let Oliver and the other fellows go off to the game without me," he said, "because you asked me to drive you down. Bella, of all the stupid, horrid—"

Suddenly Bella saw Alice's hand go out swiftly under the tablecloth and catch Archie's. It was just for a moment, and Alice's hand did not turn toward him. But in the next breath Archie was absolutely silent, nor did he refer again to his disappointment. As they rose, Harvey, who was conscious of the occurrence without knowing exactly what caused it, said to Alice:—

"Won't you let Archie drive us down to the beach, Alice, for an hour?"

"Oh, thank you!" said Alice, gratefully, noting the little boy's pleased eagerness, and the three went out together.

Bella said nothing, but the tacit alliance of her brothers and Alice was unbearable to her, and, the first time she entered the library and found the family together without Alice, she spoke her mind.

"Mother," she said, "I've stood having Alice here for a month, and now either she must go away, or I will. I'm tired of having a saint in every room, and Harvey and Archie act like idiots. You would think she was their sister, and not I."

"Oh, Bella!" began Mrs. Nagberry, plaintively, "be patient, can't you, just a little longer? I think—"

Then Alice stood parting the curtain of the next room, her face very pale.

"I beg your pardon," she said; "I didn't mean to hear. Why, I had no idea I was making you unhappy. Why have n't you told me?"

"My dear child," said Mrs. Nagberry, earnestly, "I was never more happy than since you have been in this house."

"Nor I," said Mr. Nagberry, heartily, "nor I."

"Oh, but Bella!" cried Alice, in distress, "Bella—"

"Bella is not an angel," said that young lady, sullenly, "and she does n't like people who pretend to be."

Mr. Nagberry looked at his daughter and sighed.

"Bella," he said, sadly, "I wonder what comfort it could be to any man to have a daughter like you."

Then Bella sat down and cried.

"O dear!" she sobbed, "you're all against me. Father, did you mean what you just said?"

It was the only thing they had ever known to touch her excepting to anger, but it crystallized the effort that Alice had begun.

"We are all to blame," said Mrs. Nagberry, her arm about Bella; "oh, can't we all try to love each other just a little more? We do love each other, and we don't mean the hateful things we all say, but can't we show our love a little more?"

"Isabel," said Mr. Nagberry, "when the children were little and we used to plan about their lives and ours, we did n't mean it to be this way, did we?"

"Father!" cried Harvey, sharply, "don't say that. I can't bear that. Here and now," he said, solemnly, "I'm going to begin to help carry out your plan. Will you, Bella?"

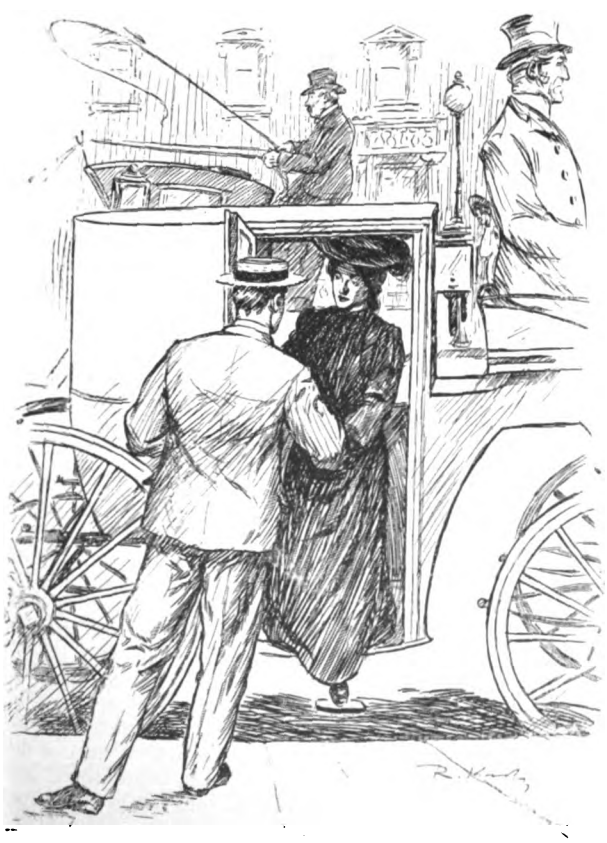
Bella nodded, and stretched out her hand to her mother without raising her head.

"I'm trying already," said Archie, shyly; "Alice began making me, two weeks ago,—did n't you, Alice?"

"She began making me," said Harvey, heartily, "the first day I ever saw her."

"Children," said Mr. Nagberry, "I would gladly have given half my fortune to have brought about this talk, and what I could not seem to do—or your mother, either, for we've often talked about it, and, I'm bound to say, blamed each other,—Alice, here, has done. What do you say to our trying to live up to this rule? If a principle of any of us is attacked, then we will speak up for the sake of that principle. But if only a matter of opinion is opposed, let us all keep perfectly silent, if need be, rather than argue about it as we have. To do that and not to criticise each other for anything is the surest way of keeping our peace, and, indeed, our love, for each other."

From that moment the tragedy of the House of Nagberry began to lift. It was not easy, and sometimes in one day there were two or three flat failures in the rules of the new *règime*. But they were all trying, and the spirit of their effort was over them all like light. Their ardor was based not alone on canons of breeding, but on the first glimmering understanding of what it is to try to destroy ugliness and to bring beauty unto its own.



"Harvey handed her trim little black figure from the carriage"

Sir Thomas Lipton's Orator

SIR THOMAS LIPTON is as good a *raconteur* as yachtsman. This is one of his many stories relative to his favorite sport: One of the members of the crew of Shamrock I. was a big Scotchman, who was known to his employer and messmates as Sandy,—just Sandy. Prior to the sailing of the boat for America, Sir Thomas gave a good-luck dinner to his crew, and Sandy was nominated as one of the orators of the occasion. With infinite pains and many misgivings and the assistance of advisers, Sandy strung together a few sentences expressive of his regard for both the knight and the yacht. The speech, as thus prepared, contained the quotation, "She walks the water like a thing of life," to commit which to memory cost the sailor much mental effort. At the dinner, when the time came for talking, Sandy was called on and promptly got stage fright. However, he managed to blunder along until he came to the quotation. Then he metaphorically "went to pieces." The sense of the line remained with Sandy, but the words had fled. After several false starts, the orator, in desperation, blurted out this:—

"An' I tell ye, she joost squatters through the water aye like a freetend dook."

"Squatters" is a Scotch term meaning the action of a terrified duck when taking wing.

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SUCCESS
Orison Swett Marden

Don't Take Your Business Troubles Home

ORISON SWETT MARDEN

A JUDGE of large experience says that one of the chief grievances of women who come to him for relief through divorce is that their husbands neglect them and their homes for business, giving their minds so completely to affairs that even when at home they are only surly brutes with whom the angels themselves could not lead happy domestic lives.

We all know men who are agreeable and cheerful at the club, but who become cross and intolerably disagreeable the moment they get home. They seem to think that they have license to vent their spleen at home, as it belongs to them. If anyone has injured them during the day, they seem to try to get even by maltreating members of their own family. Some men rarely look pleasant in their homes. They reserve their sunshine for the outside world; they carry their gloom, their sadness, and their melancholy home for family consumption. Their home-coming is dreaded as a disturbing element. Many a man thwarts all his wife's efforts at home-making by turning a smiling face to the world, and a sour, faultfinding one to his home.

Think of such a man coming home to snarl at a woman who loves him in spite of his faults, and who has remained home all day caring for the children, enduring the thousand and one annoyances of housekeeping and baby-tending! She has been trying to make the home the cleanest, sweetest place on earth for her little ones and her husband, waiting and watching for his return, and then is grieved to the heart to have him return with a haggard, repulsive face, worn out and disgruntled because something has gone wrong in his business. He enters with a growl for his greeting, pushing the children out of the way, and taking refuge as soon as possible behind a book or a paper. Then he wonders why his home is not more agreeable, why his wife does not think more of him, and why his children do not run to meet him with the old-time joy and gladness. Some of them even complain in letters to SUCCESS that their homes are not congenial, and that, if they could get the home encouragement, support, and harmony that they crave, they would be more successful.

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My dear friend, how much have you ever done to deserve the harmony, love, and encouragement which you fail to get? Did you ever realize what it means to the sensitive girl whom you have taken out of congenial, harmonious surroundings, and put into a strange home, to be greeted with a grunt or a growl, and met with a face full of disgust with all the world, herself seemingly included? Do you wonder that this gentle, responsive soul becomes discouraged after a while, and meets you with indifference? Do you wonder that your children, sensitive to your moods, prefer to play by themselves, or with other children, rather than to be pushed from the knees of the man who never has time to fondle them, or to romp and play with them? Do you fathers wonder that your daughters are not fonder of you? Why, they scarcely know you except by a hurried "Good night," and the check that is given to pay the quarter at the boarding school. You have not taken the time to get acquainted with your family. Perhaps you have seen less of your sons and daughters in the years when they have been coming to manhood and womanhood than have their chums and friends. You may know less about them than your neighbors do.

Your children are naturally as full of play as young kittens. They do not know anything about your business troubles. When they see you come home they ought to think of you as a new playfellow, fresh from the mysterious "down-town." They can not imagine anything more important than to have fun,—and you would not have them think otherwise. You want to keep the serious side of life from them as long as possible, to prolong their childhood, so that they may develop normally and their hearts may be tender and responsive to the noble things of life.

Oh, how many fathers crush all the spontaneous, bubbling spirit out of the lives of their children by trying to make them adults in their childhood! It is a sorry day when a child gets the impression that his father is not his playmate, or when he does not long for him to come home so that he can have a good time. He easily becomes discouraged and disheartened when he is constantly told, "Don't do that," or "Get away." His spontaneity is soon dampened and his enthusiasm quenched. He becomes prematurely sour, cynical, and pessimistic. Is there a more pitiable picture than a long, anxious face upon a child, or lines of trouble already engraved upon youthful brows, and pallor where roses ought to be? What should the expression of maturity and care have to do with childish features? What have worry and anxiety about the future to do with childhood? Fathers, you do not know what you are doing when you rob your own flesh and blood of its childish joy. It is cruelty.

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If optimism were woven into the very life and fiber of a child until it reached maturity, pessimism would have very little chance with it afterwards. The ideal father and mother of the future will never allow fear, anxiety, or worry to stamp its hideous image upon a child's life, for sunshine, sweetness, beauty, cheerfulness and love will dominate the future home so completely that there will be no chance for shadows, discord, and a thousand other enemies of happiness to do their deadly work.

Ah! complaining man, the joys of the home come from giving and taking; they can not be all one-sided. You can not expect your wife and children to run with joy to meet such a crabbed, cross, disgruntled, forbidding creature as you are every night. Human nature is not made on that plan. Suppose you should go home and find your wife and home presenting such a forbidding, dejected, discouraging picture as you present! How would you like, every night, on your arrival at home, to have your wife fill your ears with all the little troubles she has had during the day with the servants and the hundreds of little annoyances that come to every housekeeper? You would not go home at all to such a greeting, if you could help it. A model wife and mother hides these unpleasant things from her husband. She knows that he does not wish to be bothered or annoyed with them. She is determined to meet him with a cheerful face and a smile, so that his home may seem the pleasantest place on earth to him.

You must bring sunshine with you if you expect it to be reflected back to you. You can not expect to get sunshine in return for gloom, despondency, irritability, and crabbedness. The rate of exchange is not that way. Your home is an investment, and you will get back in kind just what you put into it, with plenty of interest. If your investment is mean, stingy, and contemptible, you can not expect to draw large dividends of sweetness, serenity, repose, and happiness. A home is a bank of happiness. If you deposit counterfeit money, you can not expect to draw out the genuine coin of social exchange. Home is like a whispering gallery, and the echoes must follow the initial impulse or voice. It is like a mirror which reflects whatever face you make into it. If you scowl, it will scowl back; if you laugh, it will laugh in response. There is no way for you to get happiness out of a home unless you put happiness-material into it.

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Not only on account of your home, but also on your own account, you should not keep business in mind all the time. A bow that is always bent loses its elasticity, so that it will not send the arrow home with force when there is need. A man who is thinking day and night about his business weakens his faculties, and loses his buoyancy and "snap," by never allowing them a chance to become freshened, strengthened, and rejuvenated. He becomes narrow and selfish; his sympathies and affections become atrophied or petrified. Home recreation broadens a man, enlarges his sympathies, and exercises many faculties that necessarily lie dormant during the stress of business hours.

If you will make a practice, in your leisure hours, of giving yourself up completely to recreation, to having a grand, good romp with the children, or a social game with the whole family, making up your mind that you will have a good time during the evening, no matter what may happen on the morrow, you will find yourself in much better condition the next day to enter the business or professional arena. You will be much fresher and stronger, will have much more elasticity and spontaneity, and will do your work much easier, and with much less friction, than if you think, think, think of business all the time you are at home.

No matter if your business affairs are not going just as you would have them, you are only wasting the energy and mental power which would enable you to overcome these unfortunate conditions by dragging your business into your home, and worrying and fretting your family about things that they can not help.

If you would form the habit of locking all your cross-grained, crabbed, ugly, critical, nagging and worrying in your store or office at night, and resolve that, whether your business or profession is a success or a failure, your home shall be a success,—the happiest, sweetest, and cleanest place on earth to you and yours, you would find it a greater investment than any you ever made in a business way.

▲ ▲ ▲

It is a reflection upon your own business ability that you can not make a living during business hours. Your ill humor is a confession to your wife of your weakness and incapacity, and of your not being master of the situation, or equal to confronting emergencies. Women naturally admire strength, capacity, efficiency, and courage in men. They admire a man who can not only make a living, but also make it easily, without fretting, stewing, or worrying. Your wife will think less of you if you continually lug home your business cares.

This does not mean that you should not keep your wife informed about your business. Every man should talk over his affairs with his wife, and she should always know the exact condition of his business. Many a man has come to grief by keeping his wife in ignorance of his straitened circumstances or declining business, or of the fact that he was temporarily pressed for capital and unable to indulge in certain luxuries. A good wife will help a man amazingly in his business troubles or struggles to get established if she knows just how he is situated and what is required of her. Her economy and her planning may give just the needed support; her sympathy may take out the sting of the pain, and enable him to bear his trials. This confiding frankly in a wife is a very different thing from everlastingly harping on the disagreeable features of a business or letting them ruin your attitude toward your family, making life miserable for those not to blame.

Good cheer, a feeling of good will toward one another and toward other people, and a spirit of helpfulness and utter unselfishness should always be present in the home. It should be regarded as the most sacred spot on earth. The husband should look upon it as the one place in all the world where he can get away from business troubles, and the exactions, grinding, and crowding of life's struggles,—a place to which he can flee from all inharmony and discord, and find peace, and rest, contentment and satisfaction. It should be a place where he always longs to go, and from which he is loath to part.

Better fail in money-making than in home-making

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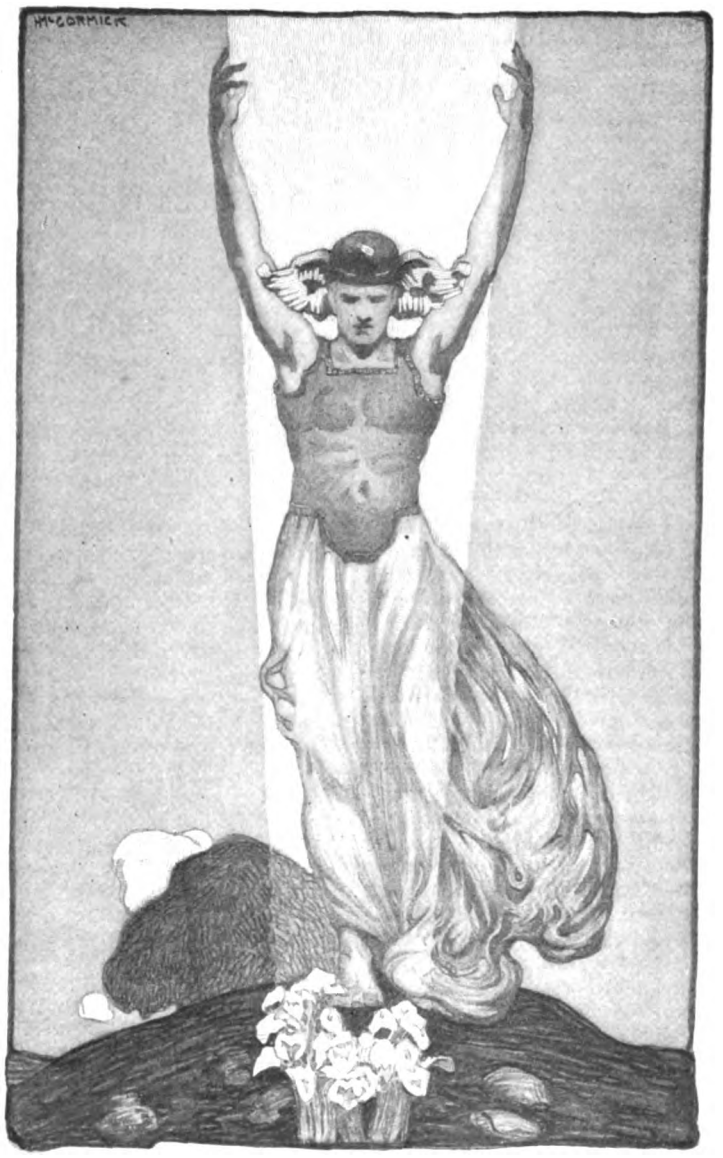
Extracting a Fertilizer from the Air

Science has discovered another source of plenty in this wonderful world. One of the most necessary elements of food—nitrogen,—is being extracted from the air by electricity and "fixed" in a soluble form by combining it with soda as a nitrate

HERBERT WALLACE



CONSIDER this wonderful earth on which we live as a great body that must be fed, nourished, and cared for, and we shall have completed the circle of life itself. We live on the food made from the grain which draws its sustenance from the soil; but, curiously enough, though for some thousands of years man has been taking the needed elements of food from the earth, he has not realized seriously that this great body of mineral life must be fed, nourished, and cared for much better than it has been.

The greatest problem in the world lies here,—not only because, under present conditions, the available part of the earth is being gradually starved of its life-giving properties, but also because better and cheaper food may be supplied to the millions of people living upon it. The startling prediction was recently made that, at the present rate of wheat-production, (less than thirteen bushels average to the acre,) and considering the rapid increase in population, the world will be starving in fifty years. The alarmist failed to consider the element of human progress which renders such a prediction merely an academic statement scarcely worthy of argument, yet there is much in the matter for serious thought. We are suddenly forced to realize that few undeveloped countries remain to us, and that irrigation of arid lands, crop rotation, or other well-known means will not be all-sufficient for the future. It is best to be prepared, and this sort of preparation, the maintenance of life in comfort and happiness, deserves the best thought we can put upon the problem.

The Fertile Lands Are Wearing Out

Broadly speaking, we must admit that the fertile lands of the earth are gradually being worn out. The problem of food-production becomes, therefore, a matter of restoring to the soil those needed elements which all plant life absorbs from it. The principle of the conservation of energy is not truer than this, yet the situation is a most hopeful one, because science, in her efforts to produce the greatest result with the most efficient economy of effort, already points the way to the solution of this important matter.

All life depends upon nitrogen, the curious gas that comprises four fifths of the air we breathe. Wheat, as it grows, absorbs the nitrogenous compounds of the soil, and, when we eat the bread, it is these same substances which sustain us. The nitrogenous compounds which enter into the composition of plants and animals, like the various phosphatic and potassic compounds, are of primary importance; no vegetable or animal organism exists without containing a nitrogenous substance, and its degree of energy in the direction which corresponds with human muscular effort is characterized by the amount of nitrogenous compounds which it has absorbed.

We Must Feed the Soil if We Expect the Soil to Feed Us generously

Thus we easily see the great dependence we have on the nitrogen in the air; not, however, directly so, but after it has combined with other substances in the air and in water.

It is easy to understand how much our lives depend upon the absorption of nitrogenous compounds from the soil by wheat. Each crop of wheat necessarily takes some of the life-giving nitrogen from the soil, and before long we find that wheat will no longer grow in fields formerly fertile. We have taken out the valuable phosphorus, potash, or nitrogen,—or all three, if they were originally present in the proportions required by wheat. It becomes necessary to complete the circle of life by restoring to the soil that which we have taken out. We must feed the soil if we are to be fed.

Sir William Crookes, the eminent scientist, says that, in another quarter of a century, three billion, two hundred and sixty million bushels of wheat annually will be required to feed the world, and that, to raise this amount, twelve million tons of nitrogenous fertilizers will be required each year in addition to the one million, two hundred thousand tons now used. For many years we have been using shipload after shipload of guano brought from South America, and thousands of tons of nitrate of soda specially manufactured, in addition to the ordinary fertilization supplies. It is estimated that the entire available supply of guano and nitrates will be exhausted in less than fifty years, and predictions have been made that, unless relief comes, general famine will begin on the earth during the lives of half the people now living on the globe.

"Unless relief comes!" Here is the world's greatest problem, and—thanks to science, discovery and invention,—it is a problem almost solved, for the production of food, as I have pointed out, is largely a matter of the production of nitrogenous compounds, and science has found a way to produce them cheaply and in abundance.

Man Will Do what Nature Has Done

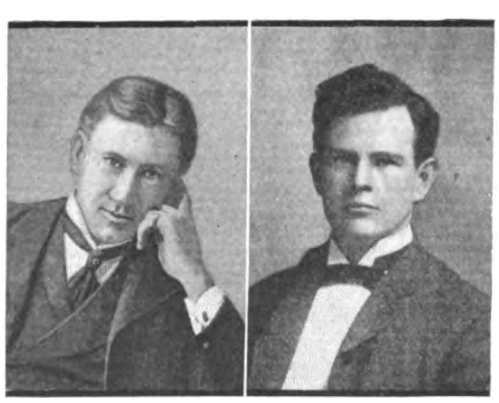
It would be a curious death in a sea of plenty for the world to starve in an inexhaustible supply of the all-necessary nitrogen in the air all around us, yet just such a condition would be as possible as it would be for a shipwrecked mariner to die of thirst on an ocean of water. The mariner can not drink the sea water before its salt has been extracted; organic life can not absorb the nitrogen which surrounds it before the nitrogen is compounded with hydrogen so as to make ammonia, or with some salt so as to make a nitrate. These products are indispensable to wheat, because they alone can restore to the soil some of the most important compounds required for its production.

The problem of the scientist is to make use of nature's vast store of nitrogen in the air by combining it with hydrogen or salts. We call it the artificial fixation of nitrogen,—it is the application or reduction to man's needs of life-giving nitrogen.

Strangely enough, we have never realized how nature has been effecting this wonderful transformation, yet both of the modern methods of restoring "worn-out" soils have been practiced by nature since the world began. By one method, scientists manufacture the nitrates through the use of very powerful electric flashes,—literally sucking the nitrogen out of the air and combining it with sodium, making nitrate of soda. Nature has been doing the same thing every time there has been a thunder shower. The lightning flashes in the upper air separate the nitrogen from the oxygen of the air, and combine it with the rain from the clouds to form another valuable soil-restorer, ammonia.

Bacterial Fertilization of Legumes Forms the Basis of the New Method

By the second method, scientists cultivate bacteria which, when scattered on the seed or in the soil, enable the transformation of nitrogen from the air into nitrates to go on. Nature has had these bacteria working to the same end ever since leguminous plant life began. That is why farmers have planted clover, lupin, vetches, peas, beans, or other leguminous plants in their worn-out fields,—but they have not long realized the fact. They have merely known that a clover crop on a worn-out field would restore its fertility for a grain crop the following year. Science is now enabling them to accomplish the same results without the loss of use of their fields during the operation of this beneficent method of nature. So we may say that science is here improving on nature, though, perhaps, it is fairer to say that science has discovered another one of nature's secrets and is applying the fact to man's needs.



CHAS. S. BRADLEY, D. R. LOVEJOY,
inventors of the process of extracting nitrogen from the air

How did science discover this secret and how is it being applied? Apparently, the discovery came about in a simple manner. Most discoveries do. Every farmer knew that a crop of clover or other leguminous plants will do much to restore a worn-out field, when no other kind of grass crop will grow on it. One day a German, Hellriegel, asked himself why. Other men had asked the same question, but the difference between this scientist and the others was that he was not content without an answer. He began to study the leguminous plants and found, as many had found before him, that the roots are usually covered with little swellings or nodules. Botanists had classified these variations in the roots as some kind of

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disease, but Professor Hellriegel discovered that leguminous plants which have no nodules on their roots will not grow in worn-out land. Again he asked himself why. It was plain to him that these little root nodules have something important to do, and, before many experiments were concluded, he decided that they act in some mysterious way to help the plants restore the soil, that is, they enable the transformation of the nitrogen of the air into nitrates of the soil to go on. This was an important step, but not one on which to rest in his labor. He continued his experiments, and then came the startling announcement that these nodules are the products of bacteria in the soil. This was the starting-point for other investigators, and Professor Nobbe, reasoning that the bacteria are the real soil-restorers, thought of trying to cultivate the little creatures and to supply them directly for use on worn-out soil. He began by collecting a lot of nodule-covered roots, which he dried and then reduced to powder. This powder he mixed with a good bacteria-growing material, and in a short time he had a wonderful crop of all kinds of bacteria. The scientists had already identified the nodule bacteria, and Professor Nobbe proceeded to separate these and to cultivate them separately,—to make a clear culture, as it is called. Soon he had millions of the one needed kind of bacteria. Then came his test. He prepared three separate lots of sand, carefully sterilized. In one box of sand he placed a number of his cultured bacteria, in another he placed saltpeter, which contains considerable nitrogen, and in the third he placed no nitrogen at all. Then he planted beans in all three boxes, caring for all the boxes equally well, and watering them with sterilized water so that no germs of any kind might get in. The seeds sprouted and grew in all three boxes, remaining alike in appearance for about the first week's growth. Then the plants in the third box began to fade, and soon after they died,—being starved for lack of nitrogenous food. The plants in the box containing the saltpeter grew just about as ordinary plants grow, subsisting on the nitrogen supplied by the saltpeter. The first box, however, which contained only the sand and the bacteria, showed a marvelous growth in its plants. The point had been proved. The bacteria did the work.

The Bacteria Are to Be Supplied to Farmers by the Government

At once there began a great number of experiments on various plants, with results of increasing promise of relief for the world. It was found that, *whenever sufficient potash and phosphoric acid are present in the soil,* leguminous plants supplied with their respective bacteria have the power of assimilating large amounts of nitrogen from the air. From the laboratory it was but a short step to the farm, and now it is possible for farmers to restore their worn-out farms by the simple method of scattering these nitrogen-absorbing microbes over their fields. So important has this development of scientific farming become that our government has taken up the matter, and is giving the farmers of this country small supplies of the cultures for their use.

As outlined in a recent report, the way in which the government intends to make use of these particular bacteria is by propagating them under artificial conditions and sending them out in small quantities to all parts of the country for the use of farmers. A large laboratory has been provided in Washington with a competent staff of bacteriologists who have already made nearly all preparations necessary for the work proposed. In a small pasteboard box four inches by six, and half an inch deep, the bacteria are sent free, wherever the United States mail goes, to any farmer who desires to introduce a leguminous crop hitherto impossible of cheap cultivation in his region. A sample box contains three packages done up in tin foil. In one is a wad of cotton on which the cultures or germs of the bacteria have been dried, and in the other two are nutrient salts which are usually magnesium sulphate, potassium phosphate, or ammonium phosphate, with a small mixture of sugar to solidify and hold the cultures. A sheet of instructions and a franked envelope accompany the package.

How Cultures Are Prepared for Use, and how They Are Applied

The department asks every farmer who receives cultures in this way to take notice of the results of his experiments and report. The instructions are simple and practically admit of no failure. Package No. 1 of the nutrient salts is first to be dissolved in a half-gallon of pure water at the ordinary temperature. The salts will dissolve in a very few minutes. Then the wad of cotton is to be placed in the solution and left to stand for twenty-four hours, and next the other package of nutrient salts is to be emptied into the solution. In twenty-eight hours more the cultures will be ready for use. The solution, if no mishap occurs, will have turned a milky, cloudy white very much like the liquor of oysters.

There are two ways in which the cultures may be applied. Each applicant must specify what particular variety of leguminous crops he desires to establish. It has been found that the bacteria common to certain families of legumes will not make their homes on the roots of legumes of other families. For instance, the bacteria that subsist on the roots of alfalfa will not live on the roots of red clover. The bacteria on red clover, however, will inoculate white clover, crimson clover, alsike, buffalo clover, and all the rest of the trifolium clovers. The bacteria of bird clover, which is common in some parts of the country, will inoculate alfalfa. The bacteria of soy beans will work on cow peas and similar members of the bean family.

The first way of applying the cultures is to spread the seed out thinly on a table and sprinkle the solution over it; then, when dry, to sow as usual. The other way is to take a quantity of soil in a place out of the sunshine, sprinkle the solution over it, stir it, and scatter it broadcast over the ground to be seeded. Successful inoculation can be secured by taking soil from a thrifty field of legumes, such as alfalfa, clover, or vetches, and scattering it over a field where either of these crops may be desired. Owing to the cost of freight, this is an expensive method, but it has been practiced with success many times.

The experiment stations in Illinois and Ohio, after years of failure to establish alfalfa, sent out beyond the Missouri and secured quantities of soil from fine fields of alfalfa and then succeeded in making alfalfa grow. These stations have in turn supplied earth for inoculating purposes to farmers and to other stations further east. This method is one which any farmer can use to advantage after he has once established a small area of any particular crop he desires.

It Will Require a Great Deal of Study to Apply This Method generally

Nearly everywhere east of the Missouri River farmers find that they can not make alfalfa grow, though it is the most profitable forage crop known. Where markets are good anywhere from ten to forty acres of it will yield a good income, whether sold as hay or fed to live stock. In the alkaline soils of the Far West the bacteria multiply so rapidly and are so favored in their environment that alfalfa may be sown anywhere successfully. But in the East, without inoculation, the root tubercles do not form and the little alfalfa plants wither and die. The application of these bacteria to the farming of our own country alone may mean a saving of millions of dollars a year.

While this wonderful method of restoring fertility to worn-out land by the use of nitrogen-absorbing bacteria may seem to be all-sufficient, this conclusion should not at once be made. It will require a great deal of study yet to apply this method of nature generally, and in the light of recent news from Germany to the effect that the factories producing these cultures of bacteria—*nitragin*,—have been closed down for the present, it is well that scientists, while not dropping the one method, are looking to other means of accomplishing the problem's solution.

I have already hinted at the electrical method developed in this country, the plan which copies the action of the thunder storm on the hungry earth. It is to the credit of our own country that Charles S. Bradley and his fellow worker, D. R. Lovejoy, the inventors of the process, have found a way to produce the valuable nitrates in large quantities and at small expense. Most inventions have as long an ancestry as the Knickerbockers. It has been shown that the electrical method of producing nitrates has been in operation since the world began. Indeed, there are some scientists who will tell you that organic life on our planet began in this manner: that, ages ago, when the earth was a molten mass of dead matter, with, perhaps, huge rocks of minerals forming, and when it had cooled sufficiently to form clouds of vapor around it, terrific flashes of lightning caused the liberation of the surrounding nitrogen and its combination with other elements into life-giving nitrates. At any rate, the operation has been going on for centuries, and it has been one hundred and twenty years since scientists noticed the same phenomena resulting from the sparking of electrical instruments. The fact, however, does not diminish the credit due to Mr. Bradley and his assistant for their labors in making the discoveries of practical use.

The Inventors Found Niagara Falls the Best Place to Begin Operations

Their problem was to devise a large number of electric arcs in a small space, so that a certain amount of air could be passed through continuously and its nitrogen and oxygen chemically united to form nitric and nitrous acids, to be combined with potash or soda to form saltpeter or nitrate of soda.

The inventors went to work at Niagara Falls, where inexhaustible power can be had cheaply, and succeeded finally in devising the proper machines for the work in hand. With the energy of Niagara behind them, and the boundless air out of which to suck the nitrogen with the electric flashes, it is possible to look forward to the restoration of millions of acres of worn-out land.

Mr. Bradley uses a direct current of ten thousand volts, supplied by a dynamo with motive power coming from the Falls. The apparatus consists mainly of an air-tight box of metal, inside of which revolves a hollow shaft, and on which are over one hundred sparking points which flash rapidly as the shaft revolves. Air is let into the box at one point, and emerges from another laden with nearly three per cent. of oxides of nitrogen. Then this gas is set free from the air by a process of absorption, and is brought into contact with caustic soda, and nitrate of soda is formed.

The value of this process may be seen when its cost of production is compared with that of equally good products made by other means. Mr. Bradley makes nitric acid at a cost of a cent and a half a pound, of a quality which now costs five cents a pound.

We may, then, feel reasonably sure that science is already solving one of the great problems involved in the production of food for the world. We are a prodigal people. We set free, every Fourth of July, enough nitrogen from saltpeter (a component of powder,) to fertilize thousands of acres; we waste enough food every year to feed many thousand people; yet, when we stop to consider that there are one and one half billions of people on the earth, and that, without the salvation of these new discoveries, even though these great wastes should be stopped, we would be facing a most critical problem in the future, we may well be grateful to science for giving us, through the nitrogen of the air, another promised land of plenty in a world which we have believed already thoroughly explored.

THANKSGIVING

ROBERT MACKAY

Crespus has gold, while none have I, yet mine
Are aurous buttercups, and gold divine
From sunset's cupel blown at day's decline.

Crespus has broad domains, but envy I
His holdings? Nay: I have the broad, blue sky
And sea wherein and o'er my dreambirds fly.

Crespus long miles of forests would amass,
Barring therefrom all comers. Let it pass;—
He can not wall the scent of flowers and grass.

Crespus has built a marble mansion tall,—
The bluebirds nest anear my cottage wall;
My chimney echoes with a swallow's call.

Crespus,—a Mammon-priest,—known near and far,—
His name and power my comfort do not mar;
He has no lien on yonder evening star.

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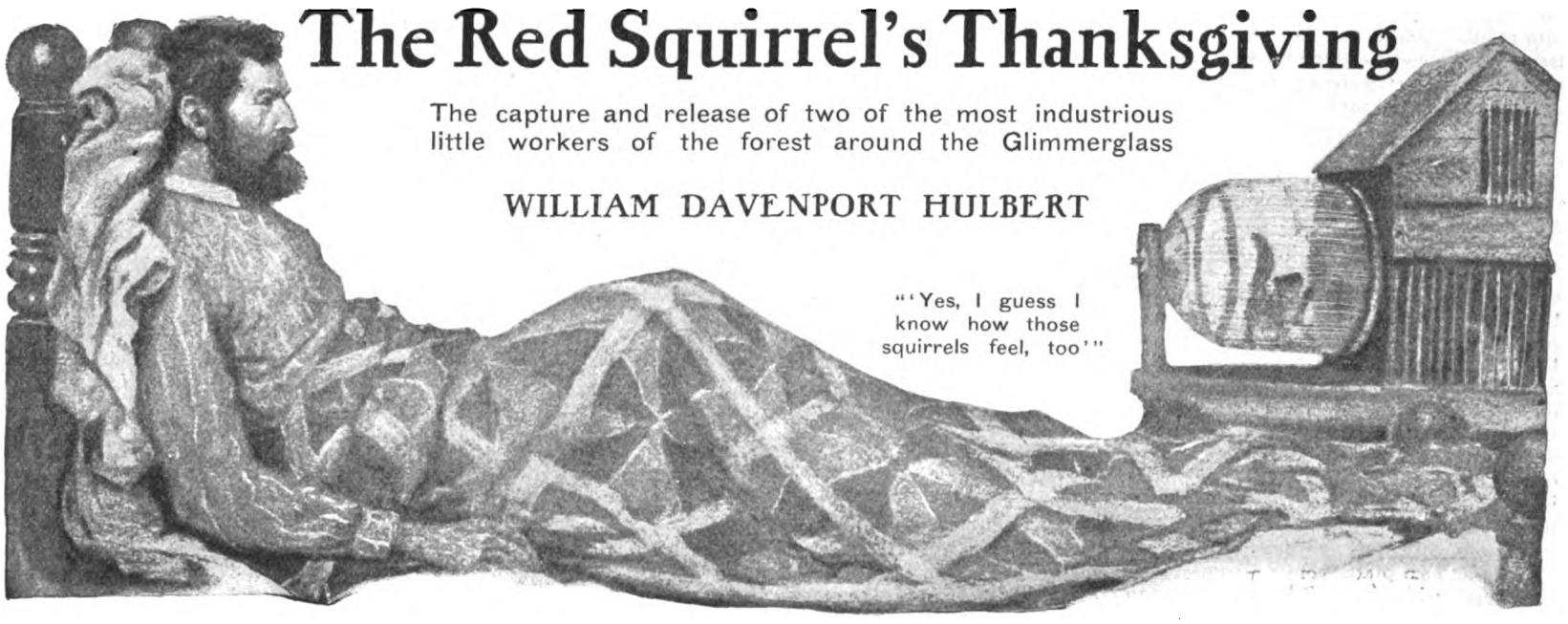
The Red Squirrel's Thanksgiving

The capture and release of two of the most industrious little workers of the forest around the Glimmerglass

WILLIAM DAVENPORT HULBERT



IF there were two people in the world who had real reason to be thankful on that particular Thanksgiving Day they were the red squirrel and his neighbor. He was a very smart and very plucky little fellow,—the red squirrel,—and there were few animals in the woods who were better able than he to take care of themselves under any and all circumstances, or to meet an emergency with quick wit and ready self-confidence, and, if need be, with nimble feet.

For instance, on a certain February afternoon he made up his mind that he was hungry and that it was time for him to go out and see what he could find for supper. A great storm had been howling and raging across the Glimmerglass for two or three days, and the red squirrel had stayed indoors, curled up in his warm, snug nest in the hole under the old hemlock stump; but the wind had blown itself out at last, the clouds had broken up and drifted away to leeward, and the sun was shining again. It was cold after the gale,—very, very cold. If there had been a thermometer at the Glimmerglass,—but there was n't,—it would probably have stood somewhere near thirty degrees below zero. But falling mercury had no terrors for the chickaree, and he pushed his way through the drift that had formed over his front door and looked about him. Just then, as it happened, his neighbor appeared,—the one who lived in the hollow maple close by,—and they played a game of tag and ran a race to stretch their muscles and take the sleep out of their eyes. Then they went foraging. To a human eye the winter woods would have seemed absolutely bare of anything good to eat, but the squirrels knew their business, and they climbed a beech tree and began to nibble at some tiny, tight-closed buds, which, if they had been let alone, might have made beechnuts by the time Thanksgiving came around. To eat them was to discount the future at a most exorbitant rate of interest, and it would undoubtedly have been a good investment to have left them where they were. But one must live, and there are times when a bud in the mouth is worth far more than a possible beechnut on next autumn's tree.

They ate a goodly number, and then, deciding that they wanted something different to finish off with, they rushed helter-skelter down to the ground again and up into the top of a tall white pine. There they found a few dry cones still clinging to the twigs where they had ripened the autumn before, and they snipped them off with their sharp little chisel-like teeth, and let them drop to the ground, a hundred feet below. Then down the great brown trunk they came once more, and, each picking up a cone, scuttled off to the hemlock stump, where they took their places with a loud "chir-r-r-r" of satisfaction, and, sitting up very straight, with the cones held upside down between their fore paws, bit off the dry, brown scales so rapidly that you could hardly have seen how they did it, and helped themselves to the delicious little seeds that lay hidden beneath.

They looked almost exactly alike as they faced each other, with their broad, feathery tails curled up over their backs. Perhaps our friend was a trifle darker in color than the other, and possibly just a little larger and stronger, but you could hardly have seen any difference if they had n't been so close together. Above they were a rather dull reddish brown, and beneath a rather dull white, with traces of orange about their fore legs and of black on their tails. Their eyes were bright and intelligent; their heads were large, and their foreheads slightly arched; their ears were broad, erect, and very good at detecting the approach of an enemy, and their noses were keen for beechnuts. Their fingers and toes were quite long, and their nails were sharp and were just the things for catching hold of either the rough bark of a maple or hemlock or the smooth gray suit of a beech. Their fur, though not so long as that of most larger animals, was close and warm. Altogether, they were well fitted to endure cold, to "hustle" for a living, and to dodge danger.

It was well that they were, and especially that their senses were so quick, for their supper was not to be finished without interruption. Suddenly a feeling came over our friend that everything was not just as it should be. Perhaps he caught a glimpse, out of the corner of his eye, of a big, dark object coming swiftly but quietly through the tree-tops; or perhaps that quick ear of his had heard the beat of an almost noiseless wing; or perhaps it was only a presentiment,—the subtle mental something that sometimes speaks to us and warns us that danger is near. Whatever it was, he was not to be caught napping. He glanced over his shoulder, and the next instant, with a startled squeal, he and his neighbor bolted into the hole beneath the stump, and a barred owl, with big, flaming eyes, and a beak that was shaped just right for pulling squirrels to pieces, swooped down upon their dining table a second too late, and sailed away again, empty-handed. But the next day he had a still narrower escape, and his self-possession was put to a severer test; for, as he was scurrying along over the snow-crust, a big gray Canada lynx leaped out from behind a tree and caught him on the fly. But even then his nerve did not forsake him, and he did the one and only thing that was left to be done under the circumstances,—feigned death, and let himself hang limp and apparently lifeless from the lynx's jaws.

The ruse worked, for the lynx laid him down again upon the snow and played with him for a few minutes, pushing him about with his big, clumsy fore paws, as a kitten toys with a spool of thread. He ought to have known better than to take such chances with a red squirrel, but a lynx is n't the smartest creature alive. Suddenly there was a cracking, rending sound almost over his head, and he jumped and looked up in alarm. It was nothing but a dead branch falling from an aged hemlock, but for a moment he thought a man was coming, or some other creature who was bigger than he and who might want to treat him as he meant to treat the chickaree. In that one moment of heedlessness he lost his dinner. There was a quick scampering of little feet right under his nose, and the squirrel was gone. The lynx bounded after, but our friend scurried up a tall cedar and went leaping from branch to branch and from one tree-top to another in a way that soon left him far behind. When it came to doing the flying trapeze act, he was n't in it with the chickaree, for the slender branches that the squirrel chose for his highway would never have carried his weight, even if he had been nimble enough to traverse them. He soon gave up the chase and went to look for a partridge. Once more the red squirrel's quick wits and lively feet had saved his life,—with the assistance of a little streak of good luck. Was it any wonder that he came to have considerable self-confidence,—perhaps a little too much for his own good?

Then, one morning in May, a dugout canoe came across the Glimmerglass, and, as it touched the beach, a man and a boy stepped ashore. The red squirrel was up in the tree where he and his neighbor had feasted on the buds three months before, and, seeing strangers approaching, he chirred loudly and shrilly. Did not all the woods around the Glimmerglass belong to him? What right had these people to be there? Perhaps, if he scolded hard enough, they would go away. Anyhow, he would give them a piece of his mind. But suddenly, in the midst of his tirade, he stopped short. The boy was whistling to him. Clear and sweet and high, the notes of "Listen to the Mocking Bird" ran through the quiet spring woods, and our friend clapped his hands to his breast and sat as if transfixed. He had never heard a boy whistle before, and it fairly fascinated him. But it did not last long, for the boy evidently had business of his own to attend to, and he presently disappeared among the trees, while the man took an ax and proceeded to build a tiny hut of branches and small logs, perhaps three or four feet in height, with a rounded opening in front. Into the back of the hut he threw a piece of meat, and just inside the door he placed a big steel trap. Then he called the boy, and they stepped into the canoe again and paddled away.

At once the red squirrel, all agog with curiosity, came down to investigate. Cautiously he slipped in at the side of the door and looked about him. The meat lay where the trapper had thrown it, but the squirrel was n't particularly fond of meat and did not pay much attention to it. But the steel killing machine in the doorway was more interesting, and he examined it with considerable care, which, of course, was a very rash thing for him to do. It came very near costing him his life, for he inadvertently touched one of its vital parts, and the thing jumped as if it were alive, struck him in the breast, and tossed him heels over head clean out of the hut. It was almost a miracle that he was not caught, and for once he was not entitled to the least credit for his escape. But even then he was more angry than scared, and, scampering up into his beech tree again, he sat on a limb and scolded harder than before. He was so mad and talked so fiercely that his whole body jerked and twitched with every bark and squeak that he uttered, and it was a long time before he cooled down and went home. That night a black bear came sauntering along, put his head in at the door of the little hut, helped himself to the meat, and went on his way through the moonlit woods, never knowing what his danger had been or what our friend had done for him. The next day, when the trapper came again and found his tracks leading to the doorway, the bait gone, and the trap sprung but empty, he knew just what had happened and scolded the red squirrel as hard as the red squirrel had scolded him. He had been there before. Fortunately, our friend was off on a foraging expedition, or that might have been the end of him. Oddly enough, the man and the

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boy thought they had him that afternoon. when they really did n't have him at all. While the trap was being reset the boy went off among the trees, just as he had done the day before, saying that he guessed he'd go and look at his "figure 4," and in a few minutes he came back with something tightly rolled up in his jacket.

"I've got the squirrel," he said. "He'll never spring that bear trap again."

"Caught him, did you, Joe?" said his father, who was still very cross. "Well, hurry up;" and once more they stepped into the dugout and paddled off.

After that the red squirrel avoided the hut, but on the following day he found, only a few rods away, something else which again roused his easily stirred curiosity to a very high pitch. A wooden box, lined with tin, was turned upside down upon the ground, with one end lifted and propped up on an arrangement made of three sticks put together in the form of a figure 4, the whole thing looking very insecure, as if a breath might bring it down like a house of cards. One of the sticks ran back under the middle of the box, and on its sharpened end was stuck a piece of apple, sprinkled with cinnamon. It was just the sort of bait that a red squirrel was likely to find irresistible, but I am proud to say that on this occasion our friend showed a discretion and a strength of character that were greatly to be praised. He went in and smelled of the apple, but, though it was very tempting, he turned away again without taking a nibble or even touching one of the sticks. A moment later he jumped up onto the box and sat there scolding tempestuously and contemptuously at things in general, with an air as if he were trying to say that there could n't anybody fool him. In view of his rashness in the matter of the steel trap he was perhaps more boastful than truthful; but, anyhow, he got away from the "figure 4" without being caught, which was more than his neighbor had done. Just how much he missed his neighbor in the weeks and months that followed it would be difficult to say. I don't suppose he really mourned him very deeply, yet they had often played tag together, and had foraged together, eaten together, and had faced danger and death together, and something pleasant was undoubtedly gone out of our friend's life. The red squirrel, however, was one who was always busy and always had something to do and to think about, and perhaps he did not feel so badly as he would have felt if he had not been so taken up with other things.

I am sorry to say that, during the season of eggs and fledgelings, he robbed a number of birds' nests, and once he was severely punished by a pair of kingfishers, who caught him just as he was entering their burrow on a murderous errand, and gave him such a beating that he had to run for his life. Their sharp, cruel beaks wounded him sorely before he could get out of their reach. He was n't much of a meat-eater, as I have said, but spring chickens—or rather spring birdlings,—were too tempting to be passed by, and so he got into trouble. Later in the year he confined himself to a vegetarian diet,—except, perhaps, for a few beetles and other creatures so much smaller than he that it really could n't have made any difference to them whether they lived or not. Through the early summer he often visited the maples. Their leaf-stems had a pleasant flavor, he had discovered; and their seeds, also, were agreeable to the palate. Then there were delicious berries to be enjoyed, and certain edible toadstools and mushrooms of which he was quite fond.

The red squirrel had put on a light summer suit, by this time, of a clearer red on his back and a purer white on his breast. His tail was n't quite so bushy as in winter, it is true, but he was a handsome fellow, who enjoyed life and seemed to be always in good spirits. Often and often his voice rang out loud and cheerful and even jubilant across the Glimmerglass.

He certainly was nervy. Once that summer he was cornered by a mink, and gave such a good account of himself in the scrap that followed that the enemy, though much larger and stronger than he, was fairly beaten, and gave him up as a bad job. Once a weasel chased him up into the great white pine and out to the end of a long branch. This time there was no use in trying to fight, and the squirrel knew better than to attempt it. But he was an expert in long, flying leaps, and, when he found that there was no other possible way of escape, he launched straight out into the air, although he must have been fully seventy-five feet from the ground. It would have been certain death for most animals, but he knew what he was about, and he stretched out his neck and his legs as far as they would reach, so that the skin between them, being a trifle loose, was pulled out also and made him broader than usual. He was making a parachute of himself, as far as he could, after the manner of his cousin, the flying squirrel. Even his tail was held out behind him as rigidly as possible. The result was that, instead of tumbling straight down, he went sailing off on a long slant, and when at length he struck the ground he rolled over and over two or three times and then picked himself up and scurried away, not one whit the worse. The weasel looked after him and would have liked to follow, but he could n't bring himself to take such a leap as that, and by the time he had climbed down the trunk and found the scent again the squirrel had taken to the water and swum around a little point, where, out of sight of his foe, he came ashore and made his way back to his stump.

The season of the year had come round when he must prove his industry and his willingness to work, as well as his pluck and courage. Up in the top of the spruces and white pines the cones were ripening. Through the early summer they had been sealed up too tightly for even a squirrel to open them, each scale being glued fast to its fellow, that no one might disturb the precious embryo trees within. But now they were beginning to loosen a little, and our friend knew that harvest time had come. So, climbing up into the tree tops, he clipped off the cones, twigs and all, and flung them down by dozens and dozens. A few days on the ground, in the sunshine, caused

"A barred owl * * * swooped down upon their dining table"

their scales to gape still further, and made the seeds still easier to get at; and, when he was hungry, he would take them one or two at a time to his hemlock stump, or to some fallen tree trunk, from which he had a good view in every direction, and could see an approaching enemy in time to make his escape. There he would sit and feast, just as he and his neighbor had done that winter evening when the owl came so near getting them.

Then came beechnuts and hazelnuts. With them, of course, his methods were rather different, for he not only cut them down, but also buried many of them, some singly and some in little hoards. You would n't have thought that he could ever find them all again, and possibly he did lose a few, but his memory was pretty good for that sort of thing, and his nose was a great help. Others he laid away in one of the chambers under his stump, and still others he hid in hollows in the trees around him. He did not, like the chipmunk, have to lay up a whole winter's supply, for he had no intention of sleeping four or five months at a time; but it is always well to have something put aside for a rainy day, and the red squirrel was one of those who, when they think a thing ought to be done, straightway go and do it. In one respect he was slightly hampered, as compared with the chipmunk, for he had no cheek pouches in which to carry nuts. Everything had to be held between his teeth. But he was not to be daunted by anything of that sort, so he stuck to it till he had laid up some very extensive stores, often keeping up his labors far into the night, and toiling away by the light of the moon as if his very life depended on it. I think he enjoyed it all, and that for him it was fun as well as work.

While he was so busy he did not neglect to eat, both frequently and heartily. The beechnuts were uncommonly plentiful that year, and he soon grew fatter than he had ever been before in his life.

Then, in the midst of his prosperity, a great calamity came upon him, and he learned that a red squirrel can not always take care of himself, after all; and that, no matter how plucky and knowing he may be, there are those whose power is greater than his. He was sitting in his beech tree one day when that same dugout canoe appeared once more, bringing the same man and boy whom he had seen so often in the black-bear season. They were probably after deer, and if so they certainly knew where to go, for one of the best runways around the Glimmerglass passed under that very tree. The red squirrel did n't like it, of course, and immediately began to scold, and this time he let his courage run into rashness; for, instead of going up higher among the branches, or even getting around behind the trunk, he sat on one of the lower limbs, in plain sight, and "sassed" vigorously. The next moment a big stone struck him in the side, and he dropped to the ground unconscious.

When he came to himself he was lying in a tin-lined box, the front of which was made of hay-wire. Instead of his comfortable bed under the old stump there were a little straw and some dirty cotton in one corner. Instead of nice fresh beechnuts there were soiled bread-crusts for him to eat, and for drink he had not the bright, sparkling Glimmerglass, but a

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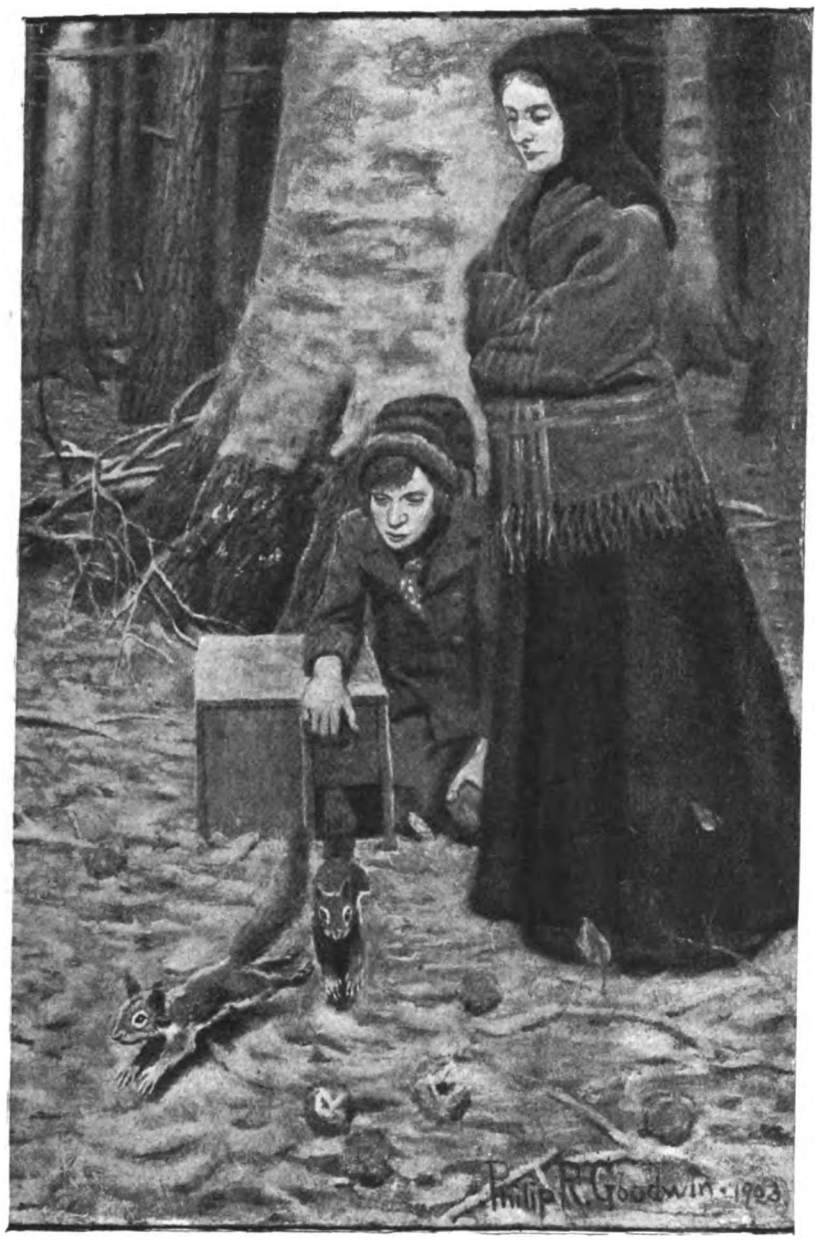

"The world was beautiful, even though life was hard"

little stale water in a foul tin pan. It was pretty tough on a squirrel who had always lived the free life of the woods.

But perhaps the most astonishing thing about it all was that here in this dreadful prison was the neighbor whom he had lost so many months before. He was greatly changed, and no one who had not known him quite intimately would ever have recognized him. He had grown very thin, much of his hair had fallen out, and his coat, which he had been accustomed to keep so neat and clean, was rough and dirty and almost ragged. He was very languid, too, and showed little of the gay, frisky spirit that had once possessed him. Yet he was the same squirrel, without a doubt, and they soon settled down into a sort of companionship which, while it may not have been very cheerful, was probably better than solitary confinement. But it was bad enough at the best, and our friend soon grew almost as dull and listless as the other, and lost most of the extra flesh that he had been putting on during the last few weeks. They were never hilarious nowadays, and that strenuous "chir-r-r-r," almost impertinent in its vivacity and self-confidence, was seldom heard. Even when, on rare occasions, something pleasant did come into their lives, it was impossible for them to enjoy it as they had in the old happy, healthy, care-free days. Sometimes the boy would plant himself in front of the cage and whistle "Listen to the Mocking Bird" as loudly and clearly and cheerily as on that May morning so long before, and again our friend would sit up straight with his little hands clapped against his breast and listen intently, yet not with the same keen interest and pleasure that he had once felt. It would have been more merciful, no doubt, if Joe had killed them both.

But there was one redeeming feature in the situation, and I think the chickaree was entitled to a good deal of credit for the way he took advantage of it. The boy had made a hollow wheel of wire and had fastened it to the cage, with an opening between by which the squirrels could pass into it from their living-room. Once in that wheel, they could run to their hearts' content. They never got anywhere, of course. It simply turned beneath them, like a treadmill, and no matter how hard they worked they never made an inch of headway, but it stretched their muscles and gave them something to do and to think about, and was far better for them than constant idleness. Besides, it kept their strength from ebbing away entirely, and when at length they were free again they were better able to take care of themselves than they would have been if they had done nothing but mope. For liberty came in the end,—not through any efforts of theirs, but through the pain and suffering and sorrow of others.

One very windy day in November the trapper went out on his usual errand, and when night came he did not return. The next morning his wife and son went to look for him, tramped the woods till long after sunset, and came home alone. The following day their nearest neighbor helped them, and again they searched as long as the daylight lasted, without success. But that evening, an hour after dark, the trapper came dragging himself up the trail on his hands and knees and dropped exhausted on his own doorstep. A tree, broken off by the gale, had fallen on him, and his trapping days were over.

For nearly a fortnight he lay on his hard bed, each day growing a little weaker, while his wife grew older and more careworn, and the boy forgot to whistle. They were learning the same lesson that had been taught the squirrel. One Indian Summer afternoon the door stood open, and, looking out, the trapper could see the sunset light shining on the brown tree-tops, and the long, dim aisles of the woods stretching away toward the haunts of bear and beaver and deer and otter and muskrat,—the lakes, the streams, the hills, the marshes, and the open tamarack swamp over which he had tramped and trapped so many years, but which he would never see again. His wife was sitting beside him, and he turned to her with a pitiful little smile on his white face.

"Jennie," he said, "I guess I know now how a beaver feels when he's got his foot in one of my traps and sees me coming down the trail."

"Yes," he added, as his eye happened to fall on the cage where the squirrels were pretending to eat some dirty bread, "yes, I guess I know how those squirrels feel, too."

Three days later there was a mound of fresh earth in the clearing, and Joe and his mother sat on a bench in front of the house, with their few household goods packed and ready for moving. The neighbor who helped them search for the trapper had been with them, and was coming that afternoon with his team and wagon to take them away. Beside them on the bench stood the cage, and one of the squirrels slipped into the wheel, spun it rather slowly and listlessly for a few minutes, and went back to his bed.

"Joe," said the woman, sadly, "did you know that this is Thanksgiving Day?"

The boy looked up at her, startled.

"No," said he, "I never thought of it."

"Yes," she said, "it's Thanksgiving;" and she looked away, and her lips twitched a little. "It isn't a very happy day for us; but, Joe, I've been thinking about those squirrels. You know your father said the other day that he thought he knew how they felt. Do you suppose we'd have time to take them back where you got them and let them go? I'd like to, Joe; and it would seem almost as if he was doing it."

The boy jumped up.

"Yes, mother," he said. "Come on. We'll do it, you and I."

And so they carried the cage between them, a mile and a half down the trail to the Glimmerglass, and placed it in the dug-out; and for the last time Joe paddled across the lake to the spot where he and his father had set their traps six months before. The woman sat in the bow, with the cage at her feet, and, as she looked about her on the quiet water and the brown woods, dreaming away the minutes, her face grew a little brighter. The world was beautiful, even though life was hard,—and he had loved it.

I wish she could have seen the squirrels a little later, as they sat at their Thanksgiving dinner. Perhaps it would have comforted her still more. Our friend's stores of nuts were ready and waiting for them, and the feast was a royal one. His industry had not been in vain, after all. And now they ate with no narrow walls about them, but only the brown trees standing guard, and the blue sky overhead, and the scent of autumn leaves in the air. It was all just as they remembered it,—all just exactly as they would have had it if they had made the world themselves,—and they were glad. They did not know that this was Thanksgiving Day. They had never heard of the President's proclamation. Perhaps they were not even consciously thankful. But their brave little hearts were very, very happy; and there was a wondrously cheerful and contented note in their voices as their loud "chir-r-r-r-r-r" rang out once more through the woods and across the Glimmerglass.

In their own way they were lifting their hymn of praise to the Master of Life, and the Master heard it and was pleased.

Unconscious Humor

JOSEPH PARKER
[Late rector of the City Temple, London]

THE humor I like best is the humor which is utterly unconscious of itself. I am naturally fond of any man who can treat a joke as he would treat an epitaph. A man says something in a most solemn tone which cracks your ribs with laughter and rolls you helplessly on the floor with a riotous delight, and then remarks: "What are you laughing at? I am not aware that I have said anything funny. What is it?" For example, a sedate minister gravely gave out the following pulpit announcement: "I am going away for my annual holiday to-morrow. The Reverend Mr. Thomas will preach here next Sunday, the rest of the supplies you will find hanging in the vestibule." The minister did not know that he had said anything that had a laugh in it. The laugh was no intention of his. But the people knew and probably said in the secrecy of a well-concealed disturbance of mind, "Let us hope that nobody will cut them down." Not for the world would some ministers say a humorous word in the pulpit. Why? Simply because they would not say a humorous word anywhere.

One of the most remarkable instances of unconscious humor occurred in the case of a German tourist. He was traveling alone, and he kept very much to himself in the course of one memorable voyage. A genial passenger asked him if he would not join some of the games which were being played by the rest of the voyagers, to which he gruffly answered, "No."

"Why not?" said the genial passenger. The solitary man replied, "I am on my wedding *tower*," (pronounced so.) "Your wedding tour!" the genial passenger interrogatively exclaimed, "where is the bride?" "Dat," said the German, "is just where it is; dere was not money enough to bring us both, so I had to come alone." He did not see the humor of his remark and thought the laugh of the genial passenger an aggravation of his trouble.

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In the World of

PROFESSOR AND MADAME CURIE, OF PARIS,
the joint discoverers of radium. Madame Curie was the first to consider the energy of radium as a form of transmitted ethereal energy

SEVERAL years ago Henri Becquerel, who had succeeded his father in being one of the chief authorities on phosphorescence and phosphorescent substances, discovered that some such substances, notably the metal uranium, gave off continuously, even when not shining visibly, rays which resembled in many respects the newly-discovered X-rays of Professor Roentgen, especially in penetrating some so-called opaque bodies and in affecting photographic plates. These rays have been named "Becquerel rays," and the property of emitting them, "radio-activity." This radiation is still under investigation, but it appears to be compound, part of it being identical with the Roentgen radiation and part due to the emission, at a velocity comparable with that of light, of minute particles, probably identical with the "electrous" or sub-divisions of atoms whose existence is believed to be proved by the investigations of Professor J. J. Thomson, of Cambridge, England.

In studying this radio-activity Professor Curie and his wife found that the property as possessed by certain substances was due to the presence in those substances of exceedingly minute quantities of previously unknown metals whose radio-activity far exceeded any hitherto found. Two of these metals they have succeeded, by ingenuous analytical methods, in isolating; namely, radium and polonium. Both these names were given by the Curies, the first for obvious reasons, the second in compliment to Madame Curie, who is a Pole by birth.

As radio-activity has been discovered to exist in most of the common substances about us, radium is noteworthy only for the intensity with which it exhibits the property. Its interest to physicists lies in the fact that it is apparently an inexhaustible source of energy. Evidently either the doctrine of the "conservation of energy" must be untrue, or radio-active substances must absorb energy from without or must change it from some potential form within themselves to the kinetic or active form, say by chemical or molecular alteration within their own substance. The highly radio-active substances have so far been obtained in such exceedingly small quantities and have been known for so short a time that this question can not be said to have been solved. Besides this, the phenomena exhibited by these substances raise numerous other interesting questions and hold forward some interesting possibilities. For instance, the Becquerel radiation shares with the X-rays the ability to inflict a serious burn on living tissue, and it may be possible to use this property in the cauterization of diseased tissue, as in cancer. Statements of what it would be possible to do with "a pound of radium" are, of course, mere inferences from the properties of the exceedingly minute quantities so far obtained. The radium now used for experiment is in chemical combination as a salt, such as the chloride, and is obtained from the mineral known as pitchblende.

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FOR nearly two years, Yone Noguchi, the Japanese who has won recognition as a poet in America and England, traveled a lone stony road working in the fields of California, doing most anything to secure a crust to eat and a place to sleep in order that he might learn to speak and write English. Singular as it may seem, he learned to write it better than he can speak it. His poems are all expressive of true fancy, delicacy, and imagination, with a good rhythmic quality; but he does not rhyme. He simply produces what he feels, and his word paintings show that life and nature have found in him a rare exponent. Joaquin Miller, the poet of the Sierras, first discovered his genius. Mr. Miller lives on a picturesque promontory near Berkeley, California, known as "The Heights," and fate brought Yone Noguchi to him as a helper in the fields. One day, Mr. Miller found the Japanese boy seated on a rock writing on a torn piece of paper. The poet accosted him, and, to his surprise, found that his young helper was another poet. Mr. Noguchi tells of his meeting and his days spent with Mr. Miller as follows:—

"Welcome, welcome!" Joaquin Miller stretched out his hand from the bed,—it is his habit to pass the forenoon in bed, wearing a skull-cap,—when he saw me bowing at the entrance of his hut. I had not yet forgotten how to bow, being hardly twenty months in this country,—well, some seven or eight years ago. The scene of my first meeting with him floats clearly before my eyes as if it were yesterday. How romantically great he looked! I can not think of any more striking-appearing personage than himself, and I have seen a number of the good and great both in England and in this country. That night I slept indeed far nearer to the stars,—"The Heights" commands the view over some ten villages and over San Francisco Bay,—and congratulated myself on beginning a novel life. I was nineteen years old then. I thank God it was the month of May, when poppies and buttercups closely covered the hill. You might see many a squirrel popping out into the purple air. What a gorgeous shadow of the acacia tree! What music of the birds! How delighted I was with the simple song of a meadow lark! Any simple thing would turn more beautiful on "The Heights." You might see the butterflies passing by the hut in tremendous haste, some dropping in to rest on my writing table for a while. There would be nothing more natural than to dream of nature's beauty. I say now, once for all, that I did not intend to become a poet. To be a great journalist was my ambition since my high-school days in Japan. One night Mr. Miller brought me a letter from San Francisco from Mr. Gelett Burgess, editor of "The Lark,"—now dead,—which first printed my poems. I hurried to borrow a candle from our neighbor, so that I could read it. We never kept a lamp, as we used to go to bed with the birds to their nests. The letter said, "Your work is exciting much interest, and has been well received." "How easy to be a poet!" I exclaimed. "Am I really a true original poet?" I reflected, a moment later. I went down to San Francisco next morning to meet Mr. Burgess, who gave me a number of press notices. Alas, my knowledge of English did n't prove sufficient to tell me what the papers said. I dropped into a friend's house for an Anglo-Japanese lexicon. I often wonder at my boldness in trying to write an English poem without knowledge of the simplest rules of grammar. However, I could manage to express my heartful thought with my scanty English, without any feeling of restraint. "I am writing poetry of the heart," I thought, in defense, "not that of language."

Four years—though I did not stay through all those years,—were the most delightful experience of my life. Joaquin Miller and I would go together to hunt a quail for Mrs. Miller's breakfast,—the dear old lady,—and return carrying one or two sparrows. He would rest on his hoe, rub down his long beard for a moment, and tell of Rosetti and Holman Hunt. We would go to the cañon to build a new road, I carrying Thoreau's book—I was quite wild about him once,—with my ax.

Mr. Noguchi is the son of a country gentleman of Japan who is not wholly in accord with American democracy, but who delights in telling of an ancient lineage. He has had published in this country two books of poems and one of prose. "The American Diary of a Japanese Girl." Early this year, his latest poems were published in England under the title, "The Eastern Sea." They will soon appear in this country and in Japan.

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JOHN G. CARLISLE, ex-secretary of the treasury, appeared before a committee of the New York legislature last winter, and made an earnest appeal for a bill providing for an increase in the salaries of school-teachers. As Mr. Carlisle has avoided, as far as possible, public appearances since he settled down to practice law in New York, he was asked, after the committee hearing, by whom he had been engaged as counsel.

"By nobody," he replied; "I appear here as a citizen. I want to see the teachers better paid. Perhaps you do n't know that I began life as a school-teacher. About forty years ago, I had a school in the backwoods of Kentucky and received the princely salary of twelve dollars a month. After the first year, I made a demand for fifteen dollars a month and it stirred up the whole county. In fact, my demand became a big campaign issue at the next election, and I went on the stump in my own behalf. That is how I entered politics. I put up a good fight, got acquainted all over the county, and had some valuable practice in public speaking. Ever since then, I have had a deep interest in school-teachers, and that is why I am here."

"Did you get the fifteen dollars a month?" was asked.

"No," replied the distinguished Kentuckian; "but I got an experience that put me in the house of representatives a few years later."

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CHARLES H. DARLING has been acting secretary of the navy for a long period, the secretary, William H. Moody, having been obliged to be absent a great deal. While he was well known in Vermont, he did not become prominent in national affairs until he took a Federal office which was once held by President Roosevelt. Assistants to cabinet officers, although frequently called upon to perform all the duties of the heads of departments, do not often acquire prominence, but the long period in which he has been acting secretary has brought him forward as a figure in the public eye. He was a Vermont judge who took a lively interest in politics. He is a graduate of Tufts College, Massachusetts. He was twenty-one years old before he entered Tufts, and he wore then, as now, a full beard. It is related that, as he approached the college building for the first time, with thoughtful face and demeanor, one of the students jocularly accosted him, saying, "Good morning, professor, can you obtain for me an interview with the president?" It is singular that a sensational murder trial in his native town, Woodstock, which took place while he was a schoolboy, turned his attention to law. A farmer had murdered his hired man. The crime was the talk of the town, and young Darling, with other boys, ran away from school to attend the trial. Some of the ablest lawyers of the state were engaged on both sides. The evidence was circumstantial, and the proof was doubtful until the prosecution called to the witness stand the daughter of the defendant, a handsome girl of sixteen years, and wrung from her unwilling testimony which convicted her father. When the verdict was pronounced, the prisoner swooned and fell to the floor. The girl was outside the bar, but she sprang over it, and, throwing her arms about her father's neck, held him in close embrace until he recovered sufficiently to be taken away. There was not a person in the

YONE NOGUCHI, a Japanese poet who writes in English

C. H. DARLING, assistant secretary of the U. S. navy

MAURI MAFUCCI, winner of Helen Gould's university scholarship

JOHN BARRETT, United States minister to Argentina

PAT'K HOULAHAN rose from water boy to railroad superintendent

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MILTON P. HIGGINS, advances new ideas to educate the trades

SIR W. CROOKES, the leader among the scientists of Great Britain

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Achievement

court room who did not shed tears over the scene. The whole trial made such an impression upon Mr. Darling that he then and there determined to become a lawyer, a resolution which he firmly kept.

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EX-GOVERNOR FRANK S. BLACK became governor of New York through his eloquence. When he took the gavel as temporary chairman of the Republican state convention of 1896, his name had not even been suggested for the nomination. After his opening speech, however, the whisper went around among the delegates: "What's the matter with Black for governor?" The following day, the regular candidates were dropped and Mr. Black was nominated.

After the convention Mr. Black told some friends how he acquired his eloquence.

"When I was a young man," he said, "I went down from Troy to New England to make my fortune. I soon found that fortune was not running after me, and, when my funds ran low, I took the only job in sight,—that of agent for a sewing machine. I traveled through the country districts selling machines, and, in that way, built up whatever eloquence I possess. You have no idea how hard it was to sell a machine in the backwoods in those days. Some of the farmers thought they were inventions of the devil, while others regarded them as swindling devices. Holding a convention spellbound is a cinch compared to the difficulty I had in convincing a farmer that a sewing machine is a good thing."

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ALEX. LAUBER MISS PECK DR. TIGHT A. MAQUIGNAZ
Miss Peck successfully climbed Mount Sorata, Bolivia, over twenty-three thousand feet, the highest American peak

Copyright by James Burton, N. Y.
CAPTAIN CHARLES BARR,
master of the "Reliance," the successful defender of the "America's" cup

MOUNT SORATA, a Bolivian peak towering above the great alpine lake Titicaca, after baffling all male climbers, has been scaled, in the interest of science, by Miss Annie S. Peck, an American woman. With Miss Peck were W. G. Tight, president of the University of New Mexico; Antoine Maquignaz, formerly guide in the Andes for Sir Martin Conway and the Duke of Abruzzi, and A. Lauber, a Swiss guide. The photograph here reproduced shows the party leaving New York. The expedition was sent by the Outlook Company and several private subscribers, and is largely archæological in purpose.

Sorata was long held to be the highest American peak, with about 23,000 feet altitude, but recent government triangulations indicated a somewhat lower altitude, and Sir Martin Conway, who, in 1898, almost reached the top, agrees with this statement. Thus Aconcagua, in Chile, over 23,000 feet in height, according to E. A. Fitzgerald, who scaled it, and 22,884 feet according to the mapmakers, is, perhaps, the highest point in the western world. Professor William H. Pickering, of Harvard Observatory, who established the station maintained by Harvard at Arequipa, Peru, still believed that Sorata is queen of the Andes, and Miss Peck shared in the belief. Every scientific aid was used to help Miss Peck in her ascent, even a complete oxygen-generating apparatus was taken with a portable rubber tank and an inhaler for each person. The last letter received from Miss Peck, from La Paz, Bolivia, stated that the ascent to that point, 14,666 feet, in thirty hours, had somewhat affected Dr. Tight, but had caused her only a slight headache. Lauber, the Swiss guide, confessed that the peak looked more formidable than he had expected, while Maquignaz stolidly said he would reach the top whether anyone else did or not.

Miss Peck, naturally the central figure in this successful climb, was originally from Providence, Rhode Island, and is a thorough scholar, holding two degrees from Michigan University, and having studied several years in Greece and Germany. She was for a time Professor of Latin in Smith College, and also held a position in Purdue University. She was one of the first three women to ascend the Matterhorn. While studying in the American School of Archæology, at Athens, where she was the first American woman student, she climbed Hymettus and Pentelicus, thus getting the first taste of the thrilling delight of ascending a great height. Then California mountains tempted her daring, and she was the first woman to stand on the top of Mount Shasta, 14,380 feet above the level of the sea. Her brother who accompanied her on this journey became fatigued and could not continue.

R. S. DUGAN, the discoveror of eight planetoids
FRED E. PIERCE, a farm boy who is Yale's prize scholar
BRIG.-GEN. CARTER, inaugurator of the general staff of the U. S. A.
C. E. MAGOON, who unravels many government tangles
M. F. WHEATLAND, an octoroon authority in electrical treatment

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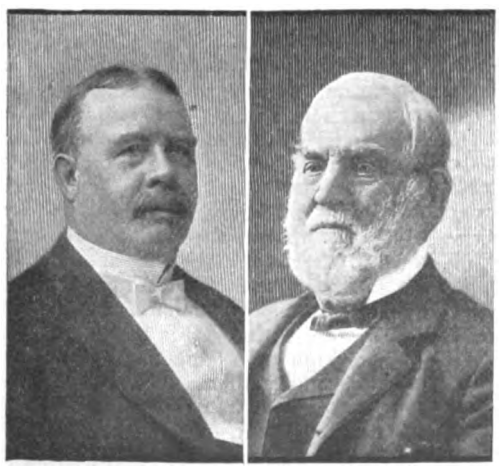
JOHN BARRETT, United States minister to Argentina, is a striking example of what push and energy will do. His career, which promises still greater achievement, is due solely to his own exertions. Born and raised on a Vermont farm, and belonging to that New England class which secures only the necessities and none of the luxuries of life, his boyhood was spent in hard work. He was not satisfied with an average education. He wanted to go through college. His father's circumstances made it impossible to afford any material aid, and so he had to work his way not only through Dartmouth College, but through a preparatory school as well. He adopted various methods to earn money,—teaching school, setting type, and clerking at summer hotels. He not only continued this work when he entered Dartmouth, but also supplemented it by becoming business manager of the college paper, and by furnishing college and sporting news to the city papers. Just as he was about to enter his senior year, in 1888, a flattering offer was made to him to travel through the Southern States and write a series of syndicate articles on the presidential campaign in the South from a Yankee point of view. Mr. Barrett accepted the offer, but the president of Dartmouth informed him that, if he should miss the fall term, he could not be graduated, even if he should be able to pass the examination. Mr. Barrett then determined to put off his graduation for a year, and went South. In Nashville he met the head of one of the leading colleges, and this educator, after hearing his story, wrote to the president of Dartmouth, saying that he would take charge of Mr. Barrett's studies while he was in the South, and certify him to Dartmouth. This was agreed upon, and Mr. Barrett continued his studies, reporting to Nashville once a week.



VOLNEY W. FOSTER, member, International Commission of Archæology
JESSE D. CARR, the nonogenarian cattle raiser, of California

After being graduated, Mr. Barrett went West, and began as a teacher in Oakland, California, but soon the desire for expansion carried him to other fields. He went to Puget Sound, and in the days of great real estate speculation he wrote "boom" articles for the Washington dailies. He entered the diplomatic service in 1893, at the request of ex-President Cleveland, where he has proved himself to be a man who "does things." As minister to Siam he settled an old claim that had been the cause of friction for years. He was a powerful builder of trade interests between the United States and the Orient. When his term of office ended he threw himself into the Philippine situation and made himself so familiar with the islands that he was able to write and lecture about them in a manner that created considerable comment throughout the world. Since then he has been commissioner to the Pan-American Congress at Mexico, and commissioner-general of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition in Asia, the Philippines, and Australia. Recently he was appointed minister plenipotentiary and envoy extraordinary to Argentina. He was wanted as minister to China, but political complications made it impossible for two presidents to carry out their wishes in this regard. John Barrett has been in the confidence of three presidents,—Cleveland, McKinley, and Roosevelt. One reason why he was selected to go to Argentina was because he discovered at the Pan-American Conference the existence of a state of affairs which very much interested the President and the secretary of state. A man who could learn certain things that were transpiring in South America was considered a good man to handle them diplomatically. One of the secrets of John Barrett's success is his ability to discover important matters which others have overlooked. He never takes an appointment without finding out how much commercial and diplomatic interest it contains other than the mere routine of office. While other public servants are quietly drawing their salaries, the country generally hears that John Barrett is doing something more than was expected of him.

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ONE of the most valued men in the employ of the Hannibal and St. Joe Railroad is Patrick Henry Houlahan, its superintendent. He is now forty-eight years old. Thirty-six years ago he had just arrived from Ireland with his parents who settled in Ottawa, Illinois, and it was not long after his arrival that he made application for employment at the workshops of an Illinois railroad then under construction. He was so small that the foreman would not permit him to do steady work, but assigned him to the task of furnishing the section hands with drinking water. There and then young Houlahan began to cement friendships. Although his position promised nothing better, he made it his duty to provide the very best drinking water and to serve it in the cleanest possible manner. He would tramp several miles to a spring or well, just to be sure that the water was fresh and cool. To other men it seemed a little thing, but to Patrick Houlahan it was a big thing. It finally won recognition for him. He was made a train hand, and then he began to educate himself so he could take a position as freight clerk, from which his upward line of promotion has been steady.

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RAYMOND SMITH DUGAN, one of the youngest astronomers in America, who has discovered eight planetoids, was born in Montague, Massachusetts, May 30, 1878, and was graduated from Amherst College in 1899. On September 1, 1899, he went to Beirut, Syria, as instructor in mathematics and astronomy in the Syrian Protestant College, and had charge of the college observatory for three years. During his vacations, he traveled in the Holy

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Land, and made camping tours in the Lebanon Mountains. In August, 1902, he went to Heidelberg, Germany, to study, and on October 1, of the same year, was appointed first assistant in the government observatory of Germany. He still holds this position, although he is a student at Heidelberg. Mr. Dugan was specially selected for the position at Beirut, by Professor Bliss, president of the Syrian College.

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MISS FLORENCE WICKHAM, a daughter of Judge Wickham, of Pennsylvania, is appearing in grand opera in Germany with marked success. Her *début* in Berlin was considered a fearless attempt for an American, inasmuch as she had never had any training in a European city, but came direct from the United States with her voice cultivated according to American methods. She sang with such fine expression and dramatic power that the emperor of Germany, who was present, sent for her and congratulated her.

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THE faculty of Yale University consider Frederick Erastus Pierce the most remarkable student who has ever attended that institution. He will be graduated next year, but, up to date, his advancement ranks as high as any made during Yale's two centuries of existence. He came from his father's farm near South Britain, Connecticut. Toiling behind a plow and in the fields had not developed grace of carriage. He was tanned and his clothes were ill-fitting. The other students regarded him with good-natured amazement, but he did odd jobs to support himself, and studied all the time he was not working. Up to his fourteenth year, young Pierce was a dreamer and bookworm. His father's house was filled with books, including most of the standard English authors; and his father, who was a great reader, encouraged his son's tastes. In his fourteenth year, his father's health collapsed and the family became financially embarrassed. Young Pierce shouldered the burden of responsibility, as there was no one else to do so, and for the next seven years, until he was twenty-one years old, he conducted the farm entirely alone. He did most of the work, although he had a hired man in the busy season. Making the farm pay finally became a seemingly impossible task, but the boy never faltered. When he reached his twenty-first year he had produced a fair profit, and, his father's health having improved, he began to look forward to an education. He had an idea that the expense of a college education was very high, and he would never have thought of going to Yale had it not been for his pastor, Rev. J. D. Smiley, who urged him strongly to go and work his way through. Young Pierce had a smattering of algebra and Latin grammar, and knew a few words of German which he had learned in a country school years before. With this for a start, he set to work and prepared for his examinations. Night after night he sat up with his sister drinking in the wisdom of the books around him. Often he feared that he would fail, but he did not lose courage. He entered the class of 1904. He has since won several valuable prizes.

MISS FLORENCE WICKHAM,
a young American who has won operatic honors abroad

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TO BECOME indispensable in every position in which he has been placed has been the rule by which Brigadier General William H. Carter, of the United States army, has risen from a dispatch boy in the Civil War to a rank of dignity. Elihu Root, secretary of war, had the law enacted which provides a general staff for the United States army, but it was General Carter who furnished the many military reasons why it should be passed. He stood by Mr. Root with an intelligence and comprehension that made him invaluable. When the law went into effect, the secretary found that General Carter was necessary to inaugurate the new system; he knew all about the law and also knew the secretary's wishes. Although General Young is chief of staff, General Carter's grasp of details and knowledge of the army make him indispensable, and

[*Concluded on pages 683 and 684*]

His Crown Is but a Chaplet of Thorns

It seems strange that one of the world's sovereigns who is surrounded with everything that usually makes a man contented, and who can purchase all material things, should be unhappy. Yet Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria is such a man. His life, which is one round of trouble, adds luster to the old saying that wealth and power do not always bring the world's best gifts

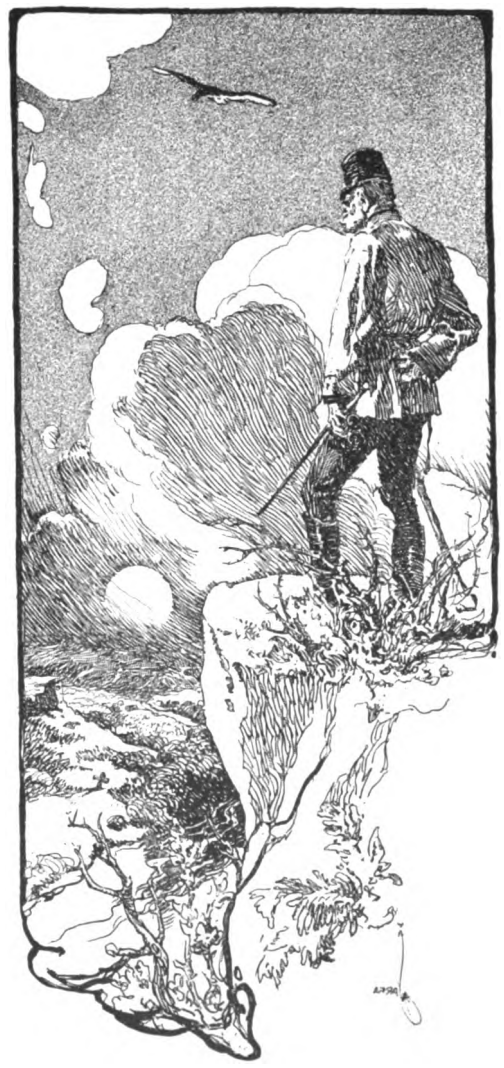
HERBERT A. WHITE
[Resident Member in Germany of the Foreign Staff of SUCCESS Correspondents]

EMPEROR FRANCIS JOSEPH is the most pathetic figure among the crowned heads of Europe. Though a commonplace man of barely average ability and quiet domestic tastes, he has always played a prominent part in terrible dramatic tragedies, and on his life hang issues of vital importance to the whole civilized world. There are even more elements of danger to peace in Austria-Hungary than in the Balkan Peninsula, for all the heterogeneous constituents of the Dual Monarchy are at strife with one another. There is not only a perpetual conflict between the Empire of Austria and the Kingdom of Hungary, but there also exists an eternal feud between the dozen races that comprise the Austrian population and the half-dozen nationalities that make up the Hungarian people. There are indescribably bitter religious controversies between Roman Catholics and militant Protestants, and between Christians of all sects and the Jews of the country. Revolutionary social-democracy is a rapidly growing force, and the increasing Pan-German party advocates the addition of the German provinces of Austria to the German Empire, just as the Pan-Slavic party is in favor of their addition to the Slav provinces of Russia. The birth of a son to the heir-apparent, Archduke Francis Ferdinand, and his morganatic wife, Princess Hohenberg, is likely to cause trouble in the future and may easily plunge the Dual Monarchy into another war of succession. All these hostile and conflicting forces are held in check by the unparalleled influence and authority of Emperor Francis Joseph, and after his death the process of disintegration will almost certainly set in,—perhaps suddenly, perhaps gradually. The disintegration of the Dual Monarchy, however, will seriously imperil the peace of Europe, for Germany, Russia, Servia and Italy are waiting in readiness to seize the territory adjacent to their own whenever a favorable opportunity shall arise.

Momentous Issues Depend upon His Life

An alteration in the map of Europe so far-reaching in its consequences could hardly be effected without a European war, for this reason: the Emperor Francis Joseph's life is of much greater value to Europe than that of the German emperor, who is a far cleverer man in every respect, or than that of the czar, who rules over an empire far greater in population, extent, and power. Neither the death of the kaiser nor that of the czar is likely to produce any great changes in the world's affairs, but the decease of Francis Joseph may unfortunately bring about catastrophic changes.

The Emperor Francis Joseph, on whose life such momentous issues depend, is now seventy-two years of age, but he is as hale and hearty as many men who are twenty years younger. He owes his wonderful health to his simple way of living, to his regular habits, and to his lifelong passion for hard work. Francis Joseph is, above everything else, a hard worker. In all the course of his long life he has experienced none of the pleasures which his exalted station might be expected to bring with it. Summoned to the throne at the age of eighteen, on the abdication of his uncle in the troublous days of 1848, the year of revolutions, he was taken practically from the playground to assume the reins of government at a time when the people of his own capital were in open rebellion, so that the early months of his reign had to be spent at Olmütz, on the border of Saxony. Since those eventful days his life has been one of unceasing toil. When a boy, he was trained to get up at four o'clock every morning, and he still keeps up this practice of early rising.



"No Hapsburger Has yet Proved a Coward"

After he has made a simple toilet with the help of his valet, he takes a cup of coffee and a piece of coarse rye bread of the kind served out as rations to the common soldiers of his army. At five o'clock, he is sitting at his desk dealing with the heap of documents which arrived the evening before for his perusal. After two hours' hard work, he takes a simple breakfast consisting of eggs or cold meat, with coffee and rye bread again. If he is residing at his beautiful castle of Schönbrunn, on the outskirts of Vienna, where he spends the greater part of the year, he drives into Vienna immediately after breakfast, arriving at the old palace situated in the heart of the city soon after eight o'clock. He drives in a two-horse carriage, generally an open vehicle, and passes through the narrow streets of one of the poorest parts of the capital on his way in and out of the city. Day after day he thus offers himself as an easy target for an assassin's shot, and, though his friends and advisers and his own children have repeatedly begged him to avoid this danger, which is far from being imaginary in these days of anarchistic outrages, he persists in having his own way, saying that no Hapsburger has yet proved a coward. The police authorities post a whole army of detectives along the route an hour before the emperor passes, but the strictest vigilance may in the necessary moment fail to prevent what would be a disaster for his country and for mankind. It frequently happens that persons with a grievance station themselves at some point along the route always taken by the imperial carriage and run toward it, one of their number waving a written petition in the air when the emperor is passing. In nine cases out of ten, they are immediately seized by the detectives on the watch, which shows the thoroughness of the

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precautions taken; but, whenever such an incident is noticed by the emperor, he orders the person arrested to be liberated, beckons him or her to the side of the carriage, takes the petition himself, and, in a few gracious words, promises that it shall receive his best attention. Not long ago, a little, barefoot street Arab ran up to the emperor's carriage and handed him a dirty, ragged piece of paper, on which was written: "Dear Mr. Emperor. Please help us. Mother is ill in bed since weeks and father drinks and brings nothing home for mother to eat. The doctor says mother needs good, nourishing food, but I can't earn enough to give her this. Good Mr. Emperor, please help us."

Within two hours, a messenger from the palace was in the garret with wine and food for the sick woman, and afterwards the lad was, by order of the emperor, engaged to work in the imperial stables. This is typical of many cases in which the monarch has made his humblest subjects happy by acts of true charity.

EMPEROR FRANCIS JOSEPH, in hunting costume

His Knowledge of Public Affairs Is Phenomenal

When he arrives at the palace in Vienna, he devotes the forenoon to state business, receiving in audience his cabinet ministers, his generals, and the governors of provinces. His knowledge of public affairs and his mastery of detail are phenomenal. He is thoroughly acquainted, not only with all the intricacies of Austro-Hungarian politics, which are more complicated and bewildering than the politics of any other country in the world, but also with the local affairs of every part of his great empire. He can converse with the burgomaster of Pilsen, in the extreme west of his empire, about the state of the beer trade, and with the *obergespan* of some remote Hungarian county in the east on the prospects of agricultural improvement in his district, with the same ease and knowledge of the subject, this versatility being the product not of genius, but of incessant application and profound experience. Twice a week he grants general audiences, at which the poorest of his subjects can gain his ear for their wants and grievances. Polish peasants from remote Galician villages, in their picturesque costumes, Magyars from Hungary, swarthy Italians from Istria, Moslems from Bosnia, in turbans and flowing robes, Serbs, Croat Slovaks, Czechs, Ruthenians and Slovenians come to court to lay their petty troubles before him, and he has a sympathetic ear for them all, and, what is more, gives practical help in deserving cases.

At noon, punctually, he lunches on a simple meal of soup, beef with one or two plainly prepared vegetables, cheese, and lager beer. At one o'clock he receives ceremonial visits from the archdukes and archduchesses of the imperial family, from noblemen of high rank, from foreign envoys, and from interesting personalities who happen to be passing through Vienna. Mark Twain and Charles M. Schwab are two Americans who were received by him in this way. This duty accomplished, he drives back to Schönbrunn and spends the afternoon riding or shooting, or in some other kind of outdoor exercise on his estate. Dinner at five o'clock is another simple meal of soup, two plain meat courses, cheese, with a glass or two of lager beer, and the inevitable rye bread. In the evening there is more state business to be transacted, after which he reads the newspapers, including the Socialist "Arbeiter-Zeitung," which he never fails to see, for it publishes the frankest criticisms of his majesty which the Austrian press laws render possible. Sometimes the monarch plays taroc, the most popular game of cards in Austria, with the officers of his suite. Tea and biscuits are served at nine o'clock, and at ten, punctually, he retires. Seven months of the year are generally spent in this way at Schönbrunn, which is his birthplace and favorite place of residence. During the four months or so which he divides between his Hungarian country residence at Goedoelloe, about thirty miles from Budapest, and his summer villa at Ischl, among the mountains of the Salzkammergut, the same daily programme is observed, except that no general audiences are granted, and that two days of the week, generally Sunday and Wednesday, are devoted to long hunting expeditions. On such occasions he sets out before five o'clock in the morning, accompanied by the officers of his suite, and often by his two sons-in-law and his adult grandsons, and tramps the forests till noon or even later, carrying a gun all the time and making only two brief pauses for refreshments, yet at the end of the day the septuagenarian shows no signs of fatigue.

He frequently Romps with Children and Teaches Boys to Fence

His favorite sport is hunting the wild boar, a pastime which can not be enjoyed without the gravest risk to life and limb. All his life he has exposed himself to danger with the recklessness of a man who has nothing to live for, and on many occasions he has had hair-breadth escapes from being gored to death by hunted boars. Nevertheless he continues to indulge in this amusement, and, unlike the German emperor, who has the most elaborate precautions taken to protect his imperial person from injury, Francis Joseph glories in the extreme danger of the sport.

The etiquette of the Austrian court is stricter and more formal than that of any other, but the emperor himself dislikes pomp and ceremony, and loves a simple, domestic life. At state banquets he does not touch any of the rich dishes and heavy wines on the table, but has his own simple meal and glass of beer either before or afterwards. He is never happier than when surrounded by his little grandchildren, the sons and daughters of his favorite daughter, Archduchess Valerie, who never find him too busy to play with them. At Ischl, in the summer, he can often be seen romping with the children and teaching the little boys sword-drill or watching their riding lessons, putting in a word of advice here and there himself. When they go to Vienna in the winter, the emperor takes them to the circus several times during the season, and enters into their enjoyment with unaffected pleasure.

In politics, Francis Joseph has abandoned, one by one, his cherished, hereditary convictions, reluctantly conceding them to the resistless tendencies of a progressive age. Although a firm believer in the superiority of absolutism over every other form of government, he has given a constitution to both Austria and Hungary, wisely recognizing that the spirit of the age made the innovation necessary, and now there is no more constitutional monarch in Europe. Although a Clerical of the deepest dye, he sanctioned the anti-Clerical legislation passed by the Liberals in Hungary, a few years ago, because he perceived that public opinion demanded the introduction of the reforms. Though an opponent of every kind of popular franchise, he sanctioned the introduction of a scheme of partial manhood suffrage, in 1895, a change that secured to two powerful anti-dynastic parties, the Pan-Germans and the Social-Democrats, immediate representation in the *reichsrath*.

He Knows Every Detail of a Soldier's Duties

In these and in other concessions to popular feeling, he has shown himself to be a statesman of wisdom and sound common sense. He has made glaring blunders, as indeed could hardly be otherwise in a country so difficult to rule as the Dual Monarchy, but he has probably made fewer mistakes than a dashing, original man of genius would have done in his position. It is doubtful if history will adjudge him to have been a great ruler, but no one will question that he has been a good emperor.

He is more of a soldier than of a statesman. He demonstrates his military sentiments by always wearing a uniform, and does not don civilian attire, except on his hunting expeditions, when he puts on the picturesque costume of the Tyrolese folk. His military training began at the age of thirteen, and by the time of his accession, at the age of eighteen, he had served as a common soldier in the ranks of artillery, cavalry, and infantry regiments. He had also learned the duties of a sapper, working with a spade and pickax like every other recruit. Subsequently he did duty as an officer in regiments of artillery, cavalry, and infantry, so that his military education was practical and thorough. He received his baptism of fire at the battle of Santa Lucia, six months before his accession, and behaved with such reckless gallantry that the commanding general, the celebrated Marshal Radetzky, ordered him off the field. The young prince disobeyed, and finally officers sent by the marshal had practically to carry him off the field into a place of comparative safety. Ten years later the emperor hurried from Vienna to assume command of the army operating against the Italians, but he arrived too late to make good the mistakes committed by others. At the battle of Solferino he placed himself at the head of his troops and led them to the attack again and again. When the day was already lost, he refused to admit defeat, and rallied his men for a last bold effort, which he led in person, shouting: "Forward, my brave soldiers, I, too, have a wife and children to lose!" The emperor is thus more than a mere drawing-room soldier, and the efficiency of the Austrian army is due to his careful supervision more than to anything else. When he inspects his troops or watches maneuvers he does so as a military expert, and no error escapes his watchful eye. In military matters, he is inexorably severe. Officers who are guilty of the slightest negligence, or who make insignificant mistakes, receive no mercy from him. Recently he was driving past the guard in the courtyard of his palace, and the officer on duty failed to turn his men out to render military honors by beating the drums and sounding the bugles as required by the regulations. The emperor sprang out of his carriage, strode up to the officer, and said: "Herr Lieutenant, don't you know what you have to do when I go past?" The unhappy officer, unable to face the rigorous punishment which he knew awaited him at the hands of such a rigid disciplinarian, went back to his rooms and shot himself. Parliamentary deputies who are opponents of militarism, or who criticise the army in the *reichsrath*, are never received at court, and, at a recent banquet to political leaders at the imperial palace in Vienna, the emperor remarked to Dr. Stransky, the prominent Czech member of parliament, in a tone that admitted of no doubt as to its meaning: "Herr Doctor, you and your friends must leave the army alone. I will tolerate no interference in military matters. I command the army and I alone." His pronounced military sentiments make him an ardent supporter of dueling, which will neither be abolished nor diminished as long as he occupies the throne. Officers who refuse a challenge to a duel when the recognized code of honor requires that they should fight are without exception expelled from the army as men unfit to wear the imperial uniform. What is more, he is in full agreement with the idea prevalent among Austrian officers that a civilian who addresses a word to them which can reasonably or unreasonably be construed as a slight on their "military honor" must be chastised by the sword.

The Domestic Life of the Emperor Has Been One Long Tragedy

This theory in practice means that officers frequently attack defenseless civilians with their swords and kill or wound them for absurdly inadequate causes. An officer who has been subjected to what his enemies might construe as a slight on his military honor, and fails to cut down the offending civilian on the spot, is as much liable to dismissal as one who refuses to fight a duel. The Austrian newspapers have continually to chronicle cases of this kind which are murders pure and simple; but, owing to the fact that the emperor approves of this distorted military view

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of honor, the offending officers are neither arrested nor punished, and the habit of shedding civilian blood for trivial causes remains unchecked. The emperor's remorseless severity in military matters contrasts strangely with his kindheartedness and benevolence in other respects.

Francis Joseph is certainly the unhappiest monarch in Europe. His life has been full of tragedies, and his passion for hard work and his incessant mental and physical activity are to him only the best means of escaping from the dread memories of the past. Since his accession to the throne Austria has suffered crushing disasters. All the Italian provinces of the Austrian Empire were lost in the wars of 1859 and 1866, when the prestige which Austria had previously enjoyed in Europe was greatly diminished. The overwhelming defeats inflicted by Prussia on Austria in 1866 were a still greater blow to the emperor's pride, for the war put an end to the supremacy over states of the German confederation which had lasted for centuries. In the Balkan Peninsula, where Austria was formerly the dreaded rival of Russia, Austrian influence has now disappeared and Russia remains master of the situation. This loss, too, has been a great trial to the emperor. In domestic politics, his reign has been marked from beginning to end by a continuous series of crises which have caused him endless, wearing anxiety, and some of them have endangered the very existence of the Hapsburg monarchy. In his own family, again, he has had much trouble to bear. His brother, the ill-fated Emperor Maximilian, was shot in Mexico after failing to found a new dynasty there. His only son, Crown Prince Rudolph, after worrying his father by his indescribably reckless life for fifteen years, committed suicide at the age of thirty-one under terribly tragic circumstances. Four years ago his wife, the Empress Elizabeth, was assassinated by an Anarchist at Geneva. His granddaughter Princess Elizabeth of Bavaria, created a great scandal by running away with a young officer named Seefried and marrying him some time later in Switzerland. His son's widow, Crown Princess Stephanie, violated the rigid laws of the Austrian court by marrying Count Lonyay, and his favored granddaughter, Archduchess Elizabeth, insisted on choosing a penniless young Windischgratz to be her husband, in spite of the emperor's opposition to the match. Archduke John, unable to obtain the emperor's permission to marry a girl of poor family, abandoned his imperial rank, took the name of John Orth, and went to sea as a common sailor. His ship was lost with all hands on a voyage around Cape Horn. His death was a terrible blow to the emperor, who had treated him with unnecessary harshness at their last meeting. Archduke Henry and Archduke Ernest annoyed the emperor by contracting morganatic marriages under circumstances attended with scandals. His nephew and successor, Archduke Francis Ferdinand, has endangered the Hapsburg dynasty by contracting a morganatic marriage to which the emperor was strongly opposed, though finally he gave his consent under pressure. His own married life was in earlier years extremely unhappy, on account of the incompatability of his disposition and temperament with that of his wife. In later years, open antagonism developed into indifference on both sides, but he was deeply grieved at her sudden death.

The Art of the Advocate

The oft-quoted remark, "nascitur non fit," while apropos of poets generally, is just as true when applied to members of any trade or profession. Analyzed, it means that we must possess aptitude for our chosen callings

H. GERALD CHAPIN

ROUGHLY speaking, the legal fraternity has always been susceptible of division into advocates and consulting lawyers. In the majority of countries this distinction receives the sanction of positive law, so that a solicitor, as he is called in England, is disqualified from appearing in court, while a barrister can not advise a client at his office.

This distinction, while not formally recognized in this country, is becoming none the less marked in the larger cities, where a class of "trial lawyers" is springing up, the members of which, because of peculiar aptitude for the work, are retained by their brethren at the bar solely for the purpose of conducting proceedings before judges and juries.

This class is somewhat restricted in numbers, for nowadays legal practice tends to discourage forensic oratory, except in cases of the greatest magnitude. Appeals are taken in nearly every instance, and, while of course there is oral argument, appellate tribunals render their decisions largely, if not entirely, upon printed briefs. Press of business and an overcrowded condition of court calendars are largely responsible for the present condition of affairs. Nevertheless, there will necessarily always be a field in this country for the advocate pure and simple.

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It may seem somewhat peculiar to premise that the would-be advocate should have something to say, and yet a day spent in visiting our courts will suffice to show the astounding number of attorneys who rush before judges and juries with only superficial knowledge of the cases which they are supposed to try. Some sophist once "took a day off" and coined the phrase, "inspiration of the moment." There never was a more fallacious expression. Even Cicero's art failed him when he arose to defend Milo, leaning almost entirely on this slender reed. Frightened at the mob's cry for vengeance upon the murderer of the demagogue Clodius, the great orator stuttered a few sentences and was silent. Small good did it do the defendant that Cicero afterwards prepared the model of forensic display which is known to students as the "*Oratio pro Milone*," and forwarded it to his banished client, only to receive a half humorous, half sarcastic letter of thanks for its previous non-delivery; "For, had you spoken as you wrote," his friend observed, "I should doubtless not now be eating these excellent mullets of Marseilles."

An advocate should be a successful pilot to conduct his bark amid the shoals that encompass him. Whatever else he may be, he should never be prosy. One eminent jurist characterized a long-drawn speech of a certain lawyer as "the last hair on the tail of procrastination."

"I trust I am not unduly trespassing on the time of this court," once said a prosy counselor to Lord Cockburn. "There is some difference," the judge quietly observed, "between trespassing on time and encroaching on eternity."

"Counsel will kindly not begin this discussion with a disquisition on the origin of stringed instruments," recently requested a well-known judge in a suit brought by a violin maker against a purchaser.

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An interesting case happened in Georgia some time ago. Two gentlemen of heated temperament and pugilistic tendencies resorted to the use of firearms to settle their differences, and one shot the other in one of his toes. The marksman was duly indicted, tried, and convicted, whereupon an appeal was taken. The brief of the defendant's counsel began with a labored though doubtless intensely classical account of how the mother of Achilles plunged him into the Stygian waters, thus making the future Hellenic chieftain invulnerable, except in the heel by which he was held, and where he was afterwards shot at the time of his marriage with Polyxena, by Paris, brother of Hector. The brief of the solicitor-general was less poetic, but equally irrelevant, beginning as it did with the citation of numerous cases, not one of which had any possible bearing on the question at issue. Had the counsel searched among the entire judiciary of this country they could not have selected a worse judge on whom to inflict these effusions than Chief Justice Bleckley. He was gifted with a keen sense of humor and an unlimited supply of irony, and his remarks furnished amusement to the entire bar.

A knowledge of human nature is nearly as important as a knowledge of law. Study the judge and the jury before whom you are to appear. It is well to remember, as Daniel O'Connell put it, that "a good speech is a good thing, but the verdict is THE thing."

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One of the most common defects of a recently-admitted lawyer is a striving for oratorical display. A successful older practitioner endeavors, on the other hand, to give the jury a heart-to-heart talk. The ways of an eagle in the air, of a serpent upon a rock, of a ship in the midst of the sea, and of a man with a maid, are as A, B, C, compared with the methods usually pursued by the twelve good men and true. It seems a trifle odd, at first, that a dozen individuals who separately are shrewd, sharp business men should collectively be guilty of the most absurd performances, but the fact must be reckoned on, nevertheless.

A story is told of two farmers who were returning home, one of them from jury duty in a neighboring town. "Lawyer Smith is a great orator," said one,—"a perfect Daniel Webster. My, how I hated to decide against him in the three cases he tried!"

"How about Lawyer Jones, who was on the other side?"

"Oh, shucks! why of course he wins all his cases. I heard every one of 'em, and they were the simplest things. He just explained things to the jury. He didn't have to do any hard talking at all. You couldn't help but agree with him."

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The writer once saw an excellent case lost purely and simply because of want of tact. An individual possessing fiery red hair happened to be run down at a street crossing. As luck would have it, the horse was a white one. The defendant's counsel imagined that he saw a good opportunity and proceeded to make a number of witty remarks relative to red hair and white horses. Everybody laughed. They couldn't help it. Unfortunately, however, there happened to be a man on the jury whose hair was of a very dark shade of auburn, and he was absurdly sensitive on the point. The method by which that man, who was of an exceedingly stubborn nature, brought the rest of the jury around to a verdict for the plaintiff is a mystery, but he did it.

A young advocate will meet a judge who may be a member of one of several classes or of none of them. There is first the stern exponent of the old school, "with eyes severe and beard of formal cut." "He's a noice mon," said the witty barrister Nolan, speaking of New York City's famous Recorder Smyth, "only he thinks that ivery mon should go to jail at least wanst in his loife." However severe with criminals such a judge may be, he is apt to give members of the bar his courteous attention.

Then there is that most pestiferous specimen of the *genus judex*, the interrupting judge. We have him in every jurisdiction and in every clime. Like the poor he is with us always. He has usually been a fairly successful trial lawyer prior to his elevation to the bench, the result of which is that he is firmly convinced that he could try every case brought before him much better than the counsel in charge. At the opening of the trial he will fidget for about ten minutes and then boldly break in and proceed to examine and cross-examine witnesses himself. Sometimes he uses the plea of "saving the court's time;" more often he does not furnish even that excuse.

"I should like to know," a counselor once said to such a one, "whether your Honor has put that question for the other side or for our benefit; because, if it is in behalf of my opponent, I deny its relevancy, and, if it is for us, we don't want it."

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Closely allied to the foregoing is the overbearing, boorish specimen which we are sometimes unfortunate enough to meet. The only way to treat him is for an advocate to be courteous, and yet more courteous, and still more courteous, until he has our judicial friend in a position where the appellate court will sustain the counsel if a firm and decided stand is taken. At the same time bear in mind that his honor possesses the clinching argument in the shape of power to punish for contempt. A good rule to remember is contained in the moral of a story anent the Emperor Tiberius. He once got into a somewhat heated discussion with a Roman scholar, when suddenly the latter stopped. "Cæsar," said he, "there is no arguing with a man who is the master of ten legions."

A scene which occurred some years ago has always been indelibly fixed in the writer's memory. A certain well-known judge had an apparently causeless dislike of an equally eminent member of the criminal bar. The latter, a man of high character and attainments, endowed with an ample fortune, had taken up this particular line of practice with the sole desire of helping poor prisoners of whose innocence he was convinced. In nearly every instance had he gone feeless, except for the gratitude, and not always that, of those whom he had assisted to the best of his power.

Now, whether it was that his honor's digestion was not at its best, (for he was a notorious dyspeptic,) or for some other cause, this member of the judiciary began a hectoring course which lasted throughout an entire forenoon. The counsel bore the veiled innuendoes with patience, but at noon there was a clash. When one o'clock came, the prisoner was on the witness stand, being examined.

"You understand, of course," said Judge X., addressing the prisoner's counsel, "that you should not speak with your client about his testimony during the recess."

Lawyers, court officers, and spectators stood aghast. The defendant's counsel sprang to his feet, his eyes blazing, his face the color of chalk. "One moment," he thundered.

The judge paused halfway between the bench and his private room.

Then began such an impassioned invective as the walls of that courtroom have never heard before or since. "Never," he concluded, "will I appear henceforth before one who, utterly forgetful of every rule of professional courtesy, presumes to so unwarrantably insult a reputable member of the bar with such a suggestion as has been made."

At the close, the district attorney himself arose and assured his opponent that, so far from taking any part in what had been said, he emphatically condemned the gross insult which had just been hurled at him.

Not a word said the judge, as he stalked from the room with his face like a thundercloud. The afternoon session was remarkable for its mildness.

Fortunately, the affair was kept from the newspapers. His honor has now passed away. The defendant's counsel kept his word and never was he known to appear again within the court. He had many chances to do so, but he rigidly stuck to his word.

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Then there is the administrator of what he doubtless internally calls "substantial justice," who airily splits hairs for the purpose of nullifying precedent. There has never existed a fundamental rule of law whose application is not capable of working great hardship at times, although in ninety-nine cases out of every hundred it is otherwise. It is obvious that a judge with a "distinguishing" turn of mind can add exceptions to every rule. Hence follows a vast mass of "judge-made" law that is apt to bewilder and affright. This is the most difficult kind with which an advocate has to deal. His honor usually becomes impressed at the outset of a case with the great hardship which would follow an adherence to rigid rules, and sometimes, even unconsciously to himself, abandons logic to sympathy.

An illustration of the foregoing is the "mental anguish" doctrine adopted by the Texas courts, who hold that, if a telegraph company delays in delivering a message announcing the approaching dissolution of a near relative, the recipient may recover substantial damages for his distress of mind at not being present at the death-bed. It would do no good to enter into a discussion of the legal aspect of this absurd ruling, (now almost universally condemned,) and, as for the logical view-point, attention need only be directed to the utter impossibility of obtaining any proper standard of measurement by which to compute the extent of the injury in rendering a verdict.

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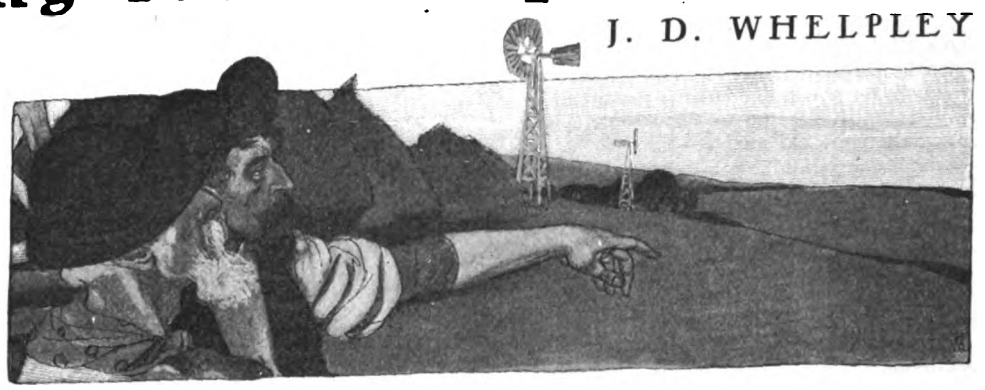
Building New Empires in the West

J. D. WHELPLEY

How the farmers of America have added one hundred and fifty million dollars' worth of land to Uncle Sam's husbandry



In shaping the events of the age of water in the arid West, our legislative powers will be obliged to play the most important part

"SUCCESSFUL homemaking is but another name for the upbuilding of the nation," said President Roosevelt in his first message to congress. In these few words is written the history of the United States. The log cabin, the rough board shanty, or the sod house might well find a place in the coat of arms of each and every one of the states,—and of every city, town, or village in America,—for they are the beginnings of all. To the homemakers of the time of the Pilgrims must be given the credit for laying the corner stone of the new nation. To the homemaker of to-day must be given the credit for building that new nation into a world-power, strong enough to wrest leadership from the Old World.

The occupation of the United States by modern civilization is like the rise of a tide. First it appeared above the edges of the Atlantic, and then flowed slowly but steadily inland until it reached halfway across the continent. Later, but as surely, rose the tide of homemakers on the Pacific; but the great ranges of mountains breasted back the onslaught as they hold back the banks of clouds blowing in from the ocean.

From the east and the west the homemakers fought their way across the wilderness to join forces. In places, nature held up a warning hand and the tide stopped where it is to-day. At other points the homemakers heeded not this warning, but crept up the valleys or along the foothills and penetrated far ahead of their fellow voyagers. More adventurous spirits traveled painfully across the desert and established outposts in the heart of the enemy's country. Then they gridironed the wastes with rails, paralleling the wagon ruts which indent the dry prairies to this day. They coaxed the water from its natural channels and made productive land on which lay the bleaching bones of those who had pioneered before them.

Water, Life's Limitless Solvent, Was not to Be Found in the Plains

All this was done by the homemaker,—the man of the log cabin or the sod house,—his wife, and his children. When the human tide flowed freely the problem was comparatively easy. Endurance and enterprise enough to travel to the outermost edge of settlement and face the unknown were the only conditions. Then came a time when the desert called a halt.

In the spring the sky was as blue, the prairie as fair, and the soil as rich, and all was laid as ready for the plow as in the earlier days. The homemaker traveled to the West, drove the stakes of his claim, built his house, turned the sod, and planted his good seed. The earth was fair to look upon and the soil was mellow. The meadow lark caroled with full-throated joy as the morning sunbeams slanted across the dew-wet grass. As the spring passed and summer came, the homemaker grew anxious, for the days went by each as clear and bright as its predecessor. The birds disappeared, the shrill note of the grasshopper rasped on the brain, the sun grew brazen, and the hot waves undulated across the fields until the eye lost its cunning.

Hoping against hope, the homemaker in the semi-arid region saw his crops wither away and his live stock die. His faith in God wavered. Destitute, broken-hearted, and with face made haggard by the sudden accumulation of woe, he turned his back upon the home born in great and noble ambition and trekked his way wearily to the place where the rain fell but where the land had long been parceled out. On his way back he passed others bound for the region he had abandoned. He warned them earnestly and his dust-covered outfit did not belie his tale.

But some of those he met shook their heads knowingly. They held a secret, an open sesame to the wealth hidden in the dry land. Their wagons carried plows, it is true, but there were surveyors' instruments as well. Aridity held no terrors for them: they had cheerfully pitted themselves in a bout with nature,—man's skill, energy, endurance, and hope *versus* existing conditions. Pushing boldly across the plains, they sought some narrow valley where flowed a stream from the mountain snowbanks. There they delved and dug, damming the flow, and turning it aside from its time-worn bed into new channels upon high ground. From these ditches the water flowed quietly down over the thirsty soil, and, as by a miracle, the grass grew, the grain flourished, strong and sturdy young trees took root, and the homemaker soon sat beneath his own vine, his barns bursting with the fatness of the land.

Seven Million Acres of Arid Land Have Been Wakened unto Life

Others came and did likewise. The desert withdrew as if abashed, until it disappeared beyond the horizon. Then came the post office, the store, the school, and the church. The railroad engineers cast their eyes upon the map, and, marking this oasis, tied it to their main line with bands of steel. Thus another town was built,—its citizens the best in the land, intelligent, moral, well-to-do, producing for themselves and their children, and adding, meanwhile, to the dignity of the commonwealth and the strength of the nation.

It takes no great pasture here to support a unit of population, for there is one to the acre where the water has been turned upon the land. In the great alluvial plains lies stored such natural wealth as seems incredible. The soil is never exhausted, the sunshine always warms, the water never fails to moisten at the right time, for man's intelligence directs its action, and the clear air, filled with ozone, yields a jubilant life. The elements seem to rejoice at thus being given an opportunity to find themselves at work in harmony at highest tension to produce their best.

Seven million acres of these arid lands have the homemakers of the United States brought under the spell of moisture long wasted in the great spring and summer floods along the western divides. By their own individual effort seven million people have found homes in a region which, for centuries past, lack of rain has caused even the wild animals of the plains to shun.

The Work of Reclaiming Has Been Accomplished Largely by Farmers

The homemaker is not a capitalist: he commands no bond issues, and no great storehouses of money stand ready to advance him unlimited wealth to use in exploitation. He must have free opportunity to build his home. To build it successfully, however, the task must come within the limits of his powers, or of the energies of a community of such as he, banded together for mutual effort and benefit.

In some cases capital has attempted to aid the homemaker and incidentally to profit through his industry by making a water supply available; but, as a rule, the investment has been more or less disastrous. Capitalists are exacting. They require liberal interest on their money, places for high-salaried officials, and large bond and stock issues to put upon the market. These requirements, when fulfilled, make top-heavy many enterprises, worthy in themselves but overplayed. The destiny of water in the arid region is to make the ground yield from its fertility and not to inflate the paper capital of corporations. It is true, therefore, that the many millions of dollars invested in irrigation plants, from which the water is or was to be sold to the profit of the stockholders, have seldom paid even a fair interest to investors, to say nothing of a possible return of capital.

Up to the present time, the work of reclaiming the desert has been accomplished by individual farmers, or through the coöperation of individuals or actual users of water. The success of this class of ditch-builders has been practically uniform, the exception but emphasizing the rule. It would take at least one hundred million dollars to duplicate the vast system of minor artificial waterways which have been constructed in the United States by men who began with willing hands and clear heads as practically their only resources. The land they have reclaimed was worth less than seven million dollars on the open market before the ditches were dug and the homesteads established. At a low estimate, this land is now worth one hundred and fifty million dollars, and its annual contribution to the aggregate wealth of the United States is almost beyond computation. It has built cities and towns, and great railroad systems, and opened mines, factories, and mills. It has added states to the Union, vastly enlarged the food supply of the world, and has postponed indefinitely that evil day suggested by Macaulay, who prophesied that the real test of republican institutions would come to this country when free land for the homemakers should be exhausted.

Now the Homemaker Needs the Assistance of the Capitalist to Build

Another epoch has now been reached in the history of the American homemaker. The first epoch was the settlement of the humid region; the second epoch was the reclamation of arid land by the homemakers themselves, either through individual or community effort; the third, which is now at hand, is the lending of the government aid necessary to a continuation of the work. The field for individual effort is practically exhausted. The smaller streams have been dammed, sites for reservoirs of simple construction have been utilized, and, in fact, there are thousands of miles of ditches in the West, to-day, where the water supply is insufficient to fill them during the season when moisture is needed for the crops under cultivation.

To turn mighty rivers from their natural beds and make their waters available for the farmer, to build enormous dams to store the spring floods, and to drive artesian wells in sufficient number to create new surface flow, are not within the power of the homemaker, no matter how willing his spirit, how strong his arm, or how keen his mind. Private capital, warned by previous experience, "fights shy" of these great constructions, not because of their cost, but on account of the necessity that those who control the water supply should be its real users. The perfect link between the water-seller and the man with the land has never been forged and never can be, for such separation of ownership is a violation of natural right and economic law. This principle has been established at greater cost of life and money than is required for a great war, for entire communities have been wiped from the map through drought and dissension, that it might be proved.

The United States government began its real estate business with a stock in trade of nearly two billion acres of land. Leaving out of consideration Alaska and any of the more recent possessions, there are barely

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five hundred million acres remaining to be disposed of. From these five hundred million acres must be deducted the great areas covered by mountain ranges and other uninhabitable sections of the country. A careful stock-taking shows that about seventy million acres can yet be made available for settlement by the building of gigantic waterworks which, owing to their size and their intimate connection with the flow of navigable streams, must remain in the possession and under the control of the national government.

With the dawn of this new epoch for the homemaker, which can be truly called the American age of water, has come to the people a full realization that the day of free arable land has passed, and that in the future it will require careful legislation, wise administration, and honesty of purpose to secure for all those now here and those yet to come the full benefits due from the remnant of a once great landed estate.

The Government's Purpose Is not to Make Money in Such Affairs

During recent years conditions have changed with marvelous rapidity. It is no longer a question of disposing of the public lands as fast as possible to any who may apply, for the recent movement of American farmers to the free lands of the Canadian Northwest is a significant indication that the natural area available for the homemaker in the United States has been practically exhausted.

Individual effort has demonstrated the value of arid America when intelligently developed; and, at a critical moment, after a notable struggle extending over several years, congress has recognized the necessities of a country increasing its population at such a bewildering ratio as to most seriously complicate all social, political, and commercial problems.

The purpose of the government is not to make money from such real estate transactions, for upon the land itself will be found the proof of wise administration. When the domain disposed of is dotted with the homes of prosperous people, when the air is filled with the hum of industry, when the ground is yielding to the uttermost of its richness, and when here and there towns and cities shall have sprung from community necessity, effort, and wealth, the government ledger will be balanced and the trust fulfilled; for one acre of ground, yielding the full quota to the productiveness of the nation, or serving as the home for a worthy citizen, will be of far more value to the government treasury, in the end, than any sum of money which might be extracted from eager bidders at a cash sale.

It has been discovered that, under the new conditions, practically all of the present land laws are obsolete and encourage the building up of large holdings which materially hinder the march of the army of homemakers. To repeal or amend these laws so as to prevent further disaster is a heroic task, for powerful selfish interests are banded together to prevent reform. As a consequence, speculators are now looting the public domain to the extent of tens of millions of acres each year. To the credit of congress be it said, however, that, while it is difficult to secure the repeal of pernicious laws already in effect, it is now possible to prevent new legislation perpetuating old wrongs.

Millions of Dollars Will Be Spent to Aid a Million Homemakers

When it is said that congress enacted a law during the past session to reclaim one million acres of land in arid America, this means an expenditure of many millions of dollars and a new field for at least a million homemakers where they can create new wealth, build new cities, and add enormously to the material strength of the entire country.

This is what the United States government is now doing. Montana, Colorado, Nevada and Arizona are the scenes of operation. The cost of the five enterprises proposed will be about ten million dollars, and will render available for settlement about one million acres of land. The money to be expended is not to be a direct appropriation or a gift to homemakers, for those who benefit are to return the capital invested by means of a system of easy annual payments; and the money so returned is to be used in building new reclamation work, thus creating a revolving fund which, it is hoped, in time will be largely instrumental in making room for another hundred millions of population in the United States.

In this great and prosperous country the existence of an army seeking homes upon the land might be doubted by some; but, when the government threw open to settlement the thirteen thousand homesteads on an Indian reservation in Oklahoma, two years ago, there were one hundred and sixty-nine thousand applicants for opportunities to establish themselves. No more striking example of the influence of homemakers upon the country can be found than in Oklahoma, where nearly one hundred thousand homesteads of one hundred and sixty acres each have been taken by seekers after industrial freedom. These thousands of individual efforts have been welded into a great force which has in ten years advanced an uninhabited prairie region to the wealth and dignity of a successful applicant for statehood. This is the history of a region where homemakers were made welcome.

Nevada, with its decreasing population and uncertain politics, and with only four per cent. of its entire area in private ownership, is a painful contrast, for there the land laws were so manipulated and the water supply so carefully guarded by monopolistic interests that homemakers were prevented from entering the state; hence came its lack of progress,—in fact, its decline. The homemaker is the American man of destiny. In his individual pursuit of wealth and happiness he lays the foundations of states and brings prosperity varying but in degree and directness to all his fellow citizens.

When he is discouraged or driven away, then will come stagnation and moral decay; for he alone brings with him to a new country those qualities needed for a healthy growth of a self-governing community. The present secretary of the interior, E. A. Hitchcock, recently said, "There is no function within the power of the government higher than that of making possible the creation of prosperous homes." This is a practical adoption by the science of free government of a principle enumerated by Professor David Starr Jordan when he declared that stability of national character is to be measured by firmness of foothold upon the soil.

Implanted in the breast of every true-born American citizen is the desire for a home. No matter what his life and occupation may be, he never ceases to the last to yearn for a bit of land he may call his own. The dream may fade as the irksome years go by, and in the majority of cases it is never realized. But it is always there. The merchant at his desk, the clerk behind the counter, and the mill hand at his task are alike affected when the springtime comes, and it seems a crime to remain indoors. These dreams are sometimes modest, and generally grow more so as possible realization seems more remote. There is deep pathos in the longing of the city dweller for a chance to get close to the bosom of Mother Earth.

Intangible, impractical, and impotent as the longings are, they are the rightful inheritance of a child descended from a race of cabin-builders. Moreover, these dreams, after all, are really the sentiment which underlies the tangible, practical, and most potent spirit of the homemaker in arid America. He puts his longings into action. He may or may not have had experience in the struggle to wrest a living from the soil, but he is full of hope, courage, and willingness to learn. If he has brains and uses them, he will succeed, for it takes brains to farm with water and do it well. In the humid regions the dull plodder may make a living. In the arid regions, science must be applied with skill and industry, for the elements must be so combined as to produce reaction.

Life in an irrigated settlement is like no other in the agricultural world. It is intense, progressive, and intelligent. *Per capita* wealth is at its highest point. The school, the church, the village, and neighbors are close at hand. Each farm is of small area and highly cultivated, for one man's energies can not be diffused successfully over many acres where each square foot must have perfect treatment from the time of turning the virgin sod until the life-giving water has reached the roots of each individual plant.

Apply Irrigation under Circumstances that Will Make It a Benefit

For every farm which is offered by the government to the homemaker there will be a hundred applicants. There is a tremendous pride of citizenship among those who seek these new lands. To enjoy a privilege which comes by virtue of allegiance to a free government is no small thing. It is merely the opportunity to work, however; hence shiftless people or criminals are not attracted.

The pioneer, seeking a home upon the land, will push on across fields already under private ownership, and which, it may be, are offered to him on the easiest terms. He prefers to deal directly with himself as represented at Washington. There is a strong undercurrent of pioneer sentiment in all this exploitation of new opportunities, and the far-flung outposts of civilization are conceived therein. Were it otherwise, the settlement of the country would proceed upon denser lines and the boundaries between the known and the unknown would be more sharply drawn. As it is, the population shades into the wilderness until it disappears in the sage and grease wood, the mesquite, and the cactus.

The man of arid America is a bold dreamer. As he lays the walls of his house a hundred miles from the nearest settlement, turns the dry furrow, and leads the water to his crop, he is looking far beyond the boundaries of his little oasis. He pictures a land filled with men like himself. He sees cities building all about him. He hears the whistle of a locomotive as it winds its way up the valley within call of his home, and the stern toil of to-day is continually lightened by the bright promise of to-morrow.

In the doorway of the log cabin stands the woman of arid America, shading her eyes from the brilliant sunlight that she, too, may look beyond her narrow home into the great out-of-doors which encompasses it. Her life is hard, as toil goes. Her comforts and conveniences are few. Her part in this homemaking, however, is as great as that of her life partner; and, when civilization shall have come and the earlier days shall be merely stories of the past, those who know will pay her tender and glowing tribute for the part she is playing in the march of the victorious army.

About the door of the cabin play the children, the hope of the future and the strength of a new state. Their books are few, at first, and their playmates are the wild things of the wood, the plain, and the desert. Close to nature they absorb her strength and simplicity. They have early acquaintance with the sterner duties of life; but they meet them cheerfully as a matter of course, and from these children of the arid plains come the tall, hardy, keen-eyed men and women of the great West who make their impress upon the world, bringing to their tasks the vitality drawn from a life close to the earth and in the dryest wind and brightest sunlight which ever streamed out of doors.

With all its earlier terrors gone it is now possible to conceive that the arid region of America was a wise provision in the make-up of a new world power. It has checked the tidal flow of immigration into the West and held back the population to more intense cultivation and development of the humid regions. It has brought the American people to a livelier appreciation of the value of land and the importance of the homebuilder. It has constituted a great reserve upon which, through wise legislation and intelligent administration, the nation can draw at will for new camping grounds for the army of homemakers.

In shaping the events of the age of water which is coming to the arid West the legislative power must play the most important part. An error at this time would be fraught with the direst consequences. No man appreciates this fact in its broad significance better than President Roosevelt, and he voiced the sentiment of those who have pioneered that these things might be, when he said: "Apply irrigation so that it will be of use to the homemaker."

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A Fight for a Franchise

GEORGE BAKER HOYT

"The business of the day was over, and the crowd began to pour out of the gallery"

WILLIS GORDON returned to his old home in the southern city of Palmeston under circumstances which would have discouraged ninety-nine men in a hundred. They did not discourage Gordon in the least. It was the opinion of his friends that he had given up a promising career for purely sentimental reasons. It was Gordon's opinion that he carried his career under his hat.

Even his uncle, Lawyer John Gaines, who was the young man's only surviving relative in Palmeston, believed that Gordon had come home beaten, and that it might take some time for him to get into condition for another fight with the world. On the contrary, Gordon had returned to Palmeston prepared to lead a strenuous life and to make several other people—including Uncle John Gaines,—lead it also. Before disclosing how he accomplished this feat, the incidents leading up to his unhappy home-coming must be briefly stated.

Gordon had been in New York six years. He was an electrical engineer, neither famous nor altogether unknown. His principal study had been directed toward the subject of electric traction, and, at the time when fate laid a plan to get him out of the metropolis and send him back to the quiet little city of Palmeston, he was engaged in carrying out a contract to equip a suburban trolley line, and there was a good chance that he might make some money out of it.

Then came Nellie Ormond, obedient to the summons of destiny. Nellie was from Palmeston, and Gordon remembered her as a schoolgirl whom people stared at because she was so pretty. She came to New York to visit friends, to study music, and to escape the attentions of one of the most obstinate, selfish, and nerve-harrowing suitors that ever a girl was called upon to reject since one-sided love first began to make trouble in the world. The young man in question was named Duncan Carroll. His personal appearance suggested an Indian, and in the matter of ruthless persistency no aborigine ever equaled him.

When Nellie and Gordon met in New York, they promptly fell in love with one another. Probably it was a relief to the girl to find out that a suitor for her hand need not necessarily be an object of terror. Gordon was an exceptionally cheerful young man, and Nellie was in a mood to thoroughly appreciate his disposition. So they became engaged, and the wedding day was set.

They were to be married in New York, and Nellie's aunt, Mrs. Elizabeth Ormond, went to witness the ceremony. In her house in Palmeston the orphaned girl had lived since her youth. Two days before the wedding should have taken place, Nellie fell on a flight of stairs and it crippled her. Nobody ever knew why. No two doctors ever agreed about the case, nor could the injury be precisely defined. Apparently, the only wound was upon the back of the poor girl's head; yet, as a result of it, she could not walk a step, or even stand without assistance.

In spite of Gordon's entreaties, the wedding was postponed. Nellie would not marry him: she would not chain him to a cripple. She remained in New York some months, in the hope of recovery; and then, as her very small income and her aunt's combined were insufficient to meet the expenses of decent living in the big city, they decided to return to Palmeston. When Gordon discovered that this decision was irrevocable, he closed out all his business interests in New York, accepting cruel losses with a smiling countenance, and went home to Palmeston, to be near the woman he loved in the time of her sorrow.

On the day of his return, a telegram addressed to Lawyer John Gaines went astray, and, as a result of this error, Mr. Gaines did not know that his nephew was in the city, until the young man suddenly appeared in the dusty and somber law office about ten o'clock the following forenoon.

"My boy!" exclaimed Gaines, springing to his feet and overturning his chair, "I did n't know——"

"So I inferred," said Gordon. "Otherwise you'd have been at the station to meet me last evening. However, we got along all right, for fortunately we both know the city well. Are you at leisure?"

"Leisure?" echoed Gaines.

"I've got some rather important business to talk about."

"Business, eh?" responded the lawyer; "I understood from your letter that you had made no plans, —"

"I had n't," answered Gordon; "but I made one within ten minutes after my arrival in this city. Uncle, do you want to be counsel to a lively corporation?"

"What's the corporation going to do?" demanded the lawyer.

"Its most important work," said Gordon, with a sudden change of manner, "will be to prove to one dear little girl that she has not wrecked a certain young man's prospects by bringing him back to his home city. That fear lies upon her heart like a mountain of lead. Remove it, and who knows? She may be light enough to walk again, just as she used to do. So, the prime business of the corporation is to succeed; to be worth while; to make life interesting for all of us, and, by jingo," he added, with a laugh, "I think it will do that, if it does n't do anything else."

"What's the scheme?" asked Gaines, "and where did you strike it?"

"Right outside the station," answered Gordon. "We could n't find a carriage, and so we availed ourselves of the good old City Railway. It is the same City Railway, Uncle John; it has the same old bobtailed cars, and the same venerable steeds. They have n't changed a horse or a rail, since I was here six years ago; and, when I carried Nellie in my arms last evening, and put her into that rickety dry-goods box on wheels, I said to myself: 'Is this possible? Is it to be believed that I have struck such luck?'"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean," said Gordon, "that here's a town of fifty thousand people that is twenty years behind the times in the matter of its transit facilities, and here is Willis Gordon, who knew all about it,—or ought to have known,—and yet the angel of his destiny had to pound him, and cuff him, and drag him back by the scruff of his neck, in order that he might give his native place an up-to-date electric road, and reap the reward for that public service."

"But, my dear boy," said Gaines, looking very much disappointed, "there would n't be a dollar in such a venture as that."

"What!" exclaimed Gordon,—"in a town built like this? The banks are over here, and the wholesale district away over there; the best residence section is a mile behind me as I sit in this chair, and the dry-goods stores half a mile in front of me. My dear old uncle, I guess you have n't studied the transit problem."

"Nobody rides on the City Railway," said Gaines.

"Why should anybody ride on it?" retorted Gordon. "An active man can beat its cars, afoot, and a well-dressed woman is afraid to get into one of them. Uncle, it's the road that makes the traffic, not the traffic that makes the road. This proposition here is a mere question of management."

"But, even supposing that the thing would pay," said Gaines, "where are you going to get the capital? Such a road would cost—"

"Three quarters of a million before we start a car."

"You can't raise it here," said the lawyer, shaking his head. "It's been talked of, now and then, but nobody could see anything in it."

"Thank Heaven!"

"Could you command the money in New York?"

"I don't want to command it in New York," answered Gordon. "I want local capital in this thing, and I'll get it. Now let's say a word about the franchise. How's the board of aldermen?"

The lawyer instantly assumed a confident air.

"Now we descend to subjects which I understand," said he. "I may not know much about transit problems, but I will venture to say a few words about Palmeston politics. Our board, as you know, consists of seventeen members. It contains, at present, four absolutely honest, high-minded men,—Atkins, Cartwright, Lawrence, and Wellington,—and four absolutely dishonest, low-minded rascals,—Burns, Hardwick, Norton, and Pratt. The other nine men are about the average,—practical politicians, most of them, and you know what that means."

"Could n't ask for a better board," said Gordon.

The lawyer looked uneasy.

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"You would n't use money, my boy?" he said.

"Certainly not," answered Gordon; "but it will be used against me. As soon as this matter is broached we shall have rivals in the field."

"Then it's all over," said Gaines. "At least ten men of that board can be bought, and in addition you will certainly have the opposition of the four good men whom I named, Atkins, Cartwright, Lawrence, and Wellington. They are ultra-conservative, old-fashioned, slow-going business men, and, if they suspect that your scheme has insufficient backing, that will absolutely settle it with them. However, you can buy up the City Railway for very little money."

"I shall need more than that," responded Gordon. "The board must give me more streets. Palmeston has grown precisely as the projectors of the City Railway thought it would n't. We shall organize a new company, get a new franchise, and absorb the old concern. You are our counsel, Uncle John, and you began to draw a salary half an hour ago. Now let's break off the conference, and go up to see Nellie. As counsel to the new railway company, you will not fail to present its case in a proper light to her."

"There's one point we have n't touched," said the lawyer, rising. "Duncan Carroll controls the policy of the 'Courier,' for he owns a majority of the stock, and the confounded paper is influential here. Heaven only knows why, for it is as corrupt as Satan. When Carroll learns that you are back of this scheme,—"

"Yes," said Gordon, "I expect to have quite a bit of fun with Mr. Carroll."

"Fun?" echoed the lawyer,—"wow!"

In the parlor of her aunt's house sat pretty Nellie Ormond, staring sadly into the fire. Upon the opposite side of the hearth was Aunt Elizabeth, bolt upright in her chair, as always, and busy with some old-fashioned fancy work. From time to time she looked over the top of her glasses at Nellie, with a severe and gloomy pity very distressing to the object of it.

Aunt Elizabeth was a product of both the North and the South, and the New England element of her nature was upon the outside. Her manner of receiving Gaines and Gordon indicated clearly that they were entering the house of affliction, and it was so impressive that even the veteran lawyer's long experience in saying the thing that he did not believe scarcely enabled him to greet Nellie with good cheer. But Gordon's hand pressed his arm and reminded him which side of the case he represented.

"Upon my word," said he, "I am surprised,—surprised and delighted. Our southern air has already made you well."

"That would be a miracle," responded Nellie, "and you are right in suggesting one, for nothing less will serve."

"Miracles are the likeliest things in the world," said Gordon. "Providence dispenses them with both hands. I have just received my own share of this bounty, and I have been showing it to Uncle John."

"Really," said the lawyer, "it does appear that Will's coming to Palmeston just at this time was a most fortunate thing for him."

"Fortunate?" echoed Nellie.

At this, for some inexplicable reason, Aunt Elizabeth began to cry. The spectacle was doubly grievous, for she did not in the slightest degree relax the metallic rigidity of her posture, and her face remained as firm as that of an ancient Roman soldier. Though one had seen Aunt Elizabeth weep five hundred times, the illusion of beholding an iron nature melting at last in the furnace of unendurable affliction was ever the same. Gordon found her handkerchief: it was always lost at such times, and he had learned the likeliest places to look for it. While the young man was extracting it from the bottom of her workbasket, Uncle John Gaines launched out upon a description of the new project.

He was a good special pleader, picturesque and enthusiastic, and his effort upon this occasion amazed even his nephew, who had the advantage of believing what was said. Presently Gaines himself began to believe it; he warmed to his theme; he spoke sincerely and convincingly. Nellie sat up straight in her chair, and took Gordon's hand as he knelt beside her. The girl's eyes brightened and her color rose; she was almost the Nellie of the good days, for the terror of her life was vanishing away, and the vision of herself as the millstone dragging her lover down was being dispelled.

When the two men left the house they walked for some distance in silence. Then Gordon suddenly threw his arm around his uncle's shoulders with a grip that almost crushed him.

"My boy," said Gaines, responding to this expression of gratitude, "I understand now why you're in this fight, and why you've got to win it."

Gordon devoted about a week to a study of the city. He had once known it thoroughly, and it had not greatly changed. At the end of that period he knew what he wanted from the aldermen, and he had found one of them, not quite so conservative as Messrs. Atkins, Cartwright, Lawrence, and Wellington, who was willing to introduce the ordinance.

Meanwhile, Gaines had been negotiating with the fossils who controlled the City Railway, and, for an insignificant cash forfeit, had secured the option that he wanted. Gordon had begun his work with local capitalists, and had encountered the same argument advanced by his Uncle John, —that the business done by the existing line was an index of what the new company might expect.

A complete absurdity, a view wholly wrong and childish, is often the hardest to combat in a business matter. If you can find a man who maintains that two and two make five, you will never be out of a job again, for you may always labor trying to convince him that two and two make four. The men whom Gordon wanted in this enterprise seemed to be possessed by a similar mental perversity.

At the week's end he had not secured the pledge of a dollar, nor so much as a word of encouragement, yet he was not in the smallest degree disquieted.

Thus far he had dealt confidentially in this matter, but, when he went to Gaines to present the *data* for the franchise ordinance which the lawyer was to draw up, he made a suggestion looking toward publicity.

"Uncle John," said he, "I want you to see that a quiet tip gets into the 'Courier' office right away."

Gaines shook his head doubtfully, but Gordon was firm. He said that he wanted to draw the enemy's fire. Having learned to respect his nephew's judgment, Gaines executed his commission very neatly, but nothing happened. The "Courier" failed to print a line about the matter.

Gordon was somewhat perplexed, but he remembered that Duncan Carroll looked like an Indian. When the noble red men, in the old days, yelled and danced in the edge of the woods, our forefathers were not alarmed, but silence always meant mischief. Gordon made inquiries, and learned that Carroll had departed for New York. Then he knew that a real fight was on. His anticipations were accurate, for Carroll presently returned, accompanied by a very quiet gentleman whom Gordon well knew to be a representative of great street railway interests.

The two arrived at ten o'clock on a Thursday morning, and the board of aldermen met at two o'clock in the afternoon, yet it appeared that all the members were already well posted in regard to the situation. In fact, though little had been printed about the project, it had been completely discussed in political circles, and to some extent by the public at large.

Gordon's ordinance was introduced by Alderman Lenhart, a fairly good man, representing the ward which would probably be most benefited by the new line. He asked that it be referred to a special committee, and Alderman Atkins opposed the motion. A discussion ensued, which made it clear that the board was divided into three parties, as follows:—

1.—The "four respectables," (as they had once been called,) whose spokesman was Atkins. These men seemed to distrust the financial responsibility of Gordon's company, and were plainly opposed to the franchise.

2.—Five or six aldermen who favored the scheme because it would be popular with their constituents.

5.—The "strikers," who were out for the money of the northern syndicate, and therefore were anxious to keep Gordon's scheme alive, in order to increase the value of their votes. Upon this basis they favored reference to a special committee, and this view prevailed. The committee appointed was thought to be very favorable to Gordon, yet the ultimate result could not be in doubt. The conservatives would vote against Gordon, and enough of the "strikers" would be bought to make his defeat certain, unless he could find some means to meet this exigency. But to prevent the purchase of five men in a board where ten were for sale was a labor for Hercules.

"'It has the same old bobtailed cars and the same venerable steeds'"

The next day the "Courier" shot off its blast. The article was evidently written by Carroll himself, and he could wield a sharp pen. Moreover, he was extremely well informed in the matter. He seemed to know exactly how Gordon was situated, and he stated positively (and truthfully,) that certain local capitalists, whose names had been mentioned, were not behind the enterprise for the amount of one lonesome picayune. Carroll asserted that Gordon's whole scheme was a "strike;" that he had known that competent people were to offer proper street railway facilities to Palmeston, and that he had hatched his little plot in order to be bought out.

Of the two other papers of consequence, one was neutral, and the second outspoken for Gordon for motives which are sometimes called patriotic. "A Palmeston boy," said this paper, "will give us a road in which Palmeston's citizens will have a real and vital interest."

It was a gloomy outlook, taking it all together; yet Gordon was happy, Gaines was cheerful, and Nellie Ormond had taken a new hold upon life.

The special committee was exceedingly prompt. It reported favorably, after only a week's consideration. Then a public hearing was ordered, and it was well packed by Carroll, who had labored day and night in stirring up protests. Yet he had committed the common error of going too far, and had made a martyr of Gordon. The detestable motive of revenge underlying the attack had become known, despite Gordon's efforts to keep it out of the fight, and Carroll's conduct was roundly denounced. A vote of the whole city would have passed the franchise, but at the public hearing there were ten of its opponents to one of its advocates.

At the aldermen's next meeting, Mr. Atkins, as

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the mouthpiece of the four respectabilities, offered certain amendments, in the form of concessions to the city from the company, by way of payment for the franchise. They were understood to represent the demand which these four aldermen would subsequently make upon the New York capitalists; that is, they would not vote for Gordon's bill under any circumstances, because they distrusted the financial soundness of his company, but they would eventually grant a franchise to the New York capitalists on the conditions indicated by these amendments. Naturally, Gordon's friends voted against them, and so did the men who had been fought by the opposition, for, though the terms would have been accepted by the northern syndicate rather than lose the franchise, it was unwise to concede such a point at the beginning of the game. The amendments were therefore lost, and the whole matter went over for a week.

This voting revealed pretty clearly the strength of the parties. Gordon had only five friends, exclusive of the presiding officer, and of these at least two could have been bought by the syndicate, if their votes had been required. The newspaper that favored Gordon said, the next morning:—

"The final ballot will stand eleven to five unless the corrupt ring can be broken."

Meanwhile, the persistent talk of sums paid for votes—sums which seemed enormous in that small and inexperienced city,—began to exert a powerful influence. The value of any article rises when it becomes evident that there are men who will pay a great price for it. Men of means who could see nothing in the scheme when Gordon had first broached it to them began to take a different view. He received several substantial pledges, and, during that final week, he found himself in a position which, through his experience and knowledge of similar enterprises, he knew to be equivalent to success,—if he could get the franchise.

But Duncan Carroll was as sure that Gordon would not get that franchise as he was of his own individual existence, for, in a safe hiding place, he had the written pledges of seven purchased aldermen. It was he that had handled the corruption fund, and he had done it with great skill.

Yet it was not the defeat of Gordon's commercial ambition that Carroll really desired. Jealousy was at the root of it all; he would rather have seen Gordon own the city of Palmeston—yes, and the whole state,—than see him the husband of Nellie Ormond. He heard whispers that Nellie was recovering; that the wedding day had been set; and these matters burned his brain, which was good fuel, for in those days he kept it constantly supplied with alcohol. The jealousy and the alcohol combined led him to do a very reckless thing.

On the forenoon of the day when the aldermen were to meet, Nellie was sitting alone in the parlor of her aunt's house. Suddenly the door opened, and Duncan Carroll appeared. He had taken a view of the room through a window, and, finding all things suitable to his purpose, had entered, without the formality of ringing the door bell.

The manner of his coming was sufficiently startling, and his naturally wild and formidable appearance was accentuated by the strain of excitement. Nellie was frightened to her very soul, so frightened that she forgot her infirmity, and sprang to her feet. Then, in the midst of her alarm, a great wave of ecstasy swept over her. From head to heel she felt the rush of a new strength. It passed instantly, and yet there she stood, as she had not been able to stand before since the day of her injury.

Carroll was wholly unaware that this rejuvenation had been sudden. He merely believed the girl to be just as she used to be, pulsating with vigor and radiant with beauty, and his heart blazed.

"This is a business interview," said he, with an attempt at a smile; "somewhat abrupt, perhaps; but don't be alarmed. Not to waste words about it, I have Willis Gordon at a disadvantage. What shall I do with him?"

"You can't do anything," said Nellie.

"He has staked all he has, and probably more, on this franchise," rejoined Carroll, trying to speak smoothly, "and he will not get it. You must know that."

"I know nothing of the kind," said Nellie, looking him straight in the eyes.

Carroll was amazed. Being thoroughly convinced of his own power, and sure that it must be understood by his adversary, he had counted upon Nellie's complete comprehension of the situation. He believed that Gordon had given up the franchise as lost, and that his only hope was the vain one of successfully opposing the northern syndicate's application, and thus making something out of a compromise. Apparently he had not dared to tell Nellie, and it flashed through Carroll's mind that this fact made his own position stronger.

"Do you know who are for him and who are against him in the board?" he demanded.

"Much better than you do," answered Nellie. Her calmness maddened him.

"I can bring you proofs," he began.

"Bring them," she cried. "I wonder that you didn't do it. You came to extort a promise from me. You want me to give my word that I will not marry Willis Gordon. Well, I won't give it. There's no reason—"

"If I can prove to you—" he broke in, half crazed with excitement.

"Then you shall have the promise," said she, "but—"

"Wait! Wait here!" he cried, and ran out of the room.

Dazed with the utter insanity of this interview, Nellie stood there trying to remember what she had said, and, as the words came back to her, she was amazed and terrified. She called her aunt's name, and then the servant's, but no one heard. It was necessary to rely upon her own newly-recovered power, and she began slowly to walk toward the door. She was weak, but her limbs obeyed the command of her will; she walked with labor, almost as if it was a new labor, but the joy of it was unspeakable.

Half an hour later the door of John Gaines's office opened, and Nellie tottered into the room and sank into a chair.

"I've seen Duncan Carroll," she gasped, "and I'm afraid—oh, why did you let me know anything about it?"

Overwhelmed by many kinds of wonder the lawyer could scarcely find a voice, but at length he managed to ask her what had happened, and she repeated the words that had passed between her and Carroll as nearly as she could.

"I don't believe he understood," said Gaines, when she had finished, "but we must take no chances. He's gone to get proofs, pledges, evidence. The fellow is out of his head. I'll meet him at your house. You mustn't go there. Wait here."

Nellie waited,—interminable minutes making up an immeasurable hour. Then Aunt Elizabeth appeared, and she wept over Nellie, over the story that she had to tell her, and over the lunch that she had brought her,—a quite unnecessary provision, as the girl was far too excited to eat.

"Duncan Carroll came to the house," said Aunt Elizabeth, "and Mr. Gaines was there with an officer. They tried to arrest Carroll in our front yard, but he got away. They're hunting for him, and they think he's left town; and Willis says he's glad of it, and hopes he'll have such a good time that he'll never want to come back. I don't understand much about it, except that Mr. Gaines and Willis have decided not to arrest anybody else, and to let everything go on just as it would have gone if this hadn't happened."

Another hour dragged itself away, and neither Gaines nor Gordon appeared. The aldermen must be in session this time, and it was sheer misery not to know what was happening.

"We must go to the City Hall," said Nellie, at length; "I positively can't stand this any longer."

Aunt Elizabeth protested that Nellie could never get to the City Hall; that she had undoubtedly exhausted herself in her previous efforts that day, and would pay a heavy price. Nevertheless Nellie did get to the City Hall with the aid of an express wagon, which was the first conveyance they found upon the street, and with her aunt's assistance she successfully climbed the long flights of stairs leading to the public gallery. It was crowded, and they could see nothing, but they found a place where they could hear.

"The clerk will call the roll," said a voice. There was a pause; then a different voice said:—

"Mr. Atkins."

"Yea!"

The single word was pronounced in a tone of great dignity, and there was a sensation in the gallery. The leader of the honest opposition to the franchise had voted in its favor.

"Mr. Burns."

"Nay!"

Hisses came from the gallery. The leader of the dishonest opposition had put himself on record.

"Mr. Cartwright."

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"Yea!" said Mr. Cartwright, firmly.

It was now plain to all that the four respectabilities of the board had changed their position and that the ordinance would pass. The vote was nine to seven in its favor, and, as there was a perfect certainty that the mayor would sign it, the fight was won.

"But I thought those men were against Willis!" exclaimed Aunt Elizabeth, when the truth had penetrated her mind. "Mr. Atkins, Mr. Cartwright, Mr. ——"

"They've been with him for a long time," replied Nellie. "The first thing he did was to lay his plans fully before those men, and to win their support. They were never in favor of the northern syndicate. It was only necessary to make them believe in Willis, and he accomplished it. But, if they had openly favored him, the syndicate would merely have bought nine men instead of seven, though the last two would have 'come high,' as Willis told me. It was necessary to make them think that Mr. Atkins and his friends were against us, and the secret has been kept. I was afraid I had betrayed it this morning,—why, what's the matter, aunty?"

Mrs. Ormond was hunting for her handkerchief. Failing to find it, she convulsively covered her eyes with her hands.

"I should have thought you might have trusted *me!*" she sobbed.

The interesting business of the day was over, and the crowd began to pour out of the gallery. Nellie and her aunt were swept with it, but in the large hall they found space and two chairs. There Gordon discovered them, and Nellie sprang up to greet him. His eyes filled with tears as he looked at her.

"Nellie, dear," he said, taking both her hands, "this day's work is worth half a million dollars to me, and the sight of you like this is worth a million millions!"

"'I know nothing of the kind,' said Nellie, looking him straight in the eyes"

The Value of Patience : : William Mathews

It is said that one of the most striking qualities of the great Duke of Marlborough, who won every important battle he fought, was his inexhaustible patience. Burton, in his excellent "History of the Reign of Queen Anne," observes that, unlike most men of great self-reliance, the duke, instead of shunning counsel and discussion, courted them, and conducted them with absolute calmness and courtesy. They never changed his views, but they won him supporters. Combining with caution an unmatched promptitude of vision, he never did a rash act, or missed an opportunity for striking an effective blow. His fertility in resources was so great that, if one way was closed, there was always another opening, and therefore he was less amenable to disappointment when his favorite scheme was thwarted than men of smaller resources, who, if their one pet project is forbidden, are helpless.

Of all the lessons which the young man who would succeed in life has to learn, one of the hardest and most indispensable is that which the hero of Blenheim, Ramillies, and Malplaquet so thoroughly learned,—the lesson of patience. "To know how to wait," says De Maistre, "is the secret of success." "He that can have patience," says Franklin, "can have what he will." In business, at the bar, in medical practice, in the ministry, and in every other calling, the secret of success is not in brilliancy of talents, in promptness of action, or even in energy, needful as that is, but in ability to bide one's time. Time is an important element in all solid achievement. The fruits that are best worth plucking ripen slowly, therefore the man who would win a great and lasting success must learn both "to labor and *to wait*." He must put his faith, not in brilliant genius, in tricks and devices, in occasional splendid spurts and dashes, but in regular, measured, persistent effort,—effort unvarying and never-failing,—not necessarily slow, but never made at a faster rate than can be maintained to the end, "reminding you of the steady, never-accelerated movement of a great engine's eccentric-beam."

Partial successes and temporary triumphs, instead of tempting one to relax his struggles in the race of life, should only stimulate him to redouble his efforts. The shouts of the spectators, as he passes one milestone after another, instead of deluding him with the opinion that he is sure of the prize, should have no other effect than to urge him on with ceaseless, unhurrying, unintermitting effort, over the road that lies between him and the goal. The reason why great successes in life are so rare is that men are tempted to relax their efforts when the imperative demands of life have been satisfied. There would hardly be any limit to attainment if the same pains which they were compelled to take to gain their resting-place were afterwards employed in rising to fresh heights.

It is the brilliant, quick, keen-witted man who is most likely to lack patience; therefore Frenchmen have less of it than Englishmen, and Germans and Americans less than either of the others. Want of patience is sometimes confounded with want of industry, when, in fact, the most industrious of men are frequently found to be the most impetuous. Impatient, ceaseless industry is one of the most dangerous qualities a man can have. His impatience leads him to work when he should be resting and recruiting his energies, and it drives him to scamp his work, or to do it in such a way that he has to unravel as much as he weaves, to pull down with one hand as much as he piles up with the other. An impatient man is almost sure to be slovenly, and, the more restless his activity, the more unmitigated will his slovenliness be.

"There is no road too long," says that keen observer of men, La Bruyère, "for the man who advances deliberately and without undue haste; there are no honors too distant to the man who prepares for them with patience." The enormous patience which men and women often manifest in the acquisition of comparatively low and trivial accomplishments should shame the restlessness and impatience of persons who are engaged in noble and useful pursuits. With what ceaseless, monotonous repetition, and after how many humiliating failures, do the violinist who plays a sonata and the *danseuse* who turns a pirouette acquire their dexterity! Through how many long, weary years has Paderewski sat on the piano stool from morning till night, practicing almost incessantly, except for meals and elementary instruction, before his touch of the keys seems miraculous, and his fingers, as they fly swiftly to and fro, seem almost to be instinct with thought and feeling oozing from their tips, as if his soul had descended into his hands! Young men are too apt, in this fiery and impatient age—when, as Longfellow says, we seem to live in the midst of a battle, there is such a din, such a hurrying to and fro,—to regard the virtue we have commended as "slow;" yet Count Buffon, one of the greatest writers of France, defined genius as patience; and Newton, who intellectually overtopped, perhaps, all other men, ancient or modern, attributed his sublime discoveries to "patient thought." Many of the greatest military leaders, from Hannibal and Cæsar to Washington, Wellington, and Grant, have combined colossal patience with extraordinary readiness, vigor, and quickness of thought and action; and a friend of Frederick William, emperor of Germany, who was rapid enough in the council and on the battlefield, said: "The great point I have always admired in him is his power to wait patiently."

Where He Crossed the Equator

As one of the very few occasions when the wit of Rufus Choate was foiled, an incident is recalled when that brilliant lawyer was examining one Dick Barton, chief mate of the ship "Challenge." Choate had cross-examined him for over an hour, hurling questions with the speed of a rapid-fire gun.

"Was there a moon that night?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you see it?"

"No, sir."

"Then how did you know there was a moon?"

"The 'Nautical Almanac' said so, and I'll believe that sooner than any lawyer in the world."

"Be civil, sir. And now tell me in what latitude and longitude you crossed the equator?"

"Ah, you are joking."

"No, sir, I'm in earnest and I desire an answer."

"That's more than I can give."

"Indeed. You a chief mate and unable to answer so simple a question!"

"Yes, the simplest question I ever was asked. I thought even a fool of a lawyer knew there's no latitude at the equator."

IT NEVER ROSE ABOVE ONE STORY

Chief Justice Story attended a public dinner in Boston at which Edward Everett was present. Desiring to pay a delicate compliment to the latter, the learned judge proposed as a volunteer toast:—

"Fame follows merit where Everett goes."

The brilliant scholar arose and responded:—

"To whatever heights judicial learning may attain in this country, it will never get above one Story."

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If You Can't Go to College

IV.—HISTORY

Albert Bushnell Hart
[Professor of History, Harvard University]

FEW subjects lend themselves so readily as history to the needs of a man or a woman who has the spirit of a student without the opportunities of college or professional study. It requires no expensive laboratory, no outfit of instruments, no fee for experts. For a few dollars one may tap the ripest wisdom of Gibbon, Gardiner, or Parkman, provided he is willing to add his own time and will apply himself systematically. A solid hour of thoughtful and well-directed historical reading every day for a year will give a working acquaintance with the essential details of the world's development. Another year of the same kind will give a good grasp on two of the four fields of history described further on. As for materials, three sorts of books are requisite: literary helps, brief basal books, and secondary narrative sources.

These Books Will materially Help a Student

First of all, a student needs to have at his hand two or three books of reference, among them Ploetz's "Epitome of Ancient, Mediæval, and Modern History," a sort of chronological summary, with exact dates and the most important events indicated by special type. Every student of history ought to have continually at hand a historical atlas; a small and tolerably accurate one is Townsend MacCoun's "Historical Geography of the United States." For a general atlas of modern history, a good school geography is often very helpful; the most convenient large work is the "Century Atlas." No good select bibliography of history in general can be suggested, though on several fields or countries there are special works. The reader may conveniently find good books through the special and chapter bibliographies in the best text-books.

The second necessity is for a few brief books as a backbone. When beginning a field of history, the best way is to take up one of the recent advanced high school text-books and to read it carefully so as to see how things fit together. In 1898 a committee of the American Historical Association published a "Report on the Teaching of History" in which it was suggested that the schools give four different courses: (1) ancient history from the earliest records of mankind to the year 800 A.D.; (2) mediæval and modern history from 800 to the present time; (3) English history; (4) history of the United States, colonial and federal. Since several publishers have announced series of four volumes, based on this division, the reader of history will find several suitable introductory books, likely to be interesting, prepared by trained scholars, illustrated with significant pictures and good maps, and fitting together in sets.

Any one who is really interested in history will find some favorite period, epoch, or country, in which he may study in some detail. The world is a large place, and so many things have happened since its creation that nothing is more forbidding than a universal history, whether in one or twenty-five volumes. The writer once read, studied, and absorbed that compound of sawdust and treacle, Freeman's "Outlines;" and the only two things which remain from all that study are the facts that, on a single page of Freeman, the word "time" occurs twelve times, and that reference is made to the distinction between orthodox and Arian Christianity, though just what this distinction is is somehow no longer clear. The only way to understand anything about history is to begin with regular reading, covering in a few volumes the general ground, and then to take up some field small enough so that one may get acquainted with the men and the times.

The History of America Is a Fascinating Subject

American history, properly presented, is one of the most absorbing of all studies. Historical works are divided into two schools, the narrative and the philosophical; and among the earliest histories that were ever written is a masterpiece in each of these kinds. Herodotus is one of the best story-tellers that ever lived, and most of his stories are both true and to the point. Thucydides, who wrote about four hundred years before Christ, is one of the clearest of all writers on the causes and motives of history. Then for many centuries most of the so-called historians were potterers, each repeating the things that his predecessors had stated wrong. The modern science of historical writing really began about a century and a half ago, with Edward Gibbon, whose "History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" shows how ancientry gave place to the modern world. Gibbon's style is like the march of an army, with horsemen prancing, foot-soldiers stepping as with a single foot, regiment after regiment, corps after corps,—banners flying, drums beating, and trumpets sounding, in a gorgeous procession. "Gibbon" is still one of the best books to read, full of people, full of stirring events, the real life of a stirring time.

In mediæval and modern history there is no such famous writer in English on a great scale, but several excellent text-books give an interesting picture of the real forces of the times. Both brief and authentic are Ephraim Emerton's "Introduction to the Study of the Middle Ages," his "Renaissance," and George Burton Adams's "Civilization During the Middle Ages." The study of such books is especially desirable for modern Americans, because the mediæval folks were so different in their ways of thinking, yet so human, and because in the mediæval Christian church were developed our own religious ideas. An emperor like Frederick the Second, or a pope like Hildebrand was not only trying to make the world better, but also trying to make it for us. We do not realize that for Protestants as much as for Roman Catholics the mediæval church is our church; the Reformation could not cut England off from the tradition of all the Christian centuries from the birth of the Babe of Bethlehem down to our day.

On English history there is a rich literature of secondary authorities of which the best-known, and in many ways the most serviceable, is Macaulay's "England." It is not an accident that Macaulay was and is read all over the English-speaking world, for he is readable. It is the fashion nowadays to decry Macaulay as a one-sided and passionate writer who expanded the history of a dozen years into eight volumes. He writes of the English revolution as a grandson of Abraham Lincoln might be expected to write about the Civil War; he had a prodigious memory, especially for things that told against people he did not like; and, though you only get one side of English history when you read him, the story goes straight ahead; he tells the tale. You imbibe a good wholesome contempt for James, and an undue admiration for the cold and unlovable William. Whether Macaulay has used the right tints or not, he paints flesh-and-blood figures.

The general work on English history most read at present is J. R. Green's "History of the English People," which was written to be read, and, in four good-sized volumes, you have an account of the rise and growth of England, from the beginning well down toward our own time. Green's history is pleasant reading, but the book is not adhesive; after all, one carries away less than he thinks. A better book for a long view of English history is Gardiner's "English History for Students," a single volume of moderate size, by a great scholar who knows exactly what he is writing about.

A Two-Volume History of Our Country Is Needed

On our own country there is a library of secondary histories of every kind, from "How Our Land Grew,—in Words of One Syllable," to the twelve volumes of George Bancroft's "History of the United States," which covers only about half the field. What shall a student select on American history? No writer of large reputation among historical scholars has, so far, produced that careful, well distributed, and entertaining history of the United States in two moderate-sized volumes which is so much needed nowadays, while half a dozen writers have produced strong histories on certain fields of their country's experience. Allowing that a student has thoroughly read his one-volume backbone history, the best thing for him to do next is, perhaps, to read certain representative volumes from the great American historians. He should begin with Parkman; perhaps the "Pioneers of France in the New World" is the most characteristic account of that story of the woods which Parkman so much loved. For a knowledge of the frontier and frontiersmen, and especially for Indian character, Parkman is as fascinating as Cooper, and much nearer the truth. As a story of wars and men, of dangers and heroes, of sea fights and land fights, Parkman's "Montcalm and Wolfe," in two volumes, is as lively and absorbing as one of Stevenson's tales. George Bancroft is not a good writer for a self-teaching student. He tells a long story, but is all the time trying not so much to find truth as to prove his case. On the Revolution, by far the most interesting book that has been written is Trevelyan's "American Revolution." Though an Englishman, its author justifies the Revolution, and shows how stupidity and neglect alienated the good will of the colonists. A little further along comes Henry Adams's "History of the United States during the Administrations of Jefferson and Madison," by a grandson of President John Quincy Adams. He comes next to Parkman among Americans in the power to write a graphic and at the same time truthful history. His nine volumes are too detailed for the ordinary reader, but his first volume has the liveliest and best account of America and Americans a century ago that has ever been written. On a later epoch, the first volume of James Ford Rhodes's "History of the United States since the Compromise of 1850" contains a similar account of the United States just before the Civil War, and his third volume is the best extant account of the breaking out of the Civil War, and of the relations of Lincoln to that great crisis.

Good Biography Will often Illuminate History

A different sort of secondary book is biography, and many fields of history can be better understood when events are grouped about the life of an individual. For instance, Benjamin I. Wheeler's "Alexander the Great" gives a better picture of Greek warfare and Greek civilization and the Greek world than almost any formal history. Besides the long and formal groups, sometimes in many volumes, there are now many series of biographies,—"Great Commanders," "Makers of England," "Heroes of the Revolution," "American Men of Literature," "American Statesmen," "Makers of America," and the like,—which, in short, are readable and usually well-studied volumes, and give us a succession of pictures of men and their times. One of the most notable of such books is "Plutarch's Lives," which abounds in anecdotes and characterizations of the great men of antiquity: though written several centuries after most of the events which it describes, the book has remained classic, and it furnished Shakespeare with some of his plots. The reader who has not time for the more stately histories may well make choice out of the biographies. The persons who have contributed most to the history of the world are, perhaps, Pericles, Alexander, St. Paul, Julius Cæsar, Charlemagne, Hildebrand, Pope Gregory, Petrarch, Luther, Queen Elizabeth, Louis XIV., Cromwell, William Pitt the elder, Benjamin Franklin, George Washington, Napoleon, Bismarck, Cavour, and Abraham Lincoln, and, for the briefest course of reading, after the backbone books, one might take the brief lives of Alexander, Julius Cæsar, Charlemagne, Queen Elizabeth,

Be Successful! Study Advertising!

Why can't YOU do as well as Mr. Barker?

MR. FRANK P. BARKER

On February 17, 1902, Mr. Frank P. Barker wrote Mr. John Lee Mahin, President of the Mahin Advertising Company, Chicago, as follows:

Chicago, Ill., February 17, 1902.

MR. JOHN LEE MAHIN,
Chicago, Ill.

DEAR SIR: May I take the liberty of asking you to recommend to me the school which, in your opinion, offers the most thorough and practical courses in advertising.

I was greatly interested in your recent lecture at the University and it was this which prompted me to address you.

Thanking you in advance, I am,

Yours very respectfully,
FRANK P. BARKER, 5731 Monroe Avenue.

On February 18, 1902, Mr. John Lee Mahin wrote Mr. Frank P. Barker, recommending the Chicago College of Advertising.

On June 12th, five months later, Mr. Frank P. Barker wrote to the Chicago College of Advertising the following letter:

Chicago, June 12, 1902.

CHICAGO COLLEGE OF ADVERTISING,
Chicago, Ill.

GENTLEMEN: In view of the immense service which your course in advertising has been to me, I wish to take the liberty of expressing to you my sincere thanks and appreciation. Since beginning my work as advertising manager for Cahn, Wampold & Co., I have had an opportunity to fully test the value of the instruction received from you and I am confident that **no other school or institution** exists which **offers a young man such advantages** as yours.

It is a marvel to me that in three months time you can teach a man, ignorant of the first principles of advertising, such a mass of vital information.

The entire secret of the peculiar strength and efficiency of your course in advertising is to be found, I believe, in your system and methods, which seem to me most inclusive. In every department of my work, I experience the benefits of the course taken with you and **there is hardly a problem which arises that the instruction received from you fails to throw light upon.**

I am confident that for young men seeking work in one of the most fascinating and most remunerative fields of activity now to be found, **there is but one school in which to seek instruction and that one is the Chicago College of Advertising** Thanking you again for your aid and assistance, I am

Yours very sincerely,
FRANK P. BARKER, Adv. Mgr. for Cahn, Wampold & Co.

On June 12th, same date as above letter, Cahn, Wampold & Company wrote the Chicago College of Advertising the following letter:

Chicago, June 12, 1902.

CHICAGO COLLEGE OF ADVERTISING,
Chicago, Ill.

GENTLEMEN: Mr. F. P. Barker, whom you sent us some time ago to take charge of our Advertising Department, is doing remarkably well, and we are greatly pleased with him in every way, shape and manner.

Very truly yours
F. C. CAHN.

In the fall of the next year The Chicago Tribune published the portrait upon the occasion of his marriage, of a rising young advertising man, and his name was Frank P. Barker. Is there any other profession that can offer such an opportunity for rapid advancement as the above statements illustrate? Any intelligent man or woman, this side of senility, can at a moderate expenditure of time and money, acquire the knowledged crystalized from the experience of Chicago's leading advertising men, and be helped to put it into a practical money earning occupation.

"The Mahin Method"

Always "New Worlds to Conquer."

Write for Free Test Blank, full information, and do it **NOW**

CHICAGO COLLEGE OF ADVERTISING
969 Williams Bldg., Fifth Ave. and Monroe St.,
CHICAGO

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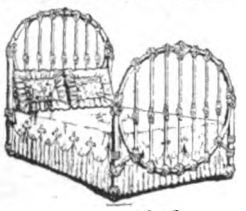
Bishop Furniture Co.

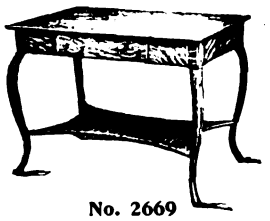
Ship anywhere "On Approval," allowing furniture in your home five days, to be returned at our expense and money refunded if not perfectly satisfactory.

We prepay freight to all points east of the Mississippi river and north of Tennessee line, allowing freight that far toward points beyond.

No. 2148
Colonial Metal Bed

Finished White, Cream, Pink, Black, Green or Blue, all Gold trimmed, any width, quite massive but very artistic. Our price direct on approval, only . . . **$8.50**
Retails for $12.00
60 other styles of Metal, Wood, Davenport and Folding Beds shown in our FREE Catalogue.





No. 2247
Library Table

Quartered Oak, any finish. Strong, graceful French legs and spacious drawer. Top 27 x 42 inches. Price direct on approval, only . . . **$8.25**
Retails for $14.00
50 other tables priced one-third less than retail described in our FREE Catalogue.

No. 2669
Combination Bookcase and Writing Desk

is made of Quartered Oak, 71 inches high, and 38 inches wide, with large oval Mirror and neatly carved top. The bookcase has an oval glass door and adjustable Shelves, will hold 60 volumes. The lid of Writing Desk is prettily carved and the interior is conveniently arranged with pigeon holes, book stalls, private drawers, pen racks, etc. This handsome Case
Retails at $22.00
Our price direct on approval, only **14.75**
Freight prepaid as stated. 60 other Cases and Desks in our FREE Catalogue showing 1,200 pieces of high-grade fashionable Furniture. Write for it to-day.

Bishop Furniture Co.
40-52 IONIA ST., Grand Rapids, Mich.

"GUNN" DESKS

EVERYTHING FOR THE OFFICE MADE IN ALL THE WOODS AND FINISHES.

MANY EXCLUSIVE PATENTED FEATURES, ONE OF THEM OUR DROP-FRONT PIGEON-HOLE BOX, IS UNEQUALED AS A TIME-SAVING DEVICE.

If you desire an up-to-date office desk of any description and best possible value for your money, get a "GUNN."

To distinguish it from other makes, see that it has the **Grand Rapids Trade Mark**, as we are the **only manufacturers entitled to use it.** We have branches in all leading towns, where samples can be inspected.

LOOK FOR THE TRADE MARK — GR M — ALWAYS IN RED.

Catalogues and list of branches on application.

THE GUNN FURNITURE CO.,
Dept. M. Grand Rapids, Mich., U. S. A.

STAFFORD'S $21.00 DESK

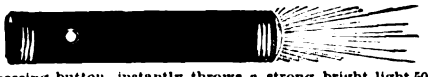
Finished golden polished, fine quartered oak writing bed, built-up panels, double-deck top, moulded stiles, automatic locks, 2 legal blank drawers, letter file; 6 all-wood file boxes, supply drawer, hang-over front, center drawer, document file, card index drawer, back paneled and polished. Sent to any responsible person on approval.

No. 20

E. H. STAFFORD & BROS., 262-264 Wabash Avenue, Chicago.

Ask for Catalogs { Office Furniture No. 99 / House Furniture No. 100 / Typewriters C.

NEW STANDARD SEARCHLIGHT



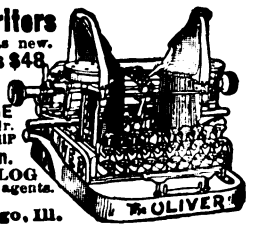
By pressing button, instantly throws a strong bright light 50 to 75 feet. Indispensable in the home or on the farm, especially in the sick room and in cases of emergency. Far superior to lanterns, candles or matches. **Absolutely safe and no risk of fire.** Will last a lifetime. Fitted with "NEW STANDARD DRY BATTERY" (acknowledged best in the world). An appropriate and USEFUL HOLIDAY GIFT. Price prepaid until January 1st, $1.50.

Write for Book No. 5.

WM. ROCHE, Inventor & Mfr., 42 Vesey St., New York

400 2nd-Hand Typewriters

less than half price. All good as new.
No 2 Smiths No 6 Remingtons $48
All makes from $10 up to $60.
Big factory clearing sale. We BUY, SELL, RENT and EXCHANGE
Old typewriters put in good repair.
BIG DISCOUNTS ON SUPPLIES. WE SHIP
on approval, free examination.
Send at once for FREE CATALOG and big bargain list. Special offer to agents.
C. E. CARPENTER
101 Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Ill.



George Washington, Napoleon, and Abraham Lincoln.

The fourth kind of historical book is the source. Everybody understands that our knowledge of what took place in the past comes either from the remembrance of men who saw things happen, or from records made at or near the time of the happening. How do we know there was a battle at Gettysburg? Because thousands of men who were there are still alive and willing to talk about it. How do we know there was a battle of Bunker Hill? Because people who were there wrote accounts of it, which are still in existence. Such sources are of every kind: official material, such as records of states, counties, towns, cities, and of the nation; laws, legislative reports, accounts of debates, correspondence on official business, and a mass of sources by private hands, such as memoranda, diaries, elaborate journals and autobiographies of men engaged in public affairs, newspapers and periodicals, poems, satires, and arguments. Until a few years ago such material was little used by those who were not professional investigators of history, but of late they have been made available for many epochs, through reprints of rare sources. In 1902 a committee of the New England History Teachers' Association published a "Report on the Use of Sources in Schools," which is convenient for anybody who wishes to read history intelligently, because it contains a list of sources originally printed in English, or translated into English, for each of the four periods already mentioned, —ancient, mediæval, and modern English, and American. If you are interested in any field of history, you may learn in a minute from this report what sources on that period are available in moderate-priced editions.

Correct Sources Are History's Foundation Stones

For the historian, sources are his foundation, his material, the chemicals for his laboratory; for the reader, they are illustrations, bringing out more clearly the real life and movement of history. For example, while reading in your Greek history an account of the Peloponnesian War, you ought to read the speech which Thucydides puts into the mouth of Pericles as a funeral oration over the dead Athenians. If you want to know how Rome was governed, read a letter of Cicero. On Charlemagne, read part of Eginhard's life of the great emperor, written by a personal friend. You understand the misery of the Thirty Years' War when you read how a poor country pastor got to such a pass of misery that he felt sure that some rich man in his parish would die, so that he might conduct the funeral, and get a rix-dollar for it, and so it came to pass. On English history, it gives a lively flavor of reality to read how, when Drake returned from the Spanish coast of the Pacific Ocean, with a million and a half of plunderings, Queen Elizabeth came down to the coast to "punish" him, took a sword for the execution, tapped him with it, and bade him rise as "Sir Francis Drake." In our own history, colonization first begins to seem real when we read the homely, plaintive tale of the first Thanksgiving of the Pilgrims at Plymouth, or John Smith's marvelous adventures among the Virginia Indians.

In addition to many reprints of rare narratives, diaries and like papers, there are now half a dozen collections of extracts long enough to give some idea of the writer's point of view. All these are enumerated in the "Report on Sources" mentioned above. The four works out of which one gets most understanding of his country's history are, perhaps, William Bradford's "History of Plymouth Colony," Benjamin Franklin's "Autobiography," "Selections from Washington's Letters," and "Lincoln's Works." The last is the best of all, for the man was the greatest of all. A historical reader will lose half the pleasure and the profit of history if he neglects the light thrown upon the history by at least a few of these real things, the sources.

Look for the Typical Lives of People in Books

To sum up, a reader of history must be ready to give the necessary time and attention, he must have at hand a few works of reference, he must begin by reading a brief account of the field which he selects, he must follow it up by judicious selection of volumes from the secondary literature, and he must illustrate it and vitalize it from the sources.

How shall the study of history be carried on to the best advantage? So far as you can, own your own books, so as to put your own analysis and headings in the margins; or have a notebook at hand in which to make brief skeleton abstracts of what you need, in order to fix it in your mind. Avoid or skip over mere military or dogmatic or political history,—look for the real life of the people, their government, their political aims and purposes, their social standards and economic methods, their art and literature, —in a word, their ideals. Events are to be learned because they set forth the character of a people. In studying nations, as in studying persons, look for what makes them individual, living, and different from others. With your few books of reference at your side, read, first, brief compact accounts; then judiciously select from the secondary authorities; as you go on, illustrate from the vitalizing sources.

[This is the fourth of the SUCCESS series for those who cannot go to college. It is intended to give an independent student a carefully planned programme of college studies. This unique and important series has been secured from eminent educators, representing the highest thought of the greatest American institutions. It is not a college course at home, but a home course that gives as nearly as possible an equivalent in discipline of what a college graduate secures. The other papers will follow, from month to month, until all departments of knowledge shall have been treated.—THE EDITOR.]

As the bird trims her to the gale,
I trim myself to the storm of time;
I man the rudder, reef the sail,
Obey the voice at eve obeyed at prime:
"Lowly faithful, banish fear,
Right onward drive unharmed;
The port, well worth the cruise, is near,
And every wave is charmed.—*Emerson.*

"In this workaday world the courage to do right is greater than the fear to do wrong."

"Drops hollow a stone not by their force, but by the frequency with which one follows another."

Splendid lots for $400 and $450—on terms of only $10 cash and $6.00 monthly, with first-class improvements at EDINBORO, the prettiest property in Greater New York, known as the Ocean Boulevard Park Property, 8-minute headway "L" service direct to Park Row. Fare 5 cents. Wonderful chance for investors. Prices half what others ask; property is in 31st Ward, where 30,000 lots have been sold, $254,000,000 laid aside for gigantic tunnels, bridges and improvements that will transform like magic this section.

Testimonials from shrewd business men who are making money through my advice.

Reference: The Brooklyn and New York Title Guarantee and Trust Co. Capital, $8,000,000.

Customers east of Chicago visit New York at my expense, or send a deposit of $10.00 and have me select for you the best unsold lot.

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A Declaration of Independence

"Griffon" SAFETY RAZOR $2.

KEEN, CLEAN.

The only one instantly adjustable for close or ordinary shave. Guaranteed. Write for catalogue. All dealers or sent on receipt of price.

GRIFFON CUTLERY CO.,
451-452 Broadway, New York.

ANTI-TRUST PRICES

ALL KINDS OF STOVES AND RANGES

$9.50 For this 16 in. OAK

OTHERS $3.95 180 lbs.

AT Factory PRICES TO YOU

SEND FOR

$26 For This $50 RANGE

A good RANGE $16.50

Special Stove Catalogue Free

78 Styles and Sizes Heating Stoves from $1.50 Upwards
68 Patterns Cast Cook Stoves and Ranges $7.95 Upwards
57 Different Steel Ranges, all High Grade $16.50 Upwards

Don't Pay Profits to Iron Combines. We belong to no trust. You can buy from us for less than dealers pay for the goods they sell. Our stoves and ranges are latest design, best quality, warranted and shipped subject to approval and trial. Money back if not satisfied.

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The World of Science

ARTHUR E. BOSTWICK

THAT the field of force around every magnet may be so disturbed by an explosion therein that its distribution is altered, for the time being, is believed by Professor F. E. Nipher, of St. Louis, who reports experiments that seem to confirm his view. He finds that, when gunpowder is detonated in an electric transformer of a certain kind, a galvometer connected therewith is deflected. He believes that the disturbances of the earth's magnetism that occur in connection with solar outbursts are similar. What the character or mechanism of the action is still remains a mystery.

Magnetic Disturbances Due to Explosions

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THE very vivid images that sometimes precede sleep have been studied and accounted for by a French psychologist, M. Delage. He names them "hypnagogic images," and shows that their basis is the glimmer that appears on the retina whenever the eyes are closed, which often manifests itself as moving colored patches. At the moment of sleep, images that are present in the brain blend with these and are "exteriorized" by them, so that they have an appearance of reality. These images are not true hallucinations, for the subject is always conscious that they have no actual existence.

Optical Illusions before Going to Sleep

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WHEN quinine is dissolved in water the resulting solution has a peculiar violet sheen due to the property called by physicists "fluorescence." When the solution is too weak to show this violet light in any other way, it may still be excited by exposing the solution to the Roentgen rays. Dr. W. J. Morton, of New York, states that when a man takes twenty grains of quinine his blood and the other fluids of his body can thus be made to give off light on exposure to X-radiation. As violet light possesses curative virtues in some diseases, Dr. Morton believes that his demonstration of a method to produce it within the very tissues of the body is important. He has been treating certain diseases in this way, and, he believes, with hopeful results.

Disease Treated by Light from within the Body

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THE common belief that forests regulate river flow and prevent floods is pronounced fallacious. It is admitted that water from a forest area runs off somewhat more slowly than from cleared land, but the difference is noticeable chiefly at low water and is of little importance in time of flood, while in the case of large rivers it is always relatively trivial. Floods on the Ohio and Mississippi are shown from records to have been as great when their headwaters flowed through the virgin forest as they are to-day. The remedy for floods, the writer believes, is to be found in a scientific system of river regulation, which is something that has never been fully carried out in this country. This is, of course, a characteristic engineers' view of the subject and would probably not be accepted by all experts.

Forests and the Flow of Rivers

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MUCH of the expense of installation of a trolley system lies in the solid and costly track, which must be adapted to the high speeds now reached. For many routes this cost is prohibitive, and it is therefore interesting to learn that the so-called "trackless trolley," or trolley omnibus, is being seriously taken up and that several lines are in successful operation abroad. One of these, in the valley of the Biela, is six miles long; another, from Samois to Fontainebleau, France, is three miles. The cars, or automobile stages, take their power from a trolley wire, but have considerable liberty of movement. In one system the trolley-wheel is propelled along the wire by a little motor of its own, and the connection with the omnibus is by a flexible cable. The cost of operation, including repairs, is said to be less than a cent per vehicle per mile.

Trolley Cars without Tracks

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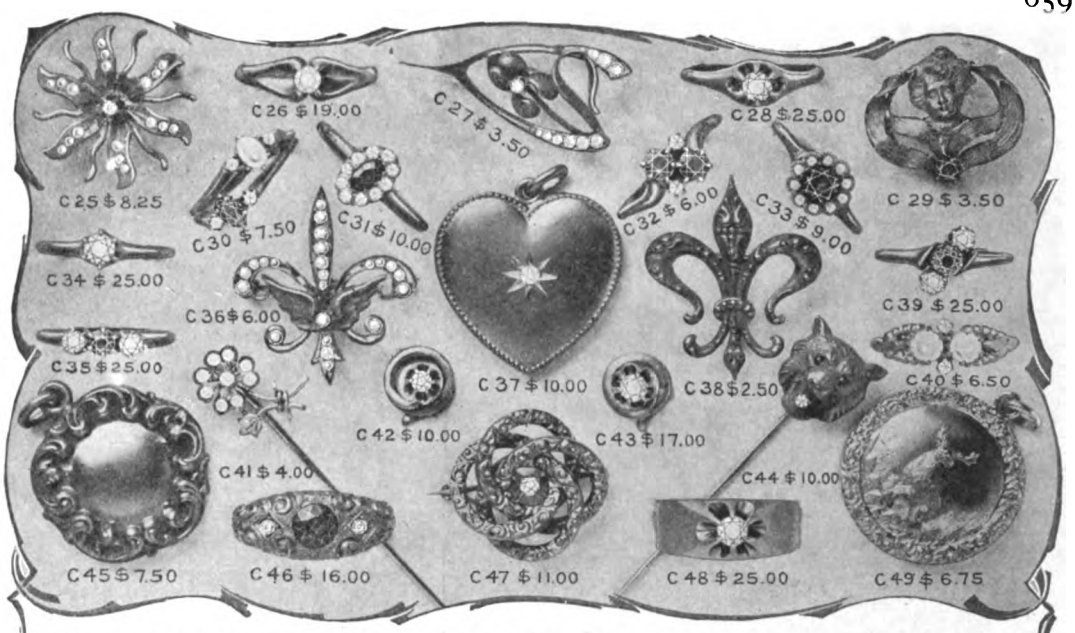
DEPOSITS of gold in the gravel of the southwestern states, which can not be worked in the usual way on account of the absence of water, will be made available, it is claimed, by the separator of Thomas A. Edison. This device is not new; it was tried three years ago in New Mexico, but did not pay because the deposit was not sufficiently rich. The discovery of richer "desert" deposits, together with improvements in the machine, will, it is said, insure its successful use. The device is simple, its action depending merely on a powerful air-blast to blow away the lighter sand from the heavy gold particles, as they fall together through the air. The separation is not absolutely complete, but the gold is left so nearly pure that it may easily be cleaned by the ordinary processes. If the performance of the machine equals its promise, it will develop large regions that have been hitherto useless.

The Extraction of Gold from Desert Sand

▲ ▲

WHY does popcorn pop? The philosophy of the process, which has been imperfectly understood hitherto, has been greatly cleared up by an investigation made by Professor Henry Kraemer, of Philadelphia. He finds that the "popping," or explosive expansion of the starch grains, depends partly on the arrangement of these grains in the kernel, and partly on the relative amount of air and water that they contain. It has nothing to do with the inclosing envelope, for bits of the kernel will pop like a whole grain. In other kinds of corn where the structure is different, expansion of the grain due to heat may simply cause a general swelling as in sweet corn, or a splitting open as in "dent" corn; but in the popcorn the grains are horny and very closely packed, so that when heated the grain not only splits, but the parts also

The Popping of Popcorn



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The Speed of Floating Objects

If a ball be allowed to roll down an inclined plane and the plane, ball and all, be moved forward, the ball will evidently move faster than the plane. This, according to a writer in "The American Machinist," is what happens when an object floats down stream. If the resistance of the object be slight enough, it will not only float forward with the water, but also over the water, thus outstripping the latter. This fact was first observed, he says, by a British officer, Sir Samuel Bentham, on a river journey in Siberia. Whether it would stand the test of a rigorous mathematical analysis may be doubted, but the editor of the "Machinist" states his belief that the argument substantially as stated above is incontestable.

An Ant That Sews with Its Young

An ant found in Ceylon builds its nest of leaves which are fastened together with silk. Until recently the source of this silk was a mystery, for the adult ant has no spinning glands. Recent observations show, however, that the grub, or larva, possesses them, and that this grub is used by the adult working-ant as a sewing implement. The larva is carried in the jaws of the worker, who passes it to and fro from leaf to leaf with great skill. The spinnerets of the grubs are of abnormal size, which is explained by their forced employment in thus building the nests.

The Vision and Hearing of Reptiles

The best sense that reptiles have is that of sight, according to a Viennese naturalist named Werner, who has recently published the results of observations on nearly two hundred snakes, lizards, frogs, etc. But even this sense is very dull. A crocodile can not see a man more than six times its own length away, while fish can see only about half their own length. Snakes are still worse off. Some can see a quarter of their length away; while others are limited to one-fifth or one-eighth. Frogs are much keener-sighted. They can tell what is going on at a distance of fifteen or twenty times their own length. Most reptiles are nearly or quite deaf; but, in compensation, all, according to Werner, seem to have a marvelous sense of the direction in which water lies. They will make a bee line for it, even when so far away that no sense known to us would help them. Werner thinks this due to some sort of attraction akin to chemical action; but he can not explain how or why it takes place.

Life in Hot Water

The highest temperature at which a living organism can exist is probably 89° centigrade, or 103° F. This is the temperature of hot springs, in which filamentous micro-organisms have been found by Professor W. A. Setchell. He searched carefully for life in the geysers of Sonoma County, California, which are still hotter, but was unsuccessful. The limits of life in water containing silica are considerably lower, and they are lower still in water containing lime. No organisms were found in acid waters, and all the strictly thermal organisms are of very low grade. The cell structure is peculiar, and the protoplasm must be different from the ordinary kind, for that would be coagulated by the heat. The exact nature of this difference, however, is yet undiscovered.

Weight as an Indicator of Health

In children at the "growing period," we are assured by a recent medical writer, weight is quite the most important indication of general health that we can have. The importance of keeping a careful and systematic record of weight at this time can not be exaggerated. Such observations, taken, say at intervals of two weeks apart for several years, are of great value to the physician in furnishing information regarding the child's real condition of health. A growing child, the writer goes on to say, should weigh, at five, about a pound for every inch of its height, and after this the increase should be about two pounds per inch of growth, or a little more. When weight exceeds this it is rather a sign of good health than otherwise. Insurance companies now regard persons below normal weight as bad risks, as they are considerably more liable to contract infectious diseases, especially tuberculosis.

Experiments on the Accuracy of Memory

In a recent series of experiments to test the accuracy of observation and memory, different persons were shown various combinations of figures, colors, lines, etc., and called upon to reproduce or describe them after the expiration of certain stated periods. Experiments on consecutive days showed a steady increase of error, apparently due to persistence of old mistakes with the addition of others. The feeling of certainty in the subject's mind was found to bear no relation to the real accuracy of his answers. An interesting point is that, where combinations had been carefully committed to memory, the percentage of error decreased with time, the memorized combinations "turning up" in the mind spontaneously. This evidently accords with common experience.

He Could Do Too Much

Chief Engineer Parsons, of Rapid Transit Tunnel repute, was one day visited by a young man who bore with him letters of introduction from certain Chicago notables. In consequence of this, Mr. Parsons gave him audience.

"You wish a position?" said the chief engineer.

"Yes, sir," replied the visitor.

"What can you do? Have you any specialty?"

"I can do almost anything."

"Well," remarked Mr. Parsons, rising to end the interview, "I have no use for any one who can 'almost' do anything. I prefer some one who can actually do one thing thoroughly."

My crown is in my heart, not on my head:
Not decked with diamonds and Indian stones,
Not to be seen; my crown is called content.

SELECTED.

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The Editor's Chat

Drawn by Robert Edgren

"Men amount to nothing," said Lyman J. Gage, "until they can establish a system which shows that they are not victims of procrastination in the slightest way." The triumphs of enthusiasm in commercial life, or in any other life, are not to be found in one whose surroundings are a picture of carelessness and whose personality manifests a spirit of "don't-care."

If Procrastination Runs in Your Blood

THERE is hardly anything more destructive to effective work and high accomplishment than a habit of "putting off" disagreeable tasks. This postponing-of-the-disagreeable habit is also demoralizing to character. It produces superficial work and superficial living.

There is something lacking in the quality and solidity of character of a man who is always shirking disagreeable duties, sliding along the line of least resistance, and just trying to do those things which are agreeable and easy. It is struggling with difficulties, with boldness and determination, that gives stamina to character and backbone to life.

A man who has been accustomed from boyhood to plow straight furrows regardless of obstructions, who will not swerve a hair's breadth from his purpose, and who will not go around or over but through obstacles, has a solidity, a substantiality about him that is not found in a man who stops when he finds a hard place, and drifts along the line of least resistance. It is struggling with the difficult and wrestling with obstacles that give nerve and fiber and stamina to character.

A habit of always taking up the most disagreeable duties first, when possible, takes the drudgery out of a task and gives a delight to life which is never experienced by those who postpone distasteful or dreaded duties.

There is a sense of triumph which comes from the consciousness that you have mastered what discomposed you and was obnoxious to you, and that you have conquered what seemed difficult and have gotten it out of the way.

A man who shirks unpleasant duties and goes around obstacles has a sense of inferiority. He has a sort of contempt for himself, his cowardice, his shrinking nature, and his laziness. He does not respect himself so much as the man who sweeps everything before him, whether uninviting or not.

There is a feeling of strength and a sense of power which comes to a man who has conquered the enemies in his pathway and the obstacles that lay between him and his goal. A man who always tries to avoid the disagreeable and shirks obstacles is a weakling. He ruins his executive capacity and is not capable of grappling with difficulties.

There is everything in making up one's mind resolutely to turn neither to the right nor to the left of an unwavering aim. It gives direction, purpose, and vigor to life which never come to a man who drifts with the current.

A strong man never hesitates or wavers when he comes to a hard place, but is all the more resolute to conquer, and this very determination not to shirk or to turn aside because of difficulties half conquers them. Dreading or postponing them engenders fear and destroys self-confidence, without which no great thing can be accomplished.

If procrastination runs in your blood, and if you have come down from an indolent ancestry, you will be obliged to discipline yourself severely to overcome the "putting-off" habit, for every disagreeable task that confronts you will tempt you to postpone it. All sorts of excuses will present themselves to you, and the only way to overcome this fatal tendency is to compel yourself to begin at once the thing you dread. Do not allow the argument which, perhaps, speaks in your blood to confront you.

Listen to nothing, but begin the work instantly, and you will soon conquer this unfortunate weakness which is fatal to all achievement, and death to any effective endeavor. Force yourself to begin immediately the task at hand.

Procrastination is the greatest enemy of achievement. Nothing is more delusive than delay. The man who thinks he is going to do the delayed thing later, especially if it is a disagreeable task, will probably never do it.

People who hesitate, delay, dillydally, weigh, consider, and dread a task, never amount to anything.

A habit of delay is destructive to energy, which does things. More boys fail to get on in the world from this fatal habit of "putting off" than from anything else. It induces laziness and mental inaction, and destroys self-trust.

If this fatal tendency runs in your blood, the moment you feel a temptation to postpone a task come over you, jump up on the instant and go at your work with all your might. Take up the most obnoxious thing you have to do and never allow your habit to suggest another postponement.

"Putting off" is a dangerous enemy; it is worse than a thief of time, for it robs you of opportunity. It mortgages your to-morrows for the debt that should be paid to-day. Every hour's delay makes your task all the harder.

Knowledge Versus Memory

"BE a whole man in one thing at a time" would be a good motto for those who desire to be strong in anything.

Many men leave schools and colleges with a great deal of unassimilated knowledge packed away in their heads, but comparatively few have learned how to think with power and precision.

Many students are lacking in the faculty of concentration. The secret of achievement is the power to focus the thought. A man must be able to marshal his intellectual forces as Napoleon did his army, and to bring their united strength to accomplish whatever he is doing. A wandering mind will never accomplish anything.

The great trouble with our present educational system is that most schools and colleges encourage memorizing. This is a fundamental error, for the memory is not a real power. It is merely a reservoir to which the executive faculties go for material. Some of the men who have been endowed with the most phenomenal memories have never attained anything beyond mediocrity. They could recite hundreds of pages of the Bible or the Koran, and repeat whole plays, perhaps, of Shakespeare, but they were wholly lacking in executive ability.

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have been ruined by being overfed in school or college, and crammed with unrelated and undigested facts. It is not the overfull mind that utilizes its material, but the one that has made thoroughly practical every scrap of knowledge and every bit of experience that has come to it.

Competitive examinations are responsible for many a weakened mind. They lay too much stress on memory and text-book knowledge, and too little on a real working comprehension of a subject. A boy with a good memory can secure high marks and pass examinations creditably, simply because he remembers the pet questions and theories of his teachers, while one who has spent his time in mastering principles and gaining actual power may not obtain nearly so high rank, or may fail altogether in his examinations.

It is not memory that counts most, but ability to grasp, to hold, to analyze, to compare, and to combine, which gives a solid grip and mastery of principles.

▲ ▲

Dollar-a-Day People

"WHAT can you do?" "I don't think I can do much of anything; I was not brought up to anything, and never had to work." "But what do you think you can do?" "I don't know; I never tried anything." "Do you write a good hand?" "I don't know; I could n't say." "Do you write rapidly?" "Not very." "Will you write me a letter of application so that I may get an idea of your handwriting and general education?" "I don't believe I can do that."

This is the substance of a conversation that recently took place between the forewoman in charge of the clerks in the subscription department of a popular monthly magazine and a young girl who had called in answer to an advertisement for additional office workers.

This girl is typical of hundreds of people in New York, and in every other large city in the country, who are haunting publishers' offices, clamoring at the doors of great business houses, and wandering the streets footsore and weary in search of work they can not find.

Is it any wonder that such people fail in their efforts? Is it surprising, under such conditions, that an advertisement for a clerk at five or six dollars a week floods the advertiser with hundreds of answers, while one for a man or woman at ten thousand dollars a year calls out not one.

We boast of our educational system, and the unrivaled opportunities of every boy and girl living under the American flag to obtain not only a common school, but also a college, education, if they have grit and vim enough to work their way to it, yet our land is full of incompetents.

The twentieth century, with nineteen hundred years of preparation and experience and culture back of it, is turning out a greater number of probable failures than any century of the middle ages, considering the relative advantages of the times.

When we compare a Lucy Stone picking berries to earn the right to go to college, or a Lucy Larcom working in a factory at the age of ten, yet through her own unaided efforts attaining high rank as a teacher and poet, with this other girl living in the midst of the opportunities offered at a great educational center, who could n't write a simple letter; when we compare a boy of the same type with a Garfield, sweeping floors and ringing bells, or an Elihu Burritt learning to translate Hebrew during the pauses of his work at the forge, we must answer that the fault is with individuals. The young people of our land are not awake to their advantages. They are dawdling through school, playing with their opportunities, and dallying with the greatness of life.

Gray-haired men and women of middle age or more are working in offices or factories, side by side with boys and girls, and for the same pittance. They failed to educate themselves. Youth is past, and they are reaping what they have sown. There are, of course, many amongst them who are victims of circumstances and are not really responsible for their present positions, but the majority are where they are because they neglected the opportunities that called insistently to them when they were boys and girls. Grammar schools, high schools, evening schools, lectures, and libraries offered them their treasures, but they would have none of them. Now they complain that they are unlucky, that fate is against them, and that others, no better or worthier than they, go to the top of the ladder, while they remain at the foot. Gloomy, sad-eyed and discontented, they jostle and elbow through the remainder of their unsuccessful lives amid a crowd of youthful competitors who, because of lack of preparation, are hurrying to the same fate.

▲ ▲

Why He Could not Keep His Employees

He adopted slave-driving methods.

He took no interest in their welfare.

He was arbitrary, captious, and unjust.

He always appealed to the worst in them instead of the best.

He considered that their entire salaries were in their pay-envelopes.

His policy was to get the most work out of them for the least wages.

He regarded them merely as a part of the machinery of his business.

He resented the idea that his employees should share in his prosperity.

He used them as safety-valves to vent the spleen of his dyspeptic moods.

He humiliated his employees by rebuking them in the presence of others.

He never trusted them, but always held suspicious thoughts toward them.

He killed their enthusiasm by finding fault and never praising or appreciating them.

He tried to make them feel that neither he nor his business owed anything to them.

He regarded suggestions from them for improvements in his business as impertinences.

He stifled ambition by treating the painstaking and the conscientious, the careless and the shifty alike.

He never asked himself, "What is the matter with me?" but, "What is the matter with my help?"

He constantly made them work overtime without remuneration, but if they were a minute late they were fined.

Ralston HEALTH SHOES $4

You may know the RALSTON Shoe by the name on the strap—it appears there on every genuine pair. Do not be deceived. If you want a warm, dry, stylish and comfortable shoe, buy the Ralston—none other has its unique sole construction—fully explained in our

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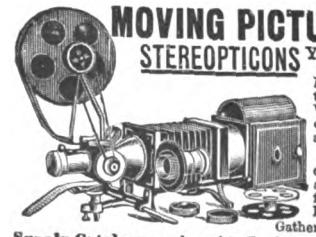

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The West Lake Club

HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH

Is there a possibility of reorganizing the defunct British society which held that even a good undertaking is an evil to an individual if it hinders the fulfillment of his distinct purpose in life?

THERE was once a society in England called the West Lake Club, or some similar name, which held that anything, no matter how good it may be in itself, is an evil to an individual if it hinders the fulfillment of his distinct purpose in life. A thing which is good in itself, according to their idea, may hinder one person while it helps another in his development. There are many innocent and needful recreations and amusements which one may need, and may use with profit, which another may not need. The principle of the organization was that a young man who joined it should only do that which would make his purpose in life most effective and powerful, and that he should find happiness in the development of his purpose. He should bend all of his energies to one thing.

The mother of John Wesley, whose life has so recently passed in review after a hundred years, took this view. She wrote to her son at college:—

"Would you judge of the lawfulness or unlawfulness of pleasure, take this rule: 'Whatever impairs the tenderness of your conscience, takes off the relish for spiritual things, or increases the authority of your body over your mind, that to you is sin, however innocent it may be in itself.'"

John Wesley acted on this principle. He had no companionships by chance, but only by choice, and chose such as would help him to increase personal worth and soul-value.

The oft-quoted anecdote of Professor Agassiz is to the point. In the fulfillment of his great purpose, he was offered five hundred dollars for a single popular lecture. "I have no time to waste in making money," he said.

Some Students Have Acted on this Principle

We may call it the "West Lake principle." My attention was called to it some years ago by a Boston student who came to me and said: "Life is too short to do many things; I have a distinct purpose in life, and I am going to sacrifice every self-gratification that might hinder me in the fulfillment of that purpose. My habits, my food, and my dress must be simple, and my friends those who will help me on my way in the effort to give my best self to the world. My art is my life and joy." He lived the life that he had pictured. He is now one of the most powerful young writers in a very beneficent department of scientific pursuit.

"Do not tell the students that I am a son of the president of our republic," said a recent Harvard College student to some Latin-American companions. "I came to Boston from Central America for a special purpose. I wish to secure the best possible medical education for service among my own people, and I do not desire any social attentions that will turn me away from this direct purpose. Social functions, as the pleasures of society are called here, waste life."

"The purpose of life is to grow," said S. Margaret Fuller. Whatever lessens the best development of one's powers at the student-age arrests growth and occasions irreparable loss.

When Isaac Newton was studying the composition of light, he formed a resolution never to do anything, or indulge in any habit, however innocent in itself, that would tend to impair *the clearest sight of the eye.* It was his duty and joy to sacrifice everything that might dim or blur his power of vision. The results of his discoveries in optics gave a new vision of nature's laws to the world. One of the greatest artists that New England ever produced applied the same law to painting, and said to one of his pupils, who became eminent; "Young man, be pure, for Nature does not reveal her highest, deepest, and noblest aspects and secrets to a mind clouded with any grossness of character."

This is true of moral or spiritual power over men.

What John Wesley Accomplished in London

I know not what became of the West Lake Society, though I think that a similar society of young men was formed in Boston some years ago. But the Wesley centennial has brought into view a truly great character formed on this model.

Wesley went down into the slums of London, and changed them into abodes of men and women

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IT was a girl who wrote the first, now famous, jingle of "Sunny Jim," and it was her girl chum who made the first drawing of the quaint figure which is so well-known. I am indebted to these two young women for my introduction to the public. This is the first jingle about me that was ever written, and is, therefore, the first chapter of my metrical biography:

"Jim Dumps was a most unfriendly man
Who lived his life on the hermit plan.
He'd never stop for a friendly smile,
But trudged along in his moody style,
'Till 'Force' one day was served to him—
Since then they call him 'Sunny Jim.'"

It was through this verse and others like it, telling of the tranformation of myself from Jim Dumps into "Sunny Jim," that the world became familiar with me and, as a consequence, with the food that made me sunny.

I don't think the people took me seriously at first, but they tried the food I recommended and liked it—began to eat it regularly and to thrive upon it—began to "be sunny" themselves, so that now, when I meet them in the pages of their favorite magazines, or upon the streets, they give me a pleasant, almost unanimous smile of recognition that no mere mortal ever receives.

When I first began to think about the importance of food in relation to happiness, I looked over the world and saw a people who ate too fast and too much, and who were ruining the national health and disposition by the great national disease, "Americanitis"—which is Hurry coupled with Indigestion; a great, complex, electrically driven, steam-heated, concentrated nation, which needed a food simple enough for a child and nourishing enough for a strong man.

So I said to myself: "I will make a food that will produce more sunshine in the world than any other food that has ever been made, and I will teach the people to eat it by telling them the reason why."

Then I took the finest of wheat—the universal food since the world began—and the best of barley-malt and some salt, and with these three properly blended and cooked I made the food called "FORCE."

From the very beginning "FORCE" was a success. Its sales steadily increased until in every city in the United States they led over those of all other foods. Then the ordinary competition of advertising and good salesmanship gave way to an underhand method of attack, and one that was very hard to meet.

A rumor was circulated that "FORCE" contained some harmful ingredient. Foolish and preposterous as was this rumor, it gained ground, evidently because some people made it their duty to see that it was circulated.

I first tried to meet this malicious report quietly by the publication of analyses by chemists of the highest standing. Then I decided that the only way to kill a rumor was to fight it in the open.

I spent fifty thousand dollars in advertising throughout the whole country my offer of a reward of $5,000 each to any man, woman or child, to any professional chemist or private citizen, to any grocer or his customer, who could prove that there was anything in any package of "FORCE" bought in the open market but wheat, barley-malt and salt.

This offer has been published in nearly every newspaper in the United States. I will keep on publishing it until everyone knows what I know—that "FORCE" is synonymous with absolute purity.

The point is that I am not simply offering proof that there is no harmful substance in "FORCE." I am proving that there is no substance in it *that ought not to be there.*

A flake of "FORCE" is very small, but it has in it just the right things to carry a busy school-teacher through a long day's work. From it that rosy-cheeked school-girl gets her joy of living. It puts the joyous note in the boy's whistle.

It is just Power, in food form.

"FORCE" for breakfast is only a beginning, although as a breakfast food "FORCE" has an infinite variety of uses, all of them appetizing and dainty, all of them nutritious and digestible.

I'd like to send every reader of SUCCESS a copy of my new book.

It treats of two subjects: how to serve "FORCE" in many ways, and how to be sunny—always.

It is one of the most successful books of the year, for I've had to publish one million copies to supply the demand. I think it is because of the sunny part of it rather than the recipes.

It contains a good many full-page plates, lithographed in six colors, showing how to prepare new dishes that tempt, and nourish, and taste good.

Mailed on request, for one 2c. stamp.
Use the cupon below and address.

cherishing the Christian faith. The converted colliers there founded Christian families who have done honor to England.

When he went into Cornwall to preach, he found the place so inhospitable to him that he used to dine on whortleberries which he picked from the bushes. He came at length to preach to thirty thousand people there at a time, and cottage, hall and castle were open to him. He lived for his one purpose, conserved power, and won the heart and confidence of mankind. Few men of the last century so influenced the world for good.

The West Lake Society, as organized in a single part of our country, used a descriptive phrase which is very suggestive. It was, "The conservation of power for a single purpose." The main purpose in life is often lost through scattering energies in youth. In this lies a great danger to a student. The time is past when one can do many things well. Life is becoming too complex for one to succeed in more than one thing. That is a sin to genius that retards growth.

To every young man there comes an hour of revelation as to what he ought to become. There is shown to him, in such an hour, to use the ancient Hebrew figure, the "Pattern on the Mount," and a conviction comes to him which resembles an inward voice and says: "See that thou makest all things after the Pattern shown to thee on the Mount." If he would do his best, he must follow the divine suggestion. In selecting his companions, his books, his recreation, and in forming his habits, he should choose those that best influence his purpose. In his life everything should tend to his permanent usefulness in one thing.

Similar Societies Have Been Fruitful in Schools

Such societies as the West Lake, formed for the conservation of energy to fulfill a single noble purpose in life, have been very fruitful in school and student life, though not bearing this name. The Wesleys formed such a society at college. Whitefield was one of the members. The Moravian Missions grew out of a little society formed by Count Zinzendorf for the study of missionary opportunity, called the "Order of the Grain of Mustard Seed." Jonathan Edwards held little religious meetings with boys in the woods. A literary society of which Tennyson, General Havelock, and persons of like eminence were members, gave a great impulse to English life. There were classes at Bowdoin and Harvard in which a few young men with a literary purpose united to make literature and oratory the special study of the lesson hour. Out of such societies came some of the literary lights of the last century whose work is enduring and whose names are like stars. The Young Men's Christian Association was formed among a few poor boys for Bible-study.

A few young persons finding a like purpose in them can well organize a West Lake Society, or a society with some like name, for the "conservation of energy;" that is, for pursuing studies that tend to make life intelligent, and clear, and powerful in a single thing. A young scientist may do this after the manner of procedure in nature-study schools. Companionship in a direct purpose of life is a moral power. "A high aim," says Emerson, "is curative."

"I find my happiness in my business pursuits," said a great merchant, now nearly ninety years of age. "I am still as happy as I was nearly a century ago." He goes serenely to his office day by day. When asked in regard to the secret of his success, he said:—

"I had a purpose in youth; I consecrated it, and devoted all my energies to that single thing,—to the gift given to me. If I had failed in that honest purpose, my life would still have been a success. It is right intention that makes character."

The First Requisite in Forming Such a Club

In forming such a society, remember that soul-value is to be placed above every other thing. If you had the wealth of a Morgan, and the fame of a Kipling, and had not the gold of God in the soul, you would be empty-handed and nameless for true influence. It is sacrifice that gains, and only the gains of unselfishness last. Learn early to turn every evil into good, and to exercise that faith that holds that no experience can come to you, however adverse, that you may not glorify by treating it nobly. The unspiritual perishes. Consecrate your own gift and purpose. Clasp hands with those of like purposes, and form societies at your own home, or in your college room, after the West Lake suggestion, or, better, after the Suggestion of Galilee, and see that no man takes your crown.

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Special November Offers

Of course we have many seasonable things to offer in addition to those described below. We simply mention these four to show you what splendid bargains we are offering, and to show how easily you may obtain any article you choose.

A Patent-Leather Belt

The Hansum Bag

For Boys and Men

BOXING GLOVES

About this season the boys and young men are laying plans for making the long winter evenings pleasant and profitable. Nothing will afford more genuine entertainment for a group of boys, or will be of more use in developing their physical power and their manliness, than a set of boxing gloves. The set shown herewith is one of our most popular rewards. They are of the famous Corbett pattern, men's size, grip and cuffs of olive tan leather, balance of glove finished in dark wine color, well padded with hair, with laced wristbands. Given for only four subscriptions to SUCCESS (new or renewal,) or for two subscriptions and eighty cents additional, receiver to pay express charges. We have another set of gloves, almost as good in quality and style as the one shown above, which is given for only two subscriptions to SUCCESS (new or renewal,) or for one subscription and forty cents additional, receiver to pay express charges.

THE "POST" FOUNTAIN PEN

Nothing else is more useful to a student, clerk, or business man than a good fountain pen, and there is no better and more practical fountain pen than the "Post." Our illustration shows the great advantage of the "Post" over other pens; namely, that it is self-filling. It is only necessary to dip the nib of the pen in the ink bottle, draw out the plunger, and the pen is ready for use. It can be cleaned in five seconds by putting the nib into water and drawing the plunger backward and forward a few times. We offer the "Post" Fountain Pen as a reward for sending two subscriptions to SUCCESS (new or renewal,) and fifteen cents additional, postage prepaid.

For Ladies and Girls

Every lady who wants to be up-to-date in style nowadays carries the new Hansum Bag and wears a red leather belt. The bag we illustrate can be secured either in red "Saffian," brown and green "Rococo" leather, or in seal grain black. With each bag is given a silk purse One of the latest improvements is the leather handle, chain handles now being out of date. This bag is sent in either color for three subscriptions to SUCCESS (new or renewal,) postage prepaid. The belt is of patent leather and can be supplied in red, blue, or black. It is given for one subscription to SUCCESS (new or renewal.) and ten cents additional, postage prepaid. Both the belt and bag will be sent for four subscriptions to SUCCESS (new or renewal,) postage prepaid.

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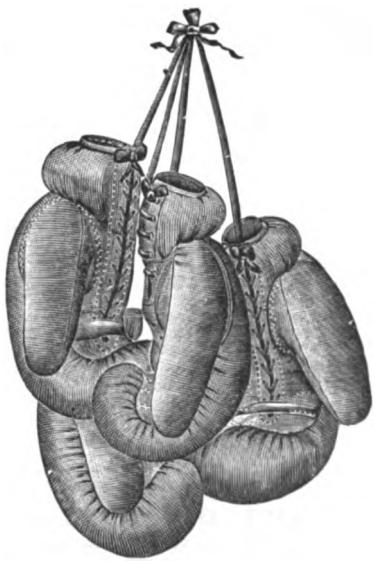

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To the Public. In placing before the public what I believe to be the most attractive combination of subscription offers on the market, a word of explanation seems to me to be in place. Many enterprising publishers, in the endeavor to introduce their magazines to the largest circle of readers, have made concessions in price (in lieu of procuring subscriptions by large expenditures in advertising,) so that certain reliable subscription agents may offer combination subscriptions at a very low price. I have conducted a Subscription Agency for twenty-five years, and have the distinction of being one of the oldest established agencies, which will solicit your orders this season, and, furthermore, have much the largest business in this line in the world. During these twenty-five years I have sent to the large publishers of periodicals millions of subscriptions amounting to several million dollars. It naturally follows that, on account of the close relations I enjoy with the leading publishers, I am given the most favorable terms and can make the closest possible prices in the combinations I offer.

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WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

The Great Novelists of To-Day

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[Author of "The Log of a Literary Man"]

ROBERT BARR

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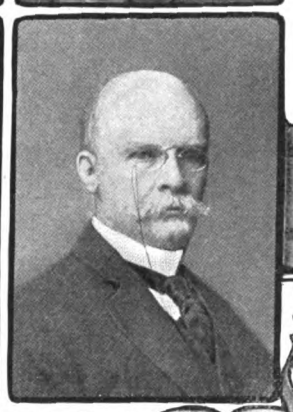

JAMES LANE ALLEN

The large and increasing band of fiction writers and the aims, purposes, and achievements of the work they do

GABRIEL D'ANNUNZIO

ANTHONY HOPE

A SHORT while ago I saw that someone had been writing on "The Decadence of the Novel,"—I think it was that brilliant young novelist, Benjamin Swift. Well, I don't know! Is the novel, when you come to think of it, in quite such a bad way? At the first flush, all contemporary pessimism is apt to find a ready acquiescence. It has the permanent discontent of human nature back of it. The sound of the great old men departing deadens our ears to the sound of great young men arriving. No contemporary ever plays *Hamlet* like Kean. "And yet—, and yet—," says Stephen Phillips, himself a poet whose shoulders are rapidly broadening for one of the old mantles. Yes! Dickens and Thackeray are dead, it is true; and Balzac and Dumas no longer throw their vast shadows across the world; and yet,—well, let us for a little count our mercies in the shape of living novelists, and see if our day of small things is so diminutive, after all.

Have we any great novelists, properly so called? I do not mean merely able, brilliant novelists,—but novelists really great. The quality of greatness, perhaps we may premise, being an indefinable quality of the man himself bulking large behind the novelist.

Yes; we have Tolstoi, and Meredith, and Björnson.

One has only to realize what these three men stand for to realize what a serious, spiritual force the novel has become in the modern world, and of what profound and delicate human interests it has become the vehicle. Tolstoi is the Christian; Meredith, the philosopher; Björnson, the patriot. All three are masterly story-tellers and creators of character. We read what they write for "the story," like the work of any other story-teller, but their stories move in an atmosphere so charged with the deepest meanings of life that they have the significance of veritable history, and the authority of spiritual messages. These men have been teachers of their time with an influence far beyond that of the professed religious and philosophical teachers. We have but to speak their names to state their significance. As with all other great personalities, their names are their meanings. All three in their several ways are giant witnesses to the spiritual solution of life. Tolstoi and Björnson have made their testimony by tearing from Christianity the sophistries of its ecclesiasticism, and revealing it once more in all the astonishing simplicity of its original idealism. Tolstoi—in this respect, the master of Björnson,—has preached a fanaticism of unworldliness the value of which is not in its literal application, but in its sensational reminder of those essential purities and simplicities which at the first gave, and will always give, reality to the Christian movement.

Mr. Meredith's message is less overtly religious. He makes his appeal as a poet and philosopher, an evangelist for subtler minds. He takes more account of the world as it is in all its complicated paradoxes of good and evil, courageously facing mountains of doubt that do not exist for simple seers like Tolstoi; and yet, at the end of a pilgrimage of faith made arduous by every pitfall and stumbling-block of the skeptical intellect, he comes to us radiantly worn with his unquenchable faith in the upper glories. I am saying nothing of him, or of Tolstoi and Björnson, merely as novelists, because all three have used the novel for finer issues than even the most classical entertainment. In their hands the novel is the parable of the modern world. Like all great teachers, they also teach in parables. The parables are wonderful literature; but, however brilliant the style and technique of a parable, it is, after all, its message that is universally important. The novels of Tolstoi, Björnson and Meredith, are wonderfully entertaining,—but it is the attitude of the man behind them that gives them their greatest value.

AGNES AND EGERTON CASTLE

Through "The Pride of Jennico," "Incomparable Bellairs," and other equally successful novels, the names of Agnes and Egerton Castle have become well known to all readers of good fiction in this country as well as in England

I have named these writers first because they appear to me the greatest living personalities employing the novel for the highest literary purposes, but there are no few writers only a step below them whose work is hardly less notable as literature or less serious with a grave apprehension of the human situation. Indeed, the time is long since gone by when "novel-reading" was that merely frivolous indulgence in the fictitious upon which our fathers looked askance. Nowadays, if you have something of vital importance to communicate to the world, you do not put it into a sermon, however admittable, or a treatise, however learned. You put it into a novel; for the novel has proved itself so expansive a form that there is no material, human or divine, to which it can not adapt itself. It does not necessarily displace all other literary forms, but it certainly includes them. As we continue our brief survey of modern novelists and their novels, it will be seen how wide is the territory of the contemporary novel.

While the modern novelist is an unquestionable master of the good story and the living character, he is seldom content with being that, and there are few successful novelists to-day that are not psychologists, and sociologists as well. Let us take a few names at random,—as Henry James, for example. That Mr. James is a master of the social drama will not be denied, even by those for whom the microscopical finesse of his observations is so fine as to pass their patience and even their apprehension. Yet it is hardly necessary to say that his chief distinction is that, so to say, of a scientist of society. A novel by him is less a novel than a Blue Book of the upper classes. He is, in this respect, the most painstaking of the pupils of George Meredith, though he lacks his master's fusing simplicity of imagination. If he is read in the future, he will be read as one reads Darwin on earthworms,—for his marvelous observations of minute social phenomena.

Mr. Howells, again, is an industrious, social observer, but his observation is rather that of a man of the world than that of a social microscopist. He is a broader, more creative writer. There is, so to say, a Chaucerian objectivity about his observation. His business is with the average and the normal, and he will probably survive as the first painter of the American middle class. His excellent style is on the side of his endurance, whereas the style of Mr. James, like that of his great master, is plainly subject to writer's cramp.

Even a writer so robustly objective as Mrs. Gertrude Atherton would lose half her value if she were not so much of a philosopher and poet, and acute social observer as well. Full blooded as is the romance she gives us, her highest value is that of a subtle and fearless interpreter of the

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THOMAS NELSON PAGE **IRVING BACHELLER** **ROSA N. CAREY**

Mr. Page, author of "Red Rock" and "Gordon Keith," is one of the foremost of Southern novelists. Mr. Bacheller's novels, such as "Eben Holden" and "Dri and I," have developed a new writer of ability. Miss Rosa Nouchette Carey is the author of many English love stories

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS,

one of America's leading literary men, whose "Van Bibber and Others," "A Soldier of Fortune," and "Captain Macklin," show that he has mastered the art of story-telling

F. MARION-CRAWFORD

Mr. Crawford has written over thirty successful novels, the most noted being "Mr. Isaacs" and "In the Palace of the King." He is the biographer of the late Pope Leo XIII.

A. CONAN DOYLE

This is the Englishman who made one of the greatest characters in all literature,—Sherlock Holmes, the detective. So popular have the daring exploits and hairbreadth escapades of this master of mysteries become that Mr. Doyle recently received nearly a dollar a word for a sequel to Holmes's undertakings, a work of some sixty thousand words

S. R. CROCKETT

In the ever-fruited romance of Scotland, Mr. Crockett has found the material for such books as "The Stickit Minister" and "The Red Axe"

OWEN WISTER

When Mr. Wister produced "The Virginian," he at once sprang into genuine favor, giving promise of holding the place he has made

GERTRUDE ATHERTON

As author of "The Doomswoman" and "The Californians," Mrs. Atherton has proved a most vivid interpreter of complex womanhood

PIERRE LOTI

To M. Loti's iridescent novels, "Romance of a Child" and "Into Morocco," we owe some of the most alluring and graphic visions of the Far East

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Mr. Jacobs is Great Britain's first humorist of the sea. In representing this phase of literature he occupies a unique position. Mr. Merwin and Mr. Webster, young men, originated the romantic stories of American industries, and collaborated in "Calumet 'K,'" and "The Short Line War"

RUDYARD KIPLING

The vigorous works of Mr. Kipling, like "Kim," "Captains Courageous," and "Stalky & Co.," have awakened a new love for high-class literature

F. HOPKINSON SMITH

In "Captain Carter, of Cartersville," and "Caleb West, Master Diver," Mr. Smith has written two notable novels

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SAMUEL M. CLEMENS ("MARK TWAIN")
Throughout the English speaking world, and in every country into whose tongue English has been translated, "Mark Twain" stands, preëminently, the leading literary man of the day. For over thirty years,—ever since the publication of his "Roughing It,"—he has made the world laugh, a record of which no other humorist can boast

JOSEPHINE DASKAM

C. G. D. ROBERTS

STEWARD EDW'D WHITE

As the exponent of the ways of little children, Josephine Daskam has won much praise. C. G. D. Roberts's "The Heart of the Ancient Wood" and "The Kindred of the Wild" are excellent examples of nature-work. Mr. White wrote "The Westerners" and "The Blazed Trail"

MAURICE MAETERLINCK
This son of Belgium, whose writings have attracted the attention of the world, is a world of thought and inspiration whose best works are "The Life of the Bee" and "Buried Temple"

GILBERT PARKER,
who has successfully illustrated the effectiveness of the novel as a political medium and exponent of labor in two books, "The Right of Way" and "The Battle of the Strong"

PAUL BOURGET
In the realms of psychology, M. Bourget has found many bits of sentiment which have made stories like "Ernest Renan" and 'The Tragic Idyl"

MRS. HUMPHREY WARD,
the creator of popular religious novels, which began with her "Robert Elsmere," a work that has been the inspiration of many new writers

JEROME K. JEROME
Several critics have called him England's "Mark Twain." Two of his books are, "Three Men in a Boat" and "The Diary of a Pilgrimage"

J. M. BARRIE
Like Mr. Crockett, Mr. Barrie finds his plots amid Scottish life. A myriad readers have enjoyed his "Little Minister" and "Sentimental Tommy"

THOMAS HARDY,
one of the sincerest of English writers, whose "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" and "Jude the Obscure" analyze modern life

HENRYK SIENKIEWICZ
"With Fire and Sword" and "*Quo Vadis*" are two novels by this author which vividly picture the world's greatest fields of history

JACK LONDON

DONALD G. MITCHELL

STANLEY J. WEYMAN

Mr. London is one of the strong supporters of "blood in literature" as his novel, "The Call of the Wild," attests. Donald G. Mitchell's ("Ik Marvel's,") sketches are among the best things in letters. Mr. Weyman is a clever romancist, and is the author of the popular "Under the Red Robe"

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complexities of the women of the modern world.

James Lane Allen, again, is nothing if not a philosopher and poet of nature. Perhaps it may be thought that the philosopher grows on him somewhat to the eclipse of the novelist, but happily, the later tendencies of a master have no influence on his early masterpieces. "The Reign of Law" throws no shadow over "A Kentucky Cardinal," that idyl so perfect in form, and so exquisite in spirit.

Almost wherever we turn, we find the novel making its romance out of reality; reality in every meaning of that abused word, reality in its largeness, reality in its *minutiæ*. So much has the narrow little school of "realists" helped the great school of reality. Life has other realities than those seen by Zola and such disciples of his as George Moore, but his and their sincerity in recording the material facts of life has proved a much-needed lesson for those who are more concerned to record those other facts, more significant, as it seems to them, of the human spirit. These forces upon the dust have done us the service of making us, so to say, more truthful about the rainbow. They have introduced the scientific method into the seventh heaven, and installed the electric light upon the shores of old romance; and thus our dreams are shown to be true, though at the same time—dreams. Our very poets must be "realists" nowadays.

H. G. WELLS,
who is probing the great problems of the future through romance

ISRAEL ZANGWILL,
who has best told the story of Jewish suffering and courage

The idea used to be that the novelist "pretended," that he adapted life to suit the tasks of the sentimental; that life was really a dull drab thing, and that its excitement existed only in some highly colored amazement of the inventive fancy. But nowadays we take a very different view of our novels. We have realized that it is life itself that is romantic, and that the truer our novels are to the facts of life the more romantic they will be. The old cant phrase that "truth is stranger than fiction," may indeed be said to have become the canon of the modern novel. We don't ask our novelists to lie about life any more. We ask them to tell the romantic truth.

The number of capable writers who are telling the various truths of life in the form of fiction is much greater than contemporary pessimists realize. There is indeed no corner of human experience which can not produce its able, entertaining representative. Let us take some traditional forms of the novel,—the sea story, say. Captain Marryat was indeed a master, and yet W. Clarke Russell and Conrad and Jacobs! In the work of all these men one has to acknowledge that romantic fidelity to the facts rather than the fancies of the sea which I have spoken of as the note of the modern romantic realism. In the case of Conrad we have also a writer of the first literary importance,—a novelist of action and serious vivid detail, who does not scorn to write good English, but who, more than that, Pole as he is,—and there is an additional marvel,—writes English of a quality so English that, incredible as it may sound, his words are no less exciting than his adventures. It may almost be said that the fact of his being a "foreigner" using our English tongue has possessed him with a regard for classical English which fostered in him the journalistic impression of such a vociferous English writer as, say, Mr. Kipling,—Mr. Kipling, who is patriotic in everything but his language.

Mr. Kipling, now, perhaps of all men, exemplifies the tremendous practical importance of the work that can be done by the modern story-teller. Regarded merely as a story-teller, Mr. Kipling is not more remarkable than the men from whom he learned his tricks, the idealistic reporters of our American papers. His method is the old-time method of the American smoke-room. He seizes on the obtruding details, and he nails them in the cosmopolitan slang of the moment. That is why we enjoy him so much, and why even our boys of fifteen are wondering what he means. He chose to employ the means of the moment, and for the expression of the ideals of the moment,—the Hans Christian Andersen of imperialism. But his clever little stories, which even we, who read them so eagerly as they appeared, yawn over to-day, meant nothing less than the New Notion of Greater England. They were much more than stories. They were the Colonial Sentiment, the Boer War, the Preferential Tariff. Mr. Kipling's significance is that of a political pamphlet. In the future his name will be known as the brilliant pamphleteer of Mr. Chamberlain, and it will be his politics that will keep his poetry alive.

BOOTH TARKINGTON,
one of the most vigorous of the younger American novelists

CHAS. W. STODDARD,
whose "South Sea Idylls" is one of the American classics

Sir Gilbert Parker, again, is a novelist who illustrates the effectiveness of the novel as a political medium. Mr. Parker writes too well not to realize that he does not write well enough, and he is too much occupied with his social ambitions to concern himself with his literary failure. He is by no means despicable as a Canadian poster,—though, as a real exponent of Canada, he does not begin to compare with Charles G. D. Roberts,—but whatever meaning his books have is political rather than artistic. Few books of animal study so truly picture wild life as does Mr. Roberts's "The Heart of the Ancient Wood." No real writer is made a knight, though he may consent to become a lord.

AMBROSE BIERCE

The two books which Mr. Bierce has published—"In the Midst of Life" and "Can Such Things Be?"—are among the most original and characteristic compositions in American letters. The pertinacity with which Mr. Bierce probes a terror to its depths and spreads it out before the reader so that it can be seen as well as felt, is a peculiarity of his tales. They are characterized by force and refinement of intellect, and are a great stimulant to reflection. By their subtlety and hardy paradoxes, supported by great ingenuity, they "stir and sting" the mind to such a degree that examination and reasoning become necessary to the reader's peace

Yet, in saying that, one naturally thinks of Sir Conan Doyle, and remembers "Micah Clarke." Obviously "Micah Clarke" came out of the loins of "Lorna Doone," and Sir Conan would, I am sure, be proud of its derivation, for to be so sturdy a disciple of such a master is a wonderful beginning. Of all the recent products of "historical" novelists, "Micah Clarke" stands the one chance of survival, by reason of its strong construction, its strenuous and sweet spirit, and its quiet, forceful English. The public knows Sir Conan for lesser things,—for "Sherlock Holmes" (for which, with a modesty that is as characteristic as it is becoming, he has disclaimed the orignality in favor of such masters as Poe and Wilkie Collins,) and "Brigadier Gerard," but, without denying the literary resource of "Sherlock Holmes," it is "Micah Clarke," and "The White Company" that matter, and matter quite a good deal to readers of modern fiction. Sir Canon Doyle may be truthfully said to be one of the public favorites that indicate the public taste.

Talking of great novelists, what shall we say for such public favorites as Miss Marie Corelli and Hall Caine? Personally, I think that there is little to be said for Miss Corelli, except that she, obviously, supplies the gigantic demand in the human heart for sentimental melodrama, bogus mystery and cheap, semi-religious poetry. She is as inevitable as bad furniture and sentimental autotypes.

Hall Caine, to do him justice, is rather different. There was a time—when he wrote "The Deemster,"—when he wrote with something of an original inspiration. He had felt the Celtic poetry of the Isle of Man, and he had been able to express it in terms of vivid drama. "The Deemster" remains Mr. Caine's justification for the subsequent parodies and violations of a real gift. "The Bondman" was a striking book, in the Victor Hugo, and very much the Robert Buchanan, manner; but, with the coming of his financial success, the tares have sprung up and choked Mr. Caine's artistic wheat, and such books as "The Christian" and "The Eternal City," beyond selling well, have done nothing but show how Mr. Caine has imitated Zola's latter moralistic manner.

Fortunately, Zola's simplicity has made better disciples in England; George Moore, for example, and George Gissing. Both writers suffer from the dulness of their subject-matter, yet "Esther Waters" is something more than a document, and "The New Grub Street" and "The Whirlpool" are engaging blue books of the middle class. Still, both writers illustrate the Englishman's way of taking his pleasures sadly. Even his novels must smack of the Sunday school. "Robert Elsmere," for example, gained a success which placed Mrs. Humphrey Ward in the front rank of English theologians. She has since written books to prove that she was a novelist all the time. I suppose that she must be acknowledged as the creator of the popular religious novel,—and, in passing, one may note with what activity and with what success, the modern woman writer has made use of the novel. Sometimes she has won a passing notoriety with the naïvely outspoken exposition of delicate social questions, with which she is hardly competent to deal. "Sarah Grand" is such a writer, and another writer of much greater power is "George Egerton." But America in particular can count on three young women writers of something like classical significance. I have already spoken of Mrs. Gertrude Atherton. Mrs. Mary E.

[*Concluded on pages 669 to 671*]

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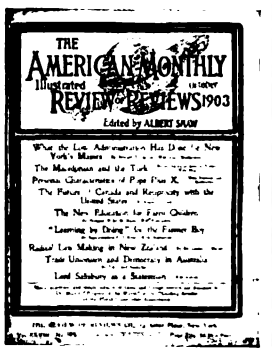

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The Great Novelists of To-Day

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

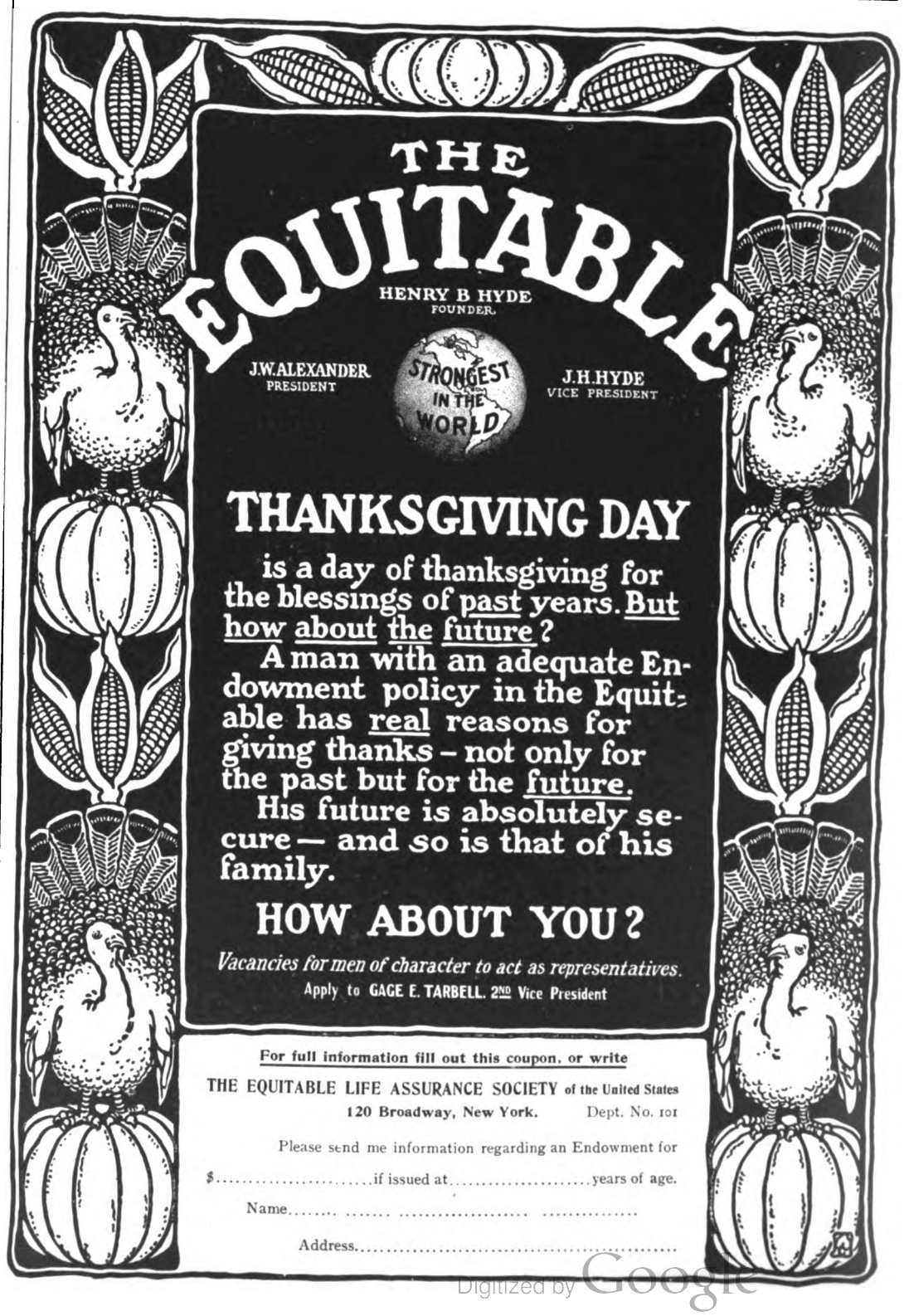
[*Continued from page 668*]

JOSEPH CONRAD,
whose strong, vigorous stories of the sea have given him a new and important stand in literature

Wilkins Freeman has long been recognized as the Jane Austen of New England; and Mrs. Edith Wharton possesses just that combination of social philosopher, poet-wit, and novelist which tempts one to call her the American "John Oliver Hobbes,"— not to forget Mrs. Craigie in speaking of writers that are also women—though, actually, Mrs. Wharton is a much more important writer. It must be noted, in speaking of English women writers, that the most offensively sexual novel of our days—"Sir Richard Calmady,"—is the work of a woman; for the name of "Lucas Malet" can not be omitted from the list of women writers of the moment. Of course, one does n't forget that "Lucas Malet" has written "Mrs. Lorimer," "Colonel Enderly's Wife," and "A Counsel of Perfection" as well.

One of the notorious literary features of the time has been the "historical," or, should we not rather say, the costume novel. Stevenson, of course, set the fashion, when, as H. B. Marriott Watson—one of his most faithful disciples,—has been saying in the "Fortnightly Review," he turned back the tide of French realism with that wonderful toy-book "Treasure Island." The way *in antiquam silvum*, pointed out by Stevenson, has been followed by a few writers naturally fitted to tread it,—though it must be said that the select little army of romance has been followed by a most distressing cloud of dull and noisy camp-followers. Even the real army has been rather disappointing, when one considers the opportunity provided by Stevenson's brilliant, and really authentic, raising from the dead of the great Sir Walter. There are names one mentions with gratitude and even respect,—such as Stanley Weyman (who must, perhaps, be credited with personally hailing back to Dumas,) A. E. W. Mason, Egerton Castle, Booth Tarkington,—and yet not even the best of these literary manipulators of the plumed hat and the rapier have given us anything of which we can even remember the name,—without a self-conscious effort of gratitude. With the possible exception of "A Gentleman of France," this noisy "historical" fiction has left us nothing but a garish mountain of stage-properties, and a theatrical wardrobe already cloudy with the moth. It has not even produced a book comparable with "John Inglesant," not to mention such a book as "The Cloister and the Hearth." This is really strange,—for such an eager opportunity seldom passes with a response so breakneck and so moblike and yet so pitifully inadequate. Of course, such an historical novelist as Henryk Sienkiewicz belongs to an older, greater period; though we must not forget to add the author of "*Quo Vadis*" and "With Fire and Sword" to that small company of the great to which I referred at the beginning of this article.

There are several other names of world-wide significance which, falling into no particular category, may as well be mentioned here: Pierre Loti, with his romantic egotism; Paul Bourget, with his psychological egotism; and Gabriel D' Annunzio, with his biological egotism. To M.



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Loti's iridescent French we owe one of our earliest and most alluring visions of the East; and through M. Bourget's limpid prose we have seen many a delicate secret of the heart of love. But Gabriel D' Annunzio is a stronger figure, a hot tumultuous nature, a very jungle of passion and aspiration. His books, indeed, are tropical in their coarse elemental power, offensive in their riotous vitality; their pages are heavy with Roman fever,—and yet, what marvelous flowers spring out of this polluting marsh, sanctifying skies stretch across it, and with what song of almost unearthly purity this beautiful morass can greet the dawn. After all, great writers must be taken as they are. They are not good for everybody, but perhaps nothing else is; and D' Annunzio is so great a poet that the evil in him of which we have heard perhaps too much is, I am inclined to think, burned up in the strong flame of his ascending spirit.

Another great, unclassifiable novelist for us who think in English is Thomas Hardy, whose earlier, less conscious, books—such early idyllic things as "Under the Greenwood Tree," and such poetically conceived tragedies as "The Return of the Native,"—will probably, as Herrick wrote, remain his "pillar" when "Jude the Obscure" is forgotten. Mr. Hardy, so to say, has been famous several times, in much the same way as Mr. Meredith. Long ago he was famous from "Far from the Madding Crowd." Then his fame went to sleep, till he was rediscovered by a new generation with "Tess of the D' Urbervilles." Over that almost Shakespearian arcadian novel one felt already that approaching shadow of grim Zolaistic morality which covered "Jude" with so thick a pall. Perhaps it was a pity that what was, after all, a passing pessimism should so "fright away the dryads and the fauns" from Mr. Hardy's orchards and fragrant hayfields, and substitute a determined Greek tragedy for those warm droppings of human tears as in "The Woodlanders" we had heard fall on the grave of Marty South. Still, every artist must take his own course, and Mr. Hardy has sufficient purely "artistic" achievement behind him to allow him to take divagations into advanced morality. It will be strange if England should forget to read one of the sincerest of English writers. Surely Thomas Hardy will come up with the cowslips so long as the plow turns up arrowheads on Salisbury Plain.

Speaking of the English Hardy, one is reminded of Arthur Sherburne Hardy, whose "But Yet a Woman" is surely one of the quiet American classics, and whose "Passe Rose" is worth all the recent "historical" imitations rolled together. Speaking too of what one might call isolated classics, one is surely not sorry that Henry Blake Fuller's strenuous work on the Chicago novel has not made us forget "The Chevalier of Pensieri-Vani." But I would not be thought to speak of the Chicago novel with anything but respect. If only Frank Norris had lived! Yet the school of which he was the most conspicuous pen counts other men worth watching,—men such as Robert Herrick and Churchill Williams; men who have seen and ably expressed the romance of American realism and American history. H. Chatfield-Taylor, of course, is a Chicagoan, too; but he is too much of a cosmopolitan wit and "fantast" to be counted merely as a prophet of his own country. Of course, Winston Churchill must not be forgotten as a conscientious exponent of American history; while Mr. Townsend has achieved the very rare distinction of fixing a national type in "Chimmie Fadden." Richard Harding Davis almost achieved a little success in his early "Van Bibber" stories. He has since written a delicious idyl in "The Princess Aline;" and, say what you will, he is a very brilliant journalist, and has a most attractive personality.

Perhaps of all the books inspired by what I might call the American historico-topographical movement, none (after "David Harum,") comes so near to being the real thing as Owen Wister's "The Virginian." That, again, was one of the very few books popular with the public that justifies the public taste.

I find, in looking around the field of the contemporary novel, that quite a few of really significant names remain outside my classification. There are such born story-tellers as F. Marion Crawford and Seton Merriman; there is Henry Harland, who writes so prettily of that old Bohemia of the Latin Quarter that is gone; there is Anthony Hope, sprung so daintily from the loins of "Harry Richmond;" there is Maurice Hewlett, who is so true a poet and so intense a

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realist of old romance, that one begs him on the bended knees of a devoted reader, to abandon the Meredithian mediævalism of his style; and there is Robert Hichens, who, in his loving observation of London life, writes something of the voluminous subtlety of his beloved Balzac, with the kindly Cockney portraiture of Dickens and Phil May. Then, again, there is H. G. Wells, who is so excellent a rejuvenation of his great master, Jules Verne; and yet, judging by some of his merely sublunary stories, is envious of the laurels of Mr. Gissing. Think of a man who knows all there is to tell about Mars,—the man who wrote "The Time-Machine,"—preferring to dissect the soul of a grocer's assistant! Yet in "The Wheels of Chance," and "Love and Mr. Lawisham," Mr. Wells may be said to have achieved a genuine Clapham success. Still, dare one say to Mr. Wells, that so many writers can teach us such ethics of the dust, and so few give us that lift above the dust which we gain from the more characteristic imaginations of his spontaneous science.

This review of modern novelists has necessarily been very cursory; yet, whatever names may involuntarily have been forgotten, I think it is full enough to illustrate the remarkable scope and general excellence of the modern novel. One can seriously say that the world, that has always stood in need of story-tellers, has never been better supplied.

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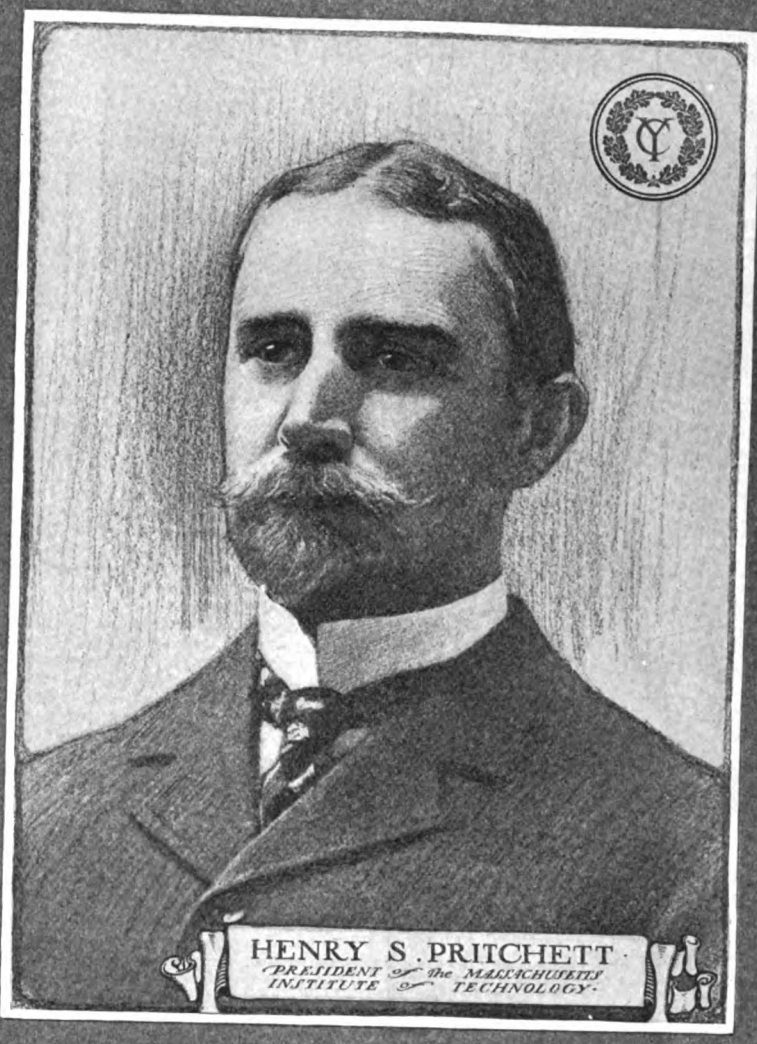

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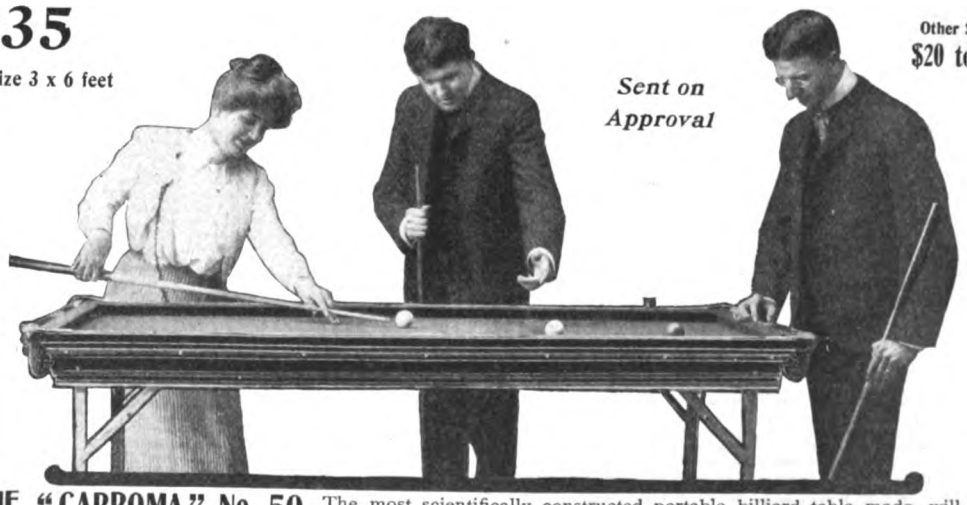

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Seasonable Suggestions in Dress

MARION BELL

A linen collar and cuff set

THESE are indeed days of extravagance in dress, and she whose allowance is limited will discover it is a difficult matter to appear modishly gowned unless she possesses those rare qualities, good judgment and ingenuity. But she who is fortunate in these possessions may easily achieve that distinction which characterizes the well-gowned woman,—that indescribable something called style, and upon each and every occasion she will be charming to behold.

Yards upon yards of materials and trimmings are consumed in one gown even though it suggests simplicity in its long flowing lines, but this fact need not be discouraging to the woman who appreciates the possibilities of inexpensive fabrics, which, in many instances, are beautiful enough to satisfy the most fastidious tastes, and, when properly handled, produce effective results, for she may evolve really wonderful creations with very little cost. The soft woolens in delicate colors, silk voiles and veilings, and soft-finished silks such as *crêpe de Chine* and taffeta, adapt themselves with charming grace to the gowns and separate waists for semi-formal wear that are included in almost every winter outfit. Indeed, to be without an "emergency dress," as it is sometimes called, means that one must forego the delights of social functions and grow old before one's time. So this dainty creation, whether it be a dress or perhaps just a waist to wear with a handsome skirt, is an absolute necessity.

The separate waist is more popular than ever before, but with this distinctive feature,—it must harmonize or match in color the skirt with which it is to be worn,—and a woman of good taste will rejoice in this fact, for the clashing of colors heretofore has tried her sorely. When economy must be practiced white is the wisest choice for the bodice to be worn with a variety of skirts, as even with a colored skirt it by no means offends the eye; but it is of course best worn with a white or black skirt. Then, too, another most important item is that white goods can be perfectly cleaned when soiled, and appear as if new. The craze for handwork finds unlimited possibilities in this garment which, when intended for theater or afternoon wear, is lavishly trimmed. Embroidery lends a distinctive charm, and even an inexpensive material may be so beautified by this decoration as to quite rival some costly importation. All sorts of fancy stitches, too, are used to produce decorative effects, and, when tastefully wrought, add much to the beauty of the waist. A particularly attractive example of the separate bodice was recently added to the wardrobe of a young woman whose excellent taste has earned for her an enviable reputation among her friends. The waist was made of white taffeta having a wonderfully soft finish, and it was uniquely trimmed with bands of the silk adorned with fancy stitching in black, and black silk cord ornaments further carried out the elaborate scheme. Tiny black silk crocheted buttons were very closely arranged down the center of the fronts and also on the epaulettes over the shoulders. This "Frenchy" creation was intended to be worn with either a black or a white cloth or veiling skirt.

Where is the woman who feels that her stock of neckwear is complete? Every day the shops show new things in this line, and to pass the display is almost an impossibility. So costly are many of these dainty trifles as to be quite beyond the reach of the average woman, but she wisely examines them and proceeds at once to reproduce them, and so cleverly does she succeed as to be the envy of her less fortunate sister who can neither make nor buy them. A bit of fine linen in the hands of this ingenious woman will come forth as a thing of beauty, and she can easily have a change for every day of the week. Drawn-work is extremely popular, and really charming are some of the collar and cuff sets showing this work that my lady wears to brighten up a somber bodice, or perhaps to provide the finishing touch to her new shirt-waist dress of dark-colored silk or velveteen that must be included in her winter outfit if she wishes to be thoroughly up-to-date in her dress.

The variety in wraps is seemingly greater than ever before, and, if possible, more attractive. As with the gown, so with the wrap or coat, it must be especially suited to the occasion upon which it is to be worn. Black and tan are the colors best liked, though she who is fortunate enough to possess several top-garments may indulge her taste for a light gray or even white for evening wear. Red is a particularly suitable color for the chill winter weather, and, when trimmed with black, the effect is rich and attractive. Quite the most novel long coat recently imported is made of very light tan cloth having a lustrous surface with machine-stitching for its only ornamentation. The cape effect over each shoulder lends a sort of military air to the creation, and, if reproduced in dark blue, with gilt buttons as a decorative feature, this effect would be accentuated. If of black material the coat could be worn upon almost all occasions and would give dignity to the wearer, if she be tall and slender with graceful carriage.

A serviceable long coat

A most absorbing topic of fashions is hats, and to choose a stylish and at the same time becoming model requires excellent taste and judgment. There are such charming turbans made of furry felt, velvet, and even fur, that a woman to whom this smart style is becoming will have much for which to be thankful. Never before were such beautiful color combinations offered. Particularly noticeable are the exquisite shadings of one color,—brown, blue, and purple being preferred. White hats have by no means lost their popularity, and a model expressing unusual charm is of white beaver felt folded and bent into turban shape with a slight peak over the eyes. Golden-brown mirror velvet is folded and arranged over each side of the rolling brim, crossing on top and in a broad bow at the back. White wings give an added charm to this dainty creation which is appropriate for wear with a tailored suit of tan cloth. By the way, a new winter "tailor-made" must be selected, and the important questions are, of what shall it be made and what design shall be copied? So great is the variety of both as to make a selection rather puzzling, but a wise woman will decide upon one of the new shaggy cheviots that defy dust and rain, and she will undoubtedly select the skirted-coat in three-quarters length, with skirt just to escape the ground, preferably, though a long skirt is quite as often chosen. Stitched bands and buttons of the material form an attractive trimming and a leather belt is worn.

It is interesting to note the choice of colors for cloudy, dull days, and those that are chosen when the sun shines. She is wise who gives a bit of thought to this subject, for every one knows the depressing effect, on a dull day, of a somber-hued gown, and the cheer that is imparted when one appears arrayed in bright becoming colors. The girl of to-day will add red or other bright-hued ribbons and fixings to her dark frock, if she can not have the entire creation in a cheery color. But let the sun burst forth, and, like the chameleon, of changeable tint, she adopts the soft shades of gray, tan, and pale pinks and blues, letting Nature put in the bright touches to her liking. One who has sat out a cheerless autumn day with women clad in sable-hued robes will appreciate the wisdom of this up-to-date girl. Surely some concession is due to the spirits of one's companions when the weather insists upon being gloomy. One of the prettiest and simplest little trifles, whereby this change can be accomplished with a dark-colored dress, is an adjustable yoke with high collar and cuffs to match, made of scarlet velvet ribbon in lattice design,—the filling-in

A modish street toilet

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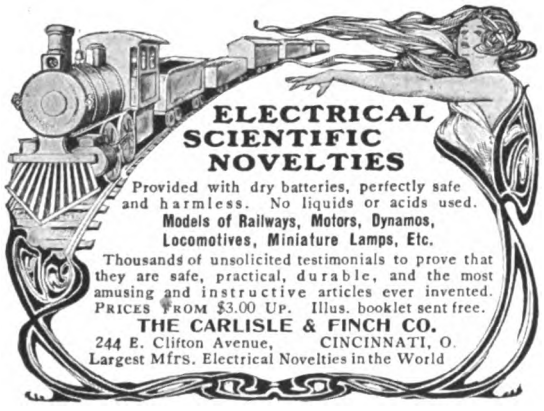

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stitch being of black silk. The lower outline of the yoke was in Van Dyke shape and finished with tiny loops of the velvet. Worn over a dark blue, brown, or black bodice, the effect would be very pleasing.

A novel autumn hat

A stock collar of red silk with long tie, knotted at intervals and finished on the ends with fringe, would be another means of enlivening a dark dress. A belt to match should be worn with this stock, and cuffs of the same bright-hued silk, given a distinctive touch by French knots of fancy stitches, would complete a waist set of unusual charm.

The shirt-waist girl remains with us, and she delights in new and startling developments of this most useful garment. Her very latest, and also her smartest addition to the shirt-waist collection, is one made of English vesting, a material that rivals flannel in popularity. The front is laid in two-inch wide box-plaits, stitched, that are set at intervals of an inch or so apart. An irregular pointed yoke is simulated by drawing the plaits close together over the chest and covering the seams with narrow stitched bands. The bands are of uneven lengths, and pointed at the lower ends; a pearl button gives a pretty finish to each one. With this shirt-waist a stock of the same material is worn, and there are several ties, of different colors, provided to give the necessary change and tone,—a pale, silvery blue being especially attractive for wear when the sun shines brightly, and bright red for the colorless day.

Perhaps one has had several pairs of cuff links laid away during their hour of unpopularity. If so, they may be brought forth once more, for just now they are in high favor. Many of the new links take the form of buttons of silver, gold, or gun metal, set with one's favorite precious stone. A blue matrix is popular, and looks well with the white shirt-waist that will be a part of the autumn and winter outfit. A decided novelty in a shirt-waist set is made of tinted bone, cut to imitate a chrysanthemum. The idea is wonderfully artistic and will appeal to the girl who aims to be just a bit original in her dress.

The woman who does not adore those dainty trifles and accessories that add such distinction to even the plainest gown is indeed lacking in taste, and it were wise if she devoted more thought to them, for in many instances they not only add beauty to the costume, but offer a practical suggestion as well. The boa in its many forms has long been, and will ever remain a favorite, and while the most extreme whims of fashion's followers select the boa that is shaped almost like a fichu, others prefer the fluffy, rolling kind, which may be both serviceable and attractive. An exceptionally attractive boa is made of black chiffon, with ruchings of black and white gauze ribbon arranged in close rows.

For evening wear to places of amusement an attractive stole may be made of lace-edged ruchings of *mousseline de soie* of some delicate, becoming hue. A lining of silk would give body to the stole which should be shaped to produce a broad effect at the shoulders and have long ends to extend well below the knees.

With the approach of colder days the dainty boas of filmy materials will, however, be somewhat supplanted by those of marabou feathers, and fur. Among the furs shaped as pelerines and stoles, which are shown in the shops and promise to be fashionable during the coming winter, are ermine, sable, beaver, golden otter, and chinchilla.

A fancy taffeta waist

Hat, stole, and muff sets are among the season's novelties. One of these sets recently seen consisted of a black velvet Gainsborough hat, trimmed profusely with three-quarter-inch black satin ribbon looped around the crown and three handsome black plumes that fell gracefully toward the back, and a stole and muff, also of the velvet, lavishly trimmed with rosettes and loops of ribbon. Shirring is a feature of many of the hats and muffs.

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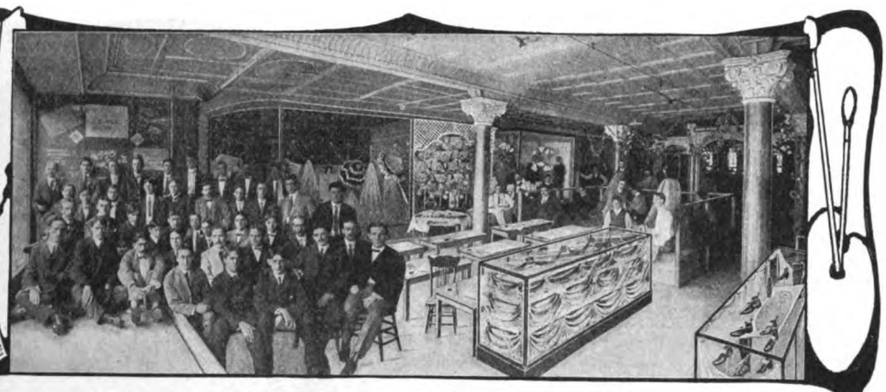

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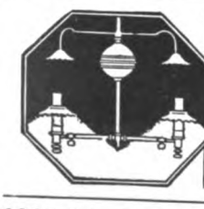

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The Man Who Makes Mistakes

H. IRVING HANCOCK

IT is by no means a new conception in commercial circles that the man who makes mistakes, and who therefore finds himself an object of censure from his employer, may really be a very valuable employee. Yet it has probably occurred to but few people who toil for success that there is a corollary to the effect that he who goes on in his placid business way year after year, without being guilty of a single error, is a positive menace to the well-being of the one who engages his services.

No American business man understood this latter proposition better than the late Eben D. Jordan, of Boston, founder of the great dry-goods house of Jordan, Marsh and Company. During one of his daily strolls through the store Mr. Jordan's glance fell upon one of his men who, for ten years, had been at the head of a certain department.

"That reminds me," mused Mr. Jordan, "that I made a note yesterday to look into the record of this Mr. Smith. I'll do so to-day."

Returning to his private office he sent for one of his head men and inquired:—

"What sort of a fellow is Smith?"

"The very best sort, I consider him," replied the subordinate.

"I am very glad to hear that," quoth Mr. Jordan. "He has had charge of his department for ten years, I believe."

"Yes, sir, and he has a unique record. He has never made a mistake."

"Eh? What's that? Discharge him at once."

"Sir?" stammered the surprised subordinate.

"No, on second thought," continued Mr. Jordan, "you needn't discharge him right away. I'll give him another chance. Send him in to me."

Smith came, entering the private office with some trepidation.

"Sit down, Smith," said Mr. Jordan, kindly; "I have been told that you have had charge of your department for ten years, and that you have never committed a blunder."

"Such, I believe, has been my record, sir," replied Smith, who now saw his way to certain promotion.

"I want you to mend your ways, Mr. Smith," went on his employer.

"But I don't understand you, sir," was the astounded man's reply.

"I dare say you don't. That's what I wanted to see you about, Mr. Smith. I don't like men who never make mistakes. What I need here is a progressive man, —one with plenty of push and enterprise. Now, a man who is full of zeal for me and primed with ambition for himself is sure to make a mistake now and then. The man who never blunders is too cautious, too slow to be worth much here. Recently I had a statement made out showing me the percentage of increase or decrease in the business of each department. I am sorry to say that your department is the only one that causes me any uneasiness. I find the reason to be that you are too infernally cautious. *You never make any mistakes!* Unless you can soon show some changes in your methods, Mr. Smith, you will not be a candidate for continued employment in this establishment."

"Then you want me to make mistakes hereafter?" cried the dazed department manager.

"There, again, you have failed to get the idea. The man who makes a lot of senseless blunders is an expensive luxury. The man who never does anything foolish is equally useless. Provided you blunder once in a while, yet show me that your department is becoming increasingly profitable to me, I shall consider you a valuable man. Think over what I have said to you, Mr. Smith. It is equally applicable to any business that calls for progressive men and methods. If at any time you are in doubt, come to me for advice. Remember that in my life of striving and struggling I have made plenty of blunders, and yet have made some money, too. It is restless zeal that counts. Go back to your department, Mr. Smith. I will give you two months in which to redeem yourself."

It is worth while recording that Smith lost, with reason, much of his complacency about the absence of mistakes in his work, but he showed an improved balance sheet and retained his position.

FOR THOSE WHO THINK

Don't dally with your purpose.

Character is the poor man's capital.

If you hate anothor, it is slow suicide for yourself.

Men call their own carelessness and inactivity fate.

The lucky man is the one who grasps his opportunity.

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Genius darts, flutters, and tires, but perseverance wears and wins.

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Give a youth resolution and the alphabet, and who shall place limits to his career?

We get out of life just what we put into it; the world has for us just what we have for it.

Don't brood over the past, or dream of the future, but use the instant and get your lesson from the hour.

In many an establishment there are successes who are infinitely inferior to the failures from whom they snatch the laurels.

No one else can solve your problem, or work out your riddle. You stand or fall by it. Your happiness, your well-being, your success and your destiny hang upon your carrying out the programme the Creator has given you.

Stock-taking every day is a great aid to advancement. Stop and add yourself up at the close of each day and see if you have anything to carry over. If you have nothing but ciphers to carry over, something is wrong somewhere.

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Practical Education for Spanish America

V. M. ARANA

[*Student and Instructor at Notre Dame University*]

ACADEMIC, scientific and practical or utilitarian are the three kinds of education which the world possesses now, and has always possessed. But the great question as to which of these kinds of education must preferably be given in new countries is no longer an open one. This country's gigantic development and progress are, to a great extent, the result of adopting utilitarian education in nearly all its colleges and universities.

In the United States educational methods are undoubtedly a complete departure from old principles and rules. In fact, here is where utilitarian education has been developed and perfected to such a degree that its results cause amazement in Europe and admiration in less enlightened countries.

The nature of North American education is, generally speaking, concrete; it limits itself to giving what is needed and is useful for the purpose in view. No student who intends to acquire a practical profession spends here years in learning purely abstract subjects; his time is sacred and he must employ every hour of it in digesting something that will be of practical avail, and in getting acquainted with the things with which he is to come in contact when engaged in professional work. The amount of theoretical knowledge he gets is not more than that required to make him grasp the reason and foundation of what he learns. Theoretical knowledge is thus a means and not an end. In the old system of education, actual things were studied so far as they helped to build up knowledge of truths; in the American practical system, truths are studied so far as they help to build up knowledge of actual things. The immediate result of this is that American colleges send out young men capable of accomplishing things quickly, at a time when graduates of other universities are only beginning to learn practical ways.

Nowadays, there is no region in the world which needs practical education more urgently than Spanish America. Curiously enough, too, this is a place where utilitarian education is hardly known. At the close of the past century Spanish America was still observing the old principles of pedagogy. The most elaborate education obtainable consisted in spending the best ten years of a young man's life in an exhaustive study of the classics, history, the dead languages, and philosophy, in order to confer upon him the degree of doctor. These scholarly attainments, and not industrial achievements, were the goal of a university graduate. They liked to develop what is curious rather than what is useful; they preferred to study scientific and interesting subjects.

Why South America Needs Practical Education

Now, however, they are beginning to see their limited usefulness when regarded in connection with practical things. What is interesting is not always advantageous; and, indeed, now is the time when those countries should endeavor to gain advantages, if their condition is to be improved. In spite of possessing the richest mineral districts in the world, those countries are poor. Their activities and resources must be employed in extracting their gold, silver, copper, etc., rather than in learning all about strontium, molybdenum, iridium, and other chemical oddities. They must plainly realize that to learn all they can about the first group is a necessity, while the latter knowledge is merely a luxury. In other words, practical education is what they need in preference to that which is academic or purely scientific.

Lately, however, the example of this country has produced in those communities a sudden awakening in matters of education; and, if properly guided, such a movement will bring about invaluable results. A wonderful development in the industrial field is the nearest possibility. There are in those regions territories where nature's riches are almost untouched, and where man, aided by modern machinery, would perform veritable wonders. Now, Spanish America begins to understand this, and no longer disregards such titles as "Institute of Applied Science" or "Industrial School;" on the contrary, she now thinks there is a world of meaning in those names and fully realizes that those schools embody the only means by which her people can become owners of

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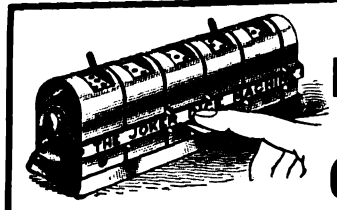

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what is their own and also masters of themselves.

As it will probably take long years before a transformation of the educational system could be completed in the Spanish-American countries, the most interested and alert are already taking advantage of American methods by patronizing the universities of the United States. At present a conservative estimate gives four or five hundred as the number of Spanish-American students who are being educated in this country. Of these, nearly fifty per cent. come from Mexico and the Antilles.

About half of the Latin-Americans who study here pursue engineering courses. During their collegiate term they not only become conversant with the college instruments, but also acquire a most comprehensive knowledge of outside machinery and processes, by observing and studying neighboring industrial plants. This investigation proves to be very useful, for knowledge of this kind is hardly to be found in their native countries, and there is still less probability of finding it in books.

With Enough to Live, They Do n't Care to Work

The education of Spanish-American young men in this country, however advantageous it may be, is for several reasons inadequate to produce the desired results. In the first place, not all those who would desire to acquire an American practical education could come to this country. Indeed, the ones who are most likely to excel, on account of their ambition and ability, may belong to the poorer classes, and educating themselves in this country would be beyond their means. Generally speaking, those who are able to come here and pay for their education belong rather to the rich people, and they are not likely to exert themselves very much when they go back to their countries.

Besides, the training given here is better adapted to conditions prevailing in this country. A young man who obtains an education here has necessarily to re-acquaint himself with his surroundings there. In some cases this takes a long time, and meanwhile he has lost valuable years.

It seems that the best solution of this question would be the establishing of North American practical schools and colleges in those countries. As long as the old system of education predominates in Spanish America, there will be no noticeable material progress. Utilitarian education, as it is understood in this country, must be introduced there; and the wonderful results obtained here will repeat themselves in those regions.

But here comes an important question,—Who is to give such a practical education to Spanish America? Her governments have at present so many important problems to contend with that the consideration of this matter, at the present time, would be well-nigh out of place.

We Should Found Branches of Our Colleges

A good, sensible way of solving the difficulty would be to found in these countries branches of the great universities that are having so great success here. This may seem, at first glance, utopical or purely charitable; but really it would not only be feasible and simple, but advantageous to this country as well. It would be a quick way to establish commercial relations on a wider scale than hitherto, for young men educated in these institutions would undoubtedly contribute to introducing American products in those countries. For instance, a civil engineer would not think of ordering steel rails from Belgium, or a mechanical engineer would not be likely to send for machinery to Germany, as is largely the case now. He would prefer to send for the machinery he knows and for the material on which he has performed his tests. These instances could be multiplied indefinitely, and show that the establishment of such colleges would not only be a blessing for the countries concerned, but also very advantageous for this one.

The governments would be only too glad not merely to welcome the move, but as well to give every facility for carrying out the scheme. They would allow the introduction of materials free of import duties, as has been the case when branch stations of American astronomical observatories have been installed.

To some it may appear that these suggestions are impracticable, on account of the uproarious condition generally attributed to those countries. Be it understood, however, that revolutions in most South American countries are no longer of frequent occurrence, as they were during the last century.

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Making the Most of Leisure

PART II.

Hamilton Wright Mabie

TOO MUCH can not be said of the value of the hours which most men waste. One of the prime qualities of a man of force and ability is his clear understanding of what can be done with the time and tools at his command. Such a man wastes no time in idle dreaming of the things he would do if he could go to college, or travel, or have command of long periods of uninterrupted time. He is is not guilty of a feeble evasion of "no possibility" for his career by getting behind adverse conditions. If the conditions are adverse, he gets in front of them and so gets away from them. Conditions look very solid and formidible, but a plucky man often discovers that their portentous show of strength is a sham, and that the great guns which frown upon him are merely wooden imitations. Everything yields to a strong hand.

The question for each man to settle is not what he would do if he had means, time, influence, and educational opportunities; the question is what he will do with the things he has. The moment a young man ceases to dream or to bemoan his lack of opportunities, and resolutely looks his conditions in the face, and resolves to change them, he lays the corner stone of a solid and honorable success.

A young man who ceases to dream about the things he would do if he had plenty of time, and plans the things he will do with the time he has, may go slow, but he will go far.

Such a young man, thirty years ago, suddenly discovered that, by using in a continuous way the time he spent on ferry-boats and railway trains he might have a good deal of leisure. This leisure was made up of half and quarter hours at the beginning and end of the day,—the odds and ends of time which most people regard as of no account. Taking them separately, they are of little account; putting them together, by treating them as a whole, they furnished a fine opportunity for the liberal education of a young man of business. This young man saw the uses of these odds and ends of time if he could treat them as a whole. That was really a very simple matter, though multitudes of people have never found it out. To utilize these hours and make them as valuable as if they formed a continuous period of time, it was only necessary to make a little plan of work, and to have the material in hand so as to turn every quarter of an hour to account.

This young man wanted to know German. He bought an elementary grammar and phrase book and some simple German stories. He kept a book in his pocket, and, when a spare quarter or half hour came, he studied the book. It was not difficult, and in a little while it became very interesting. He was soon reading simple German, and from that point his progress was rapid, and the pleasure of the occupation steadily increased. In less than a year he had German so well in hand that he began to study Spanish. He became engrossed in the study of languages as an occupation for his leisure hours; he found it very enjoyable, and every language learned was an open door to more enjoyment. In a few years he was reading German, Spanish, French, and Italian easily and with keen enjoyment. In the meantime his business advancement had been rapid, and he had secured a very important and lucrative position in a great organization. His studies had not only given him an education, but they had also conduced to his success in practical affairs by the quickening and training of his mind. This is but one among thousands of similar achievements.

He Knew It All

EX-SENATOR HENRY G. DAVIS, of West Virginia, began his railroad career as a conductor on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. One day John M. Garrett, president of the road, and a party of friends were on Davis's train, making an inspection of what is known as the "second division;" that is, from Martinsburg to Cumberland. Garrett asked the conductor some questions about the villages and the country through which the train passed. The answers surprised the great railroad man. Davis not only told all about the villages, but also made suggestions as to how the traffic of the road could be increased by reaching into the timber and mining lands near, and how expenses could be cut down by changes in the freight schedules. He grew eloquent on the subject and showed that he had given it thorough study.

Finally Garrett said: "Is there anything you *don't* know about the road and the country through which it passes?"

"I don't think there is," Davis modestly replied. Garett laughed, but a week later Davis got his first promotion, and, within a few years, he was an officer of the road. His knowledge of West Virginia's resources made him a millionaire, later.

New Books Received

AMONG the new books recently received by SUCCESS are two by authors well known to our readers. They are "My Mamie-Rose; the Story of My Regeneration," by Owen Kildare, and "The Strife of the Sea," by T. Jenkins Hains. Mr. Kildare's book is based on the story of his life, which appeared several months ago in SUCCESS. At that time, the author and the editors received over five thousand letters of praise and good will for this remarkable story. His book is written in the same masterly style, and with the same pathos and force which characterized the shorter article. It now makes a book of over three hundred pages, illustrated by photographs, and attractively bound. It is so full of strength and interest, of life and tragedy, as to deserve classification with the stronger novels, yet it is in every line faithful to fact.

Mr. Hains has written several stories for SUCCESS, the chief of which have been "A Tragedy of the South Atlantic" and "Clawing Off the Cape." These have been combined with a dozen others of Mr. Hains's brilliant stories of sea animals and sea life. They are told sympathetically from the animal's point of view, so that the reader lives with the denizens of the deep. Mr. Hains, in his first book, "The Wind-Jammers," gained considerable reputation, which has steadily increased with the short stories which have appeared since.

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A Boy Politician

W. L. RIORDON

MATTHEW J. DOBBINS

"MATT" J. DOBBINS is the confidential clerk of Seth Low, Mayor of New York City. He is the leader of the Matthew J. Dobbins Association, and very influential as a politician in the second assembly district of Manhattan Borough. Three years ago he was the "copy boy" of the City Hall reporters; that is, he carried to the newspaper offices what the reporters wrote.

Ten years ago, a little red-haired fellow, with a bright, eager face, came to the reporters' room at the City Hall and said he had heard that they wanted a "copy boy." The reporters had not heard of it themselves, but they decided to give a chance to a boy who had "beat" them on news of their own room, whether the news was true or not, so he was allowed to make extra trips with copy, when the regular boy was too busy to reach all the offices, and was paid by the trip.

"Matt" took a seat in a corner and waited for a chance to show what he could do. It soon came. A batch of copy was given to him to deliver at three different offices, and he astonished his employers by dashing from the room, leaping down the City Hall steps, and making foot-race time across City Hall Park. He returned within ten minutes, thus lowering all previous records. What astonished the reporters still more was that he did not light a cigarette on his return. They gazed with curiosity at a "copy boy," from the fourth ward, too, who could exist for several hours without a cigarette. Curiosity gave way to admiration, mingled in some degree with incredulity, when, in answer to questions, the boy said he did not smoke at all.

Within six months, "Matt" became indispensable to the City Hall reporters. He demonstrated the facts, hitherto unsuspected, that a round of the newspaper offices in Park Row and Broadway could be made in less than an hour and a half, and that there was one "copy boy" on earth who could overcome the temptation to gamble in the park. As a consequence, the regular boy was dismissed, and "Matt" was installed in his place. His new dignity brought trouble with it, at first. There is a messenger boys' union, though it has not been formally organized, and a delegation from this union waylaid "Matt" in the park one day, told him that he had violated the fundamental rule of the union by "covering" Park Row in half an hour, and warned him that he would be punished if he did not stay away at least ninety minutes on each trip. "Matt" defied the union and received a sound drubbing in consequence. But the reporters backed him, the City Hall police took him under their protection, and he was no longer molested.

After the first year, "Matt" knew all the City Hall officials. He kept track of the meetings of the various boards, too, and learned much about the city's business and method of transacting it. Moreover, he read most of the reporters' copy while waiting to make his rounds, and always listened eagerly to the political discussions in which the reporters indulged when there was "nothing doing." In this way he picked up considerable knowledge of the city government and politics which served him well, later.

Within three or four years "Matt" was something more than a "copy boy" to the reporters. He became a sort of assistant. If a reporter was obliged to go uptown for an hour or two on some mission for his office, he would say to "Matt," "If anything breaks loose while I'm gone, look after my paper." If anything did "break loose," "Matt" would instantly grasp its significance, telephone it to the city editor, and give his judgment as to whether it was important enough to require the attention of a special man from the office.

As time went on, "Matt" became practically a City Hall reporter, a very good one, too, although he still made record time in carrying copy. Mayors Gilroy, Strong, and Van Wyck noticed him and thought well of him, and he became a favorite with the aldermen and other officials at the City Hall. Finally, about three years ago, the reporters observed that "Matt" was growing rather tall for a "copy boy," and, aided and abetted by several politicians, they entered into a conspiracy to change his condition in life, with the following result:—

One day, after "Matt" had watched the proceedings of the board of estimate and apportionment, the mayor's secretary touched him on the shoulder and said: "'Matt,' Mayor Van Wyck has noticed you hanging around his office every day, and you know it is against the rules to loaf here. He wants to talk to you."

"Matt" turned frightened eyes on the secretary and was about to make a break from the office when police-sergeant Kennel, who guards the doors, took his arm and led him to the mayor's desk. The mayor looked up from his papers with a scowl and said, "This is the boy who is always standing around here, is it?"

"I carry copy for the reporters, and—" "Matt" began, in a trembling tone.

"That will do," the mayor interrupted, still scowling, and he began to write on a sheet of paper that looked like a warrant.

When he had finished, he called out, "Sergeant, bring the book." Sergeant Kennel brought forward a book that resembled a police-station "blotter."

"Now," continued the mayor, "your name, age, and address." Pale and trembling, "Matt" gave the desired information, and it was written down.

The mayor then handed "Matt" a Bible. That was too much for the boy. "I have n't done anything," he cried. "I have to come in here to get the reporters' copy. Just ask them. I never—"

A burst of laughter interrupted him, and, as he turned around, he saw a crowd of reporters and politicians behind him. When he turned back toward the desk, he found

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the mayor laughing, too, and apparently much amused.

When the mayor had recovered his gravity, he said: "Now, if you have no objection, 'Matt,' I would like to swear you in as my confidential clerk. I have heard good things of you,—above all else, that you do not smoke cigarettes. Is that true?"

"It is, your honor," replied "Matt," who was smiling. He was at once sworn in, signed his name and address in the book that resembled a police-station "blotter" and received the paper that looked like a warrant,—a certificate of appointment.

Soon afterwards, "Matt" was deep in the politics of his assembly district,—the second. Although not quite sixteen years old, he undertook the direction of an election district and became one of the most successful captains. Then he established the Matthew J. Dobbins Association.

When Mayor Low took office, January 1, 1902, it was supposed that "Matt," being a Tammany man, would have to give up the place to which he was appointed by Mr. Van Wyck. But the young clerk had made himself as indispensable in the mayor's office as he had been in the reporters' room, and Mr. Low, finding that he could not do without the young clerk, reappointed him.

He Knew What He Was

THERE are times when the most tactful of men are taken aback by some unexpected retort. Such an experience befell King Edward, of England, in connection with the visit of the South African contingent of colonial troops to London at the termination of the Boer War. One of the Cape scouts was an unmistakable mulatto, with a magnificent record for gallantry, however. The king was reviewing the men, walking down their extended line, and occasionally speaking to one of them. Opposite the colored man he stopped.

"And who are you, my man?" he asked.

The soldier straightened up, saluted, and replied gravely:—

"I'm a nigger, youah Majesty."

The "most tactful ruler in Europe" was nonplused by the unlooked-for reply. But he managed to say:—

"Good! Then remain so, my brave fellow." With this he passed on.

There Were Enough Inside

IN England, the lord chancellor, by virtue of his office, has a right to inspect all public asylums and hospitals. One day, while the late Lord Herschell was paying a visit at the house of a friend near Norwich, he went for an afternoon stroll, and, happening to pass by the great insane asylum at that place, the thought struck him that this was a good time to perform an official duty. Incidentally, it may be said that Herschell bore the reputation of being somewhat pompous at times. He knocked at the door, which, after a long delay, was opened by an attendant.

"You can't come in," he was informed. "It's not visiting hours."

"That makes no difference. I shall inspect this institution just the same."

"Indeed, but you'll not."

"Come, come, my good man, I'm the lord chancellor," Herschell expostulated.

"Oh, that's all right," answered the functionary, 'we've four of you inside already."

The Grindstone of Fate

ROY FARRELL GREENE

ONE day when I, a boy, bewailed the wealth to me denied,
I recollect my Uncle Hiram taking me aside
To chide me for my petulance and whisper in my ear
A bit of homespun logic and some facts designed to cheer.
"My boy," he said, "in after years you'll recognize that strife,
Unceasing toil and poverty equip one best for life;
For men, like tools, don't get an edge on things as smooth as wax,
It's just the grindstone's roughness, lad, that sharpens up the ax.

"'T was Lincoln's task of splitting rails, his buffeting by Fate
In early life, that made him fit to steer the Ship of State.
A tow-path life proved Garfield's steel, a tan-yard's pleasures scant
And weary round of work brought out the best there was in Grant.
If each had held within his mouth, when born, a silver spoon,
And had not been so ground by Fate the whole of life's forenoon,
Their brains that keenness would have lacked to probe prosaic facts,—
It's just the grindstone's roughness, lad, that sharpens up the ax.

"If things went always smooth with you," my Uncle Hiram vowed,
"You'd go through life unknown and undistinguished from the crowd,
More apt than not; while rasping Want and grinding Work, I've found,
Will sharpen wits that steps may cleave to Fortune's higher ground.
The wearing stones of Fate that seem your progress to retard
You'll some day bless, and thank the world for bearing down so hard.
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Character-Building Through Thought

VI.—SOME KILLING EMOTIONS

FEAR is not the only emotion that can do us deadly harm. Weak-hearted persons are warned, at the peril of their lives, to refrain from all unusual and disturbing emotions, but the injury of such emotions to sounder persons is only of lesser degree. Many a violent paroxysm of rage has caused apoplexy and death. Grief, long-standing jealousy and corroding anxiety are responsible for many cases of insanity. Emotion thus kills reason.

Grief is one of the best-known and most generally recognized of these killing emotions. Many a one has known some person who, because of grief at a death, has pined away and died in a few weeks or months. Correggio is said to have died of chagrin because he received only forty ducats for a picture that is now one of the treasures of the Dresden Gallery. Keats, as hundreds of other sensitive souls have done, died of criticism too keen for his sensibilities. Instances are not rare of young girls dying from disappointment in love.

Even joy kills when its impact is too sudden. The daily papers sometimes tell of an aged parent dying on the sudden return of a long-lost child, or of the news of great good fortune having a fatally exciting effect. A man in Paris died when his number proved a winning one in a lottery. Surprise at her son's bringing home a bride killed Mrs. Corea, of Copake, New York, in five minutes.

Even if the emotion is not strong enough to kill, its effect may be most injurious. A fit of anger will destroy appetite, check digestion, and unsettle the nerves for hours, or even days. It upsets the whole physical make-up, and, by reaction, the mental and the moral. Just as it changes a beautiful face to a hideous one, it changes the whole disposition, for the time being. Anger in a mother may even poison a nursing child. Extreme anger or fright may produce jaundice, and these or other emotions sometimes cause nausea.

Jealousy Is an Enemy to Health and Success

Jealousy will upset the entire system, and is one of the most deadly enemies to health, happiness, and success. Victims of jealousy oftentimes lose their health entirely, and do not regain it until the jealousy is removed, and sometimes become so demoralized mentally that they commit murder or suicide, or become insane. A standing headline in Paris newspapers is "*Drames Passionels*," meaning tragedies from passion. A strong, continual hatred will sometimes not only destroy digestion, assimilation, and peace of mind, but also ruin character.

These bodily effects of the emotions, and many others, are in part due to certain chemical products formed in the body by the emotions. Medical men say that they are analogous to the venom of poisonous snakes, which is likewise secreted under the influence of fear and anger. A snake has a sac in which to store the venom; we have none, and it spreads through all the tissues in spite of efforts to eliminate it.

Professor Elmer Gates, who has gone further than any other scientist into the investigation of emotions, says:—

"It need not surprise anyone that the emotions of sadness and pain and grief affect the bodily secretions and excretions, because everyone must have observed that, during these depressing emotions, the respiration goes on at a slower rate, the circulation is retarded, digestion is impaired, the cheeks become pale, the eyes grow lusterless, and so forth."

By various means and ingenious instruments, testing the "fatigue point," the "reactionary period," etc., Professor Gates determined that a person is capable of greater muscular, intellectual, and volitional activity under the influence of happy moods than under the influence of depressing emotions.

"The system makes an effort to eliminate the metabolic products of tissue-waste," says Professor Gates, "and it is therefore not surprising that, during acute grief, tears are copiously excreted; that, during sudden fear, the bowels are moved and the kidneys are caused to act; that, during prolonged fear, the body is covered with a cold perspiration; and that, during anger, the mouth tastes bitter,—due largely to the increased elimination of sulphocyanates. The perspiration during fear is chemically different, and even smells different from that which exudes during a happy mood."

Happiness Is a Means, Rather than an End

After pointing out the part elimination of waste poisons takes in the bodily economy, Professor Gates continues:—

"Now it can be shown in many ways that the elimination of waste products is retarded by sad and painful emotions; nay, worse than that, these depressing emotions directly augment the amount of these poisons. Conversely, the pleasurable and happy emotions, during the time they are active, inhibit the poisonous effects of the depressing moods, and cause the bodily cells to create and store up vital energy and nutritive tissue products.

"Valuable advice may be deduced from these experiments; during sadness and grief an increased effort should be volitionally made to accelerate the respiration, perspiration, and kidney action, so as to excrete the poison more rapidly. Take your grief into the open air, and work till you perspire; by bathing wash away the excreted eliminates of the skin several times daily; and, above all else, use all the expedients known to you—such as the drama, poetry, and the other fine arts,—and direct volitional dirigation to educe the happy and pleasurable emotions. Whatever tends to produce, prolong, or intensify the sad emotions is wrong, whether it be dress, the drama, or what not. Happiness is a means, rather than an end,—it creates energy, promotes growth and nutrition, and prolongs life. The emotions and other feelings give us all there is of enjoyment in life, and their scientific study and rational training constitute an important step in the art of using the mind more skillfully and efficiently. By proper training the depressing emotions can be practically eliminated from life and the good emotions rendered permanently dominant. All this is extremely optimistic."

Nursing grief month after month, or year after year, as so many do, is a crime against oneself, and against all others with whom one comes in contact. It does no good

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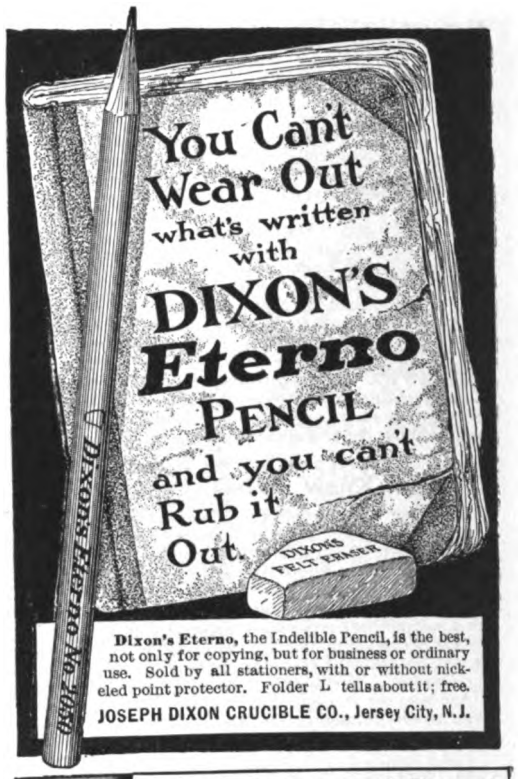

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THORNTON WEST, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF; FOUNDED 1895.
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to anybody, least of all to the grieving person, who certainly is no happier for it. The person dead or gone away can not appreciate or take any satisfaction in the perpetual mourning, and everybody who lives with the mourner is depressed and injured by the pall of lugubriousness. Such mourning is only self-pity, a form of selfishness. Pleasure and comfort from a certain source may have gone out of your life, but why not live in the pleasant memory of what was once enjoyed, rather than make yourself and many others miserable because you can not have a constant supply of this same pleasure? What would you think of a tourist who should come back from Switzerland weeping and mourning because he could not always remain in some beautiful valley, and enjoy the loveliest view he had ever seen? You expect his eye to grow bright and his manner animated as he tells of the beauty he saw and the pleasure he felt.

"In this connection," says Horace Fletcher, "the suggestion should be urged that separation—as in death,—is unessential as compared with the privilege of having known a beloved one, and that appreciation and gratitude should always outweigh regret in relation to an inevitable change.

"The attitude toward the separation called death should be such as to induce the thought, and even the expression, 'Pass on, beloved; enter into the better state which all the processes of nature teach are the result of every change; it will soon be my time to follow; my happiness at your preferment attend you; my love is blessed with that happiness; and what you have been to me remains, and will remain forever.'"

Anger has many forms and many causes, but, as Mr. Fletcher has shown, it has its root in fear. One is angry because he fears bodily harm, or injury to material interests, or deprivation of some enjoyed blessing, or injury to reputation or friendship through something that some one has said or done. The self-confident, fearless, composed person does not get angry; though suffering all the trials and vexations that make another person "fly all to pieces" a dozen times a day. That common expression, by the way, exactly describes the effect of anger. One's mental and physical harmony does "fly all to pieces," and is a long time getting patched up again.

Self-control is, of course, a preventive of anger. Logic and deliberation in judging of incidents and their effects on one are conducive to self-control. A common excitant to anger is the calling of a disagreeable name. Think just what this is, and you must decide that it is silly to lose your temper over it. You are angry really because you are afraid somebody may believe the characterization is true. Were you absolutely sure of yourself and your reputation, the epithet would have no more effect than the barking of a dog, or a word in some foreign language that you did not understand. It has no real effect at all, only what you allow it to have in your own mind. It does not alter the facts in the case in the least.

Anger because someone has done work wrong does not help matters any. It does not undo the mistake, or make the erring one not less likely to repeat the error than would a careful showing of what is wrong, and the proper method of doing the thing. Your own energy could be far more profitably spent than in a fit of temper.

Whatever the cause of anger, it will usually be found to be trivial. A proof is that quick-tempered people are always apologizing the next day, when the matter looks very different. Cultivate a habit of forming this "to-morrow" judgment to-day, and your angry explosions will be reduced to a minimum. Cultivate optimism in general, and particularly loving thoughts toward all people you meet, and you will soon find it hard to be angry with any of them. Jealousy and hatred will disappear by the cultivation of the same attitude of mind. Whatever the killing emotion that you are allowing to destroy your happiness and to shorten your life, the remedy can be found within yourself, in your own thinking and acting.

They Roused a Lion

A Crisis in the Life of Galusha A. Grow

IN northeastern Pennsylvania, near a little town called Harford, in Susquehanna County, there is a school for soldiers' orphans. Before the Civil War, this was the location of Harford University, and was a noted place for the education of the young people of both sexes. From its halls have gone out statesmen, judges, warriors, and professional men of all classes. Along in the forties, among the new students was found a country bumpkin, who for some reason became the butt of ridicule among his fellows. The curriculum provided for compositions and declamations from all the male students, and compositions from the gentler sex, every Friday afternoon, in the chapel. By the majority of the students this rule was more honored in the breach than in the observance. The writer hereof must plead guilty to being numbered with the majority. Some students read their productions singly. In other cases two or more combined their effusions in a paper to which they gave an appropriate title. While in some aspects their thoughts took a wide range in discussing questions of law, morals, and statecraft, yet in some things there was great sameness. They indulged in personalities. They loved fun, and did not hesitate to lampoon or ridicule their fellow students. For some reason, not now known, this country lad was put in the pillory every week. His compositions were conspicuous by their absence. As he was a lawful prey and did not resent it, his companions were emboldened to go to greater lengths. In time he was placed in such an uncomfortable position that he must either fight or run away. Being no coward, he chose to do the former. He waked up the dormant energies of his mind. "Where there's a will, there's a way." He exerted his will power, and made a way. He made a paper of his own, and in it whaled his tormentors unmercifully. Logic, invective, ridicule and sarcasm were used with telling effect upon all who had invoked his wrath.

From that moment he was a changed person. He observed the rules for composition, and commanded the respect of his fellow students. He determined to be no longer the under dog in the fight. He cultivated the talent he had found, and results show that it was not labor in vain. To-day this student, Hon. Galusha A. Grow, stands at the head of the Pennsylvania delegation in congress,—a position he probably would never have attained had he not been forced into this battle. He was the war speaker in the house of representatives, and the president of the International and Great Northern Railway.

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If You Are Well-Bred

Points That Should Be Observed to Maintain Social Etiquette

VI.---Manners in the Home

MARY A. LIVERMORE

WE are continually reminded that the first and most important school of human beings is the home,—and that there are implanted the first and the strongest impulses that determine future character. What, then, constitutes a home? What is comprehended in that magical word?

Every person and every creature on the earth desire homes. A real home is the one universal want. Reptiles, fishes, birds, and beasts seek homes, after the fashions of their various kinds, as do all human beings, and they do not differ more widely in their home-making than do the men and women among whom we live. A typical home of the slums, unsunned and unventilated, squalid and noisome, is often only a stone's throw from a palatial residence, from which both sun and air are purposely excluded, lest they fade the carpets and pictures, and contaminate with dust. The humble home of toiling poverty, where the wolf haunts the door perpetually, is not unfrequently glorified with love and tender courtesy, that, at times, transform it into a suburb of heaven. A magnificent dwelling may tower above it, as perfect in its conveniences as science and art can devise, and packed with the luxuries of all civilizations, yet it may be the abode of unclean spirits, reeking with sensualism, and rent with discord and wrath.

An ideal home must be a place of ease, rest, and comfort, for both body and mind. Its arrangements should promote health and prohibit disease. It should provide for intellectual and moral training, and its atmosphere should be radiant with cheerfulness and good humor, and calm and sweet with abiding peace and love. Here shall the husband and the wife learn that "marriage, like government, is a series of compromises,"—and that, while neither can be blind to the other's failings, these can easily be borne by habitual self-control and good-natured forbearance. Here shall the child enter the world in its mother's arms, and straightway be placed in the first school of civilization, where it will learn love and duty from its mother's eyes and voice. "One good mother," said George Herbert, "is worth a hundred schoolmasters," while Lord Bacon likens her to "a globe of precepts."

What Code of Manners for the Home?

What code of manners should prevail in the home? It is a great question, for law itself is but "a reflex of homes," and peoples are gathered out of nurseries, and nations are but the outcome of homes. Manners are indeed but minor morals, and are of more importance than laws, which are but their exponents. Good manners are simply beautiful behavior. They are the outcome of kind hearts,—the courteous expression of kind feelings in our intercourse with one another. What we call etiquette is a substitute for good manners, and is very often only their counterfeit. Yet, without it, society would be insufferable, at times, for the artificial laws of politenesss, upon whose observance society insists, soften even natural angularities and asperities, and hold rudeness and ill-breeding in check.

In the home, it is probably most important that the married couple shall maintain the courtesy and charm of manner, and the recognition of equal relationship which invested the days of courtship with delight. There should not be any lack of courtesy in the home habits, even when the husband and the wife are in entire seclusion. It should extend to matters of dress, and regulate attention to each other's wishes. It is fatal to the happiness and permanency of married life for either to drop the loveliness of manner and the engaging courtesies of the antenuptial relation. Nothing is too trivial to be considered that tends to strengthen family affection or prompts its expression in unselfishness and loving acts.

Much Depends on the Woman in the Home

All this depends, in a very large degree, on the woman in the home, whose power in this direction is almost immeasurable. Emerson says, "A sufficient measure of civilization is the influence of good women." Not unfrequently, the child at her knee is not more readily shaped, by the mother, into an agreeable and promising member of the family, than is the husband imperceptibly molded into a gracious, cordial, and agreeable gentleman. For the child, the best school of manners, as of character, is always the home, if the mother be the right sort of woman. Children are imitators, and instinctively copy the manners, gestures, speech, habits, and morals of their parents. If love and gentleness pervade the home,—if head and heart wisely bear rule,—if the daily life is righteous and gracious,—if the family government is just and sensible, and the father and mother live up to the standard of their own precepts,—we may expect the children will reach adult life upright, self-centered, gracious, and useful.

I have sometimes thought that breakfast should be stricken from the list of family meals, and be served to the individuals of the household in the privacy of their rooms, so frequently does it become a joyless feast. Unless the greatest care be taken, the breakfast table becomes a veritable dump, where each one unloads the grievances of the night. One has not "slept a wink;" another was scared by a "horrible' dream; a third "nearly died" from an aching tooth; a fourth is dismal because of a depressing nightmare, and so on. If to these enlivening details be added a doleful disarray of dress, tousled hair, and a sour disapproval of the weather, the news, and the food, the most appetizing breakfast will pall on the taste, and the day will be badly begun. More important than the matter of cooking is it that the family gather around the table cheerful, joyous, and in abounding good spirits. Good digestion waits on those who season their food with laughter and fun, and, if we have cares and worries, it is wise to let them wait until after the matutinal meal.

True courtesy is only the application of the Golden Rule to our social conduct. "A noble and attractive every-day bearing comes of goodness, unselfishness, sincerity, and refinement, and these are bred in years, not in moments." They are not the result of an instinct, or an inspiration. They come of a noble character, that can not be reached until after many struggles and conflicts.

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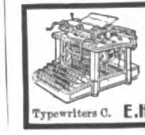

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In the World of Achievement

[*Concluded from page 648*]

the lieutenant general finds him an invaluable aid. It was his experience as a dispatch boy in the Civil War that made General Carter a soldier. He is a native of Tennessee. When twelve years old he was employed in the quartermaster's department of the Federal army. His ability to ride horses and his familiarity with the country fitted him for the strenuous duty of a carrier of dispatches. Not having been actually enlisted, he has not a Civil War record, but his youthful service decided his future life, and he entered West Point Academy. General Carter wears a medal of honor which he won while fighting Apaches in Arizona. He was, up to the time he became an adjutant general, an enthusiastic cavalryman. He is the author of "Horses, Saddles, and Bridles," which contains about everything that can be known about cavalry equipment, and "From Yorktown to Santiago," a history of the Sixth Cavalry, in which he served so long.

▲ ▲ ▲

JUDGE CHARLES E. MAGOON was almost unknown four years ago, but in that time he has become prominent as an international lawyer. He was called to Washington from Nebraska, where he was building up a law practice, to be the law officer of the bureau of insular affairs, a position which he accepted because of his fondness for complicated international questions. The war with Spain, the cession of Porto Rico and the Philippines, and the civil government of Cuba forced upon the war department many interesting and important problems. It was necessary to govern the new possessions according to military law and due regard for international rights and amicable relations with other countries. The Spanish government is very complicated,—an intermingling of civil, military, church and business affairs. To unravel this tangled skein in the new colonies and establish an American system was a problem that required patient effort, time, and study. To Elihu Root, secretary of war, this task was given, but he needed an assistant, and Judge Magoon, with his large physique, untiring energy, and tenacity of purpose, was chosen. Judge Magoon's fame has become wider than department recognition. "Magoon's Reports," a published volume on the "law of military government," has become an authoritative statute book. It was a desire to follow in the footsteps of a prominent lawyer that made Judge Magoon study his profession. When a lad he lived in Faribault, Minnesota. The leading citizen and foremost lawyer of that city was Gordon E. Cole, a man of fine appearance, strict integrity, and great reputation. His character deeply impressed young Magoon, who attended the court trials where Mr. Cole was counsel and read the reports of the larger cases which he conducted at the state capital and before the United States courts. With this model before him, Mr. Magoon fought out several problems which many boys and young men are trying to solve to-day. Existence had to be maintained, and an education acquired, upon very slender means. In later life, after he had been admitted to the bar, there was the struggle for a law practice which is never very swift in coming to a young attorney.

▲ ▲ ▲

GUSTAVUS F. SWIFT, the late head of the great packing house of Swift and Company, Chicago, left an estate worth over seven million dollars. Perhaps Mr. Swift did not enjoy all the pleasures of life; in fact, he was known to have missed many that even money can not buy, and, perhaps, there are people who believe that his mode of life was not ideal, but he left to the young men of the country—and some old ones as well,—a greater legacy than can be measured by wealth. He left the example of his life and the original maxims which were his guide in building a great business. All of these maxims have been collected, and are presented herewith, complete, for the first time:—

No man, however rich, has enough money to waste in putting on style.

The richer a man gets the more careful he should be to keep his head level.

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No young man is rich enough to smoke twenty-five-cent cigars.

Every time a man loses his temper he loses his head, and when he loses his head he loses several chances.

Next to knowing your own business, it's a mighty good thing to know as much about your neighbor's as possible, especially if he's in the same line.

The best a man ever did should n't be his standard for the rest of his life.

The successful men of to-day worked mighty hard for what they've got. The men of to-morrow will have to work harder to get it away.

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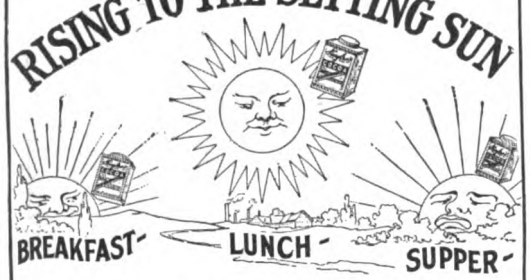

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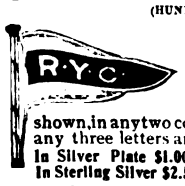

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the City of Mexico and accomplished great good in unifying the commercial interests of the Western Continent. Beginning life as a farm boy near Portage, Wisconsin, he helped his father in a country store, and, when sixteen years of age, he began teaching school. In two years, he became principal of the Jefferson, Missouri, schools. The manner in which the eighteen-year-old boy guided the destiny of his pupils was considered remarkable. Mr. Foster was looked upon then as a born educator, and, even though his future seemed assured, he felt that he was a round peg in a square hole, and entered the broad domain of business. He is the "biggest American" in the South American republics.

▲ ▲ ▲

PRINCE KHILKOFF, the czar's minister of railroads, is, in many respects, the greatest railroad builder in the world. During the eight years that he has held his present position, almost thirteen thousand miles have been constructed,—more than one third of the railway mileage of the Russian Empire. To him is due the construction of the Siberian Railway, and the fact that Russia is far more formidable in the Far East than ever before. Prince Khilkoff studied railroad building in the United States and with an American contractor in South America. He started out by carrying a surveyor's chain, and worked his way upward through the various grades until he was superintendent. The daily routine of hard work in this country, he says, has been the basis of his Russian achievements.

▲ ▲ ▲

MORE than usual interest centers in Captain Charles Barr, the master of the victorious "Reliance," defender of the "America's" cup. He is about thirty-six years old, with a slim, erect, soldierly figure, a strong, masterful face, black hair, and brilliant black eyes. He is excessively courteous, commanding, and modest. In the great whirl of excitement that attended the cup races, he was the least in view and the most retiring in regard to public expression. He only gave one interview during the races and then he said, "I do not talk about things; I just do them. I just study the right way to do a thing and then I do it." In those few words may be found the sum and substance of Captain Barr. That he does things, none can deny. He is a man to keep a cool head in the midst of disaster of the worst kind. He is fundamentally a man of action, whose perceptive powers are fully developed. He is a good judge of human nature, and this enables him to select and train his crew to perfection. He will not argue. There is that in his strong, masterful face, and flashing eyes which would make one like to see him the commander of a vessel in which one were sailing in a storm.

▲ ▲ ▲

SENATOR THOMAS C. PLATT, of New York, began life as a druggist in the town of Owego, Tioga County, and has never forgotten his experience in pill-making. After the election last year, a young Republican candidate for the assembly whom Platt had put forward for personal reasons, and who was carried away on the Democratic tidal wave which swept over New York City, called on the senator and said: "It's all up with me. I can never appear in politics again. I am ashamed to show my face in my district after that beating."

"Young man," replied the senator, "don't you think I am very much in politics to-day? Well, just twenty-two years ago, when I resigned from the United States senate with Conkling, I was ridiculed as 'me too,' from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and, when the legislature refused to return us to the senate, everybody thought that I would never dare to reappear in politics. But I just went back to Owego, kept quiet, and made pills."

After a pause, the senator added, thoughtfully: "For fifteen years I worked day and night making pills for my enemies, and, somehow, they all died off, and I found myself back in the senate and in complete control of the organization in this state. Don't be discouraged by your first setback, young man. Turn in and make pills."

He Wasn't Quite Sure

IT was comparatively but a short time ago that the old rules of the English courts were in full force and vigor in the conservative state of South Carolina. Thus it was distinctly provided that each attorney and counselor, while engaged in a trial, must wear "a black gown and coat." But on one occasion James L. Pettigrue, one of the leaders of the bar, appeared dressed in a light coat.

"Mr. Pettigrue," said the judge, "you have on a light coat. You can not speak, sir."

"Oh, your honor," Pettigrue replied, "may it please the Court, I conform to the law."

"No, Mr. Pettigrue, you have on a light coat. The Court can not hear you."

"But, your honor," insisted the lawyer, "you misinterpret. Allow me to illustrate. The law says that a barrister must wear 'a black gown and coat,' does it not?"

"Yes," replied the judge.

"And does your honor hold that both the gown and the coat must be black?"

"Certainly, Mr. Pettigrue, certainly, sir," answered his honor.

"And yet it is also provided by law," continued Mr. Pettigrue, "that the sheriff must wear 'a cocked hat and sword,' is it not?"

"Yes, yes," was the somewhat impatient answer.

"And does the Court hold," questioned Pettigrue, "that the sword must be cocked as well as the hat?"

"Eh—er,—h'm," mused his honor, "you—er,—may—er,—continue your speech, Mr. Pettigrue."

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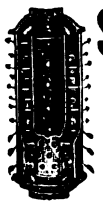

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The Romance of Savings Banks

JOHN GILMER SPEED

[*Concluded from page 636*]

the simple name "J. M. Smith" would be met at the bank with a request for the full name. If, however, a dishonest person secures possession of a depositor's bank-book, and is able to answer the questions asked, and is also able to forge the name of the depositor, he is pretty apt to get the money. This is most frequently done, of course, by those who have convenient access to the depositor's pass-book,—that is, by some wayward member of his family.

A remarkable case of fraud was discovered some time ago. A woman sent a bank weekly deposits of forty to fifty dollars, and made no drafts until the book showed, with interest, a credit of about three thousand dollars. She at length went to the bank with the book to draw out two thousand, five hundred dollars. An examination was made, and she was told that the bank owed her just forty-four dollars and sixty cents. It proved that all these weekly deposits, which she had sent by a messenger, had gone into the messenger's pocket, and had not reached the bank. The messenger had neatly entered each amount on the book, and had even bought a rubber stamp and marked in with red ink in proper form the interest due. There was nothing romantic about this, unless crime may be so considered, which I doubt. I only mention it by way of practical injunction against too great trustfulness in money matters.

The subject of dormant accounts contributes the most interesting chapter in the savings-bank business. The prosy routine of incessant additions and subtractions is replaced by the inspiring search into old family records and genealogical traditions. The memories of the dead are revived and their children summoned from distant points to receive unheard-of legacies; the broken thread of family history is repaired, and long parted brothers and sisters sometimes united. This part of the business of savings banks is full of pathetic interest and replete with romance, and the officers in the various banks who conduct this portion of the work can point to hundreds of cases in which they have been enabled to bring happiness and comfort to those in distress.

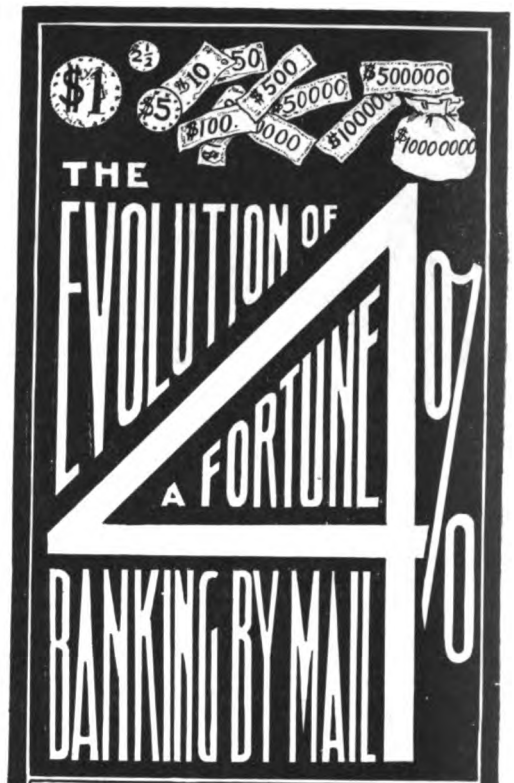
The larger banks make a regular department in itself of the search for the rightful owners of inactive accounts. They take pride in keeping this class of accounts as low as possible. The Bowery Savings Bank of New York City * has only forty-seven thousand dollars in dormant accounts in all its eighty-eight millions of funds on deposit. In 1896 its dormant accounts amounted to eighty-two thousand dollars. Seven years' work has reduced them one-half.

The average account in a savings bank is about four hundred dollars. An account is started on a minimum deposit of one dollar, and the maximum limit set by the laws of some of the states and the regulations of many of the banks is three thousand dollars; that is, no interest or dividends are paid on the excess over three thousand dollars, and, when a deposit reaches this sum, the depositor is advised to place the excess in some other bank, or to buy a bond. This limit is sometimes dodged by depositing in the names of other members of the family. A father will deposit, in the name of his wife, his son, or his daughter, all sums over three thousand dollars, as previously explained in the case of the miser.

An account in a savings bank never dies. So long as there shall exist a human being entitled to the sum on deposit, so long will that sum lie in the vaults to await the call of its unknown owner. The law of New York is that an account shall be deemed quiescent after twenty-two years, but no bank waits so long. Some begin to search for the owner as soon as the account book has not been presented at the bank for three years. Others wait until after a continuous absence of the depositor for about fifteen years. The owner of the money, if found, is requested to come to the bank, and to deposit or draw out one dollar. This will keep the account alive. If, after twenty-two years, no owner is found, interest on the deposit, whatever its amount, ceases.

If a person has an idea that an ancestor deposited money in some bank in New York or any

* This is the largest savings bank in the country. Its assets at par are $88,057,203.19, the market value being $92,394,521.17, and the average due each depositor, $592.88.



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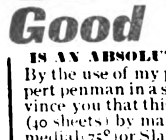

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other city, years ago, he must communicate with such bank, or with all the banks within the territory named. They will at once search through their indexes, which are kept ready for such investigation, and inform the inquirer.

Letters of this kind are received every day, and form a regular part of the mail. One man is kept constantly on the trail to hunt down accounts like a ferret. A search for one depositor often opens a way to find others. Community of interests forms a connecting link between banks, enabling one to help out another. Every year or so lists of unclaimed accounts are published all over the country. Hundreds of letters are sent out to persons who seem likely to be able to furnish information.

Some time in the fifties there lived in New York a good family of French descent. The members were not rich, and when the father died suddenly their circumstances were considerably straitened. The eldest son had been at work for several years, and had accumulated a little money in a savings bank. For immediate use the mother had borrowed one hundred and twenty-five dollars from a friend, and given her note at six months. The maturity of the note was approaching, and she was worried terribly because she could not meet it. Learning this, the son withdrew from the bank the amount that was needed, and the note was paid. But he did not close the account, as he left, as he himself expressed it when telling of the incident, "a few dollars for politeness."

This young man was employed in Wall Street, and, in a few years, became so busy a principal in that bustling mart that he forgot all about the "polite balance" in the savings bank. Years passed and he became a very rich and important personage. A short while ago, in his personal mail, he found in an envelope a clipping from the New York "Herald" of an advertisement of dormant accounts in a great savings bank. There appeared to be some five hundred dollars to his own credit. He was sure there was some mistake. He called at the bank, however, and, after examining all the records, recalled the circumstances. When he looked at the envelope which had held the advertisement, he found that it had been sent to him by the son of his mother's friend, to pay whom the account had been drawn on more than forty years before. This was surely a case of casting bread upon the waters and getting it back after many days.

The banks really take much trouble to find the owners of these inactive accounts. They correspond with German officials, and publish lists in Germany, and send lists to Irish priests to be read to their parishioners in Ireland. These methods have frequently brought deposits to the notice of owners and heirs.

Accounts become dormant from many causes: depositors are killed in battle; they leave the country; they lose their minds, and so on. If, in such an instance, the bank book has been left at the bank by the depositor, the heirs may not know anything of any deposit. Another cause is when the depositor draws out all his money, and there is some interest still owing, but not ready to be entered. It thus stands on the bank's books, but not on the depositor's, and he never knows anything about it.

There was once a popular belief that these dormant accounts made an enormous amount, and that they were used for erecting splendid bank buildings. This caused a strong feeling against the banks. The charge is entirely untrue. The unclaimed accounts are maintained as liabilities to be met just as much as the accounts which are to be paid every few days. The only difference is that, if the depositor stays away twenty-two years, he gets no dividends after that time.

In 1894, the report showed 5,122 accounts in the state of New York, netting $1,443,808.97, which had not been disturbed for twenty years or more. This has now been greatly reduced. If a bank closes up its business, the money lying dormant is placed in the hands of the superintendent of banks, who deposits it in some solvent savings bank, in his own name, in trust for the depositors and creditors of the closed bank.

A certain dormant account was found to belong to an old woman who sold apples on the sidewalk near one of the banks. One day she brought two books into the bank to have them settled up. The first was her own book and the other belonged to her sister. A bank officer asked her if she did not have a third book. She did not know of one. He made a diligent search, and, sure enough, found an account in the bank in the name of the

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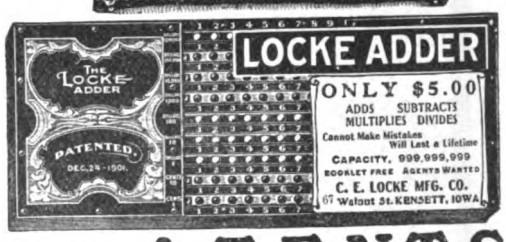

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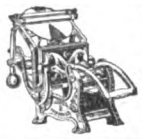

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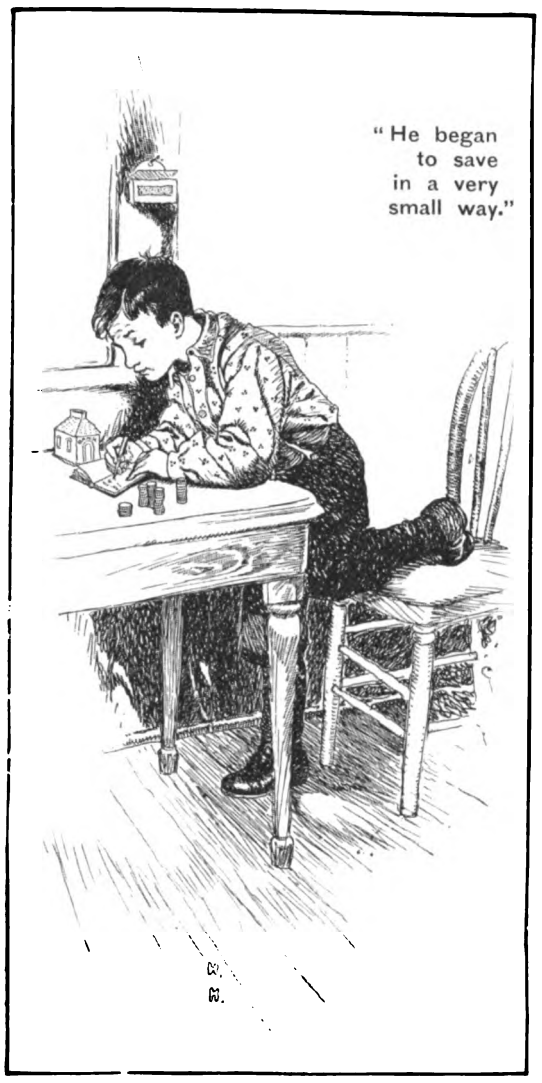

parents of this old woman, and was able to pay to her the comfortable sum of four thousand dollars. On reflection the old woman said that she did have an indistinct recollection of a bank book that had belonged to her father, but that it had disappeared, and she had forgotten it entirely.

A year or so ago, perhaps because I had written about savings banks in a well-known magazine, I was addressed by a lady in Virginia, with the request that I would try to find an account of three hundred dollars opened by her grandfather sixty years before in some bank somewhere between Richmond and Western New York, where he sojourned for several years. I suggested that she should try a lawyer. She had tried one without result, and her request was renewed so movingly that I undertook the inquiry. The *data* I had to go by were very vague, and the heirs had an idea that the sum originally deposited had increased through compound interest until it was a great fortune. The reader who anticipates conclusions will say: "But you got the money." No, I did not. I heard nothing of it at all, but my experience in seeking it proved to me that heirs able to establish their "*bona fides*" can get from solvent savings banks whatever is coming to them, no matter how old the accounts may be.

I know of a family in New York where as each child was born the careful mother opened a savings-bank account for it, putting small sums in from time to time. When the child got old enough to have an allowance for pocket money, he or she was encouraged to add a little now and then to the store in the bank. Before the family was grown up the father died, and, his earnings being stopped, the family had to live more narrowly and carefully than before. One of the sons showed indications of marked ability. He seemed intended by nature to be an architect. Fortunately for him and for them the family was united by bonds of unselfishness, and they all insisted that he should go through college and finish at the Beaux Arts in Paris. He demurred, while the others insisted, for did they not each have a savings fund? From these funds the brother was educated. Had he failed it would have been an unavailing sacrifice. But he did not. He has succeeded largely, and, what is best of all, he recognizes his obligation, for what is his is theirs, and a family which might have sunk into that most dreadful condition, shabby gentility, is happy, contented, and prosperous, all because of these little savings-bank beginnings when the children were in the cradle.

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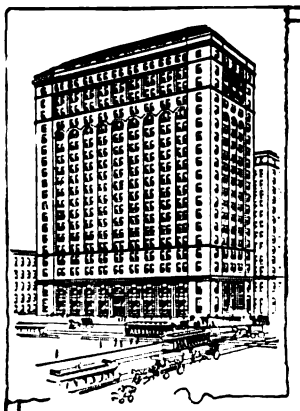

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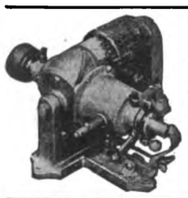

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Two Boys Who Mean Business

PORTUS BAXTER

THIS is a true story of two boys who represent the independence and grit of the American spirit.

James Hackett was not in need of additional help, but an indescribable something about the latest applicant compelled his attention.

"So you want work," he said, after a moment's thought.

"Yes, sir," came the quick and decisive reply from the lips of the applicant.

"It strikes me that you're pretty young for a lumber-millman." Mr. Hackett could not refrain from smiling at the thought.

"I'm eleven, sir, and, if you'll give me a chance, I will show you that I can work."

Mr. Hackett was evidently in good humor, for he called the foreman and told him to give the boy something to do. Thus it was that John Arola gave the first evidence of the character which should some day make him a power in the state of Washington. His mother was dead, and his father was away in the woods, thus leaving John and his brother Carl, aged thirteen years, to fight their battles with the world. One day the foreman of the mill said to Mr. Hackett, "That is a bright boy you turned over to me."

"Good," said Mr. Hackett, "raise his wages to one dollar a day."

"He is worth it," replied the foreman.

John was elated at this turn in affairs, but, to the surprise of Mr. Hackett he requested permission for his brother Carl to take his place at the mill.

"If he is like you, it will be all right," said Mr. Hackett.

"Indeed, sir, he is just as good a worker as I am," said John, and his face lightened with a look of pride.

Here was loyalty unadulterated.

Carl went to work. He gave satisfaction. John disappeared, and in the rush of business Mr. Hackett forgot to inquire about him until one day he chanced to meet Carl.

"Where is John?" asked Mr. Hackett.

"Oh!" said Carl, "he is attending school in Aberdeen."

This was a new phase of the case, and Mr. Hackett became intensely interested in the two boys who were not only anxious to earn their living, but who also were planning to acquire an education. By inquiries he learned that the boys were living in a little tumble-down "shack," and that the one who worked in the mill earned enough money to keep both supplied with food and clothes while the younger one attended school. Out of school hours John did the housework and cooked the meals. Everything about the old "shack" was tidy. Here was honest effort, youthful independence, and happiness. A few days later Carl requested a short vacation.

"What for?" asked Mr. Hackett.

"Well," said Carl, in a burst of youthful confidence, "John and I are building a house."

"You may have your vacation," was all that Mr. Hackett said; but he did a lot of thinking, and, before he went home that night, he instructed the foreman to see that Carl's salary went on just the same. In due time, John and Carl completed their "mansion." It has two rooms and the same number of doors and windows. The roof is well shingled. Carl has returned to work in the mill, and John continues to attend school when not engaged in household duties. In the evening the two lads study and read. They are happy in their independence.

Custom in Flying the Stars and Stripes

MICHAEL WHITE

IN the flying of a flag there may not seem to be much deserving of particular attention, yet there is a right and a wrong way even in hoisting, lowering, and saluting with a flag, as there is with everything else. In the first place a flag should be hoisted at sunrise and lowered at sunset, or as near those hours as possible. This is invariably done on all government buildings, ships, and forts, with only one very marked exception; namely, when such places are in a state of siege, for the reason that a flag lowered in the face of an enemy is regarded as an acknowledgment of defeat. So, if you fly your flag all night in reality you desire to intimate to your friends that your house is beleaguered presumably by robbers, the sheriff, or the police. As is generally known, a flag at half-mast is a signal of death, and, when the union is reversed, one of distress; but, when a flag is seen both at half-mast and upside down, it is a sign of dire peril and the most urgent need of assistance.

In the actual hoisting and lowering of a flag, there is a rule to be observed, founded, like most other rules, upon reason. A flag should not be run up with jerks, but hauled up steady, by pulling hand over hand, until it reaches the block. Then the lines should be hauled taut and made fast, so that the flag will not fly perhaps half a foot from the top and two or three feet out from the staff. In such a case, apart from its slovenly appearance, a flag thrashing in a high wind is more likely to snap the ropes, and it will wear out much quicker. A glance at a flag flying over a fort or a man-of-war will show how much care is taken in this respect.

In the matter of saluting with flags, yachts and merchant vessels dip, or lower and raise their flags, three times in quick succession; but a man-of-war, or a vessel on which there happens to be a high officer of the government, never lowers its flag first. The practice is for what one may term the civilian ship to lower its flag three times, and then permit it to remain drooping over the stern until the acknowledging salute is made. Another custom, that applies to civilians as well as to those in the service of the government, is that when you set your foot on the deck of a man-of-war, whether in home or foreign waters, it is proper to turn for a moment toward the national flag at the stern of the ship, and slightly raise, or touch your hat. This, too, is a fitting mark of respect to the emblem of your country, just as is rising to a standing position when a band plays the national anthem.

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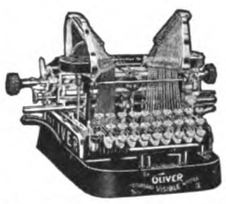

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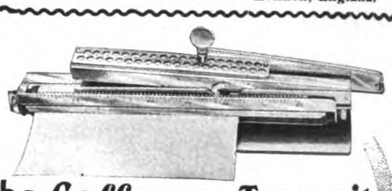

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THE OPTIMIST

"Who has not laughter in his soul
A stranger is to light and love."

There are persons going about whose souls are as an orchestra to everybody that is near them.—HENRY WARD BEECHER.

"A COMMONPLACE life," we say and we sigh,
But why should we sigh as we say?
The commonplace sun in the commonplace sky
Makes up the commonplace day;
The moon and the stars are commonplace things,
And the flower that blooms, and the bird that sings;
But dark were the world, and sad our lot,
If the flowers should fail and the sun shine not,—
And God, who studies each separate soul,
Out of commonplace lives makes his beautiful whole.
SUSAN COOLIDGE.

▲ ▲

"I REALLY believe," says "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," "some people save their bright thoughts as being too precious for conversation. What do you think an admiring friend said the other day to one that was talking good things,—good enough to print? 'Why,' said he, 'you are wasting merchantable literature, a cash article, at the rate, as nearly as I can tell, of fifty dollars an hour!' The talker took him to the window and asked him to look out and tell what he saw.

"'Nothing but a very dusty street,' he said, 'and a man driving a sprinkling machine through it.'

"'Why don't you tell the man he is wasting that water? What would be the state of the highways of life, if we did not drive our *thought-sprinklers* through them with the valves open, sometimes?'"

▲ ▲

TAKE time to be merry, to "have a good time," and you will double your possibilities of health, wealth, and happiness. Anglo-Saxons are made fun of because they take even their pleasures sadly. Their American cousins, with characteristic energy, make a business of it. Ian Maclaren's story of the American who was "doing" the United Kingdom is a good illustration of Jonathan's method of pleasuring. A visitor's card was brought to Dr. Watson (Ian Maclaren,) in his study, but, before he had time to read it, his visitor stood before him, and announced himself. "My name is Elijah K. Higgins," he said, breathlessly, "and I am a busy man; you are also busy and have no time to fool away. Four days are all I can give to the United Kingdom, and I wished to shake hands with you. Good-by, I am off to Drumtochty!"

▲ ▲

"TAKE life too seriously, and what is it worth?" asks Goethe. "If the morning wake us to no new joys, if the evening bring us not the hope of new pleasures, is it worth while to dress and undress? Does the sun shine on me to-day that I may reflect on yesterday?—that I may endeavor to see and control what can neither be foreseen nor controlled,—the destiny of to-morrow?" It is hard to determine which is most destructive of peace and happiness,—thinking of the mistakes and troubles of yesterday, or anticipating those of the morrow. By keeping our minds riveted on the past, or constantly projected into the future, many of us miss forever what all are seeking,—happiness. To-day only is ours, for good or ill, to be made glad or sad, as we will.

"Every day is a fresh beginning,
Every morn is the world made new;
You who are weary of sorrow and sinning,
Here is a beautiful hope for you,—
A hope for me, and a hope for you."

▲ ▲

MOST of us are inclined to regard the contemplative Hindoo as a dreamer, a quasi idler who will never accomplish much in the world. We feel that our volcanic energy lifts us away above the contemplative spirit and puts us on a higher plane. We are proud of our ceaseless activity. But there are a few who think we might swap a little of our nervous activity for a measure of the oriental's contemplative spirit with advantage to both. "Material America needs no stimulus," says Hamilton W. Mabie; "its triumph is already at hand. It is spiritual America that needs constant revelation and definition; and it is to be the high service of the literature of the future, as it has been the service of the literature of the past, to hold the ideal of this nobler America clear and beautiful above the dust and tumult of a vast and powerful working community." The man who takes time to raise himself above the "dust and tumult" by reading and communion with his Maker is wiser than his more strenuous brother who looks upon relaxation and spiritual refreshment of this kind as mere idleness.

▲ ▲

"I HAVE told you," says Southey, in one of his letters, "of the Spaniard who always put on his spectacles when about to eat cherries, that they might look bigger and more tempting. In like manner, I make the most of my enjoyments, and pack away my troubles in as small a compass as I can." I should like to read this letter of Southey's to the society girl who worried because she had forgotten what she was to worry about. "I'm awfully worried this morning," she said to a friend. "Why, what is the matter?" asked the latter, in sympathetic tones. "Oh, I thought of something to worry about last night, and now I can't remember what it is!"

▲ ▲

THIS girl must have been practicing these rules given by President Hyde of Bowdoin for acquiring the art of pessimism: "Live in the subjunctive mood, meditating on what might be rather than on what actually is. Live in the third person, finding fault with other people instead of setting your own affairs in order, and prescribing their duties rather than attending to your own. Live in the plural number, following the opinions and standards of respectability of other people rather than your own perception of what is fit and proper. Keep these rules faithfully, always measuring the worth of life in terms of personal pleasure rather than in terms of growth of character or service of high ends, and you will be a pessimist before you know it." It is as easy to acquire the art of optimism as it is that of pessimism. Simply practice the opposite of President Hyde's rules to the best of your ability and you will be an optimist before you know it.

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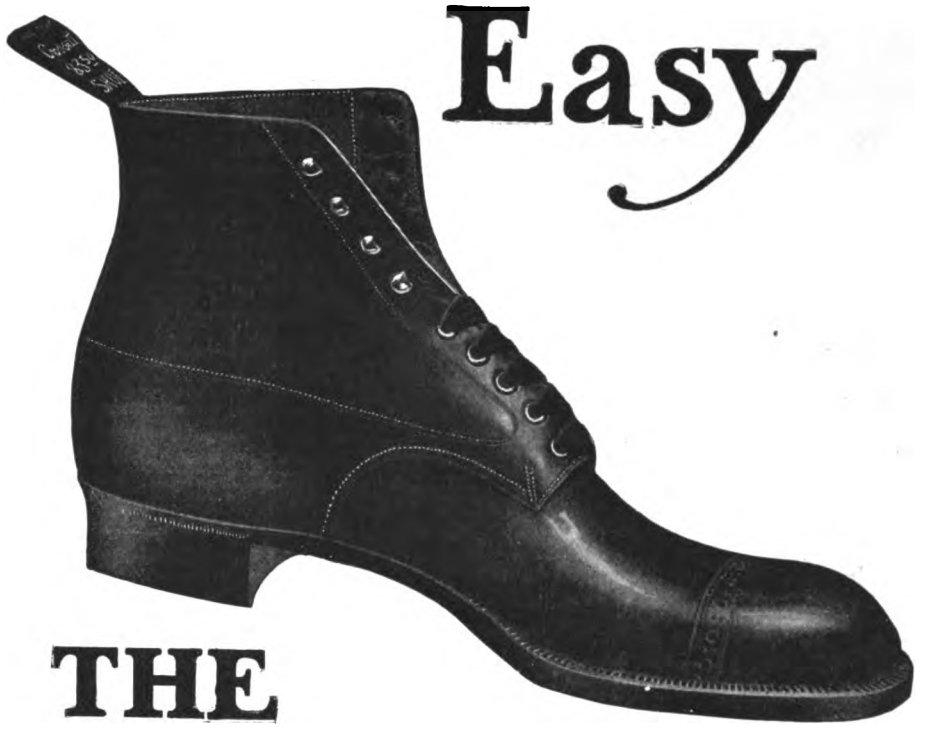

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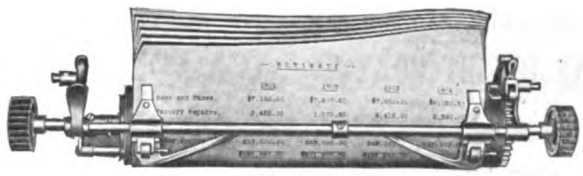

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Success Junior

"John Brown's Birthplace,"
by Irvin L. Mills. [Nineteen years old. First prize in photography]

"St. Paul and Park Row,"
by Louis Herschel. [Eighteen years old. Fourth prize in photography]

November Prize Contests

THE interest in our Junior contest still continues to increase. A large percentage of all our contributions are meritorious and show earnest effort; but of course it is impossible to give everyone a prize. If you are unsuccessful this time, you must not be discouraged, for most of our prize-winners find that the only way to win is by trying again. Our plan of publishing some of the prize contributions has proved very popular. We regret that we can not publish more of them. If your article which won a prize does not appear, it is not for lack of merit, but for want of space. As we have so many more competitors than we had when our contests begun, it has been decided to increase our number of prizes, making five awards in each class. Although all of the contests are popular, the poetry contest is still in the lead.

Instead of cash prizes, we allow each prize-winner to select merchandise to the amount of his prize from the "Success Reward Book" which will be sent on request to any address in the world. The prizes include cameras, guns, athletic goods, watches, knives, printing presses, games, musical instruments, household furnishings, etc. The value of the rewards in each contest will be as follows: first prize, ten dollars; second prize, five dollars; third prize, three dollars; fourth prize, two dollars; fifth prize, one dollar.

Story.—Subject "How Andy Won the Prize."

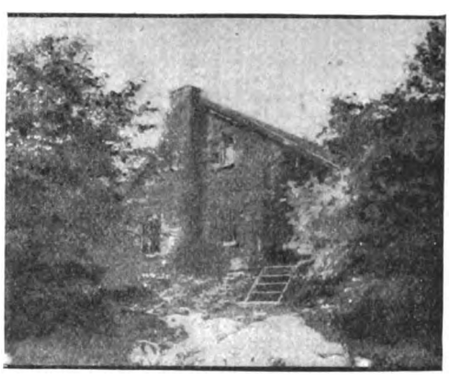
Photograph.—The photograph this time must be an outdoor scene, containing some brook or stream. It may be mounted or unmounted. On the back must appear the name, address, and age of the contributor, and the name of the camera used.

Handicraft.—Describe, with drawings or photographs, if possible, how to make any useful or interesting article that can be made by a boy or girl.

Drawing.—Subject, "Our Schoolhouse." This may be an outside view of the building, or an inside view of your school room.

Poetry.—Subject, "When the Snow Is on the Ground."

Puzzle.—There will be no puzzle contest this time; but beginning with next month we will have a series of interesting and unique pictorial puzzles that have been suggested by our former contests.



"John Burroughs's Slabsides,"
by Lilla A. Greene. [Seventeen years old. Third prize in photography]

▲ ▲

Rules

Contests are open to all readers under twenty years of age. A contributor may send only one contribution a month,—not one of each kind. Articles must be written in ink, on only one side of the paper. The article, photograph, or drawing must bear the name, address, and age of the contributor. No letter or other separate communication should be included. Written articles can not be returned; but drawings and photographs which do not win prizes will be returned if stamps are inclosed. Drawings must be in black,—India ink or wash drawings.

The November contest closes on the last day of the month. Awards will be announced, and some of the prize contributions published in the January SUCCESS. Address, Success Junior, University Building, New York.

▲ ▲

Prize-Winners in August Contest

Story.—Marion E. Larrabee, age, fifteen years, 23 Osgood Street, Lowell, Massachusetts; Fred V. Delavina, age, seventeen years, 240 Cumberland Avenue, Portland, Maine; Sara Ermine Bolton, age, fourteen years, Clinton, Missouri; Edward Stiecker, age, fifteen years, 924 North Fifteenth Street, Philadelphia; James Knauss, Jr., age, eighteen years, R. F. D. No. 1, Coopersburg, Pennsylvania.

Photograph.—Irvin L. Mills, age, nineteen years, Torrington, Connecticut; Will Cone, age, thirteen years, R. F. D. No. 1, Springville, Utah; Lilla A. Greene, age, seventeen years, 4 Abbott Street, Hoosick Falls, New York; Louis Karsch, age, eighteen years, 330 East Sixty-ninth Street, New York City; Walter S. Meyers, 76 Brunswick Street, Rochester, New York.

Handicraft.—Clarence E. Goodhue, age, fifteen years, 510 Sixteenth Avenue, Seattle, Washington; Thomas P. O'Malley, age, fifteen years, 2010½ Cass Avenue, St. Louis, Missouri; Philip Wright Whitcomb, age, eleven years, 1921 West Sixth Street, Topeka, Kansas; William L. Preston, age, thirteen years Hartsville, Pennsylvania; Robert Williams, age, fourteen years, 5628 Union Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

Poetry.—Ellen M. Turngren, age, eighteen years, Montrose, Minnesota; A. D. Weston, age, sixteen years, 49 Dana Street, Cambridge, Massachusetts; Milton Plant, age, seventeen years, 774 Greenwood Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio; Lucile C. Burmister, age, fifteen years, Indianola, Iowa; Mary Elizabeth Creelman, age, sixteen years, Mediapolis, Iowa.

Drawing.—Claude Smith, age, seventeen years, Lincoln, Kansas; Miss Delphia Nelson, age, fourteen years, 513 Monroe Street, Galesburg, Illinois; Robert A. Lufburrow, age, sixteen years, Atlantic Highlands, New Jersey; George A. Avison, age, eighteen years, 158 Main Street, Norwalk, Connecticut; Magnus Norstad, age, nineteen years, 508 Twenty-ninth Street, Tacoma, Washington.

▲ ▲

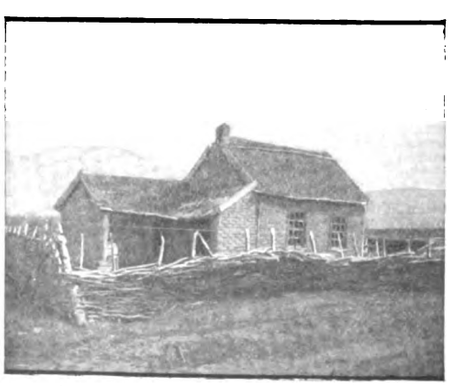
A Memorable Adventure

[Second prize in story contest]

FRED V. DELAVINA

WITH a number of schoolmates I recently went on a hunting trip into the woods. We camped out for about two weeks, and had very little success. On our last day there, I determined to catch some large game. I strolled away from the others, but at first had no luck. Finally, about twilight, I saw in the distance a deer coming in my direction with great speed. Immediately I hid behind a tree. Nearer and nearer he came, and higher and higher my enthusiasm ran. At length he was close to me, and I fired. My aim was accurate and the deer fell over. I ran quickly to the animal to shoot him again in order to be sure he was dead.

As I was about to shoot again, what do you think the deer did? He raised his head and began licking my hand with his tongue. Then there was a shudder and he was dead. This mark of affection which the beast showed to his assassin, so touched my heart that tears gushed from my eyes. Never before had I felt so cheap and cowardly as I did that moment. This little adventure will always live with me, and the memory of it will compel me to pursue sports other than shooting. Would you not have the same feeling as I?



"Icelander's Thatched Adobe Cottage,"
by Will Cone. [Thirteen years old. Second prize in photography]

▲ ▲

Trying to Mow

[Fifth prize in story contest]

JAMES KNAUSS, JR.

THE summer of 1902 will always remain a pleasant recollection in my mind. Toward the end of June I received a letter from my cousin, stating that he would come to visit us in order that he might get a breath of good, unadulterated country air. This letter made me forget all my sorrows.

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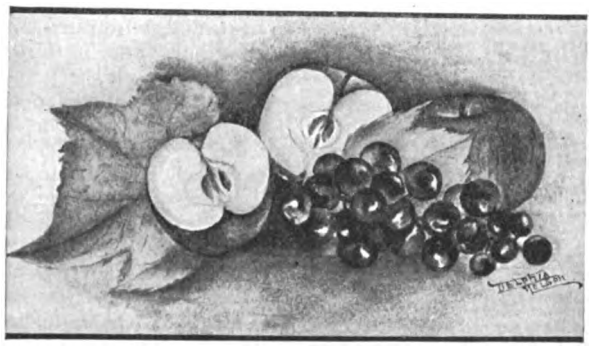
We were about the same age. He was a city-bred boy; I, a farmer. Consequently, he had more book-learning and I knew more of nature.

He arrived while the hay-making season was in full swing. It chanced, before he had been with us three hours, that he saw my younger brother trying to mow with the scythe. He laughed heartily at the awkward attempts of little Jack. I told him he could not do as well as Jack could. "What," said cousin, "do you mean to say that Jack is better than I? I will show you."

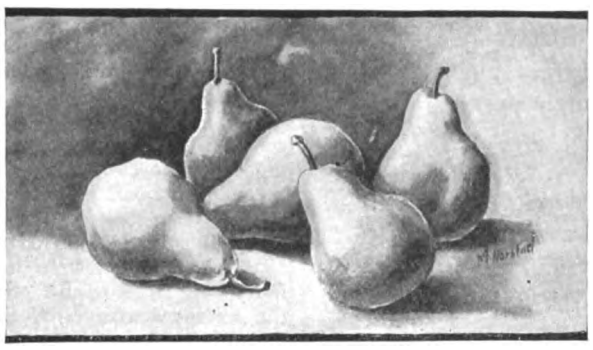
He strode forward, took the scythe and, swinging it slowly, brought it around into the grass and—into the ground. "Huh! I believe there is something wrong," was his ejaculation. Again, he swung the scythe with the same easy motion. This time he got the scythe into the grass and about halfway through when he found it impossible to move the scythe further because he was not strong enough. "Well, what is the matter?" he said. Next he braced up and mowed through the grass with terrific force.

But—woe to the aspiring farmer,—this aroused the ire of the bumble-bees who chanced to have their habitation under the grass. Cousin had just drawn himself together for another sweep when, buzz, a bumble-bee alighted on his nose. "Ouch, these flies are a nuisance," was his comment, swinging the scythe. This settled the work. The insects were now thoroughly aroused. They pounced in clouds on the unfortunate mower, who, dropping the scythe and all his pretensions as a farmer, fled toward the house with his arms beating around his head.

"Autumn Fruit,"
by Claude Smith. [Seventeen years old. First prize in drawing]



"Autumn Fruit,"
by Delphia Nelson. [Fourteen years old. Second prize in drawing]



"Autumn Fruit,"
by Magnus Norstad. [Nineteen years old. Fifth prize in drawing]

When School Begins

[First prize in poetry contest]

ELLEN M. TURNGREN

My books! My books! I greet you once again,
You, whom I left but yesterday, in joy;
My ink, my paper, and my rusted pen,
With keen delight I now these tools employ.
Although I love vacation's carefree ways
And love to taste of pleasure's laughing cup,
I gladly give it all for these sweet days
When each night leaves me one step higher up.

A Frontier Adventure

ALFRED J. WATERHOUSE

[A true story, written for the Junior Department of SUCCESS]

IN the early days of Minnesota as a state, my parents settled on a farm not far from Blue Earth City. At that time, the family consisted of my father and mother, my baby brother, who was a little more than a year old, my sister Nellie, nine years old, and myself, a well-grown lad thirteen years old. In a comparatively short time my father cleared several acres of timber, and, with some of the fallen trees, built a log cabin.

Up to the second year of our residence there, our lives in that little-settled country had moved along as tranquilly as they might have done in a more densely populated community, and perhaps more so. There had been occasional rumors of Indian uprisings; but, as the red men who sometimes visited us had always appeared friendly, we paid little attention to the rumors.

One day in the early fall, father and mother had gone to town, taking the baby with them, and leaving Nellie and myself to pass the time as best we might until their return in the evening. Before their departure there had been some talk of possible danger in leaving us behind, but it was concluded that there was no necessity for apprehension, and Nellie and I anticipated a very happy day of play together, with just enough work to make a reasonable "showing" when night should come.

The forenoon had passed pleasantly, and we had just cleared away the dinner dishes, when, chancing to glance through a window, I saw five Indians approaching the house. They were at some distance, but I could distinguish something that set my heart to beating violently. On their faces were hideous stripes and splotches of black and red paint. I had never before seen an Indian in war paint, but I needed nobody to tell me what the disfigurations I saw must mean.

"Nellie," I said, "they are on the warpath!"

My sister was a brave little girl, and she did not scream, but her face was ashen as, after one glance, she turned to me and asked:—

"What can we do?"

In order that readers may understand how difficult of answer was this question, the situation and appearance of our cabin are described. It stood in the midst of twelve or fourteen acres of clearing, and there were doors or windows on every side of it save one, but, unfortunately, the side without apertures was opposite that from which the Indians were approaching, so that if we left the house it must be in plain sight of them. There was a field of corn, the stalks being eight or nine feet high, that extended from within a rod or two of our door to the edge of the forest, and if we could have reached it we might have escaped, but it was clearly impossible to do so without being seen. These considerations flashed through my mind as I looked at the approaching savages, and from them I turned to the one slight hope of safety that presented itself.

The ceiling of our cabin was scarcely more than seven feet from the floor, and between it and the roof was an unfinished loft to which a trapdoor gave entrance. I knew that this was our one hope, and, hastily drawing a table beneath the trapdoor, I opened it and drew myself into the loft. Thence I directed Nellie to remove the light pine table to the other side of the room, so that it should not betray us. I then dropped one end of my coat to her, and, while she clung to it, drew her into the attic by my side. I had barely time to replace the trapdoor before we heard the Indians in the room beneath us.

But our refuge was merely a temporary one, I knew; for, even if the Indians should not search the attic, it was almost a certainty that they would burn the house, as was their custom. Child though I was, I was convinced that to stay where we were was but to invite death in one of its most horrible aspects, and I resolutely faced the question whether or not further flight were possible.

So far as escape from the loft was concerned, it was easy enough, for at one end was a little window, and beneath that a woodshed with roof sloping toward the ground. But the shed was two or three rods from the edge of the cornfield, and I knew that in attempting to cross this space we must take a desperate chance. However, where there is but one chance, one needs must take it, no matter how hopeless it may appear.

I shall always believe that there never was a braver little girl than my sister Nellie. In a low whisper I explained to her the situation and its one ghostly hope, and she accepted it without a murmur. Cautiously and quietly we crept through the window and down the roof of the shed, and I helped her to the ground. Thence we ran to the corn, expecting every moment to hear the demoniac yell which would announce that we were discovered. But we were well within the corn before we heard the opening of the cabin door, and, although we trembled as we crouched behind the protecting hills, I felt that we were comparatively safe. We were, for, in a minute or two that seemed interminable, we heard the door close; then we ran for the woods, which we reached in safety.

Hidden in the undergrowth of the forest, scarcely daring to move, and with nothing to eat except a few half-ripe berries that grew near us, we waited more than two days before relief came. During the first night we saw the sky reddened by the flames from our cabin, and we heard the whoops of the savages as they departed; yet we dared not move, and we feared that relief never would come.

Two emaciated and pitiful-looking children responded to our father's call, a little before sunset of the second day; for, in the distracted state of the country, he had been unable until then to secure a posse to search for us. He took my sister in his arms, and, almost for the first time, she cried; and, big boy though I was, my tears flowed, too. Then we went to Blue Earth City, where mother greeted us as if we had returned from the dead.

It may interest readers to know that in a short time the cabin was rebuilt, and that the Indians, after terrible but well-merited punishment, did not again go on the warpath in that vicinity.

"Autumn Fruit,"
by George A. Avison. [Eighteen years old. Fourth prize in drawing]

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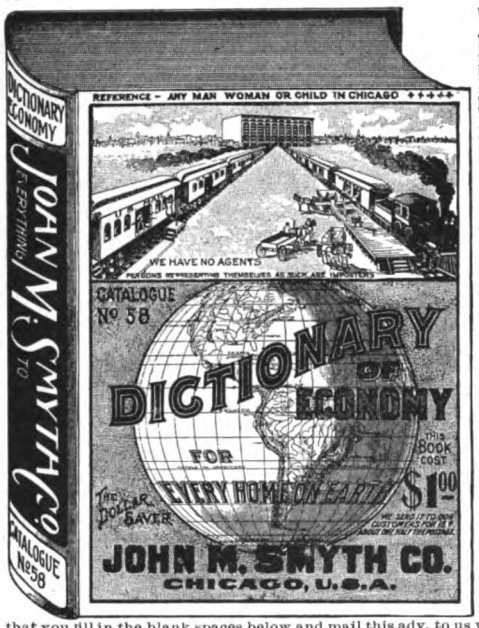

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Must Fight the Elements

The Young Officers of Uncle Sam's Navy often Find the Weather a Formidable Enemy

JOHN CALLAN O'LAUGHLIN

NOT alone in battle have young officers of the navy shown the stuff that is in them. In contests with the elements, they have displayed nerve which it is impossible to overmatch. For instance, take the case of Ensign Henry C. Mustin, commanding the little gunboat "Samar," which was assigned by the commander-in-chief of the Asiatic Station to coöperate with Major General Young in an advance against the insurgents. While lying off San Fernando, a typhoon began to rage. General Young wigwagged to Mustin to go ashore for orders. The naval officer lowered a boat, and, with great difficulty, got through the surf, which broke in thirty-five fathoms of water. "I could n't tell the general it was impossible to go," he said, apologetically, to an army officer who remonstrated with him for risking his life in attempting the landing. Mustin had intended to remain ashore until the weather should moderate, but, observing that the wind was veering to the northwest, and anticipating that, blowing from that direction, it would drive the "Samar" on the beach, he decided to return immediately to his ship. The boat was shoved into the breakers, but was tossed back upon the shore as if it were a chip. Again Mustin tried, with the same result. A third time he tried, but the boat was stove in. Apparently it was impossible to get by the breakers. Anxious about his ship, Mustin brushed aside all thought of personal risk and announced that he proposed to swim through the surf. He signaled to the "Samar" to send a boat to a point just outside of where the waves were breaking. He removed his clothes and plunged into the sea. Huge waves pitted their strength against his, but, straining every muscle, Mustin labored on and finally reached his boat. Though almost exhausted, he immediately took charge of the "Samar," when taken aboard, and carried her safely to sea.

Wind and water were the elements successfully fought by Mustin and other officers. Fire was the enemy encountered on board the gunboat "Petrel." Lieutenant-Commander Jesse M. Roper, commanding, hastened to the sailroom, where flames had been reported, to extinguish them. He returned to the deck almost prostrated by the heat and the smoke. When he was informed that several seamen were still below, Roper, without heeding the protests of his brother officers, went to their rescue. He failed to appear within a reasonable time, and Lieutenant Josiah S. McKean and Cadet John Earl Lewis began a search for him. They found his body and conveyed it to the deck, but not, however, before they were almost overcome themselves.

Enlisted men of the navy have performed deeds as valorous as their officers, and medals of honor and promotions awarded to them show the appreciation of the country. But the day of battle or emergency comes infrequently, and the days of preparation for them seem never-ending. Unremitting labor is the price of preparedness paid by officers and men. In the era of sails, the crew of a ship had ample time for rest and enjoyment; there is less for the men of a modern man-of-war. The work aboard a battleship, for instance, does not permit idleness. There is the tremendous task of coaling, which involves the transfer of eight hundred or a thousand tons of coal from a lighter or a pier, certainly once a month, and sometimes oftener. In the case of the "Kearsarge," electric hoists raise the coal, but the men are necessarily kept employed. The dust arising from the coal dirties the ship, requiring two and sometimes three days' work to get it clean and painted. Then guns must be cleaned and oiled, boats kept constantly in use, when the squadron is at anchor, and all machinery kept in perfect order. There are drills and target practice with great guns, guns of the secondary battery, small arms, and pistols. There are setting-up exercises, and collision drills, which must be carried on if the ship is to be efficient. The amount of work required of enlisted men has bred dissatisfaction, with the result that there are, to-day, more desertions from the navy than have been known before in years. Secretary Moody and the general board have taken this question up and are arranging to introduce reforms. What is desired is a service which will not only cause men to desire to remain in it, but which will also attract other good men.

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How a Governor of Georgia Was Nominated

VIRGINIA L. CATES
Newnan, Georgia

[Winner of the first prize in the "Success" Contest, "How Wives Have Helped Their Husbands"]

ATHENS, the educational center of Georgia, contains the State Normal College, the State University, and Lucy Cobb College, a private institution for young ladies. In the year 18—, in the senior class of Lucy Cobb College, there was a young lady from Marianna, Florida. She was rather small, with soft, creamy complexion, dark blue eyes, black wavy hair, and of finished and pleasing manners. It was the custom to give occasional receptions to the senior class, each member having the privilege of inviting four persons. As may be imagined, upon these occasions the university is enthusiastically represented. But our little friend was a stranger in Georgia, and, when the first reception was being planned, did not know how to place her invitations, so she sought a girl friend and asked her to choose and invite her guests for her.

When the eventful evening came, she was duly presented to them. Among the number was a tall, serious-looking young law student with deep gray eyes and light curling hair. Upon entering into conversation with him, she found that he was indifferent to the manners and customs of society, so with tact she drew him out upon his own favorite lines of thought. Other receptions followed. The tall blond was usually present and sought the society of his friend of the first evening. She was not slow in recognizing a mind of unusual strength, originality, and independence, and her admiration and respect for him deepened from time to time. At length commencement days were at hand. It was the night of the concert, and all college-land was in a flutter. Miss Milton was to give a vocal solo. She was dressing for this important occasion when one of the town girls burst into her room.

"Susie," she said, "here is a bunch of fuchsias one of the boarders at our house sent you. He says that he loves you, and if you care anything for him you must wear them to-night."

She took the flowers from the girl's hand, and tossed them on the table with an emphatic "I certainly *shall not!*"

With her friend's assistance, she was soon ready and off to the concert hall. When the curtain rose, she saw the law student sitting near the front, looking quite dejected. The song was called for, and she went forward with dignity. During the song she still noted that disconsolate expression, but after returning to her seat she looked again, and, lo! what a change! What could have wrought such a change? His face was beaming.

When the concert was over, he came up to her.

"You tried to hide them!" he said.

"Hide what?" she asked.

"Why, the fuchsias!" Following his gaze, she turned, and there, pinned back of her shoulder, were the flowers. Her friend had slipped them there while helping her to dress, but she could not make him believe that she had not put them there herself.

* * * * * * *

After Mr. and Mrs. Atkinson were married, eight comparatively uneventful years passed away in their home in Newnan. He was busy with his law practice, she with her domestic duties. He was of a peace-loving disposition, and this quiet life was not distasteful to him. But she had been nurtured in an atmosphere of politics. Born in the governor's mansion, while her grandfather, John Milton, was governor of Florida, and married while her father was lieutenant governor, she had said, upon leaving home as a bride, that she expected to live in the "Mansion of Georgia." She felt that her husband was capable of filling, with distinction, any position, so she began to urge him to run for the legislature. He made a successful canvass, and served eight years, and the two years following he was chairman of the state executive committee.

While he was in the legislature, suggested and aided by his wife, he succeeded in having passed the bill for the State Industrial School for Girls. This now stands as a monument to the perseverance of both of them.

But when, in 1894, he decided to run for governor with General Evans as his opponent, she disapproved, for the chances seemed greatly against him. However, upon seeing that his mind was made up, she withdrew her opposition and together they wrote his announcement.

The day after the announcement was published, the Atlanta "Constitution," the leading paper of Georgia, came out with an article ridiculing him personally. Mr. Atkinson had gone to Atlanta on that day, and, fearing that he might become discouraged at the very beginning by the "Constitution's" article, his wife telegraphed him these words:—

"Stay in the race to the very end, for you will win."

Standing in the lobby of the Kimball House, surrounded by a party of men, he received the message. Among the number was the editor of an important paper of whose support he was doubtful. Upon reading the telegram this gentleman said, "Well, I am for any man who has a wife like that." On the same day that little message of courage won to his support six other editors who happened to be in the city.

Upon coming home, Mr. Atkinson remarked: "If I just had Conyers, I believe I could win." Mr. Conyers had been his stenographer while he was chairman of the state executive committee, but at this time he had a position in Washington, and Mr. Atkinson thought that he could not make it to his advantage to leave it.

"I can do as well as Conyers," his wife said.

"Why, you never wrote a political letter in your life," he said, laughing.

"Let me try!" she insisted.

As it was the best that could be done for the present, he consented.

There was much to meet. General Evans was a Methodist minister, and you know Georgia is the home of the Wesleyans. He was also an old soldier, and Mr. Atkinson was a young man. To overcome these disadvantages, it was necessary for him to meet the people face to face in public addresses. While he was doing this, Mrs. Atkin-

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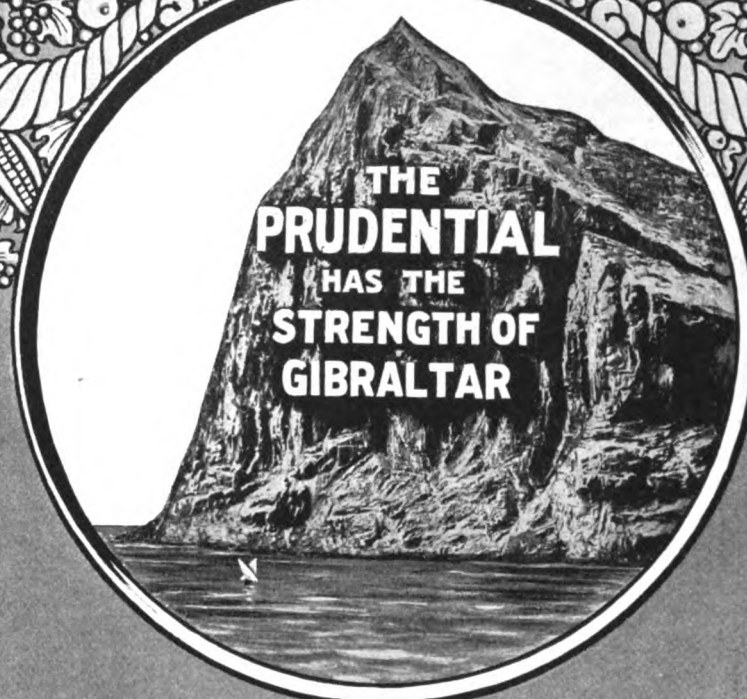

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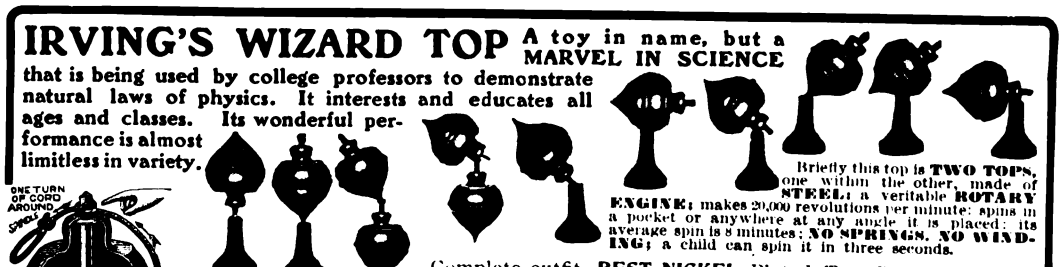

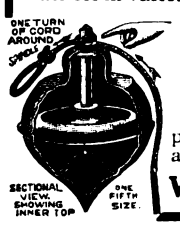

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son engaged a stenographer, turned her sitting room into an office, and undertook the management of the campaign. She saw very little of her husband, and had not many opportunities for getting advice from him, but in three months she had the entire state at her finger tips. She knew who were the influential men of each county and their political standing.

One part of the work which she found rather difficult was replying to letters written to Mr. Atkinson personally, asking how he stood on various questions in state and national legislation. For instance, a man in northern Georgia wrote asking if he was for gold or silver, and stating that he himself was for gold. Another wished to know how he stood with regard to Cleveland, saying that he was a Cleveland man and would not vote for any man who was not. Now, Mr. Atkinson was for neither gold nor Cleveland, so she had to exercise fine diplomacy in replying to them so as to be truthful and yet gain their support. This she did so well that both replied that they were for him.

With this candidate, as with all others, many unpleasant rumors were circulated, and inquiries about these were ignored; but when a man wrote that the rumor was afloat that "Atkinson whipped his wife," her wifely loyalty got the better of political usage, and she sent him the following reply:—

DEAR SIR:—

Your letter stating that "the report being circulated [in your county,] that Atkinson whips his wife is injuring his cause," and asking me, as his wife, "to please state if it is true or not," has been received. As his wife, I wish to remind you that this is not an issue in the present gubernatorial campaign. If Atkinson whips his wife, she is his own wife.

Respectfully, MRS. W. Y. ATKINSON.

This letter was passed around, and, though the question was still unanswered, I think they decided to vote for *Mrs.* Atkinson, and the "injured cause" received fresh impetus. She was a strategist as well as diplomat.

In a county in South Georgia where letters had been written, no reply came for several weeks. Finally one came from a prominent man stating that it was useless to attempt any work there, "as I am for General Evans and can control every vote in the county," signed A. J. H. This was carefully filed away. Shortly afterwards she noticed in one of the state papers a letter from the chairman of the executive committee of this same county complaining that no work had been done there for Atkinson, and from now on he intended using his every effort in that direction. Immediately she wrote him the fate of the letters sent to that county, and asked him to leave it to her to decide whether his county should act in a mass meeting or a primary. He did this. She asked him to have the people act in a mass meeting and to elect A. J. H. chairman. The day before the meeting she forwarded the letter from A. J. H., and asked to have it read before the meeting. This was done. The people were amazed to find that their chairman should presume to claim that he could control all of their votes. There was a reaction and the county went for Atkinson.

The only mistake that she made finally turned to her husband's advantage. She wrote letters stimulating friends to increased effort, and used this expression, "The combination, (the Atlanta ring,) which at the beginning opposed me, is broken, and the men who control are now working for me." One man proved traitor and sent this letter to the "Constitution." Instead of giving the letter in full, the editor used, in glaring headlines, the words, "The Men Who Control," followed by scathing ridicule.

The little wife at home saw this and thought she had ruined everything. She telegraphed her husband to meet her in Atlanta that night, and there, soothed by him, cried it out. The next day his opponent used this unfortunate headline as the pith of his political speech, following the policy of the paper in ridiculing the idea, when some one in the audience called out: "General, who are the men in control, that are working for W. Y. Atkinson?" The general replied: "Why, all these little judges and solicitors over the state."

This remark caused all of the judges and solicitors to espouse the Atkinson cause with vim. Finally she did live in the "Mansion of Georgia;" and this, in no small part, was due to her own personal efforts; but they were not made, however, with that object in view for herself, but for the noble husband whom she knew to be so well fitted for this position of honor and trust.

* * * * * * *

After serving two terms, they returned to Newnan. Scarcely had they settled down to the old routine when death claimed this young life so fruitful in accomplishment and still so full of promise.

When she saw that he must leave her, she cried: "Oh, what will became of the children and me?"

"I will leave the children with you; *you* can take care of them," he said.

In this crisis, more than ever before, her native characteristics came to her aid. Though apparently of the clinging type, she had been noted among her classmates for her fearlessness and intrepid determination. She always felt that whatever anyone else had done she could do. So she took up the burden of widowhood with surprising courage. She opened an insurance office and has succeeded well. When asked how it was that she kept her courage, she replied that the dying words of her husband were ever with her, spurring her on.

So, as in life she was his inspiration, in death he is now hers.

A NATURAL MISUNDERSTANDING

A farmer living near Providence, Rhode Island, was driving home from that city, several weeks ago, when a nut came off the axle of his buggy.

He halted for repairs, and was in no little trouble. Finally an Italian laborer came along, and the farmer hailed him and asked him if he had a monkey wrench. The Italian was angry in an instant, and warmly replied:—

"What for you insulta me? I no keepa da monkey ranch. I keepa da sheep ranch."

The falling drops at length will wear the stone.—LUCRETIUS.

A hundred men may make an encampment, but it takes a woman to make a home.—CHINESE PROVERB.

If there be aught surpassing human deed, or word, or thought, it is a mother's love.—MARCHIONESS DE SPODRARA.

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Things that Every American Should Know

New York City has twice as many Irish as Dublin, half as many Germans as Berlin, a hundred thousand more Germans than Hamburg, and more Italians than Florence.

The last Hawaiian school has been converted into an English school at the request of the natives. From 1890 to 1900, the number of Hawaiians decreased 4,637, leaving but 29,799.

California, since the discovery of gold in 1848, has furnished about one billion four hundred million dollars' worth of that metal. Colorado, since 1859, has yielded four hundred million dollars' worth of gold.

The first free library in this country was at Peterborough, New Hampshire. It was founded in 1833, and succeeded a subscription library dating from 1799. Andrew Carnegie recently gave five thousand dollars to this library.

Last year was the most active in patent business of any in our history. Applications for the first time exceeded fifty thousand. There were 27,387 patents granted. Receipts of the office exceeded expenditures by $161,614.

The total Indian population of the United States is about 269,306, of which 89,732 belong to the civilized tribes. The remainder occupy reservations containing 55,127,000 acres besides those in New York and Indian Territory.

The United States consul-general to Mexico estimates that American capital invested in that country now amounts to seven hundred and fifty million dollars, of which two hundred million dollars were invested between January and May of 1902.

The imports of manufacturers' materials for the ten months ending with last October were fifteen per cent. greater than for the previous year, and more than eighty per cent. greater than in 1896. Exports of manufactures were also greater than in any year except 1900.

During 1902, New York received more than half of all the imports brought into America,—five hundred and fifty-five million dollars' worth out of nine hundred and twenty-five million dollars' worth. New York exported about one third of the total,—six hundred and nineteen millions out of one billion, five hundred and seventy-one million dollars.

The cash income of the United States for 1901 was $699,316,530, of which $307,180,664 was derived from internal revenue taxes, mainly on liquors and tobacco. The income of Russia or that of France exceeds that of this country, the former having $860,412,882. While Great Britain, Austria-Hungary and Italy spent more than their incomes in 1901, the United States had a surplus of $77,717,934.

The total value of farm property in the United States in 1900 was more than five times as great as in 1850, and 28.4 per cent. greater than in 1890. The railway industry was in its infancy in 1850, so that comparisons extending back fifty years are unfair, but, taking 1890 as a basis, it is found that railway property, as indicated by total capitalization, rose from ten thousand and twenty-nine millions of dollars in that year to eleven thousand eight hundred and ninety-two millions in 1900.

Railroad mileage has steadily grown until now we have two hundred thousand miles of steam railway in the United States. These railroads employ over one million men, whose wages amount to over six hundred million dollars annually. Their capital is over twelve billion dollars, and their earnings last year exceeded one billion, five hundred million dollars. They carried more than six hundred million passengers last year, and one billion, one hundred million tons of freight.

In China, it costs ten cents to move a ton of freight a mile. The average rate of wages in China is ten cents a day. In America, it costs sixty-nine thousandths of a cent to move a ton of freight a mile and American wages average two dollars and sixty cents per day. These figures tell their own story of civilization. George H. Daniels, general passenger agent of the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad, says that doubling even this low rate would close every factory in America away from the seaboard.

The total electoral vote of all the states under the new apportionment will be four hundred and seventy-six, an increase of twenty-nine over 1900. The votes necessary to a choice of president are two hundred and thirty-nine. The states that have gained are: Arkansas, one; California, one; Colorado, one; Connecticut, one; Florida, one; Illinois, three; Louisiana, one; Massachusetts, one; Minnesota, two; Mississippi, one; Missouri, one; New Jersey, two; New York, three; North Dakota, one; North Carolina, one; Pennsylvania, two; Texas, three; Washington, one; West Virginia, one; Wisconsin, one.

If Alaska were superimposed on the main portion of the United States, it would cover portions of twenty-three states and territories, and the outlying portions would stretch from the coast of South Carolina to that of California and from Manitoba to Mexico. It would cover all of Minnesota, Wisconsin, Illinois, and Kansas, and most of Missouri, Nebraska, Oklahoma, North and South Dakota, and Indian Territory, while the long southern coast line would stretch across Kentucky, Tennessee, Georgia and South Carolina, and the Aleutian Islands would cross New Mexico, Arizona, and California. Isolated islands would be out in Wyoming and Colorado. Alaska's area is one fifth of that of the whole United States.

In the Talmud we find: "The crow brought fire into the nest; it warmed him, but it burned the nest." Milton tells us, in "Paradise Lost,"—

"Revenge, at first though sweet,
Bitter ere long, back on itself recoils."

"The man of grit carries, in his very presence, a power which controls and commands."

OUR LIBERAL TERMS

We ship our goods "On Approval" to anybody—anywhere—to be returned *at our expense* if for **any reason whatever** our customers desire to return them.

Ask for Catalogue and mention Success.

Colonial Rocker
No. 442½—(Genuine Leather), $27.00

Home Desk
No. 1021—(Genuine Quarter Sawed Oak or Solid Birch, Mahogany Finish), $27.00
No. 1022—(Same as above with bookcase on top), - - - - - - - - $34.00

Turkish Rocker
No. 377.—(Genuine Leather), $34.00

Slumber Chair
No. 186—(Genuine Leather), $18.50

Sectional Filing Cabinets
No. 868— 1 Top Section, - $1.50
No. 861— 5 Document Files, 7.12
No. 855—12 Card Index Drs. 12.00
No. 857— 6 Letter Files, - 7.50
No. 863—12 Legal Blk. Drs. 6.00
No. 865— 1 Storage Cupb'rd, 7.50
Vertical Files, Pigeon Holes, Check Sorters, etc., at equally low prices.

"Macey" (Trade Mark)
Grand Rapids, Mich.

OFFICE and LIBRARY FURNITURE

is the "Standard of the World" for **quality.** It received the Gold Medal—**the Highest Award**—at both the Pan-American and Charleston Expositions.

We own and operate the finest Factory of its kind in the world—sell **direct to the user** at Factory Prices. We take all the chances; our customers take none. We depend entirely on the *extra* **Quality** of our goods and our *very* **Low Prices** to please our customers.

We Prepay Freight to all points east of the Mississippi and north of Tennessee. (Points beyond on an equal basis).

Write for our Complete Catalogue.

THE FRED MACEY CO., Ltd., P. O. Box 115, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Makers of High-Grade Office and Library Furniture, including the most complete lines of

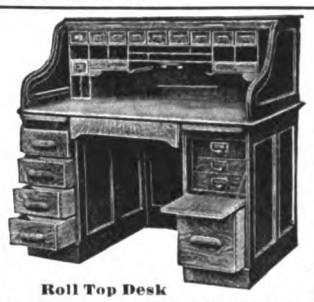
Card Index Systems and Sectional Book Cases

BRANCHES: NEW YORK, 343 Broadway. CHICAGO, 152 Wabash Ave. BOSTON, 178 Federal St. PHILADELPHIA, 14 N. 13th St. WASHINGTON, New York Avenue and 14th St.

Agencies in principal foreign countries.

Sectional Book Cases
No. 107A—(Solid Mahogany), - - - $19.25
No. 107B—(Quarter Sawed Oak), - - 14.75

Turkish Couch
No. 387—(Genuine Leather, Hand Carved Feet), - - $58.80



Roll Top Desk
No. 27A—(Quartered Oak Front), $24.00

Belfast Mesh

Linen Underwear That Wears Well

Afraid of a Draft?

Don't fear the change from woolen underwear to linen—you won't take cold—you *can't* take cold.

Belfast Mesh Linen Underwear is not only warmer than wool, but is a real protection against our uncertain climate. Wool next the skin makes it more and more delicate. **Belfast Mesh** makes it sturdy and vigorous. It does *not* tickle and creep and scratch. It *does* take up all moisture instantly and evaporates it as quickly, leaving a warm, dry "feel"—not the clammy stickiness of wool. Winter is summer to the believers in **Belfast Mesh**—it does not "keep out the cold," it *keeps in the heat.*

Protection Against Weather Changes

If You Are Open to Conviction Send for Free Samples and Book

entitled "Underwear Perfection the Year 'Round"—it is free from glittering generalities which nobody can understand. Bold truth clearly expressed must convince the most skeptical.

For sale by the best dealers in the United States. If your dealer cannot supply you, we will.

THE BELFAST MESH UNDERWEAR COMPANY, 352 Mechanic St., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

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ADVICE TO

STAMMERERS

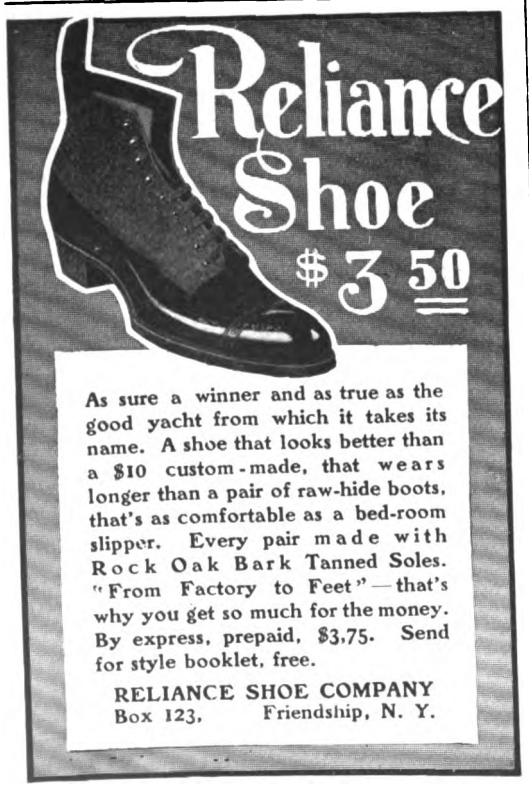
Is the title of a new book edited by Prof. Benj. N. Bogue which will be sent free to any person for the asking. It treats the subject thoroughly and contains 44 illustrations and tells how stammering and stuttering can be quickly and permanently cured at small expense.

PROF. BENJ. N. BOGUE, S. S.

Since the discovery made by this noted Indiana Professor, known as America's greatest and most expert speech specialist, it is no longer necessary for any person to continue stammering. By his new method he can cure any case of stammering or stuttering, no matter how severe, or of how long standing. It will cure any person of stammering regardless of the cause or origin of the difficulty, whether acquired from catarrh, scarlet fever, typhoid or brain fever, measles, whooping cough, diphtheria, fright, mimicry, accident, heredity or an unknown cause. By this method, a return of stammering is impossible. It cures to stay cured for life. It does this in a simple, sure and scientific way.

This celebrated specialist has had wide experience in dealing with the most severe, obstinate and difficult cases of stammering, and as a result of his discovery he published in the month of June a really wonderful book on the subject at considerable expense. This book is printed on a high grade of enameled paper, profusely illustrated with beautiful half-tone engravings, and with a handsome deckel-edge cover, and as its valuable contents are from the pen of the ablest speech specialist of modern times, no stammerer should be without it. Book, together with practical advice regarding treatment, can be secured free of charge by simply asking for them on postal card. Address

Prof. Benj. N. Bogue, 202 Stevenson Bldg., Indianapolis, Ind.



As sure a winner and as true as the good yacht from which it takes its name. A shoe that looks better than a $10 custom-made, that wears longer than a pair of raw-hide boots, that's as comfortable as a bed-room slipper. Every pair made with Rock Oak Bark Tanned Soles. "From Factory to Feet"—that's why you get so much for the money. By express, prepaid, $3.75. Send for style booklet, free.

RELIANCE SHOE COMPANY
Box 123, Friendship, N. Y.

PHARMACY BY MAIL

Complete Pharmaceutical Education **equal to resident college course**. Guarantee to make you a registered pharmacist. Special offer. **Write now.**
NATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS,
41 N. Penn'a Street, INDIANAPOLIS, U. S. A.

BEGIN BUSINESS for yourself; stop working for others. We start you in profitable Mail-Order business at your home. Pleasant work; immense profits; unlimited possibilities. Full information for stamp. Franklin-Howard Co., Denver, Colorado.

SONG-WRITERS AND POETS **A SUCCESSFUL SONG will MAKE YOU RICH.** We write music to your words, complete and arrange compositions. **GROOM MUSIC CO., Steinway Hall, CHICAGO.**

AGENTS' OUTFIT FREE Cut-price Christmas books. 50 cent book 12½ cents; $1 book 25 cents; $1.50 book 50 cents; $2.50 book 75 cents. Credit given. **FERGUSON PUB. CO., 5252 Fifth St., Cincinnati, Ohio**

THE UNSEEN GUIDE

GEORGE SHEPARD BURLEIGH

THERE is no blind, unguided chance:
The wandering atoms feel the sway
Of central forces, till they dance,
Harmonious, in the sunbeam's glance,
As star-worlds in the Milky Way.

The loneliest can not walk apart:
A hand unseen is in his hand,
A heart is beating with his heart,
And thrills of homelike music start
The pilgrim in a desert land.

The brook that, down its sinuous way,
Goes humming with a low content,
Though clinging with a pleased delay
Round flower-banks many a summer's day,
Runs, fate-like, whither it was sent;—

Runs to its marriage with the sea,
Not less predestined than the shock
Of arrowy torrents foaming free
And roaring down in boisterous glee,
Or madly hurled from rock to rock.

What foolish pains we take to reach
The prize we can not miss or hold!
The simplest rill, whose gurgled speech
Is musical mirth, could better teach
How inward laws our fates unfold.

Great Nature, nurse of mortal life,
Smiling or stern, nor threats nor bribes,
Too careless of our peace or strife
To purchase change, she bids us drive
Right on, nor heeds our plaints or gibes;

Yet, under all, and life of all,
A mother heart beats warm and great:
Blind to its mighty pulse we call
Our gain or loss, its rise and fall,
Nor know how all things undulate.

Let him thank God who, at the last,
Though sorely scourged by storm and wave,
On any solid shore is cast.
There shall he find the very blast
That wrecked will drift him food to save.

More proudly may he tread the wreck
Of shattered hopes compelled, once more,
To bear him home, than, ere the check
Of adverse fates, he trod the deck
Of his gay barque and turned from shore.

Strength comes from trial, soon or late,
And that omnipotence of will
Which dares to man a helmless fate
No sleek-browed fortune can create,
No scowling fortune daunt with ill.

UNRUFFLED MINDS

"WHEN Emerson's library was burning in Concord," says Louisa M. Alcott, "I went to him as he stood with the firelight on his strong, sweet face, and endeavored to express my sympathy for the loss of his most valued possessions, but he answered cheerily, 'Never mind, Louisa; see what a beautiful blaze they make! We will enjoy that now.' The lesson was one never forgotten, and in the varied losses that have come to me I have learned to look for something beautiful and bright." A much more homely instance of philosophy, and of a kind that the average man is frequently called upon to practice, is related by a Chicago newspaper. It describes a man racing down the steps leading to the train-shed at the Northwestern Station, just as a train was pulling out. "He was stout and perspiring," says the "News," "and his arms were filled with bundles. Everybody got out of his way as he chased the rear car down the long platform, some shouting advice and pleasant comment after him. Some sportively inclined people offered bets in a loud voice on his chances of catching the train, and others laughed at his grim determination. But he caught it and was hoisted up on the platform by a trainman without the loss of a bundle. He shook his fist at the cheering crowd behind him, and went inside the car with the blessed sense of having won. It was only when the conductor came around for his ticket that he learned that he was on the Milwaukee Division train, bound for Evanston without a stop, when he should have been moving toward Park Ridge, which lies in a different direction. Most men would have said something ugly. This man only smiled. 'There's one comfort about it,' said he; 'those idiots in the station will never know how I fooled them. They think I caught the right train.'"

BRILLIANCY *VERSUS* MEDIOCRITY

"An ounce of loyalty is worth a pound of cleverness."

HOW the slow, plodding boy, who has to toil so hard for every step he takes in advance, envies his clever schoolmate who can do things with ease and celerity! How he wishes that he could dash off a bright letter, or say clever things, or master his problems with as little difficulty as does this much admired youth! He is constantly comparing himself with him, and always, of course, to his own disadvantage. He does not stop to think that this wonderfully clever boy is not to be depended upon, that he is not loyal or true, and that he is selfish to the core; he only longs for the showy qualities which he possesses. He is dissatisfied with himself, but plods doggedly on in spite of his difficulties. The slow boy leaves school. The years go by, and, as he approaches middle life, he finds, much to his amazement, that he has far outdistanced the brilliant companion of his boyhood. The law of compensation is at work in every life. The Creator has willed it so. In the long run, mediocre ability, backed by conscientiousness in making the most of it, loyalty to truth, unselfishness, and faithfulness to little things will always win.

Who is it?

This is a famous President of the U. S. who would never permit any soap to be used on his face but

Williams' Shaving Soap

To any one sending this president's name with a 2-cent stamp to cover cost of mailing, we will forward, postpaid, a most useful and ingenious pocket novelty called the Triplet—a key-ring, letter-opener, paper-cutter and screw-driver combined, an article that every man and boy will find many uses for every day.

Some things that are said of the Triplet:

"I wouldn't take 50 cents for it if I couldn't get another."

"Just like Williams' Shaving Soap, 'the best thing out.'"

"Just the tool I have been looking for for years."

"Have used the Triplet constantly until I lost it a few days ago. I feel as if I had lost my best friend."

"Please send me 5 of the Triplets. It's the handiest pocket novelty I ever saw. I want some for my friends."

Address Dept. 36

The J. B. Williams' Co., Glastonbury, Conn.

HOW TO GROW TALL

Wonderful Discovery made by Prof. K. LEO MINGES

WHY be short and stunted, when for the mere asking you can become tall and graceful? Write to-day and we will mail to you, free of charge, the secrets of how to grow tall. May be used at home by either sex.

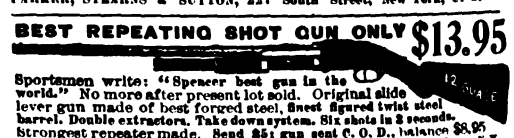
We have made a life-long study of the cartilage system and thoroughly understand it.

THE CARTILAGE CO., Dept. 108 Rochester, N. Y.

U. S. A. Liquid Pistol

Will stop the most vicious dog (or man) without permanent injury. Perfectly safe to carry without danger of leakage. Fires and recharges by pulling the trigger. Loads from any liquid. No cartridges required. Over 10 shots in one loading. All dealers, or by mail, **50c.**
PARKER, STEARNS & SUTTON, 227 South Street, New York, U. S. A.

BEST REPEATING SHOT GUN ONLY $13.95



Sportsmen write: "Spencer best gun in the world." No more after present lot sold. Original slide lever gun made of best forged steel, finest figured twist steel barrel. Double extractors. Take down system. Six shots in 3 seconds. Strongest repeater made. Send $5; gun sent C. O. D., balance $8.95 and expressage; examination allowed. F. Bannerman, 579 Broadway, N.Y.

Don't Be Hard Up.

When you can make immense profits and be your own boss by making mirrors at home; men and women learn it quickly; success guaranteed; particulars for stamp. MacMASTERS, D. 125, - Peru, Indiana.

Navajo Indian Rugs and Blankets

If you desire information about the above address The Navajo Indian Rug & Blanket House, Flagstaff, Arizona. *The only exclusive Navajo Indian Rug and Blanket House in Arizona.*

GOV'T REVOLVERS, GUNS, SWORDS, MILITARY GOODS, NEW and old, auctioned to F. Bannerman, 579 B'way, N. Y. Large illustrated 15c. catalog mailed 6c. stamp.

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MUSIC SUCCESS DEPARTMENT

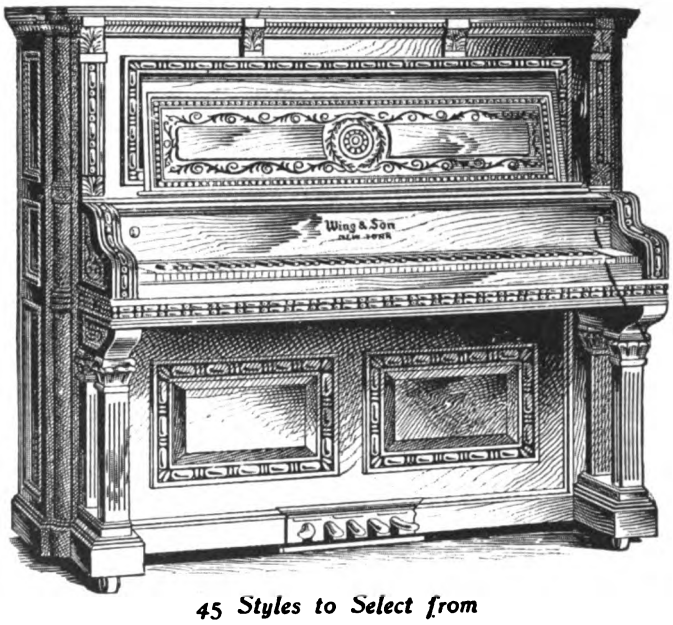
"For Thirty-Five Years a Standard Piano"

The WING PIANO

From the Factory at Wholesale Price.

WE make the Wing Piano and sell it ourselves. It goes direct from our factory to your home. We do not employ any agents or salesmen, and do not sell through dealers or retail stores. When you buy the Wing Piano you pay the actual cost of making it and our one small wholesale profit. This profit is small because we sell thousands of pianos yearly. Most retail stores sell no more than from twelve to twenty pianos yearly, and must charge from $100 to $200 profit on each. Think for yourself—they cannot help it.

Save from $100 to $200



45 Styles to Select from

SENT ON TRIAL

We Pay Freight. No Money in Advance.

We will send any Wing Piano to any part of the United States on trial. We pay freight in advance and do not ask for any advance payment or deposit. If the piano is not satisfactory after twenty days' trial in your home, we take it back entirely at our expense. You pay us nothing unless you keep the piano. There is absolutely no risk or expense to you.
Old instruments taken in exchange.

EASY MONTHLY PAYMENTS.

No Other Piano made has so many improvements and special features as the Wing Piano. It is the largest upright piano made; concert grand with longest strings, largest size of sound board, and most powerful action, giving the greatest volume and power of tone. It has seven and one-third octaves, with overstrung scale copper wound bass strings; three strings in the middle and treble registers; "built-up" end wrest planks "dovetailed" top and bottom frame; "built-up" end case construction; extra heavy metal plate, solid maple frame, Canadian spruce sound board; noiseless pedal action; ivory and ebony keys highly polished; hammers treated by our special tone-regulating device, making them elastic and very durable; grand revolving fall board; full duet music desk.

Case is made in Circassian walnut, figured mahogany, genuine quartered oak, and ebonized; ornamented with handsome carved mouldings and hand carving on the music desk, trusses, pilasters, top and bottom frame.

Instrumental Attachment imitates perfectly the tones of the mandolin, guitar, harp, zither and banjo. Music written for these instruments with and without piano accompaniment can be played just as perfectly by a single player on the piano as though rendered by an orchestra. The original instrumental attachment has been patented by us, and it cannot be had in any other piano. Beware of imitations.

In 35 Years Over 36,000 Pianos

We refer to over 36,000 satisfied purchasers in every part of the United States.

Wing Pianos are guaranteed for twelve years against any defect in tone, action, workmanship or material.

Prominent Purchasers United States Governor Sayers of Texas, Governor Longino of Mississippi, Governor Bliss of Michigan, United States Senator Cameron, General W. R. Miles, Supreme Court Justice James; Professor Dana, of Dana's Musical Institute; Professor Nunnally, of Southern Female College, and Professor Peterson, of Humboldt College, are among those who have used the Wing Piano, in addition to prominent musicians, music teachers and orchestra leaders throughout the United States.

You Need This Book if you intend to buy a piano. A book—not a catalogue—that gives you all the information possessed by experts. It makes the selection of a piano easy. It read carefully, it will make you a judge of tone, action, workmanship and finish; will tell you how to know good from bad. It describes the materials used; gives pictures of all the different parts, and tells how they should be made and put together. It is the only book of its kind ever published. It contains one hundred and sixteen large pages, and is named **"The Book of Complete Information About Pianos."** We send it free to anyone wishing to buy a piano. Write for it.

Wing Organs are sold under the same guarantee as Wing Pianos. Sent on trial to any part of the United States, freight paid in advance by us, without any advance payment or deposit being made. Sold on easy monthly payments. Separate organ catalogue sent on request.

WING & SON, 362-364 West 13th Street, New York City

1868—THIRTY-FIFTH YEAR—1903

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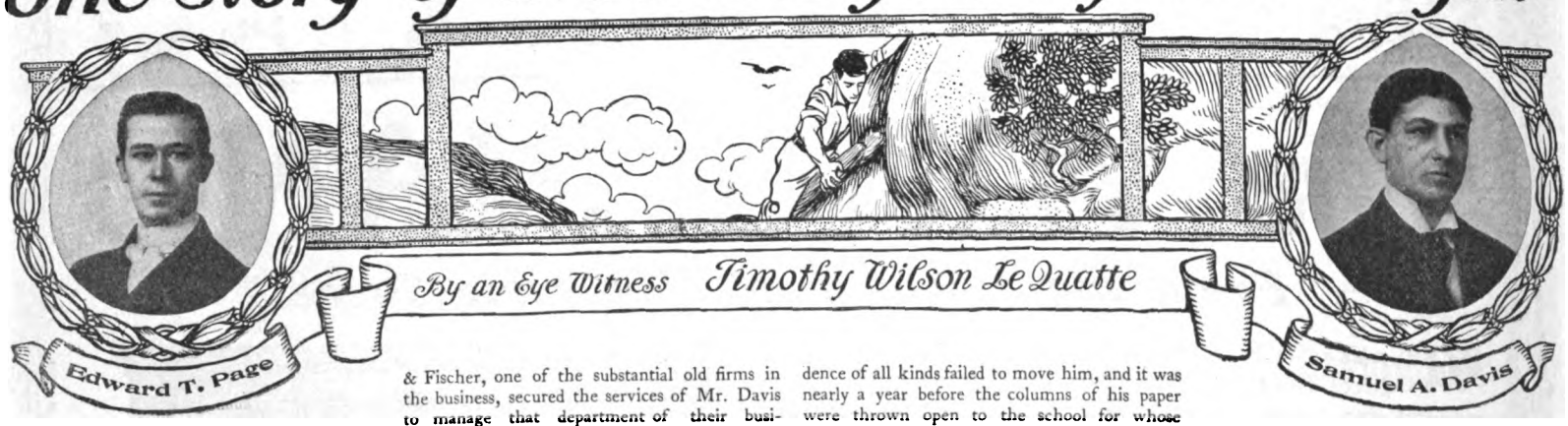
The Story of a Successful Uphill Fight



By an Eye Witness Timothy Wilson LeQuatte

When I was a young fellow in school, I used only to half believe the stories of how such men as Jackson, Lincoln, Grant, Garfield and the rest rose from obscurity to the head of the greatest nation in the world. The financial achievements of Jay Gould from traveling peddler to Money Prince read like an Arabian Night's story. The transformation of such poor boys as Dickens, Longfellow and Whittier into masters of English and of men's hearts as well, seemed to have something of the unreal in it.

And yet it is probable that to the men and women who were in daily contact with these men—to the people who knew of their aspirations, who were intimately acquainted with their earnestness of purpose and their untiring efforts to build solidly and well the foundation of their greatness—to these people there was no mystery about the achievement of the men whose lives have stood out so strongly against a background of ordinary mortals.

Because of my intimate relations with the founders of the first school of advertising in the world I have often been asked to explain how these two young men, from a meagre advertising appropriation of one dollar and seventy cents, have built a business that reaches out into almost every city and town in the United States and into every English-speaking country on the globe—to improve the tone and effectiveness of the advertising done in that town or city.

When I first met Messrs. Page and Davis they had passed the preliminary stage in the development of their idea. Their first city class had been graduated—a class of ten.

Three other classes had followed this first one.

They had demonstrated that the advertising business could be taught. Now they were ready to risk every dollar they had to prove that it could be taught by mail and to even better advantage than by oral lessons.

Practically every point must be put on paper to be illustrated, and, that being the case, it was just as easy to send a correction across the continent as across the room—every pupil must do all the work and, in turn, receive the personal attention of the instructors.

It was a year before I met them that they had conceived the idea of teaching their business to others. Ed. Page had sold out his newspaper down in Indiana, and had demonstrated his ability as an advertising man by making the advertising of "The Leader" (at that time one of the big stores on State Street) the talk of the town and "The Leader" crowds the envy of competitors. From there he had gone to Isaac Woolf's West Side Clothing Store, and had worked with that astute business man to rival anything on the West Side in the way of a clothing house.

The time came when the West Side offered too small a field for the operations of Mr. Woolf and he opened one of the biggest men's clothing stores in the West, on a prominent State Street corner. The advertising of both stores was placed under Mr. Page's direction, and about this time he began to notice the work of a young fellow by the name of Davis who had left his father's little store up in Connecticut and started into business life as the private stenographer of Charles Broadway Rouss, the eccentric millionaire merchant of New York, who, before his death, offered a million dollars for the restoration of his sight.

Young Davis gradually worked into the advertising business after this, filling positions of responsibility in the advertising departments of prominent stores in New York, Pittsburg, Denver and Chicago. The manufacturers of men's clothes were just beginning to realize the possibilities in advertising, and Kuh, Nathan & Fischer, one of the substantial old firms in the business, secured the services of Mr. Davis to manage that department of their business.

Woolf bought some of his stock of Kuh, Nathan & Fischer, and in co-operating on plans for pushing the sale of K. N. & F. goods through Woolf's stores the two advertising men came to know each other and to respect each other's mastery of the details of the business.

The strong points of one supplemented those of the other and made a perfect combination. Gradually their daily discussions at lunch and in the course of business developed the fact that the demand for good advertising men far exceeded the supply. The demand was growing without any apparent increase in the supply. The situation evidently called for some one to create a supply, and they decided to do it by teaching others the business it had taken them so many weary years to learn.

The $1.70 advertisement in the classified columns of "The Chicago Tribune" brought a score of inquiries, and they have often pointed out to me the table, over in one corner of the Boston Oyster House, where they opened that first mail over their lunch and formed the Page-Davis School of Advertising over the mail. When I first met them, a little over a year after this, they had graduated their first class and had moved from the little office in Steinway Hall to a couple of small rooms in the Medinah Temple They met there at noons and in the evenings to go over their mail, answer letters and correct lessons.

At first I was about as skeptical as other men in the business were. I doubted whether this business could be taught. The advertising school was a sort of a joke to most of us. But I soon discovered that it was no joke to Page and Davis. As they were busy all day in their regular positions, it was necessary for me to see them at night about placing their business in the magazines. They started with an inch advertisement in Munsey's Magazine, and we spent three long evenings in working out copy that would express all of their confidence in the advertising business, the possibilities for students, and the ability of Edward T. Page and Samuel A. Davis to give the necessary instruction, without making it so strong that the average man would not believe it. That was always their great fear—that people would not believe it

That their fears were well grounded was evidenced when our agency offered their advertisement to one of the best-known monthly periodicals in the United States. Their manager rightly conceived it to be his duty to protect the readers of his magazine against imposition, whether intentional or not, by advertisers or would-be advertisers in its columns. While disclaiming any intention to charge the Page-Davis Co. with intentionally misrepresenting the facts, he persistently declined their advertising on the ground that in his opinion no one could teach the advertising business by mail.

I had by this time come to understand their ideas so well, and had seen so many evidences of their ability and disposition to carry out every promise they made, that I offered the business to this publisher again and again; but it was almost a year before he finally accepted it. He was so thoroughly converted at last, however, that within three years from his first refusal of the business he was helping to organize one of the first of the imitators of this original school of advertising.

Even so liberal, broad-minded and big-hearted a fellow as the Western Representative of the "Youth's Companion" (who has since died in the very prime of his usefulness) felt that he could not conscientiously allow the Page-Davis proposition to be presented to the readers of the "Youth's Companion." It sounded too good to be true. Letters and evidence of all kinds failed to move him, and it was nearly a year before the columns of his paper were thrown open to the school for whose business every publisher is now asking.

But the opposition they encountered in those early days was a good thing for the school. It put the teachers on their mettle, and soon it was impossible to even hint at the possibility of inability on their part to keep the promises made in their advertising matter and to back up their strong statements about the school without being met with a mass of evidence that compelled belief in their ability and sincerity.

Even after the school had been running for nearly three years and had established a national reputation, the advertising manager of one of the monthly publications, in the heat of a controversy over some matter of policy, made an assertion in a letter that reflected on the good name of the school. Mr. Page and Mr. Davis did not rest until they had secured sworn statements from hundreds of students in all parts of the country, covering and completely refuting the publisher's slander. Not content with this, they gathered stacks of letters from advertisers and newspaper men who employed their students or had occasion to come in contact with their work. When the publisher was confronted with this mass of evidence he simply threw up his hands and said, "I had no idea that you had any such evidence of the success of your work. You are losing a great opportunity. Why don't you print this in our magazine?"

At another time a publisher questioned their statement that "Advertisement-writers earn from $25.00 a week to $100.00 a week." Immediately they began the collection and tabulation of statistics showing that practically every employed student of the school was earning at least $25.00 a week and that a number were earning over $5000.00 a year. These figures came to them in the shape of sworn statements over the signatures of their students and corroborative letters from employers. In addition to this, they were able to produce file after file of letters from retail stores, manufacturing concerns and mail-order houses offering to pay salaries ranging from $25.00 a week up, to students who were capable of handling their work.

Added to all of this was a compilation of statistics showing that thousands of firms were spending from $10,000 a year to a million dollars a year in advertising their business. To any one who was at all acquainted with the business it was an easy matter to demonstrate that a capable man, thoroughly versed in the details and principles of the business, could actually save over a thousand dollars a year to his firm out of a $10,000 appropriation. Aside from the money saved in the actual purchase of space, printing, illustrations, etc., the increase in the "pulling power" of a properly constructed advertisement over the work of an untrained man would increase the value of an appropriation many fold.

One of the most deeply rooted prejudices and one of the hardest to overcome was the idea that advertisement-writers were "born, not made." People believed that unless a man was foreordained to become an advertisement-writer he might just as well stick to the ribbon-counter or to such other lowly position as destiny or his own laziness had consigned him to.

Page and Davis took the ground that a man advertised for the purpose of selling his goods. Therefore the man who handled the advertising was a salesman pure and simple, and any man who could sell goods over a counter or in an office or on the road could be taught to sell the same goods by advertising. They have proven by their own students that any man or woman with common sense and a common-school education can learn the advertising business if he will study its principles and master its details as taught in their course.

Hundreds of small merchants and men of affairs have taken up the work within the last five years with the purpose of applying it to their own business and I have never heard of a single one who was not satisfied that he had made a good investment.

This idea of educating the business men and their employees brought forth some amusing protests from old-time advertising men who objected to this invasion of what they considered their particular field. Of course, the more incompetent the fellow was, the more vigorously he protested—and naturally enough, for the education of his employer or of his employer's clerks meant an exposure of his bluff—his bread and butter depended on his ability to hoodwink his employer. One of these parasites, who fortunately have but few representatives in the advertising business, undertook to read Mr. Page a lecture on the sin of overcrowding the profession. While Mr. Page was listening to his story and incidentally leading him to the wildest flights of argument Mr. Davis was quietly going through the files, and presently he laid before his man a compilation from Dun's and Bradstreet's, from the United States official reports and from official reports of the various States, showing that if all of the firms who could use an advertising man to advantage were to be supplied it would tax the capacity of the Page-Davis Co. for the next seventy-five years, and then the profession would be infinitely less crowded than the Law, Medicine or any of the older professions.

Then Mr. Page produced their records and made the fellow acknowledge that Page and Davis had established more new advertising departments than any other two men in the world. Needless to say that ended the argument.

Both Page and Davis have a habit of answering inquiries from the curious by an illustration of some kind. Not long ago a man called Mr. Davis' attention to the fact that other schools claimed to have the same or a similar course to the Page-Davis Co. The answer was a story of Napoleon and a fellow-countryman who was always kept busy denying that he was the Emperor. When Napoleon's attention was called to the resemblance, the Great General only smiled and remarked, "Strange, no one ever takes me for Monsieur ——."

Of course they have their imitators, just as one successful gold-mine or oil-well develops hundreds of companies that promise wonderful things and finally leave their stockholders with some beautifully engraved stock certificates and a large deficit.

Others may intend to do the best they can for the students, but they have not had the experience of the Page-Davis Co. in building up the business and cannot hope to catch up with them in efficiency. Some one brought this point up in conversation with Mr. Page the other day. He laughed and said, "You know Darwin believed in the theory that man was descended from a monkey. That may be true—but it took ages to develop the complete man."

"Yes," added Mr. Davis, "my boy is a husky little fellow, but he will never be as old as his father as long as I live, and these other fellows can never catch up with us with the start we have and the hard work we have put into every lesson."

For several years both men have given their entire attention to the school. It is their business, and they conduct it on careful, conservative business lines. They don't send out printed matter promiscuously. If you want to examine their elegant prospectus or get any of their interesting literature write to their office at 88 Wabash Avenue, Chicago.

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If You Want Cash

For Your

Real Estate I Can Get It

No Matter Where Your Property is Located or What it is Worth

If I did not have the ability and facilities to sell your property, I certainly could not afford to pay for this advertisement. This "ad" (like all my other "ads") is practically sure to place on my list a number of new properties, and I am just as sure to sell these properties, and make enough money in commissions to pay for the cost of this "ad" and make a good profit besides. That is why I have the largest real estate business in the world to-day.

Why not put your property among the number that will be listed and sold as a result of this "ad"?

I will not only be able to sell it—sometime—but will be able to sell it quickly. I am a specialist in quick sales. I have the most complete and up-to-date equipment in the world. I have branch offices throughout the country, and a field force of 2,500 men finding buyers.

I do not handle any of the side lines usually carried by the ordinary real estate agent. I do not make any money through renting, conveyancing, mortgages, insurance, etc. I MUST SELL real estate, and lots of it, or go out of business. I can assure you I am not going out of business. On the contrary, I have already sold twice as many properties this year as I did during 1902 and expect to sell several times as many next year.

Eight years' experience, offices in principal cities from Boston to San Francisco, more than 2,500 special representatives and an expenditure of over $100,000 a year in advertising, gives me better facilities for quickly selling your property than any other broker anywhere.

It doesn't matter what kind of a property you have; it does not matter whether it is worth $500 or $500,000, or in what State or Territory it is located. If you will send me a description including your lowest cash price, I will tell you how and why I can quickly convert it into cash, and will give you my complete plan (free) and terms for handling it. The information I will give you will be of great value to you, even if you should decide not to sell. Fill out the lower coupon on this page and mail it to me to-day.

If you want to buy any kind of a property, anywhere, fill out the upper coupon on this page and mail it to me to-day. I will guarantee to promptly fill your requirements and save you some money at the same time.

W. M. OSTRANDER

Suite 391, North American Building, Philadelphia, Pa.

If You Want to BUY Fill Out and Mail to Me This Coupon

W. M. OSTRANDER, 391 North American Building, Philadelphia: (2)

I desire to buy a property corresponding approximately with the following specifications

Town or City..... *County*..... *State*.....

Price between $.....*and $*..... *I will pay $*.....

down and the balance.....

Remarks.....

.....

Name.....

Address.....

If You Want to SELL Fill Out and Mail to Me This Coupon

W. M. OSTRANDER, 391 North American Building, Philadelphia: (1)

Please send, without cost to me, a plan for finding a cash buyer for my property, which consists of.....

Town..... *County*..... *State*.....

Lowest cash price..... *Following is a brief description:*

.....

.....

Name.....

Address.....

CALIFORNIA
Find enclosed check for $407.00 in full payment of balance of your commission on the sale of my timber lands in this place. I must say at this long distance it is certainly wonderful how you are able to find the parties who wish to purchase. I never more willingly paid for services than I do in this case. I wish you all the success which you so richly deserve.—C. P. Higgins, Monroe, Cal.

NEW YORK.
I am in receipt of your letter acknowledging draft covering commission on the sale of my office building, at Amsterdam, N.Y., for $10,000 cash. I wish to thank you for the interest you have taken in the matter, and express my satisfaction at having entrusted you with the business.—W. W. Barnes, Seattle, Wash.

VERMONT.
I am in receipt of your check in payment in full for my Monkton Ridge, Vt., property sold to Mr. Carpenter. I appreciate the effort you have made in this connection and am pleased with the prompt and businesslike manner in which the deal was carried through.—Clara R. Paige, New Haven, Conn.

MICHIGAN.
I am in receipt to-day of your check and papers in final settlement on the sale of my Michigan farm. I am well pleased with the manner in which this transaction was handled, and can say from personal experience that your methods are straightforward and show results.—George Martin, Platte, Mich.

FLORIDA.
Yours, 26th inst., containing money order for payment on Florida property is received. I thank you for the efforts you have made to effect a sale.—Wm. S. Tancre, 1120 G St., N.E., Washington, D.C.

WASHINGTON.
Beg to acknowledge receipt of the deed you have drawn for my property, which I find satisfactory. I wish to thank you for the attention you have given this matter, and for the promptness exhibited in completing the sale of my farm.—W. J. Hess, North Yakima, Wash.

VIRGINIA.
I hereby acknowledge receipt of your check, payment in full for the Bedford County, Virginia, farm you sold for me. My dealings with you have been entirely satisfactory. I wish to thank you for the attention you have accorded me.—Mrs. E. B. Stevens, Baltimore, Md.

MINNESOTA.
I have to thank you as it was through your "Monthly List" that I found my bargain, and I will truly recommend you as the safest and best real estate dealer and agent in the United States.—Frank G. Wilson, Cyrus, Minn.

WISCONSIN.
I have the pleasure of acknowledging your check for $1268.00, in settlement for the Jackson Co., Wisconsin, land sale which you have just completed. Your efforts have been entirely satisfactory to me, particularly as the land was only placed in your hands the latter part of February.—Henry Griffeth, Shandaken, N.Y.

NEBRASKA.
I beg to acknowledge check in settlement for the Hayes Co., Nebraska, quarter section, the sale of which you have just completed. This, I believe, is the last one of the sales which you have made on my Western holdings. I appreciate your success in disposing of the several properties placed in your hands and feel satisfied with the attention you have given me.—H. J. Wynkoop, Butte, N.Y.

WASHINGTON, D.C.
Your aggressive work in advertising, finding a buyer, and closing the sale of my Sixth street property satisfied me that your methods are correct. I see no reason why you should not be able to sell any property which is meritorious and not overpriced.—Maurice Francis Egan, The Cosmos Club, Washington, D.C.

ALABAMA.
Your letter and personal check came duly to hand. Thanks. I really think you are a gentleman above the average, and the best and fairest real estate man I ever dealt with. No honest person can find fault with your rules governing the advertisements and sale of the lots and farms.—W. T. Trammell, Scottsboro, Ala.

TEXAS.
I have finally completed a satisfactory trade with your client, in which he accepted in part pay for his property my Manvel, Texas, real estate. I appreciate the efforts you have made in this direction and am satisfied with what has been accomplished. Should I have any further dealings in real estate I will certainly accord you the opportunity of handling the business.—D. W. Lentz, Manvel, Texas.

IOWA.
I approve of your up-to-date and thorough methods displayed in conducting your business. The nine farms which you have secured for my clients have all proven satisfactory, and I shall certainly call upon you for more properties from time to time, as I find the buyers.—L. T. Graves, Emmetsburg, Iowa.

ARKANSAS.
I am in receipt of your check covering the amount of first payment on the sale of my Arkansas property to Mr. Weaver. I am pleased with the way you have handled this matter. In my case you have demonstrated your ability to make sales at long range.—Warren Conaway, Coffeyburg, Mo.

COLORADO.
I received your check to-day, covering the full amount realized on my building at Boulder, Colo. I am pleased with the way you have handled this matter, and can endorse your method of completing quick sales. I again thank you.—M. McC. Hart, Box 227, Halifax, Nova Scotia.

VIRGINIA.
I am certainly well pleased with the way you conducted the sale of my farm in Virginia. Please accept my thanks for your promptness and businesslike manner in handling this transaction.—E. Lodge Ross, Grafton, W. Va.

KANSAS.
Your letter received, enclosing check for one of my Kansas farms, sale of which you have just completed. I am pleased that the many difficulties which arose in connection with this matter were successfully overcome.—Charlotte D. Knox, Peekskill, N.Y.

NEW MEXICO.
I have received deed and other papers for the transfer of my property in Mesilla Park, New Mexico. I desire to compliment you upon the good and prompt service, and I gladly recommend your services to anyone who wants to buy or sell.—F. W. Brady, Scranton, Pa.

SOUTH CAROLINA.
The transfer of my property, made by you, was completed to my entire satisfaction. I thank you for the prompt and careful service.—R. P. Ransom, Williamston, S.C.

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Frank LESLIE'S Popular MONTHLY

10 Cents $1.00 a year

LOOK FOR THE BLUE COVER.

A Great Offer by a Great Magazine

LESLIE'S MONTHLY

10c. a Copy; $1.00 a Year.

After twenty-seven years of experience, **Leslie's Monthly** *for 1904 will distance every previous effort. It will be bigger, broader, timelier, more human than ever. We have never planned a better or more beautiful magazine.*

THE IMPORTED AMERICAN.

Italy is the breeding ground of American immigration, and to study the human side of this great problem LESLIE'S MONTHLY has sent its well-known correspondent, **Mr. Broughton Brandenburg**, and his wife across the ocean to live with a poor Italian family, and to accompany them in the steerage to this country, learning in an intimate way their fears, their hopes and their ideas of America, and contrasting all this with the realization which comes with their settlement in the promised land. This series is incomparably the most important undertaking of any contemporary magazine.

A FREE GIFT to Subscribers:
Leslie's Heroine Calendar and the superb Christmas Number. Use the coupon below at once.

UP FROM PRISON.

A woman's story of what she had accomplished among the inmates of American prisons. A very personal, touching and significant account of the noble work by **Maud Ballington Booth** of the "Volunteers" of America.

A WOMAN'S BREAD AND BUTTER.

The story of a girl's fight for life in a great city. Without friends or money she makes her way painfully upward from the "learner's wage" of $1.50 a week. Actual experience like her's makes a story wonderfully interesting to practical women.

THE GREAT AMERICAN LOBBY.

The most ominous aspect of the Trust Question is the corrupt influence which our great corporations exercise upon legislation. The Lobby and the Trust "graft" upon each other, and this exposition of their mutual relations in a series of careful and authoritative articles constitute a genuine public service.

All Sorts of GOOD Stories by

IRVING BACHELLER, HENRY VAN DYKE, "RALPH CONNOR,"
J. J. BELL, JACK LONDON, ROY ROLFE GILSON,
MARION HILL, S. R. CROCKETT, HENRY HARLAND,
H. STILLWELL EDWARDS, FRANK BULLEN, CAROLYN WELLS,
JOHN LUTHER LONG, HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD, etc. HENRY A. SHUTE,

Leslie's HEROINE CALENDAR.

These are the Artists: The Heroines are from these novels:

HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY { "*Alice of Old Vincennes*," by M. Thompson. "*The Maid at Arms*," by R. W. Chambers.
F. C. YOHN, "*Audrey*," by Mary Johnston.
A. B. WENZELL, "*Hearts Courageous*," by Hallie E. Rives.
WILL GREFE, "*The Pit*," by Frank Norris.
HARRISON FISHER, "*Denis Dent*," by E. W. Hornung.

This Calendar, given FREE with every new yearly subscription, comprises pictures of three of these heroines—exquisite lithographs in 12 colors—on heavy pebbled art paper, 10 x 12 inches, tied with silk ribbon; sent postage prepaid by us. The Heroine Calendar, the Christmas Number and the twelve issues of LESLIE'S MONTHLY for 1904 all for $1.00.

Not given with combination subscription orders except when so advertised.

FRANK LESLIE PUBLISHING HOUSE, New York.

FRANK LESLIE PUBLISHING HOUSE, 141-147 5th Ave., New York City:
Enter my subscription to FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY for the year 1904. Send me Leslie's Heroine Calendar and your special Christmas issue, as well as all the numbers for 1904, for which I enclose $1.00.

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The Most Ornamental Calendar of 1904.

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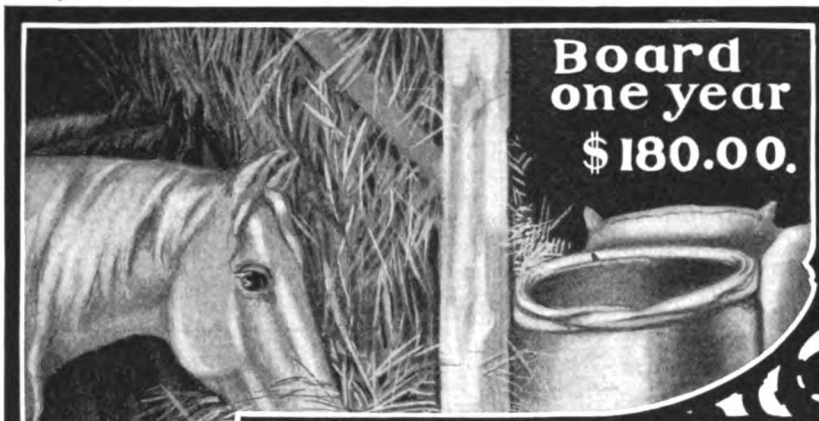
6 Points of Superiority

We prove all we claim

FARRAND ORGAN CO.
DEPT. Y
DETROIT, MICH.



Oldsmobile

THE BEST THING ON WHEELS

This graceful and practical Automobile does the work of six horses at an average cost for Gasoline of $35.00 a year, (10,000 miles.) Board alone for one horse costs $180.00 a year, so the economy is very evident.

PRICE, $650.00

Twenty-three years experience in motor building and the perfect mechanical construction of the Oldsmobile make it possible to obtain more power for its weight than any other machine. Any desired speed is obtained by the simple, yet very efficient foot control—there is

"Nothing to watch but the road."

Ask any of these agencies to show you how the OLDSMOBILE "goes"

Albany, N. Y. ..... Automobile Storage and Trading Co.
Atlanta, Ga. ..... Oldsmobile Co.
Binghampton, N. Y. ..... R. W. Whipple
Boston, Mass., Oldsmobile Co. of New England
Buffalo, N. Y. ..... Jaynes Automobile Co.
Charleston, S. C. ..... Army Cycle Co.
Chicago, Ill., Oldsmobile Co., Githens Bros. Co.
Cleveland, Ohio ..... Oldsmobile Co. of Ohio
Columbia, S. C. ..... J. E. Richards
Dallas, Texas ..... Lipscomb and Garrett
Davenport, Ia. ..... Mason's Carriage Works
Denver Colo ..... G. E. Hannan
Detroit, Mich. ..... Oldsmobile Co.
Erie, Pa ..... Jacob Roth Auto Co.
Grand Rapids, Mich ..... Adams & Hart
Greenville, S. C. ..... Bates-Tannahill Co.
Harrisburg, Pa. ..... Kline Cycle Co.
Houston, Texas .. Hawkins Automobile & Gas Engine Co.
Indianapolis, Ind. ..... Fisher Automobile Co.
Jacksonville, Fla. ..... F. E. Gilbert
Kansas City, Mo. ..... E. P. Moriarty & Co.
Knoxville, Tenn ..... Rodgers & Co.
Lansing, Mich. ..... W. K. Prudden & Co.
Little Rock, Ark ..... Arkansas Auto Co.
Los Angeles, Cal. ..... Oldsmobile Co.
Louisville, Ky. ..... Sutcliffe & Co.
Memphis, Tenn. ..... White & Williams
Milwaukee, Wis ..... Oldsmobile Co.
Minneapolis, Minn. ..... A. F. Chase & Co.
Nashville, Tenn. ..... John W. Chester Co.
Newark, N. J. ..... Autovehicle Co.
New Orleans, La ..... Abbott Cycle Co.
New York City, N. Y. ..... Oldsmobile Co.
Omaha Neb. ..... Olds Gas Engine Works
Pasadena, Cal ..... Ed. R. Braley
Paterson, N. J. ..... F. W. Stockbridge
Philadelphia, Pa. ..... Oldsmobile Company of Philadelphia.
Plainfield, N. J. ..... F. L. C. Martin Co.
Pittsburg, Pa. ..... Banker Brothers Co.
Portland, Ore. ..... Merrill Cycle Co.
Poughkeepsie, N. Y. ..... John Van Benschoten
Raleigh, N. C. ..... Raleigh Iron Works
Rochester, N. Y. ..... Rochester Automobile Co.
Saginaw, Mich. ..... A. W. Norris
San Francisco, Cal. ..... Pioneer Auto Co.
St. Louis, Mo., Mississippi Valley Automobile Company.
Savannah, Ga. ..... T. A. Bryson
So. McCalister, I. T. ..... McIntyre & DeLong Motor Car Co.
Syracuse, N. Y. ..... Syracuse Auto Co.
Texarkana, Ark. ..... Texarkana Auto and Repairing Co.
Tucson, Ariz. ..... F. Ronstadt
Utica, N.Y. ..... C. D. Childs & Co.
Washington, D. C., ... National Capital Auto Company
Hawaiian Islands .. R. H. Halstead, Honolulu
Great Britain and Ireland, Charles Jarrott & Letts, Ltd., 45 Great Marlboro Street, London, Eng.

Write for Information and Catalogue to Department T **OLDS MOTOR WORKS, - DETROIT**

Member of the Association of Licensed Automobile Manufacturers.

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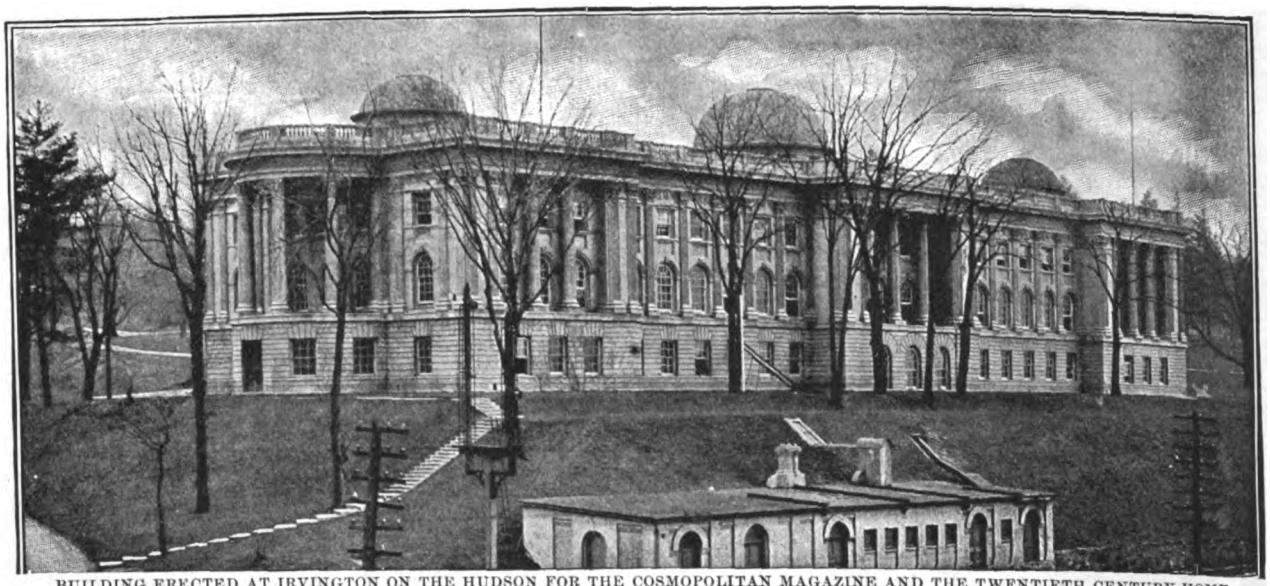
In order to Introduce

The Twentieth Century Home

to American Homes the Following Offers are Made



BUILDING ERECTED AT IRVINGTON ON THE HUDSON FOR THE COSMOPOLITAN MAGAZINE AND THE TWENTIETH CENTURY HOME.

The Cosmopolitan Magazine was a pioneer in the experiment of chosing one of the most beautiful places on the Hudson upon which to erect an ideal factory building, moving out from New York, and thus bringing its considerable force of employes into an environment of the most favorable character. This move was regarded at the time as almost equally radical with that of cutting the price of a 25-cent magazine in half—in which the Cosmopolitan was also the pioneer. It may be interesting to the general public to know that both of these moves have proven completely successful.

The Cosmopolitan Magazine, $1.00
The Twentieth Century Home $1.00

Both for 1 Year for $1.25

The Greatest Subscription Offer of the Season

The Cosmopolitan Magazine

Forceful, Original, Unafraid
IN ALL, INTERESTING

One Year's Subscription Gives You

I.—FIFTY COMPLETE STORIES.
II.—ONE COMPLETE NOVEL.
III.—ONE THOUSAND BEAUTIFUL ILLUSTRATIONS.
IV.—TWENTY ARTICLES—equal to a book of 200 pages—on Popular Science, Invention and Discovery.
V.—TWENTY ARTICLES—equal to a book of 200 pages—on Travel.
VI.—TWENTY ARTICLES—200 pages—on The Most Important Things to Know Regarding Home Life, Marriage, Health, Choice of Life Work, etc.
VII.—TWENTY ARTICLES for Young Men and Young Women.
VIII.—A Wide Range of Other Interesting Subjects.

Do You Wish the Latest Novel?

FOR LESS THAN HALF ITS PRICE

Then this is the Way to Secure it

The Twentieth Century Home, *For One Year,* $1.00

The Latest Novel, *Select Whatever Book You Please Whether* - $1.00 or $1.50

Delivered at your Home Postpaid

$2.50 (REGULAR PRICE) **Both for $1.65** (OUR PRICE)

The Twentieth Century Home

THE NEW HOME JOURNAL

What is Newest—if Best
What is Most Useful—if New
What is Most Entertaining—if Helpful
What is Most Instructive—if Interesting.
Aiming to be a Leader among Home Journals, its name implies
New Thought, New Method, New Ideas.
Something of Usefulness.
A Great Deal of Entertainment.

The Greatest Subscription Offer of the Season is The Cosmopolitan and The Twentieth Century Home for $1.25 a year

Three More Great Magazine Offers

Success - - $1.00
Twentieth Century Home $1.00

$2.00 (REGULAR PRICE) **Both for $1.50** (OUR PRICE)

Success *For One Year* - - - $1.00
The Cosmopolitan *For One Year* - $1.00
The Twentieth Century Home *For One Year* $1.00
The New York Tribune Weekly 52 Numbers $1.00

Total **$4.00** (REGULAR PRICE) **All four for $2.10** (OUR PRICE)

I. ***The Greatest Book of the Year, Captains of Industry,*** 500 Pages. Bound in Half Leather . . **Price $3.00**
Giving the early lives, growth, achievement and successes of the men who are to-day the leaders in the financial, mercantile, manufacturing and transportation world. A guide-book for young men just beginning life, and still more important for those engaged in affairs. No merchant, banker or manufacturer should be without it in his library.
II. ***The Cosmopolitan for One Year,*** $1.00
III. ***The Twentieth Century Home,*** $1.00
IV. ***SUCCESS,*** $1.00
V. ***The New York Tribune Weekly (52 numbers),*** . . . $1.00

All Five Costing $7.00 for $3.25

Address The Twentieth Century Home Irvington-on-Hudson New York

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EDUCATION BY MAIL

W. E. Curtis Tells of the Work Done by The American School of Correspondence at Armour Institute

AIM TO HELP WORKINGMEN

Students in Many Parts of the World Profit by Correspondence Instruction

(William E. Curtis in Chicago Record-Herald)

The other night at Armour Institute I looked into the faces of several hundred strong, earnest, determined and intelligent men, who had gathered there to celebrate the first anniversary of the amalgamation of the American School of Correspondence with that institution. They were of all ages—boys of 17 and serious-looking gray-haired men, whose eagerness to learn has not been diminished but rather has been sharpened by years of experience in practical life; for that experience has taught them the advantages and the value of knowledge. * * * Most of them are so situated that they cannot attend evening schools or avail themselves of the facilities offered by the Armour Institute of Technology and other institutions which provide courses in mechanics, engineering and other applied sciences. Hence the next and the only resource within their grasp is self-education with the aid and guidance of instruction by correspondence. * * * The school of correspondence reaches thousands of men who, by reason of obstacles they cannot overcome, would be unable otherwise to acquire the knowledge and receive the training they crave. It permits them to pursue a course of self-instruction in a methodical and intelligent manner; it gives a great body of ambitious apprentices, mechanics, engineers, craftsmen and other artisans an opportunity to come under the influence of the best minds that are now guiding the scientific development of American industries without losing their time or leaving their homes. It is especially helpful to those who would be under great disadvantages in the ordinary classroom, where, from lack of preliminary education, they would not be able to keep up with a class whose members have had better training than they. And finally, the individual student, being a class by himself, is not compelled to regulate his study to the convenience of other students, but is free to advance as rapidly or as slowly as his ability and his time for study will allow.

The Armour Institute of Technology was the first in this country to enlist the members of its Faculty in the work of seeking out the members of that class and offering them instruction by mail. This was taken up last fall as a regular and permanent part of the course of the Institute, and an arrangement was made with the American School of Correspondence, which had already been established in Boston in 1897 for a similar purpose. Its managers brought their experience to Chicago and conduct the business, while the professors and instructors in Armour Institute constitute the faculty and conduct the instruction, revision and examination in the same line with that of their regular resident classes in the lecture-rooms, shops and laboratories.

The student is in constant touch with his teacher and has the benefit of personal aid, but it is necessary for him to understand every point in his text-books before he can pass his final examination and receive the diploma to which he aspires, for it helps him to obtain a better position and better wage. There can be no shirking, no bluffing and no deception. Therefore, the school of correspondence is useful only to earnest, serious men. One of its greatest benefits is creating and encouraging the habit of careful reading, thinking and study. Those habits, when once acquired, are one of the most valuable assets that can be utilized in any profession or vocation. The fact that so much thought and study are required to carry on the correspondence work is evidence that the students engaged in the line of study are diligent, earnest and ambitious. In this People's University energy, sacrifice and labor are required, but the only capital needed is a little spare time.

Study Engineering

AT THE

AMERICAN SCHOOL OF CORRESPONDENCE

AT

ARMOUR INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY

Main Building, Armour Institute of Technology.

"The railroads, big packing establishments, refineries, the great steel plants, manufacturers and the government are looking for expert mechanical electrical, mining, chemical, consulting and contracting engineers. In Chicago more than a dozen firms to-day have positions awaiting the right men."

The "right man" is the man with a technical education. There are two ways of learning Engineering,—experience and study. The majority of mechanics have *experience*. The American School of Correspondence offers a plan to make that experience valuable by correspondence study. Thirty minutes a day of conscientious study,—of reading the advice of the man who has been through the mill and who knows,—ought to make you *the right man*. Our text books talk facts in plain English and tell a man what he wants to know in a clear, concise way. They have been prepared by such men as Prof. F. B. Crocker, Head of Department of Electrical Engineering, Columbia University, Prof. C. L. Griffin, Syracuse University, Prof. Louis Derr, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Prof. F. E. Turneaure, University of Wisconsin, Prof. A. E. Phillips, Armour institute of Technology, and others. They are used as text books by the United States Government in the School of Submarine Defense, Fort Totten, New York, by the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company in its "Shop School," and many schools and colleges.

ALL INSTRUCTION IS UNDER THE DIRECTION OF MEMBERS OF THE FACULTY OF ARMOUR INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY

The courses are Civil, Mechanical, Electrical, Stationary, Locomotive and Marine Engineering; Architecture, Heating, Ventilation and Plumbing, Mechanical and Perspective Drawing, Pen and Ink Rendering, Sheet Metal Pattern Drafting, Refrigeration, Telephony, Telegraphy, Navigation, and the Manufacture of Cotton and Woolen Cloth, Textile Chemistry and Dyeing, Finishing, etc.

The courses offer parents who desire their children to be fitted for usefulness and success, but who cannot send them to college, an opportunity to obtain for them many of the advantages of college instruction at home at a moderate cost, under teachers of acknowledged standing.

If you are too far from a technical school or college to attend it—if you must support yourself, or have others dependent on you—if you have not the entrance qualifications demanded by a resident college of engineering, the courses of the American School of Correspondence provide a means of fitting yourself for a position requiring technical knowledge without leaving home or giving up your position.

Illustrated Catalogue may be had on request.

American School of Correspondence

Room 134 E at Armour Institute of Technology, Chicago, Ill.

ENGINEERS IN DEMAND

Big Industrial Enterprises of World Clamoring for Trained Men

PROSPERITY IS THE CAUSE

Graduates of Technical Schools Offered Several Places Before Courses Are Completed

(The Chicago Record Herald)

Technically trained engineers are in greater demand than ever before in the history of industrial enterprises. The supply of the technical schools for the present year was exhausted before the graduating classes received their diplomas. Heads of big manufacturing establishments offered flattering inducements to young engineers, and gave them an opportunity to choose from a half-dozen positions. The United States government entered the schools as a competitor for the services of the graduates, and representatives of foreign business houses sought experts to be used in the carrying out of great enterprises in foreign countries.

MANY POSITIONS OPEN

Foremost in the competition for experts, however, were the big American manufacturing establishments. Heads of firms handling great enterprises are on the lookout constantly for new blood, and a competent engineer or a young man whom the employers believe has the qualifications for an expert may pick from a dozen positions, either of which would be satisfactory. Salaries of these young men from their entrance into the profession vary from $1,200 to $2,500 a year. Experience, then, is the only thing required after his theoretical training, and in a few years his salary may be $5,000 or $15,000, according to his capacity and his energy.

WHAT EMPLOYERS SAY

Henry W. Hoyt, vice-president of the Allis-Chalmers Company, said that the technical schools were doing a "grand work." "We would rather have men who have been through these schools," said Mr. Hoyt, "than to take green men who have had neither the advantage of experience nor theoretical training. Usually they are sent into the draughting-room, where they are taught designing and how to read drawings. We employ nearly 100 skilled engineers. Salaries are paid ranging from $1,800 to $15,000 a year, and then we frequently lose good men, other companies picking them up and making them such offers that they cannot afford to refuse them. Then we get many good men in the same way. There is a constant demand for good engineers, and I do not believe there is a firm in the city that would not jump at an opportunity any time in the year to add to its force an expert who was skilled and reliable."

R. L. Raycroft (of the Western Electric Company)—There is room at the top for competent men. We receive applications every day from good, bad and indifferent young men for whom we are unable to make room. There always is a place, however, for the expert electrical engineer. I believe that the most ambitious graduates from the technical schools are going into other fields. In Mexico, for instance, there is great demand for American engineers, who are supposed to lead the profession. In Cuba, where everything is budding out, factories going up, car lines being installed, sugar mills being erected and bridges being built, the engineer has a gold mine opened to him. I may add also that the salaries which are paid in these countries are better than engineers are receiving in the United States.

L. C. Doggett (of the N. K. Fairbank Company)—I have had positions for engineers in this company for more than three months. The demand for engineers is far beyond the supply.

SWIFT WANTS DESIGNERS

Chester S. Churchill (of Swift & Co.)—I find the greatest scarcity in designers and draughtsmen. Competent men are hard to find.

L. Ferguson (of the Chicago Edison Company)—Industrial affairs have grown so rapidly that we cannot find enough men to operate the increasing number of plants. A month ago I applied to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and was told that as all their graduates were placed long before commencement, the school could recommend no engineers.

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Easy to File-Easy to Find

Easy to Try—for this is Our Offer:

Tell us your business or profession. And how many letters or papers you have to file.

We will send you on approval a complete Shaw-Walker Vertical File. Use it for 30 days. Try and test it in every way.

Then, if you are not satisfied—If you are not convinced that this system is the best system—absolutely—for filing letters, return to us at our expense.

For years and years business men generally have used cabinet letter files—cumbersome and costly, but customary.

We make this offer so that they may learn without delay what the right system is. The saving, the satisfaction of always finding letters, the quickness, will surprise them.

All we ask is a reference or a rating, that those few who would wrong us may not prevent the continuing of this offer to you who are honest.

If you prefer to send cash with order we will allow you a 5 per cent. discount. Remit only $9.95. But the terms are the same. If not satisfied, absolutely, tell us and your money is yours again.

The case is made of finest quarter sawed white oak, finely finished and highly polished. It is fitted with patented Shaw-Walker appliances for the quick handling of letters and papers.

It grows as your business grows—expands vertically or laterally. Fits any odd office space. A boy can lift a single section—a fireman, a couple. And one drawer holds as much as eight of the old-style flat-sheet files. The guides and folders are of double-strength cardboard. **Price, complete, $10.37.**

This offer may sound extravagant. It suggests a possible loss for us if we are honest. And we are, or Success would not publish our advertisement.

But the past has proven that the system is so good—so practical and confusion-saving—that once tried, it is kept in use—and permanently.

So do not fear to inconvenience us. Let us send this outfit on approval. We are glad to take the risk. You are just as glad to pay for the system if it does what what we say.

Simply sign the coupon now.

Begin with one section. Add others only as needed.

Send me on approval a Shaw-Walker Vertical System. I enclose $9.95 or a reference.

Name of reference _____

I will try the system thoroughly. If not satisfied, you agree to return my remittance in full.

Name _____

Address _____

Business _____

About how many letters per day to file. _____

Also send Catalogs checked below—
—Card Systems —Book Cases
—Document Files —Sectional Filing Cabinets
—Vertical Files

If catalogs only are desired, cross out matter above name.

The SHAW-WALKER CO., Muskegon, Mich.

Branch at Chicago in the Marquette Building.

Do You Own or Do You Work in a Factory?

Then read, and read at once, the book

The Cost of Production

Tells all about making goods and how to tell the cost of them. Suggests ways to save labor, and ways to save time. Tells of a system, almost automatic, that cares for the details and leaves the MAN free for broadening the business.

The seven parts of this book will each suggest to you some point where system will save in the business you are in—save time, money, worry.

Read how complete each part is:

Synopsis of Contents.

PART I.—Material; its cost, raw or partly finished, purchase records, receiving clerks and stock room reports, requisitions and shop orders.

PART II.- Labor; how to classify it, timekeeping, payrolls and time cards.

PART III.—Manufacturing expense; considers the expense of each department, for new machines, supplies and repairs, and in total.

PART IV.—General expense; what constitutes it, how to account for taxes, rent, insurance, light, etc. This most troublesome account fully discussed and thoroughly explained.

PART V.—Special costs; another account which many ignore; it includes the unusual expenses of errors and extras.

PART VI.—Profit; an accurate basis is explained for this item.

PART VII.—Perpetual inventories; presents a method which will allow at any time statement of all stock and material on hand or in process of making.

Send for the book now. Write your name in this white space

Tear off and mail with $2 to SYSTEM, Marquette Building, Chicago; if not satisfied tell us and your money is yours again.

GOOD ENGLISH PAYS

Do you know that Marshall Field & Co. pay their employes $1 for every error in English one of them finds in any of the printed matter issued by the house? Nowadays, nothing hurts a man's

PRESTIGE

with the educated like careless English. Moreover, the best correspondents are no longer willing to write their letters in the

Time-Worn Commercial Jargon

of half-intelligible commercial phrases. A good letter, business or social, should be simple, smooth, easy, winning, like the voice of a good salesman.

The man who will help you is Sherwin Cody

He has an international reputation as an expert on English for business men, and now has put his private lessons into four handy little volumes (time-saving size)—seven complete courses, Word-Study, Grammar, Punctuation, Composition, Business Letter Writing, Story Writing, Creative Composition, hitherto sold in typewritten form for $15 to $25 for each separate course. These books contain everything that will help you, nothing that is mere lumber. They are the best reference books on English ever prepared—better than a dictionary, because they teach a man to be his own dictionary.

The *Boston Transcript* says: "For directness, simplicity, and logical treatment, they could hardly be excelled. They are models of comprehensiveness." Dr. E. Benj. Andrews says: "Crisp, direct, simple."

Business Managers.—Several large wholesale houses have introduced Mr. Cody's books and personal criticism of English service to all their clerks who write letters, from the merest stenographer to the most experienced correspondent. It pays.

Credit Men.—Here is a point for you. You are not too old to learn yourself, and you will find that the credit of your house will improve wonderfully if you see that every letter that goes out is the best. Mr. Cody will give you hints on system in business English.

Young Business Men.—If you want the touch, the snap, the tone of "words that win" in the business world, go to the man who is both a scholar and a master of straight-from-the-shoulder business English. His little books should be your daily companions.

Advertisement Writers.—You can't afford to let mistakes creep into your work. The only way to avoid errors is to have a good reference work constantly at hand.

Correspondents.—Don't write the time-worn commercial jargon, but get out of your rut by getting the knack of writers who are masters. Mr. Cody has a simple, easy method in his "Composition" book.

Stenographers.—The only way to get a better salary is to improve your English. Mr. Cody's books are so handy and perfectly adapted to home study and reference that you can pick up points as you write. Keep them at your elbow and in six months you will be worth twice what you are now, and you will get it, too.

THIS SET OF FOUR BOOKS

containing seven complete home-study courses, regular price $3.00 for set, to readers of Success at wholesale price of $2.00, if order is sent in on the white space below—$3.00 if not.

Simply write your name in this white space.

Tear off and mail with two dollars, to

SYSTEM, Marquette Bldg., Chicago.

The Monthly Magazine for the Man of Affairs.

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THE NEW

SUCCESS MAGAZINE CLUBBING OFFERS

For the Season of 1903-4

will be announced in full detail in

DECEMBER SUCCESS

The following leading American periodicals, among others, will be included in the

SUCCESS CLUBBING OFFERS:

	Regular Price
SUCCESS	**$1.00**
CLASS A	
Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly,	**$1.00**
The Cosmopolitan Magazine	**1.00**
Pearson's Magazine	**1.00**
Good Housekeeping	**1.00**
Woman's Home Companion	**1.00**
CLASS B	
Review of Reviews	**$2.50**
World's Work	**3.00**
Outing	**3.00**
Country Life in America	**3.00**
Lippincott's Magazine	**2.50**
The Independent	**2.00**
Current Literature	**3.00**

Special quotations on SUCCESS, with any of the above magazines, and with other leading publications, such as Harper's Magazine, Weekly, and Bazar, Century, Scribner's, Ladies' Home Journal, etc., will cheerfully be made on request to those who may wish to renew or enter their subscriptions in November.

The lowest prices on American magazines can at all times be secured by writing direct to

THE SUCCESS COMPANY
UNIVERSITY BUILDING NEW YORK

Can You Organize A Society?

If you have the ability to get together groups of ambitious young people, give them an interesting talk about the purpose and plan of the Success League, and then help them to organize themselves into a League branch, we would like to engage you as one of our Field Secretaries.

Each Field Secretary travels from place to place in the territory assigned to him, organizing new branches of the League where none exist, and also visiting and addressing branches already formed.

The amount of compensation for this depends upon the amount of territory which the secretary covers, and likewise upon the amount of time devoted to the work. If you can give nearly all your time to the work

YOU CAN EARN $3000.00 A YEAR

Write at once for further particulars. Give references. Address,

THE SUCCESS LEAGUE
800 University Building - NEW YORK

EARN SOME MONEY THIS FALL

THESE ARE TWO "Success" representatives who have each built up a profitable and growing business within the past year. Mr. Gregory has been in an Ohio city, and he has earned hundreds of dollars in the commission and prize money offered by several of the largest magazines for subscription work. By his systematic efforts he has established himself as the "magazine man" of his community. He has educated his clients to send for him before placing any magazine subscription business, because of the saving he is able to make them by means of his "inside" prices, and thus holds old patronage and secures many new customers. Mr. Gregory made a "ten-strike" last winter by securing an order of several hundred "Success" subscriptions from the head of a large manufacturing concern in this city, to be given as presents to employees.

W. H. GREGORY

Mrs. Hinchley is located in one of the smaller New England cities, and has pursued somewhat the same plan. Her work for "Success" has yielded a large sum in commissions and prizes,—much larger, in fact, than could have been earned in any ordinary salaried position.

The Fall Subscription Campaign Is On

In the next few months hundreds, and in some cases thousands, of dollars will be spent for magazines to be read during the coming year. The better part of this business is now sent direct to publishers, but most people would prefer to patronize a "Home Industry" by placing their subscriptions with a local representative. The field covered by the magazines associated with "Success" in its clubbing offers is so broad as to meet every possible taste, and the price so low that other periodicals cannot successfully meet the competition.

"Success" wants a subscription representative in every community this fall and winter. The pay is the largest offered by any first-class magazine. This consists of a liberal cash commission on each subscription, and an additional sum in prize money to those who send good lists. Previous experience is neither essential nor objectionable. Complete instructions are furnished, together with special plans, assuring to any one of ordinary intelligence and energy a successful prosecution of the work. To make sure of unoccupied territory, an early application is desirable.

MRS. F. W. HINCHLEY

A handsome booklet, showing photographs of our most successful representatives, will be sent to any one interested. In it these representatives tell how they have been able to earn as much as $50.00 per week, and even more, during the subscription season.

Seventy-five Hundred Dollars in Extra Cash Prizes

will be given to all who send twenty-five or more subscriptions by March 31st. Write to-day for equipment or further particulars.

THE SUCCESS COMPANY, 32 Waverly Place, NEW YORK

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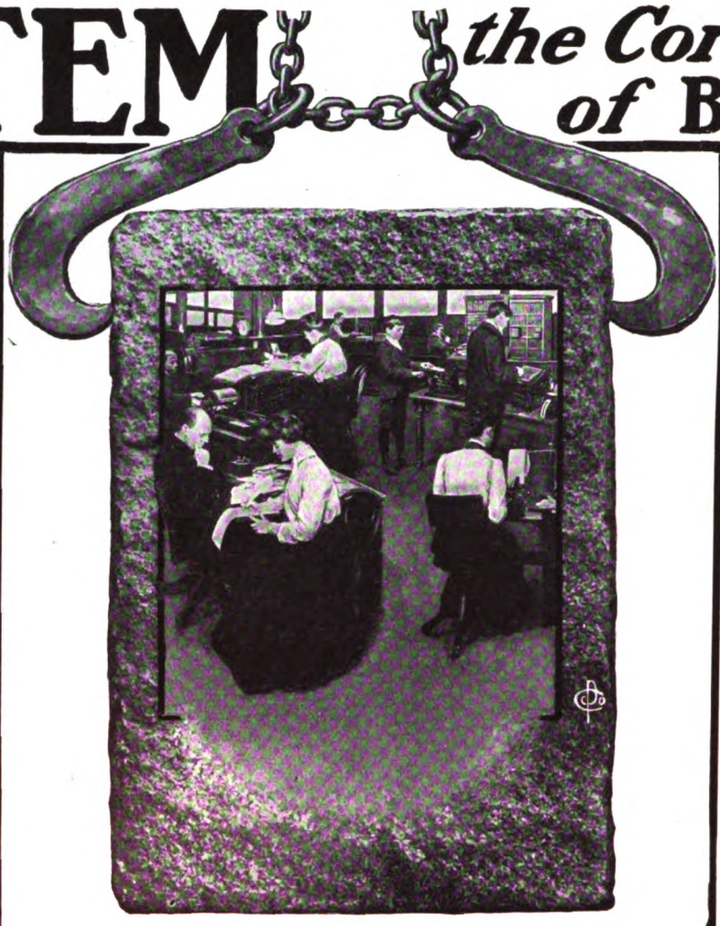
SYSTEM the Corner Stone of BUSINESS



Old fashioned bound books for accounts are impractical and expensive. Loose leaf books allow of arrangement, rearrangement and expansion. They save time, for the yearly or semi-yearly opening of new books is done away with. They are self indexing. No outside index is required. The JONES PERPETUAL LEDGER COMPANY'S LOOSE LEAF BOOKS have every advantage of any loose leaf book and more—absolute alignment of the leaves—a strong binder in which the leaves can not move a hair's breadth. Every progressive business man should read Catalog 1. It explains how to apply these books to *your* business.

Every man who conducts correspondence is interested in the question "Which is the best Typewriter?" There are twenty-five substantial reasons why the OLIVER TYPEWRITER is the best machine the world has produced. So phenomenally successful has this machine become that it has proven its unqualified right to the title, "The Standard Visible Writer," and the business world has decided that its adoption increases quantity, improves quality and reduces expense. The wide range of the Oliver Typewriter's usefulness makes it easy to adopt systems heretofore impracticable except with the pen. Catalog 2 explains the Oliver's points of superiority fully.

Time is money. This is particularly true in the commercial world. BAIRD'S NO. 12 TIME STAMP makes an absolutely accurate record for every purpose where time counts. The receipt of correspondence, job time, the arrival and departure of employees and in countless other cases time is measured to the minute by this—the only durable time stamp. It is made of the finest materials, with finely polished steel bearings. The clock movement, being in an entirely separate compartment from the stamping mechanism, is unaffected by the hammer action. The price is remarkably low. Catalog 25 describes and illustrates the Baird Time Stamp. Write for it to-day.

For many years methods of accounting did not change materially, but when the BURROUGHS ADDING MACHINE was placed on the market this branch of office work was revolutionized. To-day there are 14,000 of these great time savers in banks, mercantile houses, factories, wholesale and retail stores, etc. Wherever this machine is not part of an office equipment it is because its merits are not understood. It bears the same relation to figures that the typewriter does to correspondence, adding figures with ten times the speed of the quickest clerk. Described in Catalog 13. Ask for it right now. It will pay.

No matter what you want to file—information, papers, samples, documents—there is a Shaw-Walker way to do it, and that way is the best way because it is the most simple. Shaw-Walker card systems are better than books—Shaw-Walker vertical letter files better than flat sheet cabinets—Shaw-Walker sectional bookcases better than solid ones. All are built in sections so they will grow as your business grows. Send to-day for Catalog 19. It tells all about SHAW-WALKER SYSTEMS. The book is concise, terse, yet complete. It costs the Shaw-Walker Company 38c. to send it, but they will do so gladly if you simply sign the coupon on the corner of this advertisement.

There was a time when any old chair would do for the office. But times have changed and ideas of business comfort have changed with them. MCCLOUD'S NEW TWENTIETH CENTURY ADJUSTABLE SPRING BACK CHAIRS have been important factors in the improvement. "Back-Resters" they call them—because they give complete back rest while at work, thereby enabling the man at the desk or woman at the typewriter to accomplish more work with greater comfort. Catalog 14 describes the McCloud Chairs and shows the adjustment which fits the back.

No Permanent Success Without System

That's True—Absolutely

Here are Fifteen Ways to Better YOUR Systems Read About Them CAREFULLY

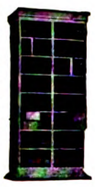
The business world has waked up to the commercial value of correct and effective English in letters, circulars and advertisements. Marshall Field & Co. offer $1.00 to any employee who finds an error of English in any of their printed matter. Every large business house in the country is doing something of this sort. Mr. Sherwin Cody is recognized as one of the most scholarly writers of business English living, and many high-class houses are introducing his set of four books on business English, equipping the desk of their managers, credit men, ad writers, correspondents and stenographers. Seven complete home study and reference courses, "crisp, simple, direct." Catalog 26 will tell you more.

More money is paid each month by MAHIN'S MAGAZINE for live ideas and articles along the line of advertising than by any other publication in the world. Every issue is a live wire—suggestive, helpful. Here for the first time advertising is treated as a science. Every phase of publicity is thoroughly discussed. One reader writes, "A single article by Prof. Scott has more than paid my subscription for the year." John T. McCutcheon, the famous cartoonist, draws a cartoon for each issue. Just what you should know about advertising you get by reading and *studying* MAHIN'S MAGAZINE. A subscription to this magazine is an investment that will put money into your cash drawer. 1904 will be greater than ever. Catalog 32 will put you in touch with a profitable investment. Write for it to-day.

In "*The Transaction of Business*," Mr. Andrew Carnegie and Sir Arthur Helps give a masterly exposition of the broad principles underlying the practice of modern business. Helps received his great experience at first hand, and he directs and advises in a personal way; clear, vigorous and right to the point. Carnegie contributes "How to Win Fortune," and it must be admitted that he knows what he is writing about. Beginning with nothing he accumulated over two hundred million dollars. What he has to say about how to do it is of immense value to every other business man, young or old, regardless of his position or calling. Any single chapter is worth many times the price of the book. Twenty thousand already sold. Send for Catalog 31 giving table of contents, etc.

File your clippings, memoranda, and manuscripts. Every busy man—literary, business or professional—realizes the great necessity of properly filing and classifying memoranda, clippings, data, etc. Any one who has spent time searching through a mass of papers for a paragraph once marked, a misplaced clipping or memorandum, will appreciate the tremendous advantage of having such data arranged in order and at his fingers' ends.

The LIBRARY FILING CABINET is the solution of the problem of classification. It is the acme of simplicity and ready reference. Send for Catalog 8. It gives valuable information that can not be acquired from any other source.



The ADDRESSOGRAPH is as necessary to a modern office as steam is to an engine. With it an office boy can do in one hour what it formerly took ten clerks two hours to do. It not only addresses envelopes in exact imitation of typewriting, but also fills in names on duplicate letters, prints names and addresses on shipping tags, pay envelopes, time tickets, monthly statements and loose leaf systems. Thousands of business houses now have their lists of names arranged for the Addressograph and kept by States or Territories so that printed matter can be speedily sent to any special list. It will pay you to learn now what it will do for you. Catalog 7 tells all. Write for it to-day. A delay means loss of money.

AN ERICSSON INTERIOR TELEPHONE SYSTEM shortens office work, saves actual time, saves confusion. To some men such a system seems a luxury. All who have installed the system *know* it is an economy. Cheap interior 'phones soon get out of order. But the Ericsson is built to last—the same quality and style used on long distance lines. No other concern has studied the telephone system so thoroughly, or devised so many special instruments and attachments to save time and bother in office communication. The Ericsson contains many features found in no other 'phone. Ask now for Catalog 4.

SOME business men are prejudiced against fountain pens. And that same prejudice has kept them from knowing how great a saving WATERMAN'S IDEAL FOUNTAIN PENS would make in their office work. Continuous writing without dipping and blotting saves so much of a man's own time—and the time of his stenographers and clerks—that a pen pays for itself in a short time. But the fountain pen must be a "Waterman," else the bother and leaks and breaks might off-set the saving. Catalog 5 tells all about Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pens, and of special pens made for modern office work.

No office is considered complete without an EDISON MIMEOGRAPH. In these days of commercial competition there is no surer, quicker or cheaper way of quickening business than by employing the many means offered by this valuable machine. There is a place in almost any business where an Edison Mimeograph will save time and money. Perhaps you see no use for it in *your* office. You certainly will after you read Catalog 6 and understand what a Mimeograph will do. Cut out and sign the coupon on the corner of this advertisement, or, better still, write us a letter stating your business.

"RIGHT MEN FOR RIGHT PLACES: RIGHT PLACES FOR RIGHT MEN." This is the watchword of Hapgoods, the incorporated company which has made a clearing house for brains one of the most notable features of modern business methods. If you are an employer of high-grade men and want to hire good American brains, write for Hapgoods Catalog 21a. If you are a capable man, desiring a high-grade position, write for Hapgoods Catalog 21b. Hapgood's service covers the globe. Hapgood's eye looks everywhere; it searches the world for competent men. It looks for you if you say so.

HAPGOOD'S HELPFUL IN BUSINESS

FREE

Information is offered you here. Mail us this coupon or write us a letter.

To System Chicago

Please send, without cost to me, the books checked in the list following.

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.....Catalog 2	
.....Catalog 4	
.....Catalog 5	
.....Catalog 6	.....Catalog 21a
.....Catalog 7	.....Catalog 21b
.....Catalog 8	.....Catalog 25
.....Catalog 12	.....Catalog 26
.....Catalog 14	.....Catalog 31
.....Catalog 19	.....Catalog 32

Name.....

Address.....

.....

Business.....

I enclose..... Send SYSTEM, the magazine for..... on approval. If I am not satisfied when the subscription ends you agree to return my remittance

You should read SYSTEM the magazine. Don't waste time trying to think out systems for yourself. Don't experiment with your business. The methods that have failed with others will fail with you. Beware of them. The systems that others have found successful will help you to success. Make use of them. Learn of them in SYSTEM. There is no other way.

Special to Success Readers.

For $1.00 we will send you SYSTEM for six months to come, and, as a premium, absolutely free from any further charge, six interesting back numbers for immediate reading. Twelve numbers for a dollar. A bargain you can not afford to miss.

A Valuable Book FREE.

Send $2.00 for a full year's subscription and we will send not only the six extra numbers but also "Short Cuts," a booklet that is all its name implies.

SYSTEM

Edited by

A. W. SHAW,

Marquette Building

CHICAGO.

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The SUCCESS BOOK OFFERS

For the Season of 1903-4

FROM the immense mass of recently published books, we have selected an even dozen which are, in our judgment, well worth *purchasing*, and which offer so wide a variety in character and contents as to meet nearly every taste. These books are all from the press of the leading publishers of the country, and are their *best editions*—in binding, paper, presswork and illustrations, representing the highest art of American bookmaking. *We guarantee satisfaction with every book.*

By heavy guarantees, we are able to procure these books at prices which make possible the following offers. Postage prepaid. Foreign postage extra. Books may be sent to different addresses.

THE CAVALIER. By George W. Cable

Illustrated by HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY.

This is probably the greatest novel of Civil War times ever written, and it is likewise the most popular work of the man who has always written most fascinatingly of the South and of southern life. It will rank easily as one of the great American novels, and should find a permanent place in the home library. Scribner's Standard Edition. Eight full page drawings by Christy. Pages, 311. Regular price, $1.50. It is offered in connection with "Success," one year, for $1.50, postage prepaid.

RANSON'S FOLLY

By Richard Harding Davis

Illustrated by REMINGTON, ASHE, CLARK, CHRISTY and STEELE.

"The five best stories ever written," as many will say, are within the covers of this charming book. Richard Harding Davis knows how to write fascinating tales of life and action if anyone ever did, and those who have read in magazine form "The Bar Sinister" (a magnificent dog story), "The Derelict" (a story of a newspaper man), "La Lettre d' Amour" (for music lovers), "In the Fog" (for those who dote on detective stories), and "Ranson's Folly" (which gives the name to the book), will be delighted to have these, with their exquisite illustrations by the leading artists of the day, in form for permanent preservation, while those who have not read them can well afford to go without a dinner to secure the price of the book. Scribner's Standard Edition. Sixteen full page illustrations. Pages, 345. Regular price, $1.50. It is offered in connection with "Success," one year, for $1.50, postage prepaid.

OUT OF GLOUCESTER

By James B. Connolly

Illustrated by BURNS.

Another book of short stories is this, and of the kind to make the blood tingle and the eyes burn with joy and pride in American manhood. The brave fishermen of Gloucester in their sturdy, honest strength, their daring on the sea and their love for their trim and beautiful boats, which, for combined seaworthiness and speed, are the equal of any millionaire's yacht afloat, have lived in the pages of more than one ambitious novelist, but never more satisfactorily than in Connolly's new book. The titles of the six stories of this book are "A Chase Overnight," "On the 'Echo of the Morn,'" "From Reykjavik to Gloucester," "A Fisherman of Costla," "Tommie Ohlsen's Western Passage," and "Clancy;" and these titles will give a pretty clear indication of the treat in store for those who have not yet read this book. Scribner's Standard Edition. Eight full-page illustrations. Pages, 275. Regular price, $1.50. It is offered in connection with "Success," one year, for $1.50, postage prepaid.

THE YOUNG MAN ENTERING BUSINESS

By Orison Swett Marden, Editor of Success

This is Dr. Marden's latest book just issued from the press, and is perhaps the best book that Dr. Marden has ever written, not even excepting "Pushing to the Front." It is full of sound counsel and suggestions to those who are making the plunge into the business life from which so few escape unhurt. Crowell's Standard Edition. Pages, 390. Regular price, $1.50. It is offered in connection with "Success," one year, for $1.50, postage prepaid.

PUSHING TO THE FRONT

By Orison Swett Marden, Editor of Success

This great book is the most valuable present that can be given to any boy of fifteen or young man, and will have an influence on his life which will never be lost. It has been adopted for supplementary reading in the schools of a dozen American states, and has been translated into nearly every foreign language. It is even used as a textbook in the public schools of Japan, the America of the Orient, and appears in six different Japanese editions. Crowell's Standard Edition. Fully illustrated. Pages, 416. Regular price, $1.50. It is offered with "Success," one year, for $1.50, postage prepaid.

OUR OFFERS

SUCCESS One Year	Regular Price	Our Price
with any 1 book below,	$2.50	$1.50
" " 2 books "	4.00	2.25
" " 3 " "	5.50	3.00
" " 4 " "	7.00	3.75

Our Book List

Publishers' Best Editions in All Cases

	Regular Price
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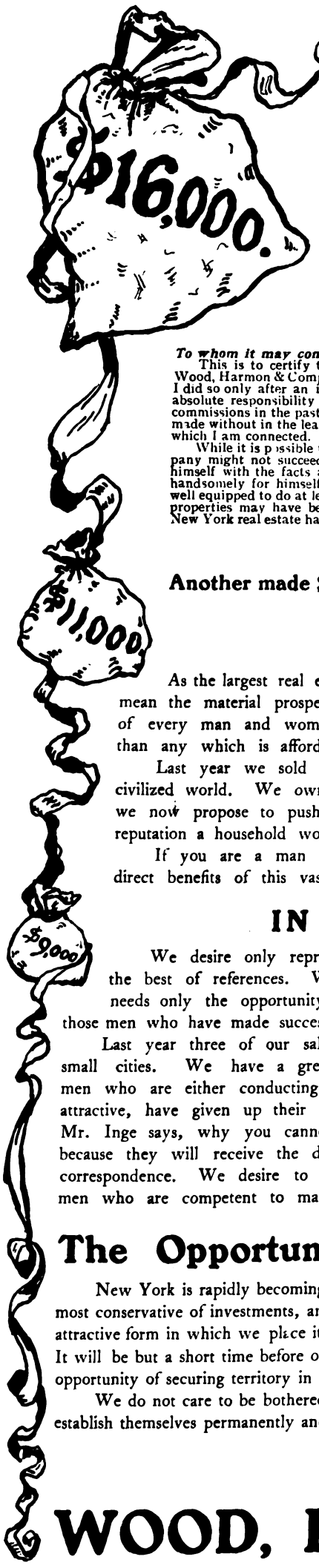

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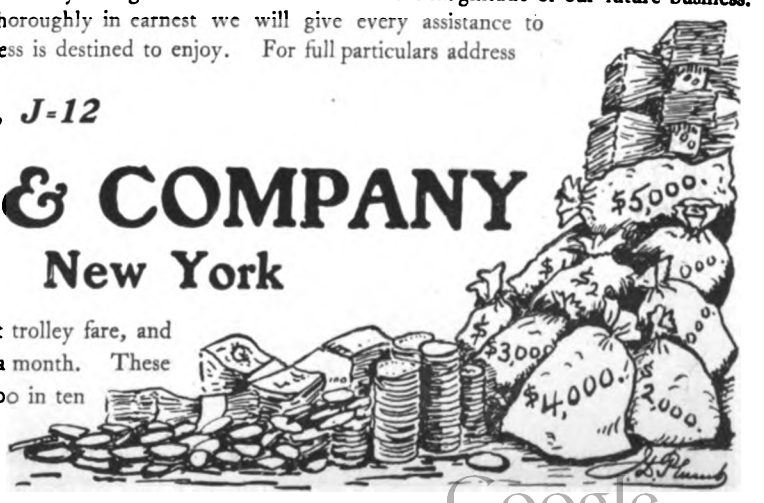

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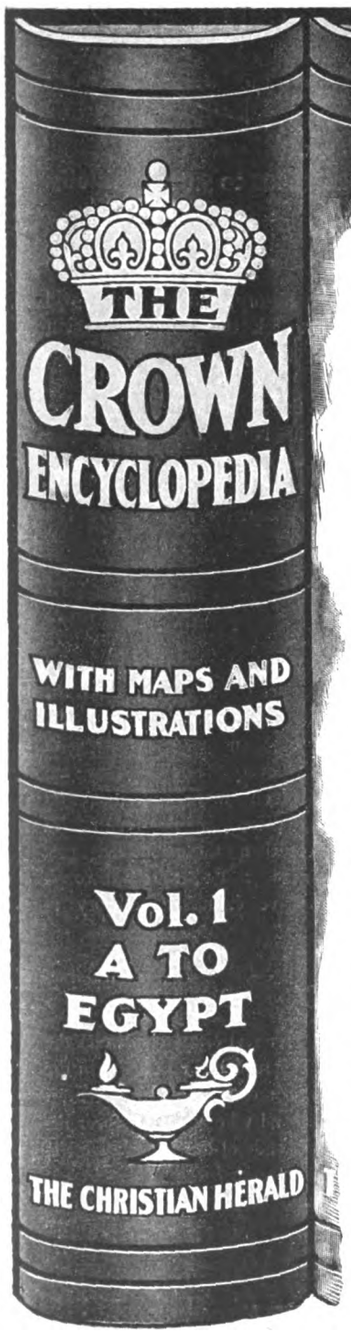

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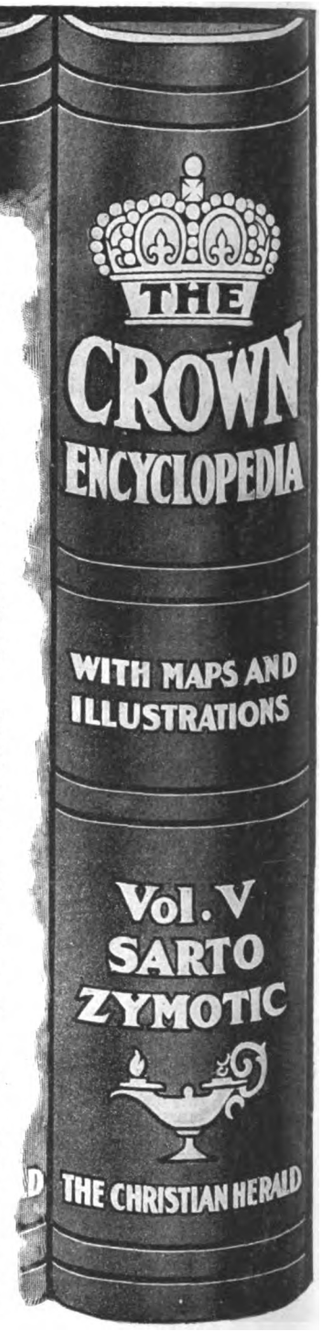

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