SUCCESS

The Great Home Magazine of America

OVER ONE MILLION READERS

Editorial Announcement for 1904

FOR three years past we have been in negotiation with leading authors, artists, and specialists in all departments of the world of achievement, with the determination of making *Success* for 1904, and all subsequent volumes, the richest treasure-house in existence of real "things worth while." Our ships are coming to port, and now we are ready, at last, to tell the public something of what we have in store for *Success* readers.

THREE GREAT SERIALS

We believe in serial stories, but not in long-winded ones. The following stories are brilliant, snappy, full of life and action, original in plot, and masterly in execution. They will command your attention from the start and keep it clear to the end; *and they will make you think.*

GUTHRIE OF THE "TIMES"

BY JOSEPH A. ALTSHELER

Author of "Before the Dawn"

GUTHRIE is the representative of a leading journal at the capital of his state, which is easily recognized as one of the most famous in the Union. Through both duty and inclination he is drawn deeply into a great political contest which is being waged in the legislature over public and private issues, and he fights sturdily for his friend, the speaker of the house, who is accused of betraying the people's cause for his own advantage. His duty takes him to New York, where he meets financial powers on their own ground, and checkmates their last, desperate moves against his friend, the speaker. It is a powerful story, magnificently told.

THE DUKE OF CAMERON AVENUE

BY 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"

IF you have a drop of fighting blood in your veins you will read with keen delight Mr. Webster's strong story (commenced in November,) of a college settlement, and how its leaders determined to break the machine and bring to his knees "The Duke of Cameron Avenue," *i. e.*, the aldermanic boss of the ward, who opposes a sorely needed sanitary reform. The tale of the fight which follows is one of the best things that Mr. Webster has ever written, and, as a lesson in practical politics, will put new heart into those who believe it impossible to conquer the powers that be.

THE CONFESSIONS OF A POLITICIAN

BY DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS

Author of "Golden Fleece"

THOSE who have read in *Success*, or in book form, Mr. Phillips's wonderful story, "The Confession of a Crœsus," will understand the inside view which he will give us, in the new serial he is now writing for *Success*, of the working of the wires which move things at Washington as the master politicians wish them moved. No such story has ever before been told with the faithfulness to truth, the closeness of detail, and the sureness of touch which Mr. Phillips is bringing to his task; and the scenes of love, power, avarice, and political intrigue which crowd his pages will prove an absorbing tale to those who like to look behind the scenes.

One Dollar per annum **SUCCESS** University Bldg., New York

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SUCCESS

Some Success Specialties

CHRISTINE TERHUNE HERRICK — HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD — MARTHA MCCULLOCH-WILLIAMS — MRS. JOHN A. LOGAN — GERTRUDE ATHERTON

BUSINESS STORIES

AMONG many stirring stories of love, heroism, adventure, and world conquest, our "business stories" stand out unique. They are a "SUCCESS Specialty," with some imitators but no equals. The following stories are soon to appear:—

The White Car, *by Samuel Merwin*

The Making of Connor, *by J. George Frederick*

An Artist in Publicity, *by Howard Fielding*

How the Governor Won, *by Elliott Flower*

A Fight for the Snow Sheds, *by Alvah Milton Kerr*

Other stories, by Frank H. Spearman, Cy Warman, Hamlin Garland, Frank Fayant, and George Baker Hoyt.

NATURE STORIES

THE study of wild animal, bird, and plant life is most fascinating for old and young alike. This has always been a "Success Specialty," and among the contributions already arranged for are the following:—

The Freedom of the Black-Faced Ram, *by Charles G. D. Roberts*

A Mother in Michigan, *by William Davenport Hulbert*
(The story of a black bear and her cubs)

The Homes of the Deep-Sea People, *by Capt. T. Jenkins Hains*
(Author of "The Wind-Jammers" and "The Strife of the Sea")

After a Grizzly Bear with a Camera, *by S. M. Downey*

More delightful Nature Studies, by Martha McCulloch-Williams and others.

MUSIC AND ART

SUCCESS has always been fortunate in securing from great singers, actors, and artists, the fruits of their life experience, and their continued wise council to those who are trying to gain a foothold in music, art, and the drama. Among many valuable papers are:—

The Life-Story of Mme. Melba, *by William Armstrong*

My Struggles for a Standing in the Musical World, *by Madame Marchesi, teacher of many of the great operatic stars*

Working under J. McNeil Whistler, *by Walter Fenn*

The Upbuilding of the Stage, *by E. H. Sothern*

HOME LIFE

SUCCESS is preëminently a *home* magazine, and among its most important departments are the following:—

Etiquette, *by Mrs. Burton Kingsland and Christine Terhune Herrick*

Correct Dress, *by Marion Bell*

Talks with Young Men and Women, *by Orison Swett Marden*

Child Culture, *by Marion Foster Washburne*

How to Decorate the Home, *by Josephine Wright Chapman*

Health and Its Relation to Beauty, *by Harriet Prescott Spofford*

New Cures for Old Diseases, *by Dr. Cyrus Edson*

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A NUMBER of short, practical papers, giving the civic and economic phases of municipal, state, national, and international politics,—a series of priceless value to young men, by

Seth Low

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Henry C. Potter

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Carter Harrison

Tom L. Johnson

"WHAT CAREER?"

THE problem of "what career" is in every home where there are growing children, and *Success* throws light upon the problem by securing, from leaders in the great professions and mercantile life, articles and interviews on the best ways to "enter and climb." Among many coming articles are:—

The Future of the Mining Engineer, by John Hays Hammond

What Chances Did the Railroad Business Offer Me? by George H. Daniels

The Law as a Profession, by Chauncey M. Depew

The First Steps in a Business Career, by James J. Hill

OUR efforts to put *Success* readers in close touch with the great world of work and achievement are well illustrated by the following notable articles and series of papers:—

Diplomatic Mysteries, by Vance Thompson

A most interesting and important series of papers, containing revelations of the inner history of recent international puzzles, now for the first time made public (through Mr. Thompson,) by certain of the foremost statesmen and government officials of Europe.

Great Journalists of the World,

(DeBlowitz, Sala, Smalley, Steevens, Ralph, and others,) by W. S. Wane, of the London "Times"

Some of the Great Men of Europe,

by James Bryce, author of "The American Commonwealth," and "Studies in Contemporary Biography"

The Latest News of the Heavens,

by Sir Robert Stawell Ball, formerly Astronomer Royal of Ireland

How to Invest Money Safely and Profitably, a continuation of the series, by Edward E. Higgins

Women I Knew in Washington,

by Mrs. John A. Logan, once the leader of Washington Society

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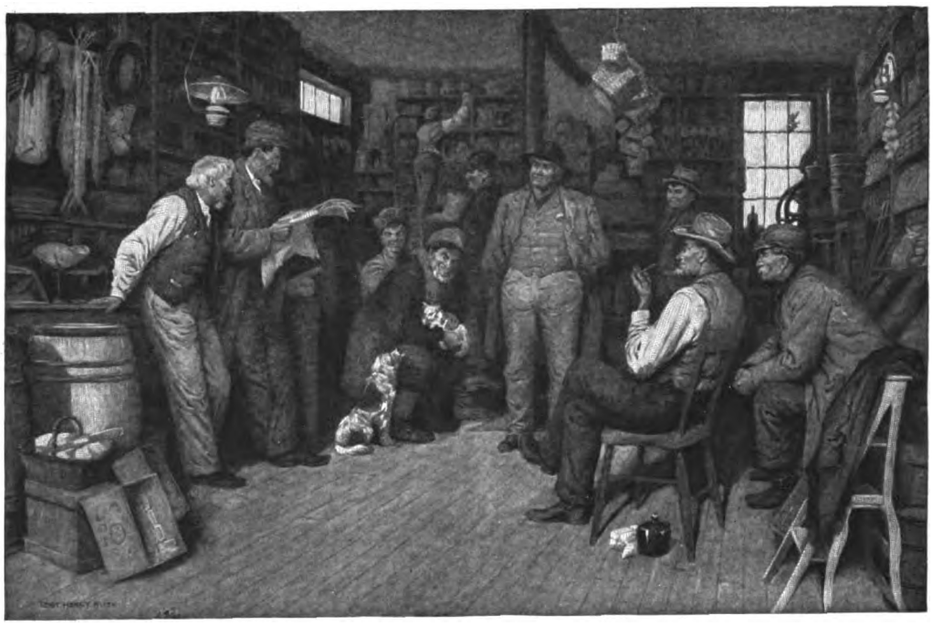

A MARKET REPORT—"CORN IS UP"

REDUCED FACSIMILE—FULL SIZE, 20 IN. X 26 IN.

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THE SUCCESS PORTFOLIO

WE are pleased to announce what we believe to be one of the most interesting and important features which will appear in any magazine during 1904. Each issue of *Success*, commencing with that of December, 1903, will contain a large four-page supplement, beautifully printed on delicate, toned, proof paper, and entitled, "THE SUCCESS PORTFOLIO." It will be so arranged as to be removed and bound with others in portfolio covers, which we will furnish *free* on receipt of 4 cents, (stamps accepted,) for postage and packing. The whole set will form a beautiful art book.

In "THE SUCCESS PORTFOLIO" will appear, from time to time, a number of original double-page drawings, made expressly for *Success* by leading American artists. Even more valuable features of the portfolio will be collections of portraits of the greatest living men and women of the world, grouped together in such a way as to be most interesting both artistically and from a literary and biographical standpoint. A few of these groups are as follows:—

The Great Journalists of the World
The Great Actors of the World
The Great Bankers of the World
The Great Women of the World
The Great Generals of the World
The Great Captains of Industry

A Christmas Present from Success

THE beautiful engraving entitled "A Market Report," represented in reduced facsimile above, forms the first feature of "THE SUCCESS PORTFOLIO," and appears in this number. It is from a drawing made expressly for *Success* by Roth, and will recall to many the days when the country store was the only village news bureau.

OUR OFFER

We are producing a limited number of *artist's proof, remarque* copies of this fine engraving, on special, heavy paper, 20 in. by 26 in., suitable for framing, and will send one copy *free*, securely packed in tube, to those of our readers, who send us, on or before December 31, 1903, one dollar for an annual subscription to *Success*, new or renewal, or who take advantage of any book or magazine offer containing *Success* advertised in this issue. 10 cents extra must also be sent (stamps accepted,) for postage and packing. This engraving is copyrighted by us, and can be obtained only on this plan. Send your subscription at once in order to secure earliest copies taken from the plates when in the best "state" or "condition." Even if your subscription does not expire for several months you may yet take advantage of the above offer by *renewing now*, and we will extend your subscription for one year from date of expiration, or you may enter a subscription for some friend. A better Christmas present than this fine picture can hardly be found.

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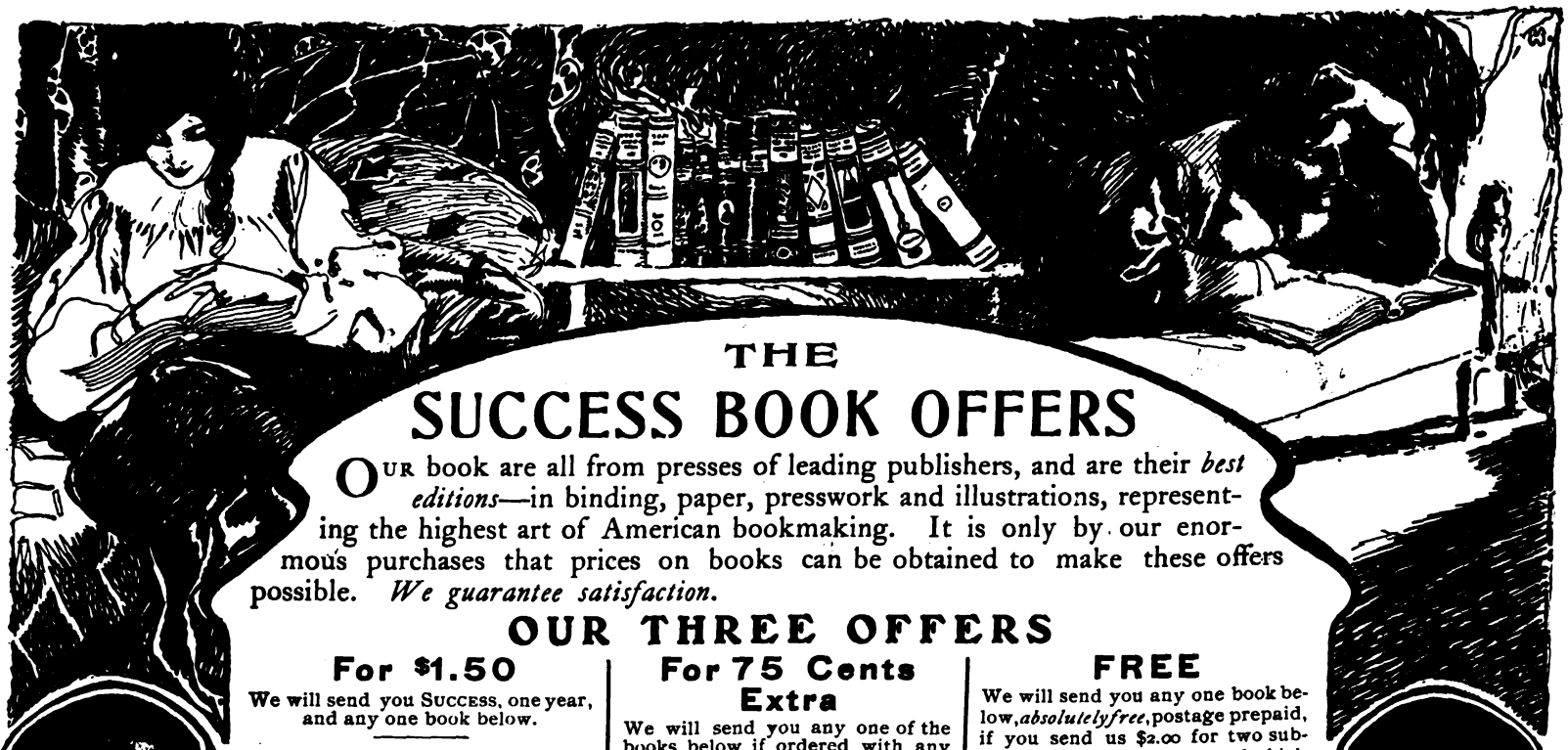

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OUR book are all from presses of leading publishers, and are their *best editions*—in binding, paper, presswork and illustrations, representing the highest art of American bookmaking. It is only by our enormous purchases that prices on books can be obtained to make these offers possible. *We guarantee satisfaction.*

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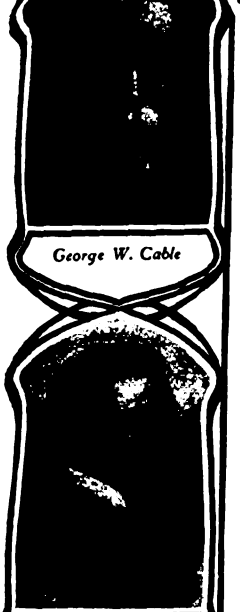


George W. Cable

THE CAVALIER

By George W. Cable

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. Publisher's price, $1.50.

RANSON'S FOLLY

By Richard Harding Davis

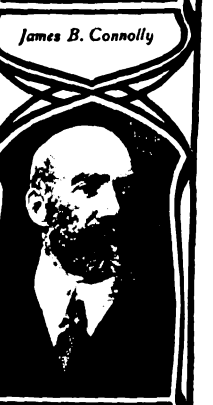
"The five best stories ever written," as many will say, are within the covers of this charming book. Richard Harding Davis knows how to write fascinating tales of life and action if anyone ever did, and "The Bar Sinister," (a magnificent dog story,) "The Derelict," (a story of a newspaper man,) "La Lettre d'Amour," (for music lovers,) "In the Fog," (a detective tale,) and "Ranson's Folly," (a story of the ranch,) are in his best vein. Scribner's Standard Edition. Sixteen full page illustrations by Remington, Ashe, Clarke, Christy and Steele. Publisher's price, $1.50.

Richard Harding Davis

OUT OF GLOUCESTER

By James B. Connolly

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, 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." Scribner's Standard Edition. Eight full-page illustrations. Publisher's price, $1.50.



James B. Connolly

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. Publisher's price, $1.50.

PUSHING TO THE FRONT

By Orison Swett Marden, Editor of SUCCESS

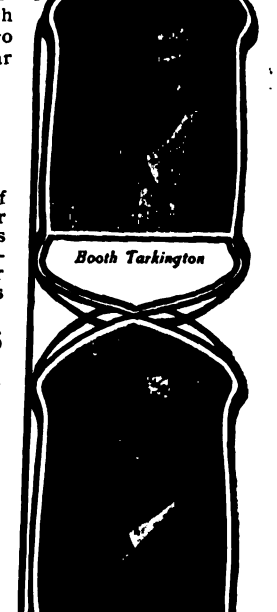
This great book is the most valuable present that can be given to any boy of fifteen or young man and will have an influence upon his life which will never be lost. It has been adopted for supplementary reading in the schools of a dozen American states, and has been translated into nearly every foreign language. Crowell's Standard Edition. Fully illustrated. Publisher's price, $1.50.

Orison Swett Marden

A PASTEBOARD CROWN

By Clara Morris

This charming novel of the stage by one of the greatest American actresses will interest hundreds of our girl readers. Miss Morris's charming style and wealth of interesting reminiscences has made her almost as famous an author as she is an actress. Scribner's Standard Edition. Publisher's price, $1.50.



Booth Tarkington

THE TWO VANREVELS

By Booth Tarkington

This is a love story of Indiana, laid in the time of the Mexican War, and the author of "Monsieur Beaucaire" and "The Gentleman from Indiana" has done a unique, delicate, and exciting bit of story-telling, hardly excelled even by those two famous earlier tales of his. Illustrated by Hutt. McClure-Phillips's Standard Edition. Publishers'price, $1.50.

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By Sir A. Conan Doyle

It is surprising how far the love of the detective story—and particularly the love of the most famous of all detective stories, the "Sherlock Holmes" series, —reaches into, and takes hold of the imagination of all classes. The busy man of affairs, the boy and the young man, and even the "women folks" of a family take a keen delight in a good story of this kind. "The Hound of the Baskervilles" is such a story and an excellent introduction to Doyle. McClure-Phillips's Standard Edition. Eight full page illustrations. Publishers' price, $1.50.

Sir A. Conan Doyle

DONOVAN PASHA

By Sir Gilbert Parker

The author of "The Seats of the Mighty" and "The Right of Way" has passed several years of his life in Egypt, and in "Donovan Pasha" he gives us an inside view of the ruling forces quietly at work preserving order in that mystertous world of Oriental secrecy and diplomacy. "Little Dickie Donovan," right hand man of the Khedive, power behind the throne, and only "indispensable" in Egypt, is a bright light in a curious picture, and the stories of how his British honesty and fair faith are able to checkmate duplicity and cunning, are worth the reading of all. Appleton's Standard Edition. Illustrated. Publishers' price, $1.50.

Sir Gilbert Parker

UP FROM SLAVERY

By Booker T. Washington

This is one one of the most wonderful books ever written, and countless thousands have already conned its pages with moistened eye and a choke in the throat, because of the power and pathos found in this man's upward climb from actual slavery before the Civil War to a position of respect and honor among his fellowmen, and of a usefulness to his race which can hardly be overestimated. Doubleday-Page Standard Edition. Publishers' price, $1.50.

HOW TO ATTRACT THE BIRDS

By Neltje Blanchan

Another beautiful nature book filled with the most charming little photographs of "birds in their downy nests," taken, many times, only after days of patient watching and waiting for the right "pose." Modern photography has done nothing more wonderful than to bring us such studies as these of birds and animals in their own homes, and every photograph so obtained is a treasure-house, in itself, impossible to duplicate. Doubleday-Page's Standard Edition. 105 illustrations. Publishers' price, $1.50.

Booker T. Washington

THE BROOK BOOK

By Mary Rogers Miller

This is a glimpse into the nature world as we know it in daily life, and there are collected into this book over eighty-one most exquisite illustrations of "forest and stream and purling brook" which will be a delight to every nature lover. Doubleday-Page's Standard Edition. Publishers' price, $1.35.

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Season of 1903-4

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Must be included in every order.		
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Pearson's Magazine,	**1.00**	.84
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Country Life in America,	**3.00**	.85
Outing,	**3.00**	1.00
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FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY has been for many years a leader among American magazines. During the coming winter it will be enlarged and improved to an extent far beyond any betterment in the past, and its increase in size will give room for new ideas and features that will greatly add to its already widespread popularity. It is always bright, entertaining, and full of keen human interest. Published monthly. Price, $1.00 per annum. See advertisement on back cover. Among our best offers are:

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Woman's Home Companion

The WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION is large, well illustrated and interesting,—a home monthly of great popularity and influence. It has many special articles and departments on fashions, home decoration, etc. Published monthly. Price, $1.00 per annum. See advertisement, page 790. Among our best offers are:

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Woman's Home Companion, Success, Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly, and Pearson's Magazine, $2.50.

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THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS is the leading "news magazine" of the world, having widespread international connections from which its editors are able to obtain early inside knowledge of many of the most notable happenings in the domain of politics, diplomacy, science, and literature. Its monthly "Review of the World's Progress," by the editor, Dr. Albert Shaw, is an education in itself, and is invaluable to all who wish to be posted on topics of the day. Its reviews of contemporary magazines and books are also noteworthy, as are its reproductions of the best cartoons of home and foreign papers, and its many leading articles on social and other problems. Its daily record of important events is adapted for quick reference purposes. It is finely illustrated, and absolutely "up to date" in all important respects. Published monthly. Price, $2.50 per annum. See advertisement, page 797. Among our best offers are:

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The Cosmopolitan, Success, Good Housekeeping, and Pearson's Magazine, $2.50.

The Cosmopolitan, Success, and either The Review of Reviews, or any other magazine of Class B, $3.00.

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A complete set of LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE for thirty years past would contain more "first editions" of famous novels and stories than could be brought together at a hundred times the cost in any other way. Each monthly number contains a complete new copyrighted novel by a popular author, together with several short stories of the highest class, and other articles of current interest. Such a magazine forms a growing library of steadily increasing value, and the monthly novels alone, if published in book form, would easily cost many times the annual subscription price. Published monthly. Price, $2.50 per annum. See advertisement, page 803. Among our best offers are:

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Frank Leslie's Pop. Mon., or any other magazine in Class A,	**1.00**	

The Cosmopolitan, or any other magazine in Class A,	**$1.00**	Our Price **$2.00** For all three
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Success,	**1.00**	

Frank Leslie's Pop. Mon.,	**$1.00**	Our Price **$2.50** For all four
The Cosmopolitan, or Good Housekeeping,	**1.00**	
Pearson's Magazine, or Woman's Home Companion,	**1.00**	
Success,	**1.00**	

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The Cosmopolitan, or any other magazine in Class A,	**1.00**	
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Any reader of SUCCESS who sends us *two* SUCCESS subscriptions, new or renewal, (either alone, at $1.00 each, or included in above SUCCESS clubs, when ordered at full club prices,) may have, as a reward, any one of the twelve books in "Our Book List," (see opposite page.) Any reader who sends us *three* SUCCESS subscriptions, may have, as a reward, a fourth subscription to SUCCESS, or a subscription to any one of the five $1.00 magazines of Class A, listed above.

Present subscribers to SUCCESS whose subscriptions have not yet expired may take advantage of these offers, either by ordering their own subscriptions extended for one year from dates of expiration, or by entering a subscription for some relative or friend.

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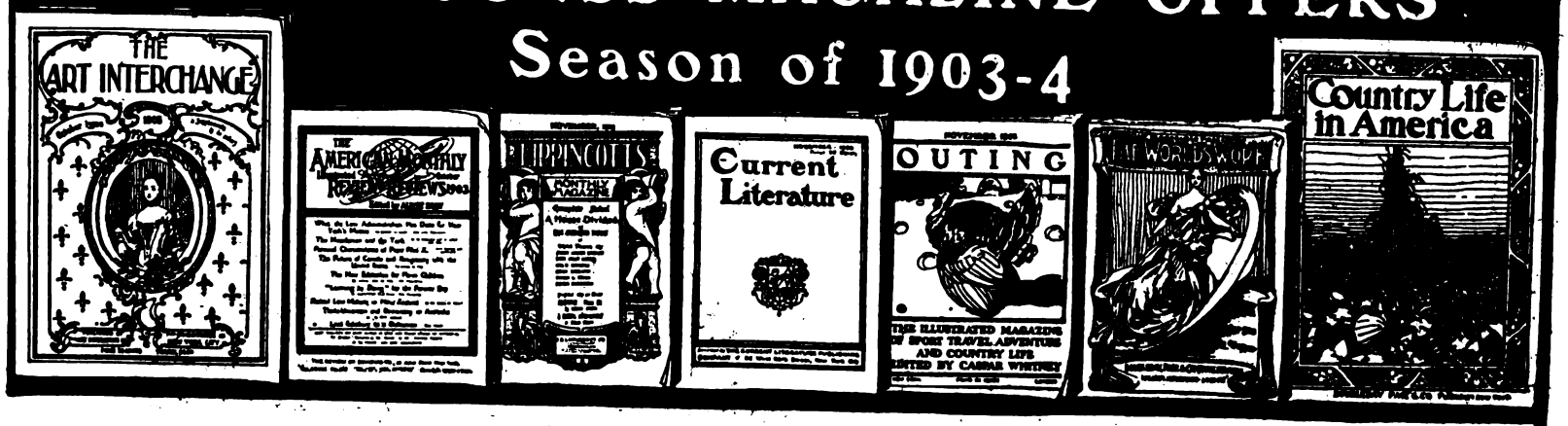
THE SUCCESS MAGAZINE OFFERS

Season of 1903-4



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Frank Leslie's Pop. Mon., 1.00
Success, = = = 1.00

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This is a most beautiful Traveling Atlas of nearly 600 pages, exquisitely printed and bound in silk cloth, and containing a most unique and convenient reference index to the 40,000 towns mapped. Regular price, $1.00. It may be ordered with any of the Success combinations by adding only $.35 to the combination price. Invaluable for the office or library table.

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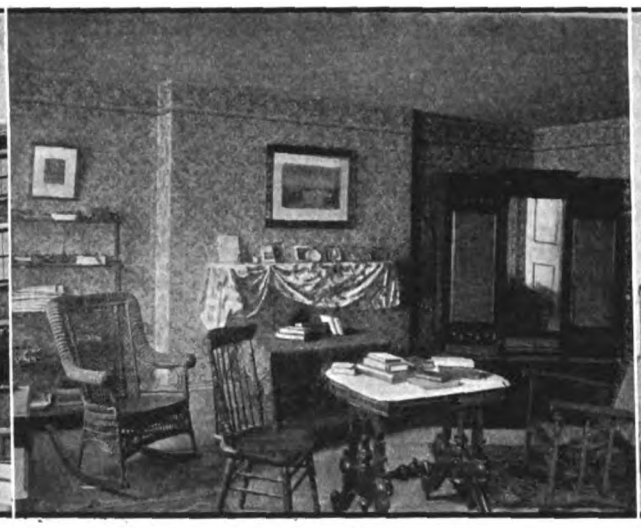
The Story of "Success"

The Birthplace of SUCCESS, No. 43 Bowdoin Street, Boston



Where the First Number Grew

The Present Home of SUCCESS, University Building, Washington Square, New York

AMID all the histories of modern industrial undertakings which occasionally appear in book or magazine, there is one branch,—the publishing business,—which has had but scant attention. The reason is not far to find. Publishers naturally have some delicacy about describing the trials and tribulations of their fellow publishers, and some reserve about bringing their own into prominence. Yet a glamor of romantic interest hovers about such old and honorable publishing houses as Houghton, Mifflin and Company, of Boston, Harper and Brothers, of New York, the Lippincotts, of Philadelphia, and others; while the early struggles, ambitions, disappointments, and final successes of the younger giants in the field, such as C. H. K. Curtis, S. S. McClure, Frank A. Munsey, and F. N. Doubleday, would, if told with entire frankness, be most interesting and profitable reading,—an inspiration to those who, in any walk of life, are struggling to run a career in the world worthy of the effort.

Since we cannot very well trespass on the domains of others, we have decided to banish something of our natural reserve and to tell our readers, frankly, and as interestingly as may be, something of the upbuilding of our own magazine,—something of our modest beginnings and our early tribulations; of our growth,—slow at first, then rapid,—and, finally, of what we are now trying to do, and in what respects we are succeeding or failing. It is not a long story, for there has been compressed into a period of but six years a magazine development usually requiring at least ten or fifteen, but the way in which this has been done, and the reason why SUCCESS has to-day, on the sixth anniversary of its birth, a circulation exceeding three hundred thousand copies per month, is known to few, if any, outside the little circle of those who have been more or less responsible for this development.

"The Success Idea," in various forms, has been the life-work of one man, Dr. Orison Swett Marden, and two or three devoted associates. Dr. Marden's first book, "Pushing to the Front," was the result of several years' work in the special field of inspirational literature which has become peculiarly his own. This book has been translated into nearly every modern language, and there are no less than six editions published in Japan, where it is used, among other ways, as a textbook of English in the government schools. Other books, evolved from the great mass of Success material gathered from ten thousand different sources, have followed this first one, and each has been sent out into the world for such influence as it might exert.

It was not, however, until 1897, that the great dream of Dr. Marden's life—the founding of a magazine which should be a constant and never-failing source of inspiration and good cheer in American home life,—was accomplished. His own means were small, and it was difficult to persuade capitalists that there was any need for another periodical among the countless numbers in existence. At length, however, a publisher was found ready for the venture. To Dr. Louis Klopsch, proprietor of "The Christian Herald," of New York, belongs the honor of first seeing in "The Success Idea" a commercial possibility; and, finally, in December, 1897, in a little room on Bowdoin Street, in the city of Boston, the editorial manuscripts for the first issue of SUCCESS were prepared for the press.

A new publication "has a hard row to hoe" in its first few years of life. One of the most difficult things for an editor or publisher to understand is the absolute indifference usually shown by the public toward an enterprise which means so much—so very much,—to its promoters. Albert Bigelow Paine, in his novel, "The Bread Line," has drawn smiles and tears from his readers in the relation of such a story,—in the contrasts between hope and realization,—in the enormous mail boxes provided for the receipt of a bare half dozen subscription letters, in the bright visions of wealth, the first alarming doubts, the increasing succession of disappointments, and, at length, either complete failure, or *money, money, money*, poured in, as into a bottomless well, for the payment of paper and printing bills and postage, to say nothing of editorial and business salaries. Advertising revenue cannot be secured without circulation, and circulation cannot be secured until the public realizes—sometimes, alas, too late,—that it is getting real value for its money. The foundation of the success of any paper lies, therefore, first, in its editorial values; second, in the success or failure of the methods employed to introduce the paper to the public; third, in the response made by large advertisers to a "new medium" for reaching the public.

In the case of SUCCESS, the fates smiled kindly, if not broadly, upon the new enterprise. With all the enthusiasm and ability which Dr. Marden brought to the creation of editorial values, recognition by the public was merely a question of introduction; and with the fine organization of Dr. Klopsch, introduction was made comparatively easy. No wonder, then, that, in its first year of life, SUCCESS achieved a circulation of forty thousand, and, by the end of its second year, seventy-five thousand. The new enterprise was fairly launched, and had met with a response from the public quite beyond the ordinary.

But still it did not "pay." It was yet too early to expect or obtain the support from advertisers which is the mainstay of modern magazine publishing,—the principal source of the money which buys the best stories, poems, and essays, the best work of editors and artists, the best paper and press work. The full subscription price of the modern magazine pays for little more than the last two items, paper and press work, alone. Small wonder was it, then, that in counting up the cost of their new venture the proprietors gazed at each other with anxious faces. The enterprise was in danger. More money was needed, and how much more would be required none could tell.

Under these conditions new capital was sought and obtained, and, in December, 1899, the present management assumed charge of the destinies of SUCCESS.

It found the ground fallow, the time ripe, the turning-point almost in sight. Patience, determination, grit, ability to take advantage of the opportunity, and courage to "dare a little farther," alone were necessary. In a single year the paper was transformed in mechanical appearance, and the circulation increased from seventy-five thousand to over two hundred thousand,—a circulation exceeded by a very few only of the modern periodicals of its class. By the end of the second year an additional fifty thousand were secured, and with another year the circulation reached three hundred thousand. We are now on the upward climb to four hundred thousand,—a figure we hope to reach by 1905.

How has this circulation been obtained? What is the secret of this marvelous response by the public to a special effort to please?

First, among all of the many causes, has been the policy adopted from the start of placing no limit on editorial expenditures. The editor is, and has always been, free to develop a well-rounded magazine at any cost,—free to purchase manuscripts at any price he may deem fit. The publishers fully realize that in these days of sharp competition nothing is too good for the service of the public, and the fittest always survive. But it is not merely the ability and desire to spend money generously for editorial values that accomplishes results. It takes time and patience to obtain and build up a staff of contributors for any young magazine, for both authors and artists of the first rank are inclined to fight shy of unproved enterprises, preferring rather to reach the largest possible audiences. Nevertheless, every year has brought us nearer the goal of our ambition,—nearer a realization of our plan to make SUCCESS "The Great Home Magazine of America," and we are glad to be able to spread before our readers in this issue an announcement of a partial editorial programme for the coming year of which any magazine may well be proud.

Editorial excellence alone, however, is not sufficient to bring success to a modern magazine. A system of *introduction* is necessary before people can understand and realize how valuable is a new literary treasure-house, and it is the province of the circulation department of a magazine to bring about this introduction.

From the beginning we determined to reject all such doubtful circulation methods as "guessing contests," direct premiums to the subscriber, and all of the "cheap John" plans which bring a transitory and undesirable class of patronage, and to adopt only such methods as would place SUCCESS in the best American homes where it would be likely to find a permanent lodgment. With this in mind, we decided, first, to establish and develop as rapidly as possible a system of local and traveling representatives who could be relied upon for permanent, continuous work. We pay these representatives so liberally that nearly all who have ever been with us are still in our employ and are likely to continue so indefinitely, we hope. One of these representatives, for example, a minister of the gospel, gave up his charge two years ago, (believing that he can do as much good in the world by spreading "The Success Idea" as in other ways,) and has taken in a single city of moderate size more than six thousand subscriptions to SUCCESS. He made it his business to renew and constantly extend our circulation in the city named, and he established an office and built up a permanent business which can easily be made to yield him

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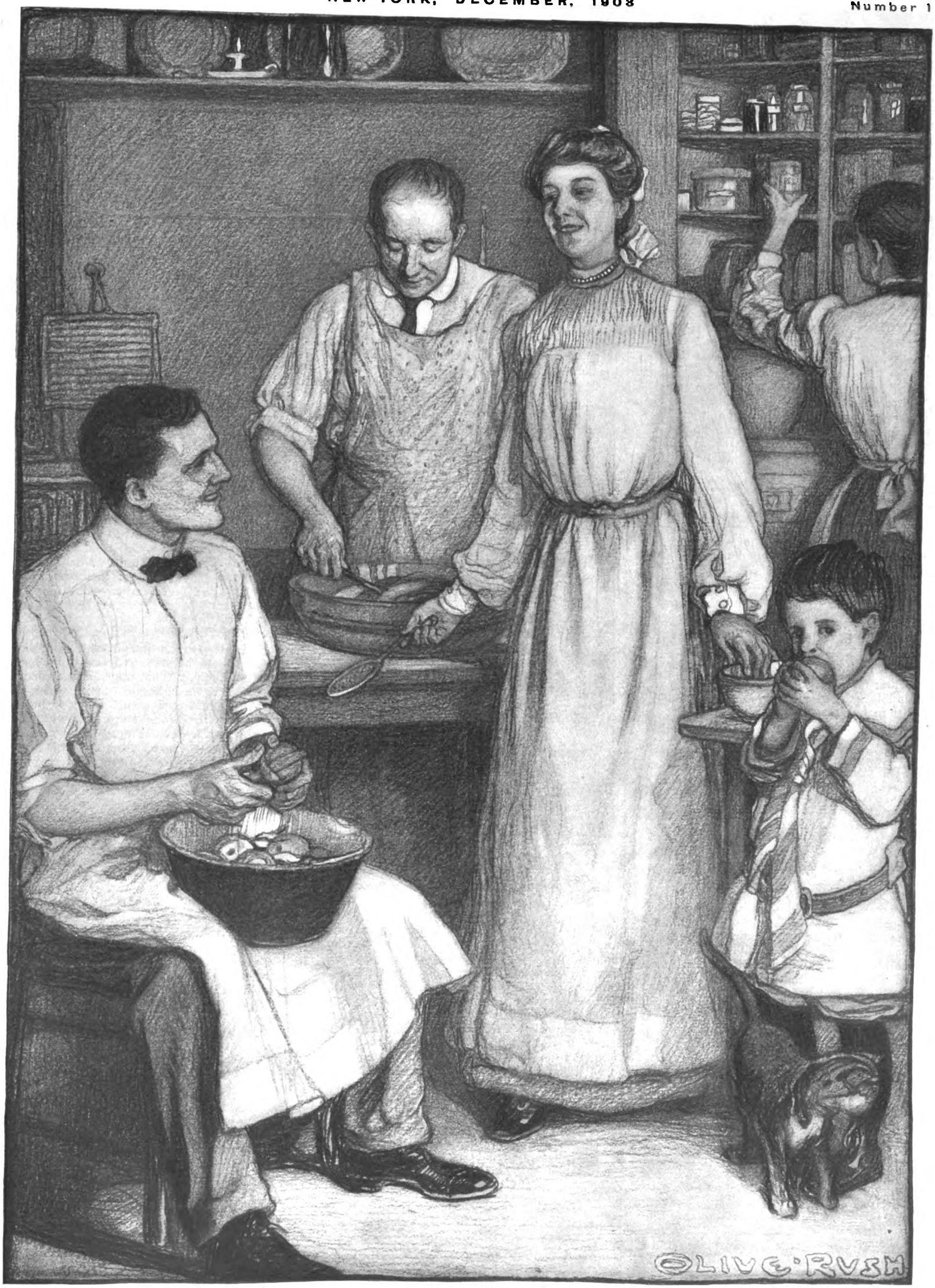

Drawn by Olive Rush

PREPARING THE CHRISTMAS PLUM PUDDING

One of the joyous occupations at the merry Christmas season, when each member of the family lends a hand in preparing the spiced and savory dish

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James Whitcomb Riley and His Children

The Opinions of a Family Man without a Family

ROGER GALESHORE
[Illustrations by Will Vawter]

". . . . I see their unborn faces shine
Before the never-lighted fire."

IN the library of his Indianapolis home James Whitcomb Riley, while telling the secret of his understanding of the hearts of children, unconsciously told the secret of his hold upon the hearts of all grown-up people as well.

"I have just stayed a child," he said; "but so have they,—only they do n't know it!"

I confess that I for one had not known it, but before I left my seat at his hearth I had received from him the priceless gift of the resurrection of my childhood, as no mere mementos could ever have given it to me. I had laughed with him and wept with him over little loves and tragedies and hopes of the long-buried child who used to be I,—and yet I had told him nothing definite about that child. He knew!

We Have Children's Hearts but Do not Know It

"It is sad," he said, "that people go about with the hearts of children, and never know it, especially when one reflects that the consciousness of that child's heart in oneself, and the respect and love for it in others, are all that are needed to make sweet the world."

"Everybody has n't a child's heart," I said; "why, I know a man—"

"I know," said Mr. Riley, "but, no matter how old or evil or crabbed he is, he is a child still,—and people unconsciously use that fact in managing him. Why, the methods of business and of diplomacy itself are based on the fact that men and women are children."

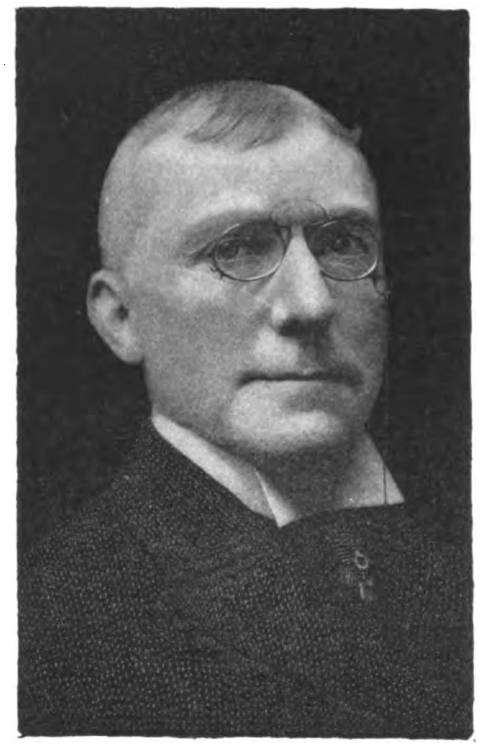
All this was before he talked of the little shadow-children. When he did, I understood, I think, something of the store of richness from which he draws to write of "Little Orphant Annie," and his other little children who people everybody's home. But, more than this, I found—while he talked of the shadow-children,—of what a poet's heart is made.

Meanwhile he talked about little live children.

"You hear a great deal," he said, "about managing children, and the people who have n't any children always think that they know the most about it,—I, for instance. But there are such a lot of other people's children whom I love to think belong to me that I am sure I know how to manage them,—and I am sure for another reason, too. I never go about alone in the world as just Riley,—the Riley I am now. There is always beside me the little lad who used to be I, and I can think his thoughts, and live his hopes and his tragedies now, just as much as I could when I looked like him.

"We have great times together,—this little lad and I,—and we are never more intimate than when some other little child is near us. Why, I have sat here by the fire, or by somebody else's fire, and have seen a little strange child come into the room when it seemed as if he must know how much alike we were, and that I must go and talk with him right away. But I never did go to him right away, or call him to me. Why? Because the little lad I used to be was at my elbow, and I remembered very well how he used to like to have people treat him. Was it the people who made an affectionate rush at him and caught him up and covered him with kisses who won his heart? No,—it was the people whose hearts he thought he had won.

So, with this little strange child in the room, I would sit still and pretend to be talking with the grown-up people. But I never ceased to be conscious of him for a minute,—only I would n't have let him know that for the world. I wooed him instead as subtly as ever lover wooed a sweetheart,—and, when you consider it, a lover woos as if his sweetheart were a child, undervaluing what is too easily won, and overestimating what is hard to possess. . . . . So I would hold out my hand to the child with all the absent-mindedness I could muster, and I would keep on talking. The little strange child would watch like a little shy rabbit, and come a little nearer, and a little nearer, and finally he would be standing with my arm around him, and all the while I would be talking to someone else, and not seeming to pay him the slightest attention. Then at length he would begin to make timid efforts to attract my notice, and finally—I would let him! After that, we would be fast friends.



JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

The Imagination of a Child Is a Priceless Trust

"Now," said Mr. Riley, with eyes that smile while his mouth draws serious conclusions, "how does that differ from the way grown-up people manage grown-up people? The only difference is the degree of cleverness in disguising the method. In any case children of all ages from five to threescore and ten can be managed alike."

"How people ever can forget," he added, in a moment,—"how they can ever possibly forget the time of life when everything was real to them,—that is the mystery to me."

"'When they knew not their spelling book from the fairies, neither their soul from both,'" I quoted.

"And when their imaginations made every situation as real to them as breakfast or arithmetic," he added; "and the infinite pity it is that thousands of children are allowed to grow up with their morals, and their hair, and their grammar in perfect condition, and their imaginations never nourished at all. Why, the imagination of a child is one of the most priceless trusts a family can have,—and what do they do with it, most of them? Laugh at it, shame it, scorn it, look askance at it,—even punish it! Now how can they do that if they remember their own childhood? They do n't remember,—but how can they forget.

All the Little Ones Have Their Own Tragedies

"The child with an imagination is a being apart, and should be treasured and trained and treated accordingly. What tragedies are enacted over and over again in homes because this is not realized! 'A child is a child' seems to be the rule, 'and must be brought up as a child.' As a matter of fact, a child is not always a child. Sometimes it is a thousand years old, and knows things of which its parents never have dreamed. If only the grown-up people who have the daily say about such a child's affairs could know the holy charge which they have in that child's delicately-strung little mind! But they usually do n't know,—and the old tragedy of the child with the artistic temperament born in a home where it is not known is lived through with the old pitiful result.

"Do you remember that wonderful poem of Josiah G. Holland's—the name of which I have forgotten, but the tremendous import of which I never shall forget,—about the little child born in witchcraft times? The baby was filled with this curious intangible spirit that wove for it a little world of its own, where it lived and dreamed and talked with strange, wonderful people, and knew wonderful things. And it would come in from its day in the meadows with its cheeks flushed and its eyes big with the miracles it had seen and heard,—and it would tell its mother and father what had happened to it, out there alone among the flowers. And the Puritan father and mother were horrified. 'Lies, lies!' they cried; 'you have seen nothing, heard nothing!' They could not comprehend the wonder of a child, born into a cold, practical household, and at length it got whispered about that the child was a witch. In the end the child died of a fever, and those righteous parents never knew what they had had, or what they had lost.

"Ah, well,—witchcraft days are not over, so far as many of us are concerned. Here and there is born a little child whose soul is of the essence of which dreams are made,—and it is pitifully seldom that anybody knows it. Instead of encouraging the child to dream, and instead of throwing in his way every possible help to stimulate his fancy,—'lies, lies!' everyone cries, 'you have seen nothing, heard nothing.'

"You can pick out these children if your eyes are trained, and your heart, too. In hospitals, in children's homes, in schools, on the street, you

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"That old sweetheart of mine"

can scan little faces for 'the trace of any dream,' and almost always you will find one. And the little crippled children,—somehow nature seems to give them the most of this exquisite, elusive quality, because they have lost everything else. Don't you know how they look?—how their eyes get big and are always awake to something nobody else hears? And their mouths,—don't you remember how sometimes those two front teeth will get big, and what a curious smile seems always ready to creep over their faces?—eerie little creatures, peopling a world of their own, where everybody is strong and beautiful, on the very border land of the world of beauty itself. They know!

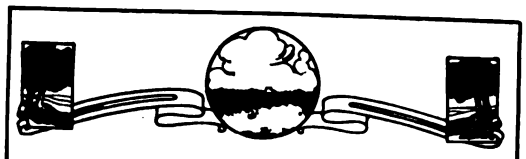
It Is very Easy to Stimulate a Child's Fancy

"But all children know more or less. They are nearer to the unseen than any of us,—and, if only that inherent largess of fancy could be stimulated, they would live nearer the unseen all their lives. Even the plainest and most matter-of-fact little child, who has very few dreams, really lives very near an unsuspected world of fancy. Some of us love some of these little children very much."

Remembering that he had said this, I could not doubt, when he told me, a little later, about the shadow-children, that not all of these are children of imagination,—little people apart,—but that there are among them healthy, rosy little shadow-children, who know nothing of dreams or of fancy, but who are very loving, and who are loved just as dearly as they love. But he was not ready to speak of the shadow-children yet.

"But it is very easy to stimulate any child's fancy," Mr. Riley was saying, "if only just the things they are to be taught are not made lessons to them. If only people would remember how it was with *them* when they were little! Why, I can remember the books on the library table to which I had access, and which I was told that I ought to read. It was a frightful task to read one of them. But that book that my father put on a high shelf and told me not to meddle with, that was the book that I raised heaven and earth to get at. If only that book had been a mythology,

"There at the hearthstone I may hear
The cricket's song"



IT'S "GOT" TO BE

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

"When it's *got* to be,"—like I always say,
As I notice the years whiz past,
And know each day is a yesterday,
When we size it up, at last,—
Same as I said when my boyhood went
And I knowed *we* had to quit,—
"It's *got* to be, and it's *goin'* to be!"—
So I said "Good-by" to *it*.

It's *got* to be, and it's *goin'* to be!
So at least I always try
To kind o' say in a hearty way,—
"Well, it's *got* to be. Good-by!"

The time just melts like a late, last snow,—
When it's *got* to be, it melts!
But I aim to keep a cheerful mind,
Ef I can't keep nothin' else!
I knowed, when I come to twenty-one,
That I'd soon be twenty-two,—
So I waved one hand at the soft young man,
And I said, "Good-by to *you!*"

It's *got* to be, and it's *goin'* to be!
So at least I always try
To kind o' say, in a cheerful way,—
"Well, it's *got* to be.—Good-by!"

They kep' a-goin', the years and years,
Yet still I smiled and smiled,—
For I'd said "Good-by" to my single life,
And I had a wife and child:
Mother and son and the father—one,—
Till, last, on her bed of pain,
She jes' smiled up, like she always done,—
And I said "Good-by" again.

It's *got* to be, and it's *goin'* to be!
So at least I always try
To kind o' say, in a humble way,—
"Well, it's *got* to be. Good-by."

And then my boy—as he growed to be
Almost a man in size,—
Was more than a pride and joy to me,
With his mother's smilin' eyes.—
He gimme the slip, when the War broke out,
And followed me. And I
Never knowed till the first fight's end . . .
I found him, and then, . . . "Good-by."

It's *got* to be, and it's *goin'* to be!
So at least I always try
To kind o' say, in a patient way,
"Well, it's *got* to be. Good-by!"

I have said, "Good-by!—Good-by!—Good-by!"
With my very best good will,
All through life from the first,—and I
Am a cheerful old man still:
But it's *got* to end, and it's *goin'* to end!
And this is the thing I'll do,—
With my last breath I will laugh, O Death,
And say "Good-by" to *you!* . . .

It's *got* to be! And again I say,—
When his old scythe circles high,
I'll laugh—of course, in the kindest way,—
As I say "Good-by!—Good-by!"

[*Copyrighted, 1903, by James Whitcomb Riley.—Written for "Success"*]

"I went to work in earnest"

for instance, what a world of wonder it would have opened to me, which would have become my world before anybody knew that I had even heard of it! I remember very well how it was with me when I first found that mythology is something that pupils study in school. No more of it for me! That settled it. Pegasus behind the plow of a lesson-book was not Pegasus to me.

Read Kipling's Poems, to Understand Children

"Children may be wrought upon very easily by simply bearing in mind that they will not value what it is easy for them to get or what they are told that they must learn. They could be taught the whole world of fable and romance, and mines of richness could be opened for them without their knowledge,—if only people cared. Some of us who have n't them to teach, and who know and do care,—"

He was ready to speak of the shadow-children then, but I did not know it and I interrupted him.

"A great many men have understood them wonderfully," I said; "Holmes did,—with the little children of Alice."

"Yes," he said, "Holmes understood children marvelously. And Dickens did. Little Joe and Paul Dombey,—ah, did he not understand!"

"Kipling does n't, does he?" I said, forgetting "Wee Willie." "Women and children seem to have been left out—"

"Kipling!" cried Mr. Riley, "he is a master at depicting children,—at living their lives, every bit. What of 'Wee Willie Winkie?' What of 'Brushwood Boy?' What of 'Baa, Baa, Black Sheep?' Ah, there is a story that lays bare the child-heart! Don't you remember the boy up there alone in the room, reading, and grunting out, 'Don't disturve me; don't you disturve me?' There is no greater school for parents who do not understand their children, or who would like to be sure that they do, than those three stories of Kipling's."

"And Stevenson understood children," I said, "with his essay about the sick child at night, and the bull's eyes, and the 'little brother' who was the man he had hoped to be. And above all others Walter Pater did when he wrote 'A Child in the House.'"

Mr. Riley looked up suddenly, and his face was shining.

"Yes," he said, "they did. They did. Ah,

"Nothin' to say, daughter; nothin' to say"

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but not 'above all others!' There has been nobody else who understood like Tennyson."

"Tennyson?" I echoed, rather blankly, "why, where in Tennyson?"

"Oh, don't you remember," asked Mr. Riley, slowly, "'In Memoriam?' Don't you remember the stanzas in which Tennyson speaks of the marriage planned for his sister with his dead friend, Arthur Hallam? He pictures their home as he himself might have come to visit it, with its happiness, and its hearth surrounded by happy children,—and then he breaks off suddenly in a passion of grief and longing for what might have been and could never be,—with that wonderful distich that beats in the breast of every childless man and woman:—

I see their unborn faces shine
Before the never-lighted fire.

It was then that Mr. Riley talked of the shadow-children.

"We all have them," he said, simply, "all of us: the little old maid with her infrequent smile and her somber face and her selfish interests, the crabbed old bachelor, the rich childless man of affairs, the women of professions, of society, of days of grinding work with no little faces to light for them alone,—we all have somewhere the secret hearth, where a troop of the little shadow-children who will never be come to sit with us, and to talk with us. They may come at long intervals, or in dreams, or with some it may be every day,—but I believe that there is no one in the world so base as not to miss the greatest blessing that the world holds. I believe there is no one childless who does not sometimes long for the shadow-faces 'before the never-lighted fire.'"

Does Higher Education of Women Tend to Happiness in Marriage?

CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN

IN the largest sense one may at once answer, "Yes,—of course it does."

In narrower instance, one remembers the cases where it did not, and is moved to closer study of conditions and causes. Like most general terms, these need clearer definitions. "Higher Education," "Happiness," and "Marriage,"—all need to be pinned down pretty closely.

There was a time when the education of women was purely industrial,—those long ages before women were beautiful; when they were merely the slaves—and mothers,—of the world, and man, like the other males, carried all the ornament.

There was marriage in plenty in those days, polygamous and polyandrous, transient and permanent; but, whether there was more happiness or not, in those earliest and darkest ages, it is hard to prove.

Woman's Sphere Expands with Her Education

This one fact may throw some light upon it: it is said that the skulls of primitive women, when found, are invariably cracked or broken.

This would seem to indicate that, however variously the men of those days died,—by cold or hunger or that form of misplaced dinner where the hero goes inside,—the women came to a decorous domestic end by being knocked on the head.

It is not much,—one clear event in lives else lost in prehistoric mists; but, such as it is, it does not seem to support a theory of happiness in marriage.

Then came the gradual entanglement of the growing home,—the increase of furniture and clothes and utensils, and with all this the woman was more shut in.

Losing the free air, she grew fairer of complexion; losing her wide field of outdoor labor, she grew softer-bodied; and there arose the ornamental type of woman, to whose education was added a spreading list of "accomplishments."

The education of women, at least of that kind of woman who was supposed to be most desirable, consisted largely of those extra-useful arts by which she added to her chances of matrimony, and also to her happiness therein.

Now we have come to a time when the expanding brain of modern humanity demands its exercise in both sexes, and our girls want the same education as our boys.

Why Should Woman's Brain Differ from Man's?

At first the idea was scouted on the ground of the inferiority of the female brain.

A French physician quoted that to me, once. I had been lecturing on some phase of "the woman question,"—to his gravely expressed astonishment; but, politely waving me aside as an exception, he explained that any large advance in the education of woman is impossible because of the marked inferiority of her brain. I did not dispute his assertion. I merely asked him if he knew of any other case in nature where the female of a species has a different brain development from the male. Wildly he scurried about in the avenues of his mind, looking over the zoölogical facts, and finding that, if there is a difference it is in favor of the mother-beast, because she has more varied and important things to do. Seeing his discomfiture, I suggested that, if he found a difference between the brains of men and women, might it

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not be attributed to their widely different education? Nowadays we do not hear so much about the incapacity of women's brains, but there is still a current of futile resistance to their further education on the ground of the danger to marriage.

These educated women will not be happy in marriage, or, what is worse, they will not marry at all!—that is the present protest.

Well-Educated Wives Will Advance Civilization

The best way to meet a false assertion is to grant all of it you can in fairness and then mercilessly demolish its vital part.

It may be admitted, in this case, that, if higher education meant mere scholarship, if happiness meant mere contentment, and if marriage meant mere housework and child-bearing, then the higher education of women would not tend to happiness in marriage.

Perhaps this is what the objectors have in mind,—in which case they themselves need a little higher education on all those subjects.

Every progressive faculty of a college or university to-day knows that education means full development of all the faculties, and that girls need that even more than boys,—because they are to be mothers.

An increase in all directions,—larger power, knowledge, skill, and experience,—these tend to make a wiser and more capable woman, and a wise, capable woman will be happier in marriage than an ignorant, weak one; unless,—and perhaps this is what they mean,—unless it is assumed that men average poorly, that they are low, coarse, vicious things, and that an improved variety of woman would be miserable where those of the old kind were happy in their ignorance. This is untrue at both ends, and ignorance is not necessarily bliss. A mud turtle may be happier than a skylark, but he does not look so.

Moreover, men are not those hopelessly low creatures we have been so long led to consider them.

So long as women were absolutely ignorant, men could pass as wise on small capital; but the growing mind of woman lifts the mind of man with two great forces,—heredity and sex-attraction. Large-brained mothers make better men, and the sweetheart who is wise as well as kind can do wonders with her lover

Lord Chesterfield's advice to his son is clear on this point. He strongly urges him to marry a woman who is wise as well as rich, handsome, and well-born; "for," says he, "thou wilt find there is nothing more fulsome than a she-fool."

The Greeks would not have educated wives, owing to prejudice, tradition, and general error; but, as they grew capable of more pleasure than the primitive sex-relation allows, they sought it outside of marriage.

It is wonderful how long a piece of idiocy will stick in the human brain. Never was a more splendid development of some mental qualities than in Athens, yet there this antique ignorance remained bedded in the fertile intellectual soil like a bowlder in a garden.

They would have slavery, and they would have ignorant wives, and—they fell.

To-day, with our new knowledge of the laws of nature, with our great advance in freedom of thought and action, there is still less excuse for us. We know now that a nation is best measured by the position of its women.

Education Does not Kill the Power of Love

We know that heredity inexorably transmits the qualities of both parents. We know that the highest happiness lies in companionship in the highest things. The human instrument thrills under the currents of energy which fill the universe, and thrills more deeply and more joyously as new chords are added to the lyre.

Most intimate and exquisite of all are the exchanges of the soul as instanced in the highest friendship. Some place friendship higher than love,—for the reason that they refuse to love the higher education.

More and more, as the life-range of woman widens, we find the field of friendship open to the reach of love, and in such enlarged union is greater happiness than we have yet imagined possible.

Those few unhappy women whose superior stock of learning—not education,—makes them imagine themselves superior to honest men who serve the family and their fellow man in useful labor may refuse to marry; but it is small loss to any possible husband, and gain to the race in escape from unwise motherhood. A highly educated woman is not less lovable, but more. She will be able to make wise selection among men, and will be a strong center to the family, a wise molder of the home. What is more, she will make, and statistics of college graduates show that she does make, a far wiser mother.

The assumption that ignorant women make the best mothers does not stand in face of the facts. As a wife, mother, and homekeeper, a fully educated woman is far more successful than one half-educated, ill-educated, or uneducated.

Even beyond these distinctly personal relations, so primal, so essential, come the larger human relations of world-service, to which women are now rising.

This it is which made the hopeless gulf between man and woman in the past. He had the home and the world; she had the home, but was an ignorant alien in the world. No full union, no perfect accord, was open to creatures so different.

Much as we idealized the purely domestic woman, in bitter fact we have not honored her; she has been lonely and cut off from the march of events.

Equal Interests Lead to Common Sympathy

The shallow thinker dreads this change. He fears that some special work of her own will separate the wife from the husband, though their lives have heretofore been merged in one. Have they been? Where did they merge? In her narrow round of housework, of which he knew nothing; or in his wider range of business, of which she knew nothing?

The half-educated woman of the past could make a faithful, loving, serviceable wife,—a wife such as Petruchio took such pride in making; but she could not give her husband that comprehension which comes only from equal interests, and which is the one foundation of the largest love.

The woman who is most human,—she it is who makes the best wife, mother, and friend; she is most happy in marriage.

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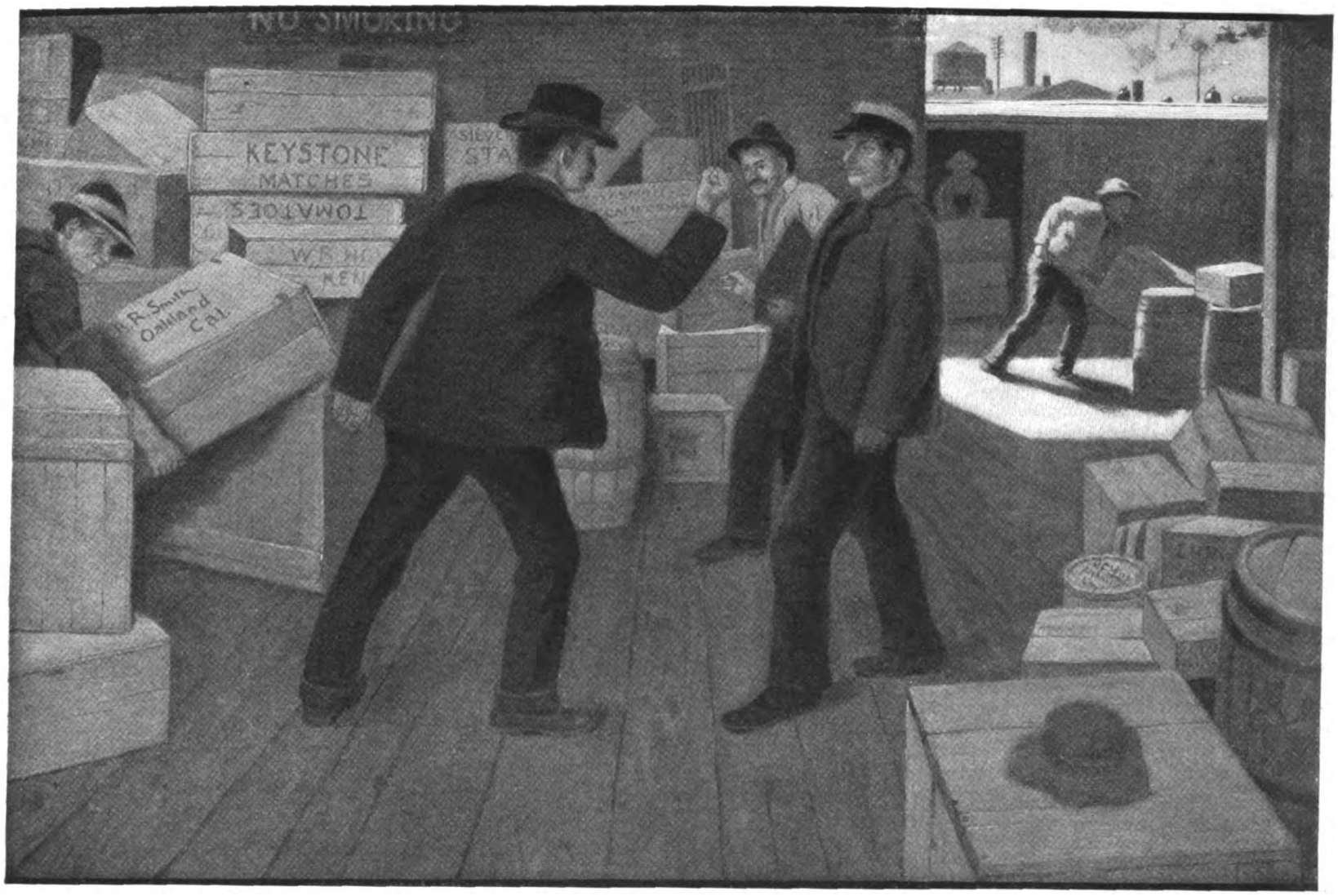

"'Do you think you're the whole Southwestern Pacific System?'"

The White Car

The story of Robert Gordon's single-handed fight with Speed and Company, who, by their control of the Refrigerator Dispatch Lines, collected tribute alike from the fruit-growers, the railroads, and the public, and of the building of the White Car and the vicissitudes which it encountered on its strange journey across the continent

SAMUEL MERWIN
[Illustrations by P. L. Hoyt]

PART ONE.—I.

"WHOO-O-O-O! Choo-choo! All 'board, Western Dispatch, fwom San Fwancisco!"

The boy-power engine moved away from the station and rolled along the tin track.

Outside, the twilight was sinking. Within, the lamp threw a warm light on the four-year-old behind the engine, and on the man in the big chair and the young woman on the stool at his feet.

"Did you see Mr. Speed himself, dearie?" she was asking.

He shook his head. "Could n't get near him; I had to talk with his secretary,—a man named Brackett."

"But was n't he interested? After all they've said,—"

"Oh, what they've said does n't mean anything. They've been careful enough not to put anything on paper."

"But do n't they understand that your car is ever so much better than theirs?"

"Yes,—of course."

"I do n't care,—I do n't think they're honest."

"That would n't bother Speed much."

"Sh'cawgo! Sh'cawgo! Do n't forget your parcels and umbewellas!"

They paused at this interruption, and both looked at the little fellow on the floor. At the moment they could see little besides a tumbled mop of yellow curls. Gordon's hand strayed among his wife's curls as he looked; they were darker now, a rich brown, but he knew that they had once been like Bob's.

"You'd better tell me all about it, Rob. It'll do you good to talk it out."

"Well, girlie, all I could get out of Brackett was that Mr. Speed would be very glad to look over my drawings and descriptions. I offered, instead, to take a car of the most perishable fruit they could name from Sacramento to New York, without any ice in the car, and then I said that, if the cargo was n't delivered in better condition than any of the old-style ice cars could do it, I'd foot the bills."

"And he would n't do that?"

"Not a bit of it."

"But what could he want of your drawings, then?"

Gordon shrugged his shoulders. She mused a moment. "You do n't mean that he'd steal your ideas?"

"I'm afraid he would."

She was puzzled. "Would Mr. Speed do a thing like that?—after all he's done for the Speed Institute, and the University, and"—she paused, finding her answer in the odd expression of her husband's eyes. They were keen eyes, with a saving flash of humor flitting about them, an expression that the v-shaped wrinkle between them and the set of his mouth could never quite harden away.

"Alexander told me a story about him,—you know they were cousins, and were really intimate. In those days Alexander used to take a flier on the board of trade occasionally, and one day he met Speed on La Salle Street, and told him he had a little money to venture, and asked him what he should do with it. Speed advised him to buy lard. He did, and lost every cent he invested. The next time he met Speed he told him about it and the old gentleman was mighty sorry. 'That's too bad, Tom,' he said; 'I do n't believe you understood me. Now I'll tell you what you do,—you go and sell lard, and you'll get your money back, and more with it.'"

"Did he sell?"

"No, he bought, and made good. That's the sort of man Speed is."

"Why, I never heard of such a thing! You mean that he purposely misled him twice?"

"I'm afraid he did.—But I was explaining. You know Speed owns all the refrigerator cars on the dispatch lines. The fruit-growers are afraid of him, because they have to ship their produce in his cars; the railroads are cautious, because he gives them so much business. I do n't know just what arrangement he has made with them, but he certainly controls the situation. If he won't take up a new car, no matter how good it is, nobody else would dare to."

"Why do n't you take the car out and bring a cargo through, anyway? When people see how good it is they'll have to be interested."

He shook his head. "I could never get it through. There is n't a freight agent in California that would dare load any but a Speed car. I'm not sure that the general manager himself would

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dare. There's only one way it could be done without Speed's help. If I could once make a trip and prove it successful, and then get enough capital behind me to build the cars and offer them to the railroads instead of Speed's, I think they'd accept, because we could make a much lower rate than he could with the old-fashioned cars."

"Oh, why don't you do that, Rob? That would be splendid."

"Because he's shrewd enough to see that I don't. If I make a move toward the railroads, he'll put on the pressure."

The word "car," so often repeated, reminded Bob of something. He went to the closet and brought out a miniature White Car that his father had made for him in the early days of the invention, when success had seemed but a little way off. Gordon rose and leaned against the mantel, looking down at the trunk railroad on the carpet.

"Where's the White Car going, Bobs?"

"Goin' to San Fwancisco."

"What's that you're putting aboard?"

"Pewish'ble fwuit." He busied himself a moment longer, then paused to look up and say, "I'm the gen'l man'ger."

"H'm!" muttered Gordon, as the train started on its journey, "then you're the one man I haven't tackled." The v-wrinkle deepened as his eyes followed the yellow curls across the room.

"What are you thinking, dearie?" She came close to him, and clasped her hands behind his neck, and looked up into his eyes.

"Of the general manager," he replied, with a half-smile. "I don't know but what the time has come to tackle him. It just struck me in a new way.—We've got a little something left yet, thank Heaven,—and it's worth trying."

"What, Rob?"

For a moment he held her close, without speaking; then he whispered, "I'm going to see him to-morrow."

"Oh, good!—I'm glad! He'll be interested,—I know he will. And you won't bother any longer with Speed?"

"Not a day,—except to beat him if I can!"

II.

THE general manager knew something of the new car, and was interested to learn more.

"I am willing to tell you, Mr. Gordon," he said, "that we are not altogether satisfied with Speed and Company. Under the present arrangements, more than a third of the receipts on each carload goes to them for the use of the car, and the railroads and producers have to take what they can get. This hardly seems like an equitable division of profits. You say you use no ice in your car?"

"None,—we use mechanical refrigeration."

"How do you get your power?"

"From a belt connected with the axle of the car."

"Are you dependent on the speed of the train?"

"No, by step-cone pulleys we can adjust the belt as we want, no matter how the train is going."

"Does your liquid call for a high pressure?"

"No."

"What space does the machine take up?"

"Four feet at one end of the car,—much less than ice compartments."

"If the train should be delayed on a siding, how long could you maintain the temperature?"

"Ten to twelve hours. In case of a longer delay, it would only be necessary to haul the car back to where an electric connection could be made—an ordinary incandescent light wire would do,—with the electric motor in the car."

"What do you consider the special advantages of your car?"

Here was a general manager that knew his business. It was a different story from the crafty, smiling talk of old Speed.

"In the first place, it saves the time that is now lost in stopping eight times for ice between Sacramento and New York. In the second place, it is vastly cheaper. The atmosphere of the car is dry and even, and the air is purified from the gases thrown off by ripening fruit; this means better preservation and a higher market value for the cargo. You know, of course, that, when the average carload of California cherries is sold in New York, the boxes that were in the top layer bring fully ten per cent. less than the bottom boxes,—"

"Yes, I know."

"In the White Car the air is as pure at the top as at the bottom."

"Is your machinery as heavy as the ice?"

"It weighs much less."

"How many extra men would be needed for a train of these cars?"

"One."

"And you say that fruit can be delivered in better condition than by the old-style cars?"

"Yes. With our car it will be possible for the growers to let their fruit remain on the trees three or four days longer than is usual, shipping it in a riper condition and getting a better price."

"Do you mean to say that they could ship ripe, or nearly ripe fruit, with the certainty that it could be kept eight or ten days in good condition?"

"Certainly."

"This is interesting,—very interesting. Well, Mr. Gordon, tell me what you propose."

"I should like to be assured that, if I take a car to Sacramento and load it, it will be hauled through to New York as fast freight."

The general manager looked thoughtful.

"Of course, sir, if I couldn't be sure that no obstacles would be put in my way, there would be no use trying. I mean to start with ripe fruit, and a day's delay might ruin everything."

The manager was drawing rectangles and pentagons on his blotter. "Tell me this, Mr. Gordon," he said; "what advantage would we gain from doing this?" I am not willing to antagonize the Western Dispatch (this was oblique for Speed and Company,) without a reason."

"All that is necessary to enlist our capital is to prove our claims for the car. With the capital, we can handle your refrigerator business at a cheaper price than any Speed and Company could quote you. What I ask is a fair chance to bring a car through, under the same conditions as the Speed cars."

"Are the California fruit-growers in sympathy with you?"

"Wholly in sympathy. There are large interests in California standing ready to come in with us the moment they are assured of the practicability of the White Car."

The manager's pencil had wandered from pentagons into an off hand map of the great Southwestern Pacific System. He was interested.

"Very well, Mr. Gordon, we will do this for you. When would you like to send your car west?"

"This week. The sooner we can do it, the better."

"'All right,' said Gordon, 'it's your lead, I think'"

The manager wrote a few lines, signed with an enigmatic initial, and handed the paper to Gordon.

"Thank you. Good morning."

"Good morning."

III.

IN the office of the Fruit-growers' Protective Association at Sacramento sat Gordon, with Comstock, the secretary of the growers. Comstock was not optimistic; experience had made him rather skeptical; he had been fighting Speed and Company too long to hope for more than an occasional minor success.

"I'll tell you this much, Mr. Gordon," he was saying; "if you do get through,—and the Lord knows I hope you will,—all we've said holds good. The new car is the only way out of this trap for us. The way it is now, Speed does pretty much what he likes. Why,"—his voice rose as he spoke; the growers were likely to speak in a high voice when they got on this subject,—"why, we couldn't ship a single car to-day from here to New York and be sure it would get there. If old Speed could get a bigger rake-off by turning it off to Boston, or Philadelphia, he'd do it, and we couldn't say 'boo!' We're not safe in promising our customers anything. Here we put the money into it, and raise the fruit, and then pay him whatever he chooses to ask for carrying it. There's a good old English word that most people use for that sort of thing. It's what I was brought up to call stealing."

"Well," said Gordon, "we'll beat him."

"I hope so. You've got the car loaded, anyhow, and that's more than I thought you could do. Pretty near time to start, ain't it?"

"Yes,—in half an hour or so. Are you coming down with me to see her off?"

"Yes,—sure. You're sending a good man along, ain't you?"

"He's a good machinist, and I believe he's a man that can't be bribed. That's the main thing."

"You're right, it is,—shall we start along?"

"I guess we'd better."

On the street, Comstock spoke again of Speed and his methods.

"I know the old rascal like a book," he said; "I worked for him quite a while before I came out here."

"Left him, did you?"

"You're right in saying I left him. I'll tell you the sort of man *he* is. He was starting up his new cottolene factory before I left. You know that's made mainly out of cottonseed oil; and, just as he was getting things to running nicely, there were twelve cars of oil that disappeared coming up from New Orleans. Couldn't find a sign of them anywhere. We rushed out tracers, but the railroad people claimed to be as much lost as we were. Those cars had simply dropped off the earth; and, as we hadn't much oil on hand, it began to look as if the factory'd have to shut down for a while. But that would have meant a loss of about four thousand dollars a day to the old man, and he wasn't in to lose, you know. It ain't his way. He came over to my desk, one morning, and said, 'Comstock, I wish you'd take what money you need and go down after those cars,—you'd better go with the idea of finding them.' So I took a field glass, and started toward New Orleans. I knew the numbers of the cars, and I took a good look at every car we passed, for thirty-six hours. At the cities I got out and searched the yards. The third afternoon, down in Louisiana, we were passing the yards of a big lumber company, and I saw one of the cars on a siding, partly hidden by a lumber pile. Well, sir, I got out at the next station, hired a buggy, and drove back, and there were four of our cars half full of lumber. I put in a kick, and they turned me over to the freight agent at the town where I'd got my horse. It wasn't long after that before I found out that the lumber people were having trouble getting cars enough for their business, and they'd offered the agent ten dollars for every car he'd turn over to them. And, would you believe it? he'd simply unloaded our twelve carloads of cottonseed oil and stowed the barrels away in the freight house, and was using the cars in the New Orleans lumber business! Well, it didn't take me long to fix him. The first train that came along I made him unload twelve cars of merchandise, and put our oil in instead. I got back to Chicago at eight in the morning of the fourth day, and, after reporting at the office, went home and had a good sleep,—the first I'd been able to get since I started out.

"I didn't get back to the office till half past two; and, while I was looking over my letters and

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straightening up, old Speed came around and leaned on the top of my desk. 'How are you, Comstock?' he said. 'I hear you've done a good job for us. Got the oil all right, did n't you?' 'Yes,' I said, 'I hope it's getting in in time.' 'Oh, yes,' said he, 'I do n't think we'll shut down *this* week. But, by the way, you just got around, did n't you? Where have you been?' —'I went home to get some sleep.'—'Well, you know, Mr. Comstock, our men are usually expected to be at their desks by nine o'clock.' Well, I was mad all through. There I'd saved him anywhere from ten to fifty thousand dollars. I just got up and reached for my hat. 'There's your desk, Mr. Speed,' I said; 'you're welcome to it. I would n't work another day for you on any terms.' I've not been in that building since."

They were entering the freight yards, and Comstock's mind returned to the White Car.

"You'd better warn your man to keep his eyes open while they're running through Nevada, Mr. Gordon. I happen to know that the night dispatcher on the Disaster Butte Division is interested in the ice company at Truckee, and he'll have to be sleeping pretty sound if he can't find some way to hold up your car."

"Interested in the ice, eh?"

"Yes, and there're lots more such fellows all along the line that will fight you hard. I do n't want to discourage you, Mr. Gordon, but you've bit off a pretty big hunk. Now, do n't misunderstand me,—if you *do* succeed, the growers are all with you. I'd hate to think of losing four thousand plunks on that load of cherries."

"Hold on!" exclaimed Gordon, "what's this?"

"What's what?" asked Comstock, looking up.

"Why, look there: the train's made up without my car,—see, it's out there on the siding."

"The deuce it is! Why, they never meant to haul it out of the yards! Now do n't that beat our Saxon ancestors? Say, what do you think of an agent that would deliberately load up two thousand boxes of cherries and turn them out to rot? We're here on time, anyhow,—there he is now, in the doorway!"

"Hold on, Mr. Comstock,—here's my man."

The machinist had sighted them from the freight house, and was approaching on the run.

"What does this mean, Smith?"

"I'm glad you've come, Mr. Gordon. I've been trying to get you over the 'phone for the last fifteen minutes. There's a man named Brackett that's come to take the trip with us: they say he's to look out for the Speed cars."

"Look out for your wife's relations!" Comstock burst out. "He's Speed's secretary, that's what *he* is!"

"Yes, I know. Go on, Smith."

"Him and the agent had a talk, and after that he said he had n't any authority to put the White Car on the train."

"We'll see about that." Gordon headed for the freight house, with the others close behind him, and nodded "Good morning" to the freight agent.

"I see you have n't put the White Car in the train," he said; "what's the matter?"

The agent looked up sulkily. "Now look here, what right do you suppose I've got to haul out that car?"

"What right! Is n't it your business to ship fruit?"

"That's got nothing to do with it."

"Did n't the dispatcher give you orders?"

"The dispatcher!" The agent sniffed. "I could n't move that car without a permit from the general manager."

"Well," said Gordon, "here it is. Now we'd better not waste any more time about it."

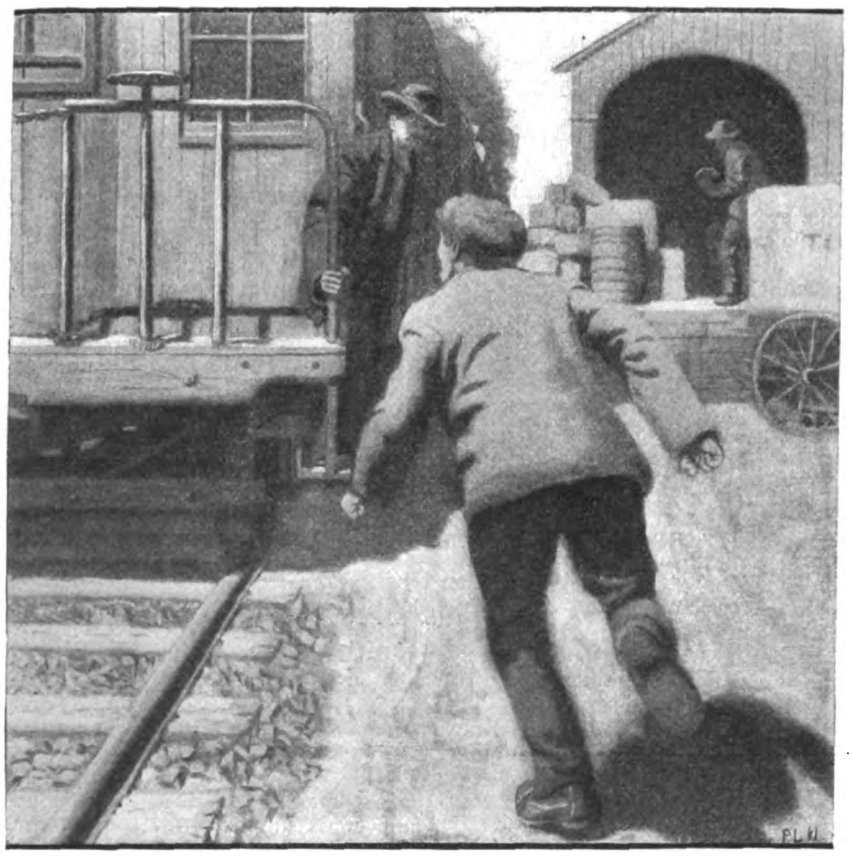
The agent read the permit, and folded it.

"You'd better let me keep that," said Gordon; "I need it in my business."

"Let you keep it! What am I going to have to show for this?"

"If you'll read it again, you'll see it is addressed to me, not to you."

The agent handed it back, and turned away to find the yardmaster and have the car hauled out to the main track. He left the three men standing on the platform by the freight-house door,



"'Look out for the dispatcher,—Disaster Butte—'"

looking at one another. Gordon's eyes strayed to the office window, and he saw Brackett sitting within, reading a paper.

"Smith," he said, in a low voice, "you say Brackett's going, too?"

"Yes, sir."

Gordon looked at Comstock, then at the train; and then, seeing the conductor, called out to him: "Have you got room for another man in your caboose?"

The conductor turned and looked him over.

"Who? What for?"

Comstock broke in: "This is Mr. Gordon, Mr. Walkey. He's the owner of the White Car."

"Do n't this other man here represent the White Car people?"

"Yes," said Comstock, "but—"

"What do you think we're hauling, Mr. Comstock,—a Sunday-school picnic? I've got a place for *one* man."

"Smith," said Gordon, "I guess we'll have to let you off this time. I'm going myself. Are the tools all aboard, and the grease?"

"Everything's ready, sir."

"All right. Good-by, Mr. Comstock."

"Say, you do n't mean that you're going yourself?"

"I certainly am."

"Well,—you move quick, do n't you? It's a good scheme. These boys have all got wads of Speed money in their pockets. They're acting queer, all of them. And say, I would n't sleep very sound till you get past the Disaster Butte Division. The dispatcher there—"

"Yes, I know. Good-by."

The engine was blowing off noisily. "All aboard, there!" shouted the conductor. Gordon leaped from the platform to the ground, and hurried over for the caboose, Comstock following. Smith stood bewildered on the platform.

"I wish I had a change of shirts," Gordon observed, his foot on the step. "I'm not exactly dressed for this."

"Well, so long, Mr. Gordon! Good luck to you! And, say,"—the train was pulling out,—"when you get past Truckee,"—Comstock was running a few steps alongside in order not to raise his voice,—"look out for the dispatcher,—Disaster Butte—"

Brackett brushed past him, and swung himself up to the platform on the other side. Gordon straightened up, and nodded to him. They were off.

IV.

IT was nearing eight o'clock in the evening. Western Dispatch Fast Freight No. 16 was rumbling and rolling around the Nevada curves and up the Nevada grades. Within the caboose, whose grimy interior was but half lighted by the lanterns, sat Gordon and Brackett. They were alone, excepting the trainman who was hanging out at one of the windows watching the track. At intervals, Brackett would get up and pace the car. At other times he would make slight advances toward civility with Gordon, but with only moderate success. Gordon had brought no reading matter, and Brackett's newspaper had been exhausted by both of them many hours before. Since the slight diversion of the stop for ice at Truckee, the day had gone heavily; the night promised worse. Finally Brackett crossed the line of civility.

"Do you play penuchle, Gordon?"

"Why,—yes."

"Suppose we have a game. I usually carry cards and counters about me. It comes in handy, traveling as much as I do."

Gordon could not resist a sly question,—"Do you make this run regularly?"

Brackett, who was fumbling in his handbag for the cards, looked up rather quickly.

"No,—O no! not regularly. Our man is sick, and, as this is a valuable load, I was sent out to have an eye on it."

This, Gordon knew, was a lie. It was not customary for a Speed man to travel with the trains.

"I guess Walkey won't mind if we play on his desk. Shall we cut? Low deals, I suppose,—ace and ten low. Shall we put a little stake on it?"

Gordon, who had no more money to lose to Speed and Company, shook his head.

"All right,—just as you like. I do n't go in much for that sort of thing myself. It's not at all a bad game when you play just for the fun of it.—*Dix* turned, eh? There's ten for you to start with."

Brackett was growing really affable. There was no guessing his object; but the game would serve, at least, to keep Gordon awake while the train was passing over the Disaster Butte Division.

In the course of the first game a whistle from the engine, and the pounding of bumpers as car after car slowed down, told them that the train was stopping.

"One hundred aces," said Brackett. "Excuse me, Mr. Gordon, but I took that trick,—my ten-spot on your jack."

But Gordon's eye was not on the cards. "Hi, there," he called to the trainman, "what place is this?"

The man turned his head, and reached for a lantern. "What's that?"

"What place is this?"

"Sweetheart Siding."

"What are we stopping for?'

Brackett spoke up.

"Is n't this the place where you pick up those cars Number Nine dropped off?"

"Yes,—sure," replied the man, pausing in the doorway; "this is the place."

"They've been getting our service balled up lately," observed Brackett.—"Forty trump,—that's one thing that brought me out here. They've been trying to tell us it was the coal strike. All rot, I say. You have to watch these people every minute.—There's that other jack o' diamonds, eh? You had me fooled there. I've been saving up for it."

Gordon laid down his hand. "Excuse me a minute. I'm going to look outside."

He stepped out on the rear platform and drew

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the door to behind him. The train had cut off the rear half-dozen cars, and, leaving them with the caboose on the main track, was backing in on a siding. The night was dark, and at first he could see only the bobbing, circling lanterns of the trainmen. But after a moment he made out the dim length of the train, and the dark, empty station building, and—yes, there they were,—the two or three cars Brackett had mentioned, far up on the siding. Assured of this, he reëntered the caboose. Brackett was tipped back in his chair, waiting.

"All right," said Gordon, "it's your lead, I think. We've drawn, have n't we?"

"I think so,—yes, I have twelve cards."

They finished the game just as the train pulled out for the run to Disaster Butte.

"Have another?" suggested Brackett.

"Might as well."

It was nearly half an hour before the second game was over. Gordon, as he took up his cards to count game, threw a glance at the face of the Speed man, and caught a peculiar expression, in the flicker of the lantern-light. The count over, he rose.

"What's on now?"

"I'm going to take a look at my car before I turn in."

"Better smoke up first." Brackett held out a cigar.

"No,—thanks!" He went to the door. As he turned the knob, he felt Brackett's eyes burning into his back, and he turned. The secretary bent down and lighted a match, without a word.

Gordon was no trainman. The climb up the iron ladder tested his nerve. After some feeling about on the roof of the car, he found the hand rail and drew himself up. Far ahead, at the end of the swaying, bumping line of cars, he could see the light of the engine and above it the shining billows of smoke. Nearer were one or two dots of light where were members of the crew scattered along the train. All about him was the black loneliness of a Nevada night. He stood for a moment holding tightly to the brake wheel, and then started to walk up the train. They were not running fast; the grade was heavy, and the engine was breathing hard; but the motion was too much for a novice, and he caught desperately at the wheel of the next car and paused again.

The White Car had been not far from the rear end; but soon he was near the middle of the train, and had not found it. The problem puzzled him. Perhaps it had been placed forward during the switching at Sweetheart Siding.

He met Walkey and a brakeman, and passed the time of night with them. They observed him curiously, but said little.

He pushed on sturdily to the end of the train. Then he turned and looked back with a curious duped sensation. The White Car was not in the train.

"What do you mean," he broke out, when he had returned to the conductor, "by cutting out my car?"

The two men looked at him with unshakable gravity.

"The car we dropped had a hot journal," replied Walkey.

Gordon shook his head impatiently. He had provided against hot journals by bringing grease with him to use in place of the cheap oil provided by the railroad. He looked squarely at the conductor while he was fighting his temper. "I think you boys ought to know," he said, finally, "that the general manager is behind this car. You may hold on to Speed a little too long. It won't pay you."

From his tone, it was plain that he was looking through their thoughts, clear down to the rolls of Speed bills in their pockets. Their glances met. Walkey finally observed: "Number Ten'll pick up your car, Mr. Gordon."

"When will it pass Sweetheart Siding?"

Walkey looked at his watch. "It's now eight-forty,—it'll go through about one-fifteen."

"How do you know Number Ten will pick it up?"

"That's the way it's usually done."

"Is there a night operator at Sweetheart Siding?"

"No, there ain't."

"Does the day man live near the station?"

"Yes,—" it was the brakeman speaking up,—"his name's Longyear,—Wise Billy Longyear. He lives in a little house just across the tracks."

"How far is it from here?"

The two men looked at each other again. "Oh," said Walkey, "it's six or eight miles, easy."

Gordon, as the situation grew clearer, was warming up more and more inside, and, as his voice and manner quieted, the meaning behind his words was unmistakably increasing. Walkey was beginning to show some restiveness; and, when Gordon began, "Now, Walkey, I'll tell you what I want you to do," his tongue slipped its bridle.

"Look here," he said, "there ain't no cause for that kind of talk, Mr. Gordon. There's a superstition on this line that the conductor runs the train. If you wanted to run your car with a hot journal, why did n't you come out and say so, instead of sitting in there playing cards?"

"I'm going back to get my coat," continued Gordon, "and I want you to slow down so I can get off." He left them and returned to the caboose.

Walkey looked after him, muttered something about cast-iron nerve, started to follow him, stopped, added something of a decidedly profane nature, and finally raised his lantern. The signal passed along the train, and the engineer shut off steam.

"Well," said Brackett, as Gordon entered the caboose, "what are we stopping for now?"

"That," said Gordon, "is the funniest question you ever asked."

"Why?—what?—"

"You can stop bluffing now, Brackett."

"You are n't leaving us, are you? The walking's bad, they say." He laughed sarcastically; but, as the sound fell flat, he grew sober.

"You've laughed enough," said Gordon; "I'm not on a pleasure trip. I expect Speed and Company to pay liberally for my trouble."

Brackett was flushing. "Now look here, Gordon, what's the use? You might as well stay aboard and get some sleep. You'll never get that car through. Of course there's no law to keep a man from bucking Speed, but it's a fool trick. You simply can't win. He'll break you, sure as New Year's. Can't you see that you are up against a sure thing?"

Gordon was walking toward the door. "Good night, Brackett," he said; "I'll see you at Ogden." As he swung off the rear steps, and started on his long walk down the track, he added to himself, "It's just as well I did n't bring that other shirt."

"The instrument was clicking"

PART TWO

V.

At eleven-fifteen Gordon trudged up to the White Car at Sweetheart Siding, and examined the journals. In a moment he was satisfied that they had not been overheated. He walked around the box of a station and then hunted up the shanty where the operator and the section boss lived; seeing a light in the rear window, he knocked. The door was opened by a pale young man, holding a lamp in his hand. He had a dome-like forehead, luminous eyes, and a sensitive mouth that twitched continually.

"Are you Mr. Longyear?"

"Yes,—that's my name."

"My name's Gordon. My car was dropped off here this evening, and I want to see about having Number Ten pick it up. I've got two thousand boxes of cherries aboard, and if they lie here they may be ruined. Sorry to get you up, but I have n't any time to lose."

The operator was looking at him with a curious, dreamy expression. "That's all right. I had n't gone to bed,—I was reading. But how'd you ever get *here?*"

"Walked."

"Walked!—where from?"

"From Number Sixteen, eight miles up the track."

"It's the White Car you mean, I suppose."

"Yes."

"I was out when Sixteen stopped. The car had a hot journal, Walkey said."

"That's what he said. It did n't happen to be true."

"Well,—what is it you want me to do?"

"The only thing *I* know of is to wire the dispatcher that the car is all right and ask to have it picked up."

"I see,—they might do it, anyway, but the safest way's to wire. Come over to the station."

It was an odd little office. When the operator had set down the lamp, Gordon saw that the windows had been hung with muslin curtains, and a square of blue matting covered the center of the floor. On the table, backed against the wall on each side of the telegraph instruments, was a row of books.

"Sit down," said Longyear; and, while Gordon sat watching him, his thin fingers clicked out a message. "There," he said, when he had finished, "we'll have to wait a little while now."

"How do you happen to be here?" asked Gordon, after a pause; "you're not a western man?"

"No; I'm from New York State." He hesitated, and added, shyly: "I'm going through college, but I had to lay off this year to get ahead. This is easier than teaching or selling books."

"I should think so,—what's that?" The instrument was clicking again.

"That's not for us. 'SS' is my call."

Gordon got up and stood in the bay window, looking along the dim stretch of track. Somewhere down there in the darkness, Number Ten was climbing eastward. He was fidgety. The silence and the supreme loneliness of the place were affecting his nerves. The operator went on:—

"I—I'm not over strong,—and it's better for me to be out here, anyway. It gets rather lonesome, sometimes,—"

"I should think it would!"

"And some nights, when Ryan's out on the line, I guess I'd get the horrors if it was n't for these." He motioned toward the books. There was another silence. "What's the trouble about your car?" he asked. "What did Walkey drop it for?"

"Because it is n't a Speed car," Gordon answered, shortly.

"I've been wondering if it was anything like that. I'm afraid the boys get a little careless now and then."

"It seems to be worth their while to get careless."

"If a tip has really gone out to hold you up, I'm afraid you'll find it pretty hard to get through."

"Has anything been said to you?"

"Oh, no, the boys would hardly do that."

"Is it true that the dispatcher on this division is interested in the icing business?"

"I should n't wonder. Wait!—here he is."

Again the wires were speaking. Longyear sat motionless, his large eyes fixed on the key. "Yes,—yes,—he *says* it's all right."

"He *says?*—Well, does n't his say-so go on this division?"

"I do n't know. We'll just have to wait and see."

They waited—and waited. The operator chatted on; Gordon sharpened a pencil, walked the floor, sat down again, tapped his finger on the chair, and walked the floor again. The station clock showed twelve, — twelve-thirty, — one. It was nearly train time, and Gordon tried to get himself in hand.

"You keep your books right by you?"

"Yes,—I have a good deal of time to myself during the day, and they're handy for the boys. You'd be surprised to see how much they read,—good things, too." His eye lighted up as he reached for a volume covered with grimy wrapping paper. "Now there's Browning, — you would n't expect that trainmen would like him. Have you read him much?"

[*Concluded on pages 778 to 782*]

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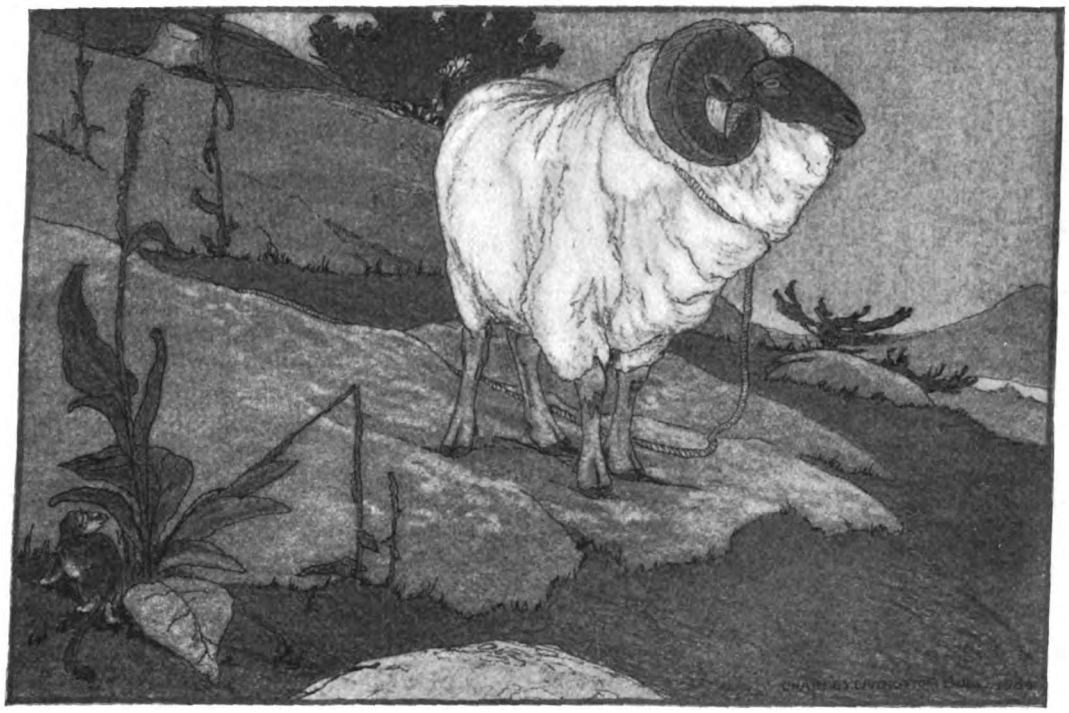
"He kept his post till the sun was high above the horizon"



The Freedom of the Black-Faced Ram

The story of the lord of Ringwaak Hill, whose dislike for captivity led him into many startling escapades

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS
[Author of "The Heart of the Ancient Wood"]
[Illustrations by Charles Livingston Bull]

ON the top of Ringwaak Hill the black-faced ram stood motionless, looking off with mild, yellow eyes across the wooded level, across the scattered farmsteads of the settlement, and across the bright, retreating spirals of the distant river, to that streak of scarlet light on the horizon which indicated the beginning of sunrise. A few paces below him, half hidden by a gray stump, a green juniper bush, and a mossy brown hillock, lay a white ewe with a lamb at her side. The ewe's jaws moved leisurely, as she chewed her cud and gazed up with comfortable confidence at the sturdy figure of the ram silhouetted against the brightening sky.

This sunrise was the breaking of the black-faced ram's first day in the wilderness. Never before had he stood on an open hilltop and watched the light spread magically over a wide, wild landscape. Up to the morning of the previous day, his three years of life had been passed in protected, green-hedged valley pastures, amid tilled fields and well-stocked barns, beside a lilied water. This rugged, lonely, wide-visioned world into which fortune had unexpectedly projected him filled him with wonder. Yet he felt strangely at ease therein. The hedged pastures had never quite suited him; but here, at length, in the great spaces, he felt at home. The fact was that, alike in character and in outward appearance, he was a reversion of far-off ancestors. He was the product of a freak of heredity.

In the fat-soiled valley-lands some fifteen miles back of the Ringwaak Hill the farmers had a heavy, long-wooled, hornless strain of sheep, mainly of the Leicester breed, which had been crossed, years back, by an imported Scotch ram of one of the horned, courageous, upland, black-faced varieties. The effect of this hardy cross had apparently all been bred out, save for an added stamina in the resulting stock, which was uniformly white and hornless. When, therefore, a lamb was born with a black face and blackish-gray legs, it was cherished as a curiosity; and when, in time, it developed a splendid pair of horns, it became the handsomest ram in all the valley, and a source of great pride to its owner. But when black-faced lambs began to grow common in the hornless and immaculate flocks, the feeling of the valley-folks changed, and word went around that the strain of the white-faced must be kept pure. Then it was decreed that the great horned ram should no longer sire the flocks, but be hurried to the doom of his kind and go to the shambles.

Just at this time, however, a young farmer from the backwoods settlement over behind Ringwaak chanced to visit the valley. The sheep of his settlement were not only hornless, but small and light-wooled as well, and the splendid, horned ram took his fancy. Here was a chance to improve his breed. He bought the ram for what he was worth to the butcher, and proudly led him away, over the hills and through the great woods, toward the settlement on the other side of Ringwaak.

The backwoodsman knew right well that a flock of sheep may be driven, but that a single sheep must be led; so he held his new possession securely by a piece of stout rope about ten feet long. For an hour or two the ram followed with an exemplary docility quite foreign to his independent spirit. He was subdued by the novelty of his surroundings,—the hillocky, sloping pastures, and the shadowy solemnity of the forest. Moreover, he perceived, in his dim way, a kind of mastery in this heavy-booted, homespun-clad, tobacco-chewing, grave-eyed man from the backwoods, and for a long time he felt none of his usual pugnacity. But by and by the craving for freedom began to stir in his breast, and the blood of his hill-roving ancestors thrilled toward the wild pastures. The glances which, from time to time, he cast upon the backwoodsman at the other end of the rope became wary, calculating, and hostile. This stalwart form, striding before him, was the one barrier between himself and freedom. Freedom was a thing of which he knew, indeed, nothing,—a thing which, to most of his kind, would have seemed terrifying rather than alluring. But to him, with that inherited wildness stirring in his blood, it seemed the thing to be craved before all else.

Presently they came to a little cold spring, bubbling up beside the road and tinkling over the steep bank. The road at this point ran along a hillside, and the slope below the road was clothed with blueberry and other dense shrubs. The backwoodsman was hot and thirsty. Flinging aside his battered hat, he dropped down on his hands and knees beside the spring and touched his lips to the water.

In this position, still holding the rope in a firm grasp, he had his back to the ram. Moreover, he no longer looked either formidable or commanding. The ram saw his chance. A curious change came over his mild, yellow eyes. They remained yellow, indeed, but became cold, sinister, and almost cruel in their expression.

The backwoodsman, as he drank, held a tight grip on the rope. The ram settled back slightly, till the rope was almost taut. Then he launched himself forward. His movement was straight and swift, as if he had been propelled by a gigantic spring. His massive, broad-horned forehead struck the stooping man with terrific force.

With a grunt of pain and amazement the man shot sprawling over the bank, and landed, half stunned, in a clump of blueberry bushes. Dazed and furious, he picked himself up, passed a heavy hand across his scratched, smarting face, and turned to see the ram disappearing among the thickets above the road. His disappointment so overcame his wrath that he forgot to exercise his vigorous backwoods vocabulary, and resumed his homeward way with his head full of plans for the recapture of his prize.

The ram, meanwhile, trailing the length of rope behind him, was galloping madly through the woods. He was intoxicated with his freedom. These rough, wild, lonely places seemed to him his home. With all his love for the wilderness, the instinct which had led him to it was altogether faulty and incomplete. It supplied him with none of the needful forest lore. He had no idea of caution. He had no inkling of fear. He had no conception of the enemies that might lurk in thickets or hollows. He went crashing ahead as if the green world belonged to him, and cared not who might hear the brave sound of his going. Now and then he stepped on the rope, and stumbled; but that was a small matter.

Through dark strips of forest, over rocky, tangled spaces, across slopes of burnt barren, his progress was always upward, until, having traversed several swampy vales and shadowy ravines, toward evening he came out upon the empty summit of Ringwaak. On the topmost hillock he took his stand proudly, his massive head and broad, curled horns in splendid relief against the amber sky.

As he stood, surveying his new realm, a low bleat came to him from a sheltered hollow close by, and, looking down, he saw a small white ewe with a new-born lamb nursing under her flank. Here was his new realm peopled at once. Here were followers of his own kind. He stepped briskly down from his hillock and graciously accepted the homage of the ewe, who snuggled up against him as if afraid at the loneliness and the coming on of night. All night he slept beside the mother and her young, in the sheltered hollow, and kept no watch because he feared no foe. But the ewe kept watch, knowing well what perils might steal upon them in the dark.

As it chanced, however, no midnight prowler visited the summit of Ringwaak Hill, and the first of dawn found the great ram again at his post of observation. It is possible that he had another motive besides his interest in his new, wonderful world. He may have expected the woodsman to follow and attempt his recapture, and resolved not to be taken unawares. Whatever his motive,

"His movement was straight and swift, as if he had been propelled by a gigantic spring"

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he kept his post till the sun was high above the horizon, and the dew-wet woods gleamed as if sown with jewels. Then he came down and began to feed with the ewe, cropping the short, thin grass with quick bites and finding it far more sweet than the heavy growths of his old pasture.

Late in the morning, when pasturing was over for the time, the ram and the little ewe lay down in the shade of a steep rock, comfortably chewing their cud, while the lamb slept at its mother's side. The ram, deeply contented, did not observe two gray-brown, stealthy forms creeping along the slope, from bush to rock, and from stump to hillock. But the ewe, ever on the watch, presently caught sight of them, and sprang to her feet with a snort of terror. She knew well enough what a lynx is. Yet for all her terror she had no thought of flight. Her lamb was too young to flee, and she would stay by it in face of any fate.

The ram got up more slowly, turned his head, and eyed the stealthy strangers with grave curiosity. Curiosity, however, changed into hostility as he saw by the ewe's perturbation that the strangers were foes; and a sinister glitter came into the great gold eyes which shone so brilliantly from his black face.

Seeing themselves discovered, the two lynxes threw aside their cunning and rushed ravenously upon what they counted easy prey. They knew something of the timorous hearts of sheep, and had little expectation of resistance. But being, first of all, hungry, rather than angry, they preferred what seemed easiest to get. It was upon the lamb and the ewe that they sprang, ignoring the ram contemptuously.

"Here he crouched for some moments, snarling viciously"

One thing which they had not reckoned with, however, was the temper of the ewe. Before one fierce claw could reach her lamb, she had butted its assailant so fiercely in the flank that he forgot his purpose and turned with a snarl of rage to claw her. Meanwhile, the other lynx, springing for her neck, had experienced the unexpected. He had been met by the lightning charge of the ram, fair in the ribs, and hurled sprawling into a brittle, pointed tangle of dead limbs sticking up from the trunk of a fallen tree.

Having delivered this most effective blow, the ram stepped back a pace or two, mincing on his slender feet, and prepared to repeat it. The lynx was struggling frantically among the branches, which stuck into him and tore his fine fur. Just in time to escape the second assault he got free,—but he got free not for fight but for flight. One tremendous, wildly contorted leap landed him on the other side of the dead tree; and, thoroughly cowed, he scurried away down the hillside.

The ram at once turned his attention to the ewe and her antagonist. But the second lynx, who had not found his task so simple as he had expected it to be, had no stomach left for one more difficult. The ewe was bleeding about the head, and would, of course, if she had been left to fight it out, have been worsted in a very short time. But the enemy had felt the weight of her blows upon his ribs, and had learned his lesson. For just a fraction of a second he turned, and defied the ram with a screeching snarl. But when that horned, black, battering head pitched forward at him he bounded aside like a furry gray ball and clambered to the top of the rock. Here he crouched for some moments, snarling viciously, his tufted ears set back against his neck, and his stump of a tail twitching with rage, while the ram minced to and fro beneath him, stamping defiance with his dainty hoofs. All at once the big cat doubled upon itself, slipped down the other side of the rock, and went gliding away through the stumps and hillocks like a gray shadow; and the ram, perhaps to conceal his elation, fell to grazing as if nothing out of the ordinary had happened. The ewe, on the other hand, seeing the danger so well past, took no thought of her torn face, but set herself to comfort and reassure the trembling lamb.

After this, through the slow, bright hours while the sun swung hotly over Ringwaak, the ram and his little family were undisturbed. An eagle, wheeling, wheeling, wheeling in the depths of the blue, looked down and noted the lamb. But he had no thought of attacking so well guarded a prey. The eagle had a wider outlook than others of the wild kindred, and he knew from of old many matters which the lynxes of Ringwaak had never learned till that day.

There were other visitors that came and glanced at the little family during the quiet content of their cud-chewing. A weasel ran restlessly over a hillock and peered down upon them with hard, bright eyes. The big ram, with his black face and huge, curling horns, was a novel phenomenon, and the weasel disappeared behind the hillock, only to appear again much nearer, around a clump of weeds. His curiosity was mingled with malicious contempt, till the ram chanced to rise and shake his head. Then the weasel saw the rope that wriggled from the ram's neck. Was it some new and terrible kind of snake? The weasel respected snakes when they were large and active; so he forgot his curiosity and slipped away from the dangerous neighborhood.

The alarm of the weasel, however, was nothing to that of the woodmice. While the ram was lying down they came out of their secret holes and played about securely, seeming to realize that the big animal's presence was a safeguard to them. But when he moved, and they saw the rope trail sinuously behind him through the scanty grass, they were almost paralyzed with panic. Such a snake as that would require all the woodmice on Ringwaak to assuage his appetite. They fairly fell backward into their burrows, where they crouched quivering in the darkest recesses, not daring to show their noses again for hours.

Neither weasel nor woodmice, nor the chickadees which came to eye him saucily, seemed to the big ram worth a moment's attention. But when a porcupine, his quills rattling and bristling till he looked as big around as a half-bushel basket, strolled aimlessly by, the ram was interested and rose to his feet. The little, deep-set eyes of the porcupine passed over him with supremest indifference, and their owner began to gnaw at the bark of a hemlock sapling which grew at one side of the rock. To this gnawing he devoted his whole attention, with an eagerness that would have led one to think he was hungry,—as, indeed, he was, not having had a full meal for nearly half an hour. The porcupine, of all nature's children, is the best provided for, having the food he loves lying about him at all seasons. Yet he is forever eating, as if famine were in ambush for him just over the next hillock.

Seeing the high indifference of this small, bristling stranger, the ram stepped up and was just about to sniff at him inquiringly. Had he done so the result would have been disastrous. He would have got a slap in the face from the porcupine's active and armed tail; and his face would have straightway been transformed into a sort of anguished pincushion, stuck full of piercing, finely barbed quills. He would have paid dear for his ignorance of woodcraft,—perhaps with the loss of an eye, or even with starvation from a quill working through into his gullet. But fortunately for him the ewe understood the peculiarities of porcupines. Just in time she noted his danger, and rudely butted him aside. He turned upon her in a fume of amazed indignation; but in some way she made him understand that the porcupine was above all law, and not to be trifled with even by the lords of the wilderness. Very sulkily he lay down again, and the porcupine went on chiseling hemlock bark, serenely unconscious of the anger in the inscrutable yellow eyes that watched him from the ram's black face.

When the shadows grew long and luminous, toward evening, the ram, following some unexplained instinct, again mounted the topmost point of Ringwaak, and stood like a statue gazing over the vast, warm-colored solitude of his new domain. His yellow eyes were placid with a great content. A little below him, the white lamb wobbling on weak legs at her side, the ewe pastured confidently, secure in the proved prowess of her protector. As the sun dropped below the far-off western rim of the forest, it seemed as if one wide wave of lucent rose-violet on a sudden flooded the world. Everything on Ringwaak—the ram's white fleece, the gray, bleached stumps, the brown hillocks, the green hollows and juniper clumps and poplar saplings,—took on a palpitating aërial stain. Here and there in the distance the coils of the river gleamed clear gold; and overhead, in the hollow amber-and-lilac arch of sky, the high-wandering night-hawks swooped with the sweet twang of smitten strings.

Down at the foot of the northern slope of Ringwaak lay a dense cedar swamp. Presently, out from the green fringe of the cedars, a bear thrust his head and cast a crafty glance about the open. Seeing the ram on the hilltop and the ewe with her lamb feeding near by, he sank back noiselessly into the cover of the cedars, and stole around toward the darkening eastern slope, where a succession of shrubby copses ran nearly to the top of the hill.

The bear was lank, rusty-coated, old, and hungry, and he loved sheep. He was an adept in stalking this sweet-fleshed, timorous quarry, and breaking its neck with a well-directed blow as it dashed past him in a panic. Emerging from the swamp he crept up the hill, taking cunning advantage of every bush, stump, and bowlder. For all his awkward-looking bulk he moved as lightly as a cat, making himself small, and twisting and flattening and effacing himself; and never a twig was allowed to snap, or a stone to clatter, under his broad, unerring feet.

About this time it chanced that the backwoodsman, who had been out nearly all day hunting for his lost prize, approached the edge of the forest at the other side of Ringwaak,—and saw the figure of the ram against the sky. Then, seeing also the ewe with the lamb beside her, he knew that the game was his.

Below the top of the hill there was not a scrap of cover for a distance of, perhaps, twenty paces. The bear crept to the very last bush, the ram being occupied with the world at a distance, and the ewe busy at her pasturing. Behind the bush—a thick, spreading juniper,—the bear crouched motionless for some seconds, his little red eyes aglow, and his jaws beginning to slaver with

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eagerness. Then, selecting the unconscious ewe because he knew she was not likely to desert the lamb, he rushed upon his intended victim.

The ewe, as it chanced, was about thirty-five or forty feet distant from the enemy, as he lunged out, black and appalling, from behind the juniper. At the same time the ram was not more than twenty or twenty-five feet distant, straight above the lamb, in a direction at right angles to the path of the bear. The ewe looked up with a startled bleat, wheeled, sprang nimbly before the lamb, and faced her doom dauntlessly, with lowered head.

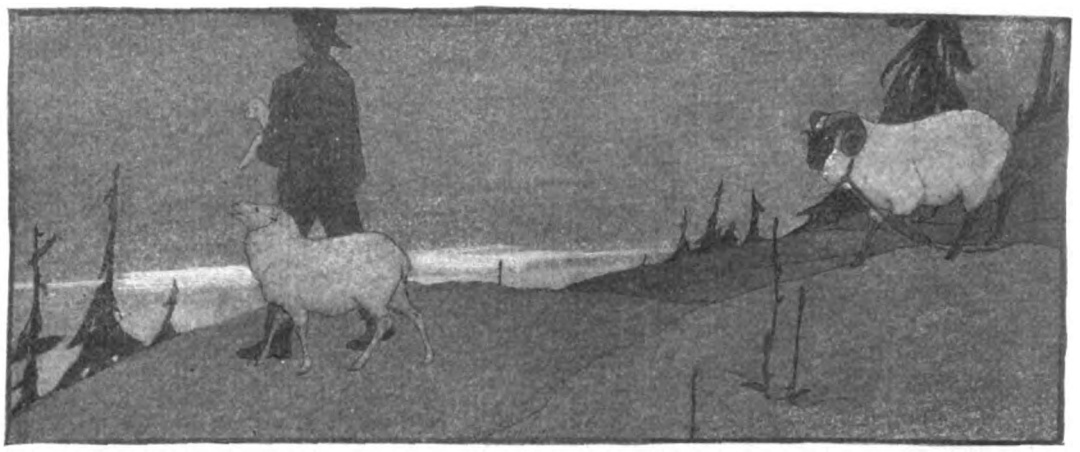
The ram's mild gaze changed in a flash to one of cold, yellow savagery at the sight of the great black beast invading his kingdom. Down went his conquering head. For just a fraction of a second his sturdy body sagged back, as if he were about to sit down. This, so to speak, was the bending of the bow. Then he launched himself straight down the slope, all his strength, his weight, and the force of gravity combining to drive home that mighty stroke.

The bear had never, in all his experience with sheep, encountered one whose resistance was worth taking into account. The defiance of the ewe was less than nothing to him. But as he saw, from the corner of his eye, the huge bulk plunging down upon him, he hesitated, and half turned, with a great paw upraised for a finishing blow.

He turned not quite in time, however,—and his defense was not quite strenuous enough for the emergency. He struck like lightning, as a bear always can, but just before the stroke could find its mark, the ram's armed forehead crashed into his ribs.

The blow, catching him as it did, was irresistible. His claws tore off a patch of wool and skin, and ploughed red furrows across the ram's shoulder,—but the next instant he was sprawling, his breath jarred from his lungs, against a stump some ten feet down the slope.

As the bear struggled to his feet, furious but half daunted with amazement, the ram danced backward a pace or two on his dainty feet, as if showing off, and then delivered his second charge. The bewildered bear was again caught unready, irresolute as to whether he should fight or flee, and again he was knocked headlong, a yard or two further down the slope. His was not the dauntless spirit that most of his kindred would have shown in such a case, and he would willingly have made his escape at once if he had seen his way quite clear to do so. But at this moment, while he hesitated, he heard a man's voice, shouting loudly, and saw the tall backwoodsman running toward him up the hill. This sight turned his alarm into a blind panic. His feet seemed to acquire wings as he tore madly away among the thickets. When he was hidden by the leafage, his path could still be followed by the crashing of dry branches and the clattering of loosened stones.

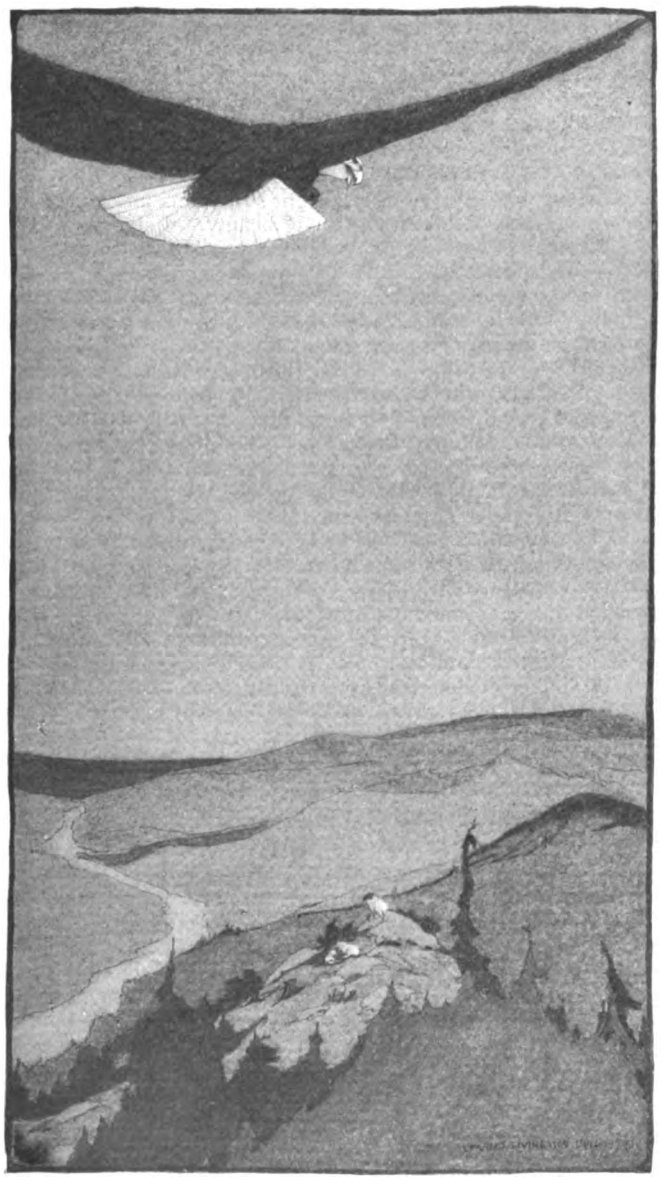


"In a few moments the little procession disappeared in the woods"

The woodsman had seen the whole incident, and was wild with enthusiasm over the prowess of his prize. Bears had been the most dreaded scourge of the settlement sheep-farmers, but now, as he proudly said to himself, he had a ram that could "lick a b'ar silly!" He bore no grudge on account of his discomfiture that morning beside the spring, but rather thought of it with appreciation as a further token of his favorite's cunning and prowess; and he foresaw, with a chuckle, that there were painful surprises in store for the bears of the Ringwaak range. He had made a wise purchase, indeed, when he saved that splendid beast from the butcher.

Hearing the man's voice, the ram had halted in dismay just when he was about to charge the bear a third time. He had no mind to go again into captivity. But, on the other hand, for all his lordliness of spirit, he felt that a man was his master. At first he lowered his head threateningly, as if about to attack; but when the backwoodsman shouted at him there was an authority in those tones which he could not withstand, and he sullenly drew aside. With a good-natured laugh the man picked the lamb up in his arms, whereupon the mother stepped timidly to his side, evidently having no fear. The man rubbed her nose kindly, and stroked her ears, and gave her something from his pocket which she ate greedily; and, as the ram looked on, the anger gradually faded out from his yellow eyes. At length the man turned and walked slowly down the hill, carrying the lamb. The ewe followed, crowding as close to him as she could, and stumbling as she went because her eyes were fixed upon her little one.

The ram hesitated. He looked at the hillside, the woods, and the sky beginning to grow chill with the onrush of twilight. Then he looked at the retreating figures. Suddenly he saw his world growing empty and desolate. With an anxious bleat he trotted after the ewe, and took his docile place a few feet behind the man's heels. The man looked over his shoulders, and a smile of pleasure softened his rugged face. In a few moments the little procession disappeared in the woods, moving toward the settlement, and Ringwaak Hill was left solitary in the dusk, with the lonely notes of the night-hawks twanging over it.



"Everything took on a palpitating aërial strain"

Hobbies Add Spice to Life's Menu

WILLIAM MATHEWS

ARCTIC explorers tell of the dreadful persecution of the six months' polar day, and of the terrible depression produced by perpetual darkness in the six months' night. But hardly less depressing is perpetual work, work, work, day after day in the same shop or office, at the same unchanging task, in the same mill-horse round. A hobby, to which a man springs the moment the pressure of his customary work is removed, draws him out of his rut. It breaks up the stagnation and monotony of his life, and vivifies the faculties which have become blunt and dull. It emancipates a student from the books over which he has pored too long, a merchant or a stock-broker from the click of the telegraph and the bondage of the day-book and the ledger, a clergyman from his musty theology, and a lawyer from his wearisome precedents, *obiter dictas*, and *fi fas*. Last, not least, it delivers a jaded and fretted housewife from the round of petty, monotonous domestic cares which tyrannize over her daily life, and out of the toiler reproduces and recreates the woman.

Not the smallest merit of a hobby is that it liberalizes its rider. It delivers him from narrowness and onesidedness,—that tendency to judge everything from a single standpoint which is so often the curse of the toiler in one groove. It has been said that there is not an artisan in the country who, if he but had a hobby,—a pet avocation,—would not be a more contented man, less a victim of acridity, and less disposed to believe in the wrongs of inequality of condition.

In nothing are men's differences and idiosyncrasies more vividly seen than in their hobbies. Of the odd tastes of collectors, especially, there is no end. A century or two ago there was a mania for collecting old hats, caps, and boots,—of which last there was a famous collection at Hôtel Cluny at Paris, showing all the changes in the cobbler's art since the flood,—also shoes, slippers, garters, wigs, snuff-boxes, pipes, walking-sticks, brushes, gloves, watches, clocks, and even ropes with which men had been hanged! In our day there is a rage for old china, armor, brasses and bronzes, bric-a-brac, cameos, pictures, furniture, books, postage stamps, butterflies, and bugs. One of the pleasantest, but one of the most expensive hobbies, is that of the picture-collector. A charming hobby for a man with money is that of a rose-fancier. The favorite diversions of the greatest number of persons are probably autograph-hunting and collecting rare books. Few men ever experience a keener delight than that of a bibliomaniac when, after mousing for days and even weeks about old bookstalls, he comes suddenly upon a rare old volume, for which he has been long searching, and which, thanks to the ignorance of the owner, he bears triumphantly home for a few silver coins.

One of the best of all hobbies, for one who has the requisite natural gifts, is music, because it has the charm of perpetual variety, and its delights are inexhaustible. Gardening is another varied diversion which is healthful as well as pleasant. Sketching and natural history have similar attractions.

The best hobbies are intellectual ones,—science, art, and literature. They not only delight and recreate their devotees, but are also preservative against selfishness, vulgarity and worldliness. They have, however, one disadvantage,—that they are apt to be ridden too hard, and thus, instead of refreshing and invigorating, to send a man back to his work fatigued and depressed. Such was the case with that English glutton of work, Sir George C. Lewis, who, when chancellor of the exchequer, home secrectary, and secretary of war, devoted himself, in the intervals of his official labors, to the study of history, politics, philology, anthropology, and antiquarianism, and to the copying of Greek manuscripts in the British Museum. The result was that he died at the age of fifty-seven, when, if he had had fewer hobbies, and ridden them less hard, he might probably have lived to fourscore or longer. "Blessed is the man that has a hobby!" says Lord Brougham, who kept a whole stableful, and I agree with him; but I agree also with Bulwer that it will not do to have more than one at a time. "One hobby leads you out of extravagance. A team of hobbies you can not drive, till you are rich enough to find corn for them all."

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EMILE ZOLA

ALFRED DREYFUS

MME. BERNHARDT

KING MILAN

Notable People I Have Interviewed

VANCE THOMPSON

The experiences and vicissitudes of an American journalist in a world-wide quest for information

GOING to and fro in the earth I have met my fair share of kings and commoners, statesmen and famous artists, and a president or two, obscurely celebrated. I do not know why one should feel a sense of superiority in having known Whistler or in having lent a five-franc piece to a monarch, but all of us would. It is the pitfall vanity digs for the unconspicuous man. We are all a little like the man in Browning's poem, who boasted that he had once seen Shelley. If we are not appreciated for what we have done ourselves, at least we gain some credit for having known Lord Tomnoddy or Sir Barnaby Jenks of the Blues. It is a short cut to distinction. Perhaps it is harmless, after all. I sincerely hope so, for at this moment I am like the man in the poem: I, too, have seen a Shelley or so.

None of these journalistic adventures is quite so exciting, I daresay, as Lope de Vega's ghost story, (which is the best story in the world,) and none quite so droll as the tale of the "grouse in the gun-room," but each is a record of the thing that was.

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I like to think of old Bismarck, as he sat by the window that opens on the windy park of Friedrichsruh, in an old gray shooting jacket, a rug over his knees, a pipe in his hand,—simple as a North German farmer, this man who had almost held Europe in fee.

A little while before this February day he had been deposed from power. All the world knew that the old lion was sulking in his den, in no amiable mood toward the young emperor who had turned him out of doors. It was known that his memoirs were written and that his correspondence was set in order. A New York publisher thought he might secure the papers in which Bismarck had told the real story of the birth of the German Empire,—that strange story of craft and heroism, littleness and grandeur. It was on this mission that I sailed for Hamburg. I had two letters for Bismarck. One was from a negligible ambassador. The other had been given me by a German statesman of some note, with whom, in other days, I had been a student in the University of Jena. My friend had been a familiar of Bismarck's household and bespoke me a kindly hearing. I sent the letters on from Hamburg and followed the next day.

On the table at his elbow, as he sat by the window, I noticed my letters. The valet who had placed a chair for me, took his stand by the door. I said what I had to say. It was (permit me to affirm it!) an admirable speech. For ten days and nights I had rehearsed it as I paced the deck of the stormy liner; so—in tolerable German,—I declaimed it. It was dignified; it was diplomatic.

When I had finished Bismarck took the pipe from his lips, said "*Nein*,"—and put the pipe back again.

'Twas the shortest answer I ever had in my life. I waited for a moment. The old man smoked and stared out into the park. I got up and bowed; I had rehearsed that bow and did not intend to waste it; I bowed to his old hairless head,—the flabby yellow jowls and big mustache,—to the old grey jacket and the pipe; it was like *salaming* to stone wall. Then the valet led me out. In the park I regained my senses.

Bismarck's story has got itself told in a fragmentary way,—through the two volumes of the unscrupulous and adroit Moritz Busch and the volumes of letters lately published, but the whole story will never be told. In the "Souvenirs" I did not get, the history of the chancellor's disgrace was related in full. You can easily imagine in what spirit those pages were written,—set down *ab irato* in the lonely gloom of Friedrichsruh. Much, too, was said of Friedrick III. and his lonely reign, and of the young emperor's private life. Three weeks later in Berlin I learned that the quest for that book of vitriol and vengeance was vain. Bismarck, thrifty soul, had already sold it to a German publisher, for issuance after his death. He had got his price and pocketed the money,—a very large sum. But the old man was cheated of his vengeance, for this bomb that was to be exploded over his grave never went off. His sons were eager for places at court. Both Prince Herbert Bismarck and Count Wilhelm became loyal before their mighty father had lain a month in his grave. They obtained royal recognition and the memoirs were suppressed, save for a few garbled fragments. The deceased chancellor was balked of his revenge and robbed of his historical rights. The ill-used publisher complained and went to law, but nothing came of it. The moral of this is that the man who has a killing in view should not leave his heirs to pull the trigger.

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Almost every journalist who has gone gunning for big game will admit that kings are much maligned folks. They are more approachable than men of far less public importance. J. Pierpont Morgan, for instance, is far more difficult to "get at" than any European monarch, save two,—the German and the Austrian. The European courts are not hedged in against prying democracy. It is no difficult matter for one reverently inclined to make his bow at the courts of Spain, Italy, Belgium, Denmark, or Sweden. Anyone of tolerable social position and fair credentials may duck to royalty anywhere in Europe. I do not know that a sight-seer gains much save in disillusion. Present-day royalty does not run to beauty. I shall not soon forget the crowd I saw at the wedding of the Duke of Aosta and Princess Helen of Austria,—the agreeable King Edward of England (who was then Prince of Wales,) with his pleasant face and gray-blond beard; the aged Duke of Cambridge; the Duchess of Saxe-Coburg; and the Princess Helen herself,—all far more approachable than some of the leaders of America's "four hundred." The only strikingly beautiful queen I have ever seen is the queen-dowager of Italy, who was once fondly known as the "Pearl of Savoy." Even now that the years have had their way with her, and the white is in her hair, she is still very beautiful. The kings fare better, so far as personal comeliness goes. He of the Belgians is a kingly-looking man; the aged king of Denmark—whose blood flushes the august veins of half the royalties in Europe,—looks like any old *bourgeois* of his *minusculous* kingdom. These exalted good folks anyone may see, as he saunters through Europe,—making the grand tour,—and be neither better nor worse for the seeing.

But a journalist or correspondent who would "get at" them for purposes of publicity—to use the cant phrase,—faces a different and more difficult problem. If he is green and has faith in Uncle Sam's omnipotence, he probably goes to the state department. Of course he must have his "pull." If his influence be of the proper sort, he will receive a very official-looking envelope, like this:—

> Department of State, United States of America.
>
> To the Diplomatic and Consular Officers of the United States, introducing
>
> Mr. James Penman.

On opening the envelope he will find this typewritten document:—

DEPARTMENT OF STATE,
WASHINGTON

December 25, 1903.

To the Diplomatic and Consular Officers of the United States.

GENTLEMEN:—

At the instance of the Honorable Michael Magrew, a Senator of the United States from the State of New York, I take pleasure in introducing to you Mr. James Penman, Special Correspondent of "Success," of New York.

I cordially bespeak for Mr. Penman such assistance and courtesies as you may be able to extend, consistently with your official duties.

I am, gentlemen,
Your obedient servant,
(Signed) ——— ———, Secretary.

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PRESIDENT LOUBET

M. DE BLOWITZ

BISMARCK

SIR CHAS. DILKE

The correspondent, I say, who is new to European work naturally fancies that this document will prove an "open sesame" to doors royal and official. He pictures General Horace Porter and Mr. Choate running busily about to help him do his work. This pretty fancy will abide with him only so long as he has never presented that letter. One of our "Diplomatic and Consular Officers" is an old friend of mine. We were smoking once in his office, (after hours,) and he suddenly asked: "Have you got one of those letters?"

"To be sure," said I.

"I think the state department issues about twenty thousand a year," he remarked, wearily; "every politician gets 'em by the hatful for his constituents."

"It must put you to a lot of trouble," I said, sympathetically.

"Not at all," said he, "every year the state department issues a formal order, instructing us to pay no attention whatever to them."

And so you see there is not much use in bothering your senator. A letter from Mr. Roosevelt might be of use, if one could only present it before he should cable the royal personage not to take it too seriously.

As a matter of fact the correspondent must load his own gun and bring down his own game. His main dependence must be upon his personal acquaintanceship.

During the Boer War I wanted to secure from President Kruger a written statement of his side of the case. He was at the Villa Rosa, near Scheveningen in Holland. I knew a Dutchman in Paris who knew Dr. Leyds, the European agent of the South African Republics. Dr. Leyds fell in with the plan. He thought a direct, authentic statement from Kruger would help the cause of the Boers. He could not leave his office in Brussels to go with me to Holland, but he wrote to the venerable president and introduced me to a young man in a fur coat, who was Kruger's grandson. This precious youth and I went to Scheveningen and saw the old man,—sitting over his open Bible, a pipe in his mouth. Kruger was very much broken, then; he had just heard of the death of his wife. Two conferences came to naught; he refused to issue the statement. As we came away the grandson said: "I suppose such a statement would be worth something."

"Certainly,—I will pay well for it."

He looked up thoughtfully.

'My grandfather is really not fit to attend to affairs now," said he; "I know just what he would say, and—if we can come to an agreement,—I'll write it for you myself."

The little man grinned out of his fur coat and twinkled a diamond at me,—the foolish, wicked third generation of greatness; I paid for his dinner and left him. The idea clung to the little man, however. Ten days later the "*Figaro*" of Paris printed a "statement" from Mr. Kruger, and, even before the denial of its authenticity came, I recognized the twinkle of the diamond and the smell of the fur coat.

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Chance is now and then an efficient aid; you may get your man when he is leagues away from your intention.

Saul, you remember, went out to look for his uncle's asses and found the Kingdom of Heaven.

It was by quite as curious a chance that I saw the German emperor in *mufti*. Like everyone else the kaiser long cherished an ambition to visit Paris. Political reasons stood in the way. Then, too, he feared that his welcome might be complicated with unfriendly hisses. As he is fond of mystery he stole into Paris in disguise. This was in April, a month before the opening of the exposition of 1900. He combed out his mustache, donned English tweeds, and came by the Berlin express in the company of a German banker, Miquel by name. They reached the *Gare du Nord* just after daybreak, took a public cab and drove to Herr Miquel's apartment in the *Rue de l' Université*. No one knew they were in Paris. It was given out that the kaiser was hunting on his Saxon estate. So they sauntered through Paris, visited the exposition grounds, lunched at the *Café Anglais*, drove, dined, and left for Strasbourg and Berlin by the night express. The kaiser was pleased as "Punch" over this escapade. He had imperially hoodwinked two great powers. At least he fancied he had. As a matter of fact not for one moment was he unprotected. The very cabman that drove him from the station was a trusty detective. The waiters who served him and the porters he tipped were all expert agents of the French police. No report was made. Not even Herr von Munster, the old and dreamy prince who was then head of the German embassy in Paris, was informed of the fantastic adventure of the fantastic war-lord. Seven months later, at a country house where I was spending a few days, the story was told at dinner by a gentleman of high place in the government. That story was in my mind when I went up to Paris. It was the third Tuesday in October. There was a reception at the German Pavilion. Algernon Dougherty, the correspondent of the London "Express" and I went together. We left our cab at the gate that opened on the *Rue des Nations*, where there was a string of carriages, and bade the cabman wait.

"Is it a long wait?" he grumbled.

"Just time enough to pay our respects to the emperor of Germany," I said, with a vague and overworked sense of humor.

"*Bon, mon prince*," said the *cocher*.

A small coupé had drawn up near us; it was that of Prince von Munster. Now, as Dougherty and I went in, I told him of the kaiser's escapade on the twelfth of April. As we talked we saw Von Munster in agitated conversation with Herr Richter, the commissioner. They vanished into the private offices beyond. Later we knew that they had telephoned to M. Lépine, the prefect of police, and learned that the kaiser was at the very moment in the German Pavilion, guarded by unobtrusive detectives. The random joke I had flung at the cabby had come true. Both Dougherty and I looked over the square-shouldered, full-cheeked man, with the drooping mustache, whom Von Munster fluttered about in the gallery; but we knew him not. We discussed him and criticised him, in the few moments he stood there; it was not until he was gone that Dougherty whispered: "Man, it *is* the kaiser!"

We did not get full confirmation until the next day. In the meantime the emperor, after passing the night at the German Embassy, No. 78 *Rue de Lille*, had regained his own lands. From a journalistic viewpoint the "story" was all heart could wish, and the cables hummed with it; but, after all, we had merely blundered on it. There is an epilogue; within a few weeks Von Munster was dismissed; it is not well to know too much of kings.

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King Milan was by all odds the most free-and-easy king that ever stumbled through life. He was a round, fat, oily little rogue of a man,—a gambler, braggart, drunkard, and as companionable a little king as a noctambulist could wish to meet. I was first introduced to him by Norman MacLeod,—the second, not Queen Victoria's preacher. It was in Paris in some boulevard *café*.

"His majesty, the king of Servia," said my friend.

I felt like a gentleman who is asked everywhere, because he knows the great novelist. When at the end of the evening he gave me his dubious hand, I felt I was not as other men are. King Milan toddled to the door. In a moment he came back and leaned down and breathed his decayed hopes into my face.

"I say," he whispered, "give me five francs for my cab."

I freighted his majesty home.

It was that week or the next that James Huneker came upon him in the *Café Montferino* (vanished now,) behind the Opera House. The king was drinking beer. In his free-and-easy way he leaned across the table and said: "What I want is money. Now let me explain. I've had enough of being king. I've put my son Alexander on the throne. He's king of Servia. This is my plan,—I'm going to find him an American wife,—a good American girl with five million dollars. Three million dollars will be settled on her and Alexander, one million comes to me, and—there's one million dollars in commission to the man that arranges the marriage. Queen of Servia,—what more could a girl want? Do you know the rich American girls?" his majesty asked greasily, waving a dirty, bejeweled paw.

As a shatchen Mr. Huneker is not a success. He failed to seize the

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chance. Perhaps King Milan's project was not so visionary as it seems; and, had an American girl of millions married the weakling king, the red butchery of Belgrade might not have happened. At all events, the crown of Servia was up for sale that day.

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There is, as I have said, no official way of getting at people of importance that is of any value to a correspondent. When approached in such a manner, a great man is not himself,—he is his other, formal, and official self, and thus is of absolutely no interest to anyone. I had met President Loubet, of France, in that way a half dozen times. Like everyone else I had had cards for receptions at the *Elysée*. I had seen him frock-coated, and had seen him in evening dress, the great red cordon of the Legion of Honor slanting across his breast. I knew him as you know a picture or a statue. I was asked to get from him an article for an American magazine. As M. Loubet had never written an article in his life it was no easy task. The good, conservative man had no more idea of doing such a thing than he had of going up in a dirigible balloon. The trail to that article led through a Parisian playwright, who was a friend of the secretary of the presidency, up to M. Loubet; there—since there was "no thoroughfare,"—it went off on a tangent to M. Loubet's son, a brilliant young lawyer; after that all was well. M. Paul Loubet became interested in a discussion of the opportunities for young men in France as compared with the opportunities offered in the New World; and when, in time, the president talked over the subject, he thought he might as well write on it, —and a very sound article he wrote, thirty-two pages, all in his meticulous chirography.

"Getting what you want from kings or statesmen," De Blowitz said to me once, "is all a matter of dining with the right people."

Never a truer word was said.

De Blowitz, himself, who knew more of Europe than all Europe put together,—who checkmated Bismarck and "cooked Count Munster's goose,"—did most of his work at the dinner table or in the ballroom.

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In persuading him to write his memoirs I followed his precept. For over a year we smoked and talked or dined and talked,—there in his marvelous home in the *Rue Greuze*,—until somehow or other he began to write his reminiscences. He had written four or five papers; I do not know whether he would have finished them or not had not the "Times" stepped opportunely in.

One morning I found him sitting in his bedroom by the window that looks out on the little burying ground of Passy. He was wrapped in his old, red, wadded-silk dressing gown; his legs were crossed under him and he looked—the huge, short, egg-shaped man,—more like a little Buddhist idol than ever before.

"Well, I've left the 'Times,'" he said; there was a long silence, and then he added: "They turned me off like an old horse."

When this remark was telegraphed to London the "Times" denied that it had turned its great man off "like an old horse." I do not know what special kind of turning off that is, but the intrigue that resulted in De Blowitz's withdrawal was a nasty piece of business, and he used the words I have quoted.

His dog "Fly," fat and old as he, waddled up to him and lay by his chair; and so I left them,—the old, outworn friends. In a few days he went to his country place at *Les Petites Dalles* on the Normandy coast; for the next few months the memoirs advanced rapidly. I made a short visit to New York, and, on my return to Paris, found a telegram inviting me to breakfast. When I went to his home, the next day, he had taken to his bed. He had been stricken down suddenly and was dying. Over his head hung a great crucifix of silver and ebony; the beads were in his hands. He looked up, however, with the grim humor that was always in him.

"I have 'Fly's' illness," said he, "but the worst of it is that they can't poison me to put me out of my pain."

Two days later he was dead.

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It is at these dinner tables of which De Blowitz spoke, when the servants have withdrawn and the cigars and cigarettes are alight, when men and women talk easefully and, it may be, with too little heed, that one gets glimpses of the grim things that go on behind the curtain, drawn decorously over public affairs. A wise man never prints these things; they are too true to be believed,—too true to be probable. The bald fact seems as fantastic as a myth. What would you make of Wilhelm the Second of Germany, this epileptoid man of genius, with the withered arm? When, on that famous voyage to Norway, he ordered the officers from the bridge and the sailors from the deck of his yacht, and took his stand at the prow, clothed in pontifical robes, a Bible in his hand, while he bade God still the waves and waft the ship to harbor, then surely he did not belong to everyday life,—he was part of the legend of Canute, the king. Think also of the tangled mystery of the Dreyfus Case. A score of men know what is behind the veil, and yet the story will never be told,—certainly not in our day. Now and then it is whispered over the coffee cups and *liqueurs*. Captain Dreyfus did not know, nor did Zola, his stout champion, know very much about it.

What was it the preacher said of vanity? He was himself an author, and knew whereof he spoke.

Photograph by Mareeau, Fifth Avenue, New York

VANCE THOMPSON

Zola did more for Dreyfus than any other man. He battled loyally in his cause. He threw away his popularity and lost huge sums of money that the cause of Dreyfus might triumph. Now when Captain Dreyfus published the book, in which he recounts the tragedy that darkened his life, I tried to get M. Zola to review it. I called on him one morning at his house in the *Rue de Bruxelles*. He was at the big table in his library, doing his day's work.

"Review Captain Dreyfus's book!" he repeated.

He got up and ambled round the table,—a short man, with a stomach and no presence,—grunting at intervals. Finally he said: "Why should I review his book? He never even read mine."

"*Vanitas vanitatum.*"

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You can not lay too much emphasis upon the fact that it is the long arm of coincidence that plucks the plums. Over in the Latin Quarter of Paris there is a *Café du Dôme*,—presided over by a bright-eyed woman and haunted by long-haired artists and dingy students. I used to play billiards there now and then with a handsome fellow, yellow-bearded, rather stout, a pipe-smoker, and fond of his joke. He wore slouch hats and picturesque cloaks. Somewhere or other he had a studio and painted pictures. I did not know his name, or he mine. It is all very well to talk to casual people, but one does n't like to trail his private affairs over a billiard table. Once, however, we got a bit closer. At the time the eternal Norwegian question was up again and the king of Sweden and Norway was, by chance, in Paris. It was my business to secure a statement from him, and for three days I had been mentally fumbling over the problem of getting at him. I met my billiard-player near the Bristol; we stopped and passed the time of day, —said time being six o'clock. In one way or another, I happened to tell him what I was about.

"Come on," said he; "I'll take you in."

Surprise is a primitive emotion; it belongs to a cave dweller; I went with him calmly. When we were in the *salon*, he remarked, "By the way, I never had your name right." I gave him my card. He left me alone; in about five minutes he came back with a calm old man,—a white-bearded, English-mannered person, rather feeble,—wearing a short-skirted frock-coat and a black necktie, with a pearl in it. My billiard-player presented me, saying I was one of his friends.

"I am very glad," said the old man, "to meet my son's friends."

He spoke in English and shook hands in a democratic way. I grinned at the rogue who had brought me in, as it dawned upon me that he was Prince Eugène Bernadotte, fourth son of his majesty of Sweden and Norway, and plotted a future revenge. The king stood by the table, tapping the cloth with short-nailed, spatulous fingers,—shrewd, amiable old man. I was surcharged with questions on the Norwegian problem; especially I wanted to get a word on the German influence which is supposed to have crept into court through the crown princess, who is the kaiser's cousin. There was much loud talk of it in Sweden in those days. Unfortunately one can't ask questions of a king, be he never so amiable. One can only stand, with what grace may be, and wait for royalty to talk.

His majesty said: "Mr. Kipling has great talent,—great talent for certain things."

There was then silence for awhile; always his large, flat-fingered hand tapped a smothered tune on the table.

Again he spoke; what he said was: "I like George Meredith's works,—his poetry, especially his poetry."

It was interesting, but it did not lead to a political trail. He further stated that Verlaine touched something that is in us all, and that Rydberg was a very sincere writer. He made a half circuit of the table and shook hands. Now or never! thought I, etiquette or no etiquette.

"May I ask, sir," I began,—

His majesty paused on his way to the door, turned and said, graciously, "My son will give you a copy," and went out.

What in the name of the sphinx he meant by that cryptic remark I could not imagine. I stared open-mouthed at Prince Eugène. Calmly he handed me a little volume of Swedish verses, printed on gray-toned paper, —his majesty's poems. I accepted it with thanks and unwinking gravity.

It was not until he had passed the story round that I learned that Prince Eugène had informed the king that my one purpose in calling upon him—my sole ambition in life,—was to have a copy of the royal verses.

I greatly fear that bearded prince is not serious-minded; his brother Oscar is more to my taste; that good young man married one of his sister's maids, Ebba Monck, gave up his rank, joined the Salvation Army, and became the father of seven children,—but, perhaps, that, too, was a practical joke.

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It is tolerably well known that Sarah Bernhardt has more talents than one. She is a painter, not unpassionate poetess, sculptress, novelist, and lion-tamer,—indeed, she has done almost everything worth doing in this workaday world. One of her most charming romances was first printed in New York. It was years ago and of us all only Madame Sarah is as young as she was then. She was playing at Mr. Abbey's theater and stopping at the Hoffman House. At that time Foster Coates was editor of a sedate journal down on Park Row; even then, however, he showed signs of invent-

[*Concluded on pages 775 and 776*]

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Georgia's Grand Old Man,—Logan E. Bleckley

A remarkable jurist, philosopher, and wit, who, at the age of seventy-six years, has retired from the bench and taken up a college course

H. GERALD CHAPIN
[Editor, "The American Lawyer"]

The little mind that loves itself will write and think with the vulgar, but the great mind will be bravely eccentric and scorn the beaten road from universal benevolence.
GOLDSMITH.

A STUDY of the personality of Logan E. Bleckley, chief justice of Georgia, reveals a mass of seeming inconsistencies. No member of the judiciary is more admired in the profession, though scarcely known to the general community outside of his own state. He is a jurist of the first rank, who, after serving with honor as a member of the highest court, resigned his position, alleging, as his chief reason, a personal inaptitude. He is the philosopher of a village academy, with a wealth of expression and power of reasoning falling but little short of an Emerson's. He is a wit and poet, who, while never degenerating into eccentricity, makes dry law reports the vehicle for his humor and his poesy. He is a soldier who, with the truest military instinct inherent, yet detests war, calling it "homicide." These are but the more salient antitheses of his character and career.

Like Lincoln, He Studied Borrowed Law Books

He was born on July 3, 1827, in the mountains of Rabun County, in that wild land of most northeastern Georgia then but a short time reclaimed from wandering bands of Indians, and his younger years were passed amid the rudest surroundings. His father, a small tenant farmer, had succeeded in becoming clerk of the local courts, and, when the lad was but eleven years of age, he began to assist in the duties of that office. That young Bleckley's mind should have been inclined toward the law as a profession was consequently not unnatural. When he was seventeen, like Lincoln, borrowing Blackstone and other elementary treatises, he began to study law in earnest. No law-school professor marked out the path,—the page-to-page limit of each day's march. It was for him to blaze the trail. There was not even a lawyer in Rabun County at the time, so it was for Bleckley to read alone, once or twice going to some attorneys in an adjoining county who took a friendly interest and gave helpful suggestions. Before attaining his nineteenth year, young Bleckley was admitted to the bar, and immediately began practicing in his home county. At the outset all was discouragement. For the first two years the amount of his fees did not exceed fifty dollars *per annum*,—"too inconsiderable," he says, "to break the continuity of my studies, or, rather, my legal meditations." Making up his mind that he must leave the law for a while in order to accumulate enough money with which to start elsewhere, he borrowed a horse, together with a small sum for traveling expenses, and set out to make his way. Fortune favored him. The position of bookkeeper in the state railway office at Atlanta happened to be vacant, and for three years he labored at what to one of his temperament must have been severe drudgery. His salary, at first forty dollars, was subsequently raised to sixty-six dollars per month. In 1857 Governor Towns invited him to serve as secretary of one of the executive departments at a yearly salary of $1,200, but, at the expiration of the governor's term, a few months later, Bleckley went out of office with his patron. He had earned enough for a skeleton of a library, with a surplus sufficient to support him for some little time; hence, in March, 1852, when twenty-five years of age, he opened an office in Atlanta. His hand was put to the plow, and there was to be no turning back. From the outset he prospered, clients came, and the next year he was elected solicitor general for a circuit embracing eight counties. Four years later, however, found him again practicing at the Atlanta bar.

When Bull Run was fought Bleckley was in a Confederate camp of instruction, endeavoring, as he says, "to acquire some skill in the noble art of homicide," only to be discharged on account of ill health after a few months' service in Western Virginia. In the "Open Letter to Posterity," of which I shall presently speak, when referring to his life at this period, he dryly says:—

> By nature I am pacific. The military spirit has but a feeble development in my constitution. * * * * The state of my martial emotions was somewhat peculiar: I loved my friends, but did not hate my enemies. Without getting "fighting mad" I went out to commit my share of slaughter, being actuated by a solemn sense of duty unmixed with spite or ill will. When I consider how destructive I might have been had my health supported my prowess, I am disposed to congratulate "gentlemen on the other side" upon my forced retirement from the ranks at an early period of the contest.

But, even after his discharge, he was yet to serve the "Lost Cause" as one of its legal advisers.

In 1864, about the time when Sherman left Atlanta for the sea, Bleckley was appointed a reporter of the supreme court. Two volumes only attest his efforts, for he resigned in the spring of 1867. Indeed, nothing furnishes a better commentary upon the modesty of his character than this marked disinclination to hold office. After practicing law until 1875 he was appointed an associate justice of the supreme court.

The judiciary of Georgia has always had a deservedly exalted reputation, but it may be questioned whether any member ever attained higher rank than Bleckley in the estimation of those of his profession. His education was only that afforded by a village academy, and the distance which separated him from the classical gentlemen of the Massachusetts bench seemed as great as that between the two poles. But he possessed what, for want of a better term, one may call "judicial instinct." He did what very few judges have had it in them to do, for he stamped his individuality upon every decision rendered by him. From that time on, the complexion of the reports changed. In wealth of imagery and metaphor, in pure spontaneous humor, and in aptness of illustration, they surpassed those of any other state in the country.

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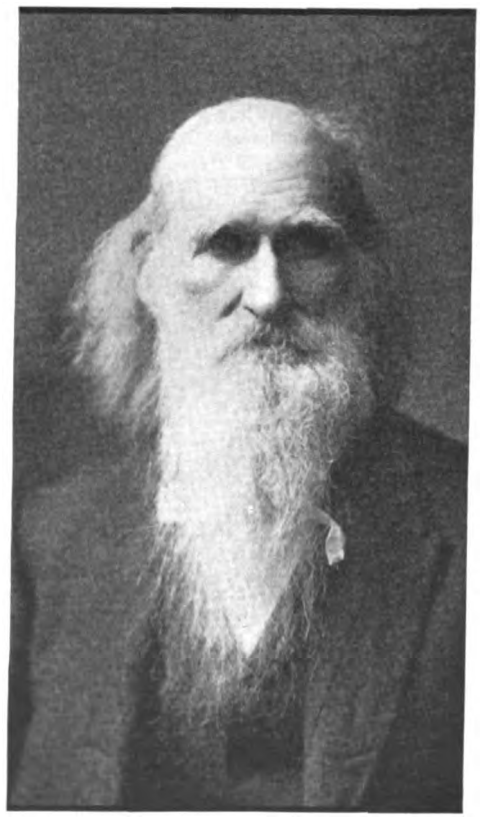

LOGAN E. BLECKLEY

He was evidently of the opinion of Lord Chief Justice Erle, who is said to have remarked to a barrister, in response to an apology proffered for a witty sally, "The court is very much obliged to any learned gentleman who beguiles the tedium of a legal argument with a little honest hilarity." His humor, however, although trenchant, is too finedrawn to degenerate into buffoonery. Let no one imagine that he has ever assumed the character thus portrayed by Gilbert:—

> That *nisi prius* nuisance, who just now is rather rife,
> The judicial humorist. He never will be missed.

Who but Bleckley, in rendering a decision that, while the assets of a corporation can be seized by the Federal courts, it can not be dissolved, would think of using the expression, "Your money, not your life, is the demand of the Bankrupt Act?" Who but Bleckley, in deciding that the purchaser of property from one who has no title can not recover the price unless he tenders back the property, would sum up the situation by saying, "Restitution before absolution is as sound in law as in theology," or in an action brought by creditors against a merchant who had been guilty of somewhat peculiar practices, would put the question thus: "The father had no capital and the son no character. The man without character carried on business in the name and upon the credit of the man without capital."

Again, where tardy counsel had supposed that his case would not be called that day, and came the next only to find that judgment had been rendered against him, Bleckley gravely consoled the disconsolate one by saying that, while considering the number of causes set for trial before his, he had reasoned not ill, yet "probability can not be made the measure of progress, in the dispatch of business; . . . . indeed, it is always probable that something improbable will happen."

Good English Was at a Premium in His Court

In one instance where an affidavit grammatically but not legally defective was presented, he dryly observed, "In school the composition would not pass, but it may be tolerated in the courthouse," which reminds me of the juror of Germanic extraction who endeavored to be excused from duty and urged: "I no unterstant goot English."

"Not sufficient," snapped his honor; "I've been on the bench five years and am in a position to positively assure you that you won't hear good English in this court room."

Noteworthy is the decision in the case of Early *versus* Oliver, where an appeal was taken because the chancellor had declined to adjourn a hearing from Saturday night until Monday in order to allow one of the attorneys more time for argument. Justice Bleckley thought the refusal improper, and said:—

> In that stage of the litigation, even when the merits are

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clearly against the losing party, he should have such mental satisfaction as he could derive from having finished his speech. He should not be slaughtered with his address warm in his bosom, alive and undelivered. His case being finally and forever lost, with his argument unheard, he would feel, perhaps, and sometimes justly feel, that the outrage of deciding without hearing him was greater, far greater, than the calamity of the adverse decision. He might get justice, but with it a wound from the court more painful than any justice the court could administer, for it is not impossible that a suppressed speech may occasion more mental torture than a lost cause.

The Philosophy of Debt Told in a Nutshell

The judicial humor seemed contagious, as this case was also notable for the statement which the reporter inserts that it was tried before Judge Lawson, as Judge Simmons was "providentially absent" at the time; which, while it undoubtedly was not so intended, sounds like a double slap at Judge Simmons and at the counsel engaged.

Worthy also of preservation is the following decision in a case which involved the question whether a traveler's trunk could be seized for debt, conceding that the clothes therein were exempt:—

The rind and pulp of an orange, or the envelope of a letter and the letter itself are not more closely connected than a passenger's trunk and its contents when the trunk is in the care of the carrier and the key in the passenger's pocket. . . . . To catch up baggage for debt is the next thing to taking the person of the debtor. The traveler might almost as well be put in jail for an hour or two as to have his trunk or valise locked up at the railroad station. Perhaps he would rather go to jail for a little while, if he could have the company of his baggage, than be free on condition of parting with it. To separate him from that which is the object of his chief care and solicitude, through the whole course of his wanderings, is hard upon him indeed. Between the passenger and the baggage there is a relation beyond that of mere partnership. When baggage is lost it is not simply privation,—it is bereavement."

"The true law everywhere, and at all times," says Judge Bleckley in another instance, "delighteth in the payment of just debts. Blessed is the man that pays. The practice of paying promptly, and to the last cent, tends to the cultivation of one of the most excellent traits of human character. If debtors were guided by their own true interest on an enlarged scale, they would be more clamorous to pay than creditors are to receive. Tender would be more frequent than calls for money. Debt is the source of much unhappiness. The best possible thing to be done with a debt is to pay it."

Nor must we forget the case which it was sought to adjourn because it was claimed one of the parties was suffering from nervous debility and had gone to the mountains for recreation. Judge Bleckley was in the minority here, for he says:—

The writer of this opinion knows from personal experience that an invalid may be able to ramble among the mountains and fish a little for speckled trout, without being fit for business in the courthouse. The other members of the court are weak in the faith, and seem loath to recognize a state of health so ambiguous.

One last instance may be cited where a certain Forrester was put upon his trial for retailing liquor without a license. It was shown that when one called upon him this ingenious and evasive gentleman, having the fear of the law before his eyes, would refer the applicant to his servant Mary, who would provide the liquor, and to whom the money would be paid. With one sweep of the judicial hand is this carefully concocted sophistry thus brushed aside:—

There is little doubt that the defendant was the deity of this rude shrine, and that Mary was only the ministering priestess. But if she was the divinity, and he her attending spirit to warn thirsty devotees where to drink, and at whose feet to lay their tribute, he is amenable to the state as the promoter of forbidden libations. Whether in these usurped rights he was serving Mary or Mary him may make a difference with the gods and goddesses, but makes none with men.

"Taking his ease in the mountains"

Two bits of philosophy crop up in two of his decisions rendered about this time. In reponse to an impassioned and chivalrous plea for a woman client he quaintly observes: "In protecting women, courts and juries should be careful to protect men, too, for men are not only useful to general society, but to women especially;" and in another case: "Virtue in all the offices of life must take its orders from duty, not from happiness. Happiness is not the mistress of the moral household, but the favorite daughter. Though the most cherished, she is not the most discreet member of the family. She is to be checked and restrained and not to have her own way. With too much indulgence or too much present gratification, she becomes a spoiled child and degenerates into misery."

In January, 1880, Judge Bleckley determined to resign. His letter to Governor Colquitt is typical of the man. He prefaces a statement of his ill health with this assurance: "I am not sufficiently learned in the law to be qualified on the large and liberal scale requisite for judicial functions. In consequence of this deficiency I rarely know how to dispose of difficult cases until after a degree of labor which exhausts me in mere preparation for deciding. It follows that I am generally behind in writing out my opinions."

In his reply the governor says: "I must beg to dissent from your modest estimate of your qualifications, and to assure you that I would not feel justified in accepting your resignation, based alone on that ground. The consideration of your health, however, leaves me no alternative."

In the sixty-fourth volume of "the Georgia Reports" is the following touching poem, which Justice Bleckley wrote and read from the bench at the conclusion of his last opinion:—

IN THE MATTER OF REST

Rest for head, and brow, and breast,
For fingers, heart, and brain;
Rest and peace, a long release
From labor and from pain;
Pain of doubt, fatigue, despair,
Pain of darkness everywhere,
And seeking light in vain.

Peace and rest! Are they the best
For mortals here below?
Is soft repose from work and woes
A bliss for men to know?
Bliss of time is bliss of toil;
No bliss but this, from sun and soil,
Does God permit to grow.

"I would conciliate the critical taste of future generations," said Judge Bleckley, on a later occasion, when referring to this poem, "by craving pardon, not for the verses, but for the doubtful decorum of reciting them from the tribunal credited to the oracles of prose."

Why Barbers Can not Be Called Capitalists

This is by no means the only poem of which he is the author, though he says, "A bashful hesitation always tempers my gallantry with the Muses."

But his ability was far too well recognized to permit of his permanent retirement, and, upon the death of Chief Justice Jackson, Georgia's governor, in 1887, at the unanimous demand of the bar, appointed him to preside over the state's highest tribunal. For fifteen years more he was to scatter epigrams and metaphors with lavish hand throughout the "Georgia Reports." Take the following as an example of his decisions. Suit had been brought against a barber for damages for the loss of "one Derby hat of the value of five dollars," which a customer had hung on the rack only to have it stolen. Judge Bleckley says:—

It hath never happened, from the earliest times to the present, that barbers, who are an ancient order of small craftsmen, serving their customers for a small fee and entertaining them the while with the small gossip of the town or village, have been held responsible for a mistake made by one customer, whereby he taketh the hat of another from the common rack or hanging place appointed for all customers to hang their hats, this rack or place being in the same room in which customers sit to be shaved. * * * * The value of an ordinary gentleman's hat is so much, in proportion to the fee for shaving, that to make the barber an insurer against such mistakes by his customers would be unreasonable. The loss of one hat would absorb his earnings for a whole day, perhaps for many days. The barber is a craftsman laboring for wages, not a capitalist conducting a business of trade or trust.

Speaking of litigation involving small amounts brings us to a dispute between adjoining riparian owners. By Georgia law, no matter how small the case is, it may be carried up to the supreme court on appeal. In the present instance the parties were "game," and, although the amount involved was only twenty-five dollars, they determined to have their rights finally decided by the highest judicial authority. Thereupon Judge Bleckley plaintively observes:—

In the ornithology of litigation this case is a tomtit, furnished with a garb of feathers ample enough for a turkey. Measured by the verdict, its tiny body has only the bulk of twenty-five dollars, but it struts with a display of record expanded into eighty-three pages of manuscript. It seems to us that a more contracted plumage might serve for so small a bird, but perhaps we are mistaken. In every forensic season, we have a considerable flock of such cases, to be stripped and dissected for the cabinets of jurisprudence. We endeavor to pick our overfledged poultry with judicial assiduity and patience.

"'I no unterstant goot English'"

Frank H. Miller, in the course of a complicated case, the record of which was, as Bleckley put it, "a swarming hive of professional industry and fecundity," comes in for some gentle sarcasm. His honor, it seems, had taken the briefs and records away with him on his vacation, intending to give the matter full consideration and render an opinion on his return, but there was evidently little time left for recreation, as he says:—

Until this record came before us, we had no adequate conception of our brother Miller's energy; and he doubtless will never have any conception whatever of the torture which his energy has cost the writer of this opinion, whilst he, the writer, was supposed to be taking his ease in the romantic wilds of Upper Georgia. A skeleton in one's closet is nothing to such a record in one's trunk in full view of the mountains.

In another case, one of the parties objected to a juror on the ground of the latter's relationship to his antagonist, albeit the relationship was somewhat remote, consisting merely in the fact that the juror's stepdaughter had been married to the brother of the other litigant. Judge Bleckley quickly overrode this absurd contention in the following verse:—

The groom and bride each comes within
The circle of the other's kin,
But kin and kin are still no more
Related than they were before.

Shall I not also speak of the suit brought by a husband's creditors against a wife wherein his honor enunciated the principle, "There is no combination of any two average everyday people so powerful for good or evil as that of husband and wife, and if one spouse is angelic it seems not to cripple the combination provided the other is intensely human."

In the case of Harriman *versus* First Bryan Baptist Church, where a difficulty arose in the course of an excursion up the river, Judge Bleckley observed, "A committeeman on board was threatened with a most profane form of immersion."

But it is against counsel's attempts to argue a perfectly clear case that his shafts of sarcasm are chiefly winged. Spread at length in the eighty-second volume of the "Georgia Reports" is an account of how a certain member of the bar had, in the court below, attempted to disprove the effect of perfectly plain testimony, whereupon the circuit judge, with perhaps more vigor than courtesy, informed the attorney that he was "dead head" against him. Counsel duly carried his complaint to the supreme court, only to have Judge Bleckley remark, with an ironical smile, "That the judicial head was in the mortuary state described by its possessor was the necessary result of the evidence."

Some Epigrams That Breathe Originality and Wit

"There is no less skepticism in law than in theology," said Judge Bleckley, on another occasion. "This court is called upon again and again for a fresh revelation of some legal truth which has already been revealed." Again, "Any one who seriously doubts the correctness of this ruling may readily solve his doubts by studying law."

To a sheriff who, in answer to charges of dereliction of duty, claimed that he had acted under his lawyer's advice, Bleckley sarcastically observed: "We suppose, from the quality of the advice, that he must have obtained it gratis."

Still, when it is necessary to give way to other authority, he can do so gracefully, for, as to a question upon which the United States supreme

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court had fully spoken, he observed, "After the state has yielded to the Federal army it can very well afford to yield to the Federal judiciary." On one occasion, however, he came out flat-footed, thus: "Every direct authority known to us is against us; nevertheless, we are right, and these authorities are all wrong, as time and further judicial study of the subject will manifest."

Appellate tribunals he aptly hit off when he said, "Some courts live by correcting the errors of others and adhering to their own."

After Samuel Lumpkin had been elevated to the supreme court, an appeal from one of his decisions in the superior court came before the former tribunal. The introduction to the decision of reversal reads as follows:—

Before the translation of our brother Lumpkin to this bench, though his judicial accuracy was remarkable, he shared in the fallibility which is inherent in all courts except those of last resort. In some rare instances he committed error, and the very last of his errors is now before us for correction.

Lack of space prevents me from quoting more than two other cases. In one instance, where a wife had taken boarders and bought property out of her earnings, which creditors of her husband were trying to seize, Judge Bleckley comments on the fact that in Georgia, by statute, women have been allowed to enter into contracts, even with their husbands, and buy and sell property without the latter's consent, as follows:—

The legal unity of husband and wife has, in Georgia, for most purposes been dissolved, and a legal duality been established. A wife is a wife and not a husband as she was formerly. Legislative chemistry has analyzed the conjugal unit, and it is no longer treated as an element, but as a compound. A husband can make a gift to his own wife, although she lives in the house with him and attends to her household duties, as easily as he can make a present to his neighbor's wife. This puts her on an equality with other ladies and looks like progress. Under the new order of things, when he induces her to enter into the business of keeping boarders, and promises to let her have all the proceeds, he is allowed to keep his promise if she keeps the boarders. It would seem that the law ought to tolerate him in being faithful to his word in such a matter, even though he has pledged it only to his wife, and we think it does.

In 1891, in response to many requests for an autobiography, Chief Justice Bleckley prepared a short "Open Letter to Posterity."

"I regret," he says at the outset, "that I shall be absent when you arrive, and that we shall never meet. I should be pleased to make your acquaintance, but it is impossible to await your coming, the present state of the law of nature being opposed to such dilatory proceedings. There is no hope of amending that law in time for my case. Though aware of your approach collectively as a body of responsible citizens, I shall never hear of a single individual among you. Nor is it likely that you will ever hear of me by name, fame, or reputation, unless with the aid of a microphone of extraordinary power. Nevertheless, if the highways between the ages remain in good condition and repair, this communication, though virtually anonymous, may possibly reach you. In that event I bespeak for it your attention for one moment per generation, which, in a fair division of your valuable time, will be my full share and something over."

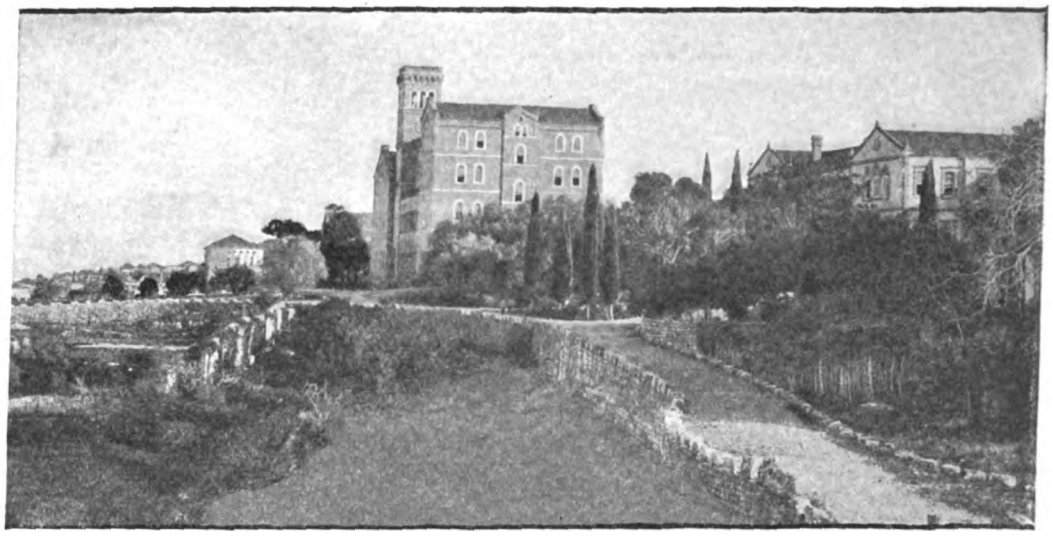
Nothing else is better indicative of the fearless, almost reckless honesty of the man than his frank confession of the course pursued by the supreme court of Georgia in preparing its opinions. Members of the bar have always had a well-founded suspicion that their honors of the appellate courts, being but men, are quite likely to indulge in considerable backing and filling before coming to conclusions in difficult cases. It remained for Judge Bleckley to cry "*peccavi*."

"I detect so many mistakes," he says, "committed by others, and convict myself of errors so often, that most of my conclusions of difficult questions are only provisional. I reconsider, revise, scrutinize, revise the scrutiny, and scrutinize the revision. But my faith in the ultimate efficiency of work is unbounded. The law is too often unknown, but it is never unknowable. But I finally settle down, painful deliberation ceases, and doubt no more until I am engaged in writing out, the opinion of the court, when I discover, perhaps, that the thing is all wrong. My colleagues are called again into consultation; we reconsider the case, and decide it the other way. Then I am satisfied; for, when I know that the law is not on one side, it must be on the other."

Now, at the age of seventy-six years, this vigorous, rugged jurist of a country where men weigh their worth by their accomplishments has gone back to college. Having quitted the bench and being over the allotted "threescore and ten," and with a finished career behind him, he is a student at the University of Georgia, and is taking a special course in mathematics. Why did he do so? The answer is best told in his own words, "I could not stand being idle."

"Give me one man," says Epictetus, "that cares how he shall do anything, that thinks not of the gaining of the things, but thinks of his own energy." Judge Bleckley stands as an answer to the demand of the philosopher of Epirus.

The nonsectarian American university at Beirut, Syria



Uncle Sam in the Holy Land

What American Progress Is Accomplishing among the Old Cedars of Lebanon

GABRIEL BIE RAVNDAL
[United States Consul, Beirut, Syria]

IN Syria and Palestine, American missionary efforts are more than two thirds of a century old. In Beirut we have an American university (nonsectarian,) which was incorporated under the laws of New York when Abraham Lincoln was president of the United States. It has already more than six hundred students from all parts of the Levant, from Persia and Soudan; some forty-five professors and teachers, of whom twenty-eight are native Americans and graduates of American colleges; fourteen commodious buildings, a campus of nearly fifty acres; and five departments,—to wit, medicine, pharmacy, arts, commerce, and archæology.

In this undertaking of advancing a people which has been distanced in the forward march of nations, the tourist from the United States is a valuable ally of the American missionary and educator.

A standard-gauge railway has just reached Homs, the budding "Manchester of Syria." No greater excitement has prevailed in that town since, in 636, A.D., the hosts of Islam demanded its surrender. Now it is learned, *sub rosâ*, that, next season, landaus and victorias will be run between Homs and Palmyra, thus making accessible those wonderful ruins which, thus far, to the general traveling public, have been as a closed book. In two or three years Yankee tourists will cross the desert in automobiles. Ever since the disappearance of the Roman chariots and the gallant legions of Aurelian which swept these plains in 273, A. D., the camel and the fiery Arab steed have reigned supreme in Queen Zenobia's now desolate realms. A horseless carriage is sure not to impress the benighted Bedouin as a cheerful sight. It is apt, indeed, to give him a bad "spell of the blues," and drive him still farther back into the Syrian and Arabian deserts, a more cordial hater of civilization, or, as he would call it, degeneration, than ever before. He will probably pray to Allah that the whirling sand storms of the desert may swallow and bury it forever. It seemed to him trying enough to witness his fleet dromedaries condemned to rush like the tireless winds of the Caucasus across these beloved prairies, carrying mail and modern corruption from Damascus to Bagdad. It was humiliating, destructive, and portentous. But when it is noised abroad that the railroad is coming down through Mesopotamia, and that automobiles are invading the peaceful pastures of Father Abraham, even old Ur of the Chaldees,—"to be sure, the end of all things is near."

While the construction of the Bagdad Railway and the inauguration of the Palmyra Motor Line are prospective events, the American steam thresher in Syria is "*fait accompli*." No such machinery ever came to Syria until last month, when the pioneer outfit arrived here from Richmond, Indiana. It was sold to Najib Sursock Bey, a leader in Syria's forward movement, and it was installed not many days ago on Mr. Sursock's farm of five thousand acres in Cœle-Syria. Its success was complete, even to the bruising of the straw, a most important item, since, in the absence of hay and the sparing use of oats, barley, and other grains, this crushed straw in these lands constitutes the staple food for stock.

I attended the introduction of the new era in Syrian threshing methods, and it was an impressive ceremony. Huge heaps of unbound grain, brought in from the fields on the backs of camels and donkeys, were attacked simultaneously by a machine and by oxen. Here the engine started, whistling triumphantly. Over there, only a few steps away, the oxen proceeded laboriously, pricked by the driver's iron-pointed goad, to drag around and around, in everlasting circles, a toboggan-like concern on which the driver rode, with old spikes or flint stones or bits of rough lava for teeth underneath,—a full week for each layer of wheat before the grain is shelled out and the straw ground into chaff. It was a contest between the primitive contrivances which have obtained here since the Philistine occupation and a first-class steam threshing rig from Indiana, and the battlefield was a beautiful plain near the sources of the Leontes River, where the eastern slope of Mount Lebanon greets Mount Hermon and the rising sun.

This blessed summer has brought us also the first reapers ever seen in Beirut,—an advance shipment from Chicago. Eleven of these machines were in operation during this year's harvest in Cœle-Syria. Michel Effendi Nasser (Beirut, Syria,) deserves credit for his enterprise in thus promoting the agricultural development of his native land. From Michigan he recently ordered some horserakes, harrows, land rollers, cultivators, forks, and hoes, and a steam plow of Ohio make will be sent for by early mail, and also a Studebaker wagon. He has brought in from Indiana up-to-date galvanized steel windmills, and is now erecting in Lebanon an oil-motor flour mill made in Pennsylvania, the first and only specimen in that line here, but one destined soon to have many colleagues, owing to the scarcity of water power. In these various experiments Mr. Nasser will, I trust, win deserved success. Many prejudices have been battered down since American machinery began knocking at the gates of Syria, not very long ago.

In the plains of Sharon and Esdraelon some American farm machinery, originally shipped to Hamburg, has been introduced during the last three or four years by German, American, and Hebrew colonists. Twenty-six reaping machines were imported directly from Chicago to Haifa during the late harvest; a few days ago eighty plows, intended for Galilee, were ordered from Wisconsin. The new system is now striking root in the native mind, and, presumably, Messrs. Sursock and Nasser will be largely instrumental in overcoming the opposition of the conservative Orientals. In the Bekaa Plain there lives a bright young pasha who owns ten thousand fertile acres. As yet he possesses no machinery except two American reapers, acquired this season. In the Haooran, "the granary of Syria," few changes have occurred in agricultural methods since the days of Noah. Mr. Sursock, who is a millionaire and controls vast tracts of land in Syria and in Egypt, parceled out, with the exception of his charming Leontes estate, to poor, ignorant renters, is just beginning to take a genuine interest in agriculture himself. He is intelligent, progressive, public-spirited, and tools and tactics handed down from patriarchal times will soon be discarded in all his dominions.

A brighter day is dawning for the native mule and the patient ox and the trusty camel. Such domestic beasts will have to be better fed and more generously cared for if they are to manage our self-binders and grain drills. Momentarily they may resent the sudden cancellation of their ancient rights as thus proclaimed by Moses: "Thou shalt not muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn." But they will soon realize that, under the new *régime*, they will never be driven to the threshing floor, with its months of incessant toil and depressing monotony,—that they, as well as their masters, are, indeed, better off, in more ways than one.

In such contentment the bulls of Bashan and other Syrian draught animals will be joined, in time, by the now rather obstreperous *fellah*, because labor-saving machinery dignifies labor and renders it more remunerative. Even the poor, distracted women who came (in August, 1902, A. D.,) to stone the house in which the unsuspecting agent of the American machine company spent the night, after disposing of a Chicago reaper, will find ample consolation, although their business as gleaners, protected by traditions and customs running back beyond the romantic experiences of the Moabitish damsel, Ruth, may have been irretrievably ruined.

A United States concern, recently, after experiments innumerable, succeeded in placing on the market a satisfactory Arabic typewriter, now in strong demand.

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I saw one excellency was within my reach,—it was brevity, and I determined to obtain it. JAY

Begin very near where you mean to leave off

Getting to the Point

ORISON SWETT MARDEN

BE BRIEF!
We have our living to make, and it takes considerable of our time to do it.

THE accompanying card confronted me when I went into a New York business house recently, and drove its lesson forcibly home. A little later, in Chicago, I ran across a similar warning not to waste the time of business people. Such posted notices show two things,—the immense value in modern life of dispatch and quick performance of business, and the presence in business of a lot of persons whose sole visible mission seems to be to prevent this being done. The day of the bore and the long-winded discourser is past, and these mottoes furnish a polite way of telling these time-wasters what could not be told in words without offense. Modern methods leave no place, no tolerance for them.

If there is anything that exasperates a business man, it is to try to do business with men who never get anywhere, who never come to the point, who "beat about the bush" with long introductions and meaningless verbiage. Like a dog which turns around a half dozen times and then lies down where he was in the first place, they tire one out with useless explanations, introductions, and apologies, and talk about all sorts of things but the business of the moment.

There are some men you never can bring to the point. They will wander all around it, over it and under it, always evading and avoiding, but never quite touching the marrow. Their minds work by indirection; their mental processes are not exact. They are like children in the play called "Poison,"—they try to avoid touching the designated object. It seems unaccountable that people will take so much trouble apparently to avoid coming to the point.

▲ ▲ ▲

The business caller who takes his ease, lounges down in a chair, and talks familiarly of anything that comes into his systemless head, is nowadays sure to kill the success of the business he is trying, in his weak and inefficient way, to put through. Modern business is touch-and-go, take it or leave it, if you don't want it somebody else does. Every moment of a business interview should be applied to the object in hand, the matter under consideration. Some people, however, do not seem to have the ability to come right squarely up to the point at issue. Judges and lawyers say that it is practically impossible to get from some witnesses the information wanted on a certain point. Though the attorney may resort to all sorts of ingenious methods to get a direct answer, the witnesses will not commit themselves. They talk all around the point, go almost up to it on every side, but stop just short of it or avoid it.

I know a business man who is so indirect and long-drawn-out in his conversation that I almost always get out of patience while doing business with him and wondering if he is ever going to finish, and can hardly resist constant reference to my watch. When he calls me by telephone, I feel like leaning back in my chair and elevating my feet, because I know I must sacrifice at least a quarter of an hour of valuable time right in the midst of business hours. Such people are nuisances. More or less of this long-drawn-out quality, lack of directness and pointedness, is to be expected in professional men and in women, but it is a fatal quality for an ambitious young business man. It is a success-killer. Men who get through a large amount of work, men of great executive ability, are quick, concise, accurate, pointed.

I have another business friend, very successful, who calls me by telephone, and, without any preliminaries, proceeds right to the subject, states his proposition, and, almost before I can think what he has said, says "Good-by," and is gone. It is a perfect luxury to do business with such a man. He never bores you, never tires you. I never see this friend without feeling great admiration for his mental alertness, prompt decision, and efficiency. This executive quality is not difficult to cultivate if one begins early and knows his defects. One should train himself constantly to concentrate his thoughts, to crystallize his business into concise, clean-cut sentences.

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In no other way will a man betray lack of the quality of dispatch so much as in his correspondence. It can often be detected in the first sentence of an unbusiness-like letter. I have corresponded with people on important matters for weeks, writing letter after letter asking the same question, urging that it be answered directly, and yet, every time it was evaded, apparently not intentionally, but just as surely and aggravatingly.

Business letters should be models of condensation, crystallized into a few sentences. Compactness, comprehensiveness and pointedness are characteristics of the letters of a successful man of affairs, who will say more in a dozen lines than another can write on two pages. A single letter from a man we have not seen betrays the whole structure of his mind, gives a cross-section of him, as it were.

It is said that Agassiz, from a tiny bone, from a foot, perhaps, could reproduce an entire prehistoric animal, giving its habits, telling what kind of food it subsisted upon, where it lived, etc., even if it was extinct before man came upon the earth. Just so an observant person can, from a letter, a brief conversation, a telegraphic or telephonic message, describe the structure of the individual's mind, whether narrow or broad, logical or illogical, orderly or disorderly, can tell you of his mental habits, and whether he is clean-cut or a slipshod and slovenly man.

It is a good drill, in business correspondence, to imagine that you are writing a cablegram where every word costs twenty-five cents, and to try to express the greatest amount of the thought in the fewest words. After you have written a letter or an essay as concisely as you think possible, go over it again and erase every superfluous word, recasting the sentences. By studying brevity of expression, one will soon overcome the slipshod habit of spreading over a page many sentences containing only a straggling, illogical thought. Such practice will also greatly improve the quality of one's thinking. Brevity should also be applied to conversation, effort being made to see how few words can be made to express the greatest idea.

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Many a boy has failed to obtain a good situation by answering an advertisement with a sprawling, slipshod letter; and many a man owes his success to a concise application for a position. I have seen business men, in looking over a large number of applications for a situation, set aside a single letter because of its neatness, compactness, and brevity of statement. The practiced eye of the employer saw in that letter that its author was a young man of executive promise although he had never seen him, while a long-drawn-out letter, covering pages of self-laudation, did not attract him. He knew that the boy would correspond with his letter, and the letter of a few lines, which said a great deal, made a strong and favorable impression.

When boys and young men ask my opinion about their ability to succeed in business, I try to find out whether they have this power of directness, of coming to the point clearly, squarely, and forcibly without indirection, without parleying, without useless words. If they lack this quality, apparently there is little chance of their succeeding in a large way, for this is characteristic of men of affairs who achieve great things. The indirect man is always working to disadvantage. He labors hard, but never gets anywhere. It is the direct man who strikes sledge-hammer blows, the man who can penetrate the very marrow of a subject at every stroke, and get the meat out of a proposition, who does things.

The same is true of authors. It is said that perhaps not one book in hundreds ever reaches a second edition. The reason for this is usually because the readers refuse to wade through so much chaff for a kernel of wheat. They can not afford to rummage for hours in a forest of words for an idea, or in a deluge of high-sounding sentences for a thought.

The ever-living authors have expressed their thoughts in transparent language. They have stripped the expression of their ideas of verbiage, of all superfluity. They have chosen words which exactly fit the thought. They have left no traces of anything perishable which time can corrode or affect, and so they live always. What power will time ever have to erase a single sentence from Lincoln's immortal speech at Gettysburg, Longfellow's "Psalm of Life," or Shakespeare's divine creations? How many centuries and ages, think you, would obliterate Christ's story of the lilies of the field, or the Sermon on the Mount, or Gray's "Elegy?"

The greatest writers have spent hours hunting for a word which would give the exact delicacy of expression desired, or an entire day rewriting, rearranging and polishing a single line in a poem. In a letter which one of these immortals wrote to a friend, he said, in speaking of his work:—"I am still at it at the rate of a line a day." *Nulla dies sine linea.*

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Some imperishable poems and immortal bits of prose have been elaborated during years of thought and patient endeavor for fitting expression which would stand the test of time. The thought has been pure gold, and as with metal, the hotter the smelting, and the longer the process, the purer the gold. Men who have written for immortality have put weeks, months, years, perhaps, into a poem or a chapter. There are writers who have gained fame with a few brief sentences, a stanza or verse, while others who have written scores of volumes are forgotten before they die. Limpidity of thought and directness of language have frequently been the determining factors of such fame or oblivion.

Young writers attribute Kipling's fame to unusual genius. No doubt he has a great deal of natural ability, yet many of these young writers would not deign to rewrite a story from eight to ten times, as Kipling does, in order to express his thought in the most forceful, telling, and most concise manner before giving it to the public. They would expect, with a tithe of his experience and carefulness, to write a story in a few hours and then feel hurt because it was returned with thanks. An editor can tell very quickly whether a manuscript bears the stamp of concentrated thought and persistent endeavor, for every sentence betrays the writer's mind. An editor's experienced eye detects a looseness of expression, a lack of balance and mastery in the use of language. He notes feverish haste, scorning patient endeavor to find proper words, and sees the lack of finish. Such defects influence his decision. He sees the traces of effort which true art always conceals, and every unnatural straining after effect, and lack of simplicity and conciseness in treatment. The trouble with most writers is that they are "addicted to language,"—their thought is covered up with words, words, words. They should take the advice of Tryon Edwards,—"Have something to say, say it, and stop when you're done."

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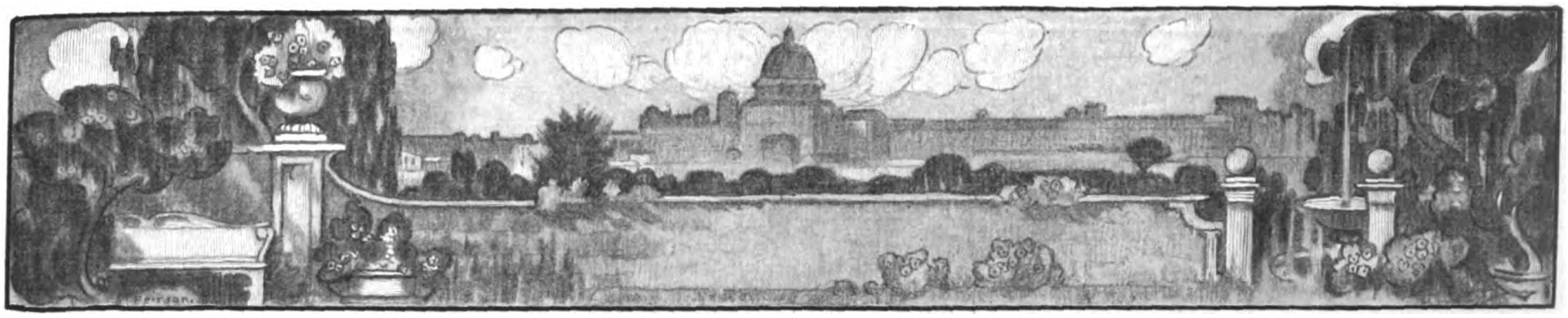


The Peasant Days of Pope Pius X.

The democratic ideas that dominated his youthful life have crystallized in his character and will shape the policy of his administration

SALVATORE CORTESI
[Resident member in Italy of the Foreign Staff of SUCCESS Correspondents]

[A large photograph of Pope Pius X., the first taken since his election by the college of cardinals, and the first recent photograph of him to be published in America, is reproduced on the last page in the "Success" Portfolio of this issue.

CAN a man be called successful if he is convinced to the contrary? Is Pius X. a successful man when he himself says that he has made a muddle of his life? I think the answer must be in the affirmative, although the present pontiff will not allow the word "success" to be used in connection with his name. "I a successful man!" he exclaimed; "how mistaken you are! I am the servant of my Lord, a humble follower in His footsteps, so do not name such foolishness in connection with me. *Pio* means *pious*, and that is what I aspire to be."

Giuseppe Sarto began life as the son of a peasant, and with every prospect of himself remaining in the class into which he was born, as, in fact, his brother and sisters have done. To be a peasant sixty-eight years ago in Italy did not mean what it does to-day; for, as the country progresses, her lower classes progress, too, and it most certainly did not mean what it does to be a workingman in the United States. The bonds of class were much stronger and more difficult to break; the ideal of a peasant of the better class was to keep a decent roof over the heads of his family, with enough left to present a candle to the Virgin Mary on great occasions, and this the father of the present pontiff, Giovanni Battista Sarto, accomplished.

CLARA SARTO ADELAIDE SARTO
The nieces of Pope Pius X. These interesting photographs were taken from the pope's private album in the Vatican by him and forwarded to SUCCESS through Signor Cortesi

His Mother Could Ill Afford His Baptismal Robe

Giuseppe's birth was the occasion of great *fêtes* in the family, as peasants as well as princes like to have a quiver full of sons, and he was not only the first boy but also the first child. There was nothing remarkable about him as a baby. He was large, lusty, and strong, but cried like other infants, and was no more intelligent. It is said in the village of Riesi that his baptism was the cause of the first domestic breeze in the Sarto family. The little Beppi (Giuseppe,) had no dress sufficiently good, in the eyes of his mamma, for that ceremony, so she ran into debt to get one, poor thing!—only three *lire*, just sixty cents,—and it was long before her hard-working husband, whose earnings averaged ten cents a day, could pay off that sum. Beppi, however, laughed and crowed when he felt the water and the oil, not minding at all his unpaid-for plumes.

Education, in the eyes of Giovanni Battista Sarto, was a desirable thing, but after the necessities of life had been looked to,—so the schooling of his children was fitful—one of the daughters even to this day can not write,—until Giuseppe really showed a liking for his books when he was sent regularly to school. The first ten years of Pope Pius X.'s life were full of joy and hard work. "That is the age which knows the true joys of living," he said, one day, when speaking of this period of his life,—"understood, alas! too late. As a small boy I was a monarch—a barefoot one, to be sure,—owning the hills, the trees, and the brooks, and I asked for nothing else."

Of this time the pontiff has a distinct recollection. He was full of boyish fun and high spirits, and disliked the work of the fields; so he played truant whenever possible. His father was not a man to be trifled with, so that these absences from his duty were apt to be rewarded with a strap or with any other handy object. On these occasions he took his punishment like a man, but it had no appreciable effect, as the next day he would be absent again. At length his father lost patience and sent him to the parish priest, who began to teach him in a desultory way and then counseled school.

To have a real first-hand idea of the way in which Giuseppe Sarto, from being a poor peasant boy, succeeded in becoming the supreme authority in the Roman Catholic Church, I went personally to Riesi, accompanied by a Venetian photographer, with the intention of not leaving one corner of the village untouched by our camera to immortalize it throughout the Anglo-Saxon world. However, when we arrived, and for the two days we remained there, it was pouring in torrents as it can do only in Italy after several months of drought. When, from the diligence which had taken us from the towered, picturesque small city of Castle-Franco we descended at the "Two Swords," the inn conducted by the pope's sister and her husband, we soon had all the prominent personages of the village gathering around us, their astonishment and their surprise being great when they heard that I had come all the way from Rome—which to them seemed almost at the other end of the world,—to write an article and take photographs to be published in "Success."

They Are Sorry that They Can not Read This

"In what language will it appear?" they asked.

"In English."

"What a pity!"

"Why?"

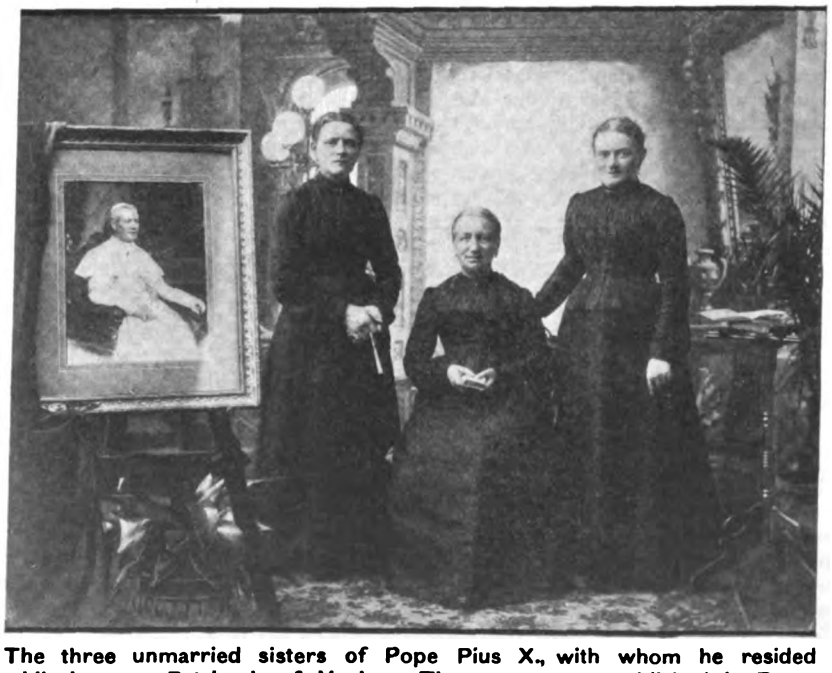
"Because we will not be able to read it."

"But," judiciously remarked Signora Parolin, the pope's sister, "we will be able to see the photographs in print." From that moment it was a competition among all the villagers from the syndic, (the mayor,) Signor Andreazza, to the parish priest, to recount all the possible anecdotes about their "illustrious" citizen and to show all the "sights" which, according to them, are worthy to be sent to posterity. Unfortunately the unceasing rain partially spoiled the pictorial part of our work, but did not prevent, however, the pope's sister from giving us a very warm reception on our return from the first expedition. "I have prepared you with my own hands," she said, "what we consider our traditional dish, birds and *polenta*. In return you must tell me all about Beppi. You have seen him,—how is his gout? Do tell me."

I recounted all I knew about the new pontiff, his way of living, the persons who surround him, and the beauties of the Vatican, while the audience was increasing all the time. The pope's sister, her husband, Parolin, and their children, although listening, were changing the dishes, removing the plates, and opening some of their best wine to celebrate the occasion.

It took me a good while to bring back the conversation from what the pope is now doing and thinking in Rome to what they remembered about him. However, at length I succeeded, and they all rivaled each other in trying to say the most.

One of the pope's boyhood companions, a fine specimen of a son of the soil, said to me, "His holiness in those days, when we began to go to school, was a little devil. I never saw such daring and ingenuity. He was adored by all the boys, and loved by their elders for his bright ways and



The three unmarried sisters of Pope Pius X., with whom he resided while he was Patriarch of Venice. They are now established in Rome

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The old church in Riesi in which the pope was baptized

The "Two Swords," kept by the pope's sister, Therese Parolin

ready tongue. I never knew him to do a bad or cruel thing, but mischief was the air he breathed. His poor old grandfather, who adored him, was his chief target. The old man smoked a great pipe, and wore a coat with long tails and pockets, in which he kept his pipe and a big bandanna handkerchief. Beppi's chief entertainment was putting things in those pockets. His grandfather was old and had begun to lose his memory, so the joke was always new, fresh, and successful. We would all form in a ring round his chair at the door and ask for a story, which he could not tell without his pipe, so back would go his hand to his pocket, to be withdrawn in a hurry.

"'Lads, there is something in my pocket!'

"'Of course, your pipe!'

"'No, not my pipe; it is alive!'

"'Try again and hold on hard,'—and thus encouraged he would dive into the pocket again and bring out a handful of worms, which he would throw at us in revenge, or black beetles, which stuck to his hands. The old man, who was still active, would make a dash for Beppi, who, barefooted and fleet, would rush up the main street, shouting 'blue murder,' and keeping just beyond the clutch of his grandfather, whose coat tails were flying, while we boys formed an escort, and the neighbors rushed to their doors to shout encouragement to one or the other. When caught,—as he sometimes was,—the boy was brought back by the ear to his mother, who would cuff him, and then his grandfather, sorry for his punishment, would give him liquorice (the greatest treat to us boys,) when her back was turned. I have seen this enacted over and over again. The death of his grandfather was the pope's first grief. It seemed to sober him and he took more seriously to his books. At this time the family, although not one of the poorest of the village, was often in straits, and the boys would go to bed supperless that their sisters might eat, and I think it was then that the determination to be something above a poor peasant first entered the mind of the boy."

He Would willingly Take the Punishment Which His Playmates Deserved

In those days he used to draw glowing pictures of what he would do in the future, but his imagination never took him so far as the Chair of St. Peter, the church, at that time at least, not being in his programme. His character was then forming and the qualities which later led to his success began to show themselves. He displayed brilliance in organization, and an iron determination in matters of real moment, disguised under a manner of obliging softness and yielding in matters of little importance. "I can remember once," said my informant, "a scene which showed his loyalty. You know how certain things stand out in the memory above others of much more importance; but this, after all, had significance. One day several naughty boys, myself among them, got a poor unfortunate cat and dog and tied their tails together and let them go. When they had almost killed themselves fighting and pulling, Beppi appeared on the scene, but, the priest and his father coming round the corner at that moment, we boys scattered and the poor fellow was left to bear the blame of an act he would have scorned to commit. He got a good caning from his father, but he never told that the fault was not his. That made us his slaves."

At school Giuseppe Sarto took all the prizes, and kept his place as leader among his schoolfellows. His teachers predicted great things for him in the future, but to this his family would have paid little attention, as they wished him at home to help fill the family exchequer, had not Cardinal Monico, who was also a native of Riesi, had him placed in the Seminary of Padua, where he was ordained as a priest in 1858, at the age of twenty-three. I can not find in any records or through talking with his family that he showed any particular leaning for the priestly calling, but for once destiny was kind, and put a round peg in a round hole, and he at once began to show his special qualities of organization and command, sympathy and charity. His flock at Salzano, where he was parish priest, obeyed him implicitly, while he on his side often went without his dinner that others might not go hungry, and presented his God as one of love, not fear. However, to the boys, especially those who sang in the choir, he administered cuffs pretty often, until one mother, present at such a scene, indignantly recommended him to go and have children of his own and then see how he liked to have others box their ears.

Frequently They Did not Have Money to Buy the Food They Needed

His sister lived with him, and was often in despair because there was nothing in the house to eat and nothing in the house with which to buy food. One day she had procured a fine piece of beef and had promptly put it in a pot to make soup. Near the dinner hour she came rushing to her brother, crying:—

"The meat is stolen!"

"Perhaps it was the cat."

"The cat! A cat can not carry off the pot, too!" Thereupon he added insult to injury by saying:—

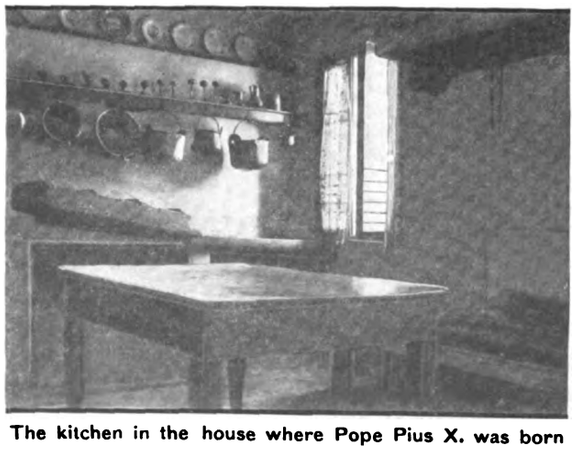
"My dear sister, I fear you do not attend very well to the kitchen. It was I who took them to give to a poor man who said his wife was ill in bed and needed broth."

"Well, at least I suppose she could not eat the pot!" said the other, indignantly. "Now what are you going to have for your dinner, I should like to know? I am sure you have not a cent in your pocket." Beppi indulgently turned out his empty pockets and then said: "Never mind, never mind, sister, God will provide for us!" But He did not provide another piece of beef for dinner that day.

Besides the cares of his parish, whose joys and sorrows were all his own, he helped his family, his mother having been left a widow with six daughters and only two sons, who of course were in sad straits. For this he gave up his horse and trap and went on foot among the scattered people of his parish, and even pawned his parochial ring, which, once gone, he could not get the money together to redeem for two years.

On becoming Bishop of Mantua, in 1884, a change was noted in his attitude. Before he had not taken one side or the other in political questions, and had, if anything, been accounted liberal, but after his elevation to the bishopric he began to show signs of reaction and severity, both toward the Italian Party and the more liberal clergy, until he gained a reputation for intransigeance which after events proved unfounded. Then came his elevation to the purple and appointment as Patriarch of Venice, where his talents as an organizer had full scope.

In the Venetian region, where his influence was directly felt, as patriarch he succeeded in gathering together all the clericals, forming of them a powerful force, from the social as well as from the economic and political point of view. He made of them a party antagonistic to Socialism, and, allying them with the Moderates or Conservatives, succeeded in defeating the Liberals in the municipal elections in Venice, as well as in the smaller Venetian towns and villages, who, in their turn, had, for reasons of defense and assimilation, allied themselves with the popular parties; viz., the Radicals, Republicans, and Socialists. He succeeded in disciplining the Roman Catholic forces in town and country in such a way that, notwithstanding the *non expedit*, they became a terrible weapon even in purely political elections. The greatest advantage derived by the rural population from his work was the village banks, which, as a representative of his church, he monopolized, and thus succeeded in freeing the peasants from the clutches of usurers. These banks number about one thousand, each having its operations limited to the inhabitants of the village where it is, and disposing of a capital of from fifteen hundred to two thousand dollars, and lending sums of not more than



The kitchen in the house where Pope Pius X. was born

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forty dollars for periods of not over six months, often lent free or at nominal rates of interest. Their success seems to lie in their nimbleness and perfect organization. As a rule the loans are punctually repaid. The organization and management of this work, both political and economic, was an excellent school for one who, as pope, must know and understand the finances of the Holy See, even if he does not personally conduct them.

He Likes the Dinners That His Sisters Cook

Giuseppe Sarto's private life, as he has advanced slowly, step by step, has always been of the simplest. In the course of time his brother and three of his sisters married, so that he had the other three girls to live with him, and wished much to have his mother, but she could never make up her mind to leave her native village and the house in which all her married life had been passed. "Here," she said, "I lead my own life and can go on in the habits of one of seventy-five, but at the Patriarchate in Venice I should have to become a fine lady, for which I am not suited." Her daughters, however,—who were not suited either,—steered clear of this pitfall, by avoiding all overtures from those above them in station, keeping entirely to themselves, and having but one object in life, that of making Beppi happy, which they thoroughly accomplished. Not a day passed that he did not invite some one to his simple dinner, usually cooked by one of his sisters, his graceful cordiality and benevolence setting all at ease, and making his one of the most sought-after tables in Venice. His intransigeance gradually wore off until he paid, not long ago, a visit to King Victor Emmanuel III., when he was in Venice, and was present to bless the laying of the corner stone of the new Campanile of St. Mark's, although the Italian minister of public works was there.

So his life ran on, with visits, few and far between, to Rome, Leo XIII. receiving him with special benevolence; otherwise the visits were a duty, not a pleasure, he always declaring that he was suffocated at the Vatican with the gorgeousness and ceremonial, and that he would not be able to live there. "They want air and sunshine," he said, one day,—"and freedom," he added, thoughtfully.

Then came the conclave.

He boldly Infringes Established Papal Etiquette

His whole career may be said to have been an unconscious preparation for the pontificate, from its religious and administrative side, and even its political side, from an internal point of view, but of international affairs with regard to the papacy he was in total ignorance when he started on the fateful journey which was to end in that palace which he always left behind with such pleasure. Now the world may be said to be waiting for him to declare himself. As yet he has only issued documents of a strictly religious nature, and the delay in the electing of his secretary of state came from his perception that he was ignorant of certain matters. He is even yet hard at work making himself conversant with all the intricate threads of Vatican politics and the serious questions affecting the church, and slowly evolving his policy in the quiet of the garden of the Apostolic Palace and of his private library. Nothing is said, but those who wish may read the signs of the times in little things. His holiness, when receiving the workmen of the district about St. Peter's, insisted on as little ceremony as possible, would have no canopy over the throne, and wished to have each person present kiss his hand, but in this last was overruled by those about him. He has infringed upon papal etiquette of some hundreds of years' standing by establishing a dining room and having his sisters and others eat with him, and in that he walks and drives without a military escort, and does numberless other things requiring courage and firmness. The world, especially of Rome, expects some decisive act before long, and a totally new policy. Has it judged the man right?

JEALOUSY

ROBERT GRAY

JEALOUS? Ah, no! A most ignoble strain
Does jealousy upon one's honor place;
Here is the logic of it: In the main
You jealous are,—of what? A doll-hued face,—
A thing of skin and simpers, bearing trace
Of shallowed heart and scanty dole of wit.
She makes you jealous? Bah! the thought erase,—
It proves she is for jealousy unfit.
Be jealous of her who ne'er causes it!

A Little Walk in Winter

ZONA GALE

It's no' in books, it's no' in lear,
To make us truly blest;
If happiness has not her seat
And center in the breast,
We may be wise, or rich, or great,
But never can be blest.
BURNS

[*Illustrations by Gordon H. Grant*]

SO PLEASANT had been my dreams that, when I raised my window this morning, the world was new. It was the yester-world spun over with fine, shining threads. The single claim I have to fortune is that at seventy I dream all the night.

The brown coat of a little girl flitted by like a brown wing. The soft hair on her forehead and the white-capped maid on the opposite steps made me wonderfully content. Is it not sweet compensation for age that a brown coat and a white apron bring to one's eyes tears that once flowed only in the presence of stained glass and beautiful words?

From my window I see the park, spread like a gray cloth, patterned with paths and tassels. It lay mist-veiled, as if dim smoke had settled softly from the extinguished stars, or scented vapor had risen from the distilling of the dew. In the gray was woven the fair white lake, like a casual strand of silk in some coarse canvas. The heart of the park called to me, and I think that I heard my name, through the thud of the traffic, come faintly fluting to me out of the air.

I turned from the window, eager to answer the summons. My little room is sadly shabby, but to one of its wants I have ministered. I have no pictures, and I have so hung my small mirror that on fine mornings the glass will be all abloom and aflame and adream with the dawn. If I am not early awake, I never know what rainbow raiment has just been trembling in my mirror.

Also, I have set on my bookshelf a white taper, so that on rare nights when I am sleepless I may light the taper and watch it standing like some tall, pale woman with blown hair of flame. The only beautiful thing I have is a scarf of tawny silk thrown on the back of the bitterly faded sofa. When my eye falls on the scarf with its delicate violet pattern and its sumptuous fringe, I am reminded of a street I know. Its doors are loud-voiced with signs proclaiming metal-work and hardware, and right among them is a white board set with the shining words, "Musical Instruments." The silver signal sounds up and down the street like a fairy trumpet, and is as sweet to the senses as is my silken scarf among the rubbish of my poor room.

Pelleas had been two hours below-stairs. He is always early, to be reminded, as I secretly believe, of the old mornings when he rose with the dawn to his modeling. He is seventy-eight now, and he does not model, but his eyes yearn for all sweet lights and dim shadows, which he once used like words. Always, when I find him, as this morning, wrapped in his gray muffler, standing by the open window that looks toward a lace of gray, dead vines, I know that I have come too softly. So I slip back to my door and linger in the passage, singing as well as I can the one old tune I know; and, when I come once more to the dining room, the window is closed, and Pelleas is telling old Nichola that, no matter how many times he warns her, assuredly she is watering the fuchsias far too often!

Old Nichola, our servant, is a person apart. She is two years older than Pelleas, if, indeed, she is of any age at all, and was not, as I often believe, irregularly born, like Macbeth and Minerva. Her flesh is like the parched peel of fruit, borne in famine; her hair is like long moss; she is nearly voiceless; she is a very husk of woman, blowing starkly through the motions of life; when she dies, old Nichola must fall to ashes without the process of decay through which she has already lived. As it is, I believe it is her rare wrinkled smile alone that holds together her old members,—her smile and that force in her which flowers into her wonderful griddlecakes.

The cakes were smoking on the table as I came a second time to the door; a low fern is set between our plates; the sun was slanting madly across the red little room. The smile Pelleas never fails to send me as we sit together is our grace.

This morning his smile had special sunshine which I did not understand until I saw beneath my plate an edge of paper. The page was in his very little writing, and it told me what I had quite forgotten: to-day is my birthday. The only natal gifts Pelleas and I have been able to exchange in years are these reminders, for he forgets his birthday as regularly as I do mine. The casual in his nature is adorable; I think I could not have loved a man who counted days by the calendar and not by their wonder. Below the forgotten date was written this:—

Adream I am with calm, my sweet;
There is no joy so wild as peace;
There is no wonder like your dear, still breath.
You are my joy. Now lonely in the beat
And clang we hold the dreamed release.
How like they are,—still love and some still death!

The wonder-things know death. For sleep,
Dim aisles of miles, white phlox alone,
(Ah, marvel of a petal in the dark!)
Are still as death. Sweet, may this deep
Hushed sense of you and me be the unknown
Far voice of death, faint hymning to its own?

So it had been upon him again,—the old dread lest we might not die together; the old sweet hope that yet we might. I daresay I am a very wicked old woman, but I was glad,—glad that this fear and this hope were at our hearts; for it is the little child immaculately conceived by Love, and by this child, as I think, Love is always known.

"I believe," I said to Pelleas, solemnly, "that you are the spirit of everything in the world, because through you I have come to understand everything, whether I know about it or not."

No matter how much you love any one, or how old you are in years, it is not well to be grave more than a quarter of the time, lest you fall below the standard set by wiser and simpler people. We are always merry over breakfast, and old Nichola never ceases to regard us as quite mad. But I fancy she thought us maddest of all the summer day she left the window unlocked, and so found us in the court at ten o'clock at night. Our court is not wasted in cobblestones and clotheslines. They have set it with grass and trees and there are four flower beds, and a little fairy fountain, and even two threads of paths. When the evenings are fine and dry Pelleas and I long to sit there, but the court is usually filled with voices, and we do not venture down. This night we had gone quietly to our rooms when we were surprised by the moon breaking through high clouds. It filled the park with an audience of wild little shadows; it fell in open places, a silver bath for the dryads; it drew us to its mysterious self as if we had been night things. We stole down to the basement door, and the court was quite silent.

We found the bench by the brier rose, and sat together mutely. So still we were that after a little the court was again all astir. A little spirit stole from the brier roses in their perfume, and as it danced its floating hair brushed our faces. The little wind people were safely asleep, for the summer night was mild, but their dreams came drifting across our cheeks. Tiny folded leaves that no one noticed by day sent out soft music, more wonderful than silence. Everything became to us the dream it dreamed as we looked and listened.

While we watched the basement window clicked, and the basement door was opened. Old Nichola came, a gray shawl bunched about her neck, and

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"Looking down the riot of mist and sun"

her steps were rather swift. She seemed agitated.

"For the love of Heaven," she cried, "now, in!"

She took me by the arm, and I felt Pelleas following. She came to our room with great bowls of hot spiced cordial, which we obediently drank. After all, it is old Nichola who is obliged to stay awake when we are ill, so that we understood her agitation though we were wholly out of sympathy with it. But we were silent, because the moon shone right across our bed and lighted the tawny scarf to amber flame. Besides, Nichola had shown us that, if you are great enough, though it be but in a matter of griddlecakes, people will do quite as you like.

Old Nichola objects nearly as warmly to our morning walks as to our out-of-door nights. The glory of the morning was to her no signal to set our coats warming, and she watched in armed silence while we made ready. Then she went ponderously down the passage to open the door, and stood for a minute looking out on the riot of mist and sun.

"For the love of Heaven," cried Nichola, "there's death in all that dew!"

One should be young and wont to step delicately who enters the park at the close of the night, for the dawn is yet breathless with wonder at those upon whom it has stolen unaware,—fairies at their web-weaving, wraiths with strange eyes, and dream-people still at commerce with the stars. But one should be old—old as Pelleas and I,—and wont to tread reverently, for the dawn is all altars, dim with incense and rich with the myrrh of the night "when good things are born softly."

We have perforce to walk very slowly, but this is a new means of pleasure, for many secret messages of the morning come to abide with us which but salute the cheek of one in haste.

Few were abroad. Early morning in the park is solitary as age, —solitary and very sweet. Perhaps it was the spell of the two solitudes that made Pelleas and me look with a kind of happy scrutiny at every one we met; for some passed in haste, and some without seeing, but there were those whose eyes were all alight for the sun's sake.

Overhead a sickle-shaped fragment of silver showed very dimly, —a mere symbol of a moon "half-veiled with a shining veil, thinking delicate thoughts."

Presently I caught a little tender ghost of fragrance, born I do not know where in that brown winter world. It was as if some faint prisoned perfume in sleeping stems had stirred to the sun, and had stolen forth hoping to meet the spring; or it may have been sweet odor from the ice of the little lake itself; for, with all the dreaming lily leaves and satin weeds, winter waters must be sealed pools of perfume.

I stood for a moment to greet the stillborn scent, and so fell a little back. Watching Pelleas as I hurried on, his shoulder and his left hand on his stick, a net of tears spread over my eyes, before I was aware.

We passed a thorn bush, laden with little birds, brown fruit of the bare boughs. We passed the sleeping flower beds, and Pelleas had a pretty fancy, whose truth I do not doubt.

"You see," said Pelleas, "all the quiet beds are really peopled with little waiting phantoms of the unborn flowers, if only one could see well enough."

This was so pleasant to hear that I straightway broke a confidence and told him the story of my poppy.

I had first seen my poppy one August morning as he and I walked early in the park. It was as if a taper-flame had suddenly been diffused in petals, with all the delicate taper-shadows caught in the cup. She was a poppy with the rest, but the glory of the natal flame was in her exquisite heart.

The twilight of that August day had been wonderful and promised a twilight lamped with fireflies and stars, so that we walked again. As we passed the poppy bed I looked, and lo! my poppy had stepped from among the rest and stood, all flames and shadows, on the border-grass. Oh, it is absurd to tell me that another had flowered noiselessly in the day! I know that was my poppy by the glory of her, and in a flash I knew why she had left her place.

That silver-and-silk butterfly of mine,—I had found him in the neighborhood that morning, skimming like a fairy sailboat down an airy stream I could not see. No wonder the flame-born poppy leaped like an ember as he passed; and, the tender south wind favoring, she spread her silken skirts and followed him. Alas, before she reached the driveway, he was over the thorn bush, fanning the white thorn blossoms. But the poppy had crossed the trim velvet of the border and might not return.

"Did the butterfly never come back, do you think?" asked Pelleas, anxiously.

"I'm afraid not," I answered, looking straight into his face; "the poppy was a wreck of petals, next day. I'm not entirely sure, though, that I did not see among them two dead silver wings!"

"'I believe you are the spirit of everything'"

Then we both laughed happily, but I wondered something I did not say. I wondered if, when Ulysses was gone and the wine-dark sea had bloomed white with spray from his swift-cutting prow, there were one siren who did not go back to the seacaves, because she wished a sacred spot his foot had pressed, and so sat years beside it, turning her still face to the sea. There is a great deal about both sirens and poppies that has never been told.

We had meant to take a very long walk,—to walk, perhaps, until noon. But I fancy night-chill was still in the air, else I should not so soon have grown tired and cold. I kept bravely on until Pelleas, whose face was flushed as in some delicate excitement, asked me if I were not finding the air a bit cool for me, since we had faced the north. I was very glad to admit it and to turn back, especially when he added that, if we hoped to get on with the book we are reading aloud, we must spend more time within doors.

In walking, the return is without the special magic of going forth. The exquisite agitation which fills one in first companionship with a new day has been refined to peace; one has become friends with the day. But there is a new magic,—a magic less of mood than of mind.

"We have not missed our walk on fine mornings for twelve years," I reminded Pelleas.

"No," he answered, "and those years have settled on your hair like silver butterflies, and have forgotten that they had other tasks."

At that, you may be sure my absurd old heart sang, and I slipped my hand in his as we walked along.

"'Did the butterfly never come back, do you think?'"

One Irving Was Sufficient

At a rehearsal at the London Lyceum Theater, before Henry Irving had arrived, one of the actors in the company who was noted for his accomplishments as a mimic proceeded to give a lively and elaborate imitation of the actor-knight's characteristic mannerisms. As he finished his demonstration Sir Henry's well-known voice called from the depths of the darkened auditorium: "Very good! Very good, indeed!—so good, in fact, that there is no need for both of us in this company."

Why the Lord Made So Many

On Lincoln's lips, the words that often came were these,—"The common people." To those who lived with him and talked with him, especially during the Civil War, it seemed as if he could never cease thinking of those who were just human beings, unlettered, unknown, inglorious. A congressman from a western district approached him during his term as president, and apologized for presenting a petition from his constituents, because they were very common people.

"Well," said Lincoln, pleasantly, "God must love the common people, He's made so many of 'em."

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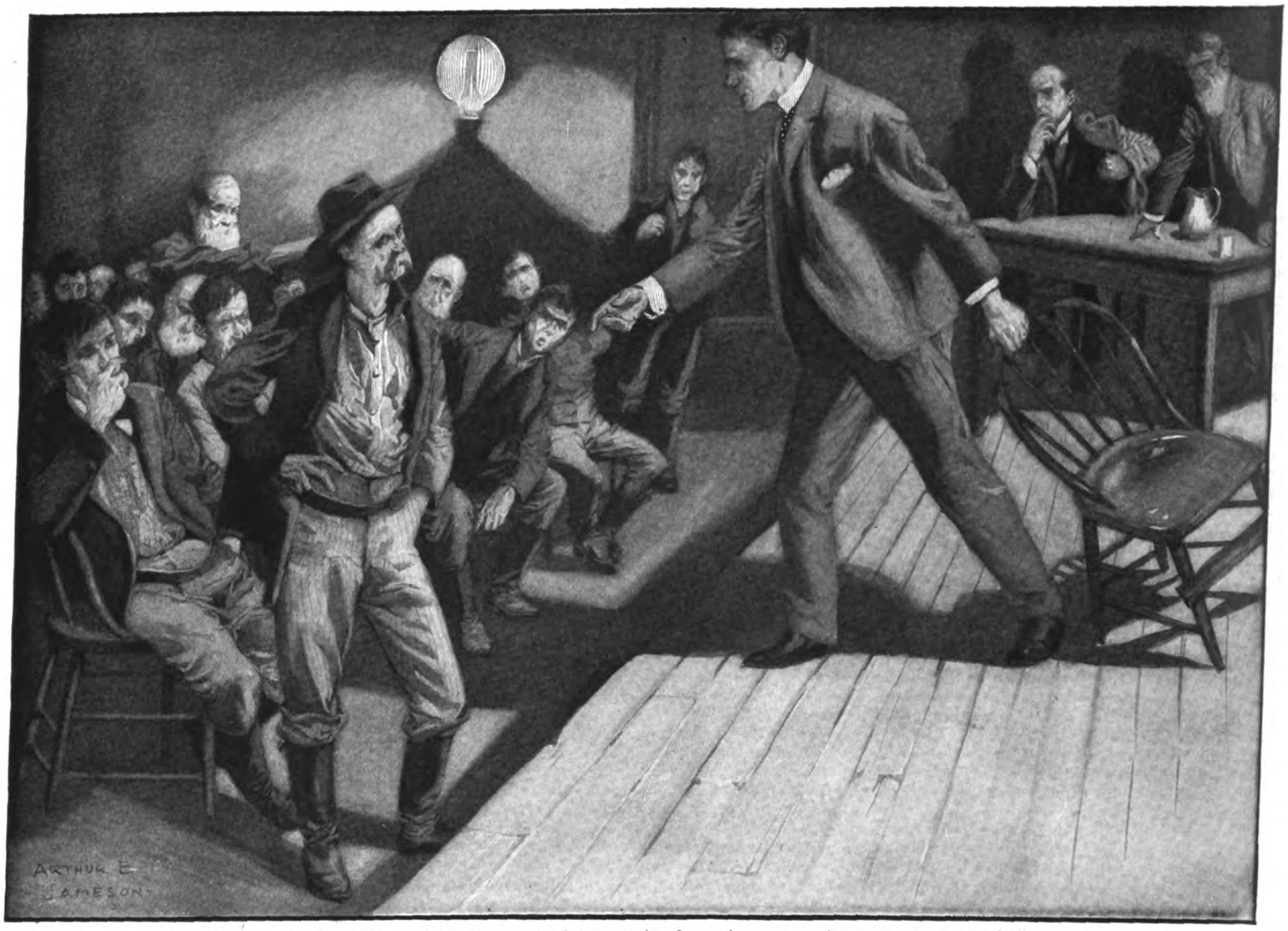

"'Friend, there is a first-rate seat right up in front here,—on the mourners' bench'"

Running for Congress in the Rockies

How Burton L. French, a student at the University of Chicago, successfully conducted his campaign in Idaho

FORREST CRISSEY

[Illustrations by Arthur E. Jameson]

BURTON L. FRENCH

THIS is a story of success,—of quiet, plodding, plucky triumph; of good, plain American grit; of clean living, clean politics, and clean ideals. Stories of this sort are not so common in practical politics that they are not worth telling. Certainly there are not so many experiences of this kind as to render repetition monotonous. Besides, there is a touch of novelty, almost of romance, in the story of the young man whose political triumph, and the manner of its achievement, is the theme of this little story from the real life of the West. It is a story of well-earned success, of straight, clean politics, and of high thinking. No matter if he is never returned to the scene of his legislative labors, and if his voice is not heard above the din of contending factions and flashing ambitions, still it is a good story and interesting, for it is the story of a schoolboy who was not afraid to fight "dirty politics" with clean hands and clean methods, and who kept on in college after he was elected to congress from one of the biggest and greatest districts represented in the house,—the state of Idaho.

When you see or hear the name of Burton L. French, "the new member from Idaho," do not think of a picturesque westerner with the traditional slouch hat and slouching figure, sharp features, cowboy attitude, and flowing locks. You will go wide of the mark with this mental image. Instead, picture a round-faced, olive-skinned youth of twenty-seven years who blushes like a schoolboy and smiles like a cherub. In the place of trailing locks, his head is crowned with close brown curls, and his quiet eyes have a shyness—an old-fashioned modesty,—that still more suggests a shrinking schoolboy.

A Large Area of His Congressional District Is "on the Perpendicular"

But if the schoolboy idea asserts itself too persistently in your estimate of this youngest member of the house, it will be well to remember the old saying that "you can't always tell by the looks of a frog how far he can jump." The Republican wheel horses of Idaho once forgot the wisdom of this homely observation,—but that is another part of our story.

In one particular, at least, young Congressman French is a famous jumper. He traveled two thousand, two hundred miles in making his campaign, and covered that distance mainly by stage, team, horseback, and foot travel. A considerable part of the distance was "on the perpendicular." Those who question this statement are not familiar with the mountain sides of Idaho. Besides climbing to mountain mining camps, riding to remote ranches treading difficult trails to timber camps hidden in the great pine forests, fording rivers, and shaking the hands of hearty woodsmen, ranchers, miners, and tradesmen, wherever he met them, this energetic young "college politician" made fifty stump speeches in the course of his two months of frontier campaigning.

But Congressman French has no regrets for the hardships which he endured in two thousand, two hundred miles of forced marches across the plains, the mountains, and the valleys of Idaho, for now he knows his state "down to the ground," and understands her marvelous resources and her varied population as well as any representative of the tightest district of the East understands his people and his snug territory. He is neighbor to the remotest miner in the mountain wilderness of the Wood River Country, and to the student in the state university at Moscow.

He Did Every "Odd Job" in a Country Store to Pay for His Tuition

Like Beveridge of the senate, young French is a Hoosier,—and he is proud of the state of his birth. But he was transplanted early—when a mere child,—to the Far West. After leaving Indiana, his father removed to Nebraska, but remained in the prairie state only a short time, pushing forward to Idaho, in 1882, when he took up a farm near Kendrick. There he attended district school until he was fifteen. Then he determined to make his own way in the world and to get a college education. He worked as a clerk in the village store and did every "odd job" that offered as a means of maintaining himself while going through high school. While he was quick in his studies, he was a plodding, steady, consistent, unremitting worker.

The day when he entered the Idaho State University at Moscow was a red-letter day in the calendar of the future congressman. He thrilled with stirrings of ambition as he walked into the buildings for the first time and enrolled himself as a student. Probably no one there ever had a livelier realization of the importance of matriculation, but he could not forecast the immensely significant part which the university was to play in his future or the services which he was to render it in the years of his earliest political life. From his first step into the troubled waters of politics, as a youth barely in his majority, to the present time, his own fortune and the interest of the university have been inseparably connected.

His loyalty to the university and his popularity with the students and the people of the university town won him his first nomination as Republican candidate for state representative. The Populists were so thoroughly

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in the saddle that the nomination was regarded by the party wheel horses as an empty honor. They were willing that it should go to a "college boy," if he cared for it,—and he did care for it as the average college boy cares for the first honors in the athletic field. He "hustled" in a business-like, methodical way. The college boys rallied to his standard and worked like miners who had just struck a pay lead. They knew that he would "do things for the university," and on this plea they captured the votes of fathers, brothers, cousins, and friends. When the votes were counted the young Republican from the university took the seat in the state house which his Populistic opponent had confidently expected to fill. That was in 1898.

From the beginning to the end of the session he worked incessantly to advance the interests of the university,—and succeeded in spite of the fact that he belonged to the "hopeless minority." In 1900 he was renominated. This time the fight against him was a determined and serious one. His opponent did not deceive himself into inactivity on the supposition that no work was required to "down a mere college boy." But the same straightforward methods that won his first campaign brought him victory in the second.

'T was a Picturesque Campaign in Canoes, Stages, and Palace Cars

His party had grown in strength and lacked but five votes of having control in the house. His integrity, good judgment, and ability as an organizer had become recognized, and he was made the Republican caucus nominee for speaker. This made him the leader of his party on the floor of the house and put him in the front of the battle. A battle there was, for a fierce struggle on the question of reapportionment of the state marked the progress of almost the entire session. In this responsible position he set a new pace in the matter of party maneuvers; cunning and trickery of the traditional kind and underhanded jockeying for party advantage were stricken from his programme. His points were won by square methods and honest fighting in the open. When the session was ended he returned home stronger in the respect of his people than when he entered upon his second term. Then came the congressional campaign. His ambition had grown with his legislative experience. The Populists and their allies were still in control of the state, and the Republican bosses had no faith in the ability of the "sound money" contingent to unseat them. The "college-boy legislator" thought differently,—but he did not tell all he thought to the state leaders of his party. His experience with "empty honors" had not been wholly discouraging, and he was willing to accept more of them at the bosses' own estimate and rely upon "hustling" to fill up the "emptiness."

Then came his famous campaign for congress. It had all the fire, the toil, and the picturesqueness of a genuine old-time pioneer tour of the circuit-riding era. Almost every form of conveyance known to American travelers served the young candidate in his fight for congressional honors. The changing modes of conveyance shifted him from canoe to saddle, from palace car to stage, from buckboard to bareback, and from locomotive to his own legs. One of his most novel trips was in an old-fashioned "Concord" stage of the true colonial type, with side doors and leather springs. In the antiquated luxury of the quaint old four-horse stage he journeyed from Silver City to Murphy and from Placerville to Boise City. Everywhere he met the common people, — and everywhere he made them his friends. There is no record that his oratory was brilliant; but certainly, if it did not "set the trail afire," it was effective and convincing. He stuck to safe lines and talked sense. That was enough. The people were ready for that sort of argument.

How the young campaigner handles a difficult crowd is shown by a single experience. One Saturday night he landed in a certain town, the center of a great mining and timber country. The chairman of the local committee seemed to be decidedly anxious and uneasy after he had looked at the boyish face of his young "orator of the occasion." Finally, just before going to the "opera house," he said to his guest:—

"This is a mighty peculiar place, especially on Saturday night. You see, the boys from the mines and the timber camps come into town to blow in their money and stir things up. They'll drift in to hear you,—and out again, too. But don't let that worry you. They wouldn't stay more than ten minutes to hear a trumpet solo by the angel Gabriel,—not those boys from the mines and the tall timber! But you can bet they'll make it lively while they do stay. You can't do anything to help it, either. Just grin and bear it with as good a grace as possible."

Not a very encouraging outlook for a young orator! But he faced the ordeal without showing the white feather, and, if he was disturbed, his host was unable to detect his anxiety.

While the chairman was making his speech of introduction the audience was receiving the kind of additions about which he had been giving his guest a warning. Soon every seat was taken save one near the front and another on the platform. Scarcely had the young orator acknowledged the greeting that followed his introduction when a tall, gaunt timberman, who came in from a camp twenty miles distant, arose and began making a few original remarks in a voice thick with liquor.

"Friend," interrupted the speaker from the platform, "there is a first-rate seat right up in front here,—on the mourners' bench,—and it's waiting for a good man like you who knows good timber and good sense every time he comes across them. Besides, there are two or three things that I want to submit to your judgment."

Instantly there was a hush of the conversational hum; the audience—all of it,—gave careful attention, and the timber-cruiser came forward with uncertain steps but with a smile of good nature on his lips. He settled himself in the seat to which the speaker pointed, as he resumed his address.

From that moment Mr. French seemed to address his remarks to the man from the woods.

"That's so," interrupted the timber-looker, as the future congressman scored a good point. "That's just as plain as a section line." His fellows smiled at this interruption and waited for another. It came when the speaker touched upon the need of greater honesty in politics, statesmanship, and business.

"Plain as a new quarter post!" exclaimed this man who spoke in the parlance of the surveying gang. "I can see it now, boys!" At length, when the young orator touched upon the greatness of Idaho and how her interests should be served in the national congress, the cruiser became enthusiastic, arose to his feet again, and mounted the platform. Grasping the hand of the orator, he exclaimed: "Le's shake hands on that. Yer all right, 'n' the boys'll be with you, too. Yer all right, I shay."

Quietly the young speaker met this interruption as he had the first outbreak.

"Brother," he exclaimed, "you don't belong down there on the anxious seat any longer! You can see the light and give a reason for the faith that's in you. Come right up here among those who labored faithfully for your political conversion."

He "Handled That Outfit Smooth" and He Received All Its Votes

He took the chair nearest the speaker, and did not rise from it until the close of the speech; but he made that part of the house as responsive as the "amen corner" of an old-fashioned religious revival. From the time that the timberman had first risen to "have a little fun" not a man had left the house. Never before had such an occurrence been known in the history of the town.

"You certainly did handle that outfit smooth. Jest a leetle more'd have been too much an' a leetle less'd have been worse'n nothing. It hain't never been hit off jest on th' line before,—and you c'n have the timber vote in these woods. Let me tell y', boy, it's worth havin', too."

He got the timber vote,—and the votes of men in every pursuit who responded to the tact and the ingenuous earnestness of the young "college boy from Moscow."

"I have reason to believe that some of my pupils have disobeyed me"

There is another quality in the character of Congressman French quite as worthy and as well developed as his quiet, unremitting persistency. His gentleness is of the sort not inconsistent with genuine strength. It is a conspicuous trait—this wholesome, manly tenderness,—that shows itself unmistakably in all that he does. For him to hurt others is to hurt himself.

Probably his maiden speech in congress will not cause him half the trepidation that he experienced in carrying out a line of discipline upon which he entered while teaching a school in a mountain district before he was fairly started in politics. Not far from the schoolhouse was a mountain stream in which the children delighted to play during "noons" and "recesses." Under ordinary circumstances it was as harmless as a shallow prairie brook, but when things "broke up loose in the mountains" this quiet little stream was liable to be transformed into a savage torrent at the turning of a hand.

Realizing one day that the signs of the sky pointed to a "break-up" of dangerous proportions, he told his pupils that they must keep away from the stream entirely, and that he should call them to account for any disobedience of this requirement.

Several of the smaller boys needed only this injunction to make the shore of the stream the most attractive place possible. At once they went to it and made no effort to conceal their disobedience. They were promptly called to account and took their punishment with boyish stoicism. But incidentally one dropped the remark that they were not lonesome while they were watching the stream rise. But, not being "tattlers," they, of course, refused to give any further information. At once the significance of this information dawned upon him. Among his older pupils were three young women fully as old as himself. With one exception, they were girls

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CHRISTMAS REA

John Oxenham

[Author of "God's Prisoner," "Rising Fortunes," "A Princess of Vascovy," etc.]

He crept up to the back window

"AFTER all," said the vicar, "I'm not at all sure but it's the very best thing for Margaret Rea,—short of his death, of course."

"It is very terrible," said Mrs. Vicar.

And they were both quite right.

* * * * * *

"Woman is a perpetual enigma," said Mr. Justice Benson to his host, that night, with as naïve a gusto as if he were not stating a fact which Adam discovered long before matters generally had become so complicated that judges were invented for the purpose of occasionally complicating them still further.

"You saw the woman in court," said his lordship, fingering his wine-glass,—"a fine, strapping girl, with an unusually good face, I thought, so far as I could see it for bandages."

"I saw her. She seemed almost as much cut up as the fellow himself."

"More so, in some respects. It's curious how women will continue to cling to brutes that maltreat them."

"It's their way," said his cousin; "and this man, from all accounts, was only mad when the drink was in him."

"Ay, well, he'll be a total abstainer for the next five years, and the poor thing will be able to live in peace."

"Better than in pieces," replied his jocular cousin.

But his lordship had another discovery to announce, and he did it in the manner of a Speke telling of a newly found source of the Nile.

"Drink is the curse of this country," he said, weightily, and smacked his lips judicially over his port. "I am more and more impressed with it. I should say that quite four-fifths of the crimes that come under my notice have their origin in drink."

"All the law in the world will never put a stop to it, my boy," said his cousin.

"There's just a chance, of course, that five years' enforced sobriety may make a man lose his taste for it. I always have that faint hope," said his lordship.

"Not a bit of it, my dear chap. That fellow will come out with a five years' thirst that'll make his throat feel as long as a camel's, and as dry as a limekiln; and the first thing he'll probably do, after partially slaking it, will be to go and straighten accounts with his wife,—as if she were the cause of all the trouble. How do you find that port?"

"Capital wine! What is it,—'58?'"

"'58!'"—in a tone of shocked surprise. "No, I'm sorry to say it's '47.'"

"Sorry? Why 'sorry,' my boy?"

"Well, it's kind of wasted on a man who thinks it's '58.'"

"One gets so little chance of tasting '47,' nowadays, that he almost forgets what it's like," said his lordship, apologetically. "'47!' Really! You're a lucky beggar."

"You're another," said his cousin.

* * * * * *

It was Christmas Eve and bitter weather; seasonable, for those well shielded from it; hard and trying, for those who had to be abroad in it.

Even in Sandport, where the sea, as a rule, among other things, draws winter's sharpest teeth, it was bitterly cold, and the snow lay deep.

But there was one traveler abroad that night to whom the cold was less than nothing, because of the fires within. He wore a rough pea-jacket, with his fists rammed hard into the pockets, and a flat sailor's cap pulled well down over his ears, to keep the cold from a close-cropped head. His face was grim and set,—shut, if you will permit the expression,—and red with the cold. With chin on chest, he pushed steadily on along the sandy shore, as one on business bent. He turned neither to the right nor to the left, and greeted no man by the way, for there seemed no one else abroad that night, and he had the flats and sand hills all to himself. The very sea gulls had left the wintry shore and fled up the river to scream and fight over the city garbage that tossed about at its mouth.

He had got out of the train two stations down the line, and, for reasons of his own, he preferred the beach to the high road. The tide was out. The long, level flats stretched away through the darkness to the distant sea, and on the other side the sand hills were thick with unusual snow, through which the wire grass bristled starkly, like dead men's hairs.

So intent a face would, in most men, have portended many thoughts. In this man, it betokened one thought only, as his brain was, naturally, slow and bucolic. At that particular moment, it was in bondage to one overpowering idea,—an idea which had held it in its grip for two years,—the growth of a seed of the devil's own planting. For two years he had tended it with curses, and this Christmas night the black fruit was ripe, and he was on his way to pluck it.

'Twas a pity that his mind was incapable of more; for, if the past was full of bitterness, in the present, at all events, there were not lacking grounds for gratitude.

He might have thought, for instance, with a chuckle of self-congratulation, of the sudden swath of fog which crept over the breakwater that afternoon four days before, when, as by an inspiration, he quietly laid down his tools and slipped into the sea, and, swimming like a seal, was half a mile from land before the warder missed him.

He might have remembered, with thankfulness, how the fog held thick as soup for half the night; how he swam and floated, and floated and swam, and got rid of his telltale garments one by one; how, when he was on his final float, because he was too numbed to swim, there came a bump, and he was hauled aboard a Yarmouth smack, with many startled exclamations from the crew; how they asked no questions, but gave him clothes and food; how, that same night, his ark of safety was run over by a rushing Castle Line steamer, and he, alone, of the four on the smack, was picked up by the boats; and how the sympathetic passengers had sent around a hat to such good purpose that he landed in Southampton next day, a free man, plus a suit of clothes and twenty pounds in his pocket.

Had he pondered upon these things, he might not have been stumbling along the crackling causeway of equinoctial seaweed to the garnering of the devil's fruit.

But, for two long years, his mind had been set on this thing. When they hustled him downstairs from the dock, he said to himself, "It's Meg's doing. Curse her!" When he lay awake on a bare plank at night, he said, "It's Meg's doing. Curse her!" When the wind and the rain beat on him on the breakwater, he said, "Meg's doing. Curse her!" When frost or sun cracked his skin to the biting salt, he said, "Meg's doing. Curse her!" Never once did he say, "Jim Rea's doing. Curse him!" but always "Meg." But every crackling step brought him nearer to Meg, and he was going to pay Meg for all the suffering he had brought on her and himself.

It was a heavy reckoning, but he'd take the change out of her. Maybe he would kill her. He was not quite sure. It would depend on circumstances. He would see how he felt about it when his hands were in her hair, and she was at his mercy.

He raised his chin and peered for landmarks, then struck up into the sand hills, crossed the high-road, and, by a devious way, came on to the back of the cottage where he used to live, in the outskirts of Sandport.

There was a light in the living-room, and he crept up to the back window, and peeped in through the hanging ivy.

It was a very small house, but the room made the most of what space there was. It occupied the whole ground floor, and had a door and a diamond-paned window at the back, and a door and a larger diamond-paned window at the front. The staircase crept up one side and led to two small bedrooms above.

This was what Jim Rea saw, when he stole up to the back window to learn in what state his wife was for the straightening out of that account between them.

Margaret Rea was knitting, in the rocking-chair in front of the fire, just as he had found her sitting, waiting for him, a hundred times before. He looked a long time at Meg before his eyes saw anything else, and, with her face before him, his cold lips refused to say, "Curse her!"

She looked so good and wholesome, and, though there was a slight tightening about the lips, he knew that she looked better than when he had seen her last, even before—well,—before the bandages, for the last time he saw her was in court.

In another chair, at one side of the fire, with her back to him, was Miss Martha Wormley. She was talking, and he knew her voice, though he could not see her face. Miss Wormley was their nearest neighbor. Her cottage was about fifty yards away. She was a spinster, and her chief enjoyment and employment in life was talking. If she could not have talked, she must have died, and she certainly would not have died happily, unless she had died talking.

She was talking then, and Jim Rea could hear every word she said, and, also, Meg's replies; because the one diamond pane that always used to rattle when the wind blew strong off the land had, at last, fallen out of its leads, and the vacant hole was almost alongside his listening ear.

In the middle of the room, his three children were playing at make-believe Christmas tree, and little Jim's master-hand was plainly visible therein.

They had got their mother's "dolly" out of the washtub. A "dolly" is an uncouth, but always very white wooden implement, with four stout round legs and a long, stout shaft, with cross handles at the top, and is used for the purification by torment of the clothes in the tub below. Up in the Highlands the girls' feet answer the same end.

Master Jim, for the edification of his brother Jack and little Meg, had artfully transformed the "dolly" into a Christmas tree, by means of sticks tied crosswise on the shaft and ornamented with stiff pieces of crackling seaweed from the shore. It branched and bristled as no Christmas tree outside of a nightmare ever before branched and bristled. It was grotesque; it was wonderful, and they were all mightily pleased with it. It was hung with gleaming shells which winked merrily at the candle and the driftwood fire. A dozen tiny candles and a few tiny presents would have made it perfect. But Christmas candles and Christmas presents cost money, and all the money that came into that small house was little enough for the insides, to say nothing of the outsides, of the children themselves.

Little Meg—who was a baby when he went away two years ago; but had become a "bid dirl," and never tired of saying so,—was seated on the floor, gazing at that wonderful tree with eyes as round, almost, as those of the new rag doll which, in spite of the mature wisdom of its flat face, had only been born a few minutes before, and was cuddled tightly to its new mother's breast, the very dearest thing she had on earth.

Little Jack was still lost in admiration of the rough beauty of the nautical wonder which his big brother had evolved from a straight-grained block of wood he had found on the shore, and shaped and masted.

Jim, from the lofty standpoint of eight years, was enjoying himself mightily as a dispenser of largess and popular entertainer. There was no actual tangible present for him that night, but the red woolen comforter which his mother was knitting was to be his when it was finished, and, moreover, there had fallen from her lips vague hints as to a pair of new boots for him, before long,—

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boots with nails that would score the ice,—and Jim felt prospectively rich.

The women were talking, and the very first words the listener heard were about himself.

"Well," said Miss Wormley, in her high-pitched voice, "you may say what you like, Marg'ret, you're a sight better off without him."

"Mebbe I am, Martha, in some ways, but I miss him, all the same."

"An' a good job, too. If it was me, I'd be glad to miss him all the rest o' my life."

"You can't be expected to feel about it as I do."

"Well, I don't know. When I used to lie awake and hear him go tramping past, I could tell by his feet if he was in drink; an', when he was, I'd say to myself, 'Now that poor lass is going to git it again,' and I'd lie and listen, and feel almost as bad as you did, I reckon. But you never screamed, Margaret. I don't know as ever I heard you scream, in my life."

"No, I have never screamed," said Margaret. "It were n't so bad as all that."

"Don't tell me," said Miss Wormley. "He came as nigh to swinging for you, that last time, as any man could, without doing it right out. An' if Const'ble Cole had n't nicked in and got his head broke, too, he'd ha' been maulin' you off an' on right up to now. He's a good man, is Const'ble Cole. I reckon it was his broken head had more to do wi' putting your man away than anything you did, Marg'ret."

"That last time were bad," acknowledged Margaret, with a reminiscent shake of her head; "but he did n't know how far he were going at that time. You may say what you like, Martha, but he's a good, kind man, is Jim,—'cept just when the drink's in him."

"An' that were mostly all the time."

"Mebbe he'll have lost the taste for it when he comes home, and we'll be as happy as we was the first year after we was married."

"D' you mean to tell me you'd take him back ag'in, Marg'ret Rea?"

"Why, of course I would, and be glad t' have him. I tell you it was n't him that used to knock me 'bout. It was just the drink."

"Same thing," said Miss Wormley.

"No, 't ain't. Jim's all right, 'cept when the drink's in him, and then he's not himself."

"You allus was a fool, Marg'ret."

"Well, mebbe," said Margaret. "There's fools and fools, but I miss him all the same. When you've been used to a man about the house it's mighty lonesome without one."

Miss Wormley sniffed disdainfully. "Better no man at all, than one who knocks you all to pieces!"

"He's father o' them children, you see, an' I can't ever forget how good he was to me when first we was married, before he got in wi' that Red Lion set. Eh, I wish the time was up and him back."

"Most women's born fools," said Miss Wormley, didactically, "but you're the biggest I've met yet, Marg'ret. If you hanker for another man, I'd try and get a better'n the last, if I was you."

"Why, what do you mean, Martha?"—and Margaret stopped knitting to look at her.

"I mean what I says," said Miss Wormley. "There's better fish in the sea, maybe, than ever came out of it, an' there's more'n one man about these parts that'd make you a good husband and treat you as you deserve, Marg'ret, and that's the very best, though it's to your own face I says it."

"An' me got one husband, already. Why, I'm ashamed of you, Martha."

"What's the use of a husband when he's in prison? Besides, you're separated from him by the law, and anyhow he'll never come back to you."

"Well, I'll wait and give him the chance, anyhow. Jim's my man, law or no law. I never asked for no separation, and I'd sooner have my Jim than any three men I've seen in Sandport yet."

"Well, mebbe you'll think better of it sometime, Marg'ret."

"Not me," said Margaret. "Jim's my man, and them's his kids, and I'll have naught to do with any other."

"Well, thank God, no man ever made a fool o' me," said Miss Wormley, devoutly.

"Mebbe you'd understand some things better if one had, Martha," said Margaret.

There was a sudden knock on the front door. Margaret started to answer it. The children ceased their play, and stared with startled eyes, as two men, one thin and the other burly, with their rough coat collars up to their ears, kicked the snow from their boots, stepped into the room, and looked around sharply. At sight of the burly man, the watcher at the back window shivered,—and not with the cold,—and shrank back behind the screening ivy.

"Are you Mrs. Rea?" asked the thin man, brusquely.

"Yes," said Margaret; "what do you want?"

"Seen anything of that man of yours lately?"

"Jim? No. Why? What d' you mean?"

"He got off a day or two ago—"

"Jim,—got off? Glory!" she cried.

"Not much glory if he strikes up here and knocks your head off, Missis."

"I'm not afraid of Jim, my man; but, if you're after him, I hope he'll not come this way."

"Well, I'm blowed!" said the burly man. "Women is queer creatures. You can never tell how they'll go. Here's a man knocks his wife's head half off, and she's ready to jump round his neck, and promise never to do it again, if only he'll come back to her."

"I were just telling her what a fool she was," said Miss Wormley, who objected to being left out when talking was to the fore.

"Ay?" said the thin man. "And why?"

"Just for that same reason," Miss Wormley said. "She were saying she wished his time were up and him back again."

"Ah," said the man, disappointedly. "Then you ain't seen nothin' of him?"

"No," answered Miss Wormley, with much emphasis,—"nor don't want to, neither, 's far as I'm concerned. I were advising her t' get a better man, if she must have one, though what women want wi' men at all beats me."

"You ain't a married woman, maybe, Missis?" said the burly man.

"No, I ain't, thank the Lord!"

"We'd like to look round upstairs, Missis, if you don't mind, just to make sure he ain't slipped in through a back window unbeknown to you," said the thin man.

"He ain't slipped in," said Margaret; "but you're welcome to look, if you want to,"—and she took the candle from the table, and moved toward the staircase.

"Ain't seen your daddy lately, have you, sonny?" asked the thin man, as he passed little Jim.

"No, I ain't," said Jim, sturdily, and little Meg eyed the strange man steadily, and cuddled her last-born tighter to her breast, lest he should have designs upon it.

"What's this?" asked the burly man, as he stopped in front of the glorified "dolly." "What's this?"

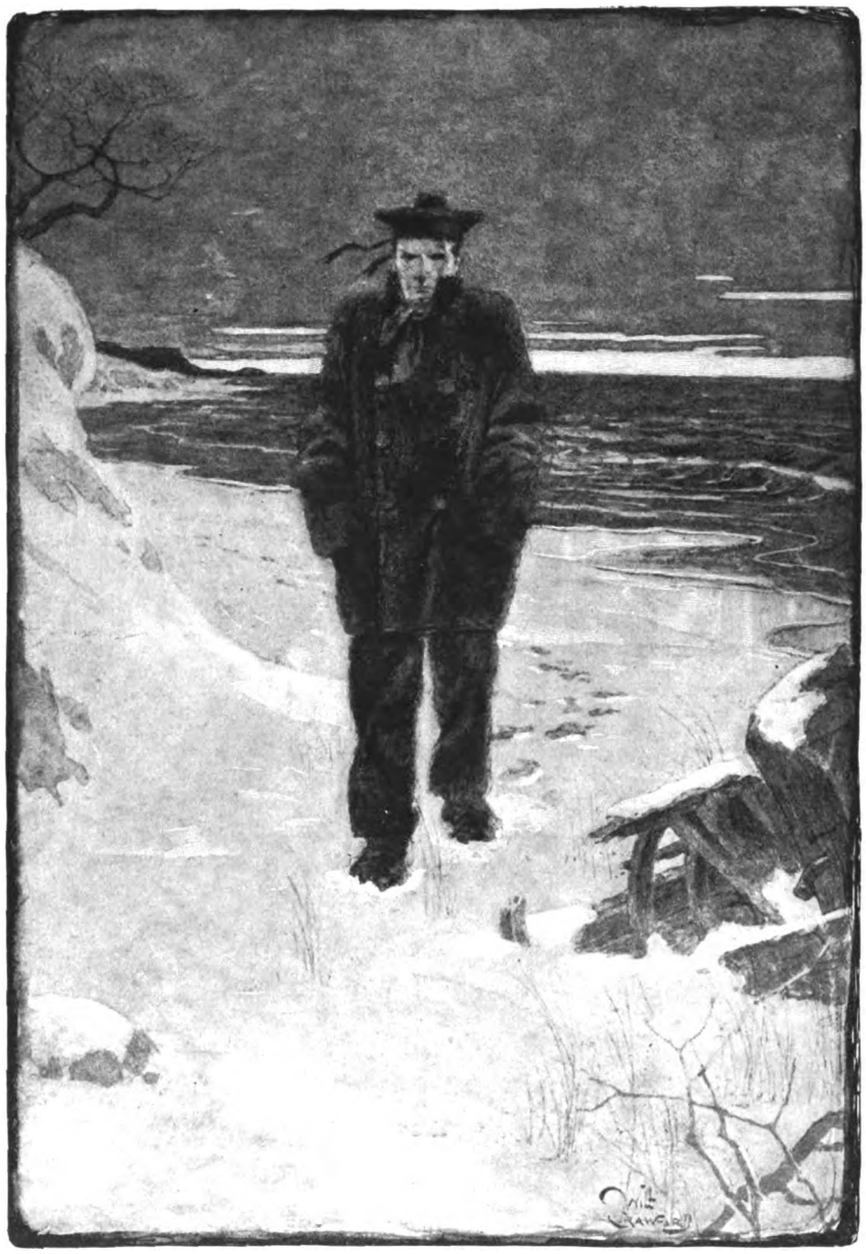
"A Christmas tree," said Jim.

"If that ain't the rummest Christmas tree that ever I saw. Cute, too," he said, with an approving nod, and they tramped heavily upstairs. But there were no hiding-places in so small a house, and they were soon down again.

"And who made it?" asked the burly man, stopping for another look at the Christmas tree.

"Me," said Jim.

The burly man produced three pennies from his pocket, and handed one to each of the children, saying, by way of apology, "I've got some little ones o' my own, at home."



"His face was grim and set . . . . . He turned neither to the right nor to the left"

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Not to be outdone, the thin man did the same, though he would never have thought of it if the burly man had not shown the way. The boys received them in silence. Little Meg grabbed hers delightedly, and said, "Ta!"

"Well, Missis," said the burly man, "he ain't got here yet, that's plain. But you'd better be on the lookout for him."

"If he comes, I'll tell him you're after him, an' ask him to git quick," said Margaret.

The burly man laughed and said, "Well, good night, and a merry Christmas to you all!"—and with his companion he went out into the snow.

"Well, if that don't beat all," said Miss Wormley. "I wonder how he got away. D' you think he' ll come here, Marg'ret?"

"Since them men's about, I hope he won't," said Margaret. "I hope he's far enough away, though I'd fain like to see him again, if 't was only for a minute, just to tell him there's no ill feeling. Now, you children, it's time you was in bed. You're rich bodies to-night. You can dream all night what you'll buy with them pennies."

"Can we spend 'em all ourselves, mummie?" asked Jim.

"Ay. It's Christmas time and they're yours."

"I'll be going, too, Marg'ret," said Miss Wormley. "I promised to look in at Mrs. Beatty's to-night. She's pretty low, an' a bit of talk cheers her up like,"—and the woman threw her shawl over her shoulder, put on her overshoes because of the snow, and hobbled off to spread the news of Jim Rea's escape.

"Now, Meg, my woman, say your prayers by the fire here, so you won't get cold upstairs," said Margaret.

Little Meg, with a penny in each hand, and her eyes fixed anxiously on the rag doll which her mother had drawn out of her arms, knelt and said, "Dod b'ess mummie an' daddie an' Zhim an' Zhack an' Meg an' ev'ybody. Amen!"

The boy's petitions were much to the same effect. "Go-ahead" Jim worked in a special plea for "the men what gave us the pennies," and banned Miss Wormley from the universal benediction with, "'cept Miss Wormley, 'cause I don't like her." For that his mother reproved him gently, and declined to argue the matter when he stoutly asked, "Well, d' you like her yourself, mummie?"

Then the candlelight wavered up the staircase and shone in the back room above, and the wonderful Christmas tree, shorn of half its glory, blinked sleepily at the fire and settled into a nap on its own account.

The man outside waited for Margaret to come down again. He heard her voice up above mingled with the voices of the children. Then the noises died away, one by one, the light came flickering down the staircase again, and Jim Rea stood staring in at his wife. Perhaps it was the cold, which is a mighty sapper of courage; perhaps it was the sight of those two men so close on his track; perhaps it was any one of a half dozen other things, entirely apart from any of these; but, whatever the reason, he was not looking at her as he had come all that way intending to look.

Margaret blew out the candle, for economy's sake, and sat down, with her red yarn, knitting, by the hearth. Her fingers worked automatically, her eyes fixed on the fire, but her thoughts,—her husband knew where her thoughts were. To the eyes of the man out there in the freezing cold she made a very pretty picture. Should he go away and leave her so? If he lived to be a hundred years old, he would never forget just how she looked sitting there in the firelight thinking—of him.

He tapped on the window, and Margaret started up.

She knew who it was. She went swiftly and drew the curtain across the front window, and, with trembling fingers, unbolted the back door.

"Jim!" she whispered, eagerly, into the night.

"Meg!" and he came to where she stood in the doorway.

"Oh, my lad! my lad!" She threw her arms around his neck. There were no doubts, no questioning, no waiting to see how it was with him. Her heart had been sore for him, and he was there.

"Oh, my lad, but I'm glad t' see you. But they're after you, Jim. Dare you come in? You must get away quick, lad."

"I'll come in for a minute, Meg. I'm starvin' cold and hungry. I've been watching you through the window for an hour an' more."

"Have? Then you saw the men."

"I saw 'em. They'll not come back to-night."

"Come in, then, and get warm. I'll get you something to eat and some tea. I've got ten shillings upstairs. Lad, I am glad to see you again. I were just sitting by the fire thinking of you, Jim, and then I heard the tap and knew it was you. You saw the children? Ain't they coming on fine? That's Jimmie's Christmas tree. Made it all himself, he did."

She spread the table as she talked, put the kettle on, bolted both doors, and drew the seldom-used curtain over the back window. To Jim Rea it was as if he had been lifted suddenly out of a cold world into the warmth and comfort of heaven.

He sat by the fire warming his blue hands and steaming boots; and, as he watched her flitting about in the firelight, with a flush on her pretty face and new life in her comely figure, it was borne in upon him that he had been a consummate fool and worse.

He was too shamefaced, almost, to speak; and, besides, he was a man, and, therefore, tongue-tied when his feelings were stirred. But he ate, hungrily, and Meg hovered about him like a parent hen, and rejoiced in him exceedingly.

It was when he had finished eating—for a full stomach makes a brave man,—that he ventured to look up at the sweet face that he had last seen covered with bandages,—his doing,—and said, huskily, "Lass,—I'm sorry—." She stopped him with a kiss, and he never finished the apology.

Then they sat together in the firelight, and he told her all that had befallen him. He showed her his money, and divided it into five portions. There were five shillings each for the children, nearly ten pounds for her, and as much for himself.

Before they had done talking, the Christ Church bells began pealing, and they sat listening in silence.

"It's Christmas," whispered Meg. "Oh, Jim, couldn't you stop just this one night wi' me? I've been that lonesome."

They went in and looked at the two boys in the little back room, and little Meg opened her eyes and looked at them, and murmured,—"B'ess mummie an' daddie an' ev'ybody,"—then turned and fell asleep again.

When little Meg awoke, at five o'clock next morning,—her usual inconvenient hour of waking,—someone was striding along the causeway of crackling seaweed, with the yellow wet flats on the one side and the snowy sand hills on the other. But it was not the same man who strode along that way the night before.

* * * * *

Margaret was telling Mrs. Vicar the story, and ended with: "And I got this letter from Jim this very morning, saying we're to come out to him as soon as we can, an' he's sent twenty pounds to bring us. He's fallen on his feet out there, an' he's never touched liquor since he got there, an' it's a splendid country. He's been on the new railway there and earning good money, an' he's saved every cent, an' he's taken up one hundred and sixty acres of land himself, an' he's building a little house, an' it'll be a bit rough, mebbe, at first, but we'll all be together again." She was crying by this time, for very joy at it all, and so was Mrs. Vicar.

* * * * *

Do they keep Christmas out at Rea's, there beyond Calgary?

That's the house. It has grown somewhat in the last four years, but it does not seem half big enough for what it holds this Christmas Eve. The snow is up to the eaves, almost, but the windows have been cleared, and the big room downstairs is bursting with light and laughter, and the merry voices of children, so that the myriad sparkling eyes outside look as if the snow from all the country round has crept up, and is crowding and hustling and standing on tiptoe to see what is going on inside.

All the children from ten miles round are there. Jim Rea was round in the afternoon collecting them in his sleigh filled with straw. They had been looking forward to his coming for a month, for Rea's Christmas parties were something to dream of beforehand, and to dream over afterwards, and never to forget all through the year.

"They're quiet enough folks, as a rule," say the neighbors; "but they do let themselves loose at Christmas, and that's a fact."

Such a Christmas tree they always have! Such a lot of candles and something in the way of a present for every boy and girl there! They're not very much, perhaps, but enough to make the children's eyes sparkle. Such a supper after the tree! Such romps and dances! Old Jeremy Diddler, who played the fiddle, used to vow that his arm was sore for a week after. If Jim Rea had not built that house himself, and known that it was built solid, he might have shaken in his shoes, lest it should burst like a bomb on Christmas Eve from sheer overpressure within.

The neighbors say it's all because Christmas Day is little Chris's birthday. So it is, and a great deal more, too.

That is Little Christmas, for this is her full baptismal name, sitting on her father's knee, tired out with happiness, though Jim and Jack and Meg, and all the others, are still on the go, as merry as corn in a popper, and with never a sign of giving out.

As Jim Rea's rough working hand strokes the sunny head, still bobbing in unison with Jeremy Diddler's active arm, he looks across at the fair, flushed face of Margaret, his wife, and says to himself, "Thank God!"

For his heart is very humble and very grateful.

THE PILGRIMAGE OF ABRAHAM : Alfred J. Waterhouse

He knew not the path where he wandered;
He knew not the journey before,
As the days of his pilgrimage lengthened
And life to its eventide wore;
And oft by his tent on the desert
He dreamed of the way he had trod
Ere he sought for the beautiful city
Whose builder and maker is God.

Above were the stars for his compass,
Beneath him the Syrian sands,
And only a promise to lead him
Through dreary and desolate lands.
Who doubts that his faith must have wavered
As he wandered, with weariness shod,
In quest of the glorified city
Whose builder and maker is God?

He lay by his tent in the even;
And o'er him night's pageantry rolled,—
The stars in their crystalline orbits,
The moon down a highway of gold;
And ever he heard it, the whisper:
"Press onward o'er pathways untrod;
There 'waits you the wonderful city
Whose builder and maker is God."

He was broken, and aged, and weary;
He longed for the City of Rest;
And Doubt stood beside him to question:
"Is the way you have chosen the best?"
Yet still he pressed onward and forward
O'er sand of the desert, or clod,
Still seeking the peace of the city
Whose builder and maker is God.

One night the great stars in their spaces
Blazed o'er him, and glittered, and burned,
As he sank by the side of a brooklet,
And his soul for its heritage yearned.
"I am weary," he murmured; "no longer
May I on my pilgrimage plod;
Yet grant me one glimpse of the city
Whose builder and maker is God."

They found him at daybreak; the breezes
Above him a requiem sung;
One cloud and its shadow crept eastward,
And o'er him a cerement flung.
Yet he smiled, as a sleeper who dreameth
Of fields that the angels have trod,
And they knew that he looked on the city
Whose builder and maker is God.

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MISS ROSE O'HALLARAN,
a noted astronomer of the Pacific Coast

GAETANO MAZZONI,
Italy's famous physician, who has overcome obstacles

RIDGELEY TORRENCE,
author of the new tragedy, "El Dorado"

MAJOR GENERAL HENRY C. CORBIN,
the inaugurator of many new systems in Uncle Sam's army, who is now in command of the department of the East, with headquarters at Governor's Island, New York

In the Realm of Achievement

A record of the men and women who, by energy and industry, have won recognition

THAT Andrew Carnegie has proved at once his wisdom and his generosity in erecting library buildings is evident. He has recently added to the evidence of his wisdom in the establishment of a library school; for a building filled with books, even if fairly well selected, does not represent the most efficient means of happiness or of culture. A pile of books without a proper bookman is like a pile of bricks without an architect or a mason. It has value, but it has not the value which it ought to possess.

Such an interpretation has lately been impressed upon the responsive mind and heart of Mr. Carnegie. He has been led to see that his gifts of library buildings, even if containing large and widely chosen collections of books, need for their utmost value executives and administrators who will, by the wisest methods, put those books into the hands of the people who ought to read them. The idea is common that a librarian is simply a custodian. It is thought that so many books are received, put upon the shelves, and that a certain number of people come to the desk in front of these books and ask for a volume, which is at once handed out; this is the usual idea of the work of a librarian. The writer knows of an application once made by a woman who kept a candy shop in a public park to become the librarian of a conspicuous college.

The fact is that a library is an institution and agency in the making of which great wisdom is required, and in the administration of which wisdom no less great is daily demanded. People come to a library for information regarding all subjects. The librarian should be able to point out the sources where information can be had. Every book should be, in Milton's phrase, "the lifeblood of a master spirit." To make such a book of the highest worth, the librarian is set in his place. A library is not simply a great technical institution, although it is that; it also might be regarded as a great human personality, ministering to thousands and to tens of thousands.

A librarian, therefore, is to be trained as is a lawyer, a doctor, or a minister. This training, as given in a library school, relates to such questions as cataloguing, classification, and bibliography, and to such material concerns as the binding of books, the architecture of library buildings, the arrangement of volumes on the shelves, and library handwriting. Of course, too, all such knowledge as is involved in what is called reference work is fundamental. This work relates to history, geography, literature, sociology, economics, education, philosophy, the fine arts, and many other subjects. Indeed, in the equipment of a librarian, no knowledge is too large or too minute, no judgment too wise, and no enthusiasm too great. Every power finally finds an opportunity for usefulness in the administration of a library.

Mr. Carnegie has seen fit to select Western Reserve University, Cleveland, Ohio, as the agency for the establishment of a library school. Two unique conditions apply to the administration of this great library school. It is, first, a part of a university; it is, secondly, located in a great city which is distinguished for the excellence of its public library. A library school should be a part of a university in order to secure breadth of training; it should also be associated with a great public library to secure efficiency. In none of the three library schools previously established do both these conditions meet. The opportunity is ripe for Western Reserve University to do a magnificent work for the nation and the world. It may be added, in this relation, that it is the purpose of Western Reserve University to work in closest coöperation and heartiest sympathy with the librarians and directors of the various libraries which bear the name of Mr. Carnegie.

The office of the librarian is one which represents to both men and women a great opportunity of highest usefulness. It has many of the attractions of teaching, without a certain laboriousness which belongs to this great calling. A constantly increasing number of persons will enter this vocation in coming years. For persons of intellectual endowments, with a desire for human service, and who also are possessed of graciousness, the profession of a librarian represents a most attractive calling.

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ROSE O'HALLARAN is the most noted woman astronomer on the Pacific Coast, her specialty being the study of sun-spot peculiarities and variable stars. In fact, these are the most interesting objects in the world to this busy little woman. Her smile reveals a cheerful, contented disposition, while her keen gray eyes sparkle undimmed by years of arduous work. From her earliest childhood she has been interested in the study of astronomy. Her home in those days was in Tipperary, Ireland, and she was enabled to receive an education befitting the daughter of a country gentleman. After her father's death the family fortune melted rapidly away, and she had to make her own living. She chose America as the field of work, and astronomy as the career best suited to her tastes.

For over twenty years Miss O'Hallaran has been in San Francisco pursuing her work so quietly that few realize that a notable woman astronomer is in their midst. All the mathematics that she knows she has taught herself, and her calculations and computations are singularly free from error. For several years she has taught astronomy. Professor George Davidson, of the California University, presented Miss O'Hallaran with a telescope. He had taken a keen interest in her struggles when she had made observations of the heavens with an opera glass. Professor Davidson also used his influence to procure for her a Brashear reflector, although she was unable to pay for it at the time. This telescope no longer shines with its pristine glory, as on the day when it was mounted in Miss O'Hallaran's observatory. It has become worn by service. Miss O'Hallaran's observatory is only an ordinary room, with two windows, one having a northwest, the other an eastern view.

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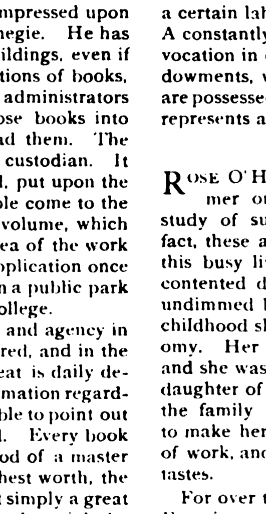

REAR ADMIRAL C. W. RAE,
recently appointed engineer-in-chief of the United States Navy

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MAJOR GENERAL HENRY C. CORBIN, adjutant general of the United States Army, has been assigned to command the military department of the East, with headquarters at Governor's Island, New York. General Corbin served as adjutant general during the Spanish-American War, the Philippine insurrection, and the campaign in China. A most striking feature connected with General Corbin's occupancy of the adjutant general's office was the democratic manner in which he received people. His office was always open and no person was denied admission. It was never necessary to send in a card or explain one's business to either a clerk or a messenger. During the war, when regular regiments were moving to the front, when state troops were being mustered in, when there was great pressure for appointments, when every volunteer regiment wanted to get on the fighting line, and when a thousand other things were pending in the war department, General Corbin's office, much of the time, was crowded with people, all with business which they considered was of a pressing nature. It made no difference whether it was a supreme court justice, a United States senator, a governor, an officer of the regular or volunteer service, a humble and unknown citizen, a private, or any other person,—they all entered that office, saw the adjutant general, and transacted their business.

There were scores of newspaper men about the department at that time, many seeking general news of army movements, and others who were interested in the movement of the troops and the *personnel* of volunteers from the different states. These news-seekers swelled the number of daily visitors, for they were in the office at all times from nine o'clock in the morning until midnight and after. Every man had an opportunity to ask the adjutant general personally such questions as he wished, and all received replies. Added to other necessary personal business was a mass of applications for army positions, indorsed by senators, representatives, department officers, and men of prominence. The applicants and the men behind them were frequently in General Corbin's office, and his time was so much taken up that it was a wonder he ever accomplished anything except seeing visitors. Yet it is a fact that through it all he would write orders, give directions, and sign papers as if a room full of people was necessary to the speedy transaction of business. When the office was thronged he would get up from his desk and go around from one person to another, and, calling a stenographer to make memoranda in some cases, sending for an officer in others, or sending visitors under the escort of messengers to officials in the department, he would clear the room, and then resume work at his desk.

General Corbin's democratic manner of receiving people and his accessibility at all times and under all conditions was one of the marvels of Washington official life.

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A STRIKING instance of courage and perseverance in a high purpose is afforded by Ridgely Torrence whose poetic tragedy, "El Dorado," has just been published by John Lane. After Mr. Torrence was graduated from Princeton he came to New York to seek employment, and his first six months in the city were rich in unique experiences. Not finding work more to his taste or ability, he shoveled snow on the streets, and later was the assistant of a Bowery undertaker. At one time he was a waiter. Finally he secured a position in the New York Public Library. This varied life did not quench the desire to write which had been so apparent in his college days. In 1899, he published his first book, a single poem, "The House of a Hundred Lights," which was well received. Wishing to write a tragedy of lost youth and opportunity, he sought widely for a fitting background, and at length chose the sixteeenth century and Coronado's expedition in search of the seven cities of Cibola. The accounts of this journey are meager and inaccessible, and it was only with great difficulty that he was able to secure authentic historical *data*. The stretch of time and country over which the events of the *scenario* extend made the plot a most unwieldly one to handle. While following historical facts closely, Mr. Torrence has told an extremely interesting

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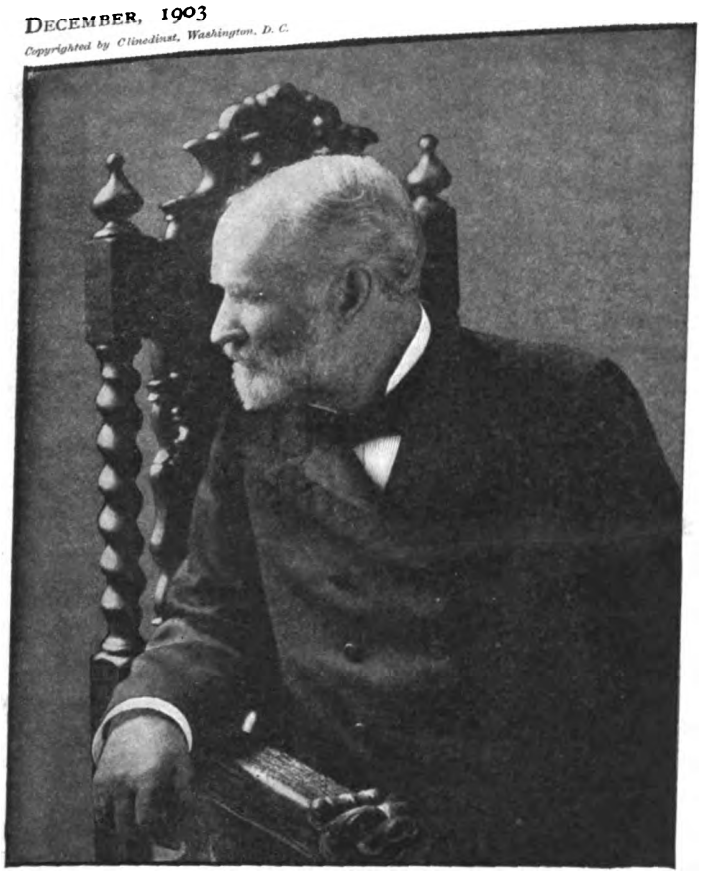
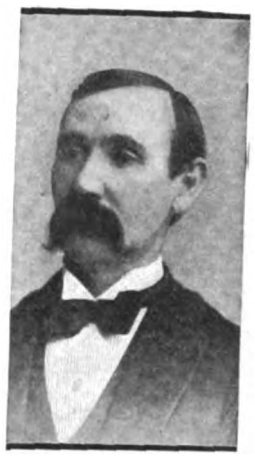


JAMES WILSON,
a Scotchman who arrived in America fifty-one years ago, and rose from a farm boy to his present high position of secretary of agriculture for the United States

F. K. PEARSONS,
the leading philanthropist of the Middle West



J. H. HEMENWAY,
the prospective guardian of the government purse

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MRS. W. P. FLEMING,
who is the discoverer of six new stars

story. "El Dorado" is a valuable contribution to American history and to dramatic poetry as well. Mr. Torrence is now engaged on a verse play concerning the loves of Abelard and Heloise. He is treating this difficult and tragic subject in a new light. A full *scenario* has been approved by Mrs. Fiske, and the tragedy is likely to be produced at no distant date. Mr. Torrence is a native of Ohio, and was born in 1876.

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WHEN Henry C. Maitland, one of the leading lumber merchants of Michigan, was a boy, he lived in Chicago, where his father was a journeyman baker. Consequently there was never a money surplus at the Maitland home. Young Maitland had determined to become a lumber merchant in Michigan, and realized that a knowledge of French would be desirable in this connection. A teacher of the language was willing to give him three lessons a week for a dollar; but in those days a dollar was a huge sum to the lad, and his father refused point-blank to pay for "such rubbish." With characteristic ingenuity, the son solved the problem in this way. He encouraged five boy companions to study French. Then he made a proposition to them to subscribe twenty cents each, weekly,—and he would take the lessons, and teach them night by night all that he had learned. The unique little French class was duly armed and young Maitland became quite a capable instructor. At the end of a year all the pupils spoke French fairly well,—except young Maitland. He spoke the language fluently and had learned it without cost to himself.

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REAR ADMIRAL GEORGE W. MELVILLE has recently been succeeded as engineer-in-chief of the United States navy by a comparatively young man whose selection was based solely upon merit and who brings to his new position many progressive ideas. Rear Admiral Charles W. Rae, the new officer who has jurisdiction over all matters pertaining to the engines in United States war ships, is the son of a clergyman and was born in Connecticut. He entered the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute at Troy, New York, when he was only sixteen years of age, and was a member of the first class of engineers that was graduated from the United States Naval Academy. He has served for several years as an instructor at Annapolis, and has had fully fifteen years' service at sea. During the Spanish-American War he was chief engineer of the battleship "Iowa," and was advanced for his conspicuous conduct in the battle which resulted in the destruction of Cervera's fleet.

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MRS. WILLIAMINA P. FLEMING, the only woman whose name has ever appeared in the Harvard Quinquennial Catalogue, was born in Dundee, Scotland, in 1857. Fifty years ago her father owned the largest carving and gilding business in northern Scotland. Mrs. Fleming was educated in Dundee. She taught in the public schools of Dundee and of Broughty Ferry. After her marriage she and her husband came to America and settled in Boston.

In 1885, Mrs. Fleming was placed in charge of the Draper Memorial photographic work at the Harvard Observatory, which consists principally in the study and classification of stellar spectra. In 1897, the Harvard corporation appointed her curator of astronomical photographs, thereby breaking a rule of more than two centuries' standing by thus placing a woman in an official position. This showed their appreciation of her remarkable skill and success in this line of research, and her able management of the work since then has justified her right to the appointment. Her duties include the executive management and care of the collection of photographs, aiding in the preparation of the manuscript, and revision of the proofs of the publication of the observatory. She examines and estimates the quality of the five thousand or more photographs taken yearly at the southern station of the observatory at Arequipa, Peru, and of an equal number taken at Cambridge. Some idea can be gained of the difficulty and extent of her work when it is known that Mrs. Fleming has to study and classify the spectra of all stars photographed. While engaged in this work of examining stellar spectra, she discovered six new stars, between the years 1886 and 1900. During the last three and a half centuries only eighteen new stars have been discovered, so it is easily shown how greatly the new method supersedes the old. Mrs. Fleming has also made a world-wide reputation for her discoveries of variable stars; that is, stars whose light changes in brightness from time to time. Nearly seven hundred variable stars have been discovered at Harvard, and nearly two hundred of them from their spectra. Most of the number have been found by Mrs. Fleming in her expert work in examining stellar photographs.

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A CONGRESSMAN henceforth to be prominently in the public eye is James A. Hemenway, of Indiana, who will succeed Joseph G. Cannon as chairman of the house committee on appropriations, or "guardian of the official pursestrings," as it is called in Washington. It is a position of considerable importance. The chairman of this committee is responsible for the great supply bills that run the United States government. Mr. Hemenway is forty-three years old, and has been eight years in congress. Boonville, Indiana, is his native town. There his school days ended when he was sixteen years old, because of his father's death. He obtained work in a tobacco factory in order to help support his family. At that time, the judicial circuit of Boonville was hopelessly Democratic. One day, when Mr. Hemenway was on his way home from the tobacco factory, one of the Republican leaders asked him how he would like the nomination on the party's ticket for prosecuting attorney.

"You won't be elected; you know how many Democrats there are around here."

"All right; if I won't be elected, put me on," replied young Hemenway.

The matter was looked upon as a huge joke, and not a few pitied "the poor young man who had been made a fool by unscrupulous politicians." The judicial circuit was composed of Warwick, Spencer, and Perry Counties and Mr. Hemenway made up his mind that he would use the nomination to advertise himself, so that after his defeat he could open a law office. He borrowed an old horse and buggy, and drove over every road in his district, stopping at night wherever he happened to find shelter. He calculates that he shook hands with every man, woman, and child he met. Mr. Hemenway was elected by a majority of six hundred.

As he had never tried a case, the prospect of filling his new position scared him badly, and he begged to be allowed to resign. In his first case, he was ranged against two lawyers of experience, but he defeated them by keeping cool and collected. During his campaign his opponents had said that he was incompetent to fill any office.

"That hurt me," said Mr. Hemenway, a few weeks ago, "and ever since then I've been trying to prove to them that they were mistaken in their judgement."

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LIEUT. R. E. PEARY, U. S. N.,
who will make another attempt to find the north pole

A CAPTAIN of industry whose name it would be difficult to find in any biographical dictionary is Edwin Reynolds, builder and designer of the largest stationary engines in the world. Thirty years ago he was general superintendent of the Corliss Engine Works, at Providence, Rhode Island, whose product was then counted the wonder of the age in the way of stationary engines. One day an official of the Trenton Iron Company gave Mr. Reynolds an order which seemed very difficult to fill. The best Corliss engines in those days had an average speed of only seventy-five or eighty revolutions a minute, but the Trenton people wanted a five-hundred-horse-power engine with a guaranteed speed of one hundred and sixty revolutions a minute. The proprietors of the works wanted to refuse the order, but Mr. Reynolds insisted on having it booked. George H. Corliss, his employer, declared that in agreeing to build an engine which would run at double the highest speed of any machine built in the past would be riding to a disastrous fall. "I wash my hands of any and all responsibility in the matter," said he. "You can have all the credit and discredit that comes of attempting to do such a foolish piece of engineering."

Thus handicapped with a prophecy of failure, Mr. Reynolds began his task. The problem before him was to alter and improve upon the Corliss type of engine so as to secure the desired results; and so successfully did he solve it that the new engine, when completed, exceeded the requirements of its prospective owners. The problem had been solved by the invention of a new valve gear which, known as the hook gear, has since become a basic feature of engine-making. Mr. Reynolds was forty years of age when he built this record-breaking engine for the Trenton Iron Company. He had left his father's farm near Mansfield, Connecticut, when he was sixteen years old, to become an apprentice in a small machine shop at a salary of thirty dollars a year and board.

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THE government has just intrusted to one of the young men of its consular service a unique mission of vast importance. Protected by a guard of United States marines, Robert P. Skinner, the United States consul general at Marseilles, is to undertake a journey into the heart of Africa to make friends, on behalf of Uncle Sam, with the least-known monarch in the world,—King Menelik of Abyssinia. Abyssinia, with an area greater than that of France, is the only independent nation on the globe with which the United States has never had any diplomatic relations. To establish such relations and to negotiate a treaty that will insure Americans certain trade privileges is the object of Consul Skinner's journey, three hundred miles of which will have to be made on mule-back through an unexplored country inhabited by semibarbarous tribes. That the American government shall establish friendly relations with King Menelik is, however, of great importance. One third of all the imports consumed by the ten million Abyssinians come from this country, and strips of cotton cloth manufactured in America constitute the coin of the realm. This trade prestige is threatened. European manufacturers are jealous, and Russia, Italy, Great Britain and France have established legations at the capital of Abyssinia in the hope of gaining the good will of the king.

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THE name of Professor Gaetano Mazzoni came into special prominence recently when he was called upon to attend the late Pope Leo XIII, a service which was sought by the most advanced physicians in Europe. Three years ago he was practically unknown, except as a medical man who had come to Rome from a small village in order to practice in a larger field. Rome contained a great many doctors when Professor Mazzoni arrived there, but by a gigantic effort he won recognition. He secured a political position as surgeon-in-chief to all the hospitals in Rome,—a position which few doctors cared to fill. But it was Mazzoni's opportunity. He simply forced his office into such importance that when the late pope wanted a doctor he sent for him.

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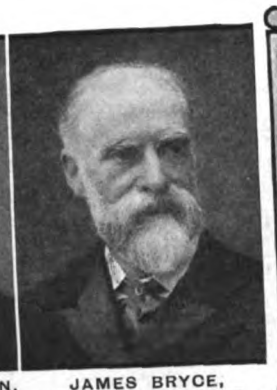
RICHARD G. MOULTON, author of "The Moral System of Shakespeare"



JAMES BRYCE, author of "Studies in Contemporary Biography"

The Book World

Conducted by ARTHUR STRINGER

Only tell me what to read.
FARRAR

G. B. McCUTCHEON, author of "The Sherrods" and "Graustark"

JOHN FOX, JR., author of "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come"

It is not always a loss of time to demand of ourselves just why we do certain things. When, for example, we ask ourselves why we read novels, and read so many of them, we face a twentieth-century problem more or less difficult of solution, and yet significant as to answer. Is it to drug a fagged mind into somnolence, merely, and so find a drowsy escape from the wheels of the world that roar about us? Is it for that normal yet rudimentary delight lurking in the final collapse of a bubble of mystery, which, after its artful inflation, disappears into nothingness with the prick of one climacteric finger? Is it to catch at glimpses, here and there, of a life alien to us, a life seemingly wider than our own? Is it for a sort of spiritual gambol, a mere exercise of emotion and sympathy, identifying ourselves, for the moment, with the ups and downs, the loves and sorrows, of a hero who has never existed? Or is it our mere elementary delight in mimicry, mere love of seeing in miniature a stern old world bewilderingly complex in its involutions,—the love of a little girl for a doll, or of a nursery lad for a tin soldier? Is it for that grain of knowledge which they tell us lies imbedded in their sugar-coating of fancy? Is it, again, the simple pleasure of seeing a difficult task well done, the *dilettante's* joy in a literary structure dramatically dovetailed together, airily roofed with emotion, and artfully chinked with epigram, as our forefathers chinked their cabins with clay? Or is it that in our fiction we may somehow find an "experimental exposition of life?"—that we may stand by and behold an author, as a chemist in his laboratory, combining given characters and forces and producing thereby certain mental and spiritual results,—that through imagined joys and pains we may bring about that essential "purgation" (to use the good old Aristotelian word,) of the soul whereby man may face life with clearer eyes and death with quieter mind?

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Indeed, indeed, these questions you will have to answer for yourselves, protesting, probably, as you do so, that I am spoiling good sport for the sake of doubtful philosophy. Yet, if we would ask these questions more often, and answer them more adequately, that turgid, muddy river of over-voluminous fiction which leaves its slime of false romanticism and sentimentality on all our twentieth-century life might yet be fitly restrained, and made to irrigate more arid territories of Truth and Experience.

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"When in doubt, sir, read Shakespeare!" an old Oxford don once thundered at a questioning undergraduate. Though, indeed, there may be rare moments when Shakespeare seems too full-blooded and meaty for our over-pampered tastes, in the great minds of the past, the minds that have weathered and survived the tides of change, there is still a sanctuary for the bewildered modern, harassed as he is with well-disguised mediocrities, and menaced day by day, as he is, with false ideals. Only too often, nowadays, our old shoddy friend, the dime novel, is our pompous new acquaintance in the full-dress suit of gilt top and cloth, demanding of prosperity his dollar and a half where once of youth he asked only his modest dime. So well apparelled a gentlemen, we humanly enough argue, must surely carry about with him much hidden wealth. Yet disrobe him and all his comrades we can not: the mere economics of time and attention demand that our bookish friendships be rigidly eclectic. We are lucky to hobnob with one out of a hundred; and even then we run the risk of becoming fictional dyspeptics, or out and out emotional inebriates.

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If, in despair, we do turn away from our teeming and turgid river of fiction,—which continues a fiction of evasion, touching as a rule on the shallows of life and seldom exploring its depths,—there still falls to our hand an occasional appeasing volume that is not romance, and yet is ruddy and vital with the blood of life. Such a one, among our newer books, is "Studies in Contemporary Biography," by James Bryce, published by the Macmillan Company. One must despair in an attempt to give, in space so circumscribed, a full outline or a full appreciation of Professor Bryce's illuminating side-lights on history, diffused so warmly and quietly through the personalities of these eminent friends whom he knew so well,—great men of the world all, from Beaconsfield to Gladstone, the flower of English scholarship and statecraft. Remarkable, indeed, is the sanity and breadth of view here transcending all mere ties of friendship, demanding dispassionate appraisal to the end, ordaining ready justice to Disraeli, (with whom our historian finds it, obviously, hard to sympathize,) yet insisting on a duly critical estimate of Gladstone,—for whom, we feel, his present biographer all along entertained a warmer personal feeling. Although this book is not an embodiment of the Carlylean postulate that the history of the past is the history of its great men, we still see the ever-darkening avenue of that past illuminated by periodic figures of such brightness that ultimately the relieving glow diffuses itself over the entire retrospect.

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But let us take the advice of our Oxford don and go back to Shakespeare. A book which ought to stand on every library shelf beside that brief but admirable "Life of Shakespeare" by Sidney Lee is Professor Moulton's "Moral System of Shakespeare," newly published by the Macmillan Company. Even the more youthful or the more listless reader who is determined to be primarily a pleasure-seeker in his reading may compensatingly add to his joys by giving some little attention to dramatic structure and its meaning; and Professor Moulton's volume is valuable because of its penetrative criticism and analysis, more than, perhaps, for any abstract moral system which its author has detected hidden away between the lines of Shakespeare. In other words, the thirty-six plays of our "so-called Shakespeare"—as the Baconites put it,—are treated as a world of their own, a world of personages, of incident, and of story, and this world is then viewed from a metaphysical standpoint, as moralists survey the world of reality. Yet, as I hinted before, the charm of Professor Moulton's book, if not an accidental one, is at least an incidental one; for it is the skill with which the various dramatic characters have been dissected and the insight with which enlightening dramatic criticism has been educed that render invaluable a book which goes out into the world under a rather unhappy title.

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Just as an older school, in the face of dubious issues, fell back on Shakespeare, so our younger generation, restless, unsatisfied, with its New-World taint of modernity, once turned from the bread-and-milk poetry of our time to the blood and iron of Kipling. It was, indeed, a long swing of the pendulum. But in the emptiness of endless erotic twaddle called poetry lay a good excuse for the raucous, virile, and almost over-rugged realism of "The Seven Seas." It was only a slight drawback, in the days of that earlier triumph, that Kipling sang of the British Empire alone; the note, though long suppressed, was universal enough. His newer volume of imperialistic verse, "The Five Nations," published by Doubleday, Page and Company, lacking but little in the old dynamic vitality, nevertheless comes to us vaguely reminiscent, and seems almost a chorus of echoes. He preaches as passionately as ever the greatness of the great empire, but in his lines it is hard to detect any increase of power, or the presence of nimbler craftsmanship. The old, deft, vivid phrasing, as witness—

"The stripped hull, slinking through the gloom,"—

has not altogether passed away; yet these hot-blooded war sermons, terse and scathing and strong as they are, in some way take on a little of the forlornness of a lone *claqueur* valiantly and determinedly applauding a sadly mismanaged performance. For, having once hitched himself to the glory of his army, the very martial tide that once bore him up has in turn sucked him down. At times, accordingly, England's uncrowned laureate, unmatched in power as he is, seems to us almost like a distracted auctioneer, in one breath lauding goods he knows to be woefully shoddy, and in his next belaboring with his passionate asides the very keepers of the mart itself. This renders him, naturally, a potent factor in the molding of English public opinion; whether or not it is to leave him the greater and more lucid poet only time will tell.

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But to come down to the field of fiction, which remains the widest yet by no means the most important area of literary activity, we do not have to look abroad for the more interesting books of the season. It is when we dip into a volume like Alice Brown's "Judgment," (Harper and Brothers,)

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that we find something more than the bubble of sensation to prick. Not that Miss Brown's most excellent novel, so above the chocolate-caramel order of literature, is openly didactic,—it is too finished a story for that, and, like all other good art, carries its kernel of ethical purpose well concealed. It is, as well, a confutation of the recent claim that none of our novelists seems able to write of anything but pre-matrimonial love. Here we have the story of a noble wife and high minded woman who ultimately, though only through much suffering on her own part, softens a granitic husband's too rigorous conception of justice, and at length sees his sternness seasoned with a belated sense of mercy. Through a similarity of theme and treatment "Judgment" at once challenges comparison with Edith Wharton's "Sanctuary," published by Charles Scribner's Sons. That it suffers in the comparison need be no slight to Miss Brown, for where are we to find an American novelist looking out on life more comprehensively, exploring its springs of action more industriously, or revealing its trend and meaning through character more cunningly than does Mrs. Wharton, particularly so now that she has emerged from the murkiness of her storm-and-stress period into a clearer and more normal atmosphere? Indeed, that most masterful, if not, unfortunately, most popular of all our recent historical romances, "The Valley of Illusion," places Mrs. Wharton on a plane by herself. In "Judgment" the wheels jerk a little now and then, and the characters verge a trifle toward abnormality. In "Sanctuary" the feeling of inevitableness is always there, paradoxically unlooked for as the end may seem. The personages of this unostentatious spiritual drama, common enough, in varying phases, to every mother's son of us, are sketched with a firm and facile pencil. There is a compelling subtlety both in the progression of the story and in the phrasing itself, a subtlety that at times amounts almost to precocity. Yet over and above all this there is the great, all-embracing, sacrificial mother-love of Kate Peyton, to redeem and sustain a tale trembling now and then on the verge of the "problem novel." Hitherto we have been in the habit of importing most of our "problems," usually problems slightly alien to our lives and our sympathies. As such might be described Miss Fowler's "Place and Power," (D. Appleton and Company,) which, clever as it is in construction, and bright as it is in dialogue, does not seem to come convincingly home to us. Our own American novelists, however, and by that I mean, of course, especially our women novelists, seem to have arrived at an analytical and self-conscious age denied their less leisured brothers, and of late we have been having our own troubles threshed out in fiction. We have Miss Anna McClure Sholl's "Law of Life," (D. Appleton and Company,) graphically enough picturing American academic life and adroitly enough introducing us into the existence of a young girl mated with an unappreciative old bookworm, and her eventual, though it seems almost her accidental, triumph over her emotions.

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Less abstract and less abstruse, yet equally delightful in its own way, is William Dean Howells's "Letters Home," published by Harper and Brothers. So deluged have we been with post-box eroticism, for the last year or two, that the mere hint of another epistolary novel is disheartening. Yet after its first ten pages "Letters Home" disarms its reader of every unjust suspicion, conquers the clumsy documentary form, and he reads on entranced, not only by the vivid, photographic impressions of New York and its turbulent life, but even more by the quiet enough love story that is battledored artfully on from epistle to epistle through the volume. A flash of humor here, a pearl of wisdom there, an enlightening picture on one page, a reflection of equable old age on another, —these all go to show that Mr. Howells looks out on life our serenest and mellowest author, delightfully simple in his more powerful moments, and admirably unpretentious in his occasional bigger movements,—still the master, if the truth must be told, of those newer and noisier rivals whom he seems to disdain. If, for example, George Barr McCutcheon learned a little of the restraint and redeeming humor of Mr. Howells, he would yet produce a tale to overtop "The Sherrods," (Dodd, Mead and Company,) strong and vigorous as is that story of an unhappy and rather incomprehensible artist.

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"The more I know of their men, the better I like their dogs!" said an American girl, speaking of our modern novelists, and at the same time unconsciously quoting Madame de Staël. She was, as you may guess, thinking of Jack London's "Call of the Wild," issued by the Macmillan Company. This is not, let me hasten to add, great literature. But it is an intensely interesting and readable half-lyric parable, a fable of a wonderful dog named Buck, a shaggy hero looming up shadowy and indistinct against a background of even more mistily limned human beings, and a Klondike that is not quite the Klondike of actual life. Yet the story is almost epical, now and then, in its poetry and fancifulness, and at no time does lapse of incident allow interest to flag. After all, however, a dog is a dog; and one can't help wishing that Mr. London had given us more of human beings, especially at a time when our book markets are glutted with sham natural history, a conscienceless blend, as it is, of Munchausen and Cuvier,—where, for instance, in Sewell Ford's "Horses Nine," (Charles Scribner's Sons,) we have a truck horse with all the emotional nature and flighty nerves of a minor poet, good reading—when the pill of unreality is swallowed,—as each of these nine equine adventures makes. While speaking of our four-footed friends, perhaps the figure that stands out most memorable and vital in John Fox's "Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come" (Charles Scribner's Sons,) is Chad's faithful Jack. Chad himself, when he has emerged from his picturesque boyhood, seems, page by page, to lose the red blood of reality. But Mr. Fox has many things to make up for this slight deficiency: a simple, natural, and graceful style, an ardent love of nature, a sensitiveness that at times renders his chapters exquisite and in the end gives us a novel of Civil War times that is sweet and clean and wholesome, the sort of thing one would catch up eagerly to take the taste of "The Maids of Paradise" (Harper and Brothers,) or "The Adventures of Gerard" (McClure, Phillips and Company,) out of his mouth. A. Conan Doyle's "Gerard," with all his gore and gunpowder, is still a good deal of the old-time, cut-and-dried, humorless coxcomb, overshadowed and rendered insignificant by his inimitable prototype, D'Artagnan, beside whom he is somewhat bumptiously asked to become "A Fourth Musketeer." As for Robert W. Chambers's "Maids of Paradise," perhaps it is only necessary to say that it embodies all the attractions and all the defects of the most successful historical romance of our airily retrospective times.

"'Well,' he said, slowly, 'I believe you're right'"

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"]

[Illustrations by N. O. Wyeth]

Synopsis of the preceding chapters

[At a spirited meeting of the Carter Hall Association, an organization founded upon altruistic and sociological principles for improving the condition of the people of the seventh ward, Douglas Ramsay, warden of the society, boldly demands an appropriation of two thousand dollars, "to tip Al. Gollans out of his chair." Alderman Albert Gollans rules the seventh ward, levying tribute and granting protection for his own aggrandizement. The newspapers dub him "The duke of Cameron Avenue." After an earnest appeal to the association, Ramsay succeeds in getting the appropriation. He confers with James Haversham, the county physician, and Democratic boss of the ward, to persuade him to assist in dethroning Gollans. Anne Coleridge, a young woman of wealth and culture, one of the associates of Carter Hall, asks for the privilege of becoming a resident member.]

CHAPTER III.

THERE was, of course, much to be taken for granted by each of them, and they plunged right into the midst of things. There were many short cuts, and perhaps as many roundabouts in their talk,—for Haversham, from long habit, found it difficult to keep his toe to the line. So, instead of trying to follow them, we will, by your leave, take a way of our own to reach an understanding, rough but tolerably accurate, of the situation they were discussing and the conclusion they finally came to.

The boundaries of the ward had not originally been arranged to give it the look of a headless animal lying on its back and sticking two very unequal legs straight into the air, though a first glance at the map might lead one to suppose so. The ward had been cut to fit a variety of exigencies, and Albert Gollans was by no means the only one whose convenience had been consulted. The first time he had tried to carry it, he had found himself, as he often in these latter days told his friends, "up against a pretty fierce proposition." The German vote, north of Cameron Avenue and between A and E Streets, was of course Republican; that is, his for the asking. The Italian Quarter, between Byron and Hood Streets, the hind leg of the animal, he kept in line through the agency of an able lieutenant at comparatively small expense, and gave it very little personal concern. The shoulder of the beast, between Cameron Avenue and the river, commonly known as the Frying Pan, was, in the nature of things, Democratic, and, after doing his best to have it included in the domain of his colleagues of the next ward, Gollans put up with it as well as he could and snowed it under as deep as possible at each election. It was here that Dr. Haversham had raised his standard.

Alderman Gollans made his fight and won his triumph in the center. The body or waist of the ward was Polish. For squares and squares, tightly packed, this colony was practically undiluted by any admixture of people of other nationalties. A few "antediluvian" Irish still held on forlornly, but every year saw fewer of them. The Alderman's keen, strategical eye comprehended that here the issue was to be decided,—the question whether he was to be like the men who come and go, or like the brook which goes on forever. So here he settled himself and concentrated his energies, and here he brought to bear all the ingredients for success that he could muster. He was a little better educated than most ward bosses are, and he had some tact and a tolerably pleasant address. In

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none of these particulars was he remarkable, but his energy was tireless and inexhaustible, his fidelity to his purposes and his promises unquestioned, and his knack for organizing, for harmonizing, and for tying his strings and twitching his puppets about on the stage without even getting himself into the view of the audience, amounted to genius.

As might have been expected, he achieved this conquest of Poland exactly according to his plan. He did it so quietly that, when his subjects found themselves aware of his rule, it seemed as if it had always existed. As they became accustomed to it, and as each successive campaign left him more strongly entrenched, his authority grew less unobtrusive though never irksome. At the time Ramsay was planning the attack upon him, he was frankly a personage remote, inaccessible. His favors were not cheap. When he went out among his people, to their merrymakings and their funerals, which he did, to be sure, rather frequently, he did it, somehow, in a grand manner, like a countess opening a bazaar.

Strong, and in undisputed authority as he knew himself to be, he was vaguely aware that he was not without a potential rival,—potential only, for he and Father Lauth, as state and church should do, had pulled together and avoided trenching on each other's preserves. Father Lauth was not one of the officiating priests at St. Stephen's. It is hard to describe his functions better than to say that he was a sort of ecclesiastical general manager of the parish. All the secular affairs of the church, its schools, its clubs, its classes, its finances, composed his special province. The alderman knew that the priest commanded as good obedience and as much awe in one sphere as he himself did in another, but the fact did not trouble him. If a purely academic question could have interested him, he might, however, have indulged in a lively speculation as to which way, in case it should come to a tug of war between himself and the priest, the rope would go.

All of this was perfectly understood, of course, between Ramsay and Haversham, and went without saying. Ramsay's talk at first concerned itself entirely with the German colony between A and E Streets,—the fat foreleg of the ward in the middle of which Carter Hall was located. He pointed out that Gollans had hardly strung his wires or laid his pipes in this section at all. He had always, as has been said, taken for granted that the German vote would be Republican, and so far events had borne him out. Ramsay's belief, and it seemed to be substantiated by the evidence he presented, was that, on a strictly reform issue,—an issue, moreover, which touched them very closely,—he could, with the aid of the organization he had already perfected, swing this German vote into line and deliver it even to a Democratic candidate.

"These people out here are a good lot. They're doing the best they can for themselves. They do more of their own thinking than most of the people over there on the Boulevard. I should put the matter before them exactly as it looks to me. They read the 'Globe' over here, almost to a man, and I believe I can get Hunter to back me up. He's pretty independent, and I happen to know that he and Gollans have a score to settle when the time comes. I'd make a strictly high-class reform movement of it. Get the biggest people in the city to come out and make speeches to them, and all that sort of thing. I've a lot of confidence in my neighbors out here, and I think they've a good deal of confidence in Carter Hall."

That came as the conclusion of a long speech, minute, technical, clear-headed, but hotly in earnest. As Dr. Haversham had listened to it, the cynical incredulity which always stopped his ears against anything less sordid than barter had melted, and, to his dismay, he found himself believing everything Ramsay said. In vain he tried to put up the barriers again, to force a smile behind his face, and to speculate where the warden's graft was coming in. He could not do it. The blazing integrity of the man would brook no denial. It compelled recognition.

"There's one thing, though," he said, when Ramsay finished; "you won't swing them as solid as you could on the Independent ticket. They may see the force of all you say but they'll hate like Lucifer to walk over into the Democratic camp."

"I know it," said the warden, "but this is the way I figure it out."

Haversham looked at the memorandum slip Ramsay handed him, and nodded thoughtful approval. "Well," he said, slowly, "I believe you're right. I really believe you're right. Come, let's see how we stand. There's the Frying Pan, Lord bless us, we know what it'll do, and it won't need any mass meetings, either."

"This is about the way I figure it," said Ramsay, putting another slip of paper before him.

The doctor glanced at it, and then at him in open surprise. "Seems to me you've got it down pretty fine for a reformer," he said. "Yes, that's about right. Conservative, though, if anything."

Then he went on: "Here's something that counts for us,—Smith's department store, that he's just opened on the Avenue. Gollans pleaded with him not to do it. If we go down Cameron Avenue waving the Chicago Platform of '96, and yelling 'Down with the trusts,' I think we may carry it, though it is close to Gollans's dead line. What do you think?"

Ramsay nodded. "We shall pick up something there, anyway. I hadn't thought of that."

"How about the Dagoes in the poet's corner?"

"Say we break even!"

"Even! Why, Gollans owns them, lock, stock, and barrel."

"No, he don't. He's spent some money and he's never been opposed. But I've a card up my sleeve for him. Those people are nearly all Neapolitans. I lived for a while down in Southern Italy, and I feel pretty well acquainted with them. Carter Hall has been doing some work down there this year and I've made some good friends among them."

"Can you talk Italian?"

"They don't talk Italian,—that is, not literary Italian. Yes, I can manage their talk pretty well. And I'm pretty sure we'll do well there. We'll break even, anyway."

Again Haversham believed,—not only, this time, in the honesty, but also in the judgment.

They footed up the totals. There was enough to justify a not entirely insane hope of winning, but they must admit they had figured it fine. The map of the ward was still opened out before them and the doctor clapped his hands over the outlying parts of it, leaving Little Poland alone in view.

"Look at it!" he said. "There'll never be a partition made there. It couldn't be scratched. You might just as well go up against Gibraltar with a pickax. We can do our best and we may make him cough a little, but I'm afraid we'll never smoke him out of there."

"I don't know," said Ramsay. "I've some hopes from Father Lauth."

"Not in a thousand years. Gollans does about as much to support his parochial schools as all the rest of St. Ursula's parish together."

"Well, I don't count it in myself," said the warden, "but I mean to have a try at it."

Both men leaned back a little more easily in their chairs. Haversham lighted a cigar. "Well," he said, presently, "for the sake of argument, say we win. The party gets a victory and you get your tenement law. You said yourself this is to be practical politics. What do I get?"

He expected Ramsay to wince at that. Indeed, he put it brutally, half in the hope of seeing him do so. But the warden went on quietly filling his pipe, and until he had it drawing comfortably he did not answer the question. When he did, it was with another one.

"What chance do you people think you have of putting in a Democratic mayor a year from now? Pretty good, don't you?"

"Yes," said Haversham, after reflecting a moment, "it's as sure as anything so far off can be."

"He found Schmeckenbecker * * solemnly throwing dice"

Ramsay nodded agreement. "And it'll be on a platform of righteous indignation and promises of an honest, businesslike, economical administration." He paused there.

"I don't see why you aren't the next health commissioner," he said.

Haversham was quick to comprehend, and needed no further hint. How perfectly logical and inevitable it was! He would be the young doctor who would have done so much—more than any one else, it would be easy to say,—to bring in the great sanitary reform,—the doctor whose eloquent speeches everybody would have read. What appointment would be more popular? And what a fitting reward it would be for the politician who, after years of effort, would have swung that impregnable Republican ward into the Democratic column! And last and best, how exactly it squared with his ambition! He really had a pride in his profession, and here was a chance, without stepping out of the game of politics, to make a name for himself among his brother practitioners,—among the very men who now looked at him askance. It was, perhaps, a little triumph for the warden that for a moment, at least, James Haversham believed in himself.

"I'll make a good one," he said, seriously. "You sha'n't be ashamed of me. Come, let's get to work."

CHAPTER IV.

THERE was work enough to do. Busy men as they were, exacting as was the daily routine of each, yet somehow into every day they managed to crowd a long consultation over the campaign in which they were allied. It was a little surprising, even to themselves, that they got on so well together. They were as opposite as the poles, and, though each knew approximately what to expect of the other in given circumstances, there was as little real understanding between them as there was sympathy or friendship. But they were willing to take each other for granted. Both had a faculty often denied to men of undoubted intelligence for keeping to the point in a discussion; they did not "sidetrack" easily, nor did they irritate each other with argument which was outside the issue. They had for the moment a common object and they brought into the talk nothing which had not that object in view. After

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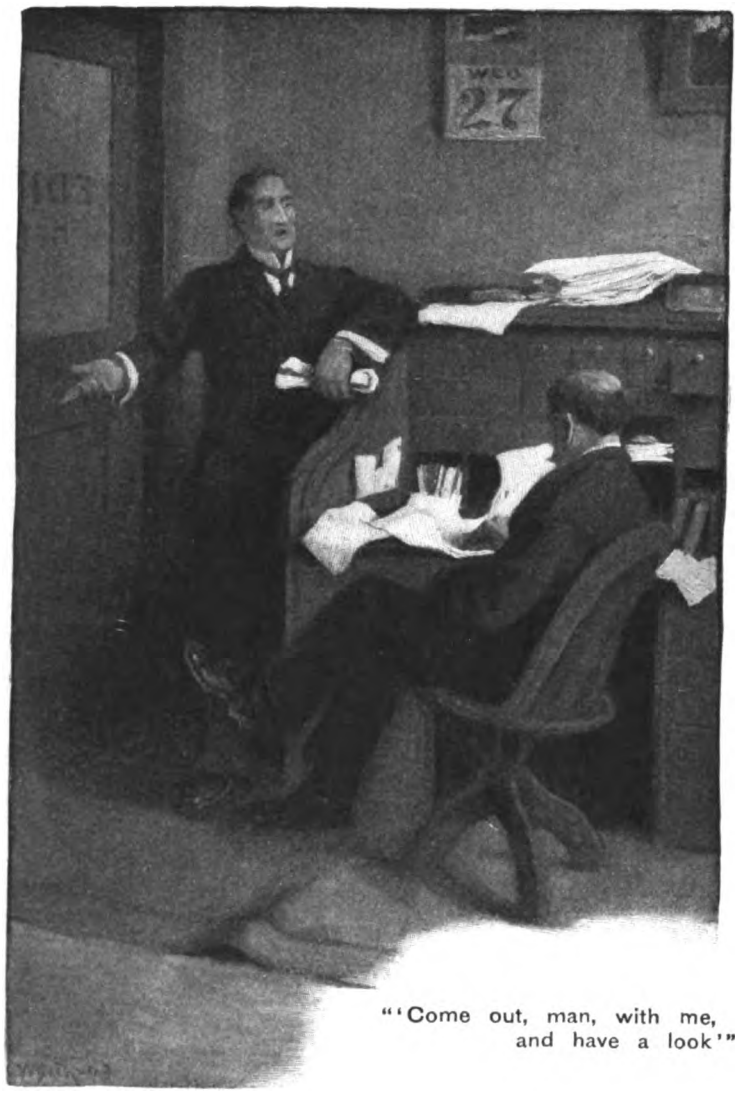

"'Come out, man, with me, and have a look'"

they had separated, it was another matter. Haversham was likely to be more cynically pungent for an hour or two, and as for Ramsay, he felt like brushing his teeth. St. Paul's injunction to think on things that are pure and lovely and of good report often occurred to him, and he wished, after each of these consultations, that he might have time to do it for a while.

The selection of a candidate who would meet, as nearly as possible, all the somewhat contradictory requirements of the bill was their first problem, and it cost them a good many hours of canvassing to find him. When they first began talking about it each was a little afraid that the other might be ambitious to head the ticket in person, but they were not long in coming to an understanding on that score.

"Let's begin with ourselves," said the warden. "I'd like to run, but that's out of the question. Even if you could swing the Democratic vote for me, which you could n't without a row, it would n't do. I can ask the people around the Hall there to vote for a reform, but I can't ask them to vote for me,—or, if I did, it would n't do any good. How would you do?"

"I meant to try to break into the council this year," said Haversham; "but on a reform movement I would n't do at all. I've got what they call a record. Before I'd been nominated three days your people would have heard enough about me to queer any reform on earth."

"I think you're right, though of course Gollans will say things about any one we put up."

"But, you see," said Haversham, pleasantly, "in my case he could prove it true."

After the ground was thus cleared they went ahead less cautiously, but for a long time with no success. They were looking, as Ramsay pointed out, for a living paradox, for a member in good standing of the Democratic machine, yet out of politics enough and independent enough so that with the sugar coating of a reform issue he would be a comparatively easy pill for the German Republicans around Carter Hall to swallow. "The best we can do," said Ramsay, at length, "will be to look for a man who does n't suit either of us." It was in some such way that they came upon him.

"Do you know Schmeckenbecker?" Haversham asked, not very enthusiastically.

The warden laughed. "The fat little cigar manufacturer down near your place on the corner? Yes, I know him, but—"

"That's just the way I feel about him, so maybe he'll do. Let's talk him over."

They were both surprised to see how well he summed up. "And yet," said Ramsay, "I can't help wishing he was better. He's popular enough and inconspicuous and respectable and all right on the labor union question, and he's no fool, either. But I'm afraid he's something of a mule,—wrong-headed, and a puller."

"He's all that! He'll give us our hands full. But the worst thing I have against him is his name. Schmeckenbecker! You laughed yourself when I mentioned it. It makes him a comedian in spite of himself. That's why he takes himself so seriously. Nobody else will. But they may not hurt him, after all."

"Will he run?" asked Ramsay.

"Will he?" said the doctor. He sat drumming on the desk. "Schmeckenbecker, Schmeckenbecker," he was saying to himself. "Well, any way, the Republicans will have trouble making the German voter believe that he's an Irishman,—or a Polack, either." He turned a little in his chair, and his voice when he went on had a somewhat different quality. "You know the Germans hate the Poles like sin. It's queer they've voted together so long, when you come to think of it."

"Gollans is n't a Pole," said Ramsay.

"But he might very well be," rejoined the doctor, with a grin.

Ramsay never demanded any unnecessary explanations, so he let the doctor enjoy the joke by himself.

They threw the net a good many times after pulling up Schmeckenbecker, but they got nothing in the way of potential candidates that was nearly as good, so at length they decided that for better or for worse he was the man.

One day the warden, who had hardly more than seen him before, went down to Cameron Avenue for a good look at him. He found Schmeckenbecker in his steamy little shop, solemnly throwing dice with a clothing dealer from across the street. After this customer had gone, Ramsay bought half a dozen La Flor de Eugene V. Debs cigars for a quarter, lighted one, and, puffing comfortably away at it, fell into conversation with the proprietor. It may be said, in passing, that altogether that was not an easy thing to do, either as regarded the cigar or the maker of it. The cigar needs no description beyond the statement that it was "honest union goods," but years of attendance at labor meetings had taught Ramsay to consume anything that would burn without the least discomfort. As to Schmeckenbecker, in spite of his farcical name and appearance,—perhaps on account of them, as Haversham suggested,—Ramsay found him inclined to be somewhat stiff with a comparative stranger.

But when he took his leave, half an hour later, he felt much better satisfied than he had before. He was clearly popular in the neighborhood, in spite of his pomposity, which nobody seemed to take very seriously. He was deeply in earnest about everything he said, and his tendency to oratory, and to rolling, involute billows of speech, would not come amiss when he should begin stumping the ward. If he should take tenement reform as seriously as he took everything else, he would really do very well indeed.

That matter off his mind, there was but one thing more for him to bestir himself about until

Trade Mark

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after the coming caucus. All the business of getting Schmeckenbecker nominated by the Democratic Party, of course, was left to Haversham, and was undertaken and executed by him with the utmost nonchalance.

Ramsay's task was harder; namely, to enlist the "Evening Globe" in support of their candidate. It was of critical importance that this should be accomplished; for, as the warden had said, practically every man of them in the German corner of the ward not only read the "Globe," but also thought pretty much according to its editorial page.

Hunter, the editor and proprietor, was a good friend of Ramsay's, and he welcomed him warmly when the warden came into his office late one afternoon. "What are you doing out at Carter Hall these days? We have n't heard a word from you in a long while."

"You will hear enough of us pretty soon to make up for that," said Ramsay, and with that introduction he plunged into his story.

He was surprised and keenly disappointed to find that Hunter was anything but enthusiastic over his prospective campaign against Gollans. The deep frown and the strumming fingers gave small promise of that vigorous support which Ramsay had so confidently expected. Upon most men the effect of that kind of audience is deadly: one loses heart, doubts his own cause, and conjures up swarms of objections and difficulties which never before have shown their heads. But to Ramsay, even in his disappointment, this unexpected and as yet unspoken hostility was simply a spur. He had never before told his story so clearly, had never pictured the conditions he was fighting so vividly, and had never believed in his own cause so devoutly as at that moment. He told everything: the alliance with Haversham, the trade he had made with him, and the selection of the fat little cigar-manufacturer candidate.

He gained some ground, and compelled many a reluctant nod of assent from the man at the desk, but when all was said he was still frowning thoughtfully.

"I wish you had come to me before you lighted the fuse. This political blasting-powder business always makes trouble. Of course you're right about your tenement bill. It ought to go through, and it's outrageous that Gollans has blocked it. But if you'd come to us we could have put the screws on Gollans and made him get out of the way."

"I do n't see yet what harm my explosion will do," said Ramsay. "But tell me the truth! I've no doubt, now, that, rather than have the explosion, you'd get the Great Ones to put the screws on Gollans. You'd force him to do his duty. But would you have done it before I'd lighted the fuse?"

Hunter said nothing, but his somewhat rueful smile made it unnecessary.

"I did n't know you were so tender of Gollans, and I've been reading editorials in the 'Globe' for the last three years, too. But evidently I've left something essential out of my calculations. Do you mind telling me what it is?"

"Why, have you forgotten, my dear young friend, that old Uncle John's term in the senate expires a year from next March, and that we're going to have the fight of our lives to send him back? Have n't you noticed that the Rubes up the state are getting everything ready to send one P. J. Jimpson, from somewhere out in the corn, in his place? Unless we can carry every state legislative district in the county, we're lost. Thunder! we're likely to be on the little end of the joint ballot altogether, and to see a Democrat go from this state to the United States senate. And yet you can't see what harm it would do to turn in for all we are worth to swing a perfectly safe, solid Republican district into the Democratic camp!"

"I know, of course," said Ramsey with a sigh, "that you can't throw stones into a pond without making ripples, and I suppose throwing in as big a chunk as Al. Gollans is will make quite a splash. But I don't see yet what harm the splash will do."

"Oh, I know,—" he went on, as Hunter moved to interrupt him. "I understand that old Uncle John is a nice, amiable old man, and it would be a pity to turn him out. He makes no trouble, and it is n't likely that he could get another job if he lost this one. I believe, for my part, though I'm no expert, that a mild emetic, such as this spring campaign will be, would do the Republican Party in this county more good than harm, and would help Uncle John rather than hurt him. But what does it matter?"

His voice rose and rang with a cry of anger in it. "Come out, man, with me, and have a look. Come out and see whether you do n't think that the amount of Karl Marx's patent medicine they're taking out there is more dangerous even than one more fire-breathing, cloven-footed Democrat in the very United States senate. Come and see what chances, physically, mentally, every way, those citizens will have that we're breeding there in the tenements, and what kind of citizens they'll make."

The sentence was snapped off short, and there was a curious, electrical feeling in the silence that followed.

"Oh, the deuce take your reformers!" said Hunter. "Yes, I'll do what I can for you, though I do n't promise how much it will be."

[*To be continued in the January* SUCCESS]

The "Workin' Song" of Old John Paul

HOLMAN F. DAY

Down by the church lived old John Paul,
He tunked with his hammer and he jabbed with his awl,
He rapped and he tapped on his worn lapstone,
And ever he trolled, with a lusty tone.

"'Oh, high, diddy-di, for Sal'sb'ry Sal!
Plump was she, an' a right smart gal.
Swing to the center an' caper down the hall,
High, diddy-di,'" sang old John Paul.

In the nearby church preached Pastor Jones,
A grim old saint of skin and bones.
At the week-night meetings his flock would hear
Old John Paul's song ring loud and clear.

"'Oh, high, diddy-di, come rosum your bow,
An' Sal'sb'ry Sal now shake your toe.
A ladies' chain an' a balance all,
High, diddy-di,'" trolled old John Paul.

The pastor stepped to the cobbler's shop;
Said he, "These ribald songs must stop!
They laugh and they nudge on Satan's Row
To hear you bellow and bluster so

"With 'High, diddy-di,' and your vulgar strain
Anent some female, coarse and vain.
Sing some good hymn, if you sing at all."
"I don't know a hymn," said old John Paul.

The pastor forthwith taught him one,
In adagio measure did it run,
The beat moved slow,—as a good hymn should,—
And John Paul sang it as best he could.

But 't was "tum," and "tum," and the pegs went slow;
For he timed his work by his songs, you know.
'T was slow for the hammer, and slow for the awl,
And customers railed at old John Paul.

To the pastor John Paul spoke, next day.
"I'll grant that souls are saved your way;
But mendin' soles is another thing,
An' I can't git a hustle unless I sing:—

"'Oh, high, diddy-di, there, tiptoe spry!
An' Sal'sb'ry Sal goes prancin' by.'
Work when ye work with snap an' sprawl,
'High, diddy-di,'" said old John Paul.

Then here's to the man who, all day long,
Works with a will to a right smart song!
For a hymn sometimes may be better sung
By willing hands than a laggard tongue.

God has set us our tasks to do;
Worship rings truer when work is through.
Then it's hey for our labor, and a quickstep all
To the "high, diddy-di" of old John Paul.

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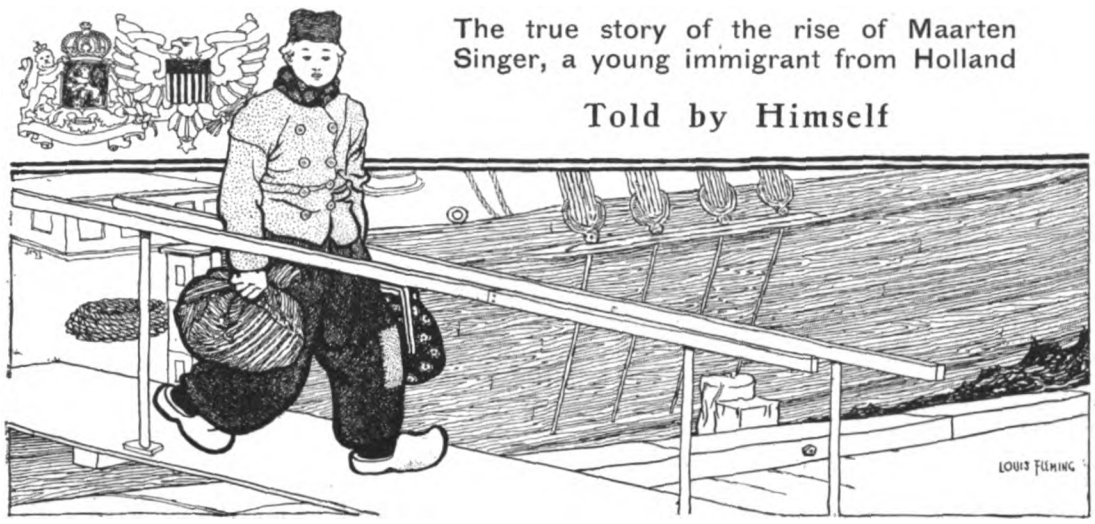
The Americanization of a Dutchman



The true story of the rise of Maarten Singer, a young immigrant from Holland

Told by Himself

MOST boys pass through a long or a short period of day-dreaming. Mine was a long one. In fact I have not outlived it yet, though I am thirty-one years old. I can still see myself as I was lying one Sunday afternoon, fifteen years ago, in the loft of my father's house in Holland, dreaming of being in a state of comfort, peace, and happiness that I had never before experienced. The spell lasted only a moment, but it made a lasting impression. I commenced to think. For the next four years my day-dreams were of a different character. They were romances. I was the hero who, starting from my humble station by some miraculous way or heroic achievement, obtained a position of prominence and comfort.

MR. AND MRS. MAARTEN SINGER
[From a photograph taken recently, when Mr. Singer was at the Leland Stanford, Jr., University, California]

Ever since I had left school, at the age of ten, I had worked with my father during nine or ten months of the year. The work was of various kinds and hard, but it became monotonous, and my mind found ample opportunity to wander. In my leisure hours I read novels and socialistic papers.

One autumn evening a cousin, Jacob de L., came with his family to our house to bid us farewell. They were going to America. Their brother in Memphis, Tennessee, had given them a glowing description of America, and they repeated it enthusiastically to us.

That night I slept little, and in the morning I arose with a determination to go to America. I wrote a letter to my cousin, and after a few months I received notice that, if I would arrive in the spring, his brother would give me work in a garden.

I was then nineteen years old, of strong physique, and of unfailing health. I had ten dollars in a savings bank, but that would not buy me a ticket. My parents were aged. I was their youngest son and only support. For twenty years they had counted on me to save them from destitution in their old age, when they should no longer be able to work. But they believed me capable of gaining a respectable position in a land with opportunities for all, and they decided rather to face old age in destitution than to keep me at home and let me tread the dreary path that they had trod. They spent the savings of two years to buy me a third-class emigrant ticket to Memphis.

Two weeks later I arrived in Memphis.

I was put to work as housekeeper and garden hand in a market garden at the outskirts of the city. My "boss," as I was taught to call him, was a Dutchman who had come to America some ten years previous and had squandered all his earnings, his strength, and what little manhood he ever had. He had become a subordinate to his brother-in-law, also a Dutchman, who was holding a position of trust and stealing the means wherewith to run the gardening business. My boss in turn was stealing from his brother-in-law. I was not supposed to know this. I worked from five in the morning till eight at night, and then I studied my English "First Reader" for two hours.

Mr. Singer, in 1892, before leaving his home in Holland

Mr. Singer, in 1894, after nearly two years in America

But my boss and I could not live together long. One day he demanded that I should tell a lie to cover up his theft. I refused. He threatened to give me a beating and drive me off the place. I defied him. Then we fought a fist fight. He was no match for me, and, if his brother-in-law had not come to his rescue, I might have had to answer for a crime. I was given fifteen dollars as pay for my three months' hard work, and discharged with many accusations.

It was then summer. I was homeless and friendless, and knew but few English words. After some search I found employment with a gang of negroes in a wood-box factory, where I worked nine months for a negro's wages and gradually learned English.

Then I went to Chicago and stayed nearly one year. I carried lumber in the Pullman lumber yard until my shoulders festered and I had to quit. Next I got a job in an iron machine shop. There a car wheel dropped on my foot and I was disabled for some days. When I returned, ready to work, the shop was closed. It was in 1894, and commercial depression had begun. However, I got a steady job in an Illinois Central Railroad shop at one dollar and twenty-five cents per day, and kept it till the following February.

Then I decided to go South again. I was sick of shop work. It undermined my health. Of the one hundred and fifty dollars I had saved I left one hundred dollars with my cousin, who was going to start a gardening business that spring. I returned to Memphis, but could not find employment there. Then I decided to quit the city and try farm life. I went West.

My money did not allow me to go very far. I stopped in Arkansas at the town of Russellville. With valise in hand I tramped along the country road, stopping at every farmhouse to seek employment. Toward night I reached a town of two stores and a church. There I was directed to a certain Brother B. as a possible employer. I found a Cumberland Presbyterian preacher

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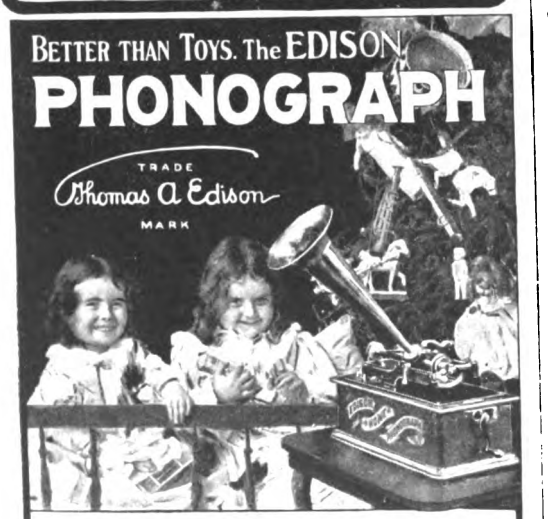

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with all the appearance of an Arkansas farmer. He invited me in and had me stay with him overnight.

The next morning he informed me that he had prayed over the matter and believed that the Lord wanted him to employ me. As a child of God he felt interested in me and the welfare of my soul. He had to raise a crop to support his family, and needed help. He had no money, but, if I would hire out for four months at ten dollars a month and board, he would pay me next fall when the cotton crop came in.

Mr Singer, in 1896, wearing the medal won for oratory

The offer seemed to me somewhat too small to be God-sent, but I accepted it for lack of anything better. Moreover, I wanted to be with the best society. To enter a preacher's home seemed ideal. The family consisted of the preacher, his wife, and two daughters, one a "grass widow" with two little children, and the other a girl of marriageable age and inclinations. They all took me in their charge. The preacher was going to make a farmer out of me, the mother wanted to make me a good boy, the grass widow smiled patronizingly, and the marriageable daughter introduced me to society. (London was the name of the town.) All joined in correcting my English,—which was still crude and scanty.

My rise in life showed some gratifying progress. Indeed, I frequently looked back on the old days in Holland, when my pillow in my father's home was a bunch of musty straw, and the floor on which I lay was covered with dust and rubbish. There my eyes used to wander around and behold nothing but spiders' webs and a conglomerated mass of worn out, dilapidated garden tools that had been stored away by my father and grandfather. Nothing had ever seemed half so bright as my first thoughts of going to America. The gloomy fogs and dampness that made me suffer nine months in a year had vanished into a cheery sunshine that warmed my soul with higher ambitions. I have worked just as hard in the United States as I did at home, but the outlook, the hope, was ever brighter.

My success as a farmer was mediocre. I had to learn much, and my boss, the preacher, was no model teacher. His patience was at fault. He did not swear, for that was contrary to his religion, but he fretted always, and was subject to violent fits of anger.

On Saturday afternoon he laid the plow aside, quit his fretting, took up his Bible, and commenced to prepare his sermon for Sunday. At the beginning of summer, when the crop was "laid by," this good brother started a protracted meeting in his church. The town needed a revival and was going to have it.

It was a novel and most marvelous experience for me. I had not attended any American church in Memphis or Chicago. In Holland we Dutchmen sat stolidly listening to one or two-hour discourses without daring to break the solemnity of the service by any sound or movement.

My curiosity was aroused by this style of religion. I wanted to know what these people experienced. Moreover, the whole family commenced to urge that I must "get religion" while the meeting was going on. Consequently I made an effort to get religion.

One other incident of my life in London I must relate. It was my first American experience in love. For two years I had been practically excluded from young ladies' company. As soon as I landed in America I commenced to watch and study to learn the American ways of courtship, for I had heard that our Dutch methods were not acceptable here. But I gained little information on the subject, because I was too bashful to ask for it.

Of the half dozen girls in that community I liked no other so well as Miss Belle. It is true, she was in the habit of dipping snuff and spitting black spit, but all the girls in town had that habit, and I supposed I could get used to it, though it marred my ideal of womanhood rather seriously. She had a violent temper, too, but she seldom showed it to me, and I flattered myself that I could break her from that if need be.

Mr. Singer, in 1898, after being graduated from college

Before very many months I commenced to dream of myself claiming a homestead in the backwoods of Arkansas, felling the trees, clearing out the brush and briers, and building a log cabin as a home for Miss Belle and myself. But I did not know how to make advances to her. She was always free and jolly with me, and I tried to be polite to her.

One Sunday morning she and I were silently sitting by the log fire. She gazed at the fire dreamily, while, by force of habit, she was dipping and chewing snuff and spitting on the fire. I, too, was dreaming. Suddenly I had an inspiration. Picking up a pencil and a slip of paper I wrote on it: "Miss Belle, I love you." Then I handed it to her. She glanced over it, rose, and left me alone.

I supposed that I had committed some impropriety. Weeks and months passed before I could determine what effect my declaration had had. Miss Belle was just a little more reserved. Otherwise all went on the same. She seemed to like me. She had also another "feller," who called on her occasionally, of whom she made fun, but she liked him.

Meanwhile the crop was "laid by." My time as hired hand had expired, and there was no farm work in that community for me to do during the three summer months. I decided to attend the village school and learn better English. My mind was eager for knowledge, and in a few weeks I became the best pupil in that rural school. Then Brother B. completed his missionary work on me. He had tried to make a farmer out of me, and had not succeeded very well. He had converted me, to the best of his ability, but had accomplished very little by it, I suspect. Through his fretful and overbearing disposition he made home uncomfortable for his family, so that Miss Belle wanted to marry and get away as soon as possible at all hazards. She saw that I could not offer her a home as yet. The other "feller" could, and she became his wife that fall. Thus, incidentally, Brother B. saved me from marrying his daughter.

He began to tell me of the college of his denomination at Clarksville, Arkansas, and of how students without means worked their way through. Though I had little faith in his suggestion, one September morning I mounted the horse I had received as pay for my labor and started for college.

A new and wonderful life then commenced for me. Our college enrolled about a hundred students, with five or six teachers. I traded my horse for three months' board, and had barely enough money to buy my books. I hoped to get the hundred dollars which I had lent to my cousin, but he met with misfortunes and sickness which ended in his death. He paid me about one-third the sum, and the rest was lost.

At the end of the first semester I was penniless, and saw no way open to continue my course. But my professors had become interested in me and commenced to devise ways and means. They found work and credit for me. For the next two years and a half I spent the summer vacation beautifying the campus, thus paying the forty dollars due for tuition yearly and earning a little money besides. In vacant hours during the school year I earned my board by a variety of odd jobs. I cultivated gardens, milked cows, chopped wood, cleaned houses, was sexton of two churches, and became private secretary of a Sunday school missionary.

The course given by our school covered seven years; I doubled my courses and at the end of the third year I had completed all but the senior course. The institution lacked funds to employ all the necessary teachers. The president told me to study during the summer vacation and teach German and Latin half my time while I finished my senior year. It solved the problem of paying my board bill, and I commenced to hope that henceforth I could devote all my time to mental pursuits.

The day after my graduation the trustees of our college elected me

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Training for Longevity

THERE is a story, still current in Illinois, which says that an old farmer friend of President Lincoln's, who used to correspond with him, complained on one occasion of his poor health. He received the following reply, which is quoted in Illinois as "Lincoln's prescription:" "Do not worry. Eat three square meals a day. Say your prayers. Think of your wife. Be courteous to your creditors. Keep your digestion good. Steer clear of biliousness. Exercise. Go slow and go easy. Maybe there are other things that your especial case requires to make you happy; but, my dear friend, these, I reckon, will give you a good lift."

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THIS advice is doubtless applicable in its entirety to many Americans in every state of the Union to-day. There are parts of it which apply to us generally—as a nation. "Do not worry. Keep your digestion good. Go slow and go easy." It would be difficult to find an American who has not something to amend on these points. Worry and dyspepsia have assumed the proportions of national evils, and they are both more or less the results of undue haste. There is no surer way to promote dyspepsia than to be in a constant state of hurry, and nothing will so surely give one the "blues" or incline one to worrying and fretting than dyspepsia. Our native institution—the "quick lunch" restaurant,—is responsible for a large proportion of the physical ills of business people in large cities. Eating hastily—"bolting" one's food, as it is popularly expressed,—is enough to ruin the digestive organs of an ostrich. A man would better eat half as much as usual at the midday meal,—which is usually the most hurried,—and take time to masticate properly what he does put into his stomach. Better still would it be if he would give himself ample time to relax and eat a light lunch without allowing any thought of business to intrude on this necessary period of relaxation.

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"GOOD nature," Henry Ward Beecher once said, "is often a mere matter of health. With good digestion men are apt to be good natured; with bad digestion, morose." Happiness, usefulness, success,—everything that a man represents to himself and to society depends largely on his health, and this in turn is dependent to a great extent on what, and how, and how much he eats. There can be no hard-and-fast rules laid down in regard to food. The old saying, "One man's meat is another man's poison," is true in many respects. Each one must be a law unto himself. Study your system; find out what agrees best with you, and diet yourself accordingly. Take time to chew thoroughly whatever you do eat; don't over-eat at meals or "nibble" between meals, and your chances of being healthy, happy, and useful will be ten to one. In this day of food fads, some sensible enough, some absurd, one must be careful to avoid extremes, and not make his stomach an experimental laboratory for the prescriptions of every food faddist he meets. Age, occupation, constitution, and climatic conditions must be considered in arranging one's diet. "Blood and muscles, bone and tendon, brain and nerve, and all the other organs and tissues of the body are built of the nutritive ingredients of food." Next to a plentiful supply of fresh air and correct breathing, the health and life of the body are dependent on a proper supply of well-cooked food.

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"A GREAT many of the ailments that humanity suffers from," says a physician, "proceed directly from the stomach, while as many more proceed indirectly therefrom. Apoplexy, heart failure, and, in many cases, sudden deaths can be traced directly to the stomach, over-taxed and weak, yet pushed on to the task for which it is unequal. The result is inevitable. . . . Dyspeptics are continually dosing themselves with drugs or trying to find something they can eat with safety. Everything disagrees with the overburdened digestion, but they never stop for a day or two days to allow the wheels to rest. I have cured many cases of dyspepsia by advising fasting for a while and then gradually regulating the diet. This, with fresh air and exercise, deep breathing, which is especially helpful in this disease, and hot water, taken internally, baths, and massage will surely bring about improved conditions even in cases of long standing."

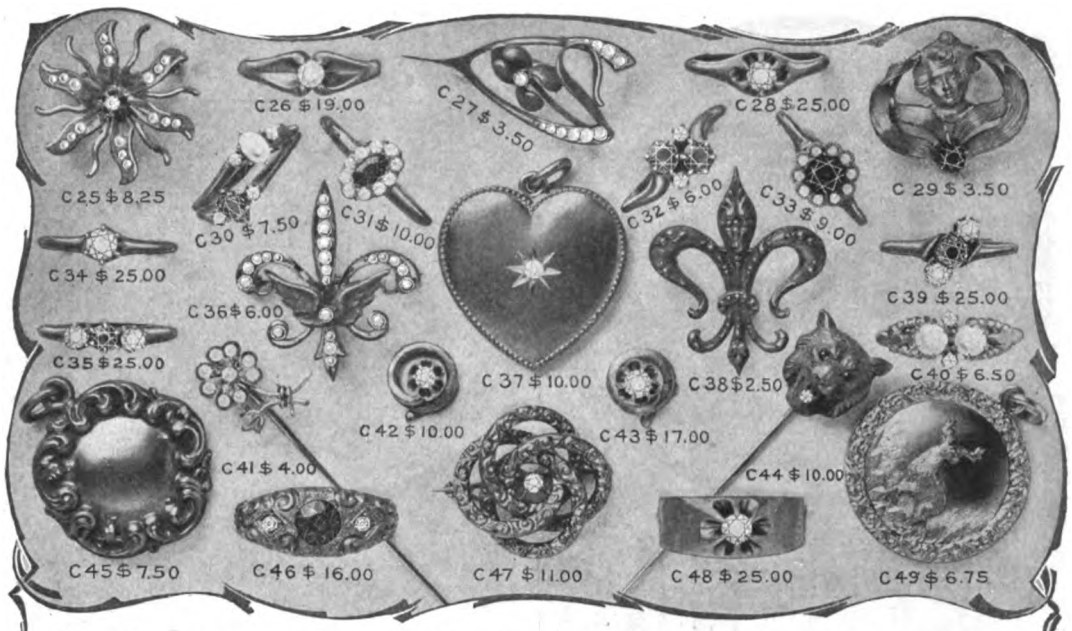
▲ ▲

NEXT to air and food in the human economy, comes exercise. We may have plenty of fresh air, and a proper allowance of the right kind of food, and yet, without helpful daily exercise, these will not avail to keep the body in good condition. In answer to the question, "Why do we grow old?" a French writer gives these three reasons: "We do not get enough physical exercise in the open air, we are poisoned by microbes which the phagocytes have not succeeded in destroying, and we are depressed by fear of death." Of the three reasons it will be noted that he gives the place of first importance to lack of exercise. There is nothing else which can take the place of physical activity as a preserver of youth and energy. "Grow younger as you grow older by cultivating a moderate love of good, healthful, honest sport," is sound advice. Walking, running, jumping, rowing, playing golf, tennis, or croquet, or any other mild form of exercise in the open air, keeps the muscles supple and prevents the joints from stiffening, fills the lungs with life-giving oxygen, and keeps the blood from becoming sluggish or the liver toapid. In short, it is exercise that keeps the body in tune and "up to concert pitch," just as exercise keeps the voice or a musical instrument in perfect tone.

Famous Orchid Patrons

THE most famous orchid collection in the world, probably, is that of Joseph Chamberlain, formerly the colonial secretary of Great Britain, who constantly wears one of his costly favorite blossoms as a *boutonnière*. The orchid houses at his Birmingham home are worth, with their contents, somewhere from eighty to a hundred thousand dollars; but they are far surpassed by those of the Empress Frederick, whose collection of these wonderful flowers is valued at about twice as much.

My recipe for self-preservation is exercise.—DAVID DUDLEY FIELD.



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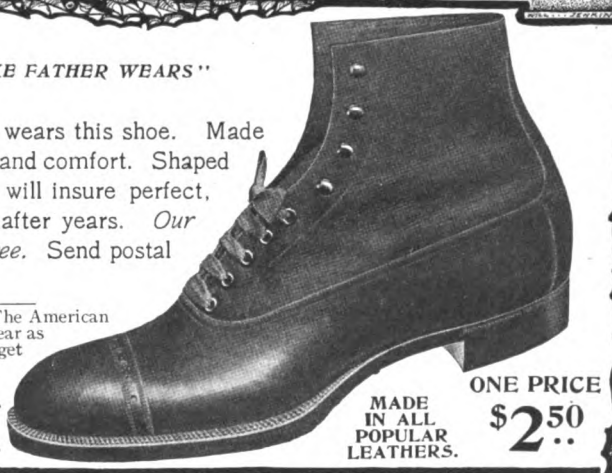
A Philadelphia boy writes:—"The American Boy shoes fit fine, and if they wear as well as they look I will always get them."



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LADY'S HUNTING CASE, Fully Guaranteed, offered at this sacrifice price to introduce it. Makes a nice Christmas or Birthday gift, or a reliable time piece for yourself.
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The Editor's Chat

TWO ROSES

MARTHA McCULLOCH-WILLIAMS

In a garden all of garlands,
And shade and shine and dew,
Of roots from eastern farlands,
Two mystic roses blew.
One laughed in joy of living,
Come sunshine, or come rain,
One hung close-shut, and grieving
In jealous miser pain.

▲ ▲

Now which of these, my masters,
Best wrought a rose's doom?
The rose that feared disasters?
The rose of generous bloom?
The lonely shut rose perished,
To molder where it grew;
The open rose was cherished
By every wind that blew.

▲ ▲

Now read we here a lesson:
Love is the Rose of Life,—
Let it bloom out in joyous rout
Till all the world is rife
With sweets of loving kindness,
Perfumes of noble deed,
And savors rare, beyond compare,
Of succor for all need.

Scatter Your Flowers as You Go

There is no law by which a man, any more than a rose, can withhold and yet receive. He must give first, and give generously, broadly, magnanimously, if he would develop a magnificent character, if he would accumulate soul-wealth. Give or starve! This is Nature's fiat. Give of your sympathy, of your money, of your encouragement, of yourself, or starve, mentally, morally.

The man who refuses to give, to share what he has received, is as foolish as the farmer who was so wrought upon by the conviction of a coming season of drought and the probable destruction of crops, that he refused to plant his corn. He said that he would keep it in the crib, that he would not risk putting it into the ground, lest it might rot and he be left without provisions for the winter. The drought did not come, however, and the result was that he went hungry, while his neighbors who had planted generously reaped an abundant harvest.

A great philanthropist said that he had saved only what he had given away, that the rest of his fortune seemed lost. What we give away has a wonderful power of doubling and quadrupling itself on the return bound. It is the greatest investment in the world. It comes back in geometrical progression. Give! give!! give!!! It is the only way to keep from drying up, from becoming like a sucked orange,—juiceless, insipid.

Selfishness is self-destruction. The man who never helps anybody, who tightly shuts his purse when there is a request to give, who says that all he can do is to attend to his own affairs, who never gives a thought to his neighbor, who hugs all his resources to himself, who wants to get all and give nothing in return, is the man who shrivels and dries up like the rosebud, who becomes small and mean and contemptible.

We all know those poor dwarfed souls who never give, who close the petals of their helpfulness, withhold the fragrance of their love and sympathy, and in the end lose all they tried to hoard for themselves. They are cold, lifeless, apathetic; all their sympathies have dried up; they can not enter into the joys and sorrows, the higher and nobler emotions of human life. Their souls have been frozen by selfishness and greed. They have become so narrow and stingy that they fear to give even a kind word or smile lest they may rob themselves of something. They have rendered themselves incapable of radiating sunshine or happiness, and, by the working of an immutable law, they receive none.

A strong man, watching one who was delicate, and undeveloped exercising in a gymnasium, said to him, "My dear man, how foolish you are to waste your energy on those parallel bars and dumb-bells. You are weak, physically, and ought to save what strength you have for your day's work. You can not afford to squander your vitality that way."

"Oh, but, my good sir," replied the other, "you don't see the philosophy underlying this exercise. The only way I can increase my power is by first giving out what I have. I give my strength to this apparatus, but it returns what I give it with compound interest. My muscles grow by giving it out in effort, in exercise."

Give and increase; hoard and lose! It is the universal law of growth.

"I will roll up my petals of beauty; I will withhold this precious fragrance, this love-incense of sun and dew for myself," said the selfish rosebud. "It is wasteful extravagance to give it away to careless passers-by." But, behold, the moment it tries to store up, to withhold its riches from others, they vanish! It shrivels and dies!

"I will give myself out," said the generous rose; "I will bestow my beauty and fragrance on everybody who passes my way," and, lo, it blossoms into a riot of sweetness and loveliness of which it never dreamed. It had only a tiny bit of fragrance until it tried to give that little to the world. Then, to its astonishment it was flooded with sweet odors that came from somewhere,—evolved from the chemistry of the sunlight, the moisture in the air and the chemical forces in the soil.

The habit of doing good, of helping somebody every day, of dropping a little word of encouragement here and there, to a newsboy, a waiter in a restaurant or a hotel, a conductor on a car, an elevator boy, a toiler in your home or your office, a poor unfortunate man or woman in a wretched home, or on a seat in the park,—this is what broadens and ennobles life, makes character beautiful and fragrant as the rose; this is the sort of giving that returns to us with compound interest.

Everywhere we go we find opportunities for this sort of giving. Everywhere we find some one who needs encouragement, some one whose heart is breaking under a heavy load, some one who needs sympathy, some one who needs a lift. We never can tell what glorious fruitage the seed of the most trivial act of kindness may produce. Many a heart has been cheered simply by a smile from a stranger. A look of sympathy, an expression of a desire to help, a warm grasp of the hand has brought back hope and courage to many a disheartened soul. A kind letter, a word of encouragement has been the turning-point in the career of many a person on the verge of despair.

This is the season of generous giving, but no one need bewail not having money to spend for Christmas gifts. There are gifts more precious than anything money can buy, which are in the power of all to bestow. The little girl who spent all her pennies in buying paper and a postage stamp to write to her grandmother and say, "I love you, I love you, dear grandmamma," teaches us a splendid lesson.

Give, give, give, of whatever you have; but give yourself with your gift. It is love for which the world is hungering. "Scatter your flowers as you go, for you will not pass this way again."

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An Indispensable Business Quality

Doctor Chalmers used to say that in the dynamics of human affairs two qualities are essential to greatness,—power and promptitude. The former is often the fruit of the latter. A man or woman who is impressed with the value of time will make every minute count to such purpose that his or her life will inevitably bear the stamp of power.

It is a rare thing to find a really successful man who has not strongly developed a habit of promptness. A man who is constantly missing his train, who is almost invariably late in keeping appointments, and who is habitually behind time in meeting his bills, or his paper at the bank, creates a distrust in the minds of those who have dealings with him. He may be honest and his intentions may be all right, but we all know that a certain unmentionable place is paved with good intentions. The whole structure of the business world rests on the cardinal principle of promptness, and a man who is not prompt in meeting his engagements can not be relied upon, no matter how well he

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means. Honesty of purpose alone will not compensate for tardiness.

Many young men have failed of promotion or lost good positions because of this fault. With the late Cornelius Vanderbilt want of punctuality was an unpardonable sin. He once made an appointment with a young man who had solicited his aid in securing a position, telling him to call at his office on a certain day at ten o'clock in the morning, and that he would go with him to the president of a railroad who had a vacancy on his clerical staff. The young man called on the day appointed, but twenty minutes after the hour named. Mr. Vanderbilt was not in his office. He had gone to attend a meeting. A few days later the young man succeeded in again seeing him, and, on being asked why he did not keep his appointment, replied, "Why, Mr. Vanderbilt, I was here at twenty minutes past ten!" "But the appointment was at ten o'clock," he was reminded. "Oh, I know that," was the flippant reply, "but I did not think fifteen or twenty minutes would make any difference." "Indeed," said Mr. Vanderbilt, sternly, "you will find that punctuality in keeping appointments does make a great deal of difference. In this instance your lack of promptness has deprived you of the place you desired, for the appointment was made on the very day upon which you were to meet me. Furthermore, let me tell you, young man, that you have no right to consider twenty minutes of my time of so little value that I can afford to wait for you. Why, sir, I managed to keep two other appointments of importance within that time."

There is no more desirable business qualification than punctuality, and no other so indispensable to a man of affairs, or to any one who would save his own time and that of others. Napoleon once invited his marshals to dine with him, but, as they did not arrive at the moment appointed, he began to eat without them. They came in just as he was rising from the table. "Gentlemen," said he, "dinner is now over, and we will immediately proceed to business."

We may ruin ourselves by dilatoriness in keeping appointments, but we have no right to waste the time of others who, perhaps at great inconvenience, have kept to the letter their engagements to meet us at certain times. "If a man has no regard for the time of other men," said Horace Greeley, "why should he have for their money? What is the difference between taking a man's hour and taking his five dollars?"

The habit of promptness, like all other habits, is due very largely to environment and early training. It is the boy who says "Wait a while," when his mother wants anything done, who puts off his school work until the last minute, who delays an errand until he has finished his play, and who never does anything without being told, that comes in just a little too late for the opportunities in life that were waiting to be grasped and made the most of by those who had prepared themselves for them.

A person who is punctual to the minute with everything he does practically doubles his time. Napoleon said that he beat the Austrians because they did not know the value of five minutes. "Every moment lost," he used to say, "gives an opportunity for misfortune."

Promptness begets confidence. The reputation of being always on time is a very enviable one, and the youth who has attained it possesses, as a rule, the qualities that mark forceful men.

Spasmodic Enthusiasm

YOUNG people are often subject to acute attacks of enthusiasm. They are completely swept off their feet by new ideas, and think that they will accomplish wonders with them. For days they think and dream of nothing else. It may be the making of a cart or some toy, the taking up of a special study, a plan to improve the home or the farm, or to work out some pet theory, or determination to engage in some particular kind of work. But in most cases the enthusiasm cools, the zeal evaporates, the fire dies out, and nothing is left but embers and ashes.

I have known more than one youth to be so fired by listening to some great orator at the bar that he then and there made up his mind that he would be a lawyer. He would bend all his energy to the study of law for perhaps a few weeks. At the end of that time he would throw his law books down in disgust and decide that the writings of Coke and Blackstone are dry picking for a boy who delights in action. His enthusiasm for the law had received a deathblow. His mind was ready for some other diversion. He saw a successful physician hurrying about in his carriage, and thought that medicine is the ideal profession, so he decided at once to become a doctor. But a very short experience with the dry bones of anatomy was sufficient to dampen his ardor, and he quickly followed some other will-o'-the-wisp which danced before his fanciful imagination

Young people who are completely unbalanced by new ideas, and who do not stop to consider whether they are feasible or practicable, rarely have the persistence to follow one to a conclusion. Victims of transitory enthusiasm, they change about from pillar to post until youth and opportunity lie behind them. They work as clerks for a while, teach school a term or two, work in factories, half-learn this trade or that, waste a year, perhaps, in the study of medicine, another in that of law, or a few months in attempting to master the foundation principles of architecture, or in studying some art or science that strikes their fancy for the moment, and, almost before they realize it, they are no longer eligible for success. Their lives are made up of fragments which do not belong together, and which no ingenuity could make into a complete pattern.

If erratic people of this kind would stick to even the humblest thing they attempt, they would accomplish something; their lives would make some sort of finished pattern, however homely, instead of a mass of disconnected fragments. Nothing can be made out of fragments of different kinds. A beautiful mosaic is made up of tiny bits, but they are of the same kind.

If all the knowledge and unbalanced enthusiasm which so many young men and women waste in trying scores of things could be put into one worthy endeavor; if every day's work were made to help out that of the previous day; if every bit of experience were made to count upon the one great object of their lives, their power of achievement, their possibilities of increased usefulness and of weaving a beautiful life-pattern would be increased a thousandfold.

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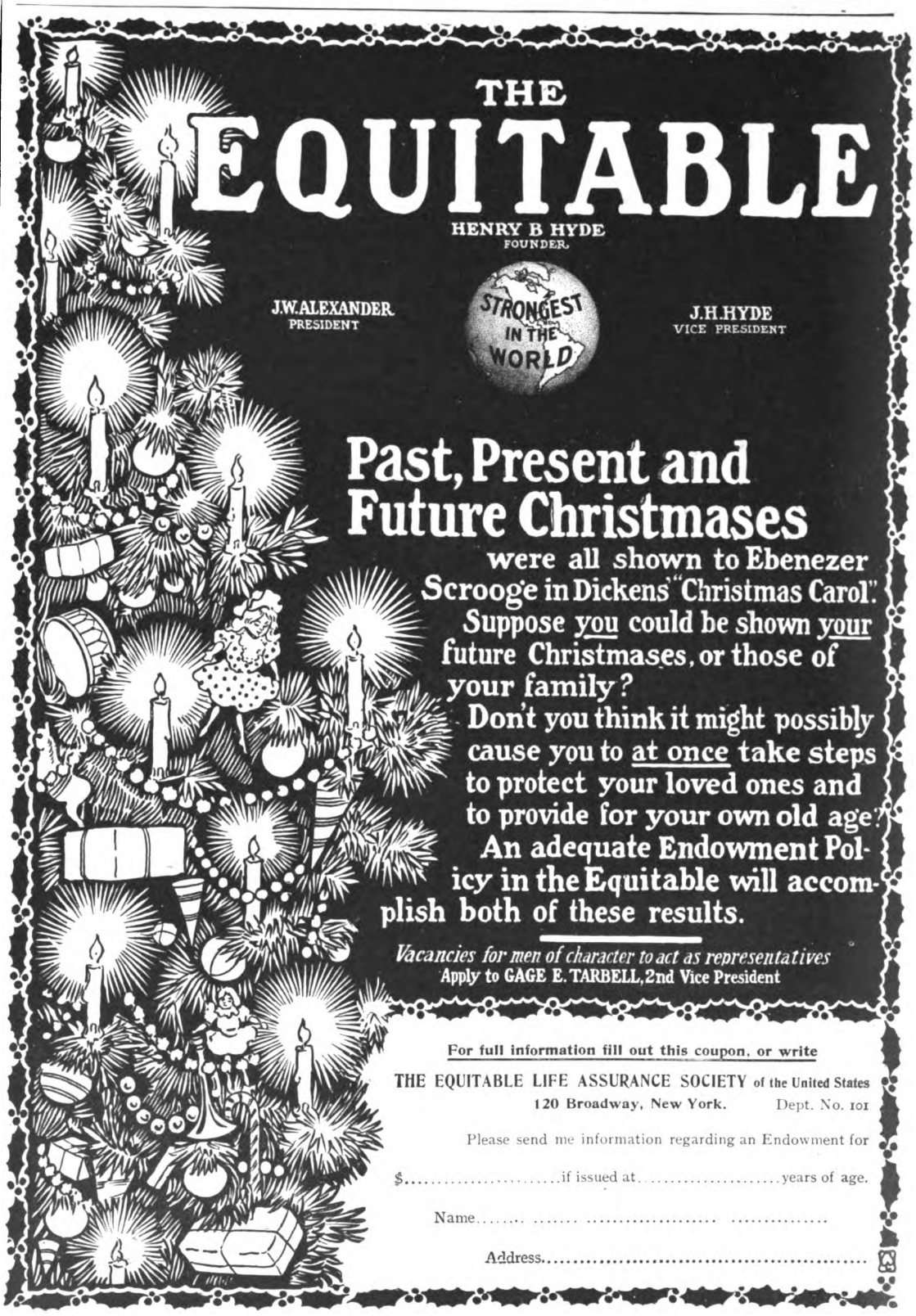

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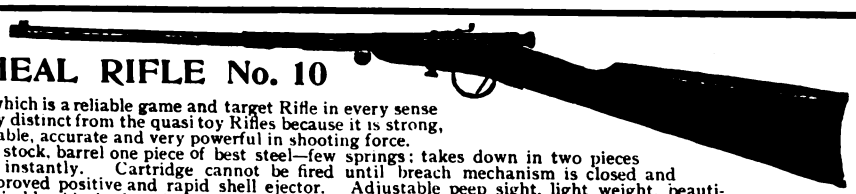

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How to Decorate Your Own Home

Simple and economic methods by which beauty and taste may be displayed

JOSEPHINE WRIGHT CHAPMAN

[This is the first of a series of articles on interior decorations, which Miss Chapman has written specially for SUCCESS]

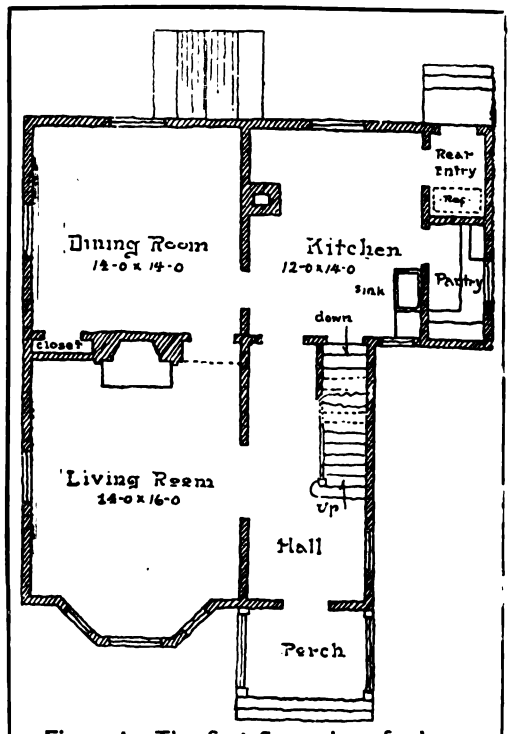

Figure 1.—The first floor plan of a house

PART I.

IT is surprising to see the lack of taste displayed in house furnishings by people who apparently have excellent taste in other directions. In thinking over the subject, it seems to me that the trouble lies in the fact that, although the taste of these people may be good in the selection of individual things, they do not take time to study the house as a whole. This is the first essential point in the decoration and furnishing of a home, and the same careful attention should be given it which an artist gives to the composition of a picture. People of moderate means can rarely afford to employ the services of an interior decorator and it does not occur to them that it is possible to lay out a scheme of decoration for themselves. Instead of having a definite idea of buying things which will harmonize with those which they already have, they purchase anything which they fancy, never giving a thought to its fitness.

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In this series of articles I hope to give some hints which will be useful to people who have new homes to furnish, and also to be of assistance to those who may wish to improve the homes which they have.

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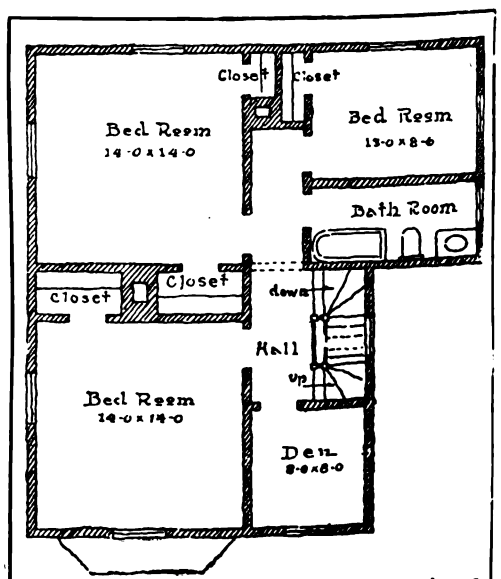

Figure 2.—The second floor plan of a house

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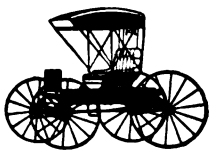

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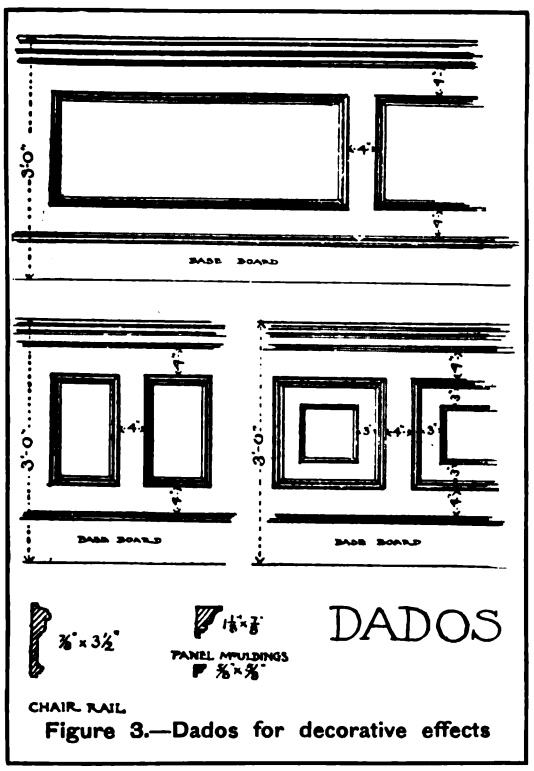


Figure 3.—Dados for decorative effects

home and one enjoys the comfort and beauty of it all the more from the effort required to make it.

I propose to take the plan of the average house which is built for renting. The uninteresting appearance of such a house often discourages people at the outset. "We will wait until we can afford a more artistic house before we do anything to the interior," they say. The exterior of a rented house is of no importance. It reflects in no way the taste of the occupants. But the interior is important, and it is the fault of the tenant if it is not comfortable and attractive. I propose to show how such a house may be furnished and decorated along inexpensive lines, how wall papers and carpets should be chosen, how draperies can be made, how to utilize pieces of furniture and carpets, how to build cupboards and bookcases, and even how to remodel uninteresting mantels. Figures No. 1 and No. 2 show the plan of the house which I have taken.

The Sameness in Houses

There is so much sameness in houses that one of the most important points in furnishing a home is to make it unique, in its way reflecting the individual taste and character of its occupants. In the first place, each should choose his own color scheme. Let us begin with the papering. I will suppose that you are fortunate enough to be able to select your own papers. Think out the color scheme as a whole, and, when you have decided on the different papers, arrange samples of them on a table in the relation in which they are to appear in the rooms. In this way you can easily see whether or not they harmonize. As a rule it is always safer to use plain or two-toned paper, as the draperies, furniture coverings, and bric-a-brac will furnish enough variety of colors, and the paper serves only as a background.

First comes the hall. If it were a large, square

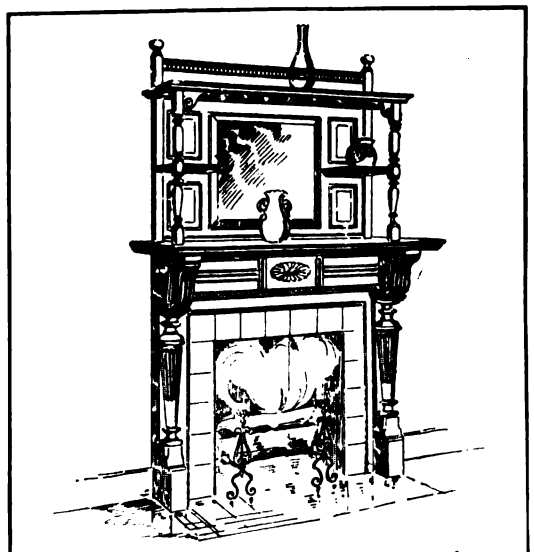
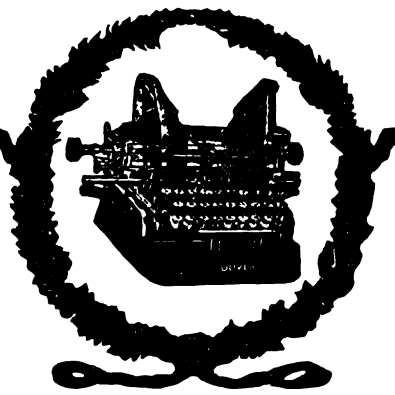


Figure 4.—A conventional mantel



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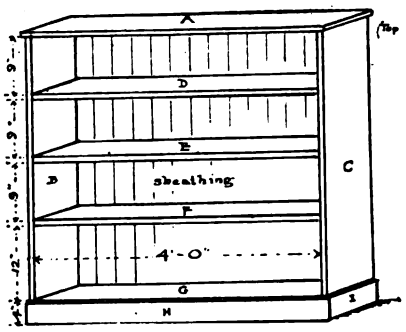

Figure 6.—A bookcase

reception hall, there could be many treatments; the heavy tapestry papers are very good for such a purpose, but alas! this is merely a narrow passage and one must do his best to give it as much width as possible. A simple landscape or foliage paper, as it has perspective, broadens the hall and is very suitable; or, if a plainer effect is preferred, a green paper with figures or stripes in a different tone of green is equally good.

For the living room I would suggest a warm, restful russet brown, which harmonizes with the green of the hall just as the trunks of trees harmonize with the green of foliage. This paper may be plain or in stripes of two shades of brown, this color serving as an excellent background for bric-a-brac and pictures. A yellow or a red might be used instead of the brown, but each has its disadvantages; yellow on the wall of a room which is used so constantly is very trying, and red is rather heavy.

About Choosing Wall Paper

Blue paper is always neat and appropriate for a dining room, provided it is a bright, sunny room. The old grayish blue or the blue of the Delft china is the proper tone to harmonize with the brown of the living room and the green of the hall. One can not do better than study nature again and copy the blue and green of peacocks' feathers for the hall and the dining-room walls. If, however, the dining room is dark, it would be better to use yellow in a rich, warm tone, avoiding a greenish or lemon cast, as that would not harmonize with the brown and the green. The yellow gives a sunny atmosphere to the room. If, however, as is often the case in houses of this kind, the woodwork of the dining room is in natural oak, yellow paper would be out of the question.

This completes the papering of the first floor, as the kitchen walls will probably be painted,—let us hope in a warm yellow or a brown instead of the cold gray or the white which one often sees.

Eugene Field's remark that almost any color suited him, so long as it was red, applies to the majority of men. Red is an almost universal favorite with them, and, since this is true, no color can be more appropriate for the walls of a room which is essentially the man's own,—the "den." A rich crimson—not a brick red,—cartridge paper is always satisfactory. As red is the complement of green, the effect will be good as seen from the hall.

For the sleeping rooms, anything in light, deli-

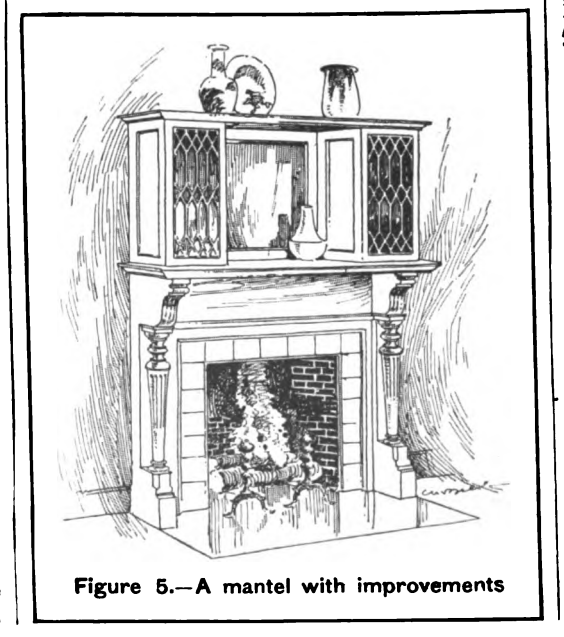

Figure 5.—A mantel with improvements

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cate colors is appropriate. Let one room be done in dainty chintz paper and another in blue with a narrow ribbon-like border of old-fashioned flowers, while for the third there are delicate rosebud patterns. In papering, as in all other details of the house, it is well to bear in mind the eternal fitness of things and choose according to the purpose of the room.

This is merely a suggestion for laying out the papers. There are hundreds of other schemes equally good, and, provided he studies harmony of color, each may choose for himself, and, as it were, work out his own salvation.

Having disposed of the papering of the house, the woodwork is the next consideration. Let us return to the living room. In most houses the woodwork is white. A great deal can be added to the appearance of the room by putting a chair rail around the walls three feet from the floor. This can be procured at any mill for a few cents per foot.

Let the paper-hanger paste prepared linen, cotton cloth, or cheap ingrain paper on the space below the rail, and paint it white to match the woodwork. If a more elaborate dado is desired, it can be made by paneling with picture molding, mitering the corners, various designs of which are shown in Figure No. 3. The man of the house can do this very easily.

How to Improve a Mantel

In Figure No. 6,—a bookcase,—I have lettered each piece of wood and made a list of these letters with the size given after each. From this I have made up what is known as a schedule of lumber. This same process should be used in making a schedule of lumber for the work which I shall hereafter describe. By sending this list to any mill, you can obtain, at little expense, pieces of whitewood or other inexpensive wood sawed and smoothed. With the lumber cut correctly, it is very simple to nail or screw the pieces together.

The mantel is usually the ugliest feature of the room and improving it often seems impossible. Figure No. 4 shows such a mantel, and Figure No. 5 shows several ways of improving it. Of course, a good deal of this ugly mantel can not be changed without considerable expense. A good rule to follow, when you have something objectionable, is to try to make something attractive near it to take the eye from the objectionable part. Remove the extreme top of the mantel, which is usually put on with wooden pins, and build a casing around the posts and shelf to form little cupboards as shown in the drawing. On the side, have plain panels, and on the front leaded glass doors if you can afford them. You can obtain the lumber sawed out for all except the doors, and these you can have made at an ordinary mill and glazed. If you can not afford real leaded glass, a very good effect can be obtained by taking black paint and lining the doors off in the same designs as those of the leaded glass.

Joseph G. Cannon in the Face of Defeat

MANY are the tales being told of Representative Joseph G. Cannon, the new speaker of the house. Some are true and some are not, but "Uncle Jo," as he is fondly called, never denies any of them. Some of the good ones which are now forgotten were frequently passed from tongue to tongue immediately after he was defeated for the United States senate instead of Senator Shelby M. Cullom. In some way, the impression became general in Washington that Mr. Cannon took his defeat much to heart, although later developments seemed to disprove this. The corps of Washington correspondents gathered *en masse* at his hotel to interview him. There were many veiled allusions as to what had happened in the Illinois legislature, and finally one of the correspondents mustered up courage to ask him outright:—

"Now, Uncle Jo, tell us just why you were defeated?"

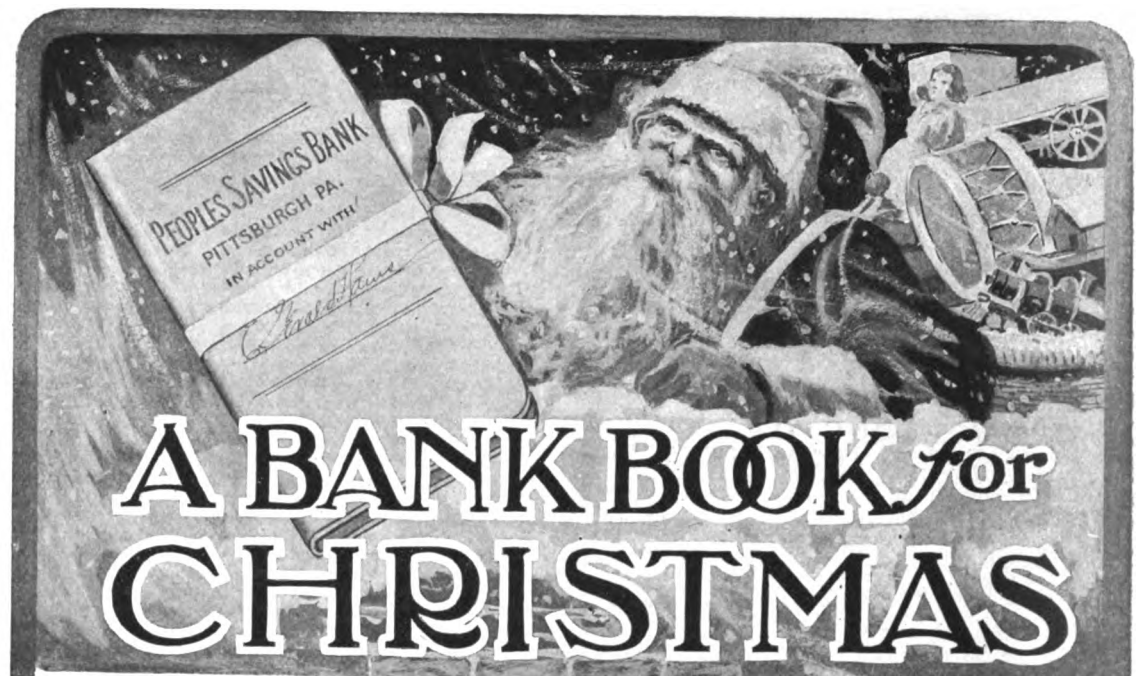
The other correspondents looked aghast at their colleague. Mr. Cannon seized the inquirer by the arm, led him away from the group and then, leaning close to his ear, whispered in a stage tone that could be heard throughout the small hotel corridor, "I did n't have votes enough."

The roar of laughter had hardly subsided when Representative Rodenberg, at one time a member of the United States civil service commission and now representative-elect to congress, declared:—

"I'll tell you the truth, boys, Cannon got to be too much of an aristocrat for his farmer legislators."

The assertion was received with surprise by those who knew Mr. Cannon so well for his democratic manner of wearing his clothes and appearing on the floor of the house as well as in his committee room at the capitol, and the affable and hearty way which he has of meeting his friends with a slap on the back and a hearty laugh.

"It's true," urged Rodenberg, "I heard him make a speech in the caucus and there he was shouting 'either' and 'neither' and sounding the 'ei' in that long accented way so affected, it is popularly believed out in Illinois, only by aristocrats. I knew that Cannon's race was lost."



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A Chinese World-Reformer

Translated by E. R. Holmes

EXILED in Tokio lives Kang Yu Wei, who, perhaps, more than any other man, started the emperor of China on a liberal policy. The *coup d'état* of the wily Tsui-Tsi put an end to the emperor's plans and to Kang Yu Wei's career in China.

The intellectual history of this baffled reformer is the more remarkable in that he received all his education in China, and passed successively all the grades of government examinations leading to the title, "Admitted Among the Learned," thus being steeped in all of oriental conservatism. He began his public career as a professor of philosophy at Canton, and immediately took an absorbing interest in occidental learning, then just beginning to be translated into Chinese. He made frequent trips to Hongkong and Shanghai to consult Chinese specialists in these lines. He studied particularly government and religion.

At length, in 1889, Kang Yu Wei opened a school in Peking, and began efforts to interest the emperor in advanced ideas. Seven times in four years he attempted to forward a letter suggesting reforms to the emperor, and seven times his influence was not sufficient to get the communication past the privy council. The member of that ultra-conservative body thought that only a lunatic or a drunken man could write such doctrines as they found in the letters.

In 1889, an influential friend dared to present a letter from Kang Yu Wei directly to the emperor, then just free from his long tutelage. He was struck with the liberal ideas, sent for the author of the letter, and asked extended explanations. Private audiences became frequent, and the scholar soon exercised a great influence over the emperor, so much so that for several months he was the power behind the throne, and he had the emperor well started on a liberalizing policy. The jealous queen regent then exerted her still strong influence at court, and gathered again into her hands the reins of power, with momentous consequences which have made part of recent history. One of her first acts was to banish the, to her, dangerous innovator, Kang Yu Wei. By beheading and degrading officials, and ignoring the emperor, progressive ideas were pretty effectually stamped out.

Kang Yu Wei, quietly living in Japan, is writing a systematic plan for an ideal government which he believes will be established in a few hundred years. One of his followers, Leang-Tsi-Tschao, has put his views into a Chinese pamphlet, of which Georges Soulié gives a French translation in "*La Nouvelle Revue*."

The Chinese philosopher bases his system on the principle of never doing evil to others. He believes that the teachings of Confucius, Buddha and Christ can be combined into one harmonious doctrine, since they all have the same basic rule of mutual love and equality.

Selfish seeking for individual happiness, with consequent trampling on others' rights, Kang Yu Wei believes, can only be remedied by a radical change of general social relations and laws. He would confide to the state the direction of all that concerns the life and education of the people. The government would not be very different from actual ones, but all officers would be chosen for rectitude and by just elections. Each country would have laws and regulations adapted to its own traditions and customs, but all would be united in a confederation to which he gives the name, United States of the World, and which is to a large extent patterned after our own government.

Government institutions are to care for all children from birth. In fact, all prospective mothers are to be taken immediately to institutions where eminent physicians will watch every detail of their lives with a view to producing the most perfect offspring. Marriage itself is to be supervised with this end in view, and celibates and married persons not desiring children are not to be counted as citizens of the community. The "ministry for the education of the unborn," as the service for mothers is called, has even authority to prevent the birth of children whose mothers prove unfit, either physically or morally. Thus the race is to be purified and improved.

All persons from six to twenty years of age are to receive equal and identical education. At the twentieth year they are to be examined and classed according to their special aptitudes, and then, after serving an obligatory year in the "Ministry for the Care of the Sick and the Aged," are to be set to the tasks in which they will excel. This ministry, where compulsory service is required, corresponding to the present military conscription, is practically a hospital and asylum service. All diseased or enfeebled persons are to be cared for in government institutions, and medicine and medical treatment are to be free to all.

All land is to be declared public property, no titles being vested in individuals, but rental, either in money or in kind, is to be paid, this forming the chief source of revenue. The state will also exploit the railroads, steamship companies, mines, and other great enterprises. Private enterprise and property, however, would not seem to be excluded from the plan, since mention is made of those who may acquire riches outside of the community, and of their privilege of accepting or not the care of the state in their old age.

No titles or decorations are to exist, but intelligence and virtue are to be rewarded. Persons who make discoveries or inventions, or who write superior books, will receive higher employment in the state, or special advantages in the way of retreats for old age. Those who have won the best records as ordinary citizens will also receive some such recompense.

Men and women are to have equal powers and rights, and are to share alike in the burdens of government.

It is supposed that evil will largely disappear by the application of just principles to social relations. Only two punishments are reserved for wrongdoers: one is confiscation of goods and dismissal from state employ and all enjoyment of community benefits; the other is the closest legal supervision and regulation of marriage. This, it is thought, will soon rid the community of all evil, and there will be no punishments needed.

The general government of the United States of the World would consist of an upper chamber of representatives of all the states, and a lower chamber representing the people of the entire world.

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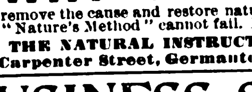

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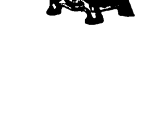

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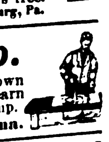

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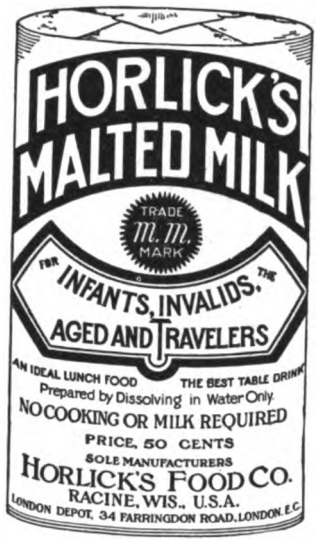

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Character-Building Through Thought

VII.—THE BLIGHT OF PESSIMISM

CONSIDERING how unprofitable such efforts are, it is surprising how many people make a business of looking for trouble, of cultivating and coaxing it, and running to meet it. They find the thing for which they look. No one ever looked for trouble without finding plenty of it. This is because one can make trouble of anything if the mind is set that way. It is said that, during the development of the West, in the days of rough frontier life, the men who always went armed with pistols, revolvers, and bowie knives always got into difficulties, while the men who never carried arms, but trusted to their own good sense, self-control, tact, and humor, rarely had trouble. The incident that meant a shooting affray to the armed man was merely a joke to the more sensible unarmed man. It is just so with the seekers for ordinary trouble. By constantly holding discouraged, dejected, melancholy, gloomy thoughts, they make themselves receptive to all that depresses and destroys. What to a cheerful person would be a trifling incident, to be laughed at and dismissed from the mind, becomes, in the minds of the croakers, a thing of dire portent, an occasion for unutterable gloom and foreboding.

Most unhappy people have become so by gradually, forming a habit of unhappiness, complaining about the weather, finding fault with their food, with crowded cars, and with disagreeable companions or work. A habit of complaining, of criticising, of fault-finding, or grumbling over trifles, a habit of looking for shadows, is a most unfortunate habit to contract, especially in early life, for, after a while, the victim becomes a slave. All of the impulses become perverted, until the tendency to pessimism, to cynicism, is chronic.

There are specialists in these trouble-seekers. Thousands of people go looking for disease, and carry remedies with them to use in case it should overtake them. They have antidotes for malaria, and something for colds, and medicine for every possible ailment, and they are sure that all will come sometime. A great many people when they take a journey across the continent, or to Europe, carry a regular drug store with them, a remedy for every disease that they suppose they are likely to strike; and, strange to say, these people are always feeling ill, they are always having colds, and catching contagious diseases. Others who never anticipate trouble, who are always believing the best instead of the worst, will go abroad and never take remedies with them, and they rarely have any serious complaint.

The persons who carry numerous remedies remind one of the English lord who, about to take a long journey, told his valet to take along a mouse trap for fear they might be troubled with mice.

Some people are always looking for malaria, always snuffing about for sewer gas and for impure air; the locality where they live must be unhealthy, too high or too low, too sunny or too shady. If they have any little ache or pain, they are sure it is malaria. Of course, they eventually get it, because they looked for it, they anticipated it, they expected it. They would be disappointed if they found they were mistaken. The fact is, that the only thing that is wrong is their own minds. If there is malaria in the mind, if there is miasma in the thought, these things will appear in the body. It is only a question of time.

Some of these peculiar individuals find fresh, cool air the most prolific source of their quarry. The whole French nation is continually looking for trouble from this source. An American in Paris who leaves a bedroom window open is warned against sore eyes, pneumonia, colds, and sudden death. If there is a window open anywhere, these suspecters of aërial mischief expect a cold, and are sure to get it. The very fear, the very anxiety, demoralizes the natural resisting power of the body and makes it susceptible.

Some of these trouble-seekers fix on the stomach as the storm-center of misfortune. They have elaborate mental charts of what "agrees with" them and what "disagrees with" them, and are always secretly hoping to be able to find some new indigestible viand. They swallow a bit of dyspepsia with every mouthful of food, for they feel sure that everything they eat will hurt them. The suspicious thought, the fear thought, reacts upon the digestion, demoralizes the gastric juice, or prevents its secretion entirely, and, of course, there is trouble.

If there is a contagious disease anywhere in the neighborhood, the trouble-expecters are sure to contract it. If one of the children coughs, or has a little too much color in the cheek, or does not feel hungry, they are certain that the dreaded disease must have begun its deadly work.

Certain people are always complaining of their hard lot and poverty. They go about with disaster written in their faces; they are walking advertisements of their own failures, their own listless, nerveless, lifeless inactivity; they are always talking, but never doing.

I know a bright, energetic young man who has started in business for himself, but who has formed a most unfortunate habit of talking down his business to everybody. When anybody asks him how his business is getting along, he says, "Poorly, poorly; no business; doing absolutely nothing; just barely making a living; no money in it; I wish I could sell out; I made a great mistake in going into this line of business; I would have been a great deal better off on a salary." This man has formed such a habit of talking his business down that, even when business is good, he still calls it poor. He radiates a discouraging atmosphere, he flings out discouraging suggestions, and makes you feel tired and disgusted that a young man of such promise and such possibilities should drown his prospects by emitting such a discouraging atmosphere.

This habit is especially unfortunate in an employer, because it is contagious, it destroys the confidence of the employees in him and in the business. People do not like to work for a pessimist. They thrive in a cheerful, optimistic atmosphere, and will do more and better work there than in one of discouragement and depression. The man who talks his business down can't possibly do as well as the man who talks his business up. A habit of talking everything down sets the mind toward the negative side, the destructive side, instead of toward the positive and creative, and is fatal to achievement. It creates a discordant environment. No man can live upward when he is talking downward.

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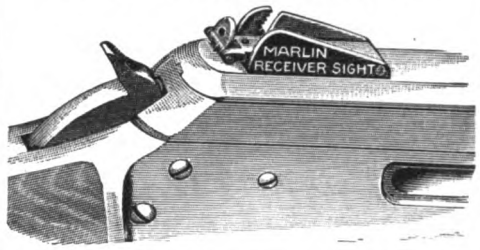

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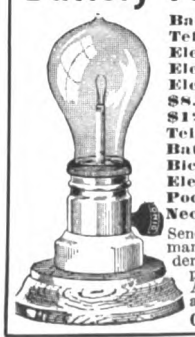

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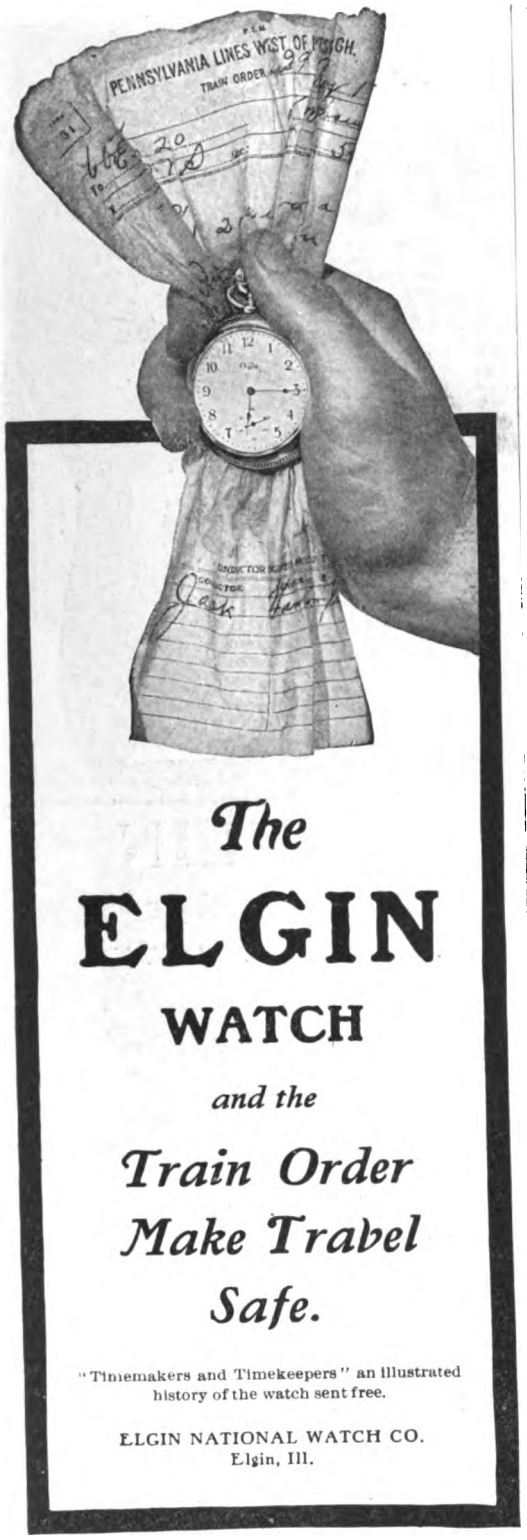

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The World of Science

ARTHUR E. BOSTWICK

The Uses of Nicotine

AN Italian botanist, attached to the Botanical Gardens at Palermo, has been investigating the uses of nicotine,—not to the human consumer, but to the plant itself that produces the alkaloid. According to this authority those who have regarded nicotine and similar substances as waste products of the plant are at fault, since it is a true food, having for its object the nourishment of the growing tobacco. Its effect upon the animal organism, however, is certainly not that of a nutrient.

▲ ▲

Sunspots and the Wind

A COMPARISON of the curves representing the intensity and direction of the wind and the frequency of sunspots for the last sixty years shows, according to a recent report, that there are always fewer north winds at a period of sunspot maximum. This may be related to an alteration of temperature due to solar disturbance; but the whole subject is yet very vague, as may be seen from the fact that authorities who agree that sunspots should affect terrestrial temperature in some way are not yet agreed as to whether they raise or lower it.

▲ ▲

Shall We Eat Our Coffee Instead of Drinking It?

TO SUCH persons as can not drink hot coffee on pain of a disturbance of the digestion, coffee jelly is recommended by "The Lancet," the well-known English medical authority. Gelatine, it says, is cooling, soothing, thirst-assuaging, and anti-acid. It also has the property of preventing the destruction in the body of proteids, such as albumen. Moreover, the astringent principles of the coffee are nullified by the gelatine, which is thus in many ways an excellent vehicle for the stimulant. Excessive coffee-drinking, the writer adds, is, of course, an evil, but in moderation coffee is to be preferred to alcohol in that it diminishes organic waste and rouses energy without subsequent collapse.

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Diet and Bodily Size

IT has been laid down as a physiological rule that the requirements of adult diet depend not on the weight of the eater but on the extent of his bodily surface. In the case of children this rule is further modified. An infant may weigh one-eighteenth as much as a grown man, but its surface is more than one-seventh as great. As the first requirement of the infant's food is to replace the heat that is continually being lost by radiation from all parts of the body, the latter fraction determines the needed proportion of nourishment rather than the former. But in the case of a growing child food is also needed to supply the increase of bodily weight. In all, an infant's ration may be five times as much as would be estimated from its actual weight alone.

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Cement from Slag

THE manufacture of Portland cement from blast-furnace slag bids fair to become a valuable industry. Such use has been made of slag in Germany and Belgium for several years, and it is now to be introduced into France, Austria, and England. In the manufacture, the gas from the blast furnace is made to run the motors in the cement works, the waste coke is utilized in the cement kiln, and the slag and limestone that are the chief raw materials of the industry are close at hand. While in slag cement only twenty per cent. of the raw material is wasted, this waste in natural cement amounts to twice as much. Slag cement is also said to be more trustworthy, because the slag is a product whose chemical composition may be exactly controlled, which is, of course, not the case with the natural material.

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Is Oil Fuel Cheaper Than Coal?

WHICH is the cheaper fuel, oil or coal? The answer to this question, concludes a recent investigator, depends on locality. In New York City, for instance, anthracite "buckwheat" coal may be bought for two dollars and eighty-five cents a ton in the coal pockets, while oil is three and one-half cents a gallon. In California or the Gulf States, on the other hand, inferior coal is five dollars and twenty-five cents a ton, and oil may be had at fifty-five cents a barrel. He figures out from this that in New York oil is sixty-nine per cent. more expensive than coal as a fuel, while in California it may effect a saving of seventy-two per cent. These are the limits; in other localities the saving or increase, as the case may be, may be anywhere between these extremes.

▲ ▲

Artificial Alcohol

THAT alcohol may be produced by chemical combination of its elements, without recourse to the fermentation of sugar, has been known to chemists since 1860, when it was first so prepared by Berthelop from acetylene. That substance was then expensive and difficult to obtain, but, now that it may be made by simply moistening calcium carbide, which in turn is manufactured on a large scale by the electrical combination of lime and charcoal, chemists are talking of a revolution in the alcohol industry. According to a recent French writer, however, this revolution is not yet upon us, for alcohol from artificial or synthetic processes can not yet be produced so cheaply as by fermentation and distillation. So we shall still rely on nature to make our alcohol for us, for the present, confining our share in the matter to its separation from admixed impurities and diluents.

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To Paris by Parlor Car

THE all-rail route to Europe *via* Bering Strait has always been regarded in this country as a chimerical scheme. It is apperently taken seriously by a contributor to a reputable French scientific paper, who points out that the difficulties in the way of the plan have been greatly lessened of late. The Russians have crossed Asia with their railway lines, whose terminus is now on the Pacific Coast. The Canadian lines extend farther north than ever before, and railways have been built in Alaska. Furthermore, the impracticable plan of bridging Bering Strait has apparently been abandoned in favor of a tunnel, which

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the success of recent long-distance tunneling schemes brings within the limits of possibility. When all has been said, however, it is difficult to believe that the enormous expense of the work would be justified by any returns that are yet in sight.

▲ ▲

The Future Uses of Old Age

OUR old men are going to be our future workers, if we are to credit a theory propounded in a recent work of Professor Eli Metchnikoff, of the Pasteur Institute in Paris. He reminds us that, in the case of some of the most industrious of the lower creatures, such as ants and bees, the workers are distinct from the breeders, a third or neutral sex having been evolved by modification of one or both of the others. With man, no neutral sex has appeared, but both sexes cease the work of reproduction at a fixed period of life. This, then, is the most favorable period for work, and, when science has eliminated the infirmities of age, as Professor Metchnikoff believes it is now able, or soon will be able, to do, the aged will be our most vigorous and efficient toilers. This is a paradoxical conclusion, and one that will hardly gain the consent of all physiologists.

▲ ▲

A Practical Joke in Wireless Telegraphy

NOT long since, Professor Fleming, one of the electrical experts of the Marconi Company, was lecturing on wireless telegraphy at the Royal Institution, London, before a particularly aristocratic audience. Among other things, he received in the lecture room wireless messages from the Marconi station at Poldhu, Cornwall. Much to his surprise and disgust, and to the amusement of the audience, the word "rats" kept dropping into the midst of the messages. It afterwards appeared that Nevil Maskelyne had been having a little demonstration of his own, his object being to show that the Marconi messages are still subject to interception and interference from outside sources. The incident has caused quite a furious newspaper war, in which Mr. Maskelyne has been called very bad names; but the general feeling is that he has established his point.

▲ ▲

Cancer May Be Cured by Radium

THAT remarkable new metal, radium, has scored another victory, if we are to credit the reports that it has been successfully used to cauterize malignant growths. It has been known since the discovery of this substance that the emanations from it, like the X-rays, are able to inflict a serious burn. This, according to a recent medical writer on the subject, is because its rays interfere with the action of certain nerves, and apparently its ability to cause cancerous growths to disappear is due to action of a similar kind, since malignant growths are now supposed to be controlled in some way by influences transmitted from the central nervous system. At present the high price of the radio-active substances prevents general experiment along this line, and it is to be hoped that the cost of production may soon be lessened by the discovery of new ores and of simpler methods of extraction.

▲ ▲

Danger on Mountain Tops

AN Alpine-climber's peril we all recognize. It appears, however, that danger lurks on mountain summits even for those who ascend thereto by the comparatively tame method of being hauled up by cable or other mountain railways. Most of us know that people with weak hearts have no business on high mountains, but Dr. Zangger of Zurich, Switzerland, goes further, and tells us that any elderly person takes his life in his hands who ascends by any means above 3,300 feet, at least without a preliminary medical examination. Men past middle life who regard themselves as hale and hearty very often have infirmities of heart, lungs, or the arterial system, due to the approach of old age, and the altitude may cause serious or even fatal attacks, although these may not appear until days after the ascent. We have in this country only a few mountain railways more than 3,000 feet high, but there are more in Europe, and their number is constantly increasing.

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A New and Penetrating Kind of Light

RADIATION that will penetrate apparently opaque objects is now pretty familiar to us. Yet most of this radiation is certainly not ordinary light. The Röntgen ray seems to be a succession of irregular disturbances rather than a wave-phenomenon, while the Becquerel rays emitted by radium and similar substances are streams of tiny particles. But a class of radiation discovered by M. Blondlot, a French physicist, and called by him "N-rays," after his university of Nancy, are indubitably light and yet pass with ease through wood and rubber, though with more difficulty through water and wet paper. No less than five different groups of these light rays have been discovered in the radiation from a Welsbach mantle, and they also appear in the Argand flame and in the light from incandescent silver. The study of this group, it is believed, will greatly extend our general knowledge of radiation,—much more so than that of X-rays or of radium, whose behavior is abnormal.

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Where and How Do We Get Tired?

ONE would expect that fatigue would show itself first and chiefly in those muscles that have done the most work. This is not the case, according to A. M. Bloch, who has just been summing up the results of an in investigation on the subject. Bloch's method was to send out questions to men of various trades and occupations, asking for their experience; and from the answers he concludes that the muscle in which fatigue first appears is one that remains contracted for some time, doing no actual work, rather than one which does work by alternate contraction and relaxation. Thus a baker, who stands, bent over, kneading his dough, gets tired in his back, not in his arms; a shoemaker feels fatigue in his loins or abdomen; an oarsman tires in the calves of his legs, and so on. Bloch concludes that we should avoid permanent muscular contraction in working, and adopt systems of gymnastics that contract and relax as much as possible those groups of muscles that our occupation tends to keep in a state of tension.

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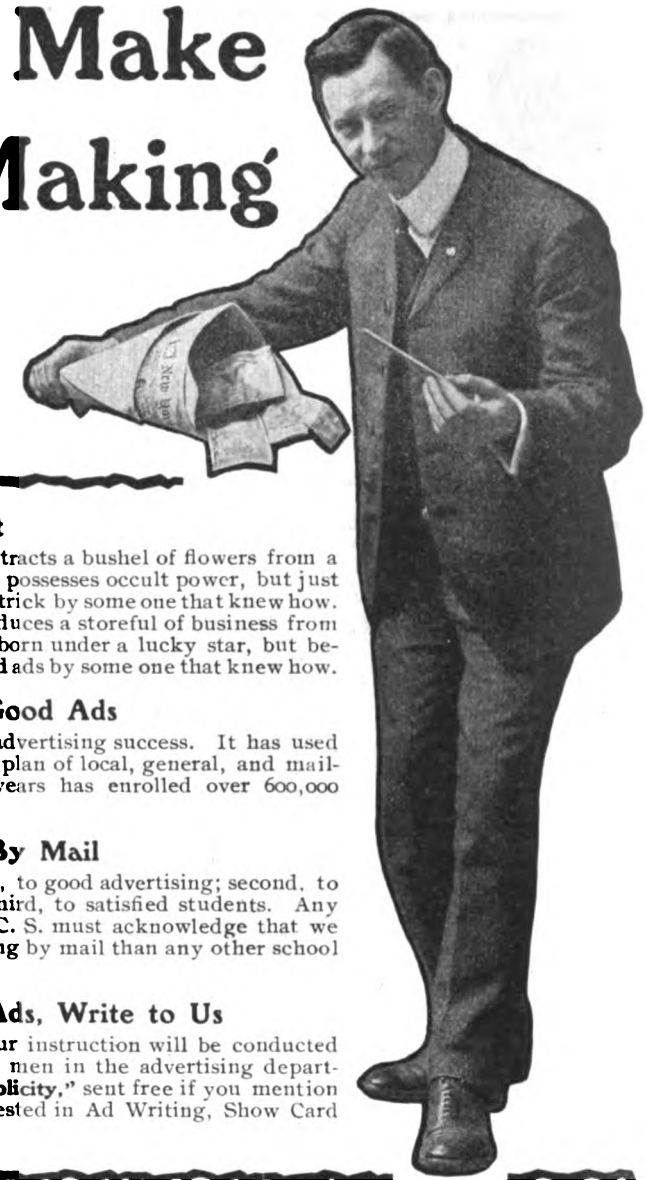

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The Histories of Two Boys

A True Story from the Salary View-Point

H. IRVING HANCOCK

EMERSON prefaced his essay on "Compensation" with the remark that he had always wanted to write upon that subject. There is a true story on compensation from the salary view-point that I have always wanted to write, and now I am going to do it. The two young men to whom the story refers were schoolboy friends of mine. I know the facts in the case of each and can tell the story with exactitude.

These two boys may be called Smith and Brown. They were graduated in the same year from the same high school. They had been chums, more or less, for years, and decided to start in the turmoil of life in the same business house, if possible. Positions were secured in the largest dry-goods store in Boston. More than that, both young men were assigned to work as tyro salesmen behind the lace counter.

"This isn't much of a place," remarked Brown, rather dubiously.

"'Tis not a bad place," returned Smith, consolingly, "and we're getting five dollars a week to start with. Not very bad pay for boys!"

There were long hours to be served and the work was hard. There were many impatient customers to be waited upon. As both boys lived some twenty minutes' walk from the store they walked home together in the evening.

"Pretty slow life, this!" grumbled Brown. "Think of the pay we're getting."

"It's not bad for youngsters," rejoined Smith. "It might be worse."

Neither boy had any living expense to pay, save for noonday luncheon and laundry. Smith brought his luncheon; Brown did n't. Smith began a bank account. Brown went to dances as often as he could afford the money. He soon found other pastimes, of evenings, that absorbed all his money and what he could borrow from his father. Naturally the two boys began to drift apart, except for that little evening walk home. Brown began to grumble at what he termed the slowness of promotion.

"It will come all right," returned Smith, "if we work for it."

At the end of the first year Brown observed:—

"I guess you're right. My pay has been raised a dollar a week. A fine return for hard work, isn't it? Did you get a raise?"

"Yes; I've been raised to seven."

Brown whistled his amazement, looked very thoughtful for a few moments, and then blurted out:—

"That's a sample of the favoritism that goes on in the business world. Whom did you get on the right side of?"

"I don't know," answered Smith, and he told the truth.

"I'm going to find out about this," grumbled the other boy, and he did. It was the department manager who supplied the information. While both boys had done everything of a routine nature that was required of them, it had been noted that Smith was always more anxious to please customers in all the ways possible to a salesman.

But the matter rankled in Brown's mind. He was brooding over the thing one day when a woman customer approached the lace counter and inquired for a certain make of lace.

"Sorry; haven't got it," said Brown, briefly. In a second Smith was at his side, whispering:—

"Jack, you'll find it on the third lower shelf down."

Turning, Brown went to the shelf indicated, found the goods, produced them, and made a sale. As soon as the customer departed the manager, who had been looking on, stepped up and asked:—

"Brown, why don't you learn to know your goods?"

"I can't remember everything, sir."

"Smith seems to be able to do so," said the department manager, as he moved away.

That remark about knowing one's goods struck deep in the mind of the listening Smith. He had already a very good knowledge of the laces that he had to sell, but he went to the department manager and said:—

"I would like your permission to cut a small sample from every one of the laces in the department."

"What do you want of them?"

"I want to take the samples home and study them evenings. I want, if possible, to become so familiar with every make and pattern of lace that I could tell it by touch in the dark."

"Take the samples," was the brief reply.

After a few weeks of patient evening study, aided by the use of a microscope, Smith discovered that he knew three times as much about laces as he had ever expected to know. Out of his savings he bought a powerful hand magnifying glass that he carried with him daily to the store. By degrees he became able to demonstrate to customers the relative values of the different laces. The department manager looked on approvingly and added all the information in his power.

At the end of the second year Brown's salary remained at six dollars. Smith's pay had been increased to ten.

"Favoritism!" snapped Brown. "I wonder, Fred, why the manager can't see anything in me. I work as hard as you do."

"Not in the evenings," was the quiet answer. "I spend most of my evening time studying the laces. Why don't you do the same? You're a good fellow, and willing. Come up to the house with me to-night, and after supper I'll show you some of the things I've been studying."

"Can't do it," negatived Brown; "got an engagement."

There was an evening high school course in chemistry. Deciding that he knew as much as he was able to learn about the fibers of every kind of lace sold in the store, Smith decided to take up chemistry in the hope that he could learn something more about laces. The course was an elementary one, but he applied himself with so much diligence that the professor soon began to take an especial interest in him. Then the young man explained what he wanted most to learn.

"Stop a few minutes every evening after the class is dismissed," advised the professor. "Bring samples of

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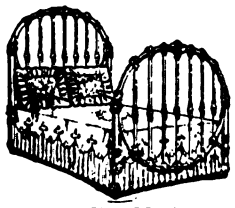

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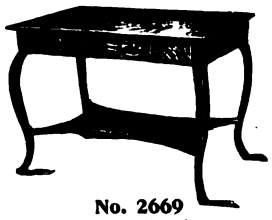

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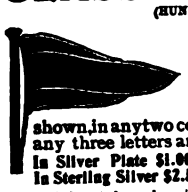

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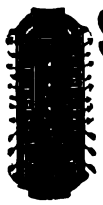

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Notable People I Have Interviewed

VANCE THOMPSON

[*Concluded from page 732*]

ing yellow journalism and making it successful.

"See here," he said, one afternoon, "I want Sarah Bernhardt to write a Christmas story for our big number,—do n't you think you could persuade her to do it?"

"I do n't know."

"Of course I know it's a hard job. I would n't ask any one else to try it, even," said the editor, "but you have a way with you—"

(Permit me to remark that I did not have a way with me, but that this estimable editor had one with him that was simple and effective. He would wreathe a young reporter with roses and feed to him the marshmallow of flattery until the fond youth would go forth and storm a battery or sleep in a Bowery lodging-house or interview Grover Cleveland after a defeat,—would, in short, work his imbecile head off, merely because he had been told, with a serious air: "There's nobody in New York can do that story as you can!" Ay, he had a way with him, that editor!)

And so I made an appointment to see Madame Sarah. At nine o'clock one morning, her French secretary—an agitated, awestruck little man, as the secretaries of great actresses are wont to be,—took me into her apartment. It was a quasi-royal reception. Thus Du Barry received Richelieu. In a creamy, foamy dressing-gown the great actress reclined, taking her chocolate, reading her letters, and teasing her dog of the period, and a very pretty picture she made. I sat down, holding my new hat on my knees, and crossing my feet,—for I thought my new patent-leather boots might prejudice her in my favor.

Had my editor been present I think he would have approved that conversation. It was a leaf from his own book. I gave her the wreath of roses and the marshmallow.

"A Chrismas story by Madame Sarah," I urged; "why, there is no one else in New York who can do it as you can."

Madame Sarah consented. She gave me her slim, capable hand, and smiled. (At that moment, had she asked me for my editor's head on a charger, I would not have hesitated an instant.)

"You will arrange the details with my secretary," she said; "*au revoir*."

Said the secretary, as we stood in the hall: "Let me have a copy of it in French, as soon as possible."

"In French!"

"Yes, she will want to read it before she signs it," said the secretary. Comprehension woke in me; solemnly as two augurs we looked at each other and bowed and went our ways. What my editor said was: "You must take a few days off and write it,—the sooner the better. Have you an idea? Of course you'll have bells, but put in some children,—nothing touches the heart like children. And you know—"

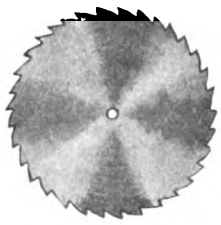
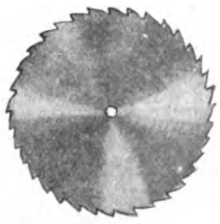
I waited for the marshmallow.

"There is no one in New York can touch the heart as you can," he added; "so I went home and wrote "Noël." There were bells and children in it; I hope it touched the heart. Madame Sarah read, approved, and dashed her stunning signature on both manuscripts, and the French version and the English were printed side by side.

A decade went by; things happened; I had forgotten all about "Noël." A few months ago I had occasion to see Madame Sarah in Paris. I went to her theater in the *Place du Châtelet*, and, after the play, was taken back to the stage. Slim and boyish in the white uniform of the *Aiglon* that wonderful woman looked undated as a myth. (Faith! I wish I knew where it was she took the time-cure!)

"I've a supper party on," she said; "come to the house early to-morrow,—then we can talk."

Nine o'clock o'day; folks just waking up in the Courcelles quarter; the carriage doors of Madame Sarah's big house in the *Boulevard Pereire* stood open; in the courtyard a groom in yellow sleeves rubbing down a horse; the asthmatic lion asleep in the sunlight,—I went up the house steps and rang. Came a yawning porter; came a sleepy maid; they convoyed me to the reception room up a pair of stairs. I wandered to and fro, looking at busts and statues—by the great actress; looking at paintings, landscapes, battle scenes, portraits, acquarelles—by the great actress; I picked up a book and glanced it over. It was

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an *edition de luxe;* it was charmingly illustrated by the great actress. It was "Noël." I was staring at it, as one stares at the ghost of an old sweetheart, when Madame Sarah came, swift-footed, rustling in an orange-tawny morning-gown.

"Oh," she exclaimed, noticing the book in my hand, "have you read it? A little thing, but real,—*une tranche de la vie.* It was an event in my own life that haunted me and haunted me until I simply had to write it,—a fragment of my childhood;—ah, those days, those days!"

"It touches the heart," I remarked, turning the pages.

"You like it?" she asked, brightly.

"*Chère Madame,* it is your masterpiece," I said,—and meant every word of it.

"*Vanitas vanitatum,*"—the player does not go through life as you and I do. Our lives are eminently real; we keep our mutton twirling at the fire; we file away our gas receipts; we do all sorts of things that keep us in touch with the actual edge of things; but the great actress is never victoriously herself,—she plays so many parts that her personality gets frittered away and what is left of her real life appears to her visionary and fantastic as a mirage. So I daresay Madame Sarah really was that little child who heard the cries of "Noël! Noël!" as the bells rang out over the far-away village in Auvergne,—though her good mother would have been mightily astounded to hear it.

▲ ▲ ▲

The autolatry of the player is understandable, but you would hardly look for the same measure of it in the statesman. And yet I believe that every public man—every one who lives part of the time in the public eye,—is a *poseur.* The statesman's frock coat—or *sombrero,*—is as much a part of his make-up as is the actor's wig of his. President McKinley had more of the "grand air" than any other statesman I ever met,—with one exception. This exceptional palm belongs to Sir Charles Dilke.

Beyond all doubt Sir Charles has the best brain in Britain. There is no better authority upon all the great questions that interest thinking men. His knowledge of international affairs is singularly accurate. No one has a finer mastery of the intricacies of world-trade. What he has to say is worth hearing. Once upon a time I interviewed him. As Sir Charles Dilke lived on Sloan Street and I lived a few doors away on the Brompton Road, it seemed a simple matter to get together. Ah, but that was reckoning without the senatorial dignity! Sir Charles made an appointment for four o'clock at the house of commons. I went to the rendezvous, accompanied by a stenographer. The house was not sitting. We entered the deserted lobby and an attendant took our names to the honorable gentleman. Then the leather doors were swung back by two somber flunkeys, and, just six steps up on the broad staircase, Sir Charles appeared, frock-coated, motionless, magnificent. His arms were folded across his chest. He stood for a moment, "holding the picture," as stage folks say. Then slowly he descended the six steps, with a dignity that was more than theatrical. I have seen kings enough and many actors, but all of them rolled into one never equaled Sir Charles Dilke, posing in the empty house of commons—flanked by imperturbable flunkies,—for a lone correspondent and a dazed stenographer. That we went to the smoking-room where he talked like a man of sense is neither here nor there; after that pompous exhibition I knew him as well as if I had gone through him with a lighted candle.—"Vanity of vanities," said the preacher.

THE SCIENTIST HAD TOLD IT ALL

MANY humorous stories are told of "green" reporters, in the various press clubs of the country, but often they are too full of journalistic technicalities to be appreciated by those outside the profession. But one that ought to be clearly understood is told of a young man from Indiana, who came to New York City and secured a position on "The American." It was his first attempt at reporting, and it was not found necessary to send him out of the office until nearly midnight when the city editor learned that a famous British scientist had arrived on a belated steamer and was staying at the Holland House.

"Call on him to-night and get a good interview," said the city editor, and the new reporter started out with growing hopes.

In about an hour he returned to the office and found a seat at a vacant desk. As he made no attempt to write, the city editor called him to his desk and asked:—

"Where is your interview with Mr. A——?"

"I did n't get it," he replied, rather pertly.

"And why?"

"Well, he said he had told everything to the 'Herald' reporter and had nothing more to say."

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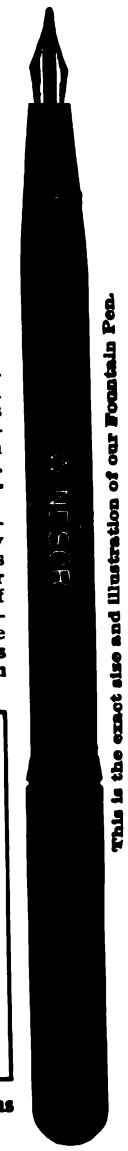

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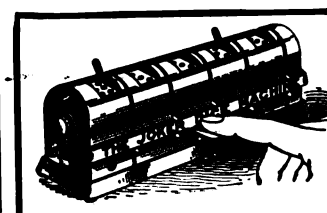

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Music in the Home

MAY WRIGHT SEWALL

E'en rage itself is cheered with music:
It makes a glad remembrance of our youth,
Calls back past joys, and warms us into transport.

ROWE

THE central idea of home is harmony. The love between one man and one woman which creates a home is that love whose synonyms are congeniality, affinity, harmony, and unity. Discord is destructive of home feeling; indifference and coldness are hardly less menacing to it. That individual home most perfectly satisfies one's ideal of this divine institution in which the most interests are harmonized in a conscious common interest.

Of diversified interests music is perhaps the best solvent that is known. I was once unfortunately present in a home in which the wife had a contentious disposition, and often the atmosphere would be rendered murky and threatening by most persistent disputes over most trivial matters. More than once I saw such disputes silenced and their causes forgotten, as a result of the tactful—perhaps I should say the instinctive,—employment of music, by the little daughter of the house, who, on such occasions, would, after a few minutes, almost invariably seat herself at the cabinet organ and play some gentle domestic air, or sing some old-fashioned love ditty of which she knew both her parents were fond.

The possible consequences of an uncommonly rancorous political debate I once saw averted in a similar manner, when the participants had reached a degree of heat which caused them to exchange arguments for accusations, and reasons for epithets. The petted and rather daring daughter of the host went to the piano, and, gleefully calling to her father and his guest to join her, to her own accompaniment sang "America." This reminder that patriotism subordinates partisanship gave a happy termination to the controversy quite contrary to the catastrophe which was imminent.

What the human soul most ardently seeks is power to express itself adequately and amply. Necessity for satisfactory expression in any relation is intense in proportion as the relation is intimate. All sorts of social difficulties result from misunderstandings on the part of well intentioned, good-natured people. Not infrequently the misunderstanding is the inevitable consequence of a cramped, clumsy, or partial expression. Articulate speech is superior to any other means of expression thus far developed by human beings, because it is capable of wider range and finer accuracy than any other; but, even in our present semimature state, we are conscious of many feelings that are incapable of accurate expression in articulate speech which find an outlet in something besides speech. For such feelings music is the readiest, the most available, and the most dependable avenue.

The home is the place where all the members of the household meet to rest after divers fatigues, to recuperate from various defeats, to gird themselves for new contests, and to revive their hopes of victory.

As a place of rest a home should furnish not merely lullabies for the nursery but the music that secures tranquillity for the soul of the adult as well.

As a social center the music furnished in the home should be as various as are the ages, the tastes, and the power to appreciate of the members of the household.

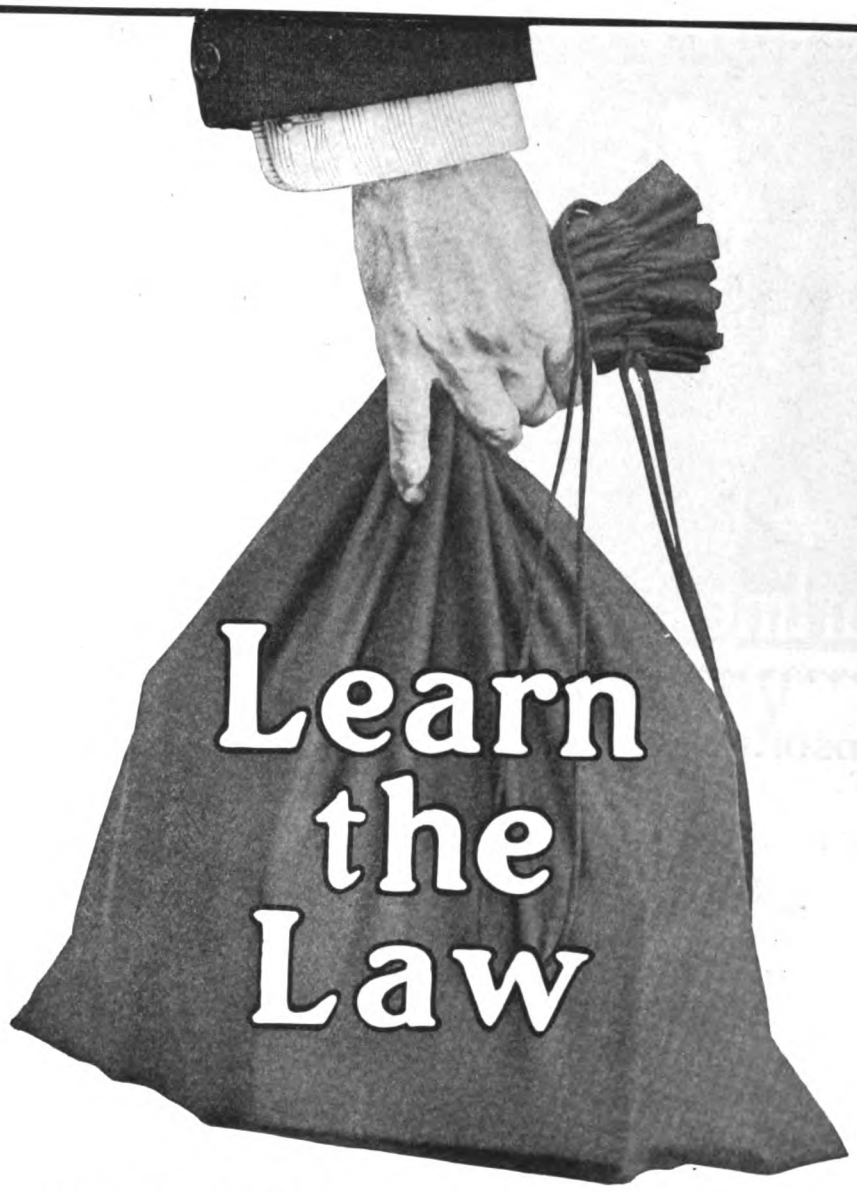
As a miniature state, the place in which citizenship with its capacity for sacrificing its tendency to hero-worship should be nurtured, the home should use the music of patriotism as one of its developing instrumentalities.

As the threshold of heaven, that particular department of the great school of life in which particular training for the life to come can best be given, the home should furnish the very highest form of religious music,—hymns, chants, and oratorios, which are the strongest wings for the highest aspirations of the human heart. It is only in the atmosphere of such a home that the soul really becomes conscious of its quality and of its consequent inevitable destiny.

The defect in ordinary home music is the same which characterizes ordinary home manners and ordinary home habits. The home is the place for relaxation: there official dignity may unbend, professional gravity may be remitted, and business tension may relax; there the conventional harness which one wears outside of his home may be laid off; but the unbuckling of the harness and the relaxation of body and mind must be effected without loss of refinement and gentleness. That kind of familiarity which breeds contempt is contemptible in itself. When the home becomes the place where the women of the household may dress like slatterns, where the men may act like clowns, and where the children may, without let or hindrance, violate all of the laws of propriety, it has forgotten its mission, which is to hold each one of its members to his or her possible best.

If the members of the family know each other's weaknesses better than strangers, equally true is it that they should also know one another's sources of strength better than any stranger ever can. If members of the same household know one another's faults of temper, defects of manner, and capacity for gracelessness in conduct and in speech better than strangers are ever compelled to know them, so they also know one another's capacity for kindness, helpfulness, consideration, forbearance, and unselfishness, as no outsider ever can. It is this familiarity with one another's resources on the lines of what is best, loveliest, and most desirable that should determine the character of the home music.

In the home one may frankly confess sentiment without being accused of sentimentalism; he may frankly express all of the affections which constitute life's highest joys and show not his worst self but his very best. In the home ambitions are confessed, aspirations are shared, love is participated in, and music, which is the natural although perhaps the vague language of the heart, should be shared daily by every member of the family.



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The White Car

SAMUEL MERWIN

[*Concluded from page 726*]

"A little. My wife knows all about him."

"Yes, women are long on Browning,—they take him strong. But listen to this." He turned the leaves nervously. "It's what started the boys reading,—I read it aloud one night, when there was a blockade on the line. Just listen:—

"Kentish Sir Byng stood for his king,
Bidding the crop-headed parliament swing:
And, pressing a troop unable to stoop
And see the rogues flourish and honest folk droop,
Marched them along, fifty-score strong,
Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song.

"Bully, isn't it?—'Great-hearted gentlemen' makes your blood jump! And this,—

"God for King Charles! Pym and such carles
To the devil that prompts 'em their treasonous parles!
Cavaliers up! Lips from the cup,
Hands from the pasty, nor bite take nor sup
Till you're—
Marching along, fifty-score strong,
Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song."

The second stanza brought him to his feet. His voice was weak, but he read with a fine sense of melody. "There," he went on, flushing with enthusiasm, "that's the kind of thing the boys like, — that's good enough for anybody, you know."

"Wait a minute!" cried Gordon, "what's that noise?"

They listened, and so abruptly came the silence—the awful western silence,—that the thin voice still rang in Gordon's ears. But in a moment he caught again a faint rumble.

"That's it," said Longyear; "that's Number Ten."

"Well, here," Gordon exclaimed, rising, "hadn't we better get outside?"

"Oh, no,—you can hear a freight forever at night. She won't be in for ten minutes. Here's another 'most as good,—maybe you know it,—it's—

"'Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!
Rescue my castle before the hot day
Brightens to blue from its silvery gray.
Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!'

"And then,—

"Forty miles off, like a roebuck at bay,
Flouts Castle Braneepeth the Roundheads' array."

"Excuse me," Gordon broke in, with his hand on the knob, "I'm going out."

He stepped out on the platform and peered down the track. In a moment the operator joined him, with a lantern on his arm, and the dispatcher's order in his hand. The headlight had not yet come into view.

"Listen," said Longyear, "she's running heavy, I guess. She's making awful hard work of the grade. Hear her cough!"

Gordon strained his ear. More and more distinctly he could make it out, the labored CHOW, chow, CHOW, chow! CHOW, chow, CHOW, chow! of the engine.

"One good thing, Mr. Gordon, she's got to get in some time. If the cherries can stand it, I suppose we ought to."

Gordon grunted.

At length the light appeared, the train drew near, and, at Longyear's signal, stopped. The conductor came running toward them, lantern in hand.

"What's the matter, Billy?" he asked.

The operator handed him the slip of paper, and the conductor bent forward and held his lantern close to it.

"What's this?—'Pick up White Car at Sweetheart Siding.'—Couldn't think of it."

Gordon had been listening with his teeth set. "You've got to think of it!" he cried. "There are your orders, man; carry them out!"

The conductor raised his lantern and looked impassively at Gordon's face. "Who's this, Billy?"

"This is Mr. Gordon, the owner of the car. It's a tough case, Joe. He's got two thousand boxes of cherries there, and they'll every one rot before morning."

"Can't help it,—I couldn't take on another ton if it was Nesselrode puddin' a swimmin' in champagney water. That's all, Billy?—All right, boys, go ahead!"

There was a red glow from the firebox, the engine strained forward on the grade with her sandbox wide open, and the couplers clanked slowly down the train. Gordon, his teeth still

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set, stood motionless watching the red lights of the caboose blur together and dwindle away. Then he turned on the operator. "I'd like to know how much Speed's paid *you* for this!" he blurted out, angrily. "Talk about hold-up gangs,—if you haven't got the worst gang of thieves on this line!"—Words failed him. He glared down at Longyear; and Longyear, silent, dropped his eyes.

It was the operator who spoke first. "I don't think you mean just that, Mr. Gordon."

"Never mind what I mean! Either the White Car's going through or your general manager's a liar. Which is it, now?"

"If you'll think it over you'll see that I couldn't help anything that's happened. Joe's running up a bad grade with a heavy load, and if he says he can't take on any more cars I don't know of any way of making him. I guess we might as well go inside, hadn't we?"

"You go in. I'm going to stay out here a while."

The operator left him without more words. The red lights had disappeared and nothing could be seen but the rails, the dim cars on the siding, and the dimmer shanty beyond. Gordon paced the platform and struggled to think out the situation. He had lost his temper and must regain it before he could hope to think clearly. Passing the window, he saw the operator sitting at the table reading, his slender fingers plunged into his hair, his face speaking of absorption. The air was cooling Gordon off a bit, and he reëntered the building. Longyear looked up.

"No such thing as an electric connection around here?"

"No."

"Is there another train before morning?"

"No; that's the last."

"Not even a passenger, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes,—there's a passenger. The Ogden train comes through at three-twenty."

"Suppose you wire the dispatcher to have it pick up the car."

Longyear closed the book and slowly shook his head. "I could hardly do that,—I never heard of such a thing."

"Tell him the situation,—that I've asked for it and you've referred it to him."

"Well,"—doubtfully,—"I suppose I could do that."

Again the nervous fingers clicked out a message, and again the two men sat waiting in silence. Then "SS-SS,-SS,"—came from the instrument.

"What's that?—is it for us?"

"Yes,—keep still!—'Can't,'—he says,—'can't let Three pick up White Car. Wait till morning.'—Sorry, but I'm afraid that settles it."

"No, it does n't. We have n't tried the general manager yet."

"The general manager!"

"Yes,—call him up."

"Oh, Great Scott! Wake him up at one-thirty A. M., about a car! It would be simpler for me to resign and be done with it."

"You can take a message for me, can't you?"

"Why, yes. But it won't do any good."

"Maybe it will, and maybe it won't. Say this: 'Conspiracy to hold up White Car at Sweetheart Siding. Have I your permission for Number Three to pick it up? Urgent. Robert Gordon.' Now, how soon can you get that to him?"

"I'll ask the boys to rush it through."

"They won't try to delay it, will they?"

"Oh, no, they would n't dare. You'd better write it down so I can keep a record. And I'll have to charge you for it."

"That's all right. Now how long have we got to wait?"

"Well,—I do n't know. It'll have to be delivered at his house, you know. Hold on,—I'll ask the boys to have it telephoned up to him."

"Then you think we ought to get an answer in a few minutes, do n't you?"

"Hardly. It's got to be transferred three,—five,—six times, anyway. And it depends on how sound they sleep at his house. They say he's got some temper. He may be too mad to answer, or he may not be at home. Perhaps he's in Europe."

"No, he is n't."

They had again reached a point where they could do nothing but wait, and Gordon sat down and tried to get himself in hand. "I guess maybe I spoke pretty short to you outside there. That conductor upset me."

"Oh, that's all right. I could see how it was."

"I'm much obliged to you for staying up and seeing this thing through with me."

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"Not a bit. It's so seldom I see a soul I can talk to that I'm glad to do it. I guess, maybe, I like a fight anyhow. I've had to do a good deal of it myself. I'm one of those fellows that the doctors have always given just about six months more to live. But I've fooled them so far. I like your nerve. You're up against just about as hard a proposition as you'll find anywhere, and I'd give a dollar to see you win out. It makes me think some of what I've just been reading." He reopened the book, and fingered it lovingly. "It's what I like to read when I get to thinking of my own fight and the odds seem bigger than usual. It's about the 'Intellectual Life,'—hardly the same as running White Cars, but it fits. It's something like this: 'There comes a time in the life of every man when he is in the position of a steamer struggling to get off a lee shore with rocks and breakers close behind and the wind dead ahead. If her engines can gain an inch an hour, she's all right.' When I get blue I just think,—over and over,—'An inch an hour'll do it.'"

"It'll take more'n an inch an hour now," grunted Gordon.

"Maybe this would suit you better, then." He reached eagerly for one of a row of small leather volumes. "You remember when Henry the Fifth was getting ready to lick the French at Agincourt? He had just a few thousand men, mostly sick, to meet sixty thousand Frenchmen on their own ground,—there's odds for you! And when Westmoreland says, 'O that we now had here but one ten thousand of those men in England that do no work to-day!' Henry ups and shows the stuff *he's* made of. Just hear this, now, and see if it don't make life seem worth living:—

"'God's will! I pray thee wish not one man more.
By Jove, I am not covetous for gold;
Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost;
It yearns me not if men my garments wear;
Such outward things dwell not in my desires:
But if it be a sin to covet honor,
I am the most offending soul alive.
——God's peace! I would not lose so great an honor
As one man more, methinks, would share from me.'

"Mind you, he's clear down to the bottom of his luck when he talks like that. Think of it!—

"'He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
Will stand a-tiptoe when this day is named,
——Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbors,
And say, "To-morrow is Saint Crispian."
Then will he strip his sleeve, and show his scars,
And say, "These wounds I had on Crispian's day."'"

A fine resonance was coming into his voice. The vigor and music of the lines brought a flush to his cheeks.

"'Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot,
But he'll remember with advantages,
What feats he did that day—— '

"And by Jove! the way he ends up—! You can hear the trumpets in it. Listen:—

"'And gentlemen in England, now abed,
Shall think themselves accursed they were not here;
And hold their manhoods cheap whiles any speaks
That fought with us upon St. Crispian's day.'"

Gordon was snapping his watch-lid. "Can't you stir them up a bit? It's two-forty-three, now."

"No,—I've done everything I can. We'll just have to wait."

Gordon got up, nervous as a girl, and paced the floor. Suddenly he bolted outside, and stood peering down the grade.

"It's no use looking yet," Longyear called. "There's no danger of her being ahead of time." But he got no response. Gordon was looking—looking,—looking,—into the wall of darkness. The minute hand of the station clock climbed deliberately up to XII., passed it, and went on down the new hour. The telegraph instrument was silent.

Gordon was out on the tracks,—looking. He knelt and laid his ear to the rail, listened, started up, looked again, and dashed into the station.

"She's coming! You can see her light!"

The words brought Longyear to his feet. "Not a word yet."

"We can't wait. Quick! What shall we do?" Faintly they could hear the engine.

"Hold on a minute,—"

"*Hold on!* Why, man,—"

"SS—SS,—SS,—SS," said the instrument. The train was nearing.

"Here!" Longyear broke out, with a flash in his eyes, "take that red lantern, quick,—we'll risk it,—I'll take down the message,— " But Gordon was already out of the room, lantern in hand.

The train pulled up at the platform. The conductor swung off a rear car and came running forward. He glanced at Gordon, and then poked

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in his head at the station door. Longyear's pen was scratching madly.

"What is it, Billy?"

"Orders to pick up the White Car on the siding, there. You go ahead, Charley, and I'll have this ready for you in a minute."

The conductor ran out and gave the signal. The train moved ahead, backed on the switch, coupled to the White Car, and waited impatiently. When Longyear came out, the written order in his hand, he found Gordon leaning weakly against the building.

"Here you are, Mr. Gordon. Hand that to Charley, will you? Well, you've made it."

"Ever so much obliged to you!"

"Oh, no. It's the first chance I've had in months to talk to a white man. Good night."

"Good-by."

The lonely figure stood on the platform, watching the train until it disappeared. Then Longyear put out the lights, locked the station, and plodded over to the shanty beyond the siding.

VI.

WALKEY was in the Ogden freight house chatting with the agent. "I don't know whatever become of him," he was saying. "The fool dropped off eight or ten miles this side o' Sweetheart Siding at nine o'clock at night. Guess mebbe the bears et him up. Wouldn't it jolt your frame, though?"

"Didn't he fix it up at all with the boys?"

"Not even a smile. Seemed to think we was lungers out for our health."

"Must be a funny sort o' bird.—All right, sir; what can I do for you?"

"*You* can't do anything. How are you, Walkey?"

The conductor turned with a jump, and saw—Gordon. He went back against the railing. "Oh,—how are you?" he got out, finally; and then he added, "How in thunder'd you get here?"

"Walked. I brought my car."

"You brought your *what?*"

"My car. I wish you'd see that there are no more mistakes made. I'm not a lunger, neither, and I'm not here for my health."

The agent and Walkey turned to the window as one man. They saw the White Car.

"Well, I'd like to know,"—began Walkey.

"Don't you see," interrupted the agent; "he come in on the passenger."

We won't stop now to talk about how I came here. What did you mean, Walkey, by saying the car had a hot journal?"

"I meant that it *did*;—that's what."

"Now, you know, that happens to be a lie."

"Look here, no man tells me I lie!"

"That won't help you any. Put your hands back in your pockets. You *are* a liar, but never mind that. The less we talk about you the better. I want to know why you said it."

"Because the boys come to me and said there was a car had a hot journal, and I told them to cut it out."

"Don't raise your voice. I'm not deaf. Who came to you with that story?"

"I don't see that it's any o' your business."

"No more of that talk, Walkey. I'm trying to keep my temper, but the best thing you can do is to talk to the point. Who was it?"

"Well, it was Stubbsie."

"Call him here. I want to see him."

"Do you think you're the whole Southwestern Pacific System?"

Gordon snapped his watch. The agent, to save time, went to the door and called Stubbsie. Gordon began on him without ceremony.

"Did you tell Walkey the White Car had a hot journal?"

"N—no."

"That's all. You may go. Now, Walkey,—no, don't get excited! I don't care a rap which of you is the biggest liar, and it won't help you to call him names. You're the man in charge of the train, and you're responsible.—How are you, Brackett?"

Speed's secretary stood in the doorway, with big eyes. "How'd you get here, Gordon?"

"Never mind. Come in here. You're just in time to hear what I've got to say to Walkey."

Brackett went in.

"This man here"—indicating Brackett,—"came out to Sacramento and paid you boys to hold up my car. Now,—"

"Look here!"

"No use, Brackett! The game's up. If that's your customary way of doing business, it does n't

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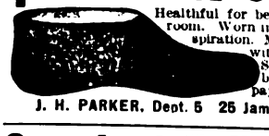

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concern me. But when you work a game like this on me I'll show you up for just what you are. I've brought you together here to tell you that I'm on to you, and that you've thrown away Speed's money. The White Car's going through to New York, and it's going through without any more monkey shines. That's all." He met Brackett outside, a little later, and said, "Why don't you drop off here, Brackett, and take the limited back to Chicago? You might as well."

Brackett was ruffled. "That was rather ugly talk, Gordon. I'm out here tending to my employer's business,—that's all. I don't think what you said was necessary."

"You don't?" Gordon was cooled off now, and he looked at Speed's secretary with some curiosity. "If I'd dropped you off to walk across the State of Nevada and to spend the hardest night of your life in a telegraph office, do you think you'd feel like choosing words?"

"Oh, I know, but—it ain't between you and me, Gordon. You're a good enough fellow, and I'll tell you honestly I was a little sorry I had to put it up to you like that."

"I can't draw distinctions quite so fine as that, Brackett. Anyhow it's up to you, now."

When the train pulled out Brackett was not in the caboose. He was up at the passenger station, sitting on a bench with his grip between his feet, trying to think out what he could say to Speed.

VII.

THIS is the message Gordon received from Comstock, after the cherries had been sold at New York:—

"Great work. No doubt about success White Car. Enthusiasm here among growers. Meeting to-night discuss new company. Can you come Sacramento by early train?"

And this message Gordon sent home:—

"Congratulate Bobs for me on success of his plan. Am called back to California organize new company. We'll have celebration when I get home. Love. ROB."

SOURCES

STRICKLAND W. GILLILAN

I PASSED a stagnant marsh that lay
Beneath a reeking scum of green,
A loathsome puddle by the way;
No sorrier pool was ever seen.
I thought: "How lost to all things pure
And clean and white those foul depths be."—
Next day from out that pond obscure
Two queenly lilies laughed at me.

I passed a hovel 'round whose door
The signs of penury were strewn;
I saw the grimed and littered floor,
The walls of logs from tree-trunks hewn.
I said: "The gates of life are shut
To those within that wretched pen;"
But, lo! from out that lowly hut
Came one to rule the world of men.

HOW TO BE POPULAR

SHOW a helpful spirit toward everybody, and a willingness always to lend a hand. Every one despises a man or woman who is always thinking of self.

Be generous. The world loves a magnanimous soul. Large-heartedness is always popular.

Learn to say pleasant things of others. Always look for the good in others, but never for their faults. Try to see the man or woman that God made, not the distorted one which an unfortunate heredity and environment have made.

Do not remember injuries. Always manifest a forbearing, forgiving spirit.

Be cheerful. The sunny man is wanted everywhere. All doors fly open to him; he needs no introduction.

Be considerate of the rights of others. Never monopolize conversation. To listen well is as great an art as to talk well.

AN URCHIN'S HOOTING

"SHOEMAKER, shoemaker, work by night, and run about by day," shouted a little boy through a keyhole to Samuel Drew, who was working very late to make up for time lost the day before in the discussion of politics. "Did you not run after the boy and strap him?" asked a friend, to whom Drew afterwards told the story. "No, no," was the reply; "had a pistol been fired off at my ear, I could not have been more dismayed and confounded. I dropped my work, and said to myself, 'True, true; but you shall never have that to say of me again.' To me that cry was as the voice of God, and it has been a word in season throughout my life. I learned from it not to leave till to-morrow the work of to-day, or to idle when I ought to be working." From that moment Drew dropped gadabout politics, and became independent as a business man, and famous as a scholar and author.

FORCE AS A SUCCESS-FACTOR

MORE people fail from lack of force than from lack of education or opportunity. A man may be well educated, or brilliant, and yet, for lack of force, be a complete failure in his vocation. A man or woman may succeed without education, but not without force; without capital, but not without energy.

It Rests With You
Big Money Making I Mean

You can make a careful reading of this article worth thousands of dollars to you. This is literally true, and I don't care what your occupation is so long as you are now or wish to become engaged in any line of intellectual effort, I want you to accept free of cost and postage prepaid our 32-page book entitled

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The only price we ask for it is a careful reading. This book is of course especially valuable to salesmen and saleswomen. Every commercial traveler, every retail clerk, every specialty salesman, regardless of the line of goods handled, and every promoter throughout this broad land ought to have a copy of this book. But I don't stop there. Every professional man, every business man, every intelligent brain worker in the world ought to own it. And why can't you when all it costs is one cent invested in a postal card to bring it? Why is it valuable to all who are now or who wish to become brain workers? Because it tells about the **science of salesmanship**, and salesmanship in the abstract is the power to influence others. It is no hypnotism, no so-called mysterious forces. It is concentrated common sense. To master this science means development of that central magnetic force of real manhood and womanhood, positive character, the natural result of which is the power to carry people with you, to make them think as you think and believe as you believe. It means to make you an expert in character reading or the art of sizing people up. It means logical thinkers and speakers. It means an understanding of psychology or the laws of the human mind.

Will you risk one cent for a postal or two cents for a stamp to send a letter so I can send you that book and tell you all about it?

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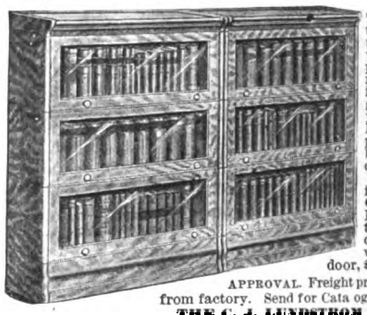

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Running for Congress in the Rockies

FORREST CRISSEY

[*Concluded from page 742*]

of the highest standard of obedience, and almost as shy as himself and peculiarly sensitive to criticism. The exception was a rollicking young hoyden who could be relied upon to lead her mates into mischief whenever opportunity offered or could be manufactured. He realized the exaggerated importance any punishment or even censure would take on in the eyes of these supersensitive young "ladies," and especially when the discipline was meted out by a young man not any older than themselves. The more he thought about this the more painful did the situation become, for not a girl in the school was more shy and sensitive than the teacher! But his sense of duty would not let him accept any excuses or deviate from the straight and narrow path of discipline.

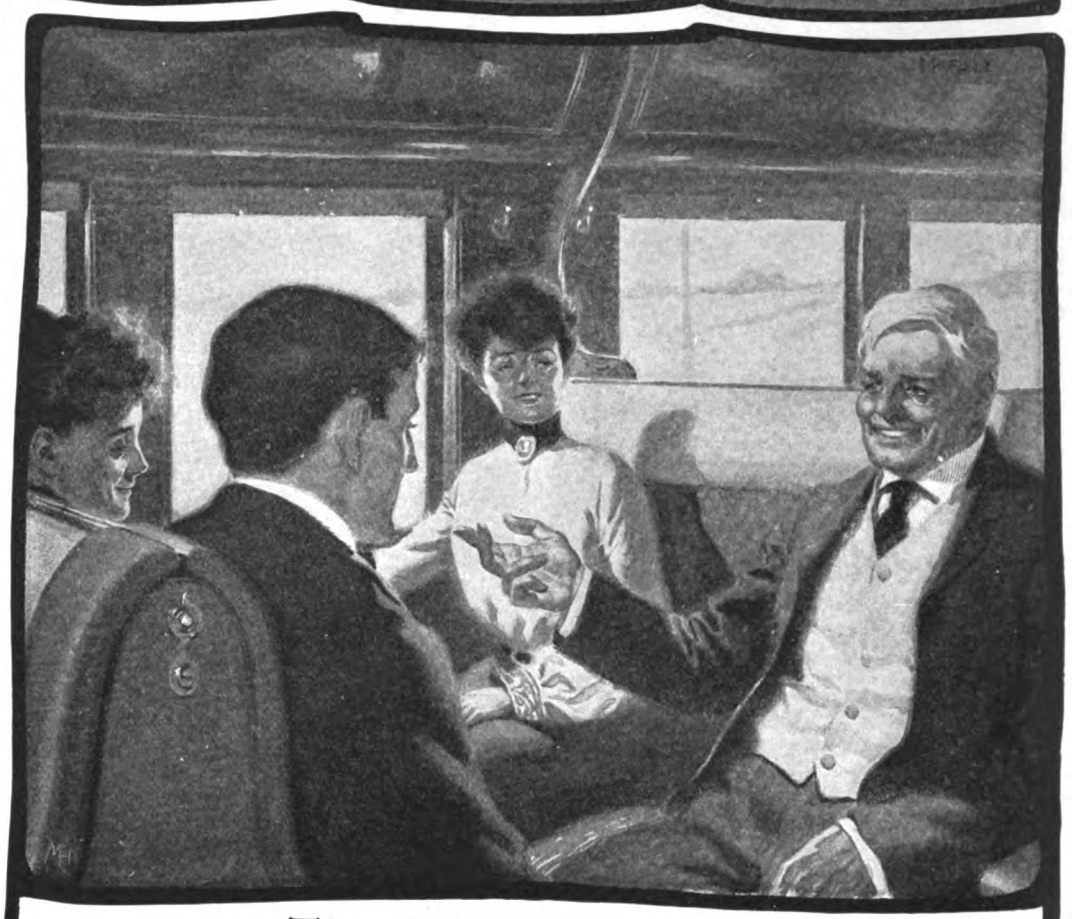
When school was again called, he said:—

"I have reason to believe that some of my pupils have disobeyed me, by going down to the brook. All who did this will acknowledge it by rising." The joy of the small boys and of the mischief-maker among the "big girls" was complete when the model young women of the school arose, their faces red with shame and humiliation. Nominally their punishment was the same as that given to the other offenders, but in reality it was tenfold greater. But the most sensitive of his fair pupils did not begin to suffer the punishment that the teacher suffered. He knew that the young women had been skillfully entrapped into this disobedience, and that they regarded the precaution against which they had trespassed as mainly for the protection of the small children and the reckless boys. But he could not punish the youngsters and pass over the young ladies. Now he smiles at the almost tragic importance which the little incident assumed in his eyes at the time,—and doubtless the "big girls" of the A Class look back with the same feeling upon the episode. But it seemed big at the time,—and it illustrates better than would many another weightier matter the gentleness and the justice of Congressman French's nature.

Almost immediately after his election to congress, Mr. French visited Washington and devoted himself to getting somewhat acquainted with "the lay of the land." It is not likely that the young congressman from Idaho will push himself into the lime light during his first term. That is not his way. But he will be found doing a whole lot of quiet, systematic "hustling" which will count for the substantial interests of Idaho. His knowledge of that commonwealth is of the most intimate character. In his studies and his private research he has absorbed her history and the material facts necessary to a large view of her present and future needs in the way of national legislation. To this research in books he has added that of personal observation in every industry in the state.

There are few men who have had the application and the grit to stand before the world as college students after having secured an election as a member of an important legislative body. But Burton L. French has stuck to the college regardless of the political honors that have crowded his youth. After his election to the legislature, he continued as a student in the State University at Moscow. There his scholarship was so high that he was elected to a fellowship in the University of Chicago. He was again reëlected and immediately after the close of his successful campaign for congress he went to Chicago and settled to a siege of hard, studious work to secure his degree. Every week day found him in the library of political science, delving among the books of its remarkable collection. Few, if any, of those who came in contact with him there and met him as a student knew that he would quit the class for a seat in congress, and that every theory of political science presented to him as a student was considered with that peculiar sense of responsibility that only a conscientious and thoughtful lawmaker can feel.

While the instincts of this young congressman are essentially social, he is reticent,—almost bashful. He says little but keeps right on thinking. Although avowedly a "scholar in politics,"—and an idealist in that he holds to high, clean, and uncompromised standards,—he is at the same time essentially practical, for he *gets the thing done* that needs to be done.



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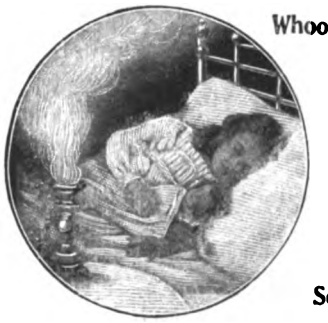

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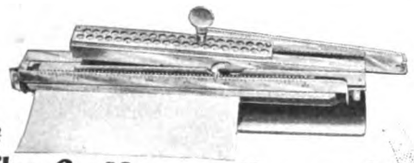

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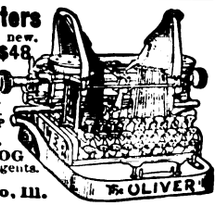
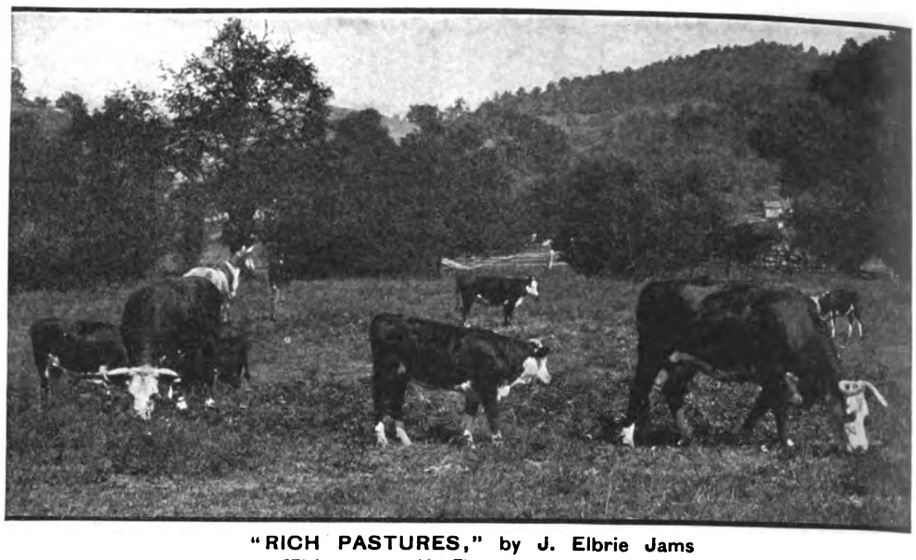


Success Junior



"RICH PASTURES," by J. Elbrie Jams
[Eighteen years old. First prize in photography]

A Christmas Joke

OLIVIA WILLMARTH [Age eighteen years, winner of second prize in story contest]

BREATHLESSLY, the girls of the senior class awaited the decision of their president. They wanted to give their much loved teacher, Miss B——, a Christmas present and now were waiting to hear the decision of the president. There was a moment of suspense and then she said, "Girls, let each of us make her a handkerchief." There were six girls, and six boys in the class, but when it was proposed by one girl that the boys be allowed to share in getting the gift, the other five girls hooted at the idea.

When it was decided that each of the girls make her a handkerchief, they fell to work with a will and the Thursday night before Christmas when they met, six fluffy, dainty, perfumed handkerchiefs were ready for presentation.

The girls had prided themselves on having kept their secret from the boys, but as usual the boys knew more about it than the girls thought they did, and on the night when the girls met, the boys had a spy at the window watching the proceedings.

With a bound he went over the fence to join his comrades, and soon they were down-town buying six flashy red bandannas, and a box as nearly like the one the girls had as they could find. They put the bandannas in the box, and after tying it with a piece of ribbon they did it up as neatly as possible.

Next day at school the boxes exchanged places.

Friday night after school the girls crowded into Miss B——'s room and after a much-labored-over speech, the box was presented by the president. The teacher, after thanking the girls, proceeded to open the box. Imagine the surprise of the teacher and the chagrin on the faces of the girls, when instead of their pretty handkerchiefs, they saw the red bandannas.

Miss B—— remembered seeing the six boys in the hall laughing and talking at noon, and knew from their actions that something was up. She thought they were at the bottom of the matter and so began to laugh. The girls joined in the laugh, but they did not enjoy it very much.

Of course the boys returned the box and at Christmas time the girls each received as a peace-offering a nice silk handkerchief, but they never quite forgave the boys, their little joke.

The Animals' Good Resolutions

PEARL STEVENS [Age, eighteen years, winner of first prize in story contest]

IT was the last day of the old year. The snow lay deep upon the ground; the man in the moon looked coldly down from above; the ice glistened upon the naked branches of the trees, and everything betokened a bitter cold night. Old Farmer Tompkin's gray mare vowed that it was the coldest night of the winter, and she ought to know, for she had been to the woods all the afternoon hauling logs, and, besides, she was very old and wise.

But inside of the big barn it was warm and cozy, and everything was ready for the night. The gray mare, the cows, the dog, the cat, the hens, the rooster, and even one of the neighbor's dogs, were assembled there. The gray mare evidently thought this was a good opportunity for speech making, for she leaned her head over the partition, and, after whinnying shrilly for attention, began: "I suppose you all know, my friends, that it is the last night of the old year."

They all assented, so she ventured to suppose again.

"I suppose you all know, my friends, that you and I have committed a great many sins during the past year."

They assented again, rather feebly.

"Well, the thing I am trying to get at is this,—suppose we all try to do our best next year."

This was emphasized by a stamp of her foot. Then she looked around as if expecting some reply. The animals all hung their heads in shame as the memory of all their past sins flooded their minds. The cows seemed to be moved by a common impulse, for they said in unison:—

"We'll never break down the pasture fence again, no matter how sweet the corn in the next field may be."

The dog looked really sorry as he said, "I'll never chase poor pussy into the roadside apple tree again."

"I will try to keep away from the table when the mistress's back is turned," remarked the cat.

"We'll trouble neither the old man's cucumber seeds nor the good dame's precious flowers," quoth the hens.

"I resolve to let the hens drink first always," said the rooster.

The gray mare inwardly resolved to be less headstrong, although she said nothing. Then, after supposing that it would be a good plan to keep these resolutions, she put her head back on her own side of the partition and then whinnied good-night.

The cows mooed their answer, the cats mewed, the dogs barked, the rooster crowed, the hens cackled, and then—all was still.

An Inexpensive Hat-Pin Holder

RUTH CONRAD HAMILTON [Age, fourteen years, winner of first prize, handicraft contest.]

ONE dainty handkerchief, two yards of very narrow ribbin, one round half-ounce bottle, a small square of velvet or silk to fit the top of the bottle.

Fill the bottle one-quarter full of shot. Smoothly fit the velvet or silk over the top of the bottle and tie it tightly at the neck with strong thread.

Find the middle of the handkerchief, put the mouth of the bottle on it, then draw the handkerchief around the neck.

Fasten it with a stout thread, letting edges of the handkerchief fall gracefully over the sides of the bottle, make

"Viola's Pets," by Louis H. Kerber, Jr.
[Seventeen years old. Second prize in photography]

"A Faithful Guardian," by Allen Beardsley
[Fourteen years old. Fourth prize in photography]

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Make a bow of half of the ribbon and sew it on one corner of the handkerchief.

Then make a loop of the remaining half and fasten it opposite the bow, so that the holder may be hung up.

Stick the hat-pin through the velvet or silk and a gift is then finished that will please any girl friend.

A Pretty Curling-Tong Holder

EDITH AMY BRISLEY [Age sixteen years, winner of third prize in handicraft contest.]

THIS will require two yards of inch ribbon, (any pretty color,) two pieces of chamois, each about three inches square, and two brass rings about the size of a twenty-five-cent piece. Cut each piece of chamois into the shape of a heart of equal sizes, and neatly button hole the edge with silk, the same color as your ribbon, and with similar silk work a good tight buttonhole stitch around the rings. Then take a yard and a half of the ribbon, cut it in two, and make two neat bows. Fasten one end of the piece of ribbon left to the two pieces of chamois, which are to wipe the tongs with. To the other end of this ribbon fasten a bow and one of the rings which is to hang the article up by. Securely sew the other bow to the ribbon at the top. To the center of this tightly sew the other ring, so that it will stand at right angles to the ribbon, (this is the ring that holds the tongs.) The above will make a pretty and inexpensive little Christmas gift.

A Shoestring Watch-Fob

CRAWFORD C. KIDD [Age fourteen years, winner of second prize in handicraft contest.]

TO MAKE an inexpensive watch-fob you need two flat shoestrings of any color you may choose. To begin with put the ends together, then about two inches down on one place the loop of the other end and stick the ends through and pull tight. Draw the first string to the right loosely, so as to have a very small loop, draw number two down over number one a little right draw number three from right to left over number two and number four over number three and through the loops of number one and pull all the strings as tight as you want them. Start again and do as before, it does not make any difference what string you start with. Do the others likewise. Keep on knitting until the shortest string is about an inch and a half or two inches long. Then stick one string through the last layer of the next string through the center of the strings and pull tight. Cut off the strings even with the end of the last string and with a knife or needle fringe the ends as far back as you can. This will make a very pretty and serviceable watch-fob.

Prize-Winners in September Contest

Photograph.—J. Elbrie Iams, age, eighteen years, Waynesburg, Pennsylvania; Louis H. Kerber, Jr., age, seventeen years, Chicago; A. Mildred Kerner, age, fifteen years, Chester, New York; Allen Beardsley, age, fourteen years, Stratford, Connecticut; Paul Foote, age, fifteen years, Chardon, Ohio.

Cartoon.—James P. Rome, age, eighteen years, Middletown, Connecticut; Magnus Norstad, age, nineteen years, Tacoma, Washington; Cornelia Massie, age, fifteen years, Lincoln, Nebraska; Ernest H. Baker, age, fourteen years, Poughkeepsie, New York; Ford Jack, age, eighteen years, Des Moines, Iowa.

Story.—Pearl Stevens, age, fifteen years, Auburn, Maine; Olivia Wilmarth, age, eighteen years, Spring Valley, Minnesota; Charles Andrew King, Jr., age, fifteen years, Mt. Carmel, Kentucky; Max Taylor, age, sixteen years, Seville, Ohio; Edward G. Brisley, age, nineteen years, Toronto, Canada.

Puzzle.—Joseph M. Heinen, age, seventeen years, Hastings, Minnesota; Ernest Hess, age, fifteen years, Thayer, Kansas; Mabel C. Jackson, age, sixteen years, St. Paul, Minnesota; A. L. Wertheimer, age, twelve years, Victoria, Texas; Paul Neal, age, fifteen years, Keota, Iowa.

Poetry.—Ethelwyn Dithridge, age, seventeen years. 2345 Bathgate Avenue, New York City; Selden Barrows, age, fifteen years, Rich Hill, Missouri; Chester A. McCormick, age, eighteen years, Knox, Indiana; Bessie Reed, age, eighteen years, Williamsfield, Ohio; Milton T. Plant, age, eighteen years, Cambridge, Massachusetts.

Handicraft.—Ruth Conrad Hamilton, age, fourteen years, Auburn, New York; Crawford C. Kidd, age, fourteen years, Wilmington, Delaware; Edith Amy Brisley, age, sixteen years, Toronto, Canada; Norah Binns, age, fourteen years, Alfred, New York; James Rowlands, age, eleven years, Seebert, West Virginia.

"A Dream of Success," by Magnus Norstad. [Nineteen years old Second prize in drawing]

THE SUCCESS LEAGUE

An International Federation of Literary, Debating, and Other Self-Improvement Clubs.

Full information about the League and instructions that will enable any one to organize a new club or affiliate one that is already organized will be sent for four cents' postage. Address Herbert Hungerford, General Secretary, University Building, Washington Square, New York City.

EVERYTHING about the Success League work is encouraging. But the fact in which we take the most pride is, that since our organization was first started there have been so very few clubs that have dropped from our rolls or disbanded. There are at least one hundred clubs in our League that are three years old, and every one of these hundred reports to headquarters that it is constantly growing in interest and influence, and this season is going to be the best yet. Our League has just now passed the mark of a thousand branches, and our hope this year is to double this number. Nearly every branch has promised to do some missionary work by going out and organizing other branches in neighboring towns. In addition to this, we have a great many traveling field secretaries who are organizing clubs all over the country. Moreover, our new booklet of instructions makes it a very easy matter to organize a new branch of the League, or to affiliate with the League a self improvement club already organized.

How the Success League Has Helped Me

[A Prize Essay]

GEO. H. PUTNAM, President of the Olathe, Kansas, Success Club

I HAVE been repaid many times over for the interest I have taken in our local club, and the League of Success Clubs. The ideas and plans issued by the League have been very helpful in carrying on our club work, and keeping alive the interest of the members. Not less has been the stimulus and encouragement to do something myself for the improvement of the club and the League.

By precept and practice the League has taught me the value of concentration to present an idea clearly and drive it home by fact, and fancy, too, but always unmarred by useless words or irrelevant matter. Not only do I find myself becoming more effective in speaking and writing, but the habit is also making itself useful in all business relations. It is the great essential of the man who would do things.

My relations with the League have led me into a deeper study of personal power on the platform, and in all the relations of life. I have made strong efforts in this direction, and the results attained I had not dreamed of. The lessons taught me have been to make myself attractive in person and strong in character; to make every attitude and act express earnestness and truth. It is not always what is said that wins the victory, but the weight of authority and influence behind the words; so I have tried persistently to remedy every defect of person, manner, and character, and to strengthen every noble trait. In this effort I have found much in the work of the League to guide and stimulate.

The moral effect of getting into line and trying to keep step with a large body of young men and young women whose aim is to make the most of themselves and the most of life has made the two years since I became interested in the League very pleasant and exceedingly profitable. It is like the exhilaration I have felt while rowing a boat to strike into the current of some great river, and, though relaxing no effort, be borne onward with the current to

I THINK there is a big lesson in these foot-ball games. They show that success is not to be won by straining nerve, brain and muscle, but by training muscle, brain and nerve to stand the strain.

The Right Tackle of your football eleven trains hard for three months in order to "be there" with quick brain, stout muscle and strong heart during the fifteen seconds of that record-breaking run down the field.

If the food he ate during those three months wasn't wisely chosen he couldn't have made the run.

Trainers and college athletes everywhere will tell you why "FORCE" is the ideal food to train on.

And singularly enough, the student and reading man will give the same reason for choosing "FORCE" for his brain food.

You see this sunny food I make not only contains just the same elements that go to make up a healthy body and a clear brain, but contains them in almost *the identical proportions.*

That's why it's the *universal* food.

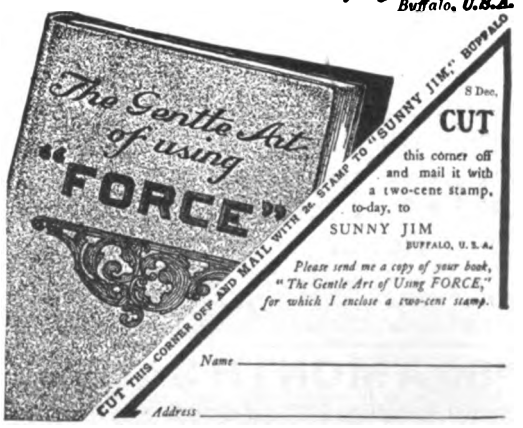
Over two million people—mostly different—eat "FORCE" for breakfast, and say to the world each morning,

Be Sunny.

Which reminds me—cut off coupon below and send with 2c. stamp to

Yours truly, Sunny Jim

Buffalo, U.S.A.



"They Have Tried the New Health Food," by Paul Foote. [Fifteen years old. Fifth prize in photography]

"Expectancy," by A. Mildred Kerner. [Fifteen years old. Third prize in photography]

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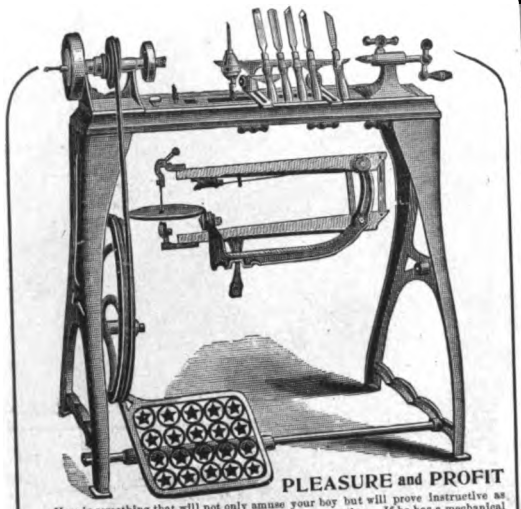

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Here is something that will not only amuse your boy but will prove instructive as well. It will teach him how to use tools and put work together. If he has a mechanical turn of mind it will assist in developing it. A great variety of useful and ornamental articles can be made by the use of our machines. They are just the thing for Christmas presents, which you will soon be in a dilemma about.

The Goodell Lathe as illustrated herewith, has a 24-inch bed, and 5-inch swing. The distance between centres is 13½ inches. Five turning tools are supplied, also a chuck for holding drills, and other extras. Many thousands of them are now in use.

Price of Goodell Lathe and Tools, ... $10.00
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We also make other machines, as follows:—
Companion Lathe and Scroll Saw, ... price, $8.50
Star Scroll Saw, ... " 5.00
Rogers Scroll Saw, price $3.50 and $4.00, according to finish, etc.
Cricket Scroll Saw, ... price, 2.50

Circulars giving full description of machines and Catalogues of Scroll Saw Designs will be furnished on receipt of 5 cents to cover mailing expense.

Our Lathes and Saws are sold by hardware dealers throughout the country When unable to procure them from dealers, send your orders to us with remittances, and they will receive careful attention.

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Extra Short Stem Switches absolutely perfect, made of finest quality

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to match any ordinary shade.

Note how reasonable:

2 oz., 22 in., $1.25 3 oz., 24 in., $2.25
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Send us a sample of your hair (cut near the roots) and state size. If you are not *delighted* with our goods *we will send postage for return.* If you are, *then* send us the price.

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Consult us. We will advise you without charge whether your ideas can be patented. Small improvements and simple inventions have made much money for the inventor. We take out patents in the United States, Canada, and foreign countries.

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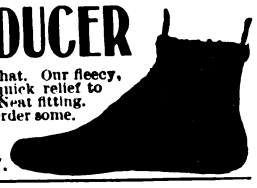

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$80 A MONTH SALARY

And all expenses to men with rig to introduce our Guaranteed Poultry Remedies. Year's contract. Bank reference furnished.
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my destination. This is perhaps the greatest personal benefit, for to be in touch with large bodies of youth of the best character and highest purpose broadens one's views and inspires one in a way that nothing else, in my opinion, can.

But while I have felt these benefits in my own work and life, the greatest good has come through the influence the club work has had on others in whom I am interested, —pupils who seemed satisfied to follow the ruts of school routine and manifested little interest in the future, and especially a large number who undervalued the influence their life in school would exert on their future life. The Success Club has infused new life into our school work. Lessons that were tasks have become quarries for success-materials. Not only has the school work been enlivened and enriched, but our minds have also been reaching out through the senses to gather ideas from every source for the all-absorbing purpose of winning success.

It is indeed gratifying to watch the birth of ideas and the growth of ideals as these influences are set in motion, but nothing else warms the heart of a teacher like the work that wins, and the lives that lift; and the encouraging reports from our graduate members is a high tribute to the Success League movement, some of them already having worked out successfully plans matured in the work of the club.

▲ ▲

The Marden Prizes for Progress

LAST year, Dr. Orison Swett Marden gave five sets of the Success Library as prizes to the clubs showing the most progress during the year. So much interest was then manifested in the contests, that he will increase the number of prizes for next year. Three prizes will be awarded to the clubs making the most progress in each of their respective classes, namely,—church, Young Men's Christian Association, school, amateur journalist, commercial, and independent. This makes a total of eighteen grand prizes, to be awarded as follows: First prize in each of the six classes, a beautiful ten-volume set of the Success Library valued at $50.00. This excellent work, which is handsomely bound in half-morocco, is a treasure for any library, and will be found especially valuable to club workers who are naturally interested along the lines of education, inspiration and self-improvement. Every department of human knowledge is covered in a manner which makes it more fascinating, and in many respects more useful, than the ordinary encyclopedia. All of the prominent professions and all of the important lines of business are discussed. The club winning second prize in each class will receive any ten of Dr. Marden's books; third prize,—any six of Dr. Marden's books. The contest will close December 1, 1904.

The contest will be decided by the executive board of the League, which is composed of all the officers. They will base their decision upon the reports sent in by the various branches, throughout the year. So if you want to win one of these prizes, you should first do things in your club worthy of mention, and then keep the Success League Bureau fully informed about what you are doing. Send in your reports regularly every month; induce your members to compete in our contests; increase your membership; organize other League branches; and improve, strengthen and broaden your work in every possible way. Send helpful suggestions and criticisms to headquarters; write articles for our League organ.

New clubs joining our League may compete in these contests, and will stand just as good a chance for winning as any of the old clubs. It is important, however, that clubs that are thinking of entering the League should do so at once, so as to get in a full year's work.

▲ ▲

A Free Trip Around the World

THE General Secretary is planning to take a trip around the world in the interests of the International League of Success Clubs. There are already branches of our League in twenty foreign countries, and the work is rapidly extending. The General Secretary desires to take with him on this trip several enterprising young folks, and he has a plan by which anyone who wishes to go with him can earn all the expenses of the trip. This is an exceptional opportunity for any enterprising youth who wants to see the world. Write to the General Secretary for full particulars.

▲ ▲

$50.00 for a Name!

WE wish to repeat an announcement of last month. Namely, we are going to publish a new magazine for our League and are going to give Fifty dollars in cash for the best suggestions for a name for this magazine. Full particulars regarding this offer will be sent on request.

▲ ▲

A Motto Helped Him to Succeed

A FRIEND of Dr. Leland Ossian Howard, chief government entomologist at Washington, while visiting his office one day, noticed that his correspondence contained thousands of letters. Knowing Dr. Howard's various activities in scientific and literary societies outside of his regular official duties, he asked the secret of his ability to get through such a volume of business in a day.

In reply Dr. Howard said, "There is the secret," and pointed to the following motto suspended over his desk:—

DO IT NOW.

Thousands of other great workers like Dr. Howard, have been helped by similar mottoes. So great an interest is now being taken in such mottoes that we have prepared a handsome little folder containing on one side, printed in colors, the above motto, and on the reverse side a list of fifty other mottoes which can be supplied by our Bureau. If you would like this folder, or wish information about mottoes of any kind, send four cents postage to The Success League Bureau, University Building, Washington Square, New York.

The MAIL-ORDER BUSINESS
as conducted under the direction of GEO. R. CRAW

"A HEART TO HEART TALK"

Can a fortune be built from a cash capital of from $25 up, when invested in the mail-order business, by a man or woman of average intelligence?

It can, if the man or woman has a fair amount of common sense and good judgement, together with a capacity for work and the energy that accomplishes things.

Success in the mail-order business may come as easily to the man who keeps a set of books for $12.00 per week, as to the woman of leisure, who may take up the work to keep her time employed and to make her own spending money.

In the case of salaried employes, a mail-order business may be conducted at home after business hours, without interfering with regular employment.

The mail-order business consists of sending out circulars or other advertising matter to a list of names of mail order buyers. Such lists are easily obtained at a low price. Circulars and advertising matter may be easily obtained at cost from over seventy reliable manufacturers of good legitimate staple articles who are at present co-operating with beginners in the mail-order business.

These manufacturers have been induced to do this through my Bulletin Service of Manufacturers and Mail-Order Firms.

They do so because the small beginner of to-day may become the large mail-order concern of to-morrow.

The great mail-order house of Montgomery Ward & Co., which is worth millions, was started by a beginner who was a poor man at the beginning of the business.

I am prepared to put you into the mail order business, under the most favorable auspices, with the help of my Bulletin Service of Manufacturers and Mail Order Firms.

If you are interested in these talks, look for a new one each month in this magazine, or if you want full information, at once, write to-day for my free booklet, Co-operation for Profit. It presents the very best means for beginners in the mail-order business. It will do you no good unless you have a working capital of at least $25.00. If you can not command this amount do not write to me until you can.

Read these talks each month.

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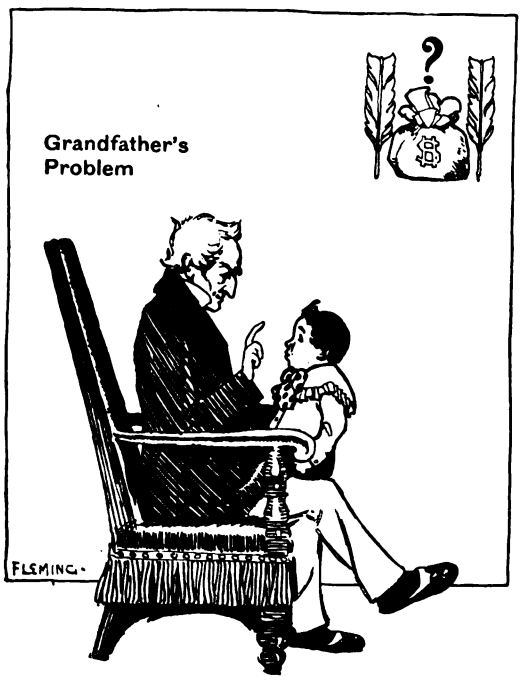
Sam Loyd's Brain Teasers



What is the difference in the weight of six dozen dozen pounds of feathers and half a dozen dozen pounds of gold?

OF course everyone knows the time-honored old problem of the difference in weight between six dozen dozen pounds of feathers and half a dozen dozen pounds of gold, and yet it is safe to say that not more than one person out of a hundred would give the answer correctly.

The puzzle has been passed down through successive generations of great-grandfathers without any one having the temerity to question the correctness of the accepted answer. It recently so happened, however, that an infantile puzzlist of Boston was asked to solve this antique gem, and gave an answer which took the wind out of the sails of his doting grandfather.

Almost everyone has asked and has been asked the difference in weight between six dozen dozen pounds of feathers and half a dozen dozen pounds of gold, and the answer has come without a moment's hesitation.

What is your answer? The first hundred readers of SUCCESS who send in correct answers before January 1, 1904, will receive a copy of Sam Loyd's new book, containing a history of the celebrated Chinese tangram puzzles and seven hundred puzzles. The results will be announced in the February SUCCESS.

Address, Sam Loyd, Puzzle Department, SUCCESS, Washington Square, New York City.

▲ ▲

Answer to the Clock Puzzle in the October "Success"

IN the problem to determine the time indicated upon the big clock signs, where the hands are always placed equi-distant from the numeral VI., many answers of a scientific and interesting character have been received, all based upon the self-evident proposition that twelve thirteenths of the twenty minutes between the numerals XII., and IV., solves the problem.

We can see that while the hour hand advances one thirteenth of that time, viz: one minute, thirty-two and four thirteenth seconds past the numeral VIII., the minute hand, traveling twelve times as fast, will go eighteen minutes, twenty-seven and nine thirteenth seconds, to a point just as far from the numeral IV., as the hour hand is above VIII., so the correct answer must be eighteen minutes, twenty-seven and nine thirteenth seconds past eight. One hundred prizes are awarded to the following successful competitors for their clear and concise answers:—

C. A. Ambler, 53 Cliff street, Norwich, Connecticut; Everitt B. Akers, 1261 Tyler street, Topeka, Kansas; William J. Birkett, 1024 Wawaset street, Wilmington, Delaware; Annie Brodie, Maxwell, Iowa; Hugh Bryden, Lang, Kansas; E. W. Butler, Ormond, Florida; Clarence Balthaser, Circleville, Ohio; Frank B. Berrien, Belmond, Iowa; R. C. Bay, Anderson, Indiana; Dr. V. Barber, 238 Arlington avenue, Brooklyn; W. L. Beales, Middleborro, Massachusetts; O. L. Blue, Hannibal, Missouri; F. E. Craft, 538 West North street, Piqua, Ohio; James Collins, 173 Wellman street, Massillon, Ohio; P. E. Chapman, 1002 Walnut street, St. Louis; J. P. Casey, East Pittsburg, Pennsylvania; Annie M. Colwell, 11 South Union street, Pawtucket, Rhode Island; W. W. Cane, Lexington, Virginia; J. H. Davis, Raines, Virginia; M. M. Dennis, Eureka, Illinois; H. T. Dupree, Bloomfield, Iowa; E. C. Disbrow, 785 Greene avenue, Brooklyn; E. J. Dugan, 244 Virginia avenue, St. Paul, Minnesota; V. B. Dietz, 160 Fifth avenue, New York City; E. T. Ellesen, Northfield, Minnesota; Albert Evans, 1050 Sandusky avenue, Kansas City, Kansas; E. B. Escott, 718 Monroe street, Ann Arbor, Michigan; J. H. Eldridge, 220 Friendship street, Providence; Emma Fletcher, Coldwell, Kansas; S. E. Ferris, 270 North Macomb street, Monroe, Michigan; George Fender, Garland, Texas; James D. Graham, Pasadena, California; Helen A. Garriques, 1921 Stevens avenue, Minneapolis; J. E. B. Heffelfinger, Muscotah, Kansas; C. C. Hunt, Montezuma, Iowa; V. O. Humphrey, Tishoming, Indian Territory; H. H, Howard, Canton, Missouri; Frank Higgins, Bonneterre, Texas; E. H. Haack, Grass Valley, California; E. S. Harrison, 90 Garden street, Poughkeepsie, New York; E. G. Hooper, 218 East Twentieth street, Baltimore; W. S. Hamburger, 1014 Walnut street, Philadelphia; H. A. Hoke, 1112 Sixteenth avenue, Altoona, Pennsylvania; J. H. Hance, Park City, Utah; W. S. Holmes, New Haven, Connecticut; George C. Johnson, 253 Second street, Moline, Illinois; T. S. Jardine, Brandon, Manitoba; Mrs. B. E. Kratzer, Baldwinville, New York; J. C. Kidd, Brazil, Indiana; J. H. Kolter, 1029 Pearl street, Racine, Wisconsin; F. W. Kelly, 3903 North Gone street, Tacoma, Washington; S. A. Long, 22 Antioch street, Dayton, Ohio; E. S. Lewis, Princeton, New

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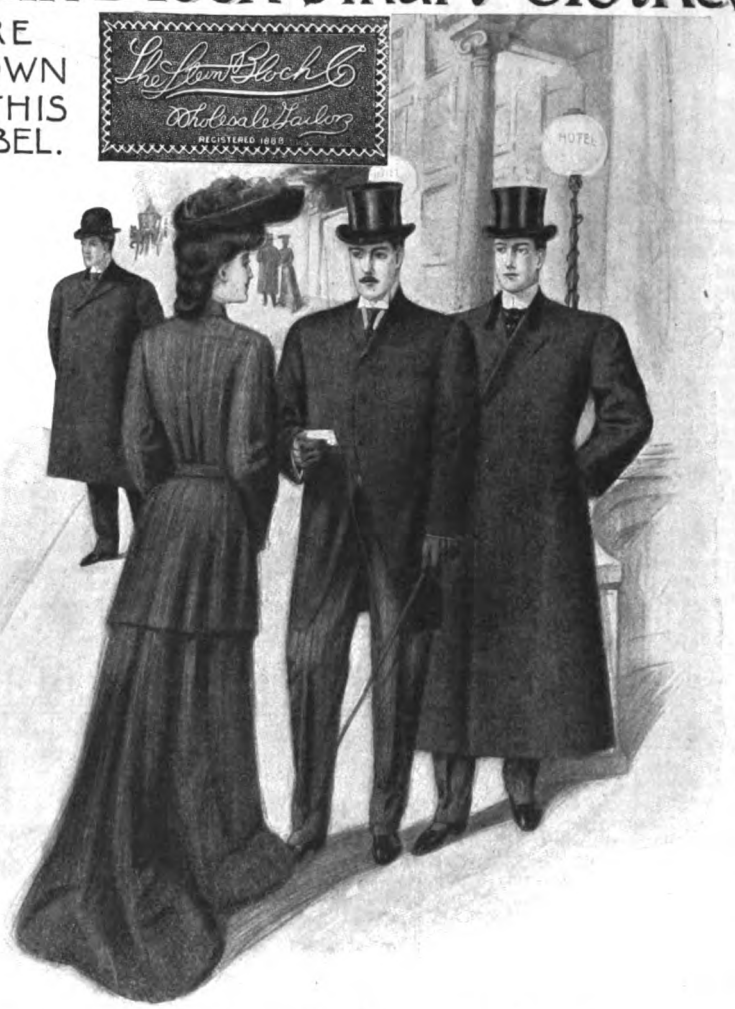

Many men of the "Smart Set" in every city, wear "STEIN-BLOCH SMART CLOTHES" to business and day and evening functions. Go to the store that sells STEIN-BLOCH SMART CLOTHES (you'll see our fashion plates in the windows) and "try-on" one of the new models —Suit or Overcoat—$15 upward—your own tailor can make no better—likely not as good—PROVE IT—to-day.

Write for our book on Autumn Smart Clothes—"Number 9"—which, besides the fine illustrations, contains information valuable to the man who wants to dress properly from Hat to Shoes. IT'S FREE.

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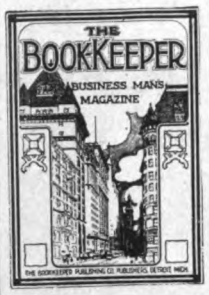

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A series giving the systems and methods of such concerns as Lipton's the National Cash Register, Wanamaker's Stores, Cramp's Shipyards, Atlantic Transportation Co. and forty other equally important.

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Composed of Resident Editors and Heads of Departments. These men are at the service of subscribers to help untangle knotty business problems.

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The year 1904 is going to be the greatest in the history of THE BOOK-KEEPER—more illustrations than ever—greater writers than ever—more helpful than ever.

DON'T MISS THE GREAT CHRISTMAS ISSUE

The largest of the year—October was 208 pages—a beautiful cover in twelve colors—70 illustrations—every line full of helps.

Send $1 and get both magazines for one year; or, send 25 cents and get THE BOOK-KEEPER for three months, and a copy of "THE LIGHTNING CALCULATOR," (126 pages) FREE if you mention SUCCESS.

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THE BEST GIFT OF ALL

MARY GAGE HEYER

We heard a sob in the silent night,
Tommy and Susie and I;
And at first we thought it was Santa Claus,
But why should old Santa cry?
And then we knew it was mother's voice,
And father was whispering low
In a kind and soothing sort of way,
She seemed to be crying so.

We couldn't help hearing what they said,
And it made us all feel bad,
For father complained that the times were hard,
And he seemed despondent and sad·
And mother was saying, "No new dolls,
And no little yearned for toys,—
O John!—just to think of a Christmas Day
With no gifts for our girls and boys."

It sounded so sad to hear her cry
And speak so on Christmas Eve,
When every one is supposed to be glad,
And no one's supposed to grieve,
That we huddled close and planned and planned
To cheer her on Christmas morn,
For all the world should be happy, they say,
On the day the Christ Child was born.

So at dawn of day, when mother came,
Smiling at us through her tears,
We hid our empty stockings away
And gave her three hearty cheers.
Then Joe stepped up and kissed her and said:
"We've got a surprise for you,
And it's just a promise that we will make
To behave as you want us to:

"To study our lessons, the coming year,
And, mother, we'll surely be
Good little women and good little men,
We promise you honestly."
When mother heard all our good resolves,
She seemed so pleased that we almost cried.
'T is queer how you sometimes can be so glad,
And yet be tearful inside.

And father stood there so very proud,
As he smiled upon each one,
That were as happy as we could be,
For giving is lots of fun;
And mother said, in her gentle way,
Giving to each one a kiss:
"There's many a mother who'd envy me
Such a beautiful gift as this."

The Greed for Gain

BISHOP HENRY C. POTTER, of New York, in a recent address, uttered some strong words on the havoc which the love of money is creating in American society. "Divorce, crime and corruption in all our cities," he said, "have one root,—the lust of money. The one eager, dominant hunger that salutes us from one end to the other of our broad land is the passion, the hunger, the greed for gain. Go where you may, and talk with whom you will,—with clergymen estimating the promise of fields for spiritual labor, with women rating the claims of other women upon their social recognition, or with the heads of great universities paralyzed with fright lest the indiscretion of some plain-spoken professor who tells his age the truth in an hour when it sorely needs to hear it shall cut down the revenues of the college,—it is no matter; the commercial question is at the bottom of it and decides usually all the others."

Least of all does the race for wealth bring happiness to the man who pursues it. The tragedy of his life is summed up in a pithy Japanese proverb: "When life is ruined for the sake of money's preciousness, the ruined life cares naught for the money."

"We carry with us the beauty we visit, and the song which enchants us."

Next to the virtue, the fun in the world is what we can least spare.—AGNES STRICKLAND.

"It is the heart that makes the home, whether the eye rests upon a potato patch or a flower garden."

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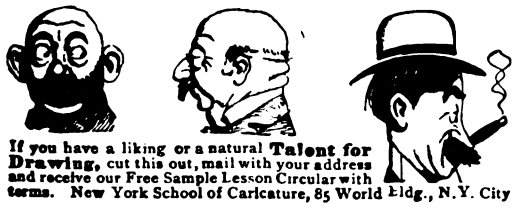

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A People's Palace for New York

ROBERT X. ROCKWOOD

CHAS. SPRAGUE SMITH

A NATURAL advance movement in the evolution of one of the most popular and successful plans ever put into practice for interesting and educating the heterogeneous populace of an immense municipality in the fundamentals of good government by a democracy is the project for a "People's Palace," in New York City, that has been formulated by Charles Sprague Smith, managing director of the People's Institute. The proposition is to erect in a central locality a building of ample dimensions, possibly as large as Madison Square Garden, having a great hall for mass meetings, Sunday services, concerts, and dramatic entertainments, numerous smaller halls for special lectures and for class work in local service, literature, art, music, etc., a library and reading room, a gymnasium, and a roof garden. The project is not anything new to be tried as an experiment, but a proposed broadening or extension of the remarkably successful work accomplished and being done, in New York City, by the People's Institute, a New York philanthropic association without a duplicate in the world.

The institute was incorporated in 1897, the original corporative members being Felix Adler, Robert Fulton Cutting, Grace H. Dodge, Elgin R. L. Gould, Abram S. Hewitt, George K. Lloyd, R. Heber Newton, William S. Rainsford, Charles Sprague Smith, Charles Sotheran, Edward Thimme, and George Tombleson. The government of the institute is vested in nine directors known as the board of trustees, and there is an advisory council of thirty members. A managing director having charge of the work of the institute is the executive officer, a position held from the first meeting of corporators by the present incumbent, to whose active interest in the brotherhood of man is due the credit for the institute's inception.

As aids to a clear comprehension of the "People's Palace" idea (which is one of utility for every other city in the United States as well as for New York City,) are the following sections of the constitution of the institute:—

"The purposes of the institute are: first, to furnish to the people continued and ordered education in social science, history, literature, and such other subjects as time and the demand shall determine; second, to afford opportunities for the interchange of thought upon topics of general interest between individuals of different occupations in order thereby to assist in the solution of present problems. To accomplish these purposes the institute may conduct lectures, discussions, and classes, encourage the formation of branch associations, and undertake such other work as shall promote its aims.

"The institute, as such, shall not ally itself with any political, social, or religious party, movement, or sect. It shall respect all differences of opinion, and, by the cultivation of a spirit of tolerance and fraternity, shall seek to unite all in a common effort for the advancement of the individual and of society."

How the Movement Was Started

Upon these lines the organizers of the institute proceeded to meet in New York City what is recognized as an imperative need, the welfare of a democracy essentially depending for its stability and progress upon a mutual understanding by all classes of its citizenship of the changing economic conditions with which they are confronted. Securing apartments in Cooper Union for offices and lecture rooms, and using the great hall for the most important of its public meetings, the institute's active work began in March, 1898. Results are not hypothetical. The public-spirited wealthy citizens of New York City who had made the proposed work of the institute a possibility had the satisfaction of seeing their investment pay gratifying dividends in an awakened and genuine interest in the new educational movement by the people for whose benefit it was designed. During the past five years the institute courses at Cooper Union have expanded from one evening a week to six, and the audiences from one thousand a week to five thousand, and at times to more than seven thousand. At these meetings, whenever questions relating to civic, state, or national legislation have been discussed, a vote has been taken and the result reported to the proper authorities. As such voting registers the wishes of a representative body of citizenship not controlled by partisan influence, it is of great value in checking hasty legislation inimical to the people's welfare. So generally recognized is the institute as the people's forum in New York City that the approval of its audience is often sought for, a noteworthy example being the unanimous support given by the institute audiences to the Tenement House Commission in its effort to prevent retrogressive legislation at Albany. The Sunday evening course, which is devoted to ethical addresses, has provided for men and women of all creeds and of no creed an opportunity for moral instruction and inspiration upon a basis broad enough to be accepted by all. There is no creed-proselyting, all attacks of church upon church being excluded. Upon the platform the foremost workers in the ethical field have appeared, and the Sunday evening audiences have been the largest of the week, composed principally of the residents of the East Side tenement districts. No more convincing proof of the utility of a "people's palace" could be asked for than the ocular demonstration presented at the institute meetings.

In the way of extention work already accomplished there is a successful branch of the institute which was opened November 17, 1901, in Harlem, in a hall at a corner of Lexington Avenue and One hundred and twenty-fifth Street, and a People's Institute Club at 241 East Fourteenth Street which has proved so successful in its

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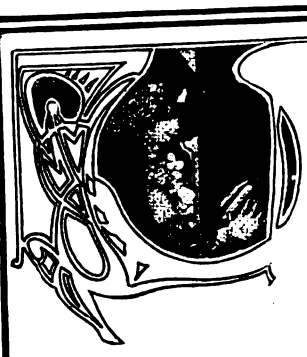

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self-support that plans are now maturing for the ownership of a club house.

Much of vital interest might be written in the way of detail as to the grand work accomplished by the People's Institute in the past five years, but the brief outline here given is sufficient to show the pressing need for enlarged facilities and that wider scope for effort which the proposed "People's Palace" can make possible. What is contemplated is succinctly stated by Mr. Smith in the following suggestions:—

1.—The creation of a central house for the people, including a forum, a church, a concert hall, a theater, etc.

2.—The organization of a stock company, small at first, with shares at from five dollars to twenty dollars each, with guaranteed three to four per cent. interest, for the establishment of a system of self-supporting, self-governing people's clubs.

There is nothing chimerical in the foregoing propositions. In one form or other the first has had practical demonstration in the institute work: the forum, in the discussion of civic problems and voting; the church, in the Sunday evening course; the concert hall, in the symphony concerts, established by Franz X. Arens, and the People's Choral Union classes, conducted by Frank Damrosch; and the theater, in a series of popular dramatic recitals. The second recommendation has within itself the germ of as powerful an organization for civic righteousness as can be conceived. In operation, it will mean an immense lyceum of the people permanently organized for safeguarding on a non-partisan basis the rights of the people, rich and poor alike.

The Value of Its Educative Force

What the People's Institute has already accomplished within its somewhat restricted limitations is sufficient evidence that no more effective or economical method can be devised to promote a healthy assimilation of the masses into the body politic of American democracy than an extension of its work by means of the proposed "People's Palace." Its educative and moral force will throttle anarchism, and partisan despotism, through an alliance with vice, will become impossible. Even as the ancient Greeks, illustrious and otherwise, sought the groves of Academus for instruction from Plato as to their civic duty, so are the masses of our American democracy anxious to participate in the promotion of the common weal if they are given an opportunity to be properly marshaled under the banner of "the brotherhood of man."

Professor Charles Sprague Smith, the managing director of the institute, was born in Andover, Massachusetts, in 1853. He was graduated from Amherst College in 1874, and, after a post-graduate course in literature, went to Europe, where he continued his studies for five years. Returning to the United States in 1880, he entered upon educational work at Columbia University, New York City, and organized its modern language department. For two years he was professor of the German language and literature and instructor in Italian, Spanish, and the Scandinavian languages; from 1882 to 1890 he was professor of modern languages and foreign literature, and, in 1890-91, professor of Roman languages and literatures. Professor Smith was the first man to suggest in this country the study of comparative literature, and it may be mentioned as a fact of exceptional interest that, in preparation for his work in that field, he acquired a reading knowledge of fourteen languages and a speaking knowledge of eight. In 1897, he organized the Comparative Literature Society, and was elected its president. To the People's Institute and its allied work he is now devoting all of his energies, a public mission that assumes national importance, because in its example of success in civic patriotism the good citizenship of other municipalities will see a working model that it will no doubt duplicate.

Crowd Out Your Fear-Thoughts

The principle of crowding out fear-thoughts by buoyant, hopeful, confident thoughts can be applied to all the many kinds of fear that daily and hourly beset us. At first it will be hard to change the current of thought, and to cease to dwell on somber and depressing things. An aid in the process is often advisable. A sudden change of work to something requiring concentration of mind will often act as a switch. Recalling some humorous or pleasant incident will sometimes "drive dull care away," as an old song has it.

In the last analysis, all fear resolves itself into fear of death, and writers on the means of getting rid of fear dwell especially on this basic form. Death will, perhaps, always be a mystery, but, whatever view of it be taken, a logical analysis will remove the terror of it, especially of that form which makes lifeless human flesh a repulsive and terrible object. We think the feeling that Hindoos have about the flesh of animals very queer, since to us this is most appetizing food. Our own fear of a human corpse is just as foolish as the Hindoo fear, and, if we would rid ourselves of fear, we must teach ourselves so. Familiarity with the thing feared is always advisable, and frequently is quite sufficient. We know this to be true with horses, and have only to apply the matter to our own foolish fears. Horace Fletcher advises even a course in a hospital dissecting room if nothing else will dissipate the unreasoning fear of a dead body.

"Whatever may lie beyond the tomb," says W. E. H. Lecky, "the tomb itself is nothing to us. The narrow prison house, the gloomy pomp and the hideousness of decay are known to the living, and the living alone. By a too common illusion of the imagination, men picture themselves as consciously dead,—going through the process of corruption, and aware of it; imprisoned, with a knowledge of the fact, in the most hideous of dungeons. Endeavor earnestly to erase this illusion from your mind; for it lies at the root of the fear of death, and it is one of the worst sides of medieval and much modern art that it tends to strengthen it. Nothing, if we truly realize it, is less real than the grave. We should be no more concerned with the after fate of our discarded bodies than with that of the hair which the barber has cut off. The sooner they are resolved into their primitive elements, the better. The imagination should never be suffered to dwell upon their decay."

Whatever the means, the task of conquering fear is the most important in character-building, and it will repay effort. Not until this is done—effectively, finally done,—can the human soul take its proper place, and progress to higher and yet higher planes of power.

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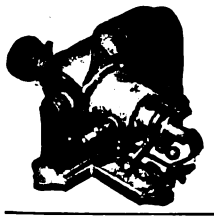

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Self-Assertion as a Success-Factor

MANY a well educated man of good address and ability fails to win a satisfactory position in life because he lacks self-assertion. He has a shrinking nature and abhors publicity; the thought of pushing himself forward is repugnant to him, and so he is left behind in the race by the hustling, stirring, vigorous people around him, many of whom do not possess one tenth of his ability or natural advantages.

Many young people have a totally mistaken conception of the meaning of healthy aggressiveness. They frequently confound it with egotistic boastfulness, decry it as a lack of modesty, and consider it the sign of a petty, vulgar soul. They think it unbecoming to try to make a good impression in regard to their own ability, and shrink from public gaze, believing that, if they work hard, even in retirement, they will come out all right.

As a matter of fact, however, in this competitive age, it is not only indispensable to have our mental storehouses well stocked with superior goods, but it is also necessary to advertise them; for even an inferior article, if well advertised, will often sell rapidly, while a superior one, if pushed back on the shelves and not exhibited or spoken of, will remain on the dealer's hands at a dead loss.

No one sympathizes with the blatant, conceited, overconfident youth who has the list of his accomplishments and virtues at his tongue's end, and inflicts them on any one he can induce to listen. He is the very opposite of the unassuming young man who, while conscious of his power, makes no parade of it, but simply carries himself as if he knew his business thoroughly.

When questioned as to what he can do, a modestly self-assertive person does not give weak, hesitating answers, saying "I think I can do that," or "Perhaps I could do it," creating a feeling of doubt not only in his own mind, but also in that of his questioner, which undoubtedly acts to his disadvantage. He knows he can do certain things, and he says so with a confidence that carries conviction.

This is the sort of self-assertion or self-confidence that young men and women must cultivate if they would raise themselves to their full value. It is a quality as far removed from vulgar, shallow self-conceit as the calm exercise of conscious power is from charlatanism.

Thousands of young men and young women are occupying inferior positions to-day because of their over-humility, so to speak, or fear of seeming to put themselves forward. Many of them are conscious that they are much abler than the superintendents or managers over them, and are consequently dissatisfied, feeling that an injustice has been done them, because they have been passed over in favor of more aggressive workers. But they have only themselves to blame. They have been too modest to assert themselves or to assume responsibility when occasion has warranted, thinking that, in time, their real ability would be discovered by their employers, and that they would be advanced accordingly. But a young man with vim and self-confidence, who courts responsibility, will attract the attention of those above him, and will be promoted when a retiring, self-effacing, but much abler youth who worked beside him is passed by.

It is useless to say that merit ought to win under any circumstances,—the fact remains that there is very little chance for a young man, no matter what his ability, to forge ahead, if he lacks a just appreciation of himself and is destitute of that consciousness of power and willingness to assume responsibility which impress his personality on others and open the door to recognition of his merit.

"'Tis true, 't is pity; and pity 't is 't is true" that modest worth that retires from the public gaze and works in secret, waiting to be discovered and to have prizes thrust upon it, waits in vain. The world moves too fast in this twentieth century to turn aside to seek out shrinking ability. We must all go to the world. We need not delude ourselves with the idea that it will come to us, no matter how able or meritorious we may be. While actual inability can never hope to hold its own, even though, through self-conceit and aggressive methods, it may succeed in pushing its way ahead for a time, it is equally true that shrinking, self-effacing ability rarely comes to its own.

▲ ▲

WHY HE WAS NOT PROMOTED

He watched the clock.
He was always grumbling.
He was always behindhand.
He had no iron in his blood.
He was willing, but unfitted.
He did n't believe in himself.
He asked too many questions.
He was stung by a bad book.
His stock excuse was "I forgot."
He was n't ready for the next step.
He did not put his heart in his work.
He learned nothing from his blunders.
He felt that he was above his position.
He chose his friends among his inferiors.
He was content to be a second-rate man.
He ruined his ability by halfdoing things.
He never dared to act on his own judgment.
He did not think it worth while to learn how.
He tried to make "bluff" take the place of ability.
He thought he must take amusement every evening.
Familiarity with slipshod methods paralized his ideal.
He thought it was clever to use coarse and profane language.
He was ashamed of his parents because they were old-fashioned.
He imitated the habits of men who could stand more than he could.
He did not learn that the best part of his salary was not in his pay-envelope.

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According to the Census Reports

Money in Poultry

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YOUNG MEN: When casting about for future occupation consider the Poultry Business. Here is a business that never will be overdone.

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OLD WOMEN: In your good old days you can find in poultry much to lighten cares and debts. The Hen is a mortgage lifter.

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The pleasure to be derived from poultry can not be readily described. No matter how small the space available for such a purpose a few hens at least will pay for themselves and will prove the source of a great deal of beneficial recreation. It is possible for almost everyone to keep a few chickens and to derive the most enjoyment and profit from such a venture, the "American Poultry Advocate" is an inexpensive essential.

Fresh Eggs Wanted

and wanted badly by MILLIONS of people every day; and your chances are good along with thousands of poultrymen who sell all the fresh eggs they can produce.

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The American Poultry Advocate

is ready to assist you in getting your share of that **Three Hundred Millions of Dollars.**

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E. H. LAWSON

THIS is the record of Ernest H. Lawson, who is getting "Success" subscriptions in a city of 200,000 inhabitants. During the month of September, Mr. Lawson secured 810 subscriptions to "Success," alone and unaided, by personal solicitation in the offices, stores, and factories of his city. His commission and cash prizes on these subscriptions amounted to $524.00,—not bad for one month's work,—work calling for the investment of ***not one penny,*** and no previous experience.

Mr. Lawson has done nearly as well in other months, and has never found it necessary to go outside of his own community, although he has been canvassing for "Success" for more than a year past. This is but a single instance of what is being done for "Success" in dozens of other communities. Another agent earned, in September, $494.00; another, $334.00. You may do as well. ***Will you try it?***

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in every community this Fall and Winter to whom we can send lists of expiring subscriptions for renewal, also to obtain new subscriptions. The pay is the largest offered by any first-class magazine, and the assistance rendered subscription-getters the most helpful. Any person of average intelligence and ability can make this work pay handsomely at the present season of the year, when most of the magazine subscriptions are placed.

The Success Clubbing Offers are the only means by which America's leading magazines may be obtained, in combination, at about half the regular price.

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"I shall be glad to give any information in my power to those who wish to inquire further as to my experience in this work.

"Very respectfully, J. C. RUNDLES."

Earned $545 in Less Than Four Months

"I have had some very pleasant experiences, and, I might add, some of a nature invaluable to my future success. It would do you good to hear some of the things said about 'Success' in this city. Among those most enthusiastic in their praise of the work being accomplished by 'Success' is a prominent minister who recently told me that four different times he quoted from 'Success' while delivering a sermon, and on one occasion he told his congregation that he wished everyone would subscribe to 'Success.' He also invited me to call at his home, which I did, and he presented me with a letter addressed to his congregation. In this he commended the magazine highly, and urged all to give me their subscriptions. I shall begin using same to-morrow. I have so far secured 219 subscriptions for the September contest and more are to come. In less than four months I have earned, in commissions and prize money, about $545, and furthermore, I have demonstrated to my own satisfaction, as well as to that of the local public, that I have something in me. I do not think I shall ever worry about my future, so far as getting employment is concerned, should I ever deem it necessary to change my present occupation. Outside of the money earned from my connection with 'Success,' I feel that the training acquired as a result of my work is invaluable. It has developed my self-confidence, originality, has brought me in contact with all classes of people in different lines of thought, and I have acquired a better mastery of the English language. I honestly believe that the work I have done for 'Success' has broadened and developed me to a greater extent than I can appreciate at present. P. P. HOEFGEN."

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"I am fourteen years old, and am attending second year high school here. One day I read of your offers, and determined to try my luck in your line. During one month I sent you seventy-five subscriptions, thereby winning a $25.00 cash prize, besides premiums which are better than all expectations.

"EDGAR SMITH."

No Trouble in Securing Them

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"For my evening's work I would make out a list of people upon whom I wanted to call, and, as I was about to leave each, I would ask him to refer me to some one whom he thought would be interested in the magazine. Then, by using his name, I would secure a hearing with the party to whom I was referred without any difficulty.

"By this sort of work I secured seventy-four subscriptions in four weeks, which brought me nearly $40.00 in commissions and prizes.

"I am sure that working for 'Success' is a pleasant and profitable business. THOMAS BARFOOT."

Would n't Exchange His Experience for $500.00

"I certainly would advise any young man who intends, at any time, to have a business of his own, to take up the 'Success' work, not only for the money he will make out of it, but also for the valuable experience he will gain. I have never been in any business that has given me such large profits for such a small amount of work, and have never worked for any one who has treated me better than the Success Company. The Company seems to take a personal interest in my welfare, and I think that, with their help, any earnest young man can make a good income after office hours. I would not exchange my canvassing experience for five hundred dollars, because by it I have developed qualities that I thought I did not possess,—I mean the ability to think while on my feet, and also a thorough control of myself. My business is steadily increasing, and becomes easier as I go along; and, should I be without a position to-morrow, I could easily make a good salary by means of my 'Success' agency.

"LAWRENCE PALK."

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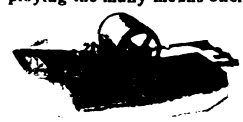

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IN 1904

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Poultry as a Business
Cost of Spraying Swamps
The Fence Problem
Hints on Making Drives
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How to Harvest Ice
Window and Veranda Boxes
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Storing Fruits and Vegetables
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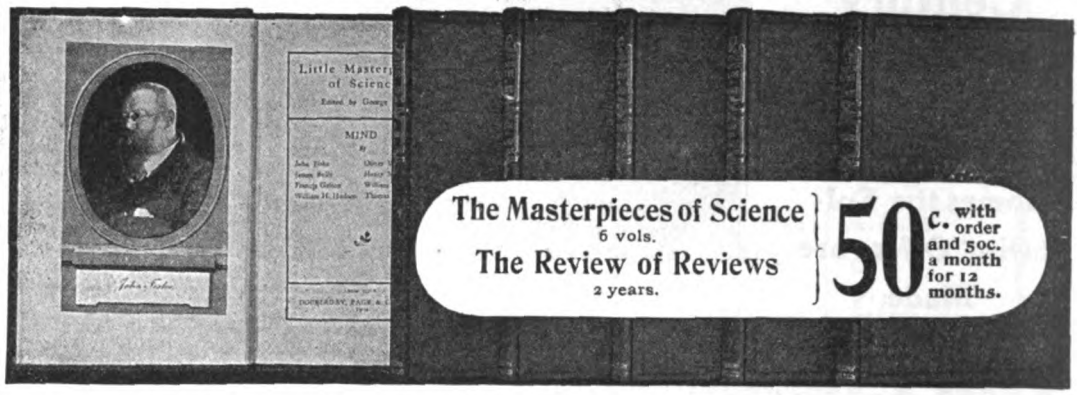

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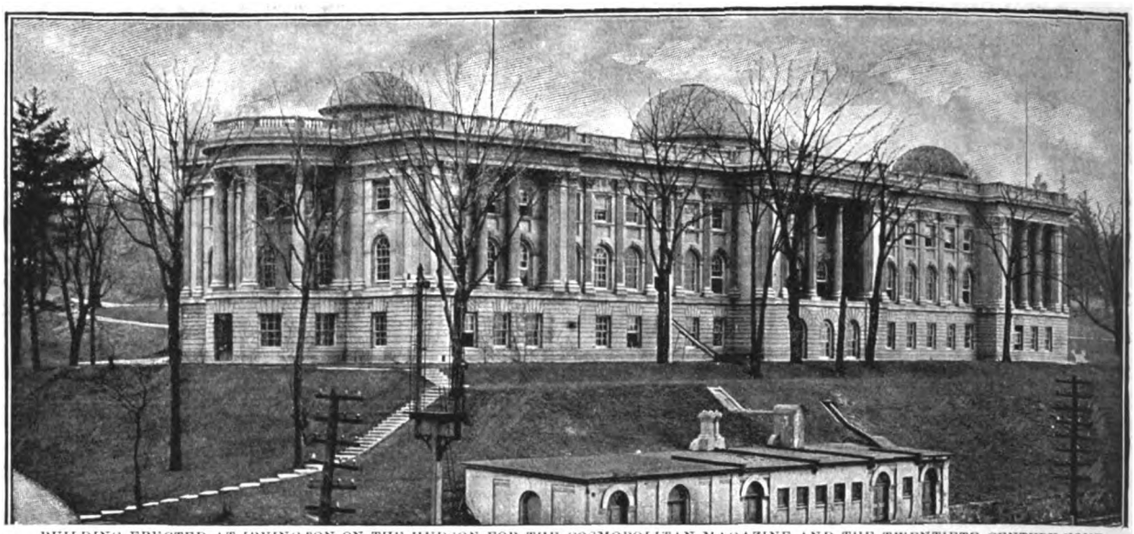

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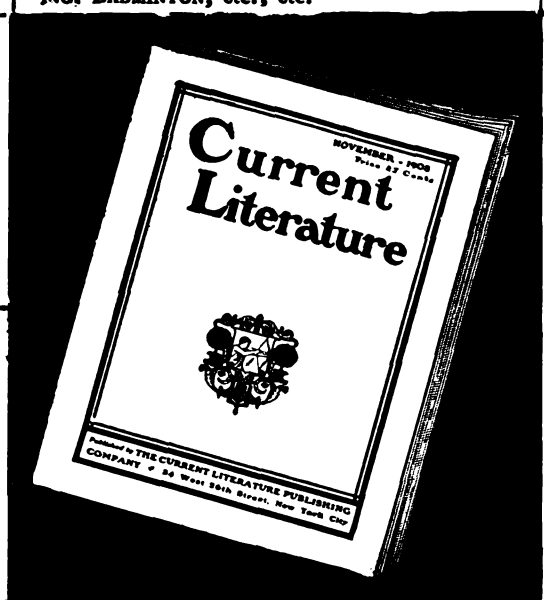

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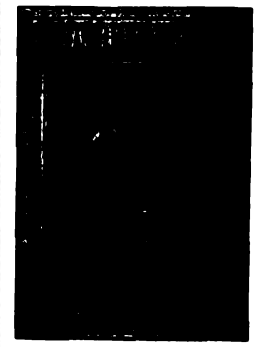

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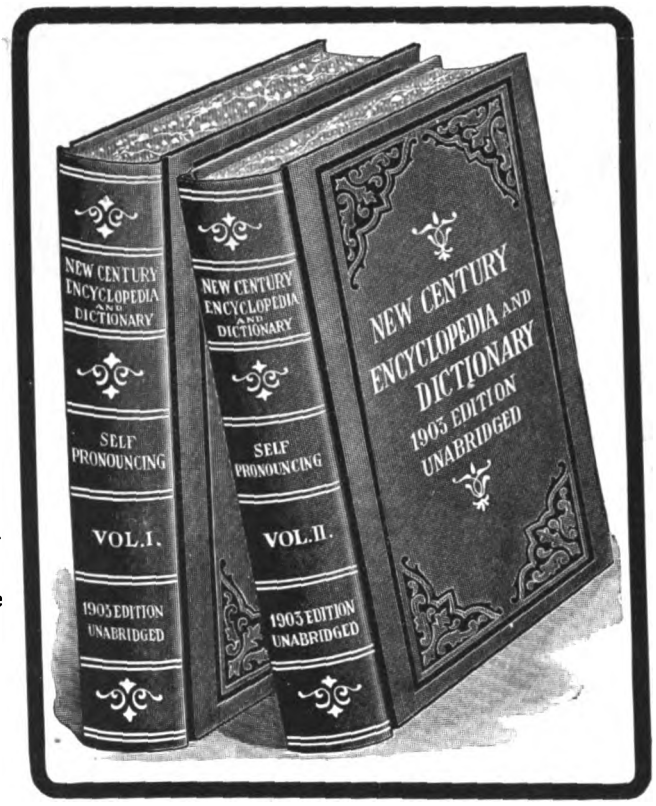

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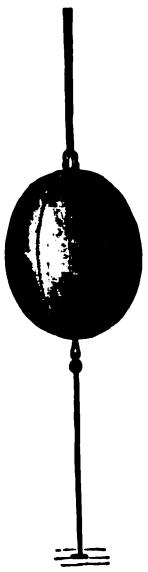
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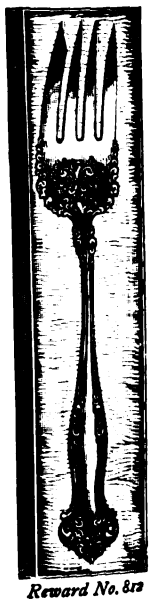
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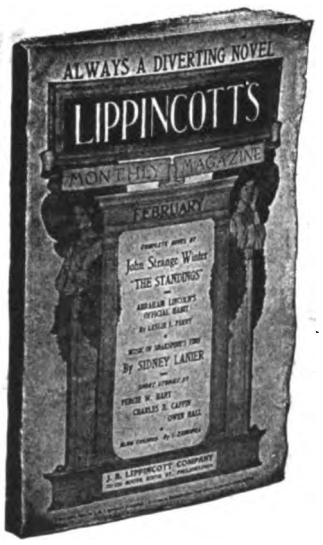

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and others equally well known and popular.

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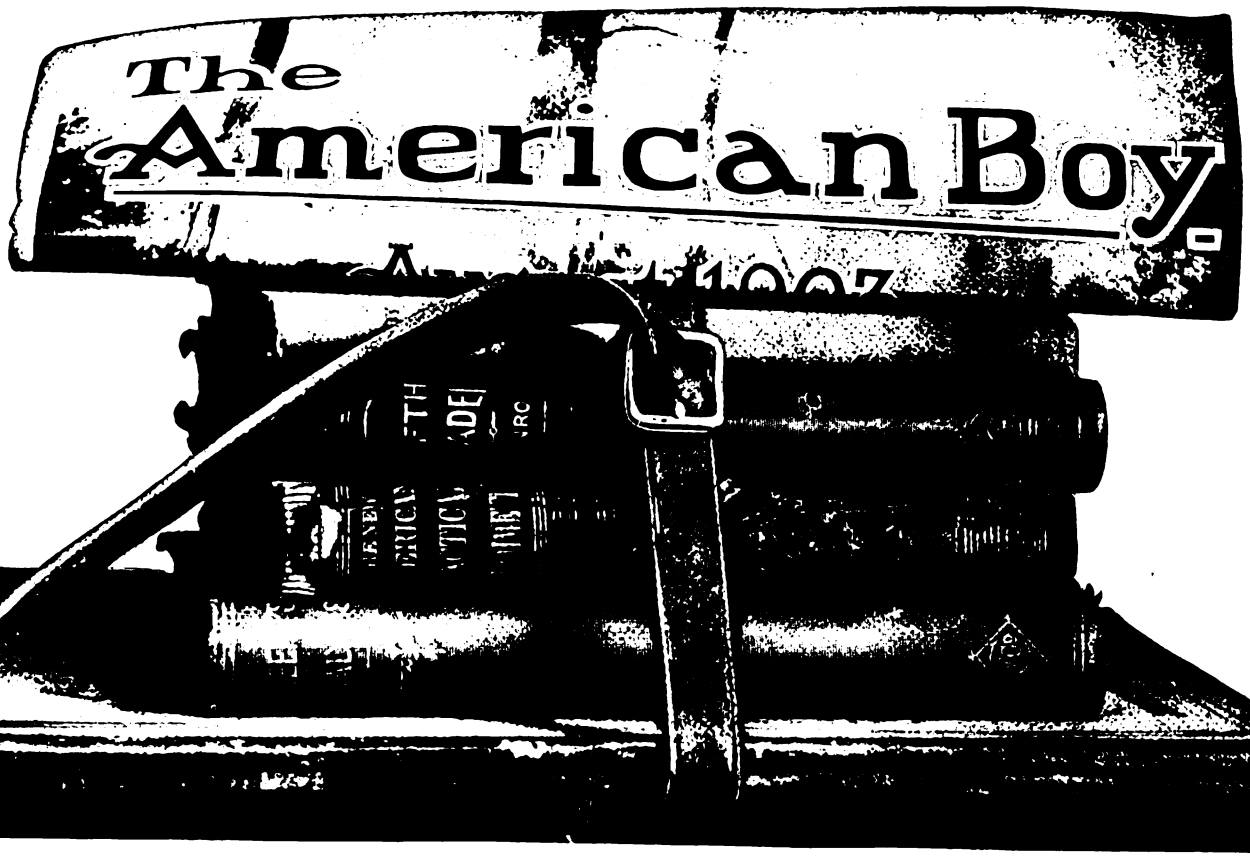

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Beginning with December, THE AMERICAN BOY will publish a continued story by Kirk Munroe, for which $1000 has been paid. Six months later another story by the same favorite author will begin, the price of which was likewise $1000. These are stories of travel, the materials for which were gathered by Mr. Munroe on his recent trip around the world.

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You will be interested in the human quality of Leslie's Monthly. It is to Leslie's Monthly that **Maud Ballington Booth** contributes the wonderful story of her work in prison. Leslie's, too, will print serially the true and inspiring account of a girl's struggle for life in a great city. From the "learner's wage" of $1.50 a week she climbs painfully up to a position of comfort. It is a *real* story.

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You will be enthusiastic over the patriotism of Leslie's Monthly. It is Leslie's which is investigating with scrupulous care our vicious system of government by the Lobby, and which prints exactly what it finds. It is Leslie's, too, which is publishing true, unvarnished accounts of the Bosses who govern us, and who never give us a chance to vote them down.

GOOD TO READ.

You will be delighted with the entertainment of Leslie's Monthly. The delightful **"Domesticities,"** by the author of Wee MacGreegor, **"A Few Real Boys,"** by the author of "The Real Diary of a Real Boy," **"A Honeymoon on a Houseboat,"** by the man who spent it:—these are but three of a score of features solely to entertain.

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We believe in Leslie's stories. We believe in Leslie's writers. How can we help it? See their names:

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