

SUCCESS MAGAZINE

N. S. EDITION.

APRIL
1907



Wm. A. Davidson

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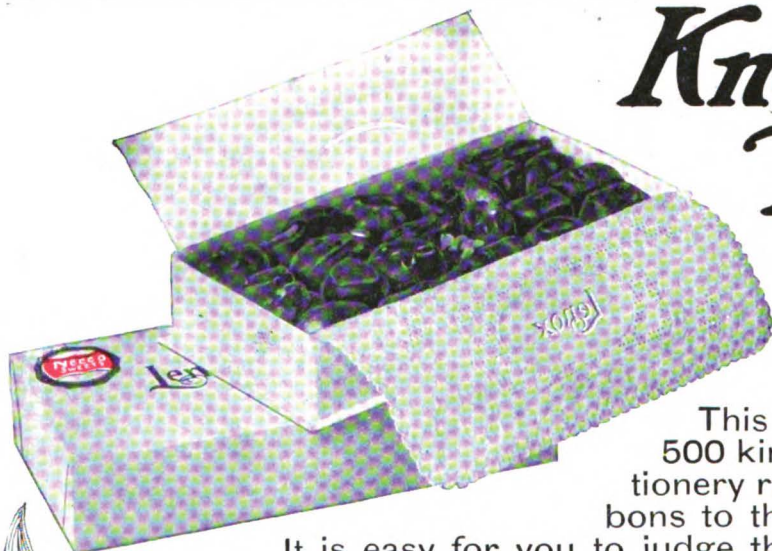
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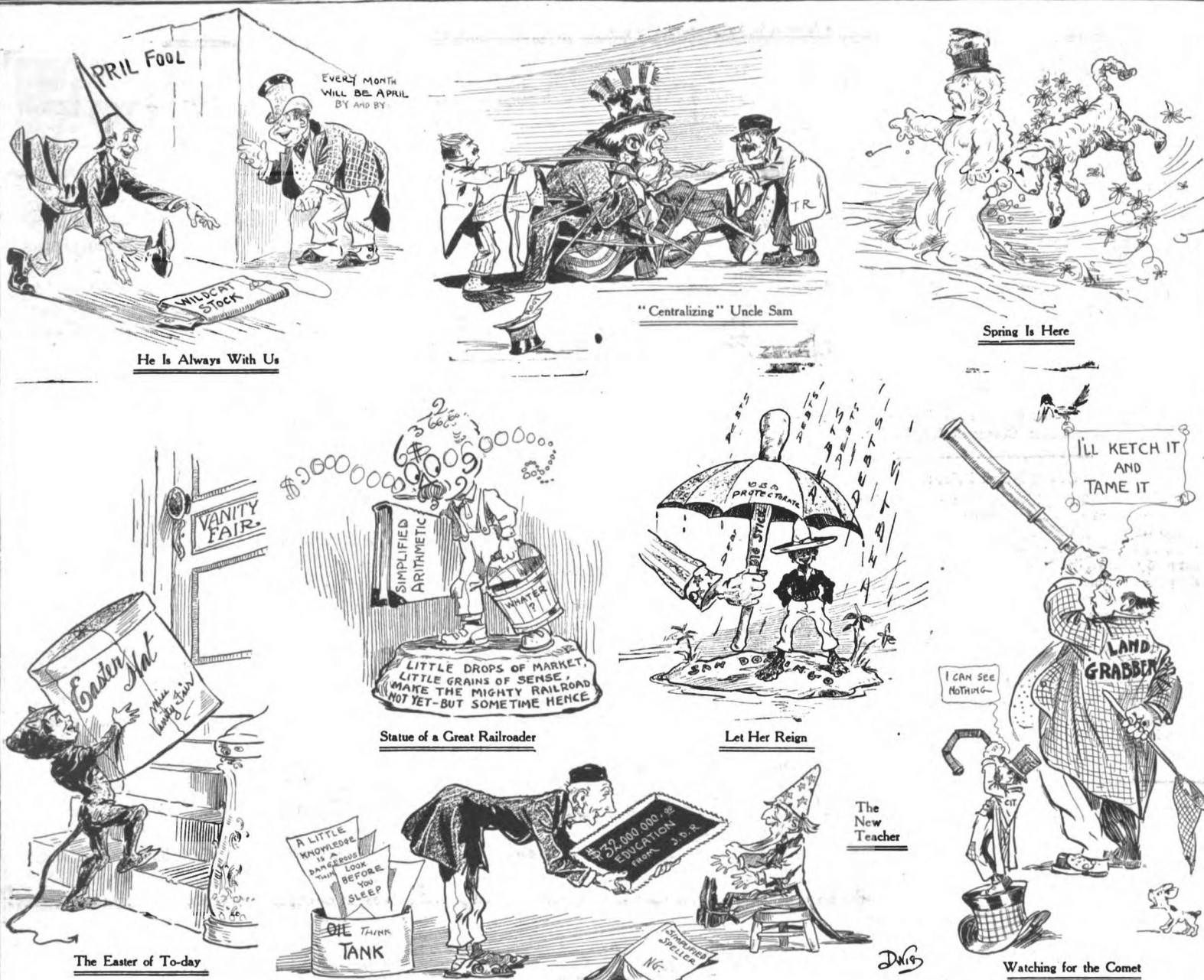
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Dwig's Impressions of the Month

ORISON SWETT MARDEN,
Editor and Founder

SUCCESS MAGAZINE

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Associate Editor

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A Periodical of American Life

Published Monthly by

THE SUCCESS COMPANY.

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FREDERIC L. COLVER, DAVID G. EVANS,
Secretary. Treasurer.

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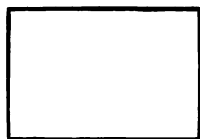
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SUCCESS MAGAZINE is on sale at book stores and on newsstands throughout the United States and Canada. If your newsdealer does not carry it, write to us and we will see that he is supplied.

Expirations and Renewals

If you find a blue pencil cross in the space below, your subscription expires with this (April) issue; if a red pencil cross, it expires with the next (May) issue.



Subscriptions to commence with this issue should be received by April 5th. Subscriptions to commence with the May issue should be received by May 5th. The regular editions of SUCCESS MAGAZINE are usually exhausted within five days after publication.

Order early—order now.

Our Advertisements

We do not admit to our columns medical, liquor, cigarette, or other advertisements objectionable in the home. We exclude all advertisements offering stocks, bonds, real estate, mining properties, etc., when we have the slightest suspicion that the vendors are not reputable business men and are not acting in good faith, and we investigate all advertisements of this character offered to us most carefully, with a view to protecting our readers against "schemers." The many risks of loss incurred even in the most conservative of business enterprises and investments make it impossible, however, for us to guarantee, recommend, or specifically approve investment properties of any kind, even those whose advertisements we accept, and our readers are required to judge for themselves, after the most careful investigation possible, the merits of any enterprise which seeks their money.

With the exception of investment advertisements, we guarantee our readers against loss due to serious misrepresentation in any advertisement appearing in this issue. This guarantee does not cover ordinary "trade talk," nor does it involve the settling of minor claims or disputes between advertiser and reader. Claims for losses must be made within ninety days of the appearance of the advertisement complained of. The honest bankruptcy of an advertiser occurring after the printing of an advertisement by us entitles the reader only to our best services in endeavoring to secure the return of his money.

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We are rapidly extending our organization of local and traveling representatives to cover every city, town, and village in the United States. We are engaging for this purpose young men and women of the highest character, including college and high-school students and others who are earnestly striving for an education or for some special and worthy object. We are paying them liberally for their services, and are giving them our hearty and unremitting support in all their efforts.

We ask for our representatives a kind and courteous reception and the generous patronage of the public. New or renewal subscriptions to SUCCESS MAGAZINE will be filled by us as promptly when given to our representatives as if sent direct to us.

Each authorized representative of SUCCESS MAGAZINE carries a card empowering him to accept subscriptions for SUCCESS MAGAZINE. These cards should be asked for by intending patrons, in order to prevent imposition by fraudulent or unauthorized canvassers. The publishers of SUCCESS MAGAZINE do not hold themselves responsible for orders given to parties not bearing these regular cards.

The Editors' Outlook

And now cometh spring,

Sweet spring, full of sweet days and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie;
Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky.

EVEN rough, prosaic man, engrossed in cares of business, stops awhile in Spring to dream of the country and the old home, and of the castle-in-the-air stock farm on which he hopes to end his days; while mother and sister turn to early flowers in the garden, and brother hunts up his fishing tackle and begins to read the baseball gossip in the daily newspapers.

AND so each member of the household shakes off the lethargy of the long winter and reaches forth to enjoy bright sunshine out of doors, inhaling the strong, pungent odor of newly turned earth, the fresh fragrance left by spring showers, and the sweet perfumes of the peach and apple blossoms. So, too, out in the dear countryside come the first flowers and the early birds. The bear in the heart of the wilderness uncoils himself from his long winter's sleep and comes out gaunt, haggard, and hungry to desperation. The other furry denizens of the field and woods forage ravenously for tender buds and their smaller prey. The chipmunk races from root to topmost branch, and chatters vigorously at anything in sight, plunging into his hole if the dangers come too close, or jumping from branch to branch with the mad spring blood racing in his veins.

AND this same chipmunk, sure harbinger of spring, is the subject of one of Ernest Thompson Seton's exquisite and delightful sketch-stories, illustrated by his own hand in the way that only Mr. Seton knows how to do—This is for our May Number. We have also obtained from Mr. Seton, for a late number, another of these unique illustrated stories, dealing with that curious animal of the great western prairies, the coyote.

A FEATURE of the May Number will be a story by Alvah Milton Kerr. We speak of it especially because its characters are real men—not creatures of the writer's imagination—who have been tempted and have fallen. It is built around two well-known bank failures of the past year, and the downfall of two citizens who had apparently merited the highest respect of the communities in which they dwelt. The failures and the characters concerned therein will be readily recognized by well-informed readers who remember the newspaper accounts of the affairs which form the foundation of the story.

Few things in our editorial experience have surprised us more than the extraordinary interest in financial matters taken by the American public, as represented by our own body of magazine readers. Our Investors' Department has been literally overwhelmed during the past two months with requests for opinions upon various investments, general and local, and we have been obliged to supple-

ment what we thought were thoroughly adequate facilities for answering these inquiries with a number of special information bureau services, together with a clerical and office force which is really quite formidable. It may well be imagined that it is no easy task to give thoroughly competent and reliable advice on investment properties in answer to inquiries running from 100 to 300 per day, and the burden has in fact become so great that we are obliged to put into effect a slight change of policy in regard to such inquiries.

WE shall be glad to continue giving, without charge, our advice on *general* investment problems which do not involve investigation of specific properties or securities, and will give to such general inquiries just as much care and conscientious thought as we have hitherto done. For information and advice upon *specific* properties, however, where we have to ascertain through more or less expensive channels the facts upon which to base our counsel, we shall make a uniform charge of \$1.00, which must be remitted in every case with the inquiry. If we cannot secure this information and render an opinion which in our judgment is of real value to our subscriber, we will return to him, with our letter, the \$1.00 which he has remitted; and, moreover, if our answer is not in the judgment of our subscriber worth to him the \$1.00 which he has remitted, we will at once return it to him, upon request, taking his word for it that he is dissatisfied. We believe that this policy will be recognized as fair, generous, and entirely satisfactory under all the circumstances. Inquiries of all kinds other than those connected with investment matters will be answered by us free of charge, as hitherto.

THAT business articles are in high favor among thoughtful men is indicated in the reception accorded the series by Frank Fayant, entitled "Fools and Their Money." From all parts of this country have poured in upon us commendatory letters from readers who are desirous of expressing their gratitude to Mr. Fayant and SUCCESS MAGAZINE for giving them straight-out-from-the-shoulder advice relative to speculation and investments, and for exposing the nefarious practices of schemers whose aim it is to batten upon the honestly earned savings of inexperienced or innocent would-be investors.

GILSON GARDNER's article in this issue is about the Railroad Lobby, and it comes along with a timeliness which should command for it no little attention. It is at the close of a session of Congress in which the Railroad Lobby reigned supreme; also, at a time when the traveling public and commercial institutions are unusually wroth and plain-spoken in their condemnation of railway company methods and operation. It is really surprising how bold this great Railroad Lobby has become. A year ago Congress seemed all eagerness to serve the people. The Railroad Lobby strove in vain to put on the bit and bridle; it was then

a clear case of runaway. There were some elections right ahead, and President Roosevelt had applied the whip. But that time is gone. The bit and bridle are in place, and the Railroad Lobby is once more in the saddle. Railroad legislation has been referred to the Third House, and there it has been "jokered" and defeated in the customary way.

IF we listen closely, we can almost hear a ghostly re-echoing of the phrase which once resounded from Tammany Hall: "What are you going to do about it?" If we remember rightly, the first step taken in those days by the people was to *let in a flood of light*, through the press, upon the Tweed Ring and its machinations. So, first, we are going to tell you who are the lobbyists for the railroads, the whiskey, the sugar, the shipping, and other interests; then we shall explain how they obtain their powerful influence over our law makers at Washington. It will be interesting reading, and we trust, by the time the series of articles is completed, they will have been worth while, in that the citizens of this country may be aroused to employ effective means to check the questionable methods adopted by lobbyists to promote the interests they represent.

APPROPOS of this subject of lobbies, a news telegram to "The World," New York, under date of Feb., 18, is interesting. It says:

That a railroad lobby is just as effective in the House to-day as it was twenty years ago was shown to-day when the House unanimously adopted an adroitly drawn resolution, prepared by Chairman Overstreet, of the Committee on Post Offices and Post Roads, which will practically donate to the great railroads of the country \$10,000,000. It was accomplished without a record vote, thus preventing any alignment which might prove embarrassing to members during a campaign.

For more than years efforts have been made in Congress to reduce the exorbitant price paid the railroads for transporting the mails, and for the first time a majority of the Committee on Post Offices and Post Roads showed a disposition to make the reductions. The railroad lobby labored with members of the committee and others to convince them that the pay is not too large, but they failed, and the bill was finally reported with cuts aggregating \$12,000,000. Because of the Overstreet resolution, which excepts certain named items from points of order, the reductions will not amount to \$2,000,000.

LIKE a true housewife, Mrs. Isabel Gordon Curtis has already begun to make "the dust fly," and you will find in this number the results of her first work. She is planning some new "Home Departments" for SUCCESS MAGAZINE, built on her own original and practical lines. For instance, in dealing with "The Whys of Cookery," she is *not* going to tell you how to make French delicacies that would bankrupt the husband and upset his digestion, but she will, instead, explain to the housewives, young and old, how to make *good bread*—how to get the best results from certain flours, and what ingredients will produce certain effects. No two women make bread that looks, smells, or tastes alike, and about ninety-nine loaves in a hundred now baked in the family oven can be greatly improved.

AGAIN, how many women know a good piece of beef when they see it at the butcher's? And how many can cook it properly? In these days of high prices for foodstuffs, it is of the utmost importance for the housewife of a family of moderate means to economize in her

cooking. Mrs. Curtis's department, "The Whys of Cookery," will be invaluable in this respect. We shall all be gainers through her helpful suggestions, and we want you to aid her when you can, especially when she asks for tales of your own experience.

THE world will miss Josiah Flynt. We wish that he could see the letters and telegrams we have received about him and his articles in this magazine. It would comfort him to know that he has a legion of friends unknown to him who are following closely the details of his experiences and troubles. In the June Number you will come back to America with him and to the triumphs he won in and out of "The Underworld." Flynt becomes the Prince—not the Beggar. He does not go from door to door seeking work or food. He is of a higher order—as higher orders go in "The Underworld." He associates with the "professional" element—the men and women who consider it a disgrace to beg, but who rob and commit worse crimes to obtain a livelihood. This period in Flynt's life is really more absorbingly interesting than all others, though there is not the pathos in it there was in his earlier life when he wandered over the continent—a tramp. In this connection we are reminded of the verses written by Philip Morse, a western journalist, which he entitled "The Tramp:"

I dare not with denial cold
Bid him begone, but watch each mood,
As by the kitchen fire he sits
And calmly eats his food.

Methinks that in his jaded eye
A softer light beams now and then;
He can't be altogether bad,
This outcast among men.

At all events, I am resolved
His evening meal I will not stint,
For there's a possibility
He might be Mr. Flynt.

WE are wondering how many of our readers have noticed our complete new dress of type appearing in our February, March, and April issues. We have lately made a careful study of type faces, with a view to selecting such as would be as little trying to the eyes as could possibly be obtained. It may not be generally known what radical differences there are in this respect among types and magazines using them. The reader will rise at the end of an evening from a perusal of some magazine with "that tired feeling" in his eyes, and will not at all realize what the matter is, thinking only, perhaps, that he has had a hard day and his eyes are "jest natchally tired." In reading another magazine, however, he will have no such experience, and the reason is—far too often, we fear—that the type is at fault. Our new type face is the "Cadmus," originated, and for several years used exclusively by "McClure's Magazine," who have kindly consented now to allow us to use this type in SUCCESS MAGAZINE. One need only compare a page of this present issue with one of January, for example, to see how great is the improvement—and yet we thought we had an excellent type face before.

WE must apologize most sincerely to our readers who failed to receive their March copies in February. We were almost going

to say that we apologize for the *causes* of this delay, but we are thorough believers in responsibility, and know that we are, in the last analysis, responsible for our failure to give a perfect service. The conditions, however, were peculiar. In the first place, February is well known as a most difficult month for publishers, partly because of its 28 days instead of 30 or 31, and partly because of its two holidays, still further reducing the working time. In conjunction with these calendar difficulties, we had to meet in February of this year two others of an even more serious character, the first being a record-breaking advertising patronage—the largest we have ever had in the history of SUCCESS MAGAZINE—which, of course, involved more editorial pages and columns, on the principle that we always act upon of giving to our readers extra reading matter in proportion to extra advertising. The almost overwhelming pressure upon our space caused us to close a day later than ordinarily, manufacture was delayed, the holidays came in at peculiarly inopportune moments; and, finally, New York City and the country generally were visited with snow storms in February, which made drayage most difficult, and caused serious delays in the New York City Post Office and in mail train service throughout the country. Altogether, February was a hard month, indeed, for us, and, we repeat—we sincerely apologize to our readers for the fact that we were obliged to ask them to share our troubles.

FURTHERMORE, we have another apology to offer—this time to those of our new subscribers whose subscriptions we were unable to commence with our March issue. We say frankly that we did not anticipate the very great increase of demand for our February and March issues caused by the combination of the Josiah Flynt, Third House, and Fools-and-Their-Money articles, now running—a demand which completely exhausted our March issue on March 5th, and made it impossible for us to furnish any more copies to subscribers. We wish to announce, therefore, that those who especially wish to begin the Success volume with January should purchase January, February, and March issues of their newsdealers immediately, if not already too late. If you find that you cannot do this, write to us and we will see if we ourselves can purchase these back copies from the American News Company in New York. At the same time we desire also to announce to our present subscribers whose subscriptions will expire with this issue that their renewal orders should be placed immediately and directly with us (or through some one of our canvassing agents) if they desire to be sure not to miss a number. In spite of our best efforts to anticipate the demand, we cannot always do this, and will not guarantee to fill any orders for the April issue received after April 5th.

IN the manufacture of 300,000 copies of any magazine or book, it is inevitable that there should be occasional poorly printed, poorly bound, or otherwise imperfect copies, and even with the most rigorous inspection it is impossible to weed out all of such copies. If, however, any subscriber receives a seriously defective number, we will appreciate it as a favor if he will return it to us, and we will see that he receives a perfect copy in exchange.

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THE THIRD HOUSE

By Gilson Gardner
The Railroad Lobby

SECOND ARTICLE

Photo by Harris & Ewing, Washington



U. S. SENATOR ELKINS,
"Always for the railroads"



H. T. NEWCOMB,
one of the most efficient lobbyists in Washington in cases where corporate wealth is arrayed against the people



E. P. BACON,
for seventeen years the lobby representative of the organized shippers of the country who are seeking rate regulation

Photo by Harris & Ewing, Washington



F. B. THURBER,
who represents an association of manufacturing interests, with headquarters in New York—a well-known lobbyist



JOHN CASSELLS,
one of the Pennsylvania Railroad's representatives in the Third House at Washington—the man who distributes passes



U. S. SENATOR FORAKER,
who fought the Rate Bill

LOBBYISTS, like Congressmen, are generally representative of special interests. In theory a Congressman represents the People. In practice he more often represents them only incidentally. His primary interest is some economic interest, some railroad corporation, some tariff-protected or Government-nurtured industry, or even some industry not the recipient of special legislative favor. It would be more true to fact to speak of the Senator from Vanderbilt, or from United States Express, than the Senator from New York.

So in the Third House its members are there for interests. Not every interest which seeks legislation is necessarily bad. Nor is every cause, for which an interest pleads, necessarily an unjust cause. But it is very likely to be selfish; and it is very likely to ignore the greatest, the widest, and the most imperative interest—the interest of the whole people.

Every legislative proposition is tri-lateral; that is, it has three sides. One side is the way it looks from the point of view of the special interest or the special class served by the bill; another side is the way it looks from the point of view of the special interest opposed or injured by the bill; and finally there is the way it looks from the point of view of the whole people.

Take a "rate bill," for example. It is denounced by

the railroads as vicious; it is hailed by the shippers as beneficent; and it is regarded by the people—the great majority—as wise and necessary. So an employers' liability law is denounced by employers (in this case the railroads again) as vicious; is hailed

by railway employees as a long-delayed matter of justice; and is regarded by the general public as a wise and merciful method of protecting the weak against the heartless oppression of the strong.

The greatest single special interest in the nation is the railroad interest. Its gross revenues are greater than those of the Government itself. It is a mighty factor in the economic life of the country;—mighty, and in many ways a beneficial factor. The railway interest has pioneered and developed the United States as no private interest could have done. But it has not rested there. It has pioneered and exploited the rich domain of special legislation; and the better to accomplish this it has wound its powerful iron bands about the body of our state and national politics. Its special representatives sit in Congress; they take part in the national conventions of both parties, and it has even happened that they have in times past given their orders to the occupant of the White House.

But that has not been lately, and one effect of the independence of the Executive Department under the Roose-



velt administration has been to drive the railroad interest to a more careful guarding of the legislative trenches. Its forces in the Third House have been recruited, and a more careful lookout is maintained.

As now constituted, therefore, the railway lobby will repay a careful examination. It is an excellent illustration showing how a lobby works, and through what channels and instrumentalities. In its efforts to defeat the so-called Rate Bill—an effort not so successful—the railway lobby was likewise seen in full action.

In the session of Congress just closed, its power was demonstrated in a startling manner. One after another the bills for proper regulation of railways and for the protection of people's rights were killed. At the last moment President Roosevelt came to the rescue of the measure to regulate the hours of service for railway employees, insisting on its passage. The lobby tried to fix it then by the "joker" method. Other measures, the Two-cent-per-mile Passenger Fare Bill, the Reciprocal Demurrage Bill, the Safety Device Bill, the Railway Valuation Bill, the Murdoch Bill for reducing railway mail pay, and the Anti-stock-watering Bills all went the way. These brought out the lobby in force.

Legislation Strangled at Its Birth

There were Charles J. Faulkner, who was in general charge, Judge Lewis E. Payson, who frankly admitted that he appeared for the Harriman interests, and former Secretary of the Navy Hilary A. Herbert, representing the Morgan interests, headed by the Seaboard Air Line. All these are permanent resident railroad lobbyists, Judge Payson having followed the calling here for some seventeen years. There were also T. B. Harrison, Jr., for the Louisville and Nashville, George R. Peck of the Milwaukee and St. Paul, George T. Nicholson for the Santa Fé, Hugh L. Bond for the Baltimore and Ohio, John Sebastian for the Rock Island, and George W. Boyd for the Pennsylvania interests. All these swooped down to oppose the two-cent fare bill. On their heels were Daniel Willard of the Burlington, H. U. Mudge of the Rock Island, A. W. Martin of the New Haven, John B. Cockum of the Indiana roads, and half a dozen others to oppose the Hours of Service Bill.

And the special committee having charge of railway legislation jested at the fact that the common people were not represented. At the hearing held January 8, 1907, Chairman W. P. Hepburn asked, "Are there any persons here who favor this legislation?"

MR. MANN.—Outside of the Committee?

THE CHAIRMAN.—That is understood. Is there any response?

MR. BARTLETT.—There seems to be an "offing."

THE CHAIRMAN.—Are there any gentlemen here who are in opposition to the legislation?

Whereupon ex-Senator Charles J. Faulkner and Lewis E. Payson stepped to the front, with the cohorts of the railroads.

They were heard at great length, and the legislation died.

A Gigantic Lobbying Campaign

Here was a measure which the railroads opposed, the shippers favored, and the people favored. A powerful special interest (the railroads) was opposed to a less powerful special interest (the shippers); and in sympathy with the last-named special interest were the people. All people are, to a greater or less degree, shippers or passengers on the railroads; but the interest of the "whole people" was not that of the big merchant or manufacturer whose business is vitally and immediately affected by the freight rate which he can get for a car load of his merchandise. The "whole people" were less concerned with the plea of the heavy shipper for a lower rate than with the general policy voiced by President Roosevelt of a square deal for the little shipper as well as for the big, and for the beginnings of regulation for a special interest which had grown so powerful that it threatened to govern Congress, the Executive, and the Judiciary—threatened, in fact, to supersede the People's Government by a Government by and for this Special Interest.

How, then, is this Special Interest voiced in the Third House? Who are its representatives? What are their methods of operation? The public has a right to know, so, at the risk of incurring the dislike of some personally agreeable gentlemen, the writer will try to give a straightforward answer to these questions.

Head and front of the railway lobby in Washington is Charles J. Faulkner, former Senator from West Virginia—a genial, clever little Southern gentleman, but an arrant lobbyist. He it was who undertook to beat the Rate Bill. Likewise it was he who defended William A. Clark of Montana, when the latter was tried and convicted by the Senate Committee on Privileges and Elections, of buying the Montana Senatorship at a cost of half a million dollars. Mr. Faulkner's fee for these legal services is said to have been fifty thousand dollars. And he earned it, if only in the disgrace of having to appear in such a mess of bribery and rottenness.

The fee earned by Mr. Faulkner in the Rate Bill fight is a source of interesting speculation and gossip in the lobby offices of the Capitol. Some say it was one hundred thousand dollars; some say more, and some say less. Mr. Faulkner will not say. Certain it is, however, that this was one of the biggest lobby contracts ever undertaken. The railroads had their friends "on the inside"; but that was not enough. It was necessary to have concerted action, and someone to do outside work. There had to be a campaign and a general. The first step was a meeting of the "powers": E. J. Harriman, J. Pierpont Morgan, the Goulds, James J. Hill, and the rest. These agreed (with the exception of the Pennsylvania and Vanderbilt interests) to cooperate to defeat President Roosevelt's railway regulation plans. The Southern roads (Morgan), the Southwestern roads (Harriman), and the Northwestern roads (Hill) pooled their issues and subscribed a fund. How much that fund was is known to few.

The People Must Be "Educated"

It was practically a limitless fund—as many millions as were needed—and Mr. Samuel Spencer (now deceased), residing in Washington, D. C., a close personal friend of both J. Pierpont Morgan and of ex-Senator Faulkner, was chosen chairman of a committee of railroad managers to oversee and direct the war. He was told to use all the money necessary to accomplish the defeat of Roosevelt's rate law. The general in command was Charles J. Faulkner; and under him he had his colonels, captains, lieutenants, sergeants, and an army of working privates.

The campaign planned was one of open opposition. It was determined that the tide of public sentiment must be stemmed. Ordinary methods of the lobby would not do. Delay, subterfuge, and legal quibble were likely to be insufficient barriers in the way of Roosevelt's energy, backed by his marvelous popular following in all sections of the country. The only thing to do, in the opinion of Mr. Faulkner, and such Senators as Elkins and Foraker, who advised with him, was to "educate" the public. The Senate and its railroad committee (Interstate Commerce) were entirely friendly to the railroads; but its members saw that they would not be able to stand unaided against the growing clamor of the people for this kind of legislation. The reinforcements of the lobby were therefore welcomed with acclaim, and Elkins and his crew lent themselves to the plan to "educate the people." They would "investigate the subject"; which meant that they would call before them a host of witnesses to be quoted to the public against the wisdom and possibility of such legislation. Then the committee would report—in a manner suitable to the interest which opposed this law. Such was the plan.

Headquarters of the railroad lobby were on the second floor of the Kellogg Building, a modest structure near the Willard Hotel, the office of Faulkner & Walker. Branch quarters were the committee rooms of Senator Stephen B. Elkins and Vice President Fairbanks in the Capitol. Mr. Elkins's committee (Interstate Commerce) had charge of the subject of railway legislation; adjoining it on the South was

the committee room of Mr. Fairbanks (then just inaugurated Vice President), where Mr. Faulkner installed one of his assistant lobbyists, H. T. Newcomb, with a force of clerks and typewriters; and on the same floor, in the room usually devoted to the Committee on Commerce, Mr. Faulkner and Senator Elkins held that marvelous series of "hearings," which ran from April 17 to May 23, 1905.

This process of educating the public, so skillfully manipulated by Mr. Faulkner, who sat behind the chair of Senator Elkins when the latter presided, and framed up the questions and lines of examinations for all witnesses, cost the dear public no less than fifty thousand dollars. The expense came out of the Senate's always available "contingent fund." Witnesses received their railway fare and expenses, and "experts" got their "fees." The so-called "evidence" fills five bulky volumes, and a digest, and the list of "witnesses" is the finest and most complete directory of railroad lobbyists and professional defenders of the vested interests extant. The "digest"—which was also intended to be a report of the committee—was prepared by H. T. Newcomb, with trifling assistance from Prof. Henry Carter Adams, of the University of Michigan, and it was the plan of Senator Elkins to distribute it widely, to show the fallacy of rate legislation. But Senator Clapp objected, and the public showed such evident signs of refusing to be educated, that only a limited number of copies were printed, and the document is now classed among the rare old editions.

But the "hearings" were only a part of the Faulkner campaign. The work of molding public sentiment was pushed in other ways. On his staff in Washington were a number of expert newspaper correspondents, such as John C. Williams, formerly of the New York "Herald" bureau, and Earl Williams Mayo, a New York magazine writer. The "news" of the Rate Bill hearings was served up hot to the correspondents by these and others. Each evening a batch of "copy" was laid on the desk of every one of the hundred and fifty representatives of big city papers. It was prepared in workmanlike fashion, written with typewriter, and reproduced by the mimeograph process; and in every batch of copy was concealed an argument against this class of legislation. It is only fair to the correspondents to add that this copy generally found its proper way to the wastebasket.

Specious Arguments for the Workmen

But Mr. Faulkner worked other lines. Part of his campaign was to show that "the poor workman" was against the legislation. Without sparing expense, and through trusted agents, Mr. Faulkner put himself in communication with some of the organizations supposed to represent railway employees, and it was made apparent to the latter that certain resolutions would be in order, showing that the conductors, brakemen, and other railway operatives were against any change in existing rate making laws, lest such change cause their wages to be cut. Word came from other quarters sufficiently persuasive to the poor railway men, and Mr. Faulkner's desk was daily spread with mail from various Brotherhoods and Unions. Finally, as a fitting climax, a "delegation" arrived one day in Washington to wait on President Roosevelt, and to voice the rising indignation of the railway hands against the Esch-Townsend and similar bills. And what the spokesman of the delegation said to Mr. Roosevelt was found on the correspondents' desks even before the delegation had reached the Cabinet Room, where the deputation was received. The "address" smacked strongly of the Faulkner office, and it was Faulkner who made their date and piloted the party.

And the "educators" of the public worked in other ways. J. H. Maddy, who graduated from the corps of correspondents into the Baltimore & Ohio and then the Erie Railway, not only dropped his "confidential" letters daily on the correspondents' desks, but he, himself, would also drop around, from time to time, and have a friendly earnest talk. Likewise Mandel Sener, who succeeded Mr. Maddy as dispenser of free transportation on the "B. & O.," and Mr.

Mayo, who could furnish passes on the Southern, and who offered certain correspondents a pleasant outing in the Carolina mountains, with board and keep thrown in. Which invitation, when formally tendered to the Gridiron Club by Colonel L. A. Brown of the passenger department, was accepted by a large number of its members, who were guests on a junket to Lake Toxaway, and the Sapphire country, in the North Carolina mountains.

All of which benevolence was engineered from that little office in the Kellogg Building.

In order to enlighten the Senate Committee as to the need for railway legislation, Mr. Faulkner, with the kind assistance of Chairman Elkins of that committee, rounded up 164 witnesses, of whom 150 were special representatives of special railway and allied interests. The list comprised such men as Robert Mather, "general counsel" of the Rock Island System, who has been a familiar figure for years in the lobby of the Springfield, Illinois, State Legislature; E. H. Gary, of the Steel Trust; and F. B. Thurber, of New York, who lobbies (and has for years) under the name of a rather mythical organization which he calls "The United States Export Association."

All Kindness for the Railroads

Joseph Nimmo, Jr., a chronic pamphleteer on the side of corporate wealth, took part, and H. T. Newcomb, also a pamphleteer and intellectual Hessian ready to fight for any chief against the common people. The committee listened also to eminent railway counsel, like Victor Morawetz, of the Sante Fé road, who is the legal brains for E. J. Harriman; to Walker D. Hines, who is the same for the Southern road; to James H. Hiland, who laws and lobbies for the St. Paul System, and to George R. Peck, also of the St. Paul System. Eminent railroad presidents and consolidators were called, like James J. Hill, who engineered the Northern Securities consolidation; Joseph Ramsey, Jr., general factotum (at that time) for the Gould roads; Samuel Spencer, head of the railway lobby and President of the Morgan roads; Hugh L. Bond, vice president of the Baltimore & Ohio Railway; Stuyvesant Fish, then president of the Illinois Central; J. Kruttschnitt, E. J. Harriman's maintenance of way man; George R. Robbins, president of the Armour car lines, and Lucius Tuttle, president of the Boston & Maine road. Specialists were called in to make good the railway case, such as Mr. Hugo R. Meyer, political economy professor at Mr. Rockefeller's Chicago University, and the Right Honorable William M. Ackworth M. P., barrister at law, of London, England, and author of a railway text book.

These, and scores of shippers, carefully selected by Faulkner from the ranks of those who were enjoying special favors from the railroads, came before the committee and discoursed eloquently on the advisability of leaving well-enough alone. The Senators heard them gladly, and treated them with courtesy and marked consideration. There was time for all they had to say, and the questions of Faulkner, Foraker, and Elkins were those of a lawyer to a friendly witness—directed only to bring out their railroad case.

Scant Courtesy for "The People"

Quite the contrary was the attitude of the committee toward another class of witnesses who were "given an opportunity to be heard." For there were about a dozen witnesses who were grudgingly permitted to present the shippers' and the people's side. Edward P. Bacon of Milwaukee, who for seventeen years had headed the protesting shippers' organization, was allowed to make several brief oral and written statements. Governor Cummins of Iowa, who was the only person appearing before the committee to present the side of the people as a whole, was treated with marked discourtesy. The writer was present during the hearings and is willing to add his personal testimony to the statements made by Governor Cummins in an open letter, to this effect. Senator Kean of New Jersey was particularly insulting. Mr. Joseph H. Call of Los Angeles, who came to

[Concluded on pages 278 to 280]

MY LIFE—SO FAR

By JOSIAH FLYNT

Illustrated by J. J. Gould

Fifth Article

Kuropatkin and a Russian Police Raid



"Kuropatkin replied: 'What's the use? I represent the Czar here'"

COUNT TOLSTOI, himself, although very approachable, was so busy with one thing and another during my stay, that only on two occasions did we have anything like a satisfactory conversation. And these two opportunities could be only partially improved by me, because I honestly did not know what to talk with the old gentleman about—or, rather, there was so much that I wanted to ask him, but did not know how to formulate in the way that I fancied such a great man would expect questions to be put, that the time went by, and I had done but little more than observe the man's manners and listen to what he volunteered to say without being questioned. We spoke in English and German, as it happened to suit.

Now, as I look back over the experience and recall the old gentleman's willingness to talk on any subject, I regret exceedingly that I did not quiz him about literary contemporaries and affairs. The principal thing he said along these lines that comes to mind now concerned poetry and how it impressed him. We were sitting in the music room, and someone had said something about the relative values of prose and poetry as methods of expression. Tolstoi professed a preference for prose.

"Poetry," he said, pointing to the parquet floor, "reminds me of a man trying to walk zigzag across the room on those squares. It twists and turns in all directions before it can arrive anywhere. Prose, on the other hand, is direct; it goes straight to the mark."

Talking about America and Americans, one afternoon, he was much interested in William Dean Howells, Henry George, and the late Henry Demarest Lloyd. He told me that there were four men in the world that he was very anxious to bring together; he believed that a conference between them would throw much light on the world's needs. Two of the men, if my memory is correct, were Mr. Howells and Mr. Lloyd.

Only one strictly theological, or rather religious, bit of conversation occurs to me now. We were walking in the fields, the Count having spent the day at his friend's house, where the Four Gospels were being overhauled. The talk wandered along in a rather loose fashion, until we came to the subject of miracles. We also tackled parables before we got through. I had become a little mixed in understanding the Count and said something like this: "And the miracles you consider so illuminating?"

"No, no, no," he returned, "anything but illuminating; they are befogging. It is the parables that I find so clear and instructive. The miracles will have to go, but the parables we could not possibly spare."

On no occasion did the Count ask me what I believed. The matter seemed to make very little difference to him, or, at any rate, if I believed anything and was made happy thereby, he did not see the use in taking it up in conversation.

In the dining-room, one noon, he said to me:

"I see that you like tobacco." There was no critical or reproachful accent in the remark; he merely noted what was a fact.

"I used to be fond of it," he went on, looking down at the floor, "and I used a good deal of it. I finally thought that it was doing me harm and let it go." Other things that had been "let go," liquor and meat, for instance, had apparently been given up on the same simple ground—they were injurious to his health. Religion, self-denial for self-denial's sake, "setting a good example," etc., these matters did not appear to have influenced him. At any rate, he did not speak of them when talking about his renunciations, and, in the case of tobacco, he frankly said that, if he were young again, "no doubt it would be pleasant to use it again." In a word, his vegetarianism and self-service, so far as anything that he said to me is concerned, were due as much to hygienic notions as to religious scruples. And yet, I was told by a very trustworthy person that the old gentleman regrets very much that the simple life, as he sees it, cannot prevail throughout his home. At table, for instance, he would prefer that all hands should help one another, and that the Countess's white-gloved servants be dispensed with. In his personal life he seemed to be trying to be his own servant as much as possible.

A good illustration of his irresponsibility on the estate, or what he means to be such, is the way he invited me to stop one night at the house. I had gone swimming with the boys to a pool perhaps a quarter of a mile from the house, and it was getting to be time for me to know whether I was to sleep at the Tolstois' or in the neighbor's barn. While we were drying and dressing ourselves, I heard a voice in the brushwood nearby saying:

"Meester Fleent, my wife invites you to spend the night with us." It was the Count himself, who had come all that distance to tell me that his wife had told him that he was to seek me out, and deliver her invitation, not his. I shall always remember his face as it appeared through the twigs, and the errand-boy accent in his voice and manner. I have never before seen greatness in such a humble posture. It was openly said to me by one of the Count's friends that this humility has given the old gentleman considerable trouble, in its acquirement as well as in its exercise. Probably we shall know much more about all this when the Count's journal is published. I learned this much on the spot: Tolstoi feels very keenly the seeming inconsistency of his life, the fact that he cannot make his altruistic notions harmonize with his daily life. His chagrin has, on one or two occasions, nearly made a coward of him. At night, when no one was looking, he has slunk away toward Moscow, like a tramp, to be himself somewhere. But always, before he has got far, a voice has said to him: "Lyoff Nicolayevitch, you are afraid. You dread the remarks of the crowd. You shrink on

hearing that you preach what you don't practice. You are trying to run away from it all, to be comfortable yourself, whether others are or not.

"Think of your wife and children, of the home you have made. Is it your right to sneak away from all this just to make yourself look and sound consistent? Have you not duties toward your wife and children to observe? Do you think you can throw over all that you were to them and they to you, merely to satisfy your vanity—vanity, Lyoff, and nothing more? You are vain in your very sneaking. You insist upon appearing all that you think you are.

"Back, back, back! Remember your wife and children. Remember that you have no right to make them think and live the way you would. Remember that to sneak away is cowardly. Back, Lyoff Nicolayevitch!" And back the old man has trudged, to take up his burden as a citizen.

One night he talked with me about my wanderings. He asked me why I had led such a life, how the vagabonds lived, and why I had not continued to live among them. I told him the truth. He stroked his white beard, and looked dreamily at the chessboard.

"If I were younger," he said at length, "I should like to make a tramp trip with you here in Russia. Years ago I used to wander about among them a good deal. Now, I am too old—too old," and he ran his hands rheumatically up and down his legs.

When leaving Yasnaya Polyana, I asked the Count's neighbor, in whose house I had slept, whether there was anything I could do for him or the Count during my travels. My railroad pass was good yet for a number of weeks, and it

occurred to me that, perhaps, during my wanderings I could run some errand for Tolstoi. At the time, I had no thought that my proposition could get him, myself, or anybody else into trouble. To be sure, Mr. Breckenridge, the American Minister at St. Petersburg, had given me, in addition to my passport, a general letter, "To whom it may concern," recommending me to everybody as a *bona fide* American citizen and gentleman, and bespeaking for me in advance the friendly offices of all with whom I might be thrown. But I failed utterly to see how I was going back on this letter in offering to render a service that the Count, or rather his neighbor, requested of me.

When it was time to go, the neighbor handed me a large sealed envelope, containing letters, which I was to deliver, if possible, into the hands of one Prince Chilkoff, a nephew, I believe, of the then Minister of Railways, who was temporarily banished to a rural community in the Baltic provinces, about two hundred miles from St. Petersburg. I knew nothing about the Prince, or what he had done to offend the powers that be. What the letters contained, was, of course, a private matter, into which I knew enough not to inquire. There was a promise in the undertaking which attracted me, and I willingly accepted the commission. Arrived in St. Petersburg, I called on Mr. Breckenridge, and happened to mention the errand that I was on. I told him that Chilkoff was banished, in the sense that he had to live within given boundaries, but that I hardly thought he had done anything very serious, adding that his uncle was one of the Ministers of State. All that I know to-day about young Chilkoff's offense was that he was alleged to have been mixed up too intimately for his own good with the Doukhobors and other more or less tabooed religious sects in the Caucasus.

At first Mr. Breckenridge did not see anything out of the way in my errand, and very kindly offered to assist me officially in seeing the Prince; *i. e.*, he suggested that we openly ask for governmental permission to proceed to the Prince's home. Then I mentioned the secret package of letters. The Minister's manner changed. "Suppose you dine with me to-night," he said, "and we will discuss those letters." I did so, and the upshot of the meeting was that the package of

letters was ordered back to Yasnaya Polyana. At the time, it seemed a pretty humiliating trip to be sent on, but I am glad now that I did not shirk it. "I have recommended you as a gentleman to the Russian Government and people," said the Minister, "both in the letter I gave you to the Minister of Finance, when you were getting the correspondent's pass, and in the later one of a general character. For you to undertake secret missions of this character may very easily make the Government wonder whether I knew what constitutes a gentleman when I gave you those letters."

I have had to eat a number of different kinds of humble pie in my day, and tramp life let me into some of the inner recesses of humiliation that no one but a tramp ever knows about; but no journey has ever made me feel quite so cheap and small as that return trip from St. Petersburg to Tula, the railway station where visitors to Yasnaya Polyana leave the train. I telegraphed ahead, advising the Count's neighbor of my coming, and expected that he would meet me at the station. What was my surprise, on arriving at Tula, to find the old Count, himself, waiting for me.

"Ah! Meester Fleent," he exclaimed, as I got off the train and greeted him, "have you brought me news from Prince Chilkoff?"

I wished at the time that I could sink out of sight under the platform, so pathetically eager was the Count's expectancy. There were only a few moments to spare, and I clumsily blurted



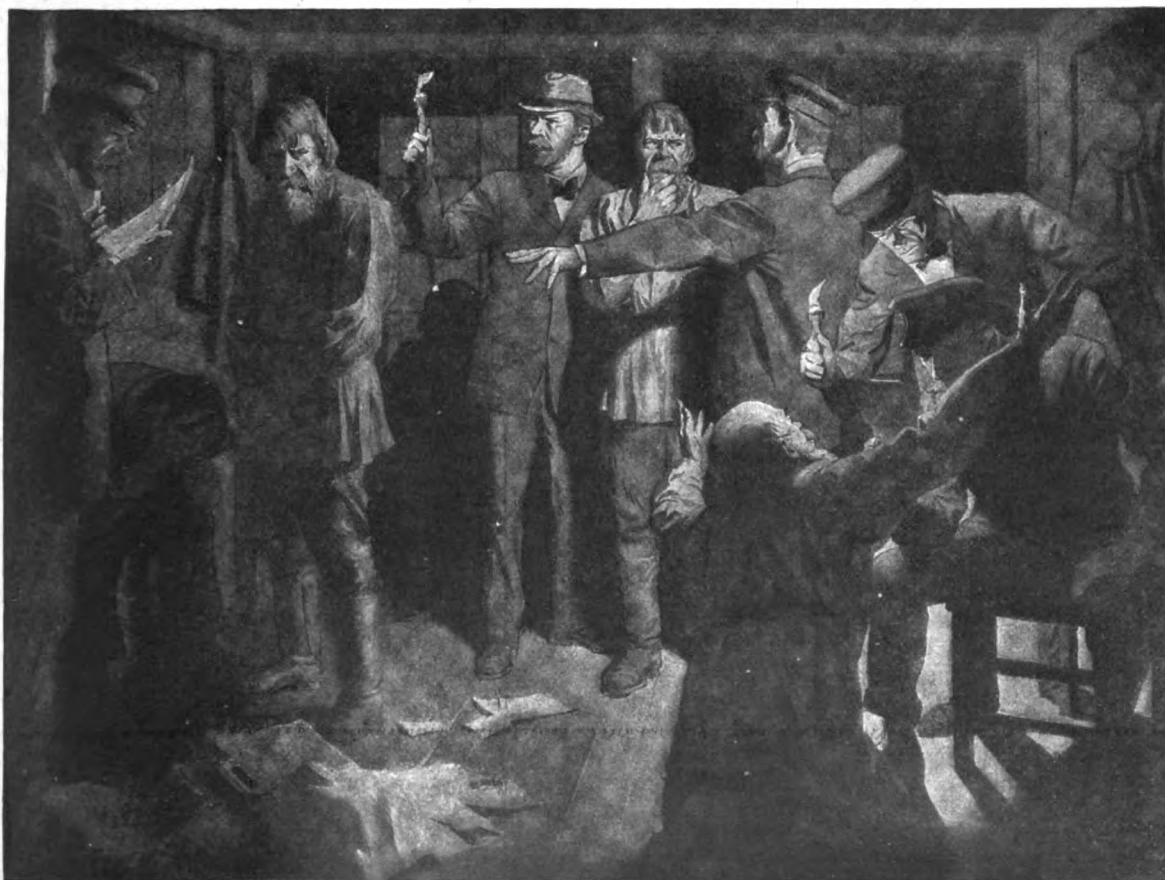
"I used to be fond of it"

out the truth, trying at the same time to explain how sorry I was. The Count calmly opened the envelope and glanced at the letters.

"Oh, it would n't have mattered," he said, and after shaking hands, went back to his house. He seemed neither vexed nor embarrassed. A suggestion of a tired look came into his face — he had ridden seventeen versts — that was all.

One of his "disciples," referring to this affair and my connection with it, some weeks later, ventured the statement that I had "funked" in the matter. I hardly think the Count felt this way about it, whatever else he may have thought. At the time, however, as he rode away on his horse, the letters tucked carelessly under his blouse, I would have given a good deal to know exactly what was in his mind. I remember very accurately what was in mine — a resolution, that, whatever else I did or did not do in life, I would never accept an official letter to the effect that I was a gentleman and then proceed to do something which was likely to get the letter writer into trouble. "Either leave such letters alone," I counseled myself, "and be your own interpreter of gentlemanliness, or know, before accepting them, what will be expected of you."

Tolstoi, no doubt, has long since forgotten this episode, but I never will. In a way, it left a bad taste in my mouth, and I felt that I had spoiled my experience at Yasnaya Polyana. I outgrew this feeling, however, and often think now of my visit to the Count and his family as I did when I drove away to Tula in the two-wheeled cart. Something, I know not what, unless it was the sweet peace and kindness of the Count and his surroundings, seemed such forbidden fruit for me of my tempestuous career to taste of, that I felt very much as I used to feel as a boy, when caught trespassing in other people's orchards. It did not seem right that one who had been through what I had should be allowed to enter into such an atmosphere of good cheer. Nevertheless, I was glad that entrance had not been denied me, and made many solemn resolutions to profit by the experience. Whether the resolutions have been kept with the fervor and determination that animated me in 1896, I would rather not say.



"Each inmate was made to show his passport"

But one remembrance is as vivid and dear to me to-day as when I rode away in the cart: the Count and his desire to do the right thing. "If to be like him," I have often caught myself saying, "makes one a fakir, then let us all be fakirs as quickly as possible." Unpractical, yes, in some things; a visionary, perhaps; a "literary" reformer, also, perhaps. But my simple testimony about him and his is that I have yet to spend ten more enjoyable days, and in a gentler and sweeter neighborhood, than those I passed in and about Yasnaya Polyana.

It is a far cry from Count Tolstoi and Yasnaya Polyana to General Kuropatkin and Central Asia, but, while dealing with men and things Russian, I might as well tell here as elsewhere of my visit to Central Asia in the fall of 1897. Again the motive was journalistic, and again I was the proud holder of a pass over all the Russian State Railways, not over the private lines, however, as the year before. I have to thank Prince Chilkoff, the Minister of Railways, for this second pass. He had become considerably interested in my travels, and on learning that I contemplated excursions into remote parts of Russia, he kindly offered to ask the Czar to grant me free transportation for three months in order that my "investigations might be facilitated." When the transportation finally reached me, it read: "With Imperial Permission." I have always thought that there was an undue amount of red tape in getting the pass, but Prince Chilkoff personally assured me that he must formally ask the Czar for it before it could be issued. This being true, the poor Czar has more to attend to, particularly in these later days, than ought to fall to the lot of one man. Truly he is an over-worked man, if he must give attention to such minor details. No wonder if some anarchist pots him! There is not a railroad manager in the United States who could do all that the Czar is alleged to have his hand in on the railroads, and at the same time run a great nation, a national church, and the largest army in the world. Consequently the Imperial permission did not make the impression upon me that it would have, had I believed that the Czar had done anything more than nod his head, or make a scratch of the pen, when Prince Chilkoff asked for the pass.

I had seen the Czar the year before, just after his coronation in Moscow. The occasion was the Imperial return to St. Petersburg, following the terrible accident on the Chodyuka Field, in Moscow, where thousands of men, women, and children were crushed to death in the mad scramble for the coronation mugs. Rumor darkly hinted at the time that the scramble was a forced affair, that certain officials charged with furnishing the crowd with mugs and refreshments had made a deal with the purveyors of these things, whereby a much smaller supply than was necessary should be furnished, the surplus money paid out for an adequate supply going to the crooked officials and dealers—that the scramble, in a word, was a preconcerted scheme to cover up their devilish machinations. Charges of graft and corruption are so numerous and haphazard in Russia that one can seldom find out the truth. Whether this particular deal was actual or not, however, the look on the Czar's face, when he rode down the Nevsky Prospekt, on his return from Moscow, was dismal enough to make almost any rumor credible. I had a window on the Prospekt, directly opposite the Duma (City Hall) where the Czar and Czarina accept bread and salt from the city fathers on such occasions. A good shot could have picked off the Czar at that moment with ease.

A more tired out, disgusted, bilious-looking monarch than was Nicholas during that Nevsky ride I have never seen. The ceremony at the Duma over, he and his wife were whisked away toward the Winter Palace, bowing languidly to the right and left. "Insignificant" was the word I heard from those about me at my window, and it sums up the man's looks, and I am afraid his importance as well.

In 1897, the local czar of Russian Central Asia was General Kuropatkin, the soldier who seems at the present writing to have buried his reputation as a commander in chief in Manchuria. At the time in question, he was looked upon as one of the ablest and most popular generals in the Russian army. He was also supreme "boss" in the district under his command. When the visit of the party of which I was a member was about over, and we were to leave Central Asia, two or three enthusiastic Britons thought that it would be worth while to wire our gratitude to the Czar. Kuropatkin was asked about the advisability of such a proceeding. I was not present when the question was put to him, but one who was present told me that Kuropatkin replied: "What's the use? I represent the Czar here, and will transmit your message to him." The telegram was sent, nevertheless, via the British Embassy, and, as usual, in such cases, we eventually learned that the Czar had, metaphorically speaking, spent his entire time wondering how he could make our visit in his dominions more entrancing.

The excursion was the first of the kind ever permitted in Russia's Central Asia possessions. It was really a commercial undertaking on the part of a tourists' agency in London, but because it was unique in Central Asian history, and also on account of Kuropatkin's hospitality, it received a significance, social as well as political, which does not ordinarily accompany such enterprises. The tourist agency had gathered together thirty-odd Britons, at the last moment, two lone Americans, a Southern woman from South Carolina, who when reaching Lamacoud and learning that she was almost directly opposite Charleston, South Carolina (on the other side of the world), cheerfully said: "How dear!"—and myself. The British Foreign Office was asked to appeal to the Russian Foreign Office to let us into the forbidden country— forbidden in the sense that one required a special passport from the Russian War Office before he was allowed to cross the Caspian. At least this was the story told in those days, and Englishmen were eager to believe it, because the Russians had pushed their southern frontier so affectionately toward Afghanistan and India. It seemed to be their idea that the Russians were afraid to let them see what they (the Russians) were doing on their side of the Afghanistan fence. The Russian War Office communicated with Kuropatkin at Askabad, asking him whether he was afraid to let the Britons see how the Russian side was getting on. Kuropatkin replied: "Let them come in."

I joined the party at Tiflis, crossing the Black Sea from Sebastopol to Batum. On the steamer were two of the Britons. One evening we were all sitting in the smoking room. The Britons spoke their English with all its accents, and some of it I could not help listening to, trying, nevertheless, not to mind that they spoke it after the "We own the world" fashion. One of the Britons made up his mind that I was a Russian spy. On several occasions he looked at me as if I had no right on any ship that carried him. He also made blasphemous remarks about me to his friend. I learned later that he represented the "Standard" of London. He wrote several letters to his paper about the trip, and, on one occasion, even tried to send a dispatch concerning an interview the newspaper correspondents had with Kuropatkin at Askabad. I have been told since, that only a few of his articles ever reached their destination. I have seldom met a man so submerged in the world of suspicion.

Kuropatkin received us at Askabad, the administrative Russian town. How he looked and acted during the Russian-Japanese War I do not know, but he looked the foxy soldier in every detail at Askabad. I say "foxy" advisedly. He had a detective's eyes, the reserve of a detective's chief, and the physique of a man who could stand much more punishment than his uniform would give him room for. Since the Japanese War it has been said that he is a thief—

or a grafter, if that be more euphemistic. Certain persons claim that he is five million rubles winner as a result of the war. What certain persons say in Russia, and, I am sorry to say, out of it, also, so far as many of the dispatches to American newspapers is concerned, is really nothing but gossip. Fortunately, the Russians know what gossip is, and merely let it drip. Unfortunately, for readers of American newspapers, certain correspondents do not make the slightest effort to distinguish between gossip and facts.

Our party spent seventeen days in Kuropatkin's bailiwick, or Trans-Caspia, as it is officially called. We lived in a special train, stopping at the different places of interest for a few hours, or overnight, as circumstances required. The train was in "command" of a colonel. The diplomatic side of the journey was attended to by a representative of the foreign office, attached to Kuropatkin's staff.

Trans-Caspia is no longer the *terra incognita* that it was forty or fifty years ago, thanks to numerous travelers and writers, among them, our countryman, the war correspondent, MacGahan. It, consequently, does not behoove me, a mere skimmer, to attempt here much more than the statement that our party traveled from Krasnovodsk to Samarkand and back, and saw such places as Geok-tepe, Merv, Bokhara, and the River Oxus. Geok-tepe, in 1897, consisted principally of the fragments left by Skoheff and Kuropatkin after their forces had slaughtered some twenty-odd thousand Turcomans—men, women, and children. The siege of the fort lasted a full month, although the Turcomans had antiquated forms of defense. Before the Russian campaign against them was over, Skoheff had to begin the present Trans-Caspian Railroad, in order to keep in touch with his base of supplies. Kuropatkin was his chief of staff. They went to war with the natives, with the notion that one everlasting thrashing was imperative to teach the Turcomans to knuckle under. The slaughter at Geok-tepe proved very instructive, the Turcomans of to-day being a foolish people—docile, at least, so long as the Russians can continue to impress them. Skoheff is long since dead, and Kuropatkin, the other "butcher," as he has been called, is under a cloud.

I had various glimpses and talks with this soldier, perhaps the most interesting glimpse taking place at Askabad, during an outdoor religious service on St. George's Day. The men in our party had to appear at this service in dress suits early in the morning. The service was accompanied by the usual Greek orthodox paraphernalia, and was interesting to those who had never before been present on such an occasion. What interested me was the short stocky general, standing bareheaded on a carpet near the officiating priests. For one solid hour he stood at "attention," not a muscle in his body moving that I could see. I made up my mind then, and I have never changed it, that he was endowed with stick-at-it-iveness to a remarkable degree—a fact bolstered up by his persistency in the Manchurian retreats.

The most interesting interview I had with Kuropatkin was one morning when the three correspondents, including myself, were summoned to the Government House at Askabad and given an official reception. Kuropatkin sat behind a large desk covered with pamphlets and official papers. We correspondents were given three chairs in front of the desk. The interpreter (Kuropatkin spoke neither English nor German) stood at our left.

"And I want you to know," Kuropatkin went on, after informing us somewhat about the Russian occupation of Trans-Caspia, "that our intentions here are eminently pacific. We have land enough. Our desire is to improve the holdings we possess. You can go all over Russian Central Asia unarmed." I thought of Geok-tepe. No doubt Kuropatkin believed that the butchery had cowed the natives for all time.

[Concluded on pages 294 to 298]



The American Heiress Co., Ltd.

By Porter Emerson Browne

ILLUSTRATED BY W. R. LEIGH

HE was an American; which was fundamentally and irrevocably against him. But he wore a monocle, and his trousers were too short, and his clothes did n't fit him; which was much in his favor.

Seated in the bow window of the club, in attitudes of well-bred *ennui*, they were discussing him and balancing his pros and cons.

"He cawn't help being American, y' knaow," said the Honorable Percival Montmorency Charles Ernest Eustace Fitzgibbons-Windemere, removing from his lips the pearl handle of his stick that the words might find outlet. "Really he cawn't, y' knaow, old chap. That 's his parents' fault, y' knaow."

The Honorable Augustus John William Henry James Louis Fortescue opened his eyes in cultured surprise.

"Why, sao it is, old chap, is n't it!" he exclaimed. "I never would have thought of that, y' knaow."

"And his cloathes look almost as well as ours, daoncherknaow, old chap," continued the Honorable Percival.

"Nearly," agreed the Honorable Augustus.

"And he has such ripping letters, y' knaow, old chap," went on the Honorable Percival.

"Who signed them?" asked the Honorable Augustus, with perfectly paralyzing pertinence.

"Aoh," replied the Honorable Percival, "some chaps out in Australia or South Africa or Indiaw, or some such beastly colony place, y' knaow. And anyhaow," he added, "what difference does

it make who signed them as long as they 're signed?"

"Nao difference, of course, old chappie," returned the Honorable Augustus, humbly. "I 'm such a silly awse, y' knaow."

For some moments, in silence, they gazed out through the bow window upon the hurried, harried throngs in Pall Mall.

Suddenly the Honorable Augustus's monocle fell from his eye, and his stick from his hand.

"My word!" he exclaimed.

"What 's the matter, old chap?" inquired the Honorable Percival, in tones of well-bred solicitude.

"My word!" ejaculated the Honorable Augustus, again. "My word!"

"I say, old chappie, what *is* the matter, y' knaow?" queried the Honorable Percival, a second time.

"Perhaps he knaows an heiress, y' knaow!" exclaimed the Honorable Augustus. "Perhaps he knaows two heiresses, y' knaow!"

"By Jaove!" cried the Honorable Percival, "Fahncy, naow! Why did n't I think of that before?"

"But I say, old chap," protested the Honorable Augustus. "You did n't think of it, y' knaow. It was I who thought of it."

"Yes, old fellow," replied the Honorable Percival. "But, if you had n't thought of it, why, I

might have thought of it, y' knaow. Really, I might, y' knaow."

There was a pause.

"Do you really suppose he

knows an heiress?" asked the Honorable Percival. "I mean two heiresses?"

"I daon't know, old chap," returned the Honorable Augustus. "'Pon honah, I daon't, y' knaow."

There was another pause.

"Haow shall we find out?" queried the Honorable Percival, at length.

The Honorable Augustus considered, tensely. "Suppose we awsk him," he ventured, brightly.

The Honorable Percival stared at him in well-bred admiration.

"By Jaove, that 's clevah, old chap!" he exclaimed; "dooced clevah, y' knaow! Just fahncy!"

"Just fahncy what?" asked the Honorable Augustus.

"Why, your being so clevah," returned the Honorable Percival. "I did n't think you had it in you, y' knaow, old chap."

The Honorable Augustus bowed, in polite appreciation.

"Thanks, old chappie," he said, graciously.

There was another pause.

"I say, when shall we awsk him, old fellow?" inquired the Honorable Percival.

The Honorable Augustus considered deeply.

"Eh—theah's nao time like the present, y' knaow, old chappie," he returned. "Suppose we awsk him some time week after next."

"By Jaove, that's ripping, y' knaow," said the Honorable Percival. "Let 's."

And they did.

* * * * *

With a brandy and soda as a bait, they enticed him into a corner of the smoking room; and he seemed perfectly willing to remain as long as there was bait to nibble at. And, be it added, he as well displayed a decidedly cultivated, and expensive taste in cigars.

His name was Alonzo Rock and he went to some pains to explain that he was the last male member of the old and world-known Plymouth Rock family.

"But," said the Honorable Augustus, "I thought that was a breed of faowls, not a family, y' knaow."

The Honorable Percival focused upon him a reproachful gaze.

"You're such a silly awse, old chap," he remonstrated. "Cawn't you see? Mr. Rock's family was named awfter the faowls, y' knaow. It's perfectly plain."

"I beg your pardon, old chap," apologized the Honorable Augustus, profoundly.

"That's all right, my boy," replied the scion of the Plymouth Rocks, nonchalantly. "The mistake was a perfectly natural one—for you."

"That's awfully good of you, old fellow," acknowledged the Honorable Percival.

There was a pause. The Honorable Percival nudged the Honorable Augustus. The Honorable Augustus nudged the Honorable Percival. Then the Honorable Percival and the Honorable Augustus nudged one another simultaneously.

At length the Honorable Percival opened his mouth.

"I say, old chap," he said to their guest, "do you knaow any heiresses, y' knaow?"

The head of the house of Rock gazed at him in some surprise.

"What?" he demanded.

"I say, old chap," said the Honorable Augustus, "do you knaow any heiresses, y' knaow?"

The last male member of the Rock family took a long draught from his glass. Then he set it carefully down upon the table before him and lighted a half crown cigar.

"Yes," he said.

"Why?"

"Do you know two heiresses?" persisted the Honorable Percival.

Their guest nodded again. "Twenty or thirty," he replied, easily. "Why?"

But the Honorable Percival and the Honorable Augustus were too overwhelmed with the good news to immediately answer his natural query. Instead they gazed at one another in solemn delight, and said,—

"Fahncy, naow!"

"What's the game?" demanded the head of the house of Rock.

"I beg pawdon?" queried the Honorable Percival, in cultured perplexity.

"What's the lay?" demanded the other. "What's doing? Suppose I'm there with the female gold certificates? What have you got up your sleeve?"

"I beg pawdon?" queried the Honorable Augustus in the same cultured non-understanding.

"Can't you talk English?" demanded their guest, impatiently. "Suppose I do know some heiresses. What then?"

"Why," returned the Honorable Percival. "We want to marry them. That's all."

"Yes, old chap," assented the Honorable Augustus. "That's all."

"Oh!" exclaimed their guest. "So that's all, is it?"

The Honorable Percival nodded. The Honorable Augustus nodded. Then they both nodded together.

"Why, yes, old chap," they said. "That's all, y' knaow. Really, it is, y' knaow."

The head of the house of Rock took another long draught. Then he threw away his half crown cigar and lighted another. The Honorable Percival and the Honorable Augustus waited his pleasure in well-bred patience.

At length he spake.

"I've decided to let you two boys in on a little deal that I'm framing up," he said, slowly.

"That's dooced good of you," appreciated the Honorable Percival.

"Yes, dooced good," agreed the Honorable Augustus.

Their guest nodded. "I know it," he said. "But you don't half know how good it is yet. I'm just beginning to find out myself; so don't hurry me."

The Honorable Percival and the Honorable Augustus nodded politely and waited; and, preparatory to further conversation, their guest ordered another drink and several more cigars, to be charged to the Honorable Percival or the Honorable Augustus, as the discretion of the waiter might decide.

At length he spake again.

"One object of my visit to this country," he said, "was to form The American Heiress Company, Limited." He stopped and waited, and not in vain.

The Honorable Percival's face shone with admiring surprise; and so did that of the Honorable Augustus.

"Just fahncy!" exclaimed the former.

"Just fahncy!" exclaimed the latter.



"Their guest nodded again. 'Twenty or thirty,' he replied, easily. 'Why?'"

"You see," went on the head of the house of Rock, "these international alliances between Englishmen who need money and American girls who want titles are becoming so much a matter of business that, one day, it occurred to me that they ought to be put on a business basis. 'Business,' I says to myself, says I, 'should be conducted on business principles.' At present, slipshod management, disregard for important details, incompetency in arrangement, and the general bungling way in which these deals have been put through are rather giving the heiress business a black eye, and our financiers are beginning to frown on it; and you, yourselves, must admit that it's mighty unsatisfactory, when you've invested a million or so in a title, to find

out that it's bogus and that you've given up good money for what is, so to speak, a titular gold brick—or to buy a duke or an earl or a count or something like that for a stipulated sum, and then have to pay eight times the original purchase price to keep him from pawning himself and then selling the ticket.

"Now I consider this hands-across-the-sea matrimony one of the biggest and most promising industries of the present day. Look at the money involved in it! Look at the opportunities that it presents for development! Look at the chance it offers for the man who is capable of placing it on a substantial and businesslike foundation and making it a recognized industry—like the butter and egg business, or the coal and wood trade, or any other staple line! At present the international marriage industry is unstable and unstaple; but it is in its infancy. Yet it can be developed, and concentrated, and founded upon a rock—and I," he added, grandiloquently, "propose to be that Rock! And in thirty or forty years, more or less, thousands and tens of thousands of little scions and scionesses will gaze at me with love-distended orbs as the man who is responsible for their present state of rich and titled bliss." He sighed deeply. "It is a worthy ambition," he said, "and one that is thoroughly practicable."

The Honorable Percival stared wonderingly. "My word!" he exclaimed, in tones of well-bred awe.

"My word!" exclaimed the Honorable Augustus, similarly.

Their guest took another long draught. "Orating is dry work," he confided, as he wiped his lips on the back of his hand. He waved a bombastic cigar.

"The details of my scheme are thoroughly matured," he went on, "but my company is not yet incorporated. Hence the strictest secrecy must be maintained. You understand, I trust?" He gazed at them with brows raised inquiringly.

The Honorable Percival and the Honorable Augustus each nodded, promisingly.

"Good," commented their guest. "Now," he went on, rhetorically, "my plan of action—my *plannum bellicosum*, if you will pardon a little Latin—is this: I establish palatial offices, and then, with the aid of a corps of trusty assistants, scour the world for heiresses who are looking for titles and titles who are looking for heiresses. As you will perceive, it is something along the lines of a matrimonial agency, but with this difference: that it is, if you will again pardon

my Latin, the *ne plus ultry*—eh—that is, the *sinny qua non* of that line; it occupies the same relative position to the average matrimonial bureau that a peacock farm does to a hen roost, or the Bank of England does to a bunch of counterfeiters making nickel dimes in a wet cellar.

"I had decided," he continued, "to say nothing about this new project of mine for the nonce. But I like you two boys, so I'll let you in a little prior to the opening of the concern; for, as I have said, my agents have already found twenty or thirty heiresses that we are going to pop right onto the market as soon as we open the works. But, as I have said, the utmost secrecy must be maintained because we want to get out all our protective patents and copyrights and things

before we begin. So, if I fix you two boys up, you must n't say anything about it to any one."

"But," objected the Honorable Percival, "someone is sure to see our wives around the place, y' know, old chap; and what could we say?"

"Oh," returned their guest, "you may, of course, get married and go to housekeeping and all that in the regular way; but just don't let any one know where you got 'm. That's all."

"Certainly, old chap," assented the Honorable Percival. "I mean certainly not, old chap."

There was a pause.

"And when can we get our heiresses?" queried the Honorable Augustus.

"Very shortly," replied the head of the house of Rock.

"Eh—will they be beautiful, y' know, old chap?" asked the Honorable Percival, anxiously.

"As beautiful as the Bank of England."

"But, I say, y' know," objected the Honorable Augustus, "the Bank of England is n't beautiful, y' know."

"I'm running an heiress agency," returned the scion of the Plymouth Rocks, "not a theatrical agency or a baby show. Still," he added, conciliatorily, "I'll do the best I can for you. We've got some in the herd that look almost as though they were n't heiresses at all. I'll give you a couple of them."

"I'd like one that was beautiful, y' know," sighed the Honorable Augustus, wistfully.

"But, I say, old chap," urged the Honorable Percival, "think of the money, y' know."

"I'm trying to," replied the Honorable Augustus, sadly.

"Can we get them Tuesday, old chap?" asked the Honorable Augustus of their guest. "I have engagements all the rest of the week, y' know," he added, explanatorily.

The head of the house of Rock shook his head. "I'm afraid," he said, "that that is a little too soon. There are certain preliminaries that must first be seen to. Of course," he went on, "I realize that it is extremely poor taste to mention money between gentlemen and, believe me, I deeply deplore the necessity that compels my doing so. But the law specifies explicitly that in such cases an advance payment must be made, and I am sure that you would not wish me to do anything illegal, would you?"

"Nao, indeed," protested the Honorable Percival.

"Nao, indeed," protested the Honorable Augustus.

"The law also makes the minimum fee in cases of this kind—eh—two hundred pounds. Believe me, I would gladly let you in for nothing if I could do so without laying myself liable to arrest and prosecution. As it is, I will be only too pleased to act for you at the least possible figure." He paused.

The Honorable Percival gazed helplessly at the Honorable Augustus. The Honorable Augustus gazed helplessly at the Honorable Percival.

"My word!" said the Honorable Percival. "That's such a lot of money, old chap!"

"Yes, really, y' know," acquiesced the Honorable Augustus. "It is, y' know. It really is, y' know."

"It looks to me to be very reasonable," disa-

greed their guest; "in fact I might even say penurious. These heiresses have got a million pounds apiece, maybe more; and it seems to me that a preliminary payment of two hundred pounds, on an investment that will eventually yield a million or more, is little enough. If I only had a title, I'd be only too glad to marry one, or even both; in fact, I'd jump at the chance like a turkey gobbler onto a June bug."

The Honorable Percival gazed at the Honorable Augustus. "Can you raise the money, old chappie?" he demanded.

The Honorable Augustus gazed at the Honorable Percival. "Can you?" he demanded in return.

The Honorable Percival nodded. "Yes, old

"You must be spoofing, y' know"



chap," he replied. "But it will take all I have."

"It will take all I have, too, y' know," stated the Honorable Augustus.

"Shall we, old chap?" asked the Honorable Percival of the Honorable Augustus.

"Shall we, old chap?" asked the Honorable Augustus of the Honorable Percival.

Long and deeply they both considered. Long and earnestly they both gazed at one another. Then, at length, they both nodded, slowly.

"Let's, old chap," they said.

And they did.

"Mum's the word," the head of the house of Rock had said to them as he departed with the four hundred pounds. And mum the word had been for at least three days.

Then appeared upon the scene certain creditors with demands that the four hundred pounds had been intended to partially satiate. And thus, as their only sop was gone, they were forced to use in its stead the news of their good fortune.

The creditors had other debtors; and to these other debtors they carried the good news that the Honorable Percival and the Honorable Augustus were about to become the proud possessors of two American heiresses and (as was much more to the point) of that which goes with American heiresses.

And thus it was that when, next day, they arrived at the club, they were greeted by a well-bred but exceedingly eager group of scions and near-scions of British nobility, thirsting for knowledge and chances to do likewise.

"I say, old chappies," exhorted Lionel Lawrence George John James William St. Josephine DuBarry Montrose Francis Fiddleham, tenth Earl of Earthcote, "let us in on this, waon't you? Haow did you do it, y' know?"

"Yes, y' know," protested the Honorable

Arthur Fitzmaurice Walter Harold Ernestine Claude Percy Clarence Marjoribanks, "do let us have an heiress, too, old chappies."

"Dooiced stingy of them," opined Ludwig Henry Samuel Robert Dinwiddie Lloyd Thomas Frederick John Ethelbert Devondell, seventh Duke of Borrowvale. "I say, y' know, old chappies, y' know. Daon't keep them all to yourselves, y' know. Cawn't you let us in, too, y' know?"

The Honorable Percival and the Honorable Augustus, much embarrassed, opined that they could not.

There was a flood of indignant protest that was fairly surcharged with, "I says!" and "My words!" and "Just fahnccys!" and again were the

Honorable Percival and the Honorable Augustus much embarrassed, and deeply grieved; for they were, as has been shown, well-bred, very, and, as well, kindly disposed, and it pained them deeply to be thus obdurate.

"I say, old chap," whispered the Honorable Augustus to the Honorable Percival, "I have a dooiced clevah idea, y' know. Tell them haow expensive it is!"

"By Jaove!" exclaimed the Honorable Percival. "That is clevah, y' know!" and he followed the Honorable Augustus's suggestion.

But, much to their surprise, the cost did not scare their protestants. One and all they agreed with the views of the last of the Plymouth Rocks—that a

preliminary payment of two hundred pounds on an investment that would yield a million or more was as nothing.

"I have n't it," said the Honorable Arthur, frankly; "but I know where I can get it, and I will, too, y' know, by Jaove!"

"And I say, y' know, sao will I," declared the seventh Duke of Borrowvale, with well-bred determination. "Demme if I waon't, by Jaove!"

"And I," asserted a third; "And I, too, yes, by Jaove, really, y' know, old chappies," a fourth; and so on until the whole of the group of eight had individually and collectively declared their complete willingness and unqualified ability to meet the preliminary payment.

"But—" protested the Honorable Percival.

"But—" protested the Honorable Augustus.

They waited for the end of another storm of indignant but cultured disapproval.

"But perhaps there are n't enough to gao around!" exclaimed the Honorable Percival, weakly.

"Aoh, I say!" expostulated the Honorable Arthur. "He must have ten, at least. Has n't he naow, really?"

The Honorable Percival was forced to admit that the available supply had been quoted to him as twenty or thirty.

"Theah, naow!" exclaimed the Honorable Arthur, exultantly. "I taold you sao!"

The eight scions and near-scions were persistent and firm. But the Honorable Percival and the Honorable Augustus were true to their word and refused to give them the name of the man who was acting for them in matters matrimonial.

There was much talking, much urging, much pleading; much painful refusing (all, of course, most cultured and very well-bred); and at length

[Concluded on pages 287 and 288]

THE LAST GAME

By William Hamilton Osborne

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

MURGATROYD paled slightly as the girl entered the room. There was something in her face he could not understand.

"Natalie, girl," he said softly, gripping himself mightily, "I've been waiting for my answer. I came around to get it."

The girl motioned him stiffly to a seat.

"Steve," she said, "there's something that I have to say to you—something that you *ought* to have said to me. No, wait a minute. I am told," she went on, "that you are in the habit of frequenting Cradlebaugh's. What I want to know is, is my information true?"

Stephen Murgatroyd opened his eyes wide, and looked the girl squarely in the face.

"Why," he exclaimed, "of course it's true! In fact, I thought you knew it all the time. I guess," he added, just a bit forlornly, "that the rest of the town knows it well enough."

"And you *admit* it?" exclaimed the girl. She seemed surprised, stunned. She had expected a denial.

"Why, of course I admit it," returned Stephen Murgatroyd calmly, "why not? It's *true*."

Unwittingly, Murgatroyd had expressed, in his last answer, his chiefest virtue. By nature he was as honest as the day is long. And yet was it a virtue, after all? Murgatroyd never lied because to him it didn't seem

worthwhile. It certainly did not seem worth while to lie about Cradlebaugh's. Of course he went to Cradlebaugh's. He knew Cradlebaugh's well, from Cradlebaugh, the fat, pig-eyed proprietor, down to Julius, the low-browed jack of all trades at Cradlebaugh's. He knew Cradlebaugh's, from the roulette tables in the palm room, in the glitter of lights, to the heavily upholstered little private card rooms, with their private entrances and exits. Who did n't know Cradlebaugh's? It was one of the institutions of the town, a big showy, brownstone house facing the Park; it had been there for years. Murgatroyd smiled involuntarily as he thought of it. Cradlebaugh's was the rock upon which political factions split in town, and yet—the men who openly shook clenched hands at its big portals were the readiest to slink around to the back door entrance, after all. Murgatroyd had met the reform sheriff there; the foreman of many grand juries. He had met Thorneycroft the prosecutor there. And once, just once, he had caught a Circuit Court judge dodging out of sight around a pillar. Who *did* n't know the gambling house of Cradlebaugh?

And yet, there was one who knew Cradlebaugh's better, far better, than did Murgatroyd—that one, Natalie Burroughs.

"I guess you don't understand, Steve," she said gently, "that the thing that ruined father,—the thing that, in the end, killed mother, was Cradlebaugh's. No, wait. Not Cradlebaugh's here in town. There are others, in other towns. You're twenty-eight, Steve. Father was forty when—we slunk out of town and came here to start fresh, somehow. You did n't know, did you? I'm through with Cradlebaugh's. I've gone through once what I'll never go through again. That's all. You've got my

answer, Steve. Believe me, I'm sorry."

Murgatroyd rose to his feet. His face was white and shocked with disappointment, for he read in hers an unalterable determination; a strength that made her all the more beautiful. Murgatroyd knew that within himself lay the instinct of matrimony; he was a marrying man; he had felt certain all along, that the light in the eyes of Natalie Burroughs was meant for him, even though Rafferty

was in the race. Facing the girl, he groped about for something to say. "It's all true, about Cradlebaugh's and me," he stammered. "I don't see why you didn't know it all along. I don't see why—" He stopped. "How *did* you find out at the last?" he asked.

The girl flushed deeply. "I think you have the right to have that question answered," she said at length. "At any rate I shall be as frank as you. It was Dick Rafferty who told me."

"Dick Rafferty!" yelled Murgatroyd, "it isn't possible, Natalie, girl. Dick Rafferty. Why, *he*—" He stopped short.

"He, what?" she queried. Murgatroyd faltered. "He—nothing," he answered finally. "Only, it's a queer thing for a man to do, that's all."

"It's a good thing for a man to do, Steve Murgatroyd," she answered, steadily, "if he had not done it, I should have married ruin, and kept on living with it, as I have done for the most of my life. I owe Dick Rafferty many thanks. I can say that much."

Something that was holding Murgatroyd in bounds seemed to snap asunder. "Is that it?" he queried, as some schoolboy might have done, hysterically. "Are you going to marry Richard Rafferty?"

The girl eyed him steadily. "I'm not going to marry *you*, Steve," she answered. But Murgatroyd still struggled.

"What if I give up Cradlebaugh's?" he pleaded. This time she smiled coldly. "You won't give up Cradlebaugh's," she answered; "you won't even promise to give it up."

Murgatroyd winced. No, she was right. Cradlebaugh's was his only vice, his only pleasure. He knew it. He would *not* promise, he could not promise. He did not want to promise. If he had promised—well, there were those who knew that Murgatroyd's word was better than another man's bond.

"You won't promise," the girl went on. Stephen Murgatroyd went out into the night.

Rafferty. It was a strange thing that Rafferty should have warned Natalie. Rafferty, who slunk into Cradlebaugh's by means of the alleyway while Murgatroyd walked boldly through the front door. Was Rafferty taking this means to slink into the good graces of Natalie Burroughs? It was a strange way to go about it.

"I'll have it out with Rafferty," thought Murgatroyd, angrily, without really understanding what he was angry about. "I'll go up to Cradlebaugh's and have it out with Rafferty."

He found Rafferty. Rafferty was a handsome

chap, with frankness written all over his smoothly shaven face. Murgatroyd drew him into one of the little card rooms. Julius, the low-browed one of Cradlebaugh's, followed them, as usual, but halted just outside the little room, for the voices inside were pitched in a key unusually high. Julius, as was his wont, listened behind the heavy curtain.

"I don't care what you told her," Murgatroyd said to Rafferty; "that is n't the point."

"Did, did she say I told her?" asked Rafferty in surprise.

Murgatroyd snorted. "She not only said it, but it's true. That is n't the point. I don't care, never cared, about her knowing. But, thunder, why did n't you come to me, why did n't you tell me to tell her? Why, why did you slink in the back way, as you do here? Don't you think I'm man enough to—"

Rafferty nodded. "Steve," he said, "I knew she did n't know. That's all. I knew she ought to know. This kind of thing is serious business. It is n't play acting. It's life, Murgatroyd. It was one of those mean little services that had to be done. I did it. I did the girl a favor."

"You did n't say anything about yourself," returned Murgatroyd.

Rafferty became eager on the instant. "No," he said, "did you?" He never breathed until the answer came.

"You know I did n't," said Murgatroyd, "but, why did n't you?"

Rafferty nodded soberly. "The cases are not parallel," he answered. "With you, gambling is your whole existence; with me, it is a pastime. I can see your finish. You'll lose all your money, all your health; you'll lose your life one of these days, gambling. I can see it. I think too much of the girl to let her—"

Murgatroyd smiled sarcastically. "I played my first game," he said, with a trace of bitterness in his voice, "with a man named Richard Rafferty."

He admitted to himself the truth of everything that Rafferty had said, admitted to himself the righteousness, in this particular, of Rafferty's conduct. And yet, the injustice, the unfairness, the meanness of it all, seized upon the coarser part of Murgatroyd's nature, and tore and shook it



Stephen



Natalie

fiercely, as a bulldog shakes and tears a rat.

"My heaven, Rafferty," he began, his face flushed, his voice quivering with rage, with disappointment, "my heaven, I—"

Julius, the low-browed, listening without, nodded darkly to himself. "It is a—row—about a—lady," thought Julius to himself. There was no harm in listening. There might be some good.

Fifteen minutes later Julius flattened himself hastily against the wall. Murgatroyd swung out of the little room and through the hall. Julius followed. Murgatroyd knocked on the door of Cradlebaugh's private office.

"Come in," yelled Cradlebaugh. Murgatroyd obeyed.

"Cradlebaugh," he said, "this is my last game." Cradlebaugh's little pig eyes twinkled. He rubbed his hands together. He had heard that phrase so often; it was the worst symptom of the disease.

"Good boy," said Cradlebaugh, "cut it out. Never gamble. I never do." Which was quite true, and everybody knew it.

Murgatroyd sat down at a little table. He wrote three checks.

"Cradlebaugh," he said, "here are checks for twenty-five thousand dollars, the last of the money that my father left me." Cradlebaugh still rubbed his hands. He knew where the other fifty thousand had gone. "You can get the teller of the County National and the cashier of the Trust Company at their homes on the 'phone, probably. They'll tell you that these checks are good. I want the cash, from you."

Cradlebaugh held up his hands. "Why should I call up anybody?" he inquired; "your word is sufficient, is it not?"

Whereupon he went into another private room, and called up, not two, but six bank men, to assure himself of the integrity of the checks. He came back with his hands full of bills. "Blamed combination went back on me," he explained. He smiled genially. "What is it to be to-night?" he queried.

Murgatroyd laughed. "The house don't get this," he returned. "I'm throwing cold hands with Dick Rafferty to-night. My last game," he repeated, "for that four-story building of his on Main Street, here in town. Give me good luck. It's my last game, you know."

"You'll win, you're bound to win," said Cradlebaugh. He hoped that Murgatroyd would win. If Murgatroyd did, Cradlebaugh's would ultimately get the four-story building and the money, too. If Rafferty won, well Rafferty would *keep* the four-story building and the money, too. Rafferty was that kind.

"My last game," repeated Murgatroyd to himself. "I'm bound to win to-night. My last game, Natalie, girl, the very last. I promise."

He did n't win. At eleven o'clock, Julius, answering a bell, entered the little private card room, and found Richard Rafferty alone. Not altogether alone, either, for Rafferty was counting up a big roll of bills.

"Not so bad, Julius," said Rafferty, gulping down a nightcap, "twenty-five thousand odd in an hour and a half."

"Cold hands," commented Julius, "at a thousand dollars a hand, eh?"

"How'd you know?" queried Rafferty.

Julius shrugged his shoulders. "It could n't be done, not any other way, in that there time," said Julius, with his eye upon the roll, "and where's Steve Murgatroyd?" he asked.

Rafferty laughed. "From the way he felt when he left," he answered, "he's probably in the river by this time. Help me on with my coat, Julius. Eleven o'clock," he said to himself, "time all honest men were abed, eh, Julius? I did so well to-night, Julius, that I don't know but this may be my last game, eh?"

"There's no telling, sir," soberly answered Julius.

And Richard Rafferty, real estate man, stepped from the little private room, by means of the little private entrance, out, upon the street, leav-



"That was two o'clock in the morning"

ing Julius ruminating, his low brow crisscrossed with thought.

"A row over a lady," thought Julius, "and a quiet game—a quiet big game. Ah."

The antithesis of Cradlebaugh's was Mrs. William Murgatroyd, the Widow Murgatroyd as the town knew her. That was one of her names. Her other name was Charity. She was better known than Cradlebaugh's. She was rich, as riches went in town; but her riches went into the pockets of the poor; her goodness was far beyond her riches; the town took off its hat to Mrs. William Murgatroyd. For the rest, she was Steve Murgatroyd's mother. That night, the night of Steve's twenty-five thousand dollar game, the Widow Murgatroyd sat up, waiting for him. She did not always do this. She rarely did it. But she knew about Steve and Cradlebaugh's. Steve had gone crazy, almost, toward the last, she told herself.

"Is there *any* way to stop him?" she asked. She looked at the clock. It was two o'clock in the morning. As she looked there was the rattle of a key in the door below.

"It's Steve," she gasped. It was Steve. He had entered the front door, had come slowly up the stairs, had entered her presence, and was

standing before her, cool, placid, and debonair.

"Mother," he said, quietly, "I've played my last game."

The soul of the Widow Murgatroyd leaped within her. It was a promise, Steve's first promise. She knew Steve. She had spent hours, days, months, trying to get Steve to say this thing. Now, he had said it of his own accord.

"I'll tell you all about it, mother," he went on. He told her—everything. He began with Natalie Burroughs; he finished up with Rafferty and the twenty-five thousand dollar game.

"My last game," he repeated.

The Widow Murgatroyd's methods were many and various. As Cradlebaugh kept a safe within his private room, so did she keep a safe in hers. In hers was money, as in his. For there were things that the Widow Murgatroyd often had to do, overnight. She had saved families, kept men out of prison, performed miracles, just because her safe was stuffed with money. In her charitable way, she was a worshiper of ready cash.

She left Steve for an instant, and went into her sanctum. When she came out, she had in her hand a roll of bills.

"We'll start fresh, Steve," she said, gently,

thrusting her burden into his hands. He took it, and counted it. There was twenty-five thousand dollars in all. He took it, kissed his mother solemnly, drew a long breath, and went to bed.

That was at two o'clock in the morning. At twenty minutes after eleven o'clock on the previous night, Richard Rafferty, real estate man of the town, was found murdered, his skull crushed in, halfway between Cradlebaugh's and his home. He had left Cradlebaugh's at eleven, with twenty-five thousand dollars in his clothes. This twenty-five thousand dollars was not found upon his person after death.

That night the police had it. Next morning the town had it in all its ghastliness. And by ten o'clock of the next day, the prosecutor's office had Stephen Murgatroyd, with twenty-five thousand dollars in *his* clothes.

"I am not guilty," said Stephen Murgatroyd, when arraigned. Of course. Why not? There was nothing else to say.

In the prosecutor's office, Julius, the low-browed, told his story with reluctance.

"A row over a lady," he mumbled, "and a game of cards."

* * * * *

Stephen Murgatroyd sent for William Westervelt, counselor-at-law. "Of course," said Murgatroyd, easily, for the whole thing had seemed to him preposterous, "of course I did not commit this murder."

Westervelt shook his head. "I don't know whether you did or not," he answered, "not until I hear your story."

He heard it. "And where were you between ten forty-five, when you left Cradlebaugh's, and two o'clock, when you reached home?"

Murgatroyd told him. "I was walking the streets, that's all," he said, "having it out with myself."

"You're not a drinking man?" Murgatroyd shook his head.

"I wish you were," sighed Westervelt, "if you had been as well known in the *cafés* as in Cradlebaugh's, and had only patronized them on that night, we would have had no trouble. As it is—"

He went down to Cradlebaugh's and saw Julius. He knew Julius. Julius told Westervelt the story, just as he had seen it, just as he knew it. "And I liked that there Murgatroyd, too," sighed Julius, "I guess *you* can get him off, Counselor Westervelt. I'm pretty sure you can."

Westervelt went back to Murgatroyd. "Murgatroyd," he said, "you're in for it. Julius pulled this thing off himself, there's no doubt of that. He told me so with his eyes. He's the man. But you can't prove it in a thousand years. You're in for it, all right."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean," answered Westervelt, "that the testimony of this man Julius will establish motive, opportunity, everything. Your mother's twenty-five thousand, I'm afraid, will do the rest. You are going to be convicted of murder in the first degree, in my opinion. You'd better face it now than be disappointed later."

Murgatroyd shivered. "But," he faltered, "the jury have *got* to believe the *truth*."

"Have they?" returned Westervelt dryly, "I'm not so sure of that."

Murgatroyd seized him by the arm. "You've got to *make* them believe the truth," he cried out, for the agony was cutting its way into him.

"I'll do my best," said Westervelt. It was all he ever promised in any case of his.

Westervelt spent a month meditating on the case. He did more than to meditate. He sifted all the evidence that the prosecutor had, traced

the record of Julius, the prosecuting witness, back to his ancestors, without success. Julius had been a man whose past was coupled with mysterious happenings, but the goods had never been found upon him. The deeper Westervelt delved, the more he became discouraged. The cir-



"You stay right here," she answered, gently

cumstantial evidence of the prosecution seemed to be conclusive. He saw Natalie Burroughs, a wonderful young woman. Her story was damaging to Murgatroyd. "I've *got* to tell it, if they ask me, Mr. Westervelt," she whimpered. The terror and the notoriety of it all had left lines upon her face. Westervelt saw Murgatroyd's mother, a wonderful old woman. Her story was damaging, also, because Murgatroyd had reached home that night at two o'clock. As for the twenty-five thousand dollars that she gave him, *that* was as preposterous as it was true. Westervelt only sighed and shook his head.

"I'll do anything to save him, Mr. Westervelt," the Widow Murgatroyd sobbed.

"Except," said Westervelt, "to lie."

She shrank back. "I—I could n't do *that*," she exclaimed.

Westervelt nodded. "We'll see," he thought to himself. He went back to his office.

"I've *got* to make that jury believe that woman's story," he told himself.

He called up Goldenhorn of New York. "Hello, Goldenhorn," he said, "do you remember that young Mitchell chap who summed up the Maccia woman's case last fall and made the jury cry? Where is he, eh?"

He got Mitchell on the 'phone finally, and Mitchell came to Monroe.

"You need n't be afraid, Mitchell," said Westervelt, "there's plenty of money in this case.

I guess that's all you care about, money." "Pretty near," laughed Mitchell. "What am I to do?"

"You're to do something that I can't do," said Westervelt; "something that I don't want anybody in town to do. If you do it right, you'll get five hundred dollars for it. There's a hundred on account."

"What am I to do?" asked Mitchell.

"Mitchell," said Westervelt, "you are to go to the house of the Widow Murgatroyd, the mother of the prisoner in this case, and you are to stick to that woman until you get her testimony *right*. Never leave her, never cease to paint horror to her in your most effective style until—"

"Until,"—repeated Mitchell.

"Until," went on Westervelt, "she will testify unequivocally that Stephen Murgatroyd, her son, reached home that night at eleven o'clock. She's *got* to testify to that. She's *got* to, do you understand?"

"That's an easy way of earning five hundred dollars," smiled Mitchell.

Westervelt frowned. "You'll think it ought to be a thousand before you're through," he said. He leaned forward and touched the younger man upon the knee. "You see the point," he said; "the jury will swallow the twenty-five thousand dollar story with the eleven o'clock story, but not with the two o'clock story. The town will believe that woman's word against anybody's, *if* she will swear to the eleven o'clock alibi. But, if she admits that Murgatroyd never got home until two o'clock, Heaven help us. Do you understand?"

"Perfectly," answered Mitchell. He went.

"Perfectly," sighed Westervelt; "if you do, you're a good deal smarter than I give you credit for, my boy." He sank back in his chair. "There's only *one* way," he told himself, "only *one* way out. The jury *must* believe—it must believe the truth."

* * * * *

There was no face, there never had been face like to the face of the Widow Murgatroyd when she took the witness stand. Her face had been a battle ground upon which had waged conflict-

ing forces. It showed the results of the strife. The face of the Widow Murgatroyd for years had been placid, gentle, unwrinkled, frank. Now it was crisscrossed with lines that fear had left upon it; in the mouth of the Widow Murgatroyd there was despair. And in her eyes—in her eyes was a haunting, nameless expression; only Westervelt knew what it meant.

"I can't help it," he groaned within himself; "there's a life at stake. She's *got* to suffer. She *must*."

The prosecution had rested. Julius had told his story, a story of motive, of opportunity, of circumstances. He had been unshaken upon cross-examination. The case was curiously simple; and the prosecutor had told the jury plainly, that Murgatroyd, the defendant, could *not* account for his actions *after* ten forty-five upon that fatal night.

Westervelt braced himself. "Mrs. Murgatroyd," he said, "you recall the night in question?"

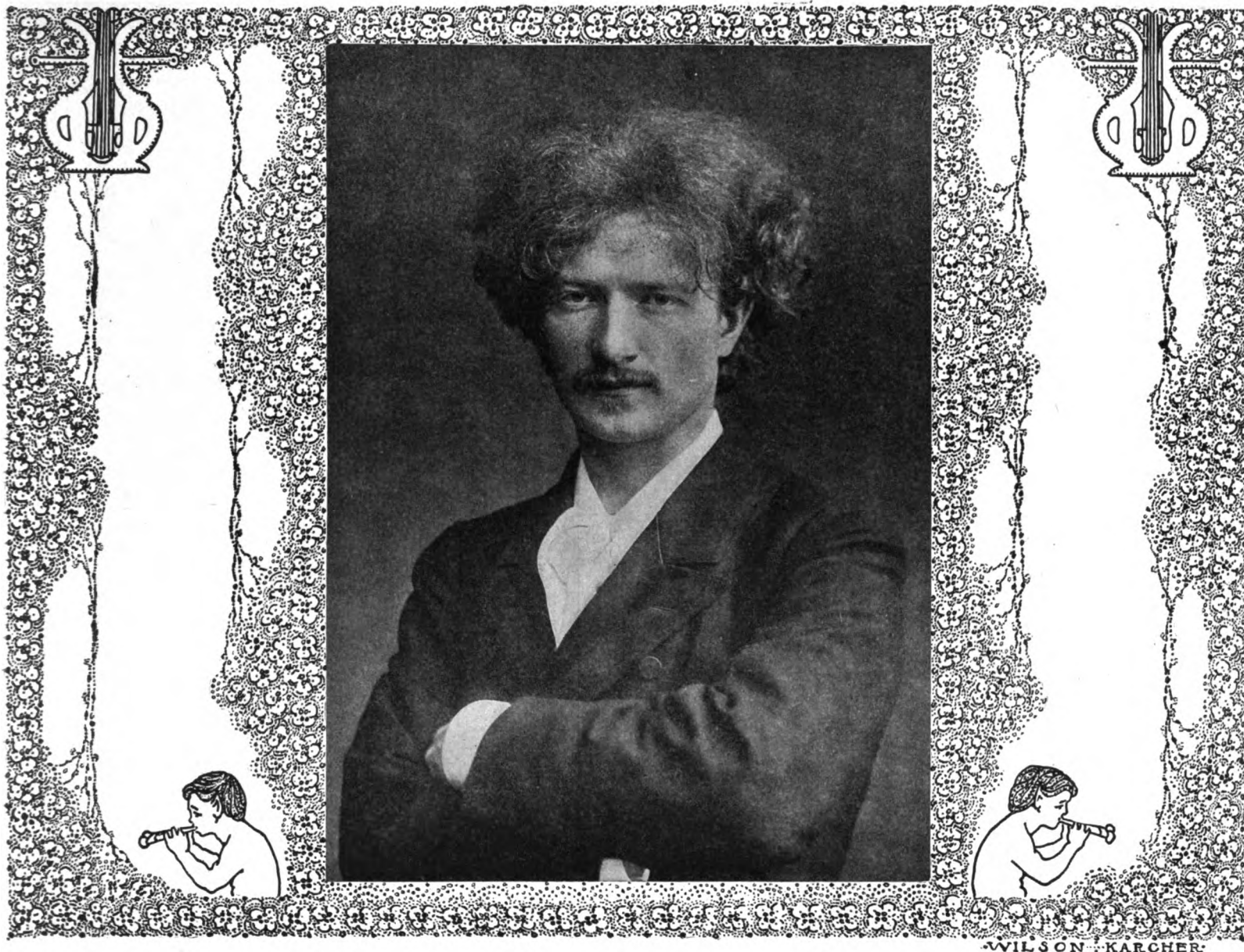
She did, very clearly. She never would forget it. "You saw your son that night?"

She had. There was no doubt about that.

"What time did he reach home that night?"

Westervelt said it in the most casual manner, as though he were passing the time of day. But only he knew that his fingers were ice cold and that

[Concluded on pages 285 and 286]



Paderewski in Private Life

By W. G. Fitz-Gerald

Illustrated with photographs specially taken by the author

TO BE acknowledged supreme in music the civilized world over—in New York or Paris or London, in Madrid or Vienna, San Francisco or Sydney; to be coupled with the immortal names of Chopin and Liszt, and last—some will think least!—to have the nations pour millions at one's feet—that is the lot of Ignace Jan Paderewski.

But it is not of that side of this world-famous celebrity I would speak, but rather of the great Pole's domestic life: of Paderewski, the territorial magnate, at beautiful Kosna in the Carpathians, covering the hills with vines for the support of the peasants, filling the streams with imported trout, for the sake of his people.

I prefer to picture the world's favorite dancing a mazurka with pretty children, or calming his tense nerves at the billiard table with Guillaume, his diplomat-valet—to whom he is indeed a hero. I treat of Paderewski the farmer—nay, the pig-breeder, incongruous though it sound; of Paderewski at his flower-covered Château Riond-Bosson, on Lake Lemán, striving vainly to grow the sweet American corn he loves; of the millionaire, whose benefactions never get into the papers; in fine, of the *real man* Paderewski, of whom the enthusiastic multitude knows nothing.

Music the Life of the Man

Of this man it may be truly said that music is his life. At the piano he forgets the world. I think he would spend his life at the keyboard, wearing out his frail frame, were it not for his wife, Madame Helena, who was the widow of Gorski, the Polish violinist. Her son acts as confidential private secretary to the *maestro*.

Next to his passion for music comes his love for Poland and the Poles. His hero is

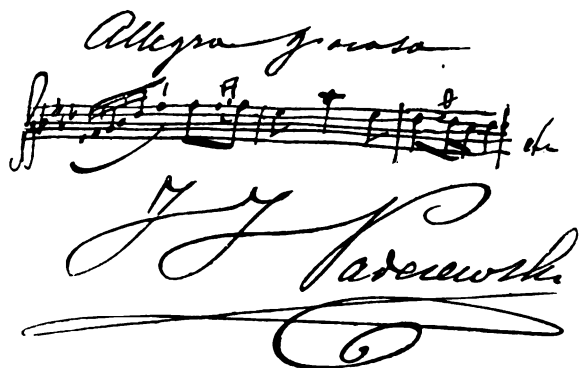
Frédéric Chopin; his ideal, a brilliant *salon*, such as Chopin had at his rooms in the Chaussée d'Antin, where great Meyerbeer leaned on the piano, and Lamartine and Alfred de Musset drew inspiration from his poignant themes, while George Sand, from a sofa in the corner, made mental notes of the scene for her novels. Paderewski plans to erect a magnificent monument in Warsaw to Chopin's memory, and every cent of the cost will be defrayed by the fees which the *maestro* charges applicants for autographs.

He Jokes in Six Languages

Shoals of requests for Paderewski's autograph are daily received by young Gorski, in the beautiful terraced house at Morges, that looks across to the snows of the Savoyard Alps. A charge of five francs is made for an ordinary autograph, and as much as twenty for a few scribbled bars of music with signature, such as is reproduced on this page.

Paderewski takes many journeys to his magnificent Polish estate at Kosna—a long journey, by way of Tyrol, Vienna, and Cracow; but he is inured to days and nights in the train through his American tours. He usually takes with him a friend, like Hugo Görlitz, who is also his agent—a Pole, of course. With such a friend, Paderewski shows unexpected sides of his nature. He makes brilliant jokes in six languages; his powers of mimicry are nothing short of wonderful.

At Tarnow, beyond Cracow, he changes to a little local train, travels southeast for a few hours, and finally drops almost into a knot of adoring peasants, many of whom he has rescued from the slough of misery so characteristic of the rural Poles. Outside is a



Paderewski charges five, ten, and even twenty francs for autographs of this kind, which money goes toward his Chopin statue in Warsaw



Paderewski's quaint old house at Kosna, in Austrian Poland

phaëton with two superb chestnuts. Paderewski and his wife adore animals, and at Kosna and Riond-Bosson are entire menageries and aviaries, not to mention sheep and cattle.

The player and his guest cross the sparkling Biala, enter the park gates, and in a few minutes the carriage pulls up on the broad terrace before the old porch. There are two detached wings of the house, one containing the domestic quarters and offices, while the other is reserved for visitors. Sloping lawns lead down to a lovely lake, while behind the house stretch vast forests of pine, oak, and fir. There the world-renowned pianist loves to roam, bareheaded, drawing inspiration from the wild music of the wind, as it surges through the forests of his great domain. There is a home park of about two hundred acres, some of it only recently planted.

The home of the great pianist, which faces the Lake Lemn of Byron

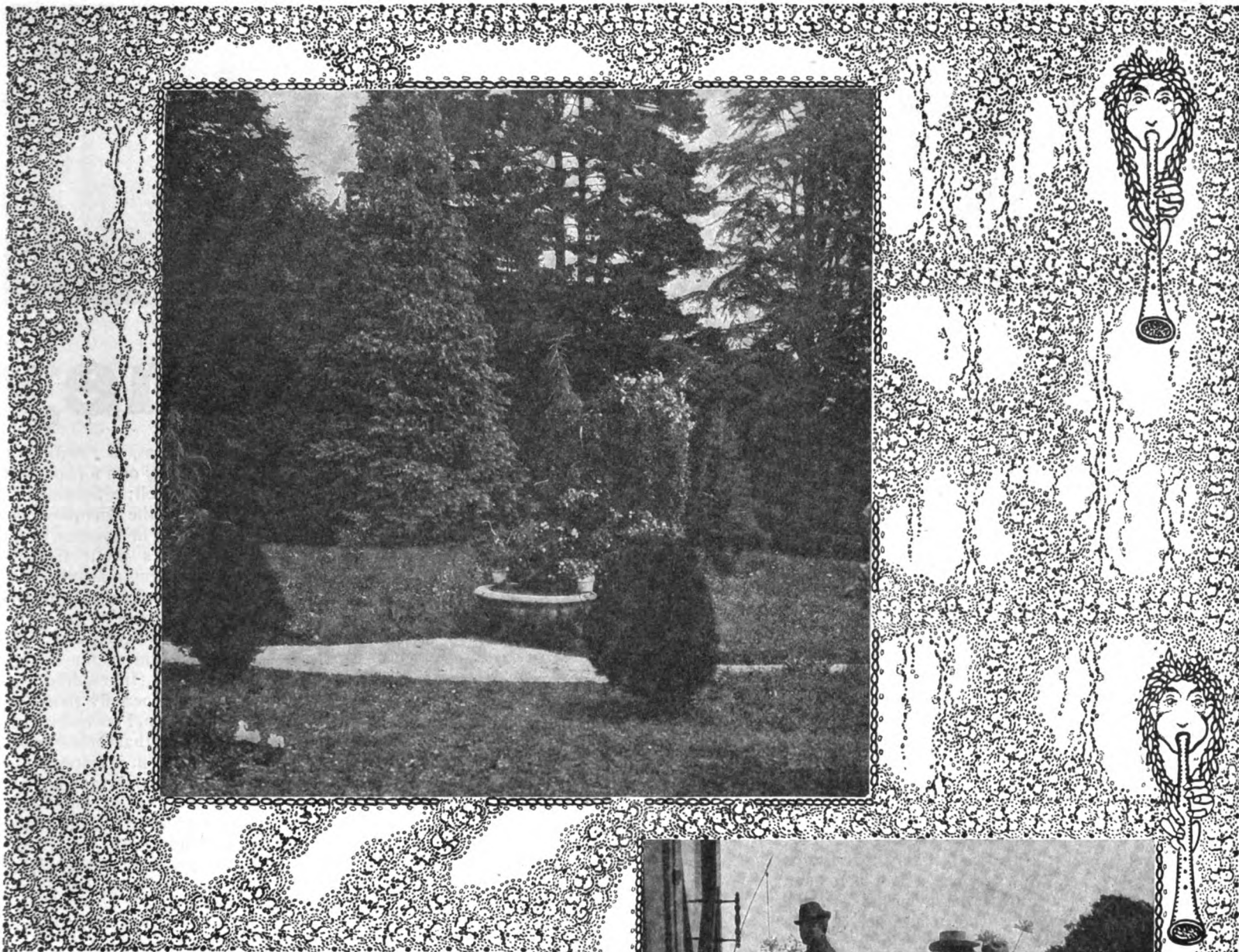
A country of wooded hill and fertile valley is this, watered with clear, swift rills. Far away, the great Carpathians rise. Next day, the guest may see the harvest thanksgiving at Kosna—an almost Biblical pageant, opulent and pastoral. In the dusk, tenants and gentry, peer and peasant, from miles around, assemble on the terrace. Plaintive Polish airs are played by amateur bands, and young girls advance in stately mazurkas, carrying huge bouquets and trophies of corn and fruit, worthy the smile of Ceres herself.

The Rewards of a Grateful Musical World

Everyone seems anxious to rush toward Paderewski and cover his hand with kisses. There are tears in the eyes of many an old peasant, as he stoops over those delicate white fingers that mean so much to the cultured universe. There are banquets and speeches, with dance and song. But, even amid these surroundings, the great master is literally a slave to his art. Few people realize the enormous strain which piano playing puts upon Paderewski's muscles. Often he suffers from severe cramp, and is obliged to undergo most elaborate massage. His favorite "cure" is taken in Bad Gastein, not far from Salzburg, in Austrian Tyrol.

This beautiful village, three thousand feet above the Adriatic, lies in a magnificent Alpine region, and has sixteen springs of wonderful efficacy. To Paderewski the place owes much; for, just as King Edward is supposed to have "made" Homburg and Marienbad, so has the great Polish musician brought fame and fortune to Bad Gastein. He takes the thermal baths there, for their effects are magical in all kinds of neuralgic and neurasthenic troubles, together with rheumatism of the muscles and joints. Paderewski takes the waters internally, also, as well as thermal steam baths. He visits the hygienic gymnasium twice a day with his physician, and takes long walks in the Alpine air. The visit to Bad Gastein is usually made just before he starts on a prolonged tour.

His earning power, as everyone knows, is something fabulous. Never before, surely, has a grateful world rewarded an artist on so princely a scale. Asked by emperor or king to sit at the piano for twenty minutes, his fee is \$2,500. I have the authority of his British agent, W. Adlington,



The promenade grounds that border Paderewski's home

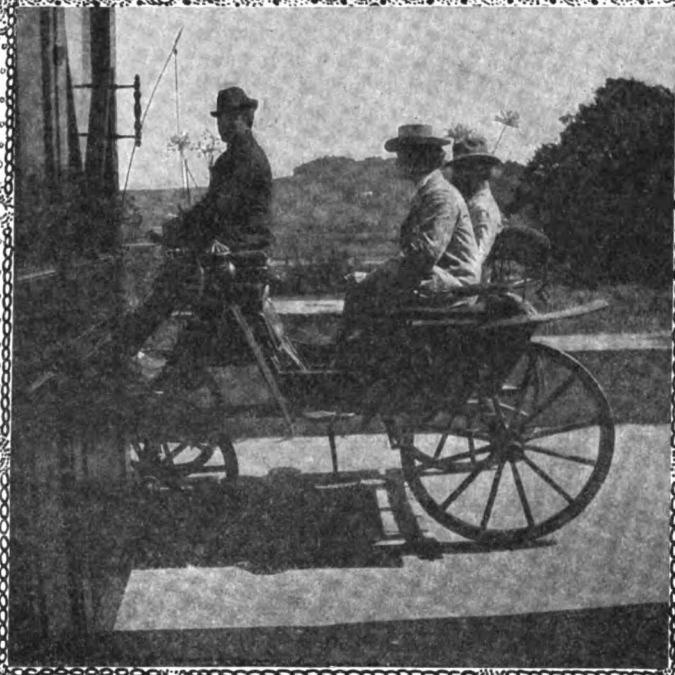
for the statement that, in one short American tour, Paderewski cleared, after paying all expenses, which were necessarily very large, the enormous sum of \$150,000. Moreover, in one "record" season, when he played in 110 concerts in great populous centers, he realized \$1,000,000.

A Life Almost American in Its Energy

Then came the first nervous breakdown, accompanied by acute physical distress, involving a kind of cramp or paralysis of the neck and back muscles. Needless to say, this came in America—"le pays de la vie intense," as the master playfully calls our country. The long railway journeys involved in an American tour are especially hurtful to Paderewski; and on top of all came the serious shock in the railway accident between Auburn and Boston, which necessitated the cancelling of engagements worth a large fortune.

The responsibility of constant engagements in many parts of the world, the tremendous social demands made upon him, his passionate aspiration to uplift Poland, the ceaseless practice (he told me he spent two entire nights on a sonata of Beethoven's)—these and much else go to make up an artistic life truly American in its energy. Often he will sit down to the piano shortly after his *petit déjeuner*, served in his room at six o'clock in the morning, and he will pour forth music into the unresponsive air until Madame Helena, young Gorski, or Guillaume goes to remove him almost forcibly to dress for the eight o'clock dinner.

Mr. Adlington tells me he has at such times seen the *maestro* rise from his piano with a face of unearthly pallor, eyes that fairly burned, and his famous aureole of silken hair a matted tangle of moisture. "The man's brain appeared on fire," Mr. Adlington said, "and he was trembling with wild excitement." Similar exhaustion marks his manner after many hours of composition before his curious high desk, where he will stand for half a day, with flying pen, transcribing the "music of the spheres" that rolls through his brain. Suddenly he may rush to the piano, to play over what he has written, improvising upon his lovely themes, until those privileged to listen are held spell-bound and wish the music might run on forever.



Paderewski going for his morning drive on the shores of Lake Geneva

Let it not be accounted as bathos that, after this vision of exalted genius, Paderewski the farmer be considered. It is he who personally supervises the laying out of parks and gardens, both on his Polish and Swiss estates. To descend at one swoop, Paderewski and pigs seem to have as little in common as Dante and doughnuts! Yet, only the other day, Mr. Adlington bought for him four fine pedigree hogs from a famous stock farm near Colchester, England; and Paderewski was sorely distressed when difficulties arose about the shipping of the much-desired swine to the Lake of Geneva. The route attempted was by Harwich and Antwerp, but the swine-fever regulations of several European nations were found to block various frontiers, and, after a bewildering maze of telegrams and correspondence, back to London went Paderewski's prize

[Concluded on pages 299 to 301]



Fools and Their Money

By Frank Fayant

Headpiece by R. J. WILDHACK. Sketches by LESLIE W. LEE

A NEW YORK promoter received from a New Hampshire country clergyman a letter reading: "In the past twenty years in the ministry I have saved \$1,500. I want to make a wise investment for my wife and children. I have read over the prospectus of your company, and it attracts me. Now I want to ask you, as man to man, whether you advise me to put my life's savings in your company."

The promoter had taken money from a good many people—rich and poor, but never before had a victim come to him as man to man. He needed the \$1,500, for he was nearly at the end of his rope, and fifteen yellowback 100's would feel very comfortable in his trousers' pocket. But here was a poor clergyman who was going to turn over to him the savings of years, the only insurance, perhaps, of a woman and her children against absolute want. No, he could not take the money.

"I thank you for your frank letter of inquiry regarding the investment I am offering," answered the promoter. "I think very highly of the prospects of the company. I feel that it will have a brilliant future. But you must appreciate that there is always some element of chance in these investments. I do not think that a man situated as you are should risk his savings in a venture like this, and I would advise you, therefore, as man to man, to leave your money in the bank."

Two days later the promoter found in his mail a draft for \$1,500 from the New Hampshire clergyman. And he kept the money. "What else could I do?" was his comment. "I told him I did n't want his money, but he insisted on sending it to me. If I had sent it back somebody else would have taken it from him."

Who Gets the Money?

The New Hampshire preacher probably begins his Sunday morning sermon with a story, from which he draws a lesson. I have begun this article with a story that carries a lesson, and the lesson is this:

Before you buy stock in a public company find out who gets your money.

Ever since this series of articles was begun last September letters have been pouring in to me from all over the country asking for advice regarding investments. Ninety-nine out of a hundred of these inquiries relate to wild-cat companies, or ventures in which the investors have little chance of getting even a decent return on their money. Many of these correspondents relate how they have lost sums varying from a few dollars to thousands in wild-cat companies of the past. Some of these letters are sad. A widow tells how she mortgaged her farm for \$1,400 to buy a worthless industrial stock; a mechanic loses the savings of years in a wild-cat mining stock; a veteran of the Civil War entrusts his little bank account,

all he owns, to a man with a fairy story of a fortune to be made in oil; a Scandinavian settler in the Northwest, only two years in America, invests the year's profit from his wheat farm in a bubble that quickly collapses—all showing how credulity (and sometimes cupidity) makes honest folk victims of the financial fabulists. In reading these letters, especially those from young men, I am half inclined to believe that these costly experiences in investments are not without their value to the victims. These losses teach

these young men that there is no royal road to wealth. Nearly all these stories of foolish investments would never have been told had the writers of these letters kept in mind the maxim: *Before you buy stock in a public company find out who gets your money.*

The Men Behind the Company

The experienced man of finance has a stereotyped question that he asks when a new project is brought out—whether it is a mine in Alaska or a railroad in China—"Who is behind it?" And this should be the question asked by the investor when a stock is offered him. It is more important to know who is behind a company than the character of the company itself. I know men in Wall Street who can call up in the course of a few minutes on the telephone a number of their banking friends in this way, "I am getting together a syndicate to take hold of a project that I can't reveal at once, and I would like to have you join me"—and raise a million or five million dollars merely on the strength of their names. One day early in the winter a group of mining capitalists offered their friends the opportunity to join them in a \$10,000,000 venture; within a few hours the amount was four times oversubscribed. These men, because of their standing in the community, can command any reasonable amount of capital in any venture they take up. They have established for

themselves a reputation for honesty and capability.

The prudent investor, before he considers the merit of a venture in which he is asked to put his money, inquires into its *personnel*. Who is behind it? The prudent investor does not buy stock in a public company after learning that the man behind it once wrecked a bank, or served a term in prison, or was one of the organizers of a swindle, floated a wild-cat company, or ran a bucket shop, or was debarred from the mails. I can name promoters now appealing to the public for funds whom all of these descriptions fit. Nor does the prudent investor buy



The Promoter



The Correspondent



The Agent

stock in a public company after learning that the man behind it has a record of failures behind him. Too many sound investments, and too many well-fathered speculations, are offered these days to make it necessary for the investor to "string his money" with a man who has not succeeded. Nor does the prudent investor follow the man who loudly proclaims his honesty.

One of the best known promoters in the country, a man whose signature appears on many millions of dollars of stock certificates spread all over the country, says this about himself: "Mr. W—is a man who has won conspicuous success in notable financial operations covering a period of many years past, and is to-day one of the best known financiers in the country, and any project with which he identifies his name must possess extraordinary merit. His operations are the sort to follow, and he is the kind of man to go with in making investments." This promoter is rich. Only the other day he bought a million-dollar country estate out of the profits of a single day's speculation in the stock market. But he is a financial faker, a charlatan, a monte-bank—and so clever withal that shrewd men in Wall Street, who have "strung their money with him," come to me to tell me what a fine fellow he is. But the very manner in which he sounds his own praises should warn the prudent investor that he is not the sort of man to be trusted.

Another promoter of renown has this to say about himself: "Do unto others as you would be done by. I have been in business seventeen years and my customers of seventeen years ago are my customers to-day. If I had not treated them in an honest, straightforward manner I would have been out of business long ago. Without egotism I desire to state that I am financially responsible, and I cannot afford to treat my clients in any but the most honorable manner."

The Magnetism of the Fabulists

But this man is a notorious faker, who is lucky to be out of jail, and his name on a stock certificate brands it as worthless. As Lindsay Denison said in "Ridgway's" of one of this man's golden dreams, in his story of the Gold-field fabulists, "It is n't a fraud; it's a joke." Yes, this man is a joke, but the indulgence of his humorous propensities has cost many a credulous investor his life's savings.

One of the best known promoters manufacturing stock certificates on the "exchange-what-you-don't-want-for what-you-do" system proclaims his honesty from the house tops, and his believers are legion. He is a magnetic man—all of these successful fabulists are. Listen to his praises of himself: "Our enterprises are founded on strictly business lines, and will bear the most searching investigation. I am fully able to convince anyone who desires to investigate that my business is always conducted on business principles, that I have always been careful and conservative in all statements and representations, and that all my properties have turned out successful." This fabulist has actually thrown dust in the eyes of a former United States Senator, who writes me that — is a "thoroughly reliable man." No wonder that credulous investors, in country towns far removed from Wall Street, lose their money! Last summer this promoter sent one of his agents to see me at my place in the country. I had led him to believe that I was a "sucker" with money to "invest." The agent I found to be an honest man from a Western State, who had sold some properties to the promoter. He was on his way to New York to have a business conference with the promoter. I cautioned him to keep his eyes open while he was in New York. A little while ago I received a long letter from the West from him, in which he recalled our talk of last summer. He did keep his eyes open, and he saw the things that the eminent Senator could not see. I am not at liberty now to disclose the contents of this illuminating letter, but I will repeat one short paragraph from it: "I do not wish to become publicly known or quoted about this or any other information I might give you, as I am only too well acquainted with the business methods of this concern, and know the extremes to which they would go in order to injure my business interests should I publicly antagonize them. But I feel there is a duty here for someone to perform in order to protect the innocent investors in these propositions, which I consider to be founded not only upon an unsound financial basis, but also conducted in a notoriously dishonest manner."

An Unselfish Worker

Let me quote the self-praises of another promoter of renown, a man who modestly admits that he is the Alpha and Omega of "the most successful and most extensive independent financial agency in the United States or Europe." He says: "I make bold to proclaim that my gospel is one of honest investing for honest investors. I have thousands of customers and friends all over the country. I have succeeded because I have been right—because I have pioneered in a proper direction

—because I have not been swerved from my purpose—because I have refused to turn aside or listen to the siren's song. My labor is in behalf of the investors of the nation." This man, too, is a financial faker—one of the cleverest of all of them, a little while ago penniless, now the possessor of a comfortable fortune, and the manufacturer of \$10,000,000 worth of stocks. He has some of the characteristics of Lawson. Like Lawson, an egotist—in one of his advertisements the other day he used the personal pronoun ninety-nine times; but entirely lacking in Lawson's delicate sense of humor. Lawson undoubtedly regards this other Bostonian as a very ordinary faker, and perhaps an apology is due the Humorist of Dreamworld for likening this manufacturer of \$10,000,000 of stocks to him.



The Investor

You ask how you are going to determine the character of a man behind a company. You must use common sense. The prudent investor shuns promoters who are continually telling how honest they are, as though they expected to hear some one cry, "Thief!"; who make wonderful dividend promises; who compare their "investments" to banks; who tell about "millions in sight" in mining properties; who prepare schedules showing how dividends will yield "a competence for life"; who advise the immediate purchase of stocks "before the next advance"; who pay dividends while they are selling stock; who make a great parade of "assay returns"; who compare their stocks to Bell Telephone and Calumet and Hecla and other highly profitable investments; who make loud predictions of big advances in the prices of their stocks; who guarantee dividends; who rail at banks and stock exchanges and other commercial institutions; who make wonderful claims for inventions and processes; who, in a word, draw the long bow. The investor who buys stock in a company without first satisfying himself as to the character of the men behind it deserves to lose.

The Investor Pays for the Advertising

And there is no excuse for neglect to obtain this information. The wild-cat promoters beat their tom-toms and shriek, "Buy it now; to-morrow will be too late," but not once in a thousand times does the investor miss an opportunity by spending a month in the investigation of the character of the men behind a company. And let me say right here that the commercial agencies, like Bradstreet's and Dun's are of little assistance to the investor. These agencies only tell whether men pay their bills promptly. Some of the most notorious swindles in the country are well rated by the commercial agencies. Two financial agencies in Wall Street make a business of keeping an eye on crooks and fakers for the banks. It is unfortunate that these agencies are not as accessible to the general public as Bradstreet's and Dun's for they could save the public millions of dollars a year. One of these agencies makes a specialty of wild-cat promoters, and its card index carries the names of thousands of financial parasites. The prudent investor, in looking up the record of a promoter who has stock for sale, always has opportunity to seek the counsel of some conservative local banker, and through him he can get in touch with a conservative banker in the town where the promoter has his business. I say "conservative" banker, because in these get-rich-quick days the names of bankers are too often seen in the directorates of new companies of questionable merit. If the prudent investor cannot get from a banker of standing a hearty endorsement of the men behind a company he leaves it alone, for there are thousands of other companies from which he may select an investment. One Wall Street banking house lists one hundred thousand inactive securities, not one of which is of the wild-cat nature.

When a man spends money lavishly to induce you to entrust your savings with him in a venture "as safe as a savings bank" that is going to return big dividends, then it is time for you to put your wallet in your inside pocket. The money he spends to attract you will come out of your pocket if you buy his wares; it will come out of some other investor's pocket if you keep your own wallet intact.

Do you know what newspaper advertising costs? Display advertising—the circus-poster kind—costs \$11.20 an inch in the New York "Herald." That is \$1,575 a page. The advertiser who is not too reckless in the use of big type and pictures can squeeze through on \$1,000 a page in the "Herald." Three New York Sunday newspapers the other day—the "Herald," the "World," and the "American"—carried \$18,000 worth of financial advertising nine tenths of which was of the wild-cat flavor. And the newspapers with big circulations in other towns—Boston, Philadelphia, Washington, Pittsburg, Cleveland, Chicago, Kansas City, St. Louis, Denver, San Francisco—carry many thousands of dollars worth of company advertising. Never before has the income of the newspapers



The Mine



The Expert

from this class of advertising been so large. I know one promoter alone who has spent \$200,000 in stock advertising this winter. The total advertising bill in this promotion boom will reach into the millions.

Who is paying this bill? You are, if this circus-poster advertising is attractin' your money. When the promoter has to pay for this advertising out of his own pocket, as sometimes happens, he does it with bad grace and curses "the suckers who did n't bite." Sometimes, when the "suckers" don't bite, he contrives to beat the newspapers. I know one promoter who closed one unsuccessful campaign, owing the newspapers \$140,000. That was in the last boom. In this boom he has spent a good deal more, and this time they have made him pay "spot cash." One of his ventures he characterized as "a little raw, but after all just a case of giving way to the temptation of taking money from suckers who ought n't to be trusted with it." He "took" easily half a million dollars in this one venture.

The Wonder Tales of Finance

Yes, Mr. Investor, you pay for the millions of dollars of promotion advertising, unless, perchance, the promoter gets away with your money before the newspapers have a chance to collect their bills. You may have this, if you like, from the lips of a member of the fraternity. One of the most successful manufacturers of wild-cat stocks in the country, who does not use newspaper advertising to catch the "suckers," probably because he finds it cheaper to reach them through letters, makes this statement over his own signature: "During recent months, many papers throughout the country have carried half-page, full-page and double-page advertisements of mining companies in which appear promises and statements that we consider grossly exaggerated, and that we do not believe can ever possibly be fulfilled. This style of advertising is often referred to by mining men as hippodroming and stock-jobbing. It usually results in the newspapers getting forty or fifty per cent. of all the money received from the sale of stock." Another promoter, who goes after "investors" on a still hunt, and whose advertising bills are insignificant compared to the amount of stock he handles, acknowledged to me recently that he received a commission of forty per cent. for selling the stock of a mining company. "This is about the rule of all companies," he added. And so it is, but the rake-off is usually larger. When you see a promoter spend \$25,000 in a single day's advertising, as I have, to get "investors" to buy a bonanza from him at a bargain price, you naturally wonder why he risks a fortune to get the stock off his hands. The prudent investor straps up his wallet when he sees a bonanza advertised on the bargain counter, and the bigger the advertisement the tighter he draws the strap.

But newspaper advertising is only one way the promoter has of spending money lavishly to catch the "sucker." Are you on a "sucker list"? I am; I am on a good many. From fifty to a hundred alluring letters, circulars and prospectuses are brought me by the postman every week, because I am on the "sucker lists." I have boxes and drawers and baskets filled with thousands of these messages of fortune that I have n't had time to open—and every one is a guide to the royal road to wealth. Some few thousand I have seen—richly printed prospectuses, photographs of mining camps in mountain gulches, crazy-quilt maps of mining claims, long technically phrased reports from gentlemen with handles on their names, subscription blanks for cash buyers and installment investors, and heart-to-heart personal letters from the promoters themselves—all making it appear that a few dollars invested now will make us independently rich. Think of Calumet and Hecla that sold at a dollar and now commands \$1,000! Think of Bell Telephone, in which an investment of \$100 is now worth \$200,000! Think of Carnegie who put \$300 in a steel plant, and saw it grow to \$1,000,000! You have read these wonder tales, have n't you? And have you stopped to think what it cost the promoter to tell you these tales?

Fishing for "Suckers" an Expensive Sport

Some time in your life you read an alluring advertisement and wrote to a promoter for his prospectus. That put your name on a "sucker list." And perhaps you sent him some of your money and received in exchange a beautifully printed stock certificate. That put you on a preferred list. These "sucker lists," carrying all the way from five to fifty thousand names, are regularly offered for sale. Some of the very choice lists are made up of "suckers" who can be caught for amounts from \$1,000 up. I know one man who has a "sucker list" of 250,000 names, and he is proud of the fact that he has landed 30,000 of them. I know another who has 18,000 victims on his list. The promoter may buy Michigan lists (recommended for copper companies) clergymen's lists, "ten-dollar suckers' " lists, railroad stockholders' lists, German investors' lists, farmers' lists—any variety that suits his fancy.

Pursuing the investors by the gum-shoe method the promoter takes his "sucker lists" and proceeds to try various kinds of bait on his prospective victims. In these days, when advertising and salesmanship have been reduced to an exact science, many clever wrinkles have been devised to catch the "suckers." Some of these command the admiration of men of business. One man in Chicago opens up on the investor with a series of heart-to-heart letters about investments, written in admirable style, following each other at ten-day intervals. It is not until you receive the third or fourth letter that you discover that the resourceful Chicagoan is a company promoter and has stock to sell you. Then he goes ahead bombarding you with prospectuses, maps, circulars, and at not. I

have had a score of communications from him without ever once responding to his appeals, and his campaign to "land" me has cost him (including postage, stationery and printing) not less than seventy-five cents. If he is working on a "suckers' list" of 40,000 names, which is entirely probable, he has spent \$30,000. And the "suckers"—investors he calls them—must pay the bill.

When the promoter gets an investor nibbling on the bait sent to him by grace of the United States Post Office Department, he proceeds to spend money more lavishly on him. I nibbled some to learn the ways of the animal. Two Goldfield promoters bombarded me with long telegrams at ten cents a word—telegrams of fifty to seventy words. "Buy Goldfield Goat quick for big rise. Now 38, going to 90 few days. Telegraph your order." "Only few shares Bullfrog Bird at ground floor price 50. Next allotment 75. Get in quick." Sending telegrams on which the tolls are from five to seven dollars is pretty expensive shooting in the air, but if you can "land" one victim for \$500 you have paid for a good many telegrams. Personal solicitation is even more expensive. One New York promoter sent four agents to see me in the course of a fortnight, and one of these men had to travel four hundred miles. I was not the only victim they were after. Each of these agents covered a district in which there were many nibbling "suckers," and one good haul covered a whole month's expenses. One notorious firm of wild-cat promoters, that uses the gum-shoe method entirely, has thirty branch offices all the way across the continent from Halifax to the City of Mexico, and twenty-five agencies besides. Each district agent is responsible for the "investors" within his reach. The maintenance of fifty-five nets to catch "suckers," in addition to an elaborate New York office, means a big daily expense, and a good many reams of stock must be sold in the course of a year to make a plant of this magnitude pay. These promoters, of course, could not meet expenses with one or two companies selling stock. They keep twenty-five or thirty going at once, and they bring out new ones every year to take the place of those that become moribund. Every dollar that is needed to keep this big plant going comes from the victims who consume the reams of stock. The promoters have their fat rake-off as well out of the proceeds of stock sales. What is left is sent out through the West to dig profitless holes in the ground.

The Blot on Financial Journalism

The investor who is asked to buy stock in a new company, whether it be a mine, an oil field, a railroad, a wireless telegraph system, or a manufacturing plant, not only needs to know who are behind the company, but also how the men behind the company are going to cut up his money: how much of his money is going into the venture itself, how much is going into the pockets of the promoters and the fiscal agents, and how much is going to pay for "publicity." The credulous investor, who puts \$100 into a company floated by professional promoters, and receives a beautifully colored stock certificate, thinks his money all goes to the company. But very little of it does. Very often not a cent of it does.

Some of my correspondents write me in this way: "Don't you think this company is a good investment? It is very highly spoken of in the 'Commercial Gush,' as you will see by the inclosed clipping." And here is one of the chief lures for the investor—the subsidized newspaper. The ordinary investor, I find, is unable to distinguish between newspapers. Let me classify them.

1.—Newspapers that do not sell a line of their editorial space to promoters, and that refuse all financial advertising of the wild-cat variety: The New York "Times," the New York "Evening Post," the Philadelphia "Public Ledger," and the Springfield "Republican" are among the American newspapers of this class.

2.—Newspapers that keep their editorial columns clean, but let down the flood gates for all wild-cat advertising that can be squeezed into the United States mails. The New York "Herald" is the leader in this class, and it has a legion of followers all over the country.

3.—Newspapers that not only leave their financial advertising columns wide open, but also load up their editorial columns with "pleasant" news about promoters and their companies. The New York "Commercial" is a shining example of this character of financial journalism.

4.—Newspapers that defraud their readers by selling their editorial space to any financial fabulist who has the price to pay for it. Newspapers of this unsavory character are to be found all over the country, and the worst of them are devoted entirely to finance and are published in New York, Boston, Chicago, and other large towns where stock and commodity exchanges are located.

5.—Blackmailing sheets that praise those who pay and roast those who don't—the less said about them the better.

6.—House organs, or publications brought out by promoters to sing the praises of their own wares. These are denied the privileges of second-class mail matter, and are usually given away. They are in reality nothing more than promotion circulars in periodical form. These spring up one year to be forgotten the next. Just now the mails are stuffed with them.

Clean financial newspapers are as scarce as hens' teeth. The "Wall Street Journal," under the editorship of such men as Thomas F. Woodlock and Sereno S. Pratt, has set a standard for cleanliness in financial journalism. But it is in a lonesome position.

[Mr. Fayant's next article will appear in SUCCESS MAGAZINE for May]



The Dreyfus Affair

The
Vindication

By Vance Thompson

Fourth
Article

THE first court-martial of Captain Dreyfus occupied three days; the second lasted five weeks: from August 7 to September 9, 1899.

You are in Rennes, a somber little city of Brittany; it is a center of old-world traditions, of antique religious fervor; it is the capital, as it were, of that ancient France—devoted to army and church—which is wholly anti-Dreyfusard. You may see the native population in the streets; it is silent and cowed by the overwhelming display of troops and police.

But there is another population in these burning summer days; it is cosmopolitan; it has come from the four corners of the world—journalists from England, Germany, America, Italy, Russia, Belgium, Holland, Switzerland, four hundred of them in all; and then there are the women in summer gowns, a swarm of curious lawyers and politicians, "amateurs of emotion," artists, and diplomatists. They have descended upon the old Breton city like an army of possession, filling the inns, camping in the somber houses. The heat is intense. Even at four in the morning the sun is intolerable. And at this hour the cosmopolitan crowd, arguing, gesticulating, throngs toward the Lycée, or college hall, where Dreyfus is to face his accusers. At five o'clock the doors are opened and those who have cards file in. Women in white, officers in gorgeous uniforms; in addition you see almost all the well-known men of France—from Jaurès, who perspires, to Casimir-Perier, who preens himself like a peacock. Among the foreigners (a hirsute, excited lot), the fine head of old Lord Russell of Killowen is conspicuous. The hall is vast, naked, filled with heat and sunlight. The windows are open, but the air is heavy with the infamy of perfumes; and other odors. Many of those summer-gowned and over-scented women have paid as much as four hundred dollars or more for a seat.

The judges enter and take their places on the little school-platform. Without any exaggeration it may be said

the eyes of the world are on these seven men, who have been called to judge the cause of Alfred Dreyfus. The presiding officer is old Jouaust, a grim, rude, impatient soldier, with white mustache and hard eyes; Profflet and Merle, quiet, sad-faced men; Bréon, painstaking, scrupulous—he prays half the night that he may be inspired to give a just verdict; Beauvais, handsome and meaningless; Brongniart, pensive and silent; and Parfait, a young officer, cold, attentive, always erect.

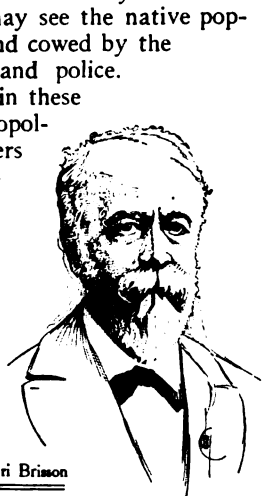
"Bring in the prisoner," Jouaust orders.

There is silence, absolute, complete; every eye turns toward a little door; a minute passes; then with a firm military step—almost automatic in its precision—Captain Dreyfus enters. He is in the uniform of a captain of artillery and wears eyeglasses. For a moment he seems dazed by the sudden blaze of light from the many windows. Then, steady as a soldier in the ranks, he marches to his seat, by the little dais where his five lawyers sit, salutes, and stands. Motionless, erect; you would have said it was a statue, not a man.

"You may be seated."

Dreyfus takes off his *kepi* and sinks into the chair; and then, when for a moment his iron will relaxes, you see what a mere rag of humanity he is. A murmur of pity and of horror runs through the hall. His face is terribly haggard; but he seems younger than he is—in spite of the thin white hair—for he is small and weak. His new uniform is padded at the shoulders, but it hangs limp over his gaunt limbs. The eyes are of a pale blue—a blue so pale they seem almost white; they are unflinching. The chin is prominent. The full lips are accentuated by a fine reddish mustache. Usually his face

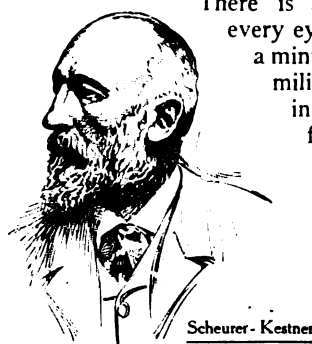
is pallid; now and then it flushes strangely—a deep red of fever or emotion. Two of his lawyers lean over and whisper to him—Demange, old and corpulent, Labori, corpulent and young; he answers in a monotone. The charge against him is read aloud; immobile he listens—"bordereau,"



Henri Brisson



Urbain Gobier



Scheurer-Kestner

The Defenders of Dreyfus

These men, representing the best in French law, journalism, and statesmanship, inspired by a hatred of injustice and vile conspiracy, rallied one by one to the cause of Dreyfus, and, through their brilliant individual and united efforts in his behalf, finally procured a complete victory for justice amid the most discouraging conditions, and won for themselves an imperishable place in the annals not only of France but also of the whole world



Jean Jaurès



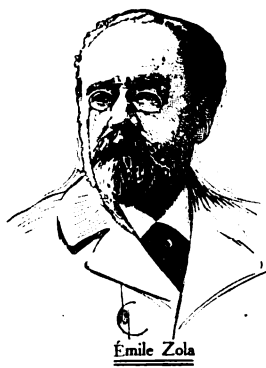
Edgar Demange



Forzinetti



Bernard Lazare



Émile Zola



Fernand Labori

"Esterhazy," "confession," "military *attachés*;" all these phrases that have been bandied about the world for five years. The accusation is long, tortuous, crammed with hearsay and gossip. "He had been to Brussels"—"he had visited Germany"—"he had known an Austrian woman"—"he had been a gambler"—all the scandal and tattle of the barracks and the detective bureaus. Lawyers and civilians wonder. Is this all there is to the famous *affaire*? One would n't whip a cat on such evidence! There is absolutely no evidence against him except the oft-mentioned *bordereau*—and Esterhazy long ago admitted that he himself had written that dirty document. Nothing but the *bordereau*! And at length we are to see it.

"Stand up," says Jouaust.

"Yes, Colonel," and Dreyfus rises, erect, steady, as if on parade.

"Do you recognize this paper?" the president of the court-martial asks; he offers the prisoner a sheet of paper, worn and yellowed by time.

With a gesture of repulsion Dreyfus refuses to take it.

"It was shown me at the other trial," he says calmly, "and I did not know it. I had never seen it before."

Then suddenly he raises his hand; a strangled cry comes from him, and broken phrases; in the audience you cannot make out the words, so broken with sobs they are; but the official stenographer records them, thus: "I declare again I am innocent—as I have always done—for five years I have endured everything—but I am innocent.—Oh, Colonel, for the honor of my name and that of my children—" and here the man, who had seemed strong as iron, breaks down. His brother Mathieu, frightfully pale, starts toward him; a guard holds him back.

"Then you plead not guilty?"

Dreyfus throws up his head and squares his shoulders.

"I am innocent, Colonel," he repeats, firmly.

Dreyfus's Heroic Self-Control

And so the great drama began that August day in the somber city of Rennes. That evening they asked Dreyfus what his impression had been. His answer, wonderful in its simplicity, was one to touch every heart with pity. He said: "It was good to see human beings again!" And those words seemed to summon up an actual picture of what he had suffered in that far-away hell of solitude and leprous silence.

On the stand Dreyfus had shown himself calm, contained, self-mastered—save for that one outbreak of emotion. His memory never failed him; with marvelous accuracy of date and detail he answered every question put to him and refuted coldly the arguments of the rude and noisy old soldier who presided. Coldly I have said; and that is the best word to describe his manner and tone of voice. Never once did he seem to vibrate with the wrath and suffering accumulated during those five terrible years. His self-control was heroic. And the anti-Semites and patriots found a cause of reproach in the soldierly repression. The public, too, and many of his warmest partisans seemed to wish that this Lazarus, risen from the grave, should strut and throb as in a melodrama. Every Frenchman is tainted with romanticism; his view of life is theatrical; to win every heart Dreyfus had but to beat his breast, weep, shout "*Ma mere!*" "*La patrie!*" "*Honneur!*" and all that; but this soldier made no appeal to pity; he was stern and cold as a man, unjustly accused of monstrous crime, has a right to be. So he stood there in stoic pride; he was simple; he was hard; years of suffering had dried up all the tears in him; and in a clear, colorless voice, a man and not an actor, he refuted all the juridic absurdities, all the lies and stupidities which had been a hundred times refuted by his partisans.

Then for four days the public was excluded from the hall, while the "documents" in the case were gone over by Dreyfus and his lawyers and the officers of the prosecution. There were nearly four hundred of these papers; you know them

as well as need be. Henry's forgeries were there and those of many a dead man—the rubbish of the wastebaskets of the German and Italian embassies—all the dirty bits of forged and stolen paper on which the old generals, the patriots, the anti-Semites depended for the condemnation of their man. Since the first trial, in 1894, this mass of rubbish had increased eightfold, so busy had the General Staff been in "making evidence." It was rubbish, I have said; what was not rubbish had no more to do with Dreyfus than with the cadets of West Point.

Daily, Dreyfus was taken to the Lycée from the prison, between files of soldiers; a few journalists hissed him, but volleys of cheers greeted him from throngs of friends, women in white, Dreyfusards. He had become the hope of revolution. A greater cause was merged in his cause and it was the cause of all those who had suffered from military tyranny and the injustice of power.

Picquart a Popular Idol

Then day after day came the long file of witnesses: Bertulus, the magistrate who had forced a confession from the fool and forger, Henry; Forzinetti, the good jailer—a mulatto by the way, who after the loss of his place had found employment at Monte Carlo; the Lieutenant-Colonel Cordier, a fat, inebriate old man, whose blazing red face had gained him the nickname of "Father Joshua"—he was the clown of the *affaire*, for, even in that tragic drama, the French public needed something to laugh at; and, most notable of all, he who was then "Mr. Picquart"—a man cast out of the army, cut by all his old associates, hated by patriots, jeered at by the anti-Dreyfusard press. He had lost all in his attempt to secure justice for a fellow-officer whom he did not know, for the "Jew," for the "traitor." Hated as he was by the army, he still had friends enough, for the Dreyfusards had made of him a hero, a fetiche—They called him "the divine Picquart." Nothing shows better the exaltation and passion of that period in French history than this wild idolatry of Picquart. Women had filled his prison with flowers. Now they thronged upon him as he came to court, kissing his hand, the skirts of his coat. They made collections of his photographs. They treasured as relics fragments of his dolman, threads of his epaulettes. His name being Marie-Georges Picquart, they called him by his first name: "Our Marie."

It was folly; but those were days of folly—the sullen hatred of the anti-Semites was met by an enthusiasm for the martyr which was almost apostolic in its fervor. Things were done and said that now, in cold reflection, seem mere folly; then, however, they had meaning and use. The millions of Frenchmen who fought for Dreyfus thought of themselves as Crusaders—marching under the broad banner of humanity. So, when Marie-Georges Picquart took the stand, the crowded hall vibrated with sympathy. He was in civilian dress. Only one adjective can describe him; he was "beautiful"—a beauty soft and feminine, large-eyed, vaguely melancholy. He spoke gently, playing with his rings. And he told how he had discovered in the War Office the proofs of the innocence of Dreyfus and of the foul conspiracy that had been built up there to save the guilty Esterhazy—to send to the torture the Jew who had done no wrong. His voice was velvet; but there came into it something hard and masculine, as he cried: "And they wanted to treat me, as they treated this Captain—"

He looked across the hall, where Dreyfus sat, rigid, white, stern—the man who had come from hell.

I say no evidence against Dreyfus was produced—only the jealous gossip of the barracks and a mass of falsified and sophisticated papers, stolen here and there or forged outright. Picquart had shown how the conspirators had secured a first conviction and had laid bare all the details of the plot. The chief forger, Henry, had confessed. The real culprit, Esterhazy, had acknowledged his guilt and fled. The case against Dreyfus had

crumbled into nothingness. Friends and enemies alike expected an acquittal.

Then the old generals played their last card.

Mercier took the stand; he was the former Minister of War; he was the chief agent of Dreyfus's martyrdom; an old man, grim as an eagle, subtle as a serpent—a dangerous, capable man. His testimony lasted for hours; in the French way it was not the giving of evidence, but a summing-up, an argument for the prosecution. And you should bear in mind that this old general was speaking to seven judges of whom he had been for years the military chief. Hour after hour he talked to them, in a low voice, of "clues and proofs," with much technical military detail—an imperturbable, shrewd old man. At length he turned his cold eyes on the man he had sent to infamy and martyrdom:

"If ever the least doubt had come to me I should have told Captain Dreyfus at once: 'In all good faith, I have been deceived—'"

For once Dreyfus leaped to his feet, mastered by an inspiration he could not control.

"That is what you should say, now!" he cried.

The audience applauded, cheered; when silence came again, old Mercier went on unmoved: "I should have told him I would do all that was possible to repair the terrible error—"

"That is your duty, now!" Dreyfus cried.

A wild clamor broke out; the Dreyfusards shouted, "Death to Mercier! Death to Mercier!"—(Frenchmen by the way are always howling death to someone or other)—and Bourdon of the "Figaro" mounted his chair and started the cry of "Assassin! Assassin!"

It was a wild moment; only General Mercier was unperturbed; with his shrewd old eyes he looked at the soldier-judges as though to ask them what they thought of this manifestation. And he waited; he had not yet fired his last cartridge.

A Tragic Night at the Elysée

Always in a low voice General Mercier went on with his argument against Dreyfus—his victim. He said:

"His Majesty, the Emperor of Germany, occupied himself personally with these cases of espionage; his chief spies wrote directly to him from Paris, Brussels, and Strassburg. I state this fact in order that you may understand the importance of the declaration of one of our witnesses, Monsieur Mertian de Muller, who saw on the table in the Emperor's study at Potsdam a newspaper of Paris, on which was written: 'Captain Dreyfus is caught.' We should accept with great hesitation diplomatic denials, given for reasons of state, even when they come from imperial or royal lips. I ask you to accept them with extreme reserve."

There was silence in the hall now—a hush of expectation; and Mercier went on to argue at greater length that the German Emperor had a personal interest not to be compromised in this "dirty affair of treason."

"One night," he said, leaning forward, in his chair, "the German ambassador bore to the President of the French Republic an official diplomatic denial that Dreyfus had been employed as a spy, by the Emperor, by Germany, or by the German military *attaché* in Paris."

Moreover, a demand was made: and this demand? It was an imperative demand for a return of the compromising papers which had been stolen from the German embassy. Were the papers given up to Germany? Mercier averred it.

"From eight o'clock that evening until after midnight the President of the Republic, the Prime Minister, and I waited at the Elysée, to know whether war or peace would be the outcome of these negotiations. By my orders the chief of the General Staff, with many officers, waited without, ready to send off at a moment's notice the telegrams necessary for an immediate mobilization of the troops. We were within a hair's

[Concluded on pages 289 to 293]

KEEPING IN TUNE

ORISON SWETT MARDEN

NOTHING could induce Ole Bull to play in public until his violin was in perfect tune. It did not make any difference how long it took him or how uneasy his audience became, if a string stretched the least bit during a performance, even if the discord was not noticed by any one but himself, the instrument had to be put into harmony before he went on. A poorer musician would not be so particular. He would say to himself, "I will run through this piece no matter if one string is down a bit. No one may detect it but myself."

One Note of

Discord Spoils the

Concert

Great music teachers say that nothing will ruin the sensitiveness of the ear and lower the musical perception and standard so quickly as using an instrument out of tune or singing with others who cannot appreciate fine tone distinctions. The mind after a while ceases to distinguish delicate shadings of tone. The voice quickly imitates and follows the musical instrument accompanying it. The ear is deceived, and, very soon, the singer forms the habit of singing off key.

It does not matter what particular instrument you may be using in the great life orchestra, whether it be the violin, the piano, the voice, or your mind expressing itself in literature, law, medicine, or any other vocation, you cannot afford to start your concert, with the great human race for your audience, without getting it in tune.

Whatever else you may do, do not play out of tune, sing out of tune, or work out of tune. Do not let your discordant instrument spoil your ear or your mental appreciation. Familiarity with discord will wreck your success perceptions. Not even a Paderewski could win exquisite harmonies from a piano out of tune.

Mental discord is fatal to quality in work. The destructive emotions—worry, anxiety, hatred, jealousy, anger, greed, selfishness, are all deadly enemies of efficiency. A man can no more do his best work when possessed by any of these emotions than a watch can keep good time when there is friction in the bearings of its delicate mechanism. In order to keep perfect time the watch must be exquisitely adjusted. Every wheel, every cog, every bearing, every jewel must be mechanically perfect, for any defect, any trouble, any friction anywhere will make absolutely correct time impossible. The human machinery is infinitely more delicate than the mechanism of the finest chronometer and it needs regulating, needs to be put in perfect tune, adjusted to a nicety every morning before it starts on the day's run, just as a violin needs tuning before the concert begins.

The Human

Mechanism Must

Be Kept Adjusted

It is strange that men, who are very shrewd in other matters, should be so shortsighted, so ignorant, so utterly foolish in regard to the importance of keeping their marvelous, intricate and delicate mental machinery every day in tune; for harmony means efficiency, power. Many a business man drags himself wearily through a discordant day and finds himself completely exhausted at night, who would have accomplished a great deal more, with infinitely less effort, and have gone home at night in a much fresher condition if he had taken time to put himself in tune before going to his office in the morning.

The man who goes to work in the morning feeling out of sorts with everybody, in an antagonistic attitude of mind toward life, especially toward those with whom he has to deal, is in no condition to bring the maximum of his power to his task. A large percentage of his mental forces will not be available.

When will we learn that it is not the number of hours we work but the efficiency of the work done that counts? Many of us would accomplish much more in two or three hours of vigorous, effective work, when the mind is fresh and resourceful, than we could accomplish in an entire day with the whole system out of tune. It is the worst possible kind of economy to try to force good work out of a discordant instrument—tired nerves, a jaded or worried brain.

Forcing the brain to work when it is out of tune is a very shortsighted policy. It takes too much out of the human instrument. Multitudes commit suicide on many years of their lives by not keeping themselves in harmony.

One reason why the lives of so many men are thin, lean, and ineffective is because they do not rise above the thousand and one things that untune their minds, that irritate them, that annoy and worry and produce discord.

Little

Irritations Kill

Effectiveness

Many of these failures, or people who do only mediocre things, really have a great deal of ability, but they are so sensitive to friction that they cannot do effective work when it is present. If they only had some one to steer them, to plan for them, to keep discord away from them, and to help them to keep in harmony, they could do remarkable things. But the men who do great things are

obliged to acquire this "art of arts," the ability to keep in tune, in harmony themselves. No one can acquire it or exercise it for them, and no one can accomplish anything very great in this world unless he is able to do this—unless he can get out of his way, or rise superior to the thousand and one things which would irritate and distract his attention.

A great many people who are disagreeable and irritable when they are tired are very amiable and harmonious when they are rested. This ought to show them that the cause of their irritability and inharmony is nerve and brain exhaustion.

How often we see men who have become absolutely unbearable, after a year of hard work, completely revolutionized when they return from a trip abroad or a few weeks' vacation in the country! They do not seem like the same men that they were before they went away. The trifles which would throw them into a fit of passion before their vacation do not affect them at all after their return.

I know a man who is so irritable and disagreeable that an employee will not think of going to him about anything unless absolutely compelled to, because he is likely to get a storm of abuse, not because he deserves it, but because his employer always vents his biliousness on some one, usually the first one who goes near him.

What a Brief

Rest Will Do

I have seen this man go through his place of business in a perfect rage, abusing everybody in it. For years he has been the victim of his nerves. He is a slave to detail and works so hard that his jaded brain and nerve cells make him so irritable that a great deal of the time he is unable to control himself, and flies into a passion at the slightest provocation. This in spite of the fact that he is naturally a well-meaning man.

A few months of travel or a good, long vacation in the country would make a new man of him; but he thinks he cannot take time to put himself in tune, so he goes on forcing very poor work out of a very good machine, simply because it is out of harmony.

The mechanism of the mind is extremely delicate, and any of the animal passions let loose in the mental realm creates fearful havoc in a very short time.

Many of us commit suicide on precious years of our lives by all sorts of indiscretions, irregular, unscientific living, vicious habits; and many of us tear ourselves to pieces at a fearful rate with our discordant thoughts. Others again are out of tune a large part of the time because of worry—a great corrosive power which grinds the life away at a fearful rate. Anxiety wears, tears, wrenches the mental processes, and ages one rapidly.

How many men have failed of the great success which their ability prophesied because of the irritable habit, the "touchy" habit, the scolding, fretting, nagging habit!

A hot temper has cut months—yes, years, from many a precious life.

Somewhere in my travels I have seen what appeared to be a great stone face carved out of the side of a huge cliff, a face scarred and scratched by the sharp edge of gravel and sand hurled against it during the tremendous sand storms of the desert. Everywhere we see human faces scratched and scarred by tempests of passion, of anger, by chafing and fretting until the divine image is almost erased, and all power of accomplishing effective work has been destroyed.

How little we realize the tremendous power there is in harmony! How little we appreciate the fact that it makes all the difference in the world in our life-work whether we are balanced and serene, or are continually wrought up, full of discords and errors, and harassed with all sorts of perplexing, vicious things!

If we could only learn the art of keeping ourselves in harmony we could multiply our effectiveness many times and add many years to our lives. A man feels like a giant when his mind is perfectly poised, when his mental processes are running smoothly and nothing is troubling him. On the other hand, gravel in the shoe would make a Webster a fourth-rate orator.

I have seen a great statesman shorn of his power and made perfectly miserable by gnats and mosquitoes. He could not think. It took all of his time to fight these little pests. He could not use half of his great mental powers.

The efficiency of the great majority of business and professional men is seriously marred by the little irritating annoyances. The first thing, then, to do in order to make your life-work effective, is to get your instrument in tune and to keep it in tune. The moment it is out of tune stop playing; tune your instrument.

You will not lose half as much time if you do it promptly as if you put it off, to say nothing of the great injury caused the instrument by playing out of tune, and the suffering inflicted on yourself and those

[Concluded on pages 302 and 303]

The Inside at Washington

The People's Senator

THE country at large is coming to realize that about the most useful man in the Senate is Robert Marion La Follette. He is particularly useful to the people, because he makes his colleagues go on record. There is one thing above all others that the average Senator delights to do; there is likewise one thing he abhors. He delights in the sound of his own voice in the Senate chamber, particularly if the galleries chance to be filled with "Seeing Washington" patriots. On the other hand, the average Senator shuns a yea and nay roll call. Particularly is this so since the junior Senator from Wisconsin began to explain these yea and nay roll calls to a curious country.

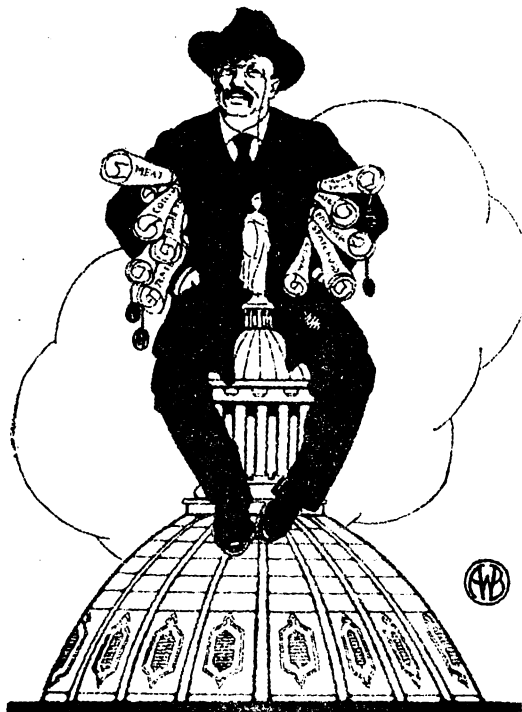
By virtue of Senator La Follette's hard fighting qualities, what is known as the Hours of Service Bill passed the Senate on January 10. This bill is designed to protect the traveling public from railroad accidents, by limiting the hours of labor of railroad employees. The bill, as it came from the Committee on Education and Labor, was as kind to the railroads as certain Senators dared make it. The measure was further crippled in the Senate. But, at the psychological moment, Senator La Follette offered his clear and consistent substitute, and, to the surprise of those who had been telling how the Wisconsin Senator was to be hazed, the La Follette substitute was adopted.

Shall the Railroads Grab the Government Coal Lands?

THE disposition to be made of the mineral fuel lands in the United States, which occupied the attention of Congress during the short session, is a question of great moment, and one to which the Senate might better have devoted its time than in the fruitless discussion of the Brownsville affray. During the last days of January, the action of President Roosevelt in withdrawing from entry and sale upwards of forty-five millions of acres of the public domain underlain with coal, lignite, petroleum, and gas was severely criticised on the floor of the Senate by Senators Carter and Heyburn and other Republican Senators representing some of the far Western States. While their colleagues indulged in criticisms, Senators La Follette and Nelson applied themselves to the task of devising legislation which would make safe and sane disposition of the mineral fuels remaining in the public domain. Each of these Senators introduced bills, the purpose of which is to retain in the Government the title to the mineral fuels.

The criticism made of the action of the President in withdrawing the mineral lands has been to the effect that the withdrawal has retarded the agricultural development of the West. The La Follette Bill, the most comprehensive measure introduced to deal with the question, provides that the Government shall retain the title to all of the mineral fuel rights; that it shall permit of the entry and sale of the surface under the present laws; but that the sale of the surface conveys no right to the minerals which may be found upon or under it. It provides for licensing those who wish to mine, and hedges about, with stringent provisions, not only the business of mining, but the disposition of the product. It not only prohibits common carriers from acquiring any license to mine, but it also prohibits one individual from holding a lease to more than one mining area of thirty-two hundred acres, and prohibits combinations between licensees as to ownership, operation, or disposition of the product.

In his criticism of the President and the Department of the Interior, Senator Heyburn said: "We draft our laws too loosely; we stop short



While the editors are unable to publish the name of the author of "The Inside at Washington," they beg to announce that he has intimate connection with the most important men in the highest walks of Washington political life, and that his associations lead him into the deepest channels of exclusive information. A great deal of the so-called "news" that comes from Washington, now published in the daily press, is doctored so as to hoodwink the public. What you read in this department is absolutely reliable and trustworthy, and is written by a man who lives close to the heart of the "inside"

of completion, 'subject to such rules and regulations as the Secretary of the Interior may write.' We are getting to be a government by rules and regulations."

The La Follette Bill meets this criticism, in that it leaves little to regulation, but makes those matters that are usually left subject to the regulations of administrative officers matters of fixed laws.

This was by far the most important question before the last session. Shall the railroads be permitted to gobble up these valuable coal lands, or shall the Government retain the title thereto? If the mineral rights remain in the Federal Government, in case of a coal strike the Government could supply the needs of the people. But the Senate would not legislate.

The Value of Lecturing

THE work that Senator La Follette is doing on the lecture platform is the kind that counts. It strikes home. The effect of the reading of the record—a most unusual thing and entirely at discord with "Senatorial courtesy"—is felt right in the Senate. To illustrate: On the day following the vote on the Hours of Service Bill a certain Republican Senator, who would have been a statesman had he received his training in a different atmosphere, approached the junior Senator from Wisconsin. The Tory was evidently perturbed, and was deadly in earnest.

"How did I vote on your substitute, Senator?" he inquired.

"You voted against it," replied Mr. La Follette.

"Did I?" meekly asked the Tory. "If I did, I did n't intend to. It was one of those inexplicable instances where a man thinks one way and votes another."

"I am glad you told me," said the Wisconsin Senator. "You know I have a habit of reading the records, and I don't want to do any man an injustice."

"You must n't do me an injustice," pleaded the Tory. "You ought to know, from remarks I made to you when the bill was debated, that I am in entire sympathy with the legislation."

And this Tory Senator is regarded by some as of Presidential timber.

The War Scare

THE Immigration Bill passed both houses of Congress at the long session, and was in conference for over eight months. Such a delay is most unusual and, it might be added, inexcusable; yet, through a clause inserted, the administration was enabled to free the country from a serious difficulty. By the passport clause of the new immigration law, the President has the power which will operate to exclude Japanese laborers and coolies from the United States. This is what the labor unions of the Pacific Coast have been clamoring for; it was the crux of the Japanese school question.

Two results are expected to follow. In the first place, San Francisco will admit the Japanese to her schools. It should be remembered that there is not, on an average, one Japanese to a school in the city. In the nation's capital, far removed from the Pacific Coast, two Japanese are admitted to the public school attended by President Roosevelt's sons.

While the United States no longer discriminates against her subjects in the matter of schools, Japan is expected to negotiate a supplemental treaty, wherein exclusion of Japanese laborers and coolies will be agreed to. Then there will exist not the slightest cause for war—provided noisy labor agitators cease their insane talk. There has never been any real danger of war, although war was a possibility if there had been no abatement of the San Francisco troubles.

A Press Agent for the Fairbanks Boom

THE Legislative, Executive, and Judicial Appropriation Bill, as it came from the Senate Committee on Appropriations, and later passed the Senate, contained an amendment, added by Congress, raising the salary of the private secretary to the Vice President from \$2,220 to \$4,000 a year. It is understood that this increase in salary was made by the committee at the request of Vice President Fairbanks. Congress for years has voted an extra month's pay to each of the employees which means that the real compensation for the private secretary to the Vice President will amount to \$4,333.33 a year. Secretary Loeb, overburdened with work, receives only \$5,000 a year.

This item should have read: "For the salary of one press agent for the Fairbanks Presidential boom—\$4,000."

The Vice President is not an overworked public officer. His private secretary, so far as official duties are concerned, need not necessarily be active. But Mr. Fairbanks will begin an active personal canvass for the Presidency now that Congress has adjourned, and he has work for a press agent. He looked for one for several months, and offered the position of "private secretary" to several newspaper men of recognized ability, who declined the place because the salary was too small. So the Vice President had the salary raised, and then selected his press agent.

On the day that he took the oath as Vice President, Mr. Fairbanks had his son Frederick sworn in as his private secretary. Congress adjourned the same day, and the young man drew the salary for several months, the salary checks being sent

to him at a pleasure resort, until some of the newspapers called attention to the prevalence of nepotism in the Senate, including the case of the Vice President. Thereupon Mr. Fairbanks made announcement that his son was acting only temporarily and would retire from the rolls October 1. Since then the Vice President has been looking about for a secretary, while the duties of the position have been discharged by his stenographer.

Some people wonder why Mr. Fairbanks requires the services of a press agent. The splendidly organized "publicity departments" of the railroads are at his disposal, for the Vice President is the railroad candidate. Charles Warren Fairbanks is the choice of E. H. Harriman.

Exit Brownsville

THE United States Senate, for about half of the short session, entertained the opinion, apparently, that it was a body organized for the sole purpose of directing attention to a Texas town of six thousand inhabitants, known as Brownsville, the site of Fort Brown, where were stationed the three discharged companies of the 25th Infantry.

The constitutional debate ended on January 22, with a "home run," as Senator McCumber expressed it, for the Democratic leader, Senator Blackburn. Senator Foraker, detractor of the President, deserted by his brother Tories in the Senate, was forced to offer a substitute resolution, which ordered an investigation "without questioning the legality or justice of any act of the President." Brownsville will soon be forgotten, but before it passes into limbo, certain facts about this preposterous debate should be emphasized.

That the President, in the discharge of the colored troops, acted within his legal and constitutional authority is unquestioned. Such lawyers as Knox, Spooner, Culberson, and Bacon, Senators of both parties, agreed that the Executive had not exceeded his constitutional authority. It was left to "Don Quixote" (J. B. Foraker) and "Sancho Panza" (B. R. Tillman) to attack the position of the President, but to no avail.

It is also fair to say that, in presenting additional evidence to the Senate, the President was entirely justified in making the following statement:

The evidence, as will be seen, shows, beyond any possibility of honest question, that some individuals among the colored troops whom I have dismissed committed the outrages mentioned; and that some or all of the other individuals whom I dismissed had knowledge of the deed and shielded from the law those who committed it.

In this department, a month ago, reference was made to the influences behind the fight on the President. Since then, in the most brilliant speech of the entire Brownsville debate, Senator Carmack, of Tennessee, hurled these remarks at Senator Foraker and his Tory colleagues, and there was no reply:

The President has brought the great railways and trusts and corporations to recognize that there are such things as law and government in this country. Helpless under the compelling force of public opinion that he has arrayed behind him, his party leaders have yielded, snarling and reluctant, but biding time and opportunity to strike, just as the dog that is compelled to fight will

"snatch at the master that doth tarre him on." This is but the beginning of a fight to break the power of the only leader of the Republican Party who ever arrayed it against the enemies of the people. It is an effort to put the party back into its old position, to renew its old alliances, to make peace with its old friends, and establish again its covenant with the plunderers and oppressors of the American people. Mr. President, the issue has been forced. President Roosevelt must fight the course; and I say to Senators upon the other side of the chamber, you must take your alternative; you must either renominate Theodore Roosevelt or you must give us back our platform.

Senator Carmack is not far wrong. At the close of the long session the Tories of the Senate were docile. They remained in a respectful attitude toward the President until *after* the fall election. Then, his indorsement no longer needed, they assumed an arrogance that was positively terrifying. But the result of the Brownsville debate proves beyond question that these enemies of Roosevelt and of the people, who impertinently refer to themselves as "the Republican Party," are again eating out of the Executive's hand.

The Menace of "Jim" Hill

ONE of the Senators from the Northwest, a self-made man, whose vitriolic attack on the packers—after the Meat Inspection Bill was framed up—is still remembered, recently disapproved of an award of the Post Office Department. A mail contract in his State had been given to the Great Northern Railway, whereas, in the opinion of the militant Senator, the contract should have gone to a road which is not yet merged in the Hill system. The Senator from the Northwest took the matter to the President. He asserted most vehemently that the award was an outrage, and that the Post Office Department should be overruled.

"But, Mr. President," concluded the brave Senator, "I must not appear in this matter. 'Jim' Hill is a powerful man and I cannot afford to incur his enmity."

Unconsciously—or perhaps most generously—the Senator from the Northwest was paying a tribute to Roosevelt's temerity.

A Tip On Knox

"WE ARE for Fairbanks," declared one of the vice presidents of the Standard Oil bank.

"If I give you certain vital reasons why Fairbanks can never be elected President of the United States," said the visitor, "would it make any difference in your attitude?"

"It would. We want a winner."

The vital reasons were given, and the Standard Oil banker promptly replied:

"If what you say is true, and it can be shown, then Fairbanks is out of it. In that case—"

The banker thought a while, and then he said:

"I'll give you a tip: watch the Knox boom!"

A Senator of Wondrous Mind

"I CAN conceive of cases—cases involving questions of legislation, questions of political or governmental policy—where the demands of the people should not only be heeded, but should be obeyed."—Senator Sutherland, of Utah.

Indeed!

To the Beautiful Hills

By FRANK L. STANTON

THE beautiful hills—they are far away,

But I'll stand on the heights, 'mid the lights, some day!

Though the road be long, and the dim night falls,

Ever a Voice through the darkness calls:

"On, and on,
To the hills of Dawn—
On, and on!"

They say, on the hills of the days and years,

The great stars shine through a storm of tears;

But still this word to this soul of mine:

"Tears, or tempests, they shine!—they shine!"

On, and on
To the hills of Dawn—
On, and on!"

And courage is high, and faith is strong,

And my heart keeps time to that onward song!

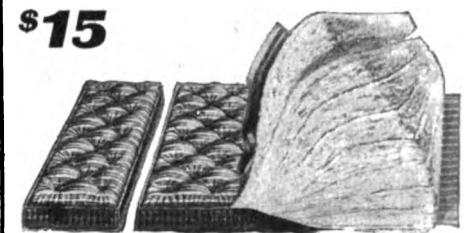
For the heavens know it—the world it thrills:

"To the beautiful hills—to the beautiful hills!"

On, and on,
To the hills of Dawn—
On, and on!"

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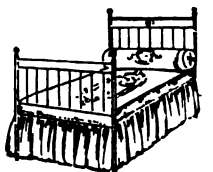


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BROOKS SYSTEM

Stenographic Success and How to Obtain It

By ROBERT F. ROSE

NOTE:—The writer of this article, Mr. Robert F. Rose, was the official reporter of the Democratic National convention of 1900, and was also official reporter traveling with and reporting the speeches of Hon. William J. Bryan in the memorable campaigns of 1896 and 1900.

Absolute Competency Necessary

THERE is but one way that I know of in which to win success through shorthand, whether in the commercial world or as a shorthand reporter. It is the competent man or woman stenographer in a business house who sufficiently attracts the attention of the head of the house to insure advancement. In shorthand reporting, where thousands are made each year, none but the competent shorthand writer has any opportunity to succeed.

And competency in shorthand cannot be imparted unless the instructors are competent. Every young man and woman contemplating taking up this work, should study the methods whereby others have succeeded, and profit by their experience.

During the last month an investigation has been carried on by the Grand Jury in Fond du Lac, Wis. This was reported by Joseph M. Carney, a twenty-four year old expert reporter. In the fifteen days in which this investigating body has been in session, Mr. Carney earned more than the ordinary, half-taught stenographer receives for a year's work.

How J. M. Carney Learned Shorthand

Joseph M. Carney learned shorthand by home study, having as his instructors the expert reporters who are at the head of the Success Shorthand School, of Chicago and New York. He is capable of earning thousands each year because of his knowledge of expert stenography.

Mr. Carney is but one of hundreds of these well-paid expert reporters throughout the country who have been made competent by the experts at the head of this school. Among others is Mr. Clyde H. Marshall, of the Law Reporting Company, of New York, which company has been reporting the Thaw case in that city. James A. Lord, the official reporter at Waco, Tex., recently earned \$1,282 in a single month, and he is another graduate of that school.

Three years ago last September the immense court reporting firm of Walton, James & Ford—a firm doing a business of \$100,000 a year writing shorthand—established the Success Shorthand School to teach expert shorthand. January 1st a branch school was opened in New York, and in charge is Mr. Frank R. Hanna, an expert reporter of Washington, who reported the Anthracite Coal Strike Commission's Investigation, for which he was paid \$50,000 for a little less than three months' work. Shorthand is taught by correspondence and in personal schools in Chicago and New York by people who have succeeded and who teach others how to succeed. Here is the record of some of their graduates—and there are hundreds of others who have been instructed in the higher art of shorthand by correspondence:

F. C. Eastman, official court reporter, Warsaw, N. Y.
Dudley M. Kent, official reporter, Colorado, Texas. Position worth \$5,000.00 a year.

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The "Whys" of Cookery BREAD



The Art of Making It

By ISABEL GORDON CURTIS

Illustrated by Charles Sarka



In every cooking school the first lessons deal with plain

teacher at the end of a lesson gives half an hour to ques-

disbes, such foods as we must have in every-day living. I intend to follow the same method in our SUCCESS MAGAZINE COOKING SCHOOL. After mastering the secrets of how to make good bread, how to cook meat, vegetables, cereals, and all sorts of common disbes, in the best way possible, we may go on to fancy disbes. Then—every cooking

tions—that is what I want SUCCESS MAGAZINE housewives to do. If there is some point I have not made quite clear, if there is some utensil you want to know about, something connected with the lesson or outside it, ask your questions. I will help you out of any difficulty as well as I can.—I. G. C.

BEFORE planning these lessons, I looked over hundreds of the letters that come to an editor, and assorted them, to discover what seems to be the universal need. I found as many questions about making bread as about all other subjects put together; that of course was decisive. I can not understand why good homemade bread is not the rule rather than the exception in America, because the American housewife has the wherewithal that few countries possess, for the making of bread; she has the best flour in the world,—that which comes from Minnesota mills,—the best yeast, and by far the best stoves for baking bread. Still—here are the questions that are asked constantly of every magazine, of every teacher: "Why does my bread sour?—or crack?—or bake with a pale, hard crust? or have a great hole in the center?—or mold?" or—"Why will it not keep its shape when made into rolls, but run all together?" When such questions are asked, you can arrive at only one conclusion: the baker does not know *why* she does certain things, if she did there would be no failures. Given good flour, good yeast, the proper amount of liquid, and an understanding of what is happening to these ingredients under certain conditions and at a proper temperature, then poor bread would be unknown. I have eaten at many tables where there were well-cooked meats, vegetables, soups, and *entrées*, delicious salads, and desserts but—poor bread. Sometimes the bread was made by a servant, sometimes by the mistress of the house. Both had begun at the wrong end; they had given time and study to foods which are of second importance.

Tests for Good Flour

First in every household is demanded—good bread. Not hit-and-miss bread; fair at one baking, poor at another, but a sweet, wholesome, nutty-flavored loaf, beautiful, chestnut brown all over, and so perfectly baked as to be palatable when ten days old. In this lesson, I will tell you, as simply as possible, how such bread can be made.

First, let us think of our flour. One of the worst extravagances is cheap flour. The very best flour is the cheapest; it makes the finest bread, it contains the largest amount of nutrition, and it produces twice the quantity of wholesome bread that cheap flour does. In nearly every pantry, you find two brands of flour, usually we call them bread flour and pastry flour. It is possible to make fair pastry and good cake from bread flour, but it is hard to make good bread from pastry flour. You can apply three tests to flour to discover whether it will make good bread: first, it should be of a creamy color; second, it will cake slightly when gathered up into the hand, falling apart in a gritty sort of way when the fingers are released; third, its wetting capacity is very different from poor flour, one quart of first class bread flour absorbing about one and a half cups of water. Frequently I am asked, What do you consider the best brand of flour on the market? There are so many good brands, that my advice is, before purchasing a barrel or even half a barrel, buy a bagful, try one sort after another, use the same yeast, and the same care with mixing, raising, and baking. Presently you will discover with what flour you have the best success, then stick to that brand.

As for yeasts; none is better than compressed yeast, which can be found fresh every day even in the smallest village. If it has been kept too long, it will begin to show dark streaks, have a strong odor, and it will not

break clean. Let us stop for a minute to study the properties of yeast and its action when mixed with flour and a liquid, then it will be much easier to understand what is happening during the process of bread making. If you can look at a drop of yeast under a microscope, you would see a mass of tiny, rounded cells. You can imagine how tiny they are, when I tell you there are fifty billion cells in a two-cent yeast cake.

The Part Oxygen Plays

Each cell is a minute sac filled with watery matter, and while you watch it you may see new cells budding out of the old ones. Yeast is the same fungus, which finds its way into cans of fruit that have not been hermetically sealed, into maple sirup or any sweet liquid which is not properly protected from the air. Then, given a warm temperature and sugar for the creation of oxygen, it begins to work, as every housewife knows to her sorrow. The same working process is what we invite, when we set bread with yeast. It will not begin its work until it has been given sugar, heat, and moisture. It thrives best at 78°; you can make it work more quickly by raising the temperature, but when it reaches 130° it is blighted, just as a plant dies in an overheated room. Now, you know what happens when you set your bread pan near a hot stove or register; the "yeast has been killed." It is almost impossible, however, to kill yeast with cold. I have thawed it very gradually more than once and made excellent bread from it. You know how slowly bread rises after it has been chilled by a cold night. Still it will rise, for the growth of the yeast was simply brought to a standstill.

In chemistry, a name which means sugar fungus, has been given to yeast. It needs, you remember, air as well as moisture to make it grow, and when sugar is at hand, it will supply itself with some of the oxygen contained in it. Oxygen is what is required to raise every dough or batter; so frequently bread recipes call for a tablespoonful of sugar. Sugar is not, a necessity, however, because yeast changes the starch in flour into sugar. It is needed only when the yeast is none too lively and requires a bit of help. Immediately when yeast goes into the batter, which is the first step in bread making, a chemical change which we call fermentation begins to take place. We help the yeast to begin work by hard beating of the batter, then by kneading the dough, for both of these processes tend not only to mix the ingredients thoroughly but also to inclose air; the longer the beating and kneading the more air is inclosed, and the spongier becomes your bread.

Making the Dough

The first step in bread making, as in all cookery, is to get together every thing necessary in utensils and materials. The utensils we need are a bread pan with a close fitting, ventilated cover, a measuring cup, a wire spoon for beating the batter, a slitted wooden spoon to stir with, and a molding cloth. The molding cloth is a square yard of heavy duck or sail cloth; it is much superior to the smooth surface of a wooden molding board, because considerable flour can be sifted into the rough surface of the fabric. It holds the flour and there is no sticking of soft dough. As the flour works into the dough, sift in more, rubbing it into the cloth with your hand. When you have finished work shake it, fold the cloth, and lay it away until needed again. It can be used a number of times before being washed;



"Don't beat the life out of the dough"

when it has to go to the laundry, soak it for an hour in cold water and rinse several times before putting in the suds; hot water would turn the flour into dough, then it would be no easy task to get it clean.

Sift into a pan four or five quarts of flour, and set it either over the register or in a moderate oven to warm, unless you are working in midsummer. Cold flour will always retard the rising of bread. Scald one pint of milk and pour it into the bread pan over two teaspoonfuls of salt. Add a pint of cold water, then one yeast cake, thoroughly dissolved in half a cup of lukewarm water. To this liquid add seven or eight cups of warm flour, and beat the batter thoroughly with a wire spoon. Do not stop beating till the batter is a mass of bubbles. Then take the slitted spoon and begin adding more flour till you have a soft dough. When it becomes too stiff to stir, dust plenty of flour into the molding cloth, rubbing it into the fabric; till it will hold no more. Gather the dough into a ball, and drop it on the cloth. Now begin to knead, folding the edge of the dough farthest from you toward the center, pressing it away with the palms, gently yet quickly. The process of kneading has more to do with good bread than almost anything else. In a cooking school I have seen pieces of the same dough, raised in the same temperature, baked in the same oven, yield two entirely different qualities of bread. One loaf was molded by an energetic, strong-muscled girl, whose kneading was so strenuous that all the life had been banged out of it. The other loaf was kneaded by a girl whose every movement was grace; she used her hands deftly, lightly, and briskly. Her bread was as fine as bread could be made, a spongy, delicious, well-shaped loaf. So, remember, it is not brute force that tells in kneading; it is steady, light, springy, dexterous movements, which distribute the yeast plant evenly through the dough and inclose all the air it is possible to get. As you work, you can see how the air is doing its duty, for the dough becomes full of little bubbles and blisters. When it is smooth as satin, elastic, does not stick, and is so spongy that it rises quickly after denting it with your finger, it is ready to set to rise. Wash the bread pan and grease it well, even inside the lid, this makes the dough slip out cleanly after the next rising. Put on the cover and set the pan in a warm place. When it has doubled in bulk, drop it again on the floured molding cloth, and shape it into loaves.

An Experiment in Temperature

One day I was showing a Swedish maid, who knew but little English, what was happening to bread dough after it had been well kneaded. I dropped pieces of the dough, each about the size of an egg, into three glass measuring cups and covered two of them with tin lids. The other I left exposed to the air. Each glass was set in water of a different temperature. We tested them with a thermometer. In one basin the mercury went up to 160°; that bit of dough was practically dead within an hour; it showed a few spasmodic bubbles, then it stopped rising and, when turned out, it fell from the glass heavy as lead. A similar fate seemed in store for the dough that stood in water at a temperature of 32°, but after an hour or two it was transferred to water which registered 78°. Then it began slowly to come to life. The glass of dough, which began its career in water we kept continuously at 78°, proved so interesting, that Freida neglected her other work to watch it. In less than an hour it had risen past the half mark on the measuring cup and kept rising. Little bubbles were forming, they swelled bigger and bigger, just as a soap bubble does, though of course not so quickly. When one bubble grew to a respectable size, little bubbles burst from it on every side just as the minute cells bud from a larger yeast cell.

Bread That Hens Sneered At

This went on till the dough was trying to raise the tin lid on top. When I cut it down with a knife, and the airy bubbles disappeared, Freida's eager face clouded. But the glass was returned to the warm water and activity began as before. The dough in the glass that had been left uncovered, crusted into a thick skin, which was almost impossible to knead out, it left hard lumps and streaks. With this glassful I made another experiment. It was lifted from the water, and set on a plate near the stove, where it kept rising till it was a frothy sponge, spilling all over the sides. Presently it began to smell sour. I had not Swedish enough to explain to the ignorant Freida that the ferment in the bread which must be stopped at just the right point, was now turning from an alcoholic to an acetic fermentation. Only—Freida had a nose and eyes and she understood. We baked both our samples in glass cups to watch what was happening while they were in the oven and when she tasted them she certainly learned the difference between sweet bread and sour. The bread, which had already soured before baking, had a second injustice done it. I put it in the oven when



Homemade difficulties

our loaves had just begun to brown and the heat was being decreased. It rose to an incredible height, baking with a pale crust and was so sour that the hens actually looked askance at it. After that Freida used the thermometer at every turn of bread making so religiously that it was almost funny; still she became the best bread maker I ever had in my kitchen. She simply saw by these simple demonstrations what processes made bread poor, then she guarded against them, doing the right thing at the right minute.

As soon as the dough has doubled in bulk, turn it out again on a slightly floured molding cloth, and knead into shape for loaves. This second kneading is a slight one, only enough to prepare it for the pans and get rid of any large air bubbles which, if left in, would mean holes in the bread. Have the pans greased, using a butter brush which penetrates to every corner. Always make small loaves; generally the right size can be guessed at by having each pan half full of dough. I like bread baked in the round or French bread pans. The crust of it is exceedingly good, the loaf cuts into neat slices, not a bit of bread being wasted, and it gets baked to a nicety without any danger of burning. In rectangular pans, the dough in the corners does not have room to fully expand. When large brick loaves are made, it is almost impossible to bake them to the heart unless the crust gets very thick and hard. If heat does not penetrate to the center of a loaf, yeast may remain alive and when it ferments in the stomach there is good cause for serious indigestion.

Proper Oven Heat

After the bread is in the pans we have to find a proper place for it to rise. In the summer I set it in a sunny window which, of course, is closed, for a draft on rising bread hurts it. During the winter, the bread goes on a shelf, close to the kitchen chimney, behind the stove. The shelf is covered with white oilcloth and just wide enough for four pans. When set to rise, the loaves are covered with cloths made from old table linen. These are kept laundered and never used except on baking days. A question I am often asked is: "How do you know when bread has risen enough, so it ought to be put in the oven?" This is one of the most important points about bread making. I might tell you to let it rise for an hour, only time depends so much upon temperature. I might suggest that it be allowed to become doubled in bulk, but even that is not a sure test.

The only one I ever use is to keep "hefting" it, as a New England cook would say. The loaf will keep on for an hour or so, being of quite good weight, then all of a sudden it *feels* light. Pop it in a hot oven. Strange as it may seem, a row of pans, filled with bread at the same time, which have stood in the same temperature, will seldom "heft" light at the same minute. I have seen half an hour of difference between the time three or four pans were ready to go in the oven.

Nearly every cook book gives a different test for the proper heat of the oven. It ought to register 360° but, as few cooks use a thermometer, you may go by this test. Sprinkle a teaspoonful of flour on the oven bottom and, if it browns in five minutes, the oven is just right for the bread. If it grows chestnut brown in that time, cool the oven or your bread will crust too quickly. When the loaves are in, watch them; if you see one throwing up an awkward ridge or hump anywhere, you may know that corner of the oven is too hot, and the bread is rising faster than it ought to do. Do not let one loaf touch another; the dough will run together if they do. Then when they are pulled apart, there is not only an unsightly loaf but a heavy streak in the bread. If the oven is just right, it will begin to brown in fifteen minutes, then it will not rise farther. Then, cool the oven slightly; if you are using a gas stove, turn out one of the oven burners, and let the baking go on moderately till the bread has been in for an hour.

Take out the well-brown loaves, turn them immediately out of the pans, brush over the crust with a

[Concluded on page 271]

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Her Spending Money

By Marion Foster Washburne

Illustrated by ALBERT DE FORD PITNEY



MARION FOSTER WASHBURNE



SISTER and I had just returned from the Whittacre's wedding and were sitting before the fire toasting our toes and the scallops on the edges of our best silk petticoats. Of course, we were talking about the young people, and we had no sooner got fairly into the swing of our discussion than in came Mrs. Alden and Mrs. Becker, who had returned home from the same festivity and were not quite ready to settle down to everyday duties. In truth, we were all glad to relieve our feelings by gentle gossip. I don't know why it is that weddings always stir me up, but they do. It is hard to settle down to a gray, workaday world, after a glimpse of the lovely possibilities that always seem about to become realities under the soft lights, the music, the fragrance, and the holiness of a wedding.

"They always make me sad," said Mrs. Alden, who inclines to be plaintive; "there is such a gap between the promise and the performance! If, for instance, I could only believe that Jack Whittacre would keep his beautiful vows and endow Mildred with all his worldly goods, I might feel better. But he won't keep that vow, nor, perhaps, that other about cherishing. I don't suppose he even noticed that he promised that. I am sure most men seem to be astonished and irate when they are reminded of it."

"I wonder what would happen if one should undertake to sue a man for non-performance when he refused to give her twenty-five dollars for an Easter bonnet, after promising before witnesses to give her every cent he had?" murmured sister. She is n't married, and we seldom pay any attention to her, in discussions of this sort. She is an extremist, anyhow,—at least, so my husband says.

"She looked so most beautiful," said Mrs. Becker, who keeps her German sentimentality. "If he could not get her as a wife any other way, for certain would he give her all he has. But well he knows that she cares not for his gold,—not to-day. She cares for him alone."

"Yes, to-day, and as long as the *trousseau* is fresh," said I, "but then she will enjoy a little money to spend. The question is, how will he act? It's most likely, I think, they will have their first trouble on that subject."

"It's just awful, the way the kindest men turn cross and mean and even cruel when they are asked for money," Mrs. Alden murmured.

"Or how nagging and mean and ungrateful and preposterous a woman can be when she wants something and has to get it by dint of badgering some poor man. If he knew as much as I do, he'd give up at once." This was sister. "What is mere man, anyhow, to stand between woman and her heart's desires? Of course, the stronger her desires, the more difficult will be his position, and if, in some way, he does n't satisfy those desires or reform them, he might as well turn over all he has to her first as last. To induce him to do so, then, becomes her first business in life; and, as he has something else to do and she has n't, she is almost sure to beat him, no matter how strong he is."

We all laughed at this, perhaps a trifle guiltily. "I'm sure I don't believe a man always has the worst of it," protested Mrs. Alden. "He can always bang the front door and go off down-town and leave you to your misery; and you have to be very vain, indeed, or desperately in need of money, to renew the attack when he comes home at night. Usually, I think, you are glad to have peace at any price and finally find yourself taking, with a humble 'Thank you!' about half the amount you originally asked for. Then you have to skimp in all sorts of ways to make it go round. The worst of that is that if you succeed your reward is not praise for your ingenuity, but permission to do the same or a harder stunt next time. I know a man whose wife, during a period of extreme financial stringency, performed positive miracles in making over old clothes; and, five years afterwards, every time she wanted a new

frock, he told her that he was sure, if she would search the trunks and piece-bag, she would find that she could make out on what she had. He would let her have a sewing-woman come in by the day, and here was a dollar or two for extras!"

"Where is that half dollar I gave you last week?" quoted Mrs. Becker. "Oh, these men! The way they can

pretend to be generous when they are most stingy, that is what makes me so mad I have to speak in two languages at once."

"Well, it's just about as bad when they are really generous," said I. "There's a case in point,—that lovely Mrs. Dickenson. You all remember what a state she was in, trying to untangle her money matters after her husband's sudden death. He was lavish to a fault while he lived, giving her *carte-blanc* at the big shops and handing her out big bills for spending money much as one would give candy to a petted child. He was n't really so very rich, either, as we found when he died,—just had a growing, good business which he might have nursed into wealth had he lived longer. Well, I happen to know what that dear little woman went through, trying to live on the interest of his \$50,000 life insurance. All the rest went in settling up the business. She had her two children to care for and educate, and a habit of living without any regard at all for expense. She really suffered. I felt that he had done her a great injustice; though, of course, he thought he was being tremendously kind."

"The ideal," said sister, positively,—she does the moralizing for all of us; we are usually too busy with the actual situation to draw any morals—"the ideal is neither generosity nor miserliness, but simple justice. Why should n't that reign between man and wife as well as elsewhere? If I were married I should be ashamed to ask for any more than that, and *entirely unwilling*"—and she set her old-maid lips (those lips, of an untamed, unmarried woman, which, I notice, my husband occasionally dreads,)—"entirely unwilling to put up with any less. I would never *appeal* to a man's love to get money out of him—nor nag him, nor give him a chance to suspect that I was working him."

"What would you do?" said Mrs. Alden, curiously. "I'd earn the money myself," said she. "Oh!—Oh!—No, I don't think you would," we murmured about the fire, nodding sagely at each other in our consciousness of superior experience.

"Why not?" cried sister, growing warm; "Mrs. Scott does."

"Mrs. Scott?"

we questioned.

"Our washerwoman," explained sister. "Mr. Scott makes good wages; he is a night watchman at the freight yards, but he is close, and they are buying their home. She likes pretty things; so she earns them by doing my washing, and one or two others. She does it beautifully, too."

"He might as well turn over all to her first as last"



"She is n't married"



"Where is that half dollar I gave you last week?"



"He might as well turn over all to her first as last"

"And Mr. Scott,—is he not sorry and ashamed?" asked Mrs. Becker. "He, a live man, to let his wife work as if he was dead already!"

"I believe they do have some rows over it, and that he is a little sore. But she'd be sore the other way, and I don't see but it's just as fair that he should be sore."

"Short of that extreme,—though I think that, sometimes, it might be a good way, especially when there really is n't money enough to go around,"—said I, "there are some rules I've found good. We're all agreed that it is a sore topic. Perhaps it is so because all the world is sore on money. There's something wrong, and we all feel it. Not only is it at home that money destroys peace, but everywhere else. Until we get economic justice everywhere I suspect that we shall not get it at home, either. The very poor suffer so much for lack of money that it is no wonder they quarrel over it in the unrestraint of domestic privacy. The very rich suffer from too much. Sometimes I think that the greed that works for graft among men is just as strong among women, only there it shows as a passion for the possession of innumerable costly things. Anyway, those who have so much money that they can gratify many desires seem merely to grow more and more desirous; and the middle people, envying them, imitate as well as they can, and hobble along greedily, pushing each other out of the way, trying to get the things the rich people have or to contrive good imitations. Look at all our frilly silk petticoats, here around the fire,—and there's not one of us rich."

"You said you had some rules," said gentle Mrs. Alden, pulling down her dress.

"Oh, yes. Well, they don't go to the bottom of things at all, but they help alleviate a difficult situation. In the first place never mention money matters when you are in a hurry. Remember, all the time, that it is a sore spot you are approaching, and get yourself as well in hand as possible before approaching it. Of course, then, you won't discuss money before breakfast,—that deadly time when all matrimonial miasmas rise; nor yet when the children are clamoring, even though the need of money for some special object be the cause of their clamor. And, third, and most important, some day, when you don't want money, and when there is, if possible, enough on hand to reduce the soreness to a minimum, come to a definite understanding with your husband as to the general principles of division between you."

"Years ago. John and I threshed out this matter. Of course we had some heartaches over it, but we recovered because we really wished to deal justly. We wished that more than he wanted to keep his money or than I wanted to spend it. So we decided to make an absolutely equal division. He was to have half of the income and pay half of the expenses; I was to have the other half and pay the other half of the expenses. If I undertook the oversight of more than half of the expenses (as has, in fact, happened,) I was to have a share in the income exactly proportioned to the share of the expenses. We drew up this agreement in regular contract form and signed it and had it witnessed. John was a little impatient of these formalities and did not believe that we could really carry out the contract in detail, but I was anxious to get the principle established. I felt that, when once that was openly and definitely acknowledged, it would work itself into details, and so it has. We never refer to that document any more, though we did at first. I take nearly all expenses except house rent, taxes, insurance, lights, heat, and the telephone. He deducts a sum sufficient for these from the income we agree to live upon, keeps a set sum for his personal expenses, and I get the rest."

"Then it is he who is on an allowance," said Mrs. Becker. "My husband, he would never stand that. He takes all the expenses except clothing and marketing, and I get the allowance for myself."

"That's just as fair," said sister, who, I was thrilled to observe, actually approved of this conjugal arrangement of mine. "The point is, I think, to come to a clear, definite understanding of some sort or other. In any business, if the buyer should work in almost total ignorance of what the firm was doing, or if the firm should fling a certain sum over to the buyer and tell him to get along on that the best way he could, there would soon be disaster. A woman ought to know enough of her husband's business affairs to be an intelligent coöperator, and a man ought to know enough of the household affairs to be neither indifferent nor indulgent."



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Wouldn't you like to know that *never again* would you have filthy Kerosene Lamps to clean and fill, wicks to trim, chimneys to wipe, and the permanent dread of fire?

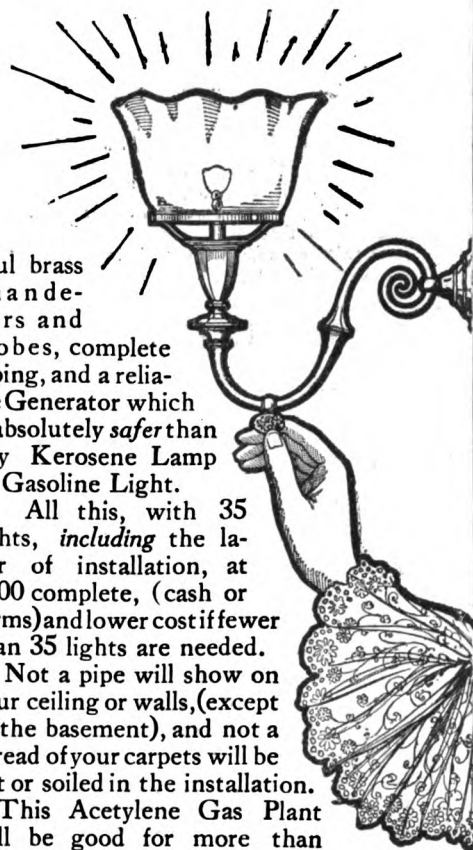
Wouldn't you like to know that in every room you had a pretty brass fixture firmly attached to ceiling, or wall, where it *couldn't* be tipped over by the children—where it was never in the way, and was always *ready* to touch a match to when you wanted *light*—little or much?

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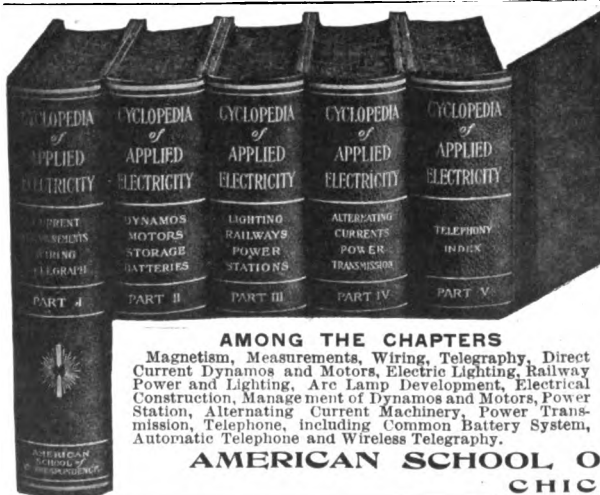
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The Art of Punishing

If not Corporal Punishment, then What?

By PATTERSON Du BOIS

CORPORAL punishment is too easily administered to be easily surrendered as a mode of discipline. To outline the main objections to it as a mode of moral training (as was done in the February issue) is to invite opposition or a question.

Of course, many will simply dismiss the whole matter by the seeming offset of what they regard as their own "experience." But this real or supposed experience in whipping does not meet the argument either in detail or as a whole. If anyone thinks it does, let us hear from him!

There is, however, a plausible form of rejoinder which says that the article constructs nothing. It strives to break down the faith in and practice of corporal punishment, but it offers no substitute, and so leaves the matter hanging in the air. This criticism is well put in a letter which has come to me and which I print here for a text:

"No doubt you hear the cry that the theorist should be more practical. If we are not to whip the child, then what? Has child-study gotten far enough along as a science to bear fruit in a body of practical rules for the immediate guidance of parents? Or is it necessary that the individual should be capable of understanding the child and deducing a method of education suited to each particular child? I suppose that the latter is the true theory, but it is a hard doctrine for most busy people to subscribe to and an impossible doctrine, perhaps, to persons of limited intelligence."

Before prescribing any "practical rules," or, let us say, principles, I may remark briefly: The first step toward bettering conditions in anything is the recognition of the fact that they need bettering. One who depends upon whipping as a mode of moral education will not look for better means, until he first sees that whipping is the least efficient and the most dangerous way to produce moral results. Once let the parent become doubtful of the value of corporal punishment, and he is pretty sure to begin to think. This marks his hopeful progress. The February article meant to go no further, and the writer of the aforesaid questions has reached the thinking point.

Now in particular: Must each parent deduce a method of education suited to each particular child? Ideally, yes. This is an impossible doctrine for persons of limited intelligence; and at least a hard one for busy people—so my critic says. Again, yes, if we are talking about reaching perfection at a bound. But can we not set our gaze in the right direction? May we not start toward the goal? Have we not done that already? Is there a parent who makes any pretension at all to sanity, affection, and a sense of responsibility who does not in a measure prescribe for each particular child according to that child's particular nature? Does not he do it when he whips; when he clothes, when he feeds the child? Granted that the parental diagnosis is usually very faulty and the prescription generally more or less inapt, still the interested parent means to prescribe according to the supposed needs of the particular case.

All that I ask, then, is that what we have already meant to do we try to do better. If, as was said in the November issue, a child is the supreme enterprise, the crowning interest in life, can't "busy people" and people of "limited intelligence" dispense with old traditions and prejudices and do a little thinking?

Let us rehearse the essential points of the February article. The claim is that corporal punishment is not a safe instrument of moral education—even though it be an efficient deterrent in particular cases; that it is a hindrance to moral formation; that it lends sanction to the doctrine that might makes right; that it is irrational because it bears no sequential relation to the offense, and is, therefore, degrading because indiscriminating; that, it being so easy to administer suddenly, under excitement, the child is not likely to get a hearing or a fair judgment; that it is therefore in danger of being overdone and of self-gratifying the animal propensities of the punisher; that it becomes a sort of universal prescription, self-perpetuating; that mere bodily power or gladiatorial skill becomes a substitute for equity or justice; that the war spirit is stimulated; that physiological or pathological causes of conduct are often mistaken for moral ones; that the whole trend of human history is toward the reduction of tor-

ture of the flesh in favor of the persuasion of the mind and uplifting of the spirit; and, finally, that prevention is better than cure.

Now nine-tenths of the prescription which my correspondent asks for is embodied in this last item—prevention is better than cure; formation is better than reformation. He who thinks too earnestly of his newborn child as a candidate for future punishment begins by throwing the main emphasis of family training on cure instead of on prevention. The more a parent thinks about punishment, the more he will have to punish.

If, by entering into the child's interests, making them our own, regarding his inexperience, his very proper impulsiveness, his possible physical defects, his possible lack of nutrition, his opportunity for the escape of his healthy superfluity of energy; his frequent misunderstanding of conditions—especially in the conflict of adult opinion and authority—his embarrassments, his fatigue, his humorous mischief, his inability to think long consecutively, the false environment and lying examples in social and business life not far from home—if the strong parent can put himself in the place of an undeveloped weakling thus menaced by an inhospitable world, then what? It will become apparent that right formation from the start is the first consideration, and punishment a regrettable second.



"The more he will have to punish"

But isn't punishment ever necessary? Unfortunately, yes, dear parent; you have helped to make it so. And not only you, but other personal influences which you can not well control. Yet, even in spite of some of these adverse influences, you can so win the child's trust in you

that his right formation can go on without your indulging the thought that your main mission as a parent is that of a punishing machine.

And yet we must punish sometimes, must we not? Most likely. Then how?

The subject is large. As briefly as possible, let us see what punishment is. There are three motives recognized by penologists: The most primitive is vengeance or retribution; the next in order of development is protection of society; the third and highest motive is the reformation of the offender.

In a recent article, the president of the New York Prison Association says that the old idea of vengeance has been supplanted by the idea of public protection. At least, this is the function of the State—the protection of the people from injustice, damage, and wrong. Now, if we rise a step higher from the civil into the moral, we shall see that the surer protection of the public will come from the offender's reformation; and finally, the surest and least expensive protection will be found, not in the reformation of the criminal but in the formation of moral character in the child at the start, so that there shall be no offenders to reform.

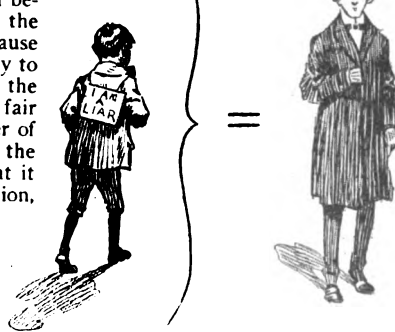
But here we are with a lot of already-made offenders on our hands who must be punished back to a new start in the social life. How shall it be done?

These are subjects for reformation. Take, then, as our keynote Reformation, and, as we are talking about children who are in the formative period of life, let us say, Educative Reformation.

Now, it is evident that if we punish hastily, angrily, excitedly, and, above all, unfairly, we shall educate the victims into undesirable states of mind similar to our own. This will tend to develop irritation, resentment, and an unquenchable sense of injustice. These effects count for more in the sensitive organization of childhood than they do in adulthood. These effects, then, are what we must avoid; and it is not easy for a parent who is devoted to the whip to avoid them.

On the other hand, what he needs to secure in the child is a calm sense of being justly and sanely treated—and this without giving sanction to the doctrine that might makes right, or to the brutalizing effect of brute methods, even though the child may expect them.

To be educative, a punishment ought to seem to be the natural result of the deed, or, at least, in some way to connect the deed with the penalty. Here is where the family has the advantage over the



"He grew up to be a good man"

State. This making the penalty fit the deed, or punishment "in kind," as it is called, is recognized by the people in more ways than we suppose. A man who cures a backing horse by backing him more than the horse likes, is a case in point. It is more effective than whipping, because there is no rational connection between whipping and backing.

It is a fact that many a child is punished without knowing that he is punished. He may neither see how he did wrong nor that the punishment has anything to do with it. I know of a little boy who was ordered to give up wearing his precious watch for a time as a penalty for a minor offense which had nothing to do with watches, or property. The next time he did the same deed he met his father's reprimand with a cheery plea that he had obediently taken off his watch! A punishment may thus be taken as a kind of conditional sanction. I have known children who were smacked by their parents, who showed eventually that they did not know that the castigation meant that that particular deed was wrong. It has been accepted as one among many things not understood in this ambiguous and conventional world.



"Stand by it, counting fifty"

We see, then, that punishment must be intelligent as well as calm and fair. Now, add that it must be timely and also sure. Severity has very little to do with reformation, except that it usually retards it. Frequency also reduces the efficiency. Treated intelligently and good-naturedly, a child can often be brought to see that his course is objectionable. In such a case a child will often cooperate with his parent in devising a penalty for himself.

It is not possible in the limitations of this article to prescribe for every possible offense. Taken with the foregoing general principles, a few examples will suffice. A child who has a habit of leaving the door open may be made to shut it and stand by it every time, counting fifty; if he neglects to brush his teeth, he must go without some or all of his breakfast; if he does damage through heedlessness or disobedience, he must give compensation by work or money; if he defaces a brick wall, he must clean it, or, barring that, be given a brick to crayon for a period. The penalty of unpunctuality may be restraint for double the number of minutes late—as the old Hebrews punished theft by a twofold, fourfold, fivefold restitution, according to the sort of property stolen. A person who cannot be trusted can sometimes be punished by trusting him—his shame being his penalty of pain. Young people trained to high ideals may also be trained into self-punishment.

These are only suggestions. They would not work in all cases, but something else would. The main thing is to be sure that the child is really culpable—that he understands the conditions and is not the victim of physical disability. Children rated as incorrigible have been completely reformed by proper feeding, by prescribing for their eyes or ears, or throats, etc.

If punishment is to be effective, the punisher must stop to think what the offense really is in its origin, and



"He may never have known that he did wrong"

what is the rational way to educate the child away from such a tendency. We must be very careful how we call a child "naughty" or "bad." I once heard of a boy who, having told an untruth, was obliged to go about with a placard on his back, "I am a liar." The discipline was defended on the ground that he grew up to be a good man and a minister! The discipline was outrageous, and might have cost the boy his character. It was enough to harden him into adopting the course advertised on his back. It is amazing how many children turn out better than their training. It shows the power of personality to determine itself. And it shows that there are limits to the possibilities of training.

If not corporal punishment, then what? Less punishment and more prevention of occasion for resorting to it. But if punishment, then calm, rational, timely, certain; punishment growing naturally out of the offense; not severe, but suggestive and educative. Let it not be forgotten, the major part of the punishment administered to children ought really to come back on their care-takers. The right forming of the child's character will depend largely on the parents' reforming their own.

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Neighbors Good and Bad

By ELSPETH MACDONALD

Illustrated by HORACE TAYLOR



"Turning the hose on the baby"

An Amateur Day Nursery

ONE DAY, as I passed the Breck house, I saw four strange youngsters cutting up all sorts of didoes in the shady yard.

"Where did your family come from?" I asked of the housewife, who was shaking rugs from the piazza.

"Do come in a minute, I am dying to tell somebody about it. I have been transformed into a day nursery," she explained.

"Last week, a new family moved in next door. This morning the mother ran across. She had received a telegram, which had to be answered at once, and she had to go downtown to see her husband about it. Would I mind keeping an eye on the children, if they were left in our yard? They had promised not to make a bit of bother. She'd be home in the next car.

"I was not very cordial about it. I had just started house cleaning, and I did not fancy stopping long enough to keep an eye on four strenuous children. Still, I promised to do it, if she did not stay more than an hour. It was nine o'clock when she ran in. Now it is four, and she has not shown up yet."

"Mercy!" I said. "What are you going to do?"

"That's what I am asking myself. I begin to think I am left with a family on my hands. They're terrible: Jimmy, the big boy, started in by turning the hose on the baby. I think he was trying to drown her. I sent him home after dry clothes, but their mother had locked the door and taken the key along. I wrapped the child in a blanket and dried her clothes by the fire. Then in came Meenie with a great bump on her head. I had to send to the drug store for witch-hazel. Rob, the little fellow, cut his hand on a bit of glass. That had to be plastered. Then Jimmy, who was turning somersaults, nearly strangled himself on the clothes-line, and when I had straightened them out, I went to look for the baby. She had crawled out of her blanket, and was in the parlor, naked, beside a heap of pictures she had torn from my Gibson book. That was too much. I gave her a spanking and she howled all the afternoon. Before lunch time, the whole brood was clamoring with hunger, but not a thing on our table suited them. They didn't like creamed codfish or gingerbread. They wanted beefsteak and mince pie, but they compromised on bread and butter and sugar. Then the cleaner brought back my parlor carpet, but he could not lay it. I had not got the floor scrubbed—with these little fiends to attend to. "Good heavens, there's Rob's shriek! He has fallen down the cellar hatchway. Do get the witch-hazel. It's in the kitchen sink."

I volunteered to help the tired, nervous little woman until the mother came back. She appeared at half-past five, flushed, apologetic, and so laden with bundles, that all I could see was the feathers on her hat. She explained profusely how she had met a friend down-town who wanted her to go to a bargain sale. Then she was invited to lunch and a matinee. It was such a temptation; besides, she knew the children were having such a good time and they would be good as little angels! She was so grateful to such a dear, kind, generous neighbor, for she had had, "Oh, such a lovely day."



"They want to neighbor with me"

"ONCE," said an old lady in our town, "I too had these Turners for neighbors, and, like you, I had to

freeze them out. I endured patiently all sorts of intrusions, but I drew the line when it came to their habit of dropping in while we were at meals. Our dining room opened out on a piazza, and at any hour they ran in, unheralded, sometimes through the kitchen, sometimes from the porch. While we ate, they sat around chatting and watching everything that came on the table. One day, I missed my little granddaughter. In answer to my call, she leaned from the window of the Turners' dining room. I went to the back door, and over the child's head, I read her elders a sharp lesson. "Julia," I said sternly, "I remember my mother punishing me only once. That punishment fitted a crime I never repeated. She found me one day visiting in a neighbor's dining room while they were at breakfast. I was marched home and whipped. Then she impressed on me that the most unpardonable rudeness was to enter, uninvited, a dining room while people were eating."



A Street of Tender Memories

"ONCE upon a time," says my friend Elizabeth, "we lived in a street which by some oversight of the city government has never been officially named. Its residents called it 'Oakwood Avenue.' We named it after a French fashion, 'The Street of Good Neighbors.' We had lived there only for six weeks, when my sister was taken ill and died. Every one was good to us, but the kindness of the Nettletons I can never forget. Our maid was so inefficient, that, during the last days of my sister's illness, everyday living became a problem. The Nettletons must have guessed the situation, for, while we were enduring the anxiety and care of nursing, we descended to the dining room, day after day, to find, not one of Mary's badly cooked, comfortless lunches, but an appetizing, delicately served meal, which tempted us to eat, when otherwise our strength might have failed. Did you ever return from a funeral of one near and dear, to the heart-breaking task of setting to rights a disordered house? I thought of it with a shudder during that sorrowful ride from the grave. When we got home the sun was shining like a cheerful presence in the rooms, which had such a tidy, comfortable, old-time appearance, that one would never dream sickness and sorrow had entered there. The furniture stood in its accustomed places; not a rose leaf flecked the carpets, and the flowers were massed into vases with a graceful touch, that Mary could never have achieved. The Nettletons had the gracious intuition that a kindlier deed than following the dead to the churchyard, was to enter the dis-

heveled house, and in their capable way make it homelike before our return. Oh! many a time since we left that New England town I have longed for the friends on 'The Street of Good Neighbors!'"

The Perpetual Borrower

"Don't take that house," pleaded Mrs. Mowbray's friends. "At least, not while the Bartletts live next door. When the Chapmans were there, Mrs. Bartlett borrowed the laces out of her shoes."

"I'll manage them," declared Mrs. Mowbray. "You can't do it. There never was a family like them."

"Watch me freeze them out," laughed the young housewife.

Mrs. Mowbray sat in the kitchen of her new home,



"The Nettletons must have guessed"

unpacking the first consignment of their household goods, when a tap came at the back door. A boy stood there with a cup in his hand.

"I'm Willie Bartlett," he explained. "Mother wants to know if you'll lend her a cup of sugar. She's making cake, and the grocer has not come yet."

"Certainly," said the new neighbor cheerfully, "but wait a minute, let's start our account." She tacked a large sheet of paper on the kitchen wall, and, with charcoal, she wrote

Loaned to Mrs. Bartlett—
April 1, one cup of sugar..... 3 cents
"That's right, is n't it?" she said turning to the boy. "Sugar is selling now at seventeen pounds for a dollar. I really *ought* to have a fraction of a cent for measuring it out in cupfuls. Don't you think so?" The boy stared at her with a sulky, perplexed look.
Half an hour later he was back for a smitch of butter. "Father's come from work," he explained, "and there is n't any butter in the house."
"Certainly," said the cheerful Mrs. Mowbray. "Is this enough?" She cut off a slice of butter and weighed it, then she set down to Mrs. Bartlett's account—

One-quarter pound of butter, at 36 cents a pound, 9 cents
The boy stared with a puzzled scowl on his face. He had gone a-begging from babyhood, but this was a brand new experience.
Before that week was out, there was a long list of items on Mrs. Bartlett's account. They stared at one blackly when the door was opened. To the sugar and butter had been added:

April 3.	2 eggs, at 30 cents a dozen.....	5 cents
"	1/2 loaf of bread.....	2 1/2 "
"	4 teaspoonfuls of coffee.....	4 "
"	1 cup of rice.....	5 "
" 4.	3 teaspoonfuls of baking powder.....	3 "
"	1 yeast cake.....	2 "
" 5.	1 can of tomatoes.....	15 "
"	1 pint of milk.....	4 "
"	1 square of chocolate.....	5 "

One morning Mrs. Mowbray was making bread, when she heard Willie Bartlett's knock on the back door. The boy glared at her over an armful of bundles.
"Here's all the things mother borrowed," he stammered. "She told me to tell you she did n't care about getting acquainted with you. She hain't no use for nobody as keeps count of every dab of stuff they loan a neighbor."

When Social Attentions Annoy

ONE day I went to call on a literary woman whose home is in the suburbs of a pleasant town. She was busy packing.

"I leave to-morrow for New York," she explained. "For New York," I echoed. My glance swept the green country with its shady trees, the blue hills in the distance, the turfy lawns about the house, and the clumps of flowering shrubs.

I seemed to hear the roar of a city's din and to see the misery of sunbaked streets.

"Yes," she said, "I am driven to the city by kindly neighbors. A book promised to my publishers two months hence must be finished. It is a moral impossibility to work here. When I came to town, I hinted politely that I had no time for social duties. To neighborly callers, I said I would be home on Thursday afternoons. Then I explained how I went to my desk every morning, as regularly as a business man goes to his office. It was of no avail. My neighbors called on Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, at any hour, between breakfast and bedtime. I was invited to teas, dinners, lunches, piazza conclaves, whist parties, thimble circles, and entertainments of every sort. There are no really unpleasant people among my neighbors. They're folks I would be glad to see every day, if I had no care but my home. These good women have no idea how different my days have to be planned from theirs. Between their sewing and housekeeping come interludes of leisure. Then they want to neighbor, and, alas, they want to neighbor with me."

"I would *make* them understand," I said aggressively.

"I can't do it without being unkind. They mean well. I would rather go away. I *can* work in a big, noisy, lonely hotel."

He who estimates his money the highest values himself the least.

The Woman In The Case



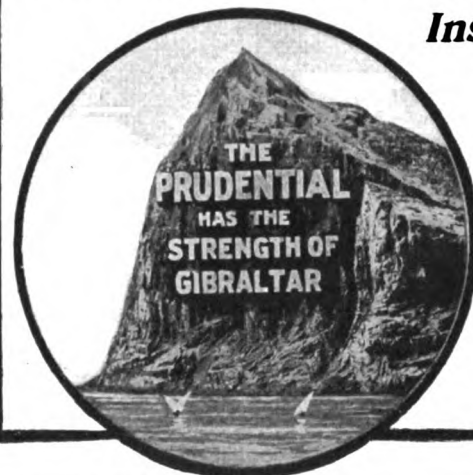
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PRACTICAL DRAWING

Why it Pay to Learn. Opportunities Open to Ambitious Persons. Where to Study.

There are two kinds of people in this world—perhaps more—but for the present think only of these.

One kind spend a large amount of time growing skinny and wrinkled, worrying about what the future has in store for them and their friends, everything looks dubious, and the poisoned finger of suspicion is always ready to be lifted



"One Kind"

at every new idea advanced. The other kind take life easier, enjoy themselves, and continually make the world and their friends better and brighter for having lived. They follow the "line of least resistance," not always floating downstream like so much driftwood, but using the natural forces within them to bring "seasons of plenty and hours of joy" to everyone. They develop the tendencies God gave them—and make the most of their lives—they are successful because they have not "battered their heads against the pricks," nor tried to accomplish results by selfish methods. Success, like everything else, is easy if you go after it right—merely a matter of "know how."

You may wonder what all this has to do with the subject; but you'll see before the end is reached. If you are interested in making a success of your life—financial, influential, educational or otherwise—you know that you must work and make effort in that direction. No man ever attained great eminence—true greatness—except by this method. The same thing is true in learning to draw. If you simply like to look at pictures and wish that you might be able to "do something like that," it is presumptive evidence that you have an "art instinct" which can be developed and doubtless made profitable to you if your "wish" is backed up by a little willingness to develop in that direction.

THE ACME, School of Drawing, Kalamazoo, Mich., is the largest correspondence Art School in the world—is incorporated for \$140,000.00 and has been teaching drawing—nothing else—for eight years. It was founded essentially to help ambitious young men and women to qualify for high salaried positions as competent artists and draftsmen; successful Acme students can be found in all parts of the world. No other school offers equal advantages in this direction. Every feature of the "Acme quality" of service tends toward practical results. The courses are prepared by men qualified by over 20 years practical experience in their respective lines; and these same thoroughly competent men give each student not only their personal time and attention in correcting and criticising the lessons sent in, but they select and often prepare special instructions adapted to the individual needs of the student. Every ambitious person wants assistance at times, and an Acme course of instruction in drawing is but a short way of securing real, honest, reliable help and faithful guidance for the student, whose aim in life is the development of his natural artistic tendencies to a practical money-making and success-building point.

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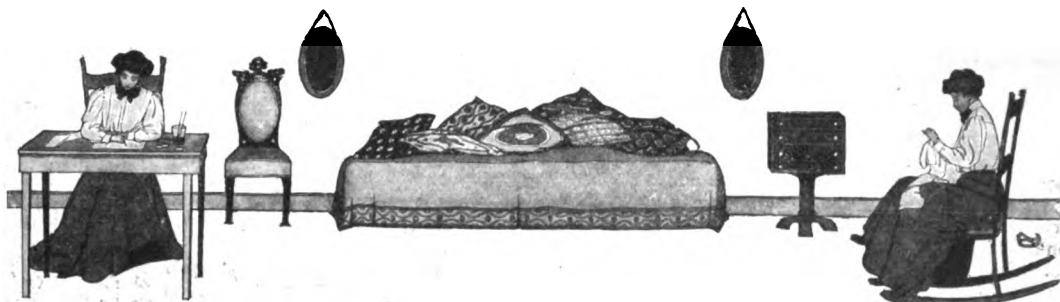
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I was not left long in doubt as to whether there are good housewives among the readers of **SUCCESS MAGAZINE**. There are a multitude of them, and they proved it by an instant response to the request for Pin Money Papers. Interesting, appreciative letters came with many of the manuscripts to indorse the idea of a clearing house for new, helpful ideas. "This is what we want more than recipes," writes one woman, "for I imagine there are thousands like me, who, doing unaided the work of a household, are very thankful for any new, practical hint about simplifying labor or practicing economy of money, strength, or time. So, I add my mite to the Pin Money Papers, hoping that I may give help as well as receive it." This, the spirit of mutual helpfulness, was exactly the motive with which this department was begun, and I feel sure that its value will increase, month by month.

A PROTECTION FROM MOTHS.—When I lay away winter garments and blankets, I scatter dried wormwood among them and never have any trouble with moths.—J. B. P.

CLEANING HOUSE BY INSTALLMENTS.—A friend of mine, who, though not robust is a woman of resources decided last spring that, with judicious management, she could clean house without physical injury. She began early in March with the rooms nearest the fire. Every day something was done; if it was only washing one shelf of the pantry, or a quarter section of the kitchen ceiling, or possibly overhauling a bureau drawer. Occasionally, there would come a strenuous day, after which, curbing impatience, she made the next day's tasks light. Before the end of May, she announced, triumphantly, "Housecleaning finished; housecleaner none the worse for wear; ten dollars saved."—A. D. G.

DIGESTIBLE SAUSAGES.—Those who like sausages, but with whom the grease does not agree, should try parboiling them a few minutes before frying. The result is most satisfactory. Pierce sausages with a fork before boiling.—COUNTRY COOK.

A TEST OF THEIR QUALITY.—During spring cleaning days, I take the old towels, both chamber towels and dish towels, and use them for the many purposes that come up. Then I replace them with new ones. When buying towels, I always ask the clerk to show me those of the quality I am considering, which have been washed. Few clerks will bother showing these if you do not know about them. They keep washed linen in every reliable store, and it is worth while having a look at it, for such fabrics are often deceptive when filled with dressing.—MRS. F. WHITE.

KEEPING THE PLANK CLEAN.—When one begins to plank shad and bluefish, it is well to know how to care for the slab of hardwood that is put in the hot oven. Never wash it with soap and water. Take it as it comes from the table, scrape off every morsel of fish or skin, then rub it hard with paper. When clean, give it a hard rub with sandpaper, till smooth and shiny, then wrap in a flour bag and lay where dust can not touch it.—ESTHER B.

A "PICK-ME-UP."—While at my doctor's one day, after recovering from a long illness, I suddenly felt faint. He made me lie down and left me for a few minutes to return with what he called the best "pick-me-up" he knew. The fluffy-looking mass in a tumbler not only seemed to bring my strength

back but it was awfully good. He would not tell me what it was till every spoonful was gone. "Now," he said, "you have eaten a raw egg, something you always declared you could not do. This is how I fix it. I separate an egg, beat the yolk till thick and lemon-colored, and the white till it is stiff; then I blend them, adding a heaping tablespoonful of powdered sugar, a dash of salt, and two table-

spoonfuls of brandy. The brandy cooks the egg, so that the raw taste, of which you complain, is gone. There is nourishment enough in it to make a meal, for any one with a weak stomach."—MARY BLAKE.

A BURGLAR'S KEY.—One day when the back door key was lost, I went to a locksmith to have it replaced. I found it would be more expensive to have him come to our suburban home than to buy a skeleton key which I did. You have no idea of its usefulness, for many keys have been lost or mislaid since that time and it fits everywhere.—K. L. F.

THE HANDIEST PLACE IN MY KITCHEN.—I have a shelf near my stove covered with zinc, it is the handiest place possible for setting hot kettles, fresh baked pies, or anything else straight from the oven or stove.—K. F.

RAISING FERRETS.—My husband needed a ferret on the farm for hunting rabbits and killing rats; it cost \$5. The thought occurred to me if these little animals bring such a price, why can't I raise them? I studied all I possibly could about their habits, and the care they needed, then I bought two females and a male. They eat bread and milk, or almost anything else that a cat will feed on. They breed twice a year in April and September, and have from five to twelve little ones in a litter. When three months old, they are ready for the market, and bring from \$3 to \$5 apiece. The first year I raised them I cleared \$50, after paying for boxes, shipping, and advertising. Last year I made \$15 a month, and had stock enough left to begin the year's work with. What farmer's wife does better with poultry?—EMMA N. S.

FOR TIRED FEET.—Try a teaspoonful of powdered alum in a hot foot bath, for tired, ching feet.—MRS. G. S. A.

AN EASY RENOVATION.—A tarnished or spotted chandelier may be beautified by applying one or two coats of dull, black paint, such as is used for ebonying. Thus an unsightly object is converted into a thing of beauty.—ÆSTHETIC.

CLEVERLY MENDED.—Finding my varicolored tapestry tablecloth needed darning in several spots, I was at a loss to know how to match the different threads, when the idea occurred to me to pull out strands from the tasselled fringe, with which it was trimmed. I would defy you to find a place where it was mended, and it did not hurt the fringe in the least.—ECONOMIZER.

A HOMEMADE NOVELTY.—I had an old, torn, bead *portière*, which I utilized in a way that has called forth all sorts of admiring comments. I cut it up and made it over into taut strings of bamboo and beads, to fill in the glass panel at my front door. The effect is much more artistic and novel than a "lace panel," for, in a way, it resembles stained glass.—ORIGINAL.

Piqué REMNANTS.—Never throw away the smallest morsel of white *piqué*. When you get at your spring sewing, you will discover



what a boon these bits are. They can be used for belts, collars, cuffs, pockets, hat crowns for children, stocks or sailor collars, or for hot plate mats for the table, with scalloped edges, and are often utilized to pipe a gown of dark or brilliant color.—Mrs. G. S. A.

* * *

AN UNAPPRECIATED VEGETABLE.—This spring do not fail to sow a row of salsify, or oyster plant, in your garden. It is easily grown; and, when the roots are cooked, you could blindfold one and defy them to tell on tasting whether it was salsify soup or the real oyster soup. It may also be put through the meat chopper and formed into imitation oysters for frying. Salsify grew in our garden a long time before I knew its full value. Now we have "oysters" at any time, and do not have to consider if there is an "R" in the month!—C. J. S.

* * *

INSTEAD OF WHALEBONE.—Recently, while making a new girdle, I found there was no whalebone in the house nor time for me to buy any. As a substitute, I used stiff cardboard, cut into strips, the width and length I wanted, and covered with bits of material like the girdle. It has worn excellently.—Mrs. H. S. CASE.

* * *

A DELICATE POTATO DISH.—Add the well-beaten white of an egg to mashed potato, whipping the potato hard before dishing it. This makes it look well and taste better.—BESSIE EWING.

* * *

A FAT PRODUCER.—There is nothing else, that I know of, which is such a valuable fat producer as butter-milk. When I began drinking it one month ago, I weighed 140 pounds, now I weigh 155. Anyone who wishes to conquer an inordinate desire for coffee, tea, or alcoholic liquors can do so by drinking butter-milk.—F. E. D.

* * *

GETTING RID OF LINT.—When pressing woolen goods, I spread a newspaper over the material, instead of a cloth, then I have no bother with brushing off the troublesome lint.—Mrs. H. S. C.

* * *

A WALL MOP.—During house cleaning, the wall mop, which is made after an idea of my own, is in constant use. It is not the broom with a cloth pinned over it which some housewives use, but simply a long mop stick into which I have fixed a soft rag, usually the main part of a worn-out undervest. It can be taken from the mop in a second or two and have all the dust shaken out of it. I go over the walls first with a clean broom, to remove cobwebs, then with a mop, twice, if necessary, till not a bit of dust remains anywhere.—F. A. JACOX.

* * *

A ONE-EGG MERINGUE.—When eggs are expensive, and I want a meringue, I whip the white of one egg hard, with a wire beater, till it almost fills a plate, adding a dash of salt, which makes the egg froth quicker; then I put in a tablespoonful of cold water, and beat again. This makes a good-sized meringue, and it does not shrink while browning so much as if it were all egg.—Mrs. G. M. J.

* * *

STORING A FUR COAT.—I put my husband's fur coat away for the summer in a paper flour sack, first brushing it well, and putting camphor gum into the pockets. I turn it so the lining will be on the outside and the sleeves folded in. Then I begin at the neck and shoulders and roll toward the bottom, which makes it just fit into a large flour sack. This I tie with a strong cord, leaving a loop to hang it by.—F. E. F.

* * *

HANDY FOR KITCHEN WEAR.—I make the sleeves of my working gowns from an ordinary shirt-waist pattern, finishing them at the wrist with a skimpy bias ruffle. Inside the binding, that covers the seam, where the sleeve and ruffle meet, I run a narrow elastic. I never have trouble with sleeves dropping down while I am busy, neither do they look mussed when pulled up or down.—L. G. A.

* * *

THE MENDING PIECES.—When I make our wash dresses for the summer, I baste bits of the goods into the gathers on the wrong side of the skirt, in order to have pieces for mending that have faded out to be the same color as the garment.—E. C. K.

* * *

NO MORE STRETCHING.—When we built our new house, I barred out high shelves that I could not reach in every pantry or closet; they are nothing but dust collectors.—ELLEN WADE.

* * *

GUARDING THE BULB BEDS.—During April, there often comes a blast of chill winter, after green things have begun to push up their heads. I have lost so many bulbs, from this cause, that I now guard against a frost snap. Usually the weather prophet foretells such a change, then I take a heavy, old quilt, and lay it over the bulb beds, having first built around them a fence of low sticks, which prevents the quilt from crushing any tender shoots. I do not lift it off till the sun is strong and hot.—Mrs. H. HAMILTON.

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Roses 25¢
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ALL WILL BLOOM
THIS SUMMER.

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The New York Shopper

Conducted by MRS. CHARLOTTE BIRDSALL WILLIAMS



Rules of this Service

[All articles mentioned below, or any other merchandise that is offered for sale in New York City, can be obtained by forwarding price to "The New York Shopper," care of this magazine. This department is in charge of Mrs. Charlotte Birdsall Williams, manager of the Woman's Domestic Guild of America, an institution devoted to solving all shopping, catering, furnishing, and purchasing problems of the home, and much patronized by fashionable New York women for these purposes. Mrs. Williams, herself, is well known socially, and possesses rare taste, judgment, and intuition. Her services are freely placed at the disposal of our readers, and her advice, artistic taste, and economical judgment may be had without charge. All articles (except bedding and combs) will be sent on approval, and a cheerful refund of the purchase price made on demand.

Price Quotations, Samples, and Information Wanted

Letters requesting information, price quotations, and samples, should state concisely all essential particulars, as age, height,

weight, and complexion, when dress goods are wanted, or size of room and kind of wall paper when ordering rugs or hangings. If reply by mail is desired, a stamped and self-addressed envelope must be included. The amount the purchaser desires to pay should always be stated.

Ordering and Remitting

Orders must be written on a piece of paper separate from the letter of transmittal.

Drafts, checks, and money orders must be made payable to Charlotte Birdsall Williams.

Shipping and Forwarding

Remittances must include sufficient postage, or goods must be sent by express, charges collect. Postage on merchandise is one cent an ounce. Mail packages are at customer's risk, unless registered, which costs eight cents additional. Larger shipments will be sent by freight or express as directed. Within 100 miles of New York, an order of \$5 or over can usually be sent express free. THE EDITORS.]

MRS. L., DES MOINES, IA.—*Can I get a good brass bed for \$50?*

For \$30 to \$40 I can buy a brass bedstead, English lacquer, with springs from \$5.50 to \$7 extra. They come in fancy scroll designs, though the plain bar effect is newer and in better taste. Pretty brass beds at \$25 are of good value and most attractive.

* * *

MRS. M. H., GREAT NECK, L. I.—*Inclosed find \$5, for which please send me a carpet sweeper. With the balance buy one washable blue bath mat and some nice towels.*

I have sent you by express the best make of carpet sweeper, which costs \$2.50, and a blue washable bath mat, twenty-eight by fifty inches. This cost \$1, is extra large, reversible, and of two-pound quality. The remaining money I spent on handsome huck towels, with damask figures and good design.

* * *

MRS. D. M., TOPEKA, KANSAS.—*I send you money herewith for which kindly buy one silk dressing sack, one handsome lace turnover, one fan for evening use, one pair of pink shoes, and a dress for my two-year-old girl. Use your own judgment as to division of the money.*

Your parcel has been sent by express. I send you a blue China silk sack, with a large collar trimmed with insertion and lace, costing \$3.95; one gauze and spangled fan at \$1.25; one Duchess lace turnover collar at \$1; child's pink shoes, 65 cents, and a dainty little dress for \$1.25.

* * *

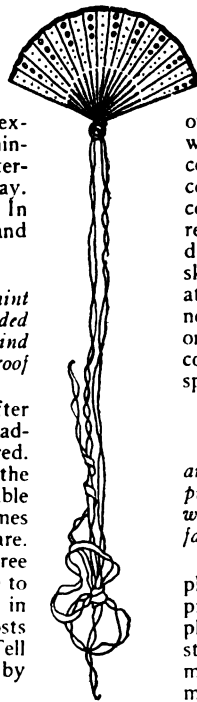
MRS. J. S., STATEN ISLAND, N. Y.—*Can you send me for the inclosed 50 cents, a Japanese fern ball, with directions for taking care of it?*

When you receive the fern ball I have expressed, place it in tepid water for fifteen minutes; do this once a day for three days. Afterwards dip it in water a few seconds every day. It must not become too dry nor too moist. In two or three weeks it will begin to sprout, and will flourish abundantly if well cared for.

* * *

MR. L., GRANADA, COLO.—*The last roof paint I used was a complete failure. I have decided that cheap paint does not pay. Will you be kind enough to tell me what is considered the best roof paint and if you can send it to me?*

There is a well-known roof paint, which after years of practical test, represents the most adhesive and weather-proof coating manufactured. The solvent used is pure linseed oil and the basis is asphalt, not coal tar. It is suitable for any roof, metal, felt, or canvas, and comes in black or brown. One gallon covers a square. Black costs \$1.10 a gallon, in one to three gallon quantity; 90 cents per gallon, in five to twenty gallon quantity; 75 cents per gallon, in thirty to fifty gallon quantity. Brown costs \$1.20, \$1.05, and 90 cents respectively. Tell me, when you order it, if you wish it sent by freight or express.



MRS. A. S., NEW ORLEANS, LA.—*I wish to purchase a layette. Please quote prices and state how much I should send you. Use your judgment in spending it.*

For a baby's first wardrobe you require three little bands of soft flannel. They can be made at home, or bought for 25 cents apiece. They are used for three weeks and then replaced by knitted bands, which cost 25 cents in all wool. A better quality is 45 cents, or of silk and wool mixed, 50 cents. Four shirts will be required, either three-quarters wool, 50 cents; all wool, 60 cents; or silk and wool, 80 cents. Four barocoats will be needed. They come at 65, 75, or 85 cents. A spring baby requires one pretty flannel skirt, to wear when dressed nicely. It will cost \$1.50. Two white skirts are enough. They come in soft material at from 85 cents to \$1.50. Ten little slips are none too many—six at \$1, four at \$1.25—and one dress for \$3. Pink, white or blue booties cost 12 cents, and, if one wishes, more can be spent on little sacques, bibs, caps, etc.

* * *

MRS. G. L., WINDHAM, N. Y.—*My husband and I wish a phonograph, and want your aid in purchasing it. We would like an instrument which will produce classical music and the voices of the famous singers. Will \$25 buy one?*

The cylinder record machines at \$20, or a plate record machine at \$22, come within your price. Cylinder records are more durable, but plate records are softer and sweeter. Both instruments carry records of popular and classical music, but only the plate machine offers records made by famous singers.

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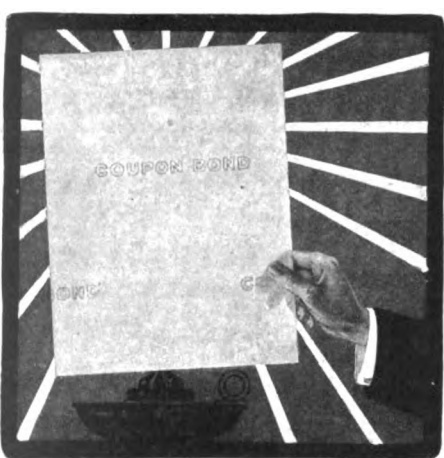
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GOOD NATURED AGAIN

Good Humor Returns with Change to Proper Food.

"For many years I was a constant sufferer from indigestion, and nervousness amounting almost to prostration," writes a Montana man.

"My blood was impoverished, the vision was blurred and weak, with moving spots before my eyes. This was a steady daily condition. I grew ill-tempered, and eventually got so nervous I could not keep my books posted, nor handle accounts satisfactorily. I can't describe my sufferings.

"Nothing I ate agreed with me, till one day, I happened to notice Grape-Nuts in a grocery store, and bought a package, out of curiosity to know what it was.

"I liked the food from the very first, eating it with cream, and now I buy it by the case and use it daily. I soon found that Grape-Nuts food was supplying brain and nerve force as nothing in the drug line ever had done or could do.

"It wasn't long before I was restored to health, comfort and happiness. Through the use of Grape-Nuts food my digestion has been restored, my nerves are steady once more, my eye-sight is good again, my mental faculties are clear and acute, and I have become so good-natured that my friends are truly astonished at the change. I feel younger and better than I have for 20 years. No amount of money would induce me to surrender what I have gained through the use of Grape-Nuts food." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. "There's a reason." Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

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Wherever you live, a small investment for an Ideal Concrete Machine will bring you a profitable, permanent business in the manufacture of Concrete Building Blocks. Previous experience unnecessary. Read what one machine did in 30 days.

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IDEAL CONCRETE MACHINERY CO.,
South Bend, Ind.
Sirs: We have had our Ideal Machine going every day for a month now, with perfect satisfaction. Are getting all the business we can handle. All the blocks we can make for a month are already sold in advance. Must soon have another machine. Please send out of Concrete Block to use in getting out a letter head.
Respectfully,
E. W. COLEGROVE,
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turn sand, gravel, water and a little cement into building material more durable and ornamental than brick, stone or lumber, and far less expensive. The machine is simple, rapid and everlasting. Has no cogs, chains, wheels or gears. The same machine makes blocks in countless ornamental designs and of natural stone effect.

Write and learn how easily one man with one Ideal Concrete Machine can start a profitable business wherever people live in houses.

IDEAL CONCRETE MACHINE CO.,
Dept. A,
South Bend, Ind.



MRS. H. E. R., MONTICELLO, N. Y.—For a wedding gift I received an exquisite set of white and gold china, but I dislike using it for breakfast and lunch. Could you suggest any china that is thin and dainty looking, yet inexpensive?

Why not get four delicate blue and white Japanese plates for 25 or 35 cents; four bread and butter plates, 15 cents; four cups and saucers, 15 cents; one milk pitcher, 15 cents; one sugar bowl, 25 cents; one coffee pot with bamboo handle, 25 cents; one bread plate, 25 cents; one platter, 50 cents; two small vegetable dishes, 35 cents; four cereal dishes, 25 cents; and four fruit plates, 25 cents? This ware is really quite artistic and dainty.

MISS L. N., LOGAN, IDAHO.—Kindly give me some idea of the new spring fabrics such as I could use in a trousseau and let me have samples.

Sheer summer fabrics would be suitable for your bridal gowns, such as soft taffetas, cloth taffetas, Rajah Tuscan, Oriental silks, silk voiles, mousselines and louisines. Voiles are used in wool, silk and cotton. The satin stripe is particularly beautiful and is not as fragile as it looks. Grays, violets, and soft light reds are especially popular. There are also embroidered swisses with charming designs in pastel shades. Colored linens and mousselines trimmed with satin, ribbon and embroidery are novelties. Liberty satins are even more in favor than voiles. Irish or Venise lace is the smartest thing for chemisettes for summer frocks. Valenciennes lace is the daintiest.

MRS. H. C., ROANOKE RAPIDS, N. C.—For \$5 I can send you a splendid pompadour to match your hair. When ordering, enclose a sample of your hair cut from the end, also one close to the head. In regard to the soft full appearance in the back, the hair will stay puffed, without using a support, if it is coarse and fluffy. It costs \$10 for a pompadour that goes around the head. Numerous marcel wavers are good. They range in price from 25 to 50 cents for six.

M. B. H., LENOX, IOWA.—A good velvet rug does not come in the size you want; so I have sent you an Axminster rug at \$22 in Oriental Kasac colors, which will I think be more artistic in your parlor. The bedroom rug was a harder order. After carefully considering the matter, I sent you a two-tone tan combination, six by nine feet, in Brussels finish but not Brussels. This, which will harmonize with your parlor rug, cost \$6.

J. A. M., ADAMS, NEB.—If you are going to use any material as inexpensive as silkolene, I do not think anything would be pretty but the plain. If you could afford Madras curtains, they can be had for \$5 a pair in the stained glass effect. The upper part of the wall, treated with a tapestry paper border, if you care to have a contrast, would give an attractive finish.

Certainly fit in a window seat; it is artistic, as well as useful, and adds much to the effect of a room.

C. F. N., BOVINA CENTER, N. Y.—With my knowledge of typewriters, I do not believe that with \$10 you could purchase a second-hand typewriter that would be worth buying. It might not last longer than a year. For \$15 or \$20, I can get you a second-hand machine or you could purchase one on the installment plan.

J. R. S., BLOUNTVILLE, TENN.—Your black net would be very pretty made over your old black silk, and I would suggest trimming it with heavy insertion, or appliqué medallions. I can send you a lovely waist, of white or cream net, for \$4.95.

B. W. C., JACKSONVILLE, ILL.—I can send you a very artistic lamp for \$5. I saw some lovely ones yesterday, in art glass, in green and yellow, or green and white, or green and old rose. These lamps may not be left when I receive your order, but I can find something you will like. The lamps I mentioned have brass bowls, and are 20 inches high.

E. S. A., SPRINGFIELD, MASS.—In regard to birth announcements, I could get you for 75 cents per dozen, little cards, about two by three and one-half inches, with the word "arrived" in one corner, and a few other lines, and down in the other corner a little stork, in black and white. I will gladly send you samples of these cards if you wish.

E. J. W., RENO, NEVADA.—A 22 inch French curled plume comes at \$10, a 24 inch French curled one at \$12.50. I might secure one for less, at a sale, however. Batiste waists cost from \$5 up, while those in good Brussels net usually come from \$10 up. Send me the amount you wish to spend on the different articles and I will purchase them for you as reasonably as I can.

H. C. K., CALDWELL, KANSAS.—Table linen 72 inches wide costs from \$1 up. The \$1 quality is really good value, but those sizes that you wish are more expensive. Table linen two and one-half yards wide comes at \$2 and \$3 a yard; napkins to match, 24 inches wide, \$3.75; clothes two and one-quarter yards square at \$6.25 to \$9 each; two and one-half yards square, \$6.25 to \$10; clothes two yards square \$2.25; and two and one-half by two, \$3.25; and two by three, \$2.75.

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For the Overworked

Work and worry of a business life, the cares of house and the strain of society, tend to lessen the vitality of men and women, often bringing about a state of collapse. You are not sick, but nature has been overtaxed; your sleep does not refresh, your energy is lacking and you have lost your grip on the good things in life. These are the warnings—the system must be strengthened. At this critical time, the remedy is

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Being an extract of rich barley malt and choicest hops, it not only furnishes nourishment in predigested form, but acts as a tonic, giving you a desire for food and furnishing your system the power to draw quicker, better and greater energy from what you eat. The gentle, soothing effect of the hops restores your nerves to their normal state, causing peaceful and refreshing sleep, strengthening the brain and giving new life to the tired muscles.

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Will strengthen the weak and overworked. Will produce sleep. Will build up and feed the nerves. Will conquer dyspepsia. Will help recovery from sickness. Will assist nursing mothers.

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"The Perfect Light"

"3 Hours More Daylight—1 Cent."

Don't you often long for "just a little more daylight" in which to finish some special task?

The only artificial light which has the steady and color-true daylight is that of the Beck-Iden Lamp.

And because it is nearest to daylight it is the easiest on the eyes.

The Beck-Iden is a handsome, portable, bronze lamp; clean, odorless and smokeless. It burns gas; which it makes automatically as needed, and gives about fifteen times more light than city gas at four-sevenths the cost. It turns on and off like gas. It has no wick, oil, mantle or chimney; and no dangers, like oil lamps, crossed wires or leaky pipes.

It vitifies less air and makes less heat than any other flame light. The "Perfect Light" for the home.

An article "How Shall We Light Our Houses," in Feb'y Ladies Home Journal, speaking of the gas generated by the Beck-Iden Lamp says: "Gives much more light than an equal amount of city gas—burns with a steady, white flame of great brilliancy—the nearest approach to sunlight of any artificial illuminant."

The article also is illustrated by an exact cut of our lamp. No money could buy this endorsement. It is due to merit only. The Beck-Iden is the light you have been waiting for. Learn more about it; try it; buy it. We have a special proposition to make to you. Write for Booklet 28.

Acetylene Lamp Co., 50 University Pl., N. Y. City

SEA-ROVER'S REMEDY

Postum Coffee and its Power to Rebuild.

The young daughter of a government officer whose duties keep him almost constantly on board ship between this country and Europe, tells an interesting tale of the use her father made of Nature's food remedy to cure an attack of malarial fever.

"Father recently returned from a long sea-trip, bed-ridden and emaciated from an attack of malarial chills and fever," she writes: "In such cases people usually dose themselves with medicines, and we were surprised when he, instead of employing drugs, proceeded to devote himself exclusively to Postum Food Coffee, of which he has long been fond. He used two or more cups at each meal, drinking it very hot, and between meals quenched his fever-engendered thirst at all hours of the day and night from a supply we kept ready in the water-cooler. For several days his only drink and sometimes his only food was Postum Coffee, hot or cold, according to the moment's fancy.

"Within a day or two his improvement was noticeable, and within a week he was a well man again, able to resume his arduous occupation.

"He first began to drink Postum Food Coffee several years ago, as a remedy for insomnia, for which he found it invaluable, and likes it so much and finds it so beneficial that he always uses it when he is at home where he can get it." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. While this man uses Postum as a remedy, it is in no sense a medicine but only food in liquid form. But this is nature's way and "There's a reason." See the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.



Let the Good Wife Ask Her Purse

It is a curious fact that many people consult their fancy instead of their purse for what they wish to purchase.

I know women, whose husbands do not earn more than twenty-five dollars a week, who will pay one hundred dollars for a tailor-made gown and twenty-five dollars for a hat. It does not require much arithmetic to enable one to see that this is out of all proportion to the income of a family of six.

If the husband and wife would, at the beginning of the year, put down on paper their probable income for the year, allowing a reasonable amount for emergencies and for unforeseen demands, and then try to figure out the proper proportion of this amount to be expended for living expenses, for dress, for books, magazines, and travel, for amusement, recreation, or vacation, they would come out much better at the end of the year, and avoid the trouble, worry, and anxiety which debt and complications bring.

The head of a most delightful family, where I have often visited, receives a yearly salary of about five thousand dollars. His wife is a very charming woman, and a delightful entertainer; but her tastes run way beyond her husband's income. She entertains a great many friends; and she could not think of giving them anything but the very best the market affords—the most expensive brands, the finest delicacies. She cannot bear to have anything around her that is not delicate and exquisite, for she has a very artistic temperament. She has accounts at the most fashionable dressmakers, milliners, and shopkeepers. The tradesmen are all glad to give her credit, because her husband is an influential man, and she is a woman of great charm. Her daughters are brought up with the idea that they must have nothing to do with anything cheap or common, and that they should never wear anything that is a little *passé*. Everything must be at the top of fashion.

The result of all this is, that there is a black cloud of debt hanging over this delightful home, where everybody likes to go because of the atmosphere of cordiality and love, sweetness and light and cheer, which always pervades it. The husband is so much in love with his wife that he cannot bear to restrain her, and sometimes, when he reaches home very troubled and worried with the duns for his wife's bills, and tries to talk seriously with her, she will laugh it off, and, with a caress, a smile, and a kiss, banishes his worry for the time, and things go on in the same way.

He told me, confidentially, that his wife's outstanding bills with tradespeople nearly equal his entire salary, and that yet he is powerless to remedy the situation; that, if he speaks of economy in the house, the girls and the mother tell him that it is foolish to talk about their economizing in their position in society—that they must keep up appearances. It would not do to show weakness or poverty. The wife tells him that she is anxious to see that her daughters are married well, and that it would be fatal to try to economize until they are. So the husband is haunted with this terrible specter of debt, hounded by the tradesmen, who are only kept from forcing him into bankruptcy by the charm of his wife and his own influence in the community, and never feels safe or really happy in an otherwise ideal home—all because of his wife's extravagant ideas.

She does not mean to injure him or worry him, for she loves him very dearly, and her home is the dearest place on earth to her; yet she does not apportion things rightly. Her expenditures are proportioned to an income two or three times as large as their own. She cannot see the relation between a three hundred and fifty dollar sealskin coat and a five thousand dollar salary.

The wife tries to keep unpleasant facts from her husband, and never tells him of the duns that come to the house if she can possibly keep them from him. She would be the last person to cause him pain.

The man referred to seemed to have good judgment in most matters, but he could not bear to rebuke or criticize his wife. He told me it was the hardest thing he ever had to do. She would come to him with such a sweet smile and in such an appealing way, when she wanted anything, that he did not have the heart to resist her, or to refuse her anything she wanted, if it was

The Editor's Chat

in his power to get it. Young men should be very cautious about marrying girls with expensive habits and extravagant tastes—and many of the most lovable and the most beautiful women have these expensive tastes. The husband of such a woman should be very firm and insist upon the expenditures always being in proportion to the income. It would be well to give the wife this motto, to be put on her purse, so that she would see it every time she opened it: "Ask thy purse what thou shouldst buy."

* * *

Social Intercourse as an Educator

It is astonishing how much you can learn from people in social intercourse when you know how to look at them rightly. But it is a fact that you can only get a great deal out of them by giving them a great deal of yourself. The more you radiate yourself, the more magnanimous you are, the more generous of yourself, the more you fling yourself out to them without reserve, the more you will get back.

You must give much in order to get much. The current will not set toward you until it goes out from you. About all you get from others is a reflex of the currents from yourself. The more generously you give, the more you get in return. You will not receive if you give out stingily, narrowly, meanly. You must give of yourself in a whole-hearted, generous way, or you will receive only stingy rivulets, when you might have had great rivers and torrents of blessings.

A man who might have been symmetrical, well-rounded, had he availed himself of every opportunity of touching life along all sides, remains a pygmy in everything except his own little specialty, because he did not cultivate his social side.

It is always a mistake to miss an opportunity of meeting with our kind, and especially of mixing with those about us, because we can always carry away something of value. It is through social intercourse that our rough corners are rubbed off, that we become polished and attractive.

It is possible to get a benefit out of social life which cannot be gotten elsewhere. If you go into it with a determination to give it something, to make it a school for self-improvement, for calling out your best social qualities, for developing the latent brain cells, which have remained dormant for the lack of exercise, you will not find society either a bore or unprofitable. But you must give it something, or you will not get anything.

When you learn to look upon every one you meet as holding a treasure, something which will enrich your own life, which will enlarge and broaden your own experience, and make you more of a man, you will not think the time in the drawing-room wasted.

The man who is determined to get on will look upon every experience as an educator, as a culture chisel, which will make his life a little more shapely and attractive.

* * *

You Find What You Look For

"HE that hath a froward heart findeth no good."

Whoever would be happy must make up his mind to see only the good in others, to hunt for the beautiful things in their characters and to ignore the ugly things; to look for harmony and to avoid discord.

To hold the loving thought, as a mother does toward her children, develops the better side. The delicate flower of manhood or womanhood will not blossom in the foggy, chilly atmosphere of hatred, of jealous envy, and condemnation. It must have the warm sun of love, of praise, of appreciation, of encouragement, to call out its beauty and to produce the perfect flower.

Never allow yourself to condemn or form a habit of criticising others. No matter what they do, hold toward them perpetually the kindly thought, the love thought. Determine to see only that which is good and sweet and wholesome and lovely in them. Try to see the man or woman that God intended, not the warped, twisted, and deformed one which a vicious life may have made; and you will generally find what you are looking for.

You will never find the straight by looking for the crooked, or holding the crooked thought in the mind. If you are constantly criticising or finding fault,

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Electrical Engineers are not looking for work. The work is looking for them—at wages which leave a margin for enjoyment and savings. Write to-day for our free 200-page book describing our courses in Electrical Engineering.



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To plan a great trunk line, or a vast park or lay out a city is a task of the highest order. The opportunity to master this profession lies with you. Write to us to-day for our free 200-page book describing this and many other courses.

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There is many a doctor and lawyer not earning as much as a good carpenter. There is always demand for skilled workers. Master the trade and give yourself an independent position in the community. Send for our 200-page book describing 60 correspondence courses. Write to-day.



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CHICAGO

instead of praising or appreciating, you will ruin your power of seeing the beautiful and the true, just as a habitual liar loses the power to tell the truth.

If you habitually hold the deformed thought, the ironical, the skeptical, the pessimistic, the depreciative thought, you will ruin your ability to see or appreciate merit, or what is good and true.

* * *

Business Generalship

WHEN you are so buried in the detail of your business that you cannot get a clear, sharp view of your affairs in all their relations, you are in danger of failure.

No great general ever takes a gun and goes with his soldiers into the thick of the fight, where he would be so stunned by the noises, and so blinded by the smoke of battle that he could not watch the movements of the enemy, could not see where his own troops needed reinforcements, or how to hurl his forces on the weakest place in the enemy's ranks. He must go where he can watch every movement of the armies.

If you are going to be a general in business, you must keep where you can get a clear view of your affairs and know what is going on everywhere. While you are buried in detail, your business may be in a dangerous position, from which you could extricate it if you knew the exact situation.

Many a man fails in trying to be a general and a private at the same time.

* * *

If the Tree Falls What Will Become of the Ivy?

WE hear a great deal about the modern girl developing mannishness, independence, and losing her femininity. A great many people are much alarmed because girls are not trained, as formerly, in womanly gentleness.

It is a beautiful figure of speech to describe the feminine character as the ivy which clings to the masculine oak for support, and in return covers and beautifies its hideous knots and scars.

But, if the oak falls, what becomes of the ivy?

There is too much of this ivy clinging and beautifying idea in training girls. They should be taught that it is just as necessary to be independent, to be self-supporting, as to be able to cling and beautify. In other words, they ought to be able to stand alone if the tree falls, and not go down with it.

* * *

Good Cheer vs. Drugs

THERE is no drug which can compete with cheerfulness. A jolly whole-hearted sunny physician is worth more than all the remedies in an apothecary shop. A writer known for his cheerful sayings received a letter from a lady, stating that one of his humorous poems had saved her life.

Dr. A. J. Sanderson says: "The power of cheerfulness to do good like a medicine is not an artificial stimulus of the tissues, to be followed by reaction and greater waste, as is the case with many drugs; but the effect of cheerfulness is an actual life-giving influence throughout a normal channel, the results of which reach every part of the system. It brightens the eye, makes ruddy the countenance, brings elasticity to the step, and promotes all the inner force by which life is sustained. The blood circulates more freely, the oxygen comes to its home in the tissues, health is promoted and disease is banished."

* * *

The Real Successes

THOUSANDS of young men and young women in this country are tied down by iron circumstances, are not able to go to college or have a career, but are examples of self-sacrifice in sweetening the home, in brightening the life of an invalid mother or crippled sister, in giving up a home of their own for the sake of those depending upon them, in struggling to pay off a mortgage, in helping a brother or sister to go to college, in order that they may have a career which has been denied them.—These are the real successes in life.

* * *

Reassurance in a Handshake

JAMES G. BLAINE had, to a remarkable degree, the ability to bring people close to him, to bind them to him. He would shake hands with a stranger with a warm grasp and cordiality which not only put the man at perfect ease, and dissipated every bit of fear or restraint, but also made the man think that he had found a friend that he was really glad to see.

There is nothing more fatal to personal popularity than a feeling of restraint, reserve, shrinking from meeting people, shyness, oversensitiveness, or the feeling of antagonism. You must let your heart run out into your hand to your very finger tips when you greet people with a handshake. Do not be afraid of giving too much of yourself to them. Do not hold yourself back, as though you were afraid you would give something away which you ought to keep, or that you would say something which you would be sorry for.

VICTOR

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INVESTMENT BONDS

This subject demands serious thought and careful study by all persons wishing to inform themselves as to the best means by which to safeguard their surplus funds.

With the Investment Banker the study of investments is largely a profession, and every possible precaution is taken to protect the individual investor. It is difficult to understand how any person with money to invest can fail to appreciate the genuine value of such a service.

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A Plea for Conservative Investments.

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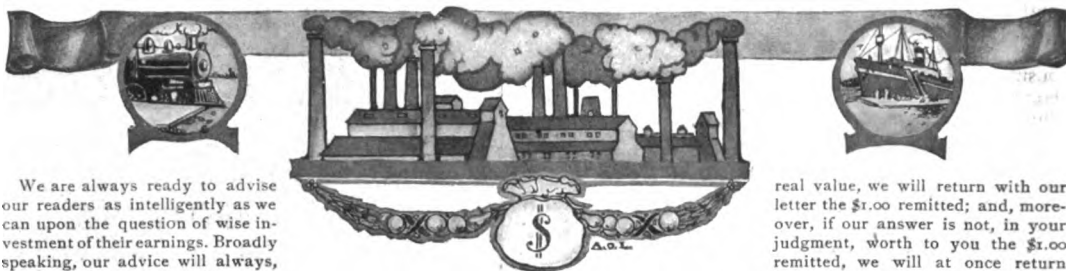
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Hints to Investors

KNOWLEDGE OF INVESTMENTS



We are always ready to advise our readers as intelligently as we can upon the question of wise investment of their earnings. Broadly speaking, our advice will always, or nearly always, be to stick quite closely to *conservative* as opposed to *speculative* investments, as we do not believe that investments which offer large rates of return are intrinsically as *safe* as those which are less "promising." Upon all general questions of investment which do not involve investigation by us of specific properties or securities, we shall make no charge, and will give to these inquiries as much care and conscientious thought as possible. For information and advice upon specific properties, however, where we may have to ascertain through more or less expensive channels the facts upon which to base our counsel, we are forced to make a uniform charge of \$1.00 for each separate security, which must be remitted in every case with the inquiry. If we can not secure this information and render an opinion which in our judgment is of

real value, we will return with our letter the \$1.00 remitted; and, moreover, if our answer is not, in your judgment, worth to you the \$1.00 remitted, we will at once return it upon request, taking your word

for it that it is unsatisfactory. Inquirers should state the name and business address of firms offering securities for sale, the name and location of property, and—when possible—the State in which the property is incorporated, with all other available particulars. Letterheads or circulars of the concern in question should be inclosed when possible, and will be returned, on request, if accompanied by return postage. Delay in answering inquiries will occur when securities inquired about are not well known in local financial circles. We will, in such cases, make investigation through the mails and report to the inquirer as soon as possible. Address all communications: Investors' Department, SUCCESS MAGAZINE, Washington Square, New York City.

The Wisdom of Studying Investments

IT HAS been wisely stated that the selection of sound investments is largely a matter of education. As applied to persons setting aside at stated intervals a certain proportion of their earnings, business men carrying over a surplus from year to year, or to those dependent upon the income producing power of their money, the importance of this statement cannot be exaggerated. Further than this, it is a subject which should be a familiar topic of discussion in the homes of all prosperous people.

No man can foretell at what time, or under what circumstances, he may cease to be a factor in the activities of this world. It is therefore a positive duty, or at least a wise precaution, for him to familiarize the immediate members of his family with the subject of investments. Otherwise, as frequently happens, they may be persuaded, through lack of knowledge, to invest in venturesome schemes the money accumulated solely for their benefit. This should make it perfectly clear to fair-minded persons that, if the habit were formed of discussing the subject of investments in the home, there would be a vast decrease in the large percentage of losses resulting from the placing of money in unsafe channels.

Entirely aside from this, there are men without number who are large earners of money, and who, apparently without any uneasiness of mind, absolutely ignore the necessity of saving, or investing with wisdom, any part of their earnings. Not only is this true, but it is also frequently the case that men believe themselves to be saving money, when they are simply turning it over to unscrupulous individuals to do with substantially as they may elect. A man of moderate means, or one conducting a profitable business, who fails to adopt a frugal policy in times of prosperity, neglecting to give thought and study to the safe investment of his surplus earnings, usually lays up for himself, in times of adversity, an ocean of regrets.

People should know what sound investments represent, their affiliations with progress and prosperity, and their direct bearing upon the comfort and independence of wage earners. Our railroads, public utility and industrial corporations—in fact, the bone and sinew of every industry in the country—are distinctly related to sound investments. The government itself and municipalities rest largely upon this solid foundation. It takes money, the money of individuals collectively, to finance and maintain all of these interests. While it must always be true that some investments will be more speculative than others, and that some so-called investments will ever exist as subterfuges to extract money from the unwary, there are practical and comparatively simple ways by which the investor can learn to avoid the danger spots and become interested in only meritorious propositions.

Some Basic Principles

It is a recognized fact that in times of great prosperity, inexperienced investors usually buy a large number of undesirable securities. The following are probably the two chief reasons:

FIRST—During such periods, the cost of living is so very high that investors are tempted to give too much thought to the amount of their dividends or income, thus neglecting to scrutinize with sufficient care the quality of the security to be afforded their principal.

SECOND—In times of great prosperity, the high prices for raw materials, manufactured products, etc., lead owners and proprietors to believe that larger profits could be made if sufficient capital were available, with which to extend their respective fields of operation. The natural result is incorporation; in many instances based largely upon estimated earnings and

dreams of the future. As time goes on, and the inevitable decline in the volume of business takes place, with lower range of prices all along the line, the inexperienced investor, who may have placed a part of his funds in such enterprises, finds himself to be the owner of a class of securities from which little or no income is to be derived, and for which there is absolutely no market. It is only after experiences of this character that many investors learn the basic principle of safeguarding their surplus funds, i. e., *always to make the question of security the primary consideration*. Those having knowledge of investments rarely fail to adopt this rule, as they know full well that when they purchase securities yielding in excess of from five per cent. to six per cent., they are unquestionably sacrificing the safety of their principal for speculative possibilities.

Some Unusual Opportunities

This must not be construed as implying that it is difficult to make desirable investments in times of great prosperity. On the contrary, during such periods, many long-established and sound corporations with whose securities well-informed investors are familiar, find it expedient to become heavy borrowers, chiefly for the reason that enlarged facilities are essential to meet the increasing demands of their business. If the prevailing rates for money are high, which is usually the case at such times, the corporations have no alternative except to sell their securities at attractive prices. It is then that the well-informed investor, being in a position to follow intelligently the suggestions of the investment banker, whose client he may be, is afforded unusual investment opportunities.

The writer has no intention of dignifying by comparison with conservative investments certain classes of speculative real estate, mining stocks, plantation stocks, and numerous other questionable propositions. At the same time, considering the hundreds of thousands of dollars lost by misinformed investors, it is difficult to conceive how one writing upon the subject of investments can pass over such a deplorable condition without some comment. The writer, therefore, takes this opportunity of cautioning his readers against having anything whatever to do with such propositions. If the scores upon scores of securities, which, it is claimed by their exponents, will yield all the way from eight per cent. to fifty per cent. annual income, were sound investments of permanent and progressive value, the promoters would experience no difficulty in readily securing capital from the reputable investment bankers, or even from local institutions. When such men present their propositions, keep this thought in mind: the reputable investment banker, with his special knowledge and years of training, and with the best investigating experts at his command, can not get for his clients sound investments yielding more than from five per cent. to six per cent., excepting under abnormal conditions, similar to those now in vogue, when large and responsible corporations are paying very high rates for short time loans.

This applies also to the advertisements and literature of many companies, stating that they are offering securities directly to the public, thus saving buyers the banker's commission.

Influence of Bankers' Names

Then again, investors should not be misled by the statement, often made, that subscriptions for such securities will be received through certain banks or trust companies. Such a statement by the sellers, while in some cases having the tendency to inspire the confidence of prospective buyers, has no direct bearing upon the subject. So long as a company selling its

securities directly to the public is without bad reputation, any institution with which it may carry a reasonably large deposit account might feel perfectly justified in extending such an accommodation. Because of such action it is not customary in business circles to conclude that the institutions endorse the propositions. It is purely and simply an accommodation; nothing more, nothing less.

Any business man will readily appreciate the very great difficulty of conducting a profitable mercantile business and combining with it the sale of stocks or bonds. A company attempting to do this might make money out of one of the two propositions; but when worked in conjunction one usually suffers for the benefit of the other. The propositions are separate and distinct, largely for the reason that, as related to the securities, it is not merely a question of selling. On the contrary, the important consideration should be the permanent protection afforded the investor.

Practically every large investment banking house is the medium through which certain corporations sell to the public their security issues. These securities are commonly known as the "specialties" of the banking house handling them. No reputable investment banker will consent to purchase the bonds of an issuing company until qualified experts have rigidly inspected and carefully scrutinized every detail of the business; not only as related to existing conditions, but judged also from the viewpoint of future possibilities. The experts must be men of established reputation and their integrity beyond reproach. They consist of well-known accountants, eminent engineers, expert operating officials and men well skilled in getting at the facts underlying the particular business transacted by the company the purchase of whose securities may be under consideration.

If the examinations result in a satisfactory report by the experts, the firm of bankers hold a conference, at which time all of the facts and details are carefully reviewed. Assuming that the decision be to accept the business, a member of the firm usually becomes a director of the company, and the other members of the board must not be objectionable to the investment house. This is deemed essential in order to protect the interests of such of the firm's clients as may purchase the bonds.

Further than this, a "Mortgage and Deed of Trust" is framed between the issuing company and a trustee—the latter usually a well-known trust company, having a reasonably large capital and surplus. Under the terms of the indenture, which are reviewed in detail by the members of the firm of bankers and its attorneys, the issuing company conveys and assigns unto the trustee all of the property, rights, franchises, etc., upon which the bonds are to be a mortgage. It is also specified, among other things, the amount of bonds, and the conditions under which they may be issued, a description of the property mortgaged, the keeping of the same insured and in repair, and numerous other important stipulations designed absolutely to protect the bondholders. In addition, it is usually specified that if default shall be made in the performance of any agreement contained in the indenture, or in the payment of interest upon any of the outstanding bonds, and shall so continue for the term specified (usually from three to six months), the whole amount of outstanding bonds then becomes due and payable, in accordance with the terms of the deed of trust. In order that all of the holders of outstanding bonds may receive the same fair and impartial treatment, united action upon their part is essential. It is therefore usually customary to specify in the deed of trust that while the trustee may enforce the rights of all bondholders at the written request of holders of only from twenty-five per cent. to thirty per cent. of the outstanding bonds; at the same time, it takes a majority of the bondholders (from sixty to ninety per cent. as the case may be) to direct and control the action of the trustee in the sale of the property, or in the appointment of a receiver to operate it for their benefit. This would prevent the sale of the property at a price which might be considered a sacrifice.

On the other hand, if the form of security to be issued were to comprise stock, it is obvious that the company would have to be controlled by the clients and friends of the investment banker. This for the reason that, as related to its "specialties," no reputable investment house will undertake to finance a company unless the positive assurance is had that it will be in a position to protect the interests of its clients, no matter through what future exigencies the company may pass.

These facts, which are very briefly recited, could be added to by a multiplicity of others. They should serve to explain, however, why, the reputable investment house is recognized as being the only proper channel through which to buy or sell sound investment securities. The service rendered, which is largely professional in its scope, is the governing factor with the reputable banker, and is so recognized by all large corporations. It is a service which is essential to the individual investor, aiding him, so far as the experienced mind can determine, in selecting safe and conservative investments.

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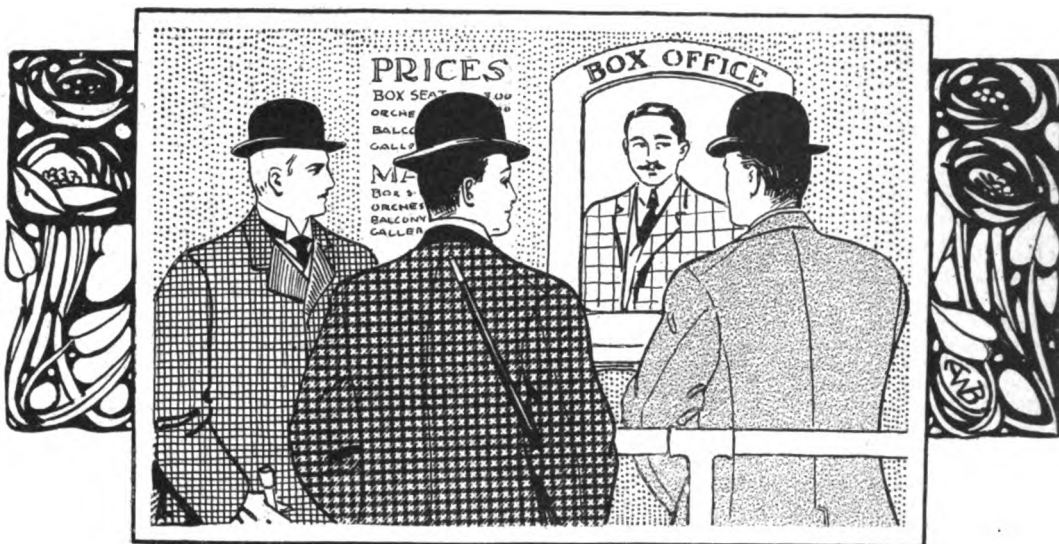
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The Well-Dressed Man

Conducted by **ALFRED STEPHEN BRYAN**

IN THE broad essentials, spring fashions swerve little from those of last autumn. Most noticeable, perhaps, is a tendency to turn one's back on fads. The better tailors advocate a certain English looseness in the cut of coats, without, however, going to extremes. Certainly, the tight, waist-clinging coats of a year ago are *passé*, and—good riddance! The periodical attempts to introduce form-fitting clothes for men have never been wholly successful. Every man with good red blood in his veins rebels against the curved and creased imitations of feminine frippery. Man's dress should, above all, be manly, and to be manly, it must be loose and comfortable enough to give free play to muscle and sinew. It is, therefore, gratifying to know that the mode for spring leans toward what is normal. The more expensive suit will be distinguished from its inexpensive neighbor by fineness of material and perfection of fit, rather than by any specific cut. Indeed, the feverish efforts of many tailors to keep ahead of the accepted fashion lead them into innovations that are neither good form nor good taste, and are sometimes downright ridiculous. Well-dressed men have no hankering to look totally different from their fellows and thus to render themselves conspicuous. Far from being a sign of good breeding, this is distinctly the mark of a snob with an uncontrollable itch for the lime-light. Queerly-cut coats, "horsey" waistcoats, flaming scarfs, and toothpick shoes suggest the hostler out on a holiday or the valet masquerading in his master's discarded finery. The gentleman dresses quietly and with a due regard for purpose, occasion, and custom. He seeks the truest refinement—which is simplicity and becomingness.

The trousers are cut to hang straight downward without any decided narrowing at the bottom. They should be comfortably, but not exaggeratedly, roomy at the hip and knee. From indications, the fashion of wearing trousers of a light shade together with black or dark blue double-breasted jackets is destined to be revived this spring and summer.



Wing collar and wide
four-in-hand

Green and brown are still the favored colors for lounge suits, with gray and blue in their old places. Deep-green mixtures flecked with red, brown, and blue are new and uncommon. The correct browns are in dark chocolate and tobacco shades. Light colors are not becoming to the generality of men. Stripes have supplanted plaids as the approved patterns. Self-effects, that is, brown on brown, green on green, and the like, are notably good form, if the contrast between the two shades used be distinctive and pleasing. Choosing a color in sack suits is so purely a matter of personal preference, that no hard and fast rules can be laid down. Becomingness to the individual is, after all, the safest of guides.

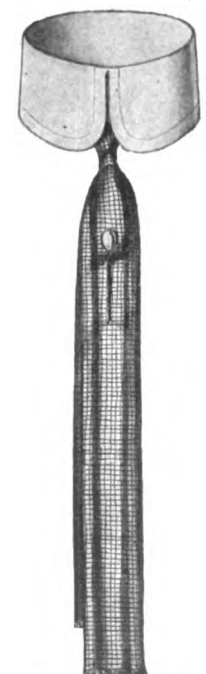
To sum up briefly the accessories of dress, cravats will be a trifle narrower than hitherto, the fold collar will be indorsed for informal wear, shirts will be in simpler colors and designs, tan cape and chambray gloves will be worn, shoes will be pointed, hats a bit flattish of brim, and abbreviated underwear will be worn by every man who prizes coolness, cleanliness, and comfort. This style of underwear was taken up a few summers ago and has now won an immense popularity.

Questions About Dress

[Readers of SUCCESS MAGAZINE are invited to ask any questions which puzzle them about good form in dress. If desired, writers' names will not be used here, but every inquirer must attach his name as a pledge of sincerity. It is suggested that the questions asked be of general, rather than of personal interest.]

BLOOMINGTON.—A covert topcoat is undoubtedly the most serviceable overgarment for traveling in the spring or autumn. It may be tan, olive, or gray-brown in shade, and should be cut loose for easy slipping on and off. Covert coats are never form-fitting. We suggest a center vent on the back, even though it is the tendency to omit the vent on coats this season. It is useful in preventing wrinkles, which are caused by sitting and lounging. Covert coats change so very slightly in cut and finish that you should be able to wear yours three or four years and still have it in fashion.

WALLICK.—The correct dress for a youth at a "commencement" depends on his age and also, of course, on whether the function is held before or after dark. We assume that it is an evening affair. Eton suits are worn by boys whose age is from seven to twelve or thereabouts. From fourteen upward, until a youth leaves school, he wears regulation evening dress, with the



Fold collar and knitted
four-in-hand

The sack coat illustrated this month pictures the general cut of the fashionable spring garment. The lapels are not as deep as heretofore, but quite as wide. Moreover, they have lapels finished with a soft roll, not pressed flat. The edges of the coat are wide-stitched, and the front is rounded off at the bottom. A distinctive feature of the garment shown, which is from one of the best metropolitan tailors, is the patch pockets with slanting flaps. These flaps are curved in the same manner as the coat lapels, and are intended to harmonize with them. The idea is an engaging one and should commend itself to those men who like a dash of individuality in the cut of their clothes.

The waistcoat portrayed is single-breasted, collarless, and has five buttons. It, too, has wide-stitched edges, and the bottom pockets are provided with curved flaps, like those on the coat. The notion of flaps on the lower pockets of the waistcoat may seem a mere affectation to many men, but they serve the very useful purpose of guarding the watch and also preventing the dropping of many small articles both during wear and when the garment is slipped off at night. The practice of wearing fancy waistcoats with the sack suit has gained so wide a vogue that quite a few men order only the coat and trousers of a suit together, and have the waistcoat made separately.

exception of substituting the Tuxedo jacket for the swallowtail. Collegians wear formal evening clothes.

BARCLAY.—There is no periodical in this country wholly devoted to men's dress, unless we except "trade papers," and these, being seldom independent, are not safe guides to follow. The publication that you mention is largely given up to haberdashers' small wares and trivial shop tattle.

M. A. B.—All your questions regarding spring clothes are answered in the regular article this month. So-called "peg-top" trousers have not been in fashion for several years. Russet shoes are correct only for the country and the outdoor sports.



The newest waistcoat

EVERETT.—See regular article for description of spring fashions. A "Tuxedo" jacket is an evening sack coat made of black or gray unfinished worsted, with deep, square, rolling lapels. The Tuxedo suit constitutes informal evening dress, and is proper at family dinners, bachelor dinners, stag affairs, and for evenings at the club.

SOPH.—Your inquiry for "some general hints regarding evening dress" has been answered many times, but we summarize again. The approved fabric for the evening suit is still black unfinished worsted or English twill, and the surface of the cloth should be rough, rather than smooth. Square, notched lapels are newer than peaked. The evening coat must fit snugly over the back, and should be rather tightly shaped to the waist to lend that trim, well-knit appearance so desirable. Trousers are cut loose to give ease in dancing and lounging. Many men choose too heavy a fabric for the evening suit, with the result that it does not "drape" well, nor adjust itself readily to the curves of the figure. As I have frequently insisted, the evening suit should be very plain in cut and devoid of any ornamentation. While "shadow-stripes" and faint self-plaids gained a fleeting vogue a year ago in the younger set, they were not taken up so generally as to entitle them to be called fashionable. Far from losing its cherished simplicity, evening dress has steadfastly preserved it, and if there be any attempt whatever at elegance, that must spring from grace of cut and perfection of fit. Inasmuch as the evening coat cannot be buttoned, and thus has no opportunity to cling to the figure, its square-shouldered, trim-waisted look can only be imparted by careful and correct tailoring.

White waistcoats—black is not worn nowadays—are preferably single-breasted and pocketless. The pocket is superfluous, since it is seldom used, and, moreover, hinders smooth laundering. The linen waistcoat is too stiff, and the silk garment cannot be laundered, but must be dry-cleaned, a tedious and difficult process. Therefore, the soft cotton waistcoat will be found more satisfactory than either. This is cut at the front opening in a shape midway between the old "U" and the newer "V": egg-shape, is, perhaps the best description of it. The lapels are narrow at the top, graduating toward the bottom into broadness. The lapels and edges are silk-stitched some distance from the edge, and the bottom points are not so peaked as formerly. There are deep side vents and the waistcoat hugs the waist.

Spring sack coat

the bottom points are not so peaked as formerly. There are deep side vents and the waistcoat hugs the waist.

The correct white evening tie measures from one and one-half to two and one-quarter inches and is graduated in form. While both linen and silk are proper materials, cotton is softer, more pliant and yields a firmer, fuller knot, besides being lighter and cooler. If a silk tie be worn it should harmonize in shade and pattern with the waistcoat. Cords, tiny detached figures and embroidered ends—all are correct and a matter of individual preference. Lawn ties have been discarded, as the fabric is too flimsy for graceful knotting. In choosing the evening tie, the shape of the collar worn must be considered. If it be a poke or a lap-front, the tie should be broad and adjusted straight across rather than pinched in the center. Contrariwise, if it be a wing—and the wing continues to be favored by many men who can not wear the other forms with comfort—the tie should be modified "bat-wing," snug of center and spreading of end.

The evening shirt may be plain, ribbed, or, if one



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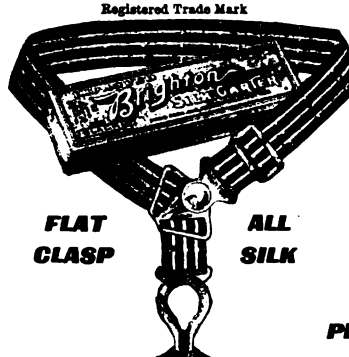
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must dress differently from one's fellows, embroidered in white on white. Few of us can afford the cost of a shirt with linen bosom and cuffs and a silk body, though that is the ideal garment. For the purposes of the everyday man a linen shirt suffices, and, if one wishes to be "smart," the shirt bosom and the waistcoat may be of the same material. It should not be overlooked that the shirt affects both the fit of the waistcoat and of the coat; and that, therefore, it should be very carefully cut. Of the merits of the many devices intended to prevent the shirt bosom from bulging the wearer must judge for himself.

The silk hat is the only form countenanced for general evening wear. The "opera" is a theater hat, pure and simple. In selecting the silk hat, becomingness to the individual, rather than style, is the chief consideration. Young men can wear the new shape with a "Frenchy," flattish brim and look well in it, but most men should choose the more conservative form. This also applies to the "opera." By the bye, always keep your "opera" sprung and not crushed, if you would avoid unsightly wrinkles, which ultimately split the material.

White kid gloves may be embroidered on the back with black silk or white, or may have "self" backs. The button is always pearl; a clasp is in bad form. On the street white buckskin is worn, and this is exchanged in the dressing room for white kid for dancing and indoors. The preferred evening handkerchief is still of fine linen, embroidered in the corner with the wearer's initials. Silk handkerchiefs are not improper and they should be of Japanese pongee.

MANHATTAN.—Like the preceding question, this one has been frequently answered here. A *résumé* will, however, be helpful to those readers who may have missed reading our articles regularly. "Tuxedo" dress is not good form for the dance, the dinner, the reception, or the ball. Neither is it permissible for the opera, though, it may be worn at the play. The reason for this is that the opera rises to the dignity of a "function" in all large cities both here and in Europe, and so is tinged with the utmost ceremony. Women grace the boxes in their most elaborate gowns and jewels, and for a man to present himself in informal clothes stamps him as unversed in the usages of polite society. The play, however, especially the light comedy now so much in vogue, is decidedly informal in character, and, since the "swallowtail" and the "topper" are inconvenient and in the way, they may, by common consent, be dispensed with, if one desires. At the club, the stag, and the bachelor dinner, where only men are to be met, the "Tuxedo" suit finds its real use. The practice of wearing it in hotel lobbies and palm gardens can hardly be condoned. To sum up, the occasions on which informal evening clothes are correct are limited to assemblies of men and intimate family gatherings. The "swallowtail" is always correct, and to wear it, when one is in doubt, will spare a man much mortification.

The regulation "Tuxedo" jacket is single-breasted, single-buttoning, and slightly shaped to the figure. Indeed, it follows in the essentials the cut of the sack coat. The lapels are broad, square or peaked, very deep and are not pressed flat, but ironed to a soft roll. There may be a center vent or no vent—it matters not. The trousers are left unbraided, to distinguish them from those for formal evening dress. As in the "swallowtail" suit, the aspect sought should be one of trim and graceful simplicity. Every manner of ornamentation and eccentricity is to be avoided as in doubtful taste or, rather, in taste of which there is no doubt.

It has long been a much-discussed question whether the white waistcoat may properly accompany the "Tuxedo." General usage has decided in favor of a gray waistcoat, as drawing a line between ceremonious and unceremonious dress. The lapels, which have heretofore been cut V-shape to distinguish them from the U-shape favored for the "swallowtail," are now cut oval or egg-shape, an agreeable change. Such daring innovations as plush and velvet waistcoats of plum and bottle green, with buttons, studs, and cuff links to match, may be dismissed as unworthy of serious discussion. They are queernesses, pure and simple, suggestive of the "boulder" rather than of the gentleman.

The "Tuxedo" shirt is always white, and the plaits may be broad, or narrow, according to personal taste. A new shirt is made of silk and cotton with folded back cuffs and a soft, finely tucked bosom of sheer white silk. Cuffs are invariably worn attached to the shirt. The separate cuff, always in bad taste, is especially to be avoided in evening dress, because it spoils the smooth fit of the coat sleeve and is prone to ride out and beyond the sleeve hem. It is not improper to wear a stiff bosom shirt with the "Tuxedo," but, since ease and softness are so desirable in clothes awedly for lounging, the plaited bosom is much to be preferred, and feels decidedly more comfortable.

The collar may be either the fold or the wing, the fold being more indorsed. The tie is soft black or gray silk and should be knotted snugly in the center and have ends well spread apart. It is a graceful idea to have tie and waistcoat match precisely in shade and design. In order to lend distinctiveness to "Tuxedo" dress, many men favor the fold collar with a V-shaped front opening, rather than any of the more conventional shapes.



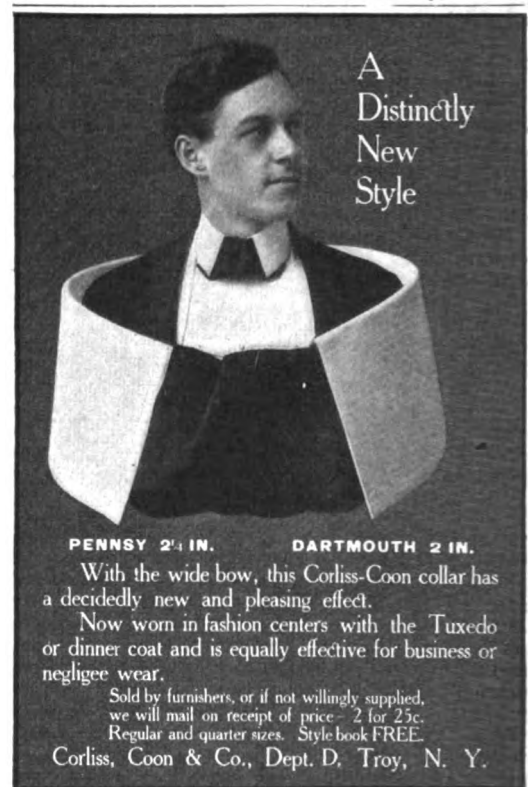
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The "Whys" of Cookery

[Continued from page 253]

buttered brush, and set them to cool on a wire stand. If loaves are set flat, the bottoms will become moist, if they are wrapped in a cloth, there is a soft steamy crust. In summer, if the steam is not allowed to evaporate from bread there is danger of it molding, so it must never be put away till perfectly cool. The best place to store it is in a small, shelved closet of Japanned ware, with a door that closes tight. This is a better and handier receptacle than the wooden tub or stone jar used in some households. Never keep bread in a cellar; it is a horribly unwholesome custom.

Little Notes About Bread Making

SOME cooks prefer to set a sponge when making bread, allowing it to rise in the shape of a well-beaten batter before adding flour enough to do the kneading. "Sponging" makes a fine-grained bread but it lengthens the time required for making, as two risings are needed after the sponge is light.

Bread may be made from water alone instead of "half and half" as milk and water bread is called. Water bread is tougher and sweeter and keeps better than that made from all milk.

A good test of whether bread has been kneaded enough is to leave it on the board or molding cloth for a few minutes. When you take it up again, if it does not stick it is ready to put in the bread pan.

If you want to make bread in a hurry, simply double the amount of yeast, that is, if you are using compressed yeast. It gives no yeasty flavor, although brewers' and homemade yeast does leave a slight taste when more than the prescribed quantity is used.

Should the oven be too hot, set a pan of cold water in it for a few minutes.

Don't use potatoes or potato water in bread. The liquid in which potatoes have been boiled contains a poisonous alkaloid and it tends to darken the bread as well as giving it a peculiar flavor. Years ago before milling had been brought to perfection there might have been reason for adding mashed potato to bread, now with our fine flour there is no necessity for it.

The best way to care for a bread box is to wash it in hot water, then close it, and dry it at the cool end of a stove. This ought to be done between each baking to keep it fresh and sweet.

Milk bread browns more quickly than water bread, so do not imagine because your loaf is a nice chestnut brown that it is baked. Give it time enough, which is from 50 to 60 minutes for brick loaves four inches thick.

If you are detained from getting bread into the pans, when it has risen sufficiently, take a knife and cut down the dough till you are ready to attend to it. This allows the gas to escape and there is no danger of souring if you can not return to it for half an hour.

It is best to have your fire in such condition that it will need no replenishing while bread baking is in progress.

Yeast may be kept perfectly fresh for at least a week or ten days by immersing the cake in cold water. The particles of yeast settle at the bottom and water acts as a seal from the air. Cover the glass in which yeast is dissolved and keep it in a cellar or refrigerator. Occasionally pour off the water that covers it and add fresh.

If you do not own a covered bread pan raise the dough in any large, clean bowl or basin, only keep it well covered with a towel. A paper tightly tied down is better still, for it prevents air from entering.

When a recipe calls for one compressed yeast cake and nothing can be obtained but liquid yeast use one cup of it instead.

If you don't have a wire stand for cooling bread, simply turn up a couple of bread tins and stand the loaves against their edges. The idea is to let the steam escape, so your bread will neither be heavy nor moist.

If you want to hurry bread slightly add one tablespoonful of sugar to four quarts of flour. The yeast plant begins to grow quicker when there is sugar to feed on. When there is no sugar, the yeast has to change some of the starch to sugar and of course this takes time.

Pricking the top of a loaf with a fork before it is put in the oven tends to make it rise and bake evenly.

Do not try setting bread over night either in midsummer or midwinter. In cold weather bread is likely to be chilled, in summer it may sour. There is plenty of time to raise and bake bread in the daytime, when one can watch it and give the careful consideration it requires above any other cooking.

If you live in a region where the water is very hard, boil it, and let it grow lukewarm before mixing with flour, for soft water is better than hard in the bread making process.

Flour is almost as sensitive to odors as is milk, therefore it should be kept in a perfectly clean, wholesome, dry place. Always raise the barrel off the floor, either on two strips of wood or on one of the handy little contrivances, which will swing it out and in to a cupboard. Never use flour for anything without sifting it first, it may be perfectly free from any foreign substance and it may not.

[Mrs. Curtis's next article in this series will appear in our May issue.]

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How has the cold storage system affected markets?

What Pittsburgh employer is said to be the first person to have employed Chinese labor in the United States?

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How old is George Bernard Shaw?

How many kinds of block signals are there in modern railroad practice, and what are they?

Which of Verdi's operas are greatest? How do they differ from his popular "Il Trovatore"?

What are the causes of appendicitis? Between what ages are persons most liable to attack?

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And stretches of hard sea sand making speedways for automobiles, acknowledged to be the longest and best in the world.

What the Tourist Can See and Do in California

The tourist can spend a year in California and see a new place of wonder and interest each day or he can find a hotel whose environments thoroughly satisfy him and enjoy a happy season in one spot.

One can live simply and inexpensively. On the other hand there is no luxury which cannot be obtained.

The outdoor sports include golfing, yachting, polo, hunting, fishing, automobiling.

The big hostels afford the society of travelers from every country in the world. Sumptuous hotels can be found on the coast, in the big cities or tucked away in all parts of the state.

You can dine in palatial cafes or break the monotony at quaint Spanish restaurants and suburban eating houses.

The race tracks, theaters, beach resorts, amusement parks offer an endless program of entertainment.

The excursions by train, trolley car, automobile and trolley-ho give a bewildering assortment of pleasures.

The stores are celebrated for their attractive displays, the large establishments having buyers in all the great markets of the world.

Every minute spent in California is crowded with interest.

Mountains capped with snow, vast forests, waterfalls, huge canyons, sulphur springs, mud baths—every nook and corner has its points of unusual interest.

Quaint islands surrounded with wonderful marine gardens, alive with gold fish and curious denizens of the deep.

Fishing grounds, where the sportsman catches 200-pound tuna, 50-pound yellow tail, 400-pound sea bass. Europe, herself, marvels at it.

Old Spanish missions, railroads penetrating the sky, vast areas of vineyards, oranges, raisins, prunes, olives, apricots.

All of it bathed in golden sunshine—the finest climate on earth.

This, the charms of so many lands, and to it added the strange intoxicant of health and joy, which is characteristic of California.

This information is supplied by the Development Society of California, a body of public-spirited men having no private enterprises to promote, but contributing their time without remuneration to furthering the great success of California. Further details regarding any section of California will be furnished without cost by addressing the

DEVELOPMENT SOCIETY OF CALIFORNIA
Huntington Building, Los Angeles, Cal.

AMERICAN INVASION

By WALLACE IRWIN

PEACE be with you! Hear the tale
Told by those in Jaffa Jail,
Told of Fuj ben Alkali,
Honored Sheik of Alibi,
In the desert of Sahara.
Allah illah, benji khan!
Sorrow is the fate of man
In the region of Boukhara!

Harum Skarum Mahmoud Jig,
Known as Fuj ben Alkali,
Dwelt in peace beneath the fig
And the contemplative sky
Of the desert's watered places.
Allah prospered his oasis,
Making it a Seventh Heaven;
And his wedded wives were seven.
Passing sweet was the polygamous state of Mahmoud Jig.
Mahmoud played the pious tabor,
Mahmoud squeaked the pious fife,
Leaving all unpleasant labor
Unto each respective wife.
One could knit and one could sew,
One could knead the yielding dough,
One, unused to household trammels,
Groomed and fed the placid camels;
One wove Orient rugs unique
(Duly sold as "real antique,")
But the Seventh Wife was set
Far apart—good Mahmoud's pet.
She was trim, rather slim,
Eyes a pretty turquoise blue;
Never pettish, seldom fretful,
Only spoke when spoken to.
Kismet bool zembur mull!
Allah sent the miracle—*Bah, bah!*

One bright morn as Mahmoud bent
O'er his prayers before his tent,
His attention was arrested by a cleric-looking gent,
Black of coat and tall of hat,
Who upon a camel sat.
Closely filing in the rear
Seven camels did appear,
Each one bearing on his back a
Faded lady in alpaca.
Quoth the Moslem, in alarm,
"Come ye here for weal or harm?"
Quoth the stranger, with a smile,
As he doffed his silken tile,
"I am Prophet Smoot McGee
Late of Great Salt Lake, U. T.,
And these ladies whom you see,
Are my seven better halves."
"God is good!" the Moslem cried,
"As is writ in Al Koran,
'Marry early, marry often—
Heaven bless thee, little man!'"
So the Mormon caravan
Lingered near the watered places,
Pitched their camp and lit their lamp
On the Moslem's neat oasis.

II.

Peace be with you! Hear the tale
Told by thieves in Jaffa Jail,
As they squat upon the floor
And their hookhas bubble o'er,
As the water bottles purr
With the smoke of nard and mer
On the desert of Sahara.
"Allah illah, benji khan!"
Sorrow is the fate of man
In the region of Boukhara!"

Saintly Prophet Smoot McGee
Called upon the Moslem often,
Broke his bread and drank his tea,
Mahmoud's pagan heart to soften,
Oft explaining in a wary
Way, to overcome aversion,
How he'd come, a missionary,
For the ultimate conversion
Of the Arab, Turk, and Persian,



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Come to lead them all by kindness
From their heathen ways of blindness.

"If you'd save your soul from Tophet,
Come to Utah!" cried the Prophet.
"Be an elder or a prior,
Come and lead the Mormon choir;
Learn each doxy, law, and tenet,
Or, as soon as you desire,
We will send you to the Senate."

But the Moslem was obdurate,
And the words were lost to him.
(He'd an eldest son, a curate
In the Mosque of Ispayim,
So his faith was deeply grounded.)
But he sat surprised, astounded,
When the Mormon's exhortation
Caused a most profound sensation
Midst the wives of Alkali,
Who regarded Smoot McGee
With a look of fascination
Which the fond but jealous eye
Of the Orient can not see
Without thoughts of strangulation.
And the Moslem's gaze grew green
When his favorite was seen
With a guidebook, small, but pretty,
Titled, "Seeing Salt Lake City."

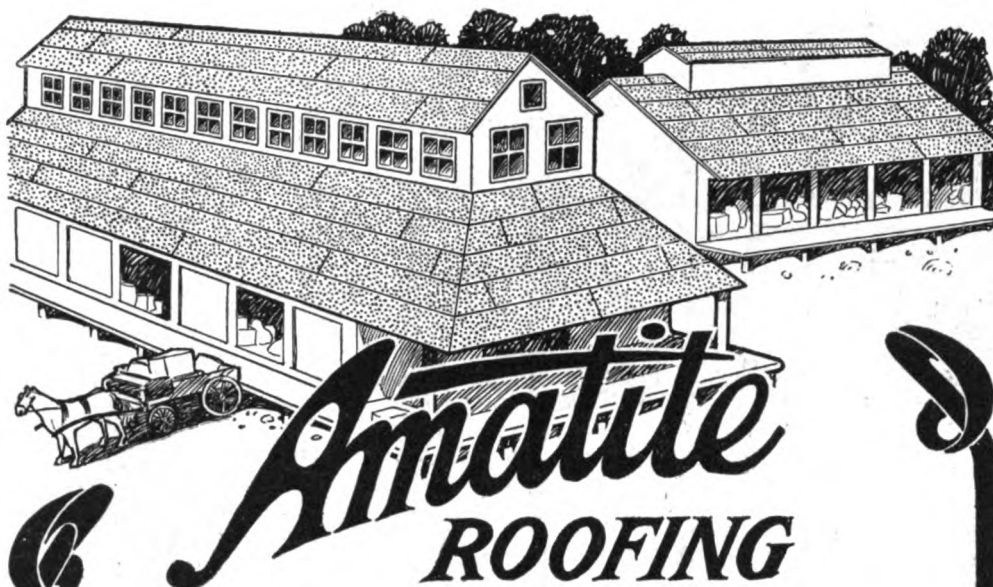
* * * * *
T was the early hour of prayer.
Mahmoud rose from slumbers snug,
Very neatly spread his rug
Toward the East, when—
Hully chee!
Where was Prophet Smoot McGee
With his wives and dromedaries?
And, by Islam's golden houses,
Where were Mahmoud's seven spouses?—
Flown away like freed canaries!



"Who upon a camel sat"

Harum Skarum Mahmoud Jig,
Known as Fuj ben Alkali,
Stood awhile beneath the fig
With a spyglass to his eye.
In the distance he could just
See a fading cloud of dust,
As the Great Elopement pressed
Toward the Wild and Woolly West,
Where the Custom House collects
For such "personal effects."
And his clouded glass could see
In the distance—was it she?
She was slim,
Rather trim—
He was sure her eyes were blue—
On the knee
Of McGee—
Acting quite coquettish, too!

Harum Skarum Mahmoud Jig
Stood awhile with vacant stare;
Then with pious impulse big
Fell he on his knees in prayer.
"Allah, when thy blasts begin
They are deadlier than knives;
Allah knows it is a sin
To have more than seven wives.
Yet our markets are beset
By the Yankee's soft persuasion;
Night and morning we are met
By American Invasion.
Even in Polygamy
Rival syndicates arise—
Helpless to compete are we
With the Yankee enterprise!
Kismet booh zembur mul!
Allah sent the miracle—
Bah, bah!"



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Sports and Recreation

Conducted by HARRY PALMER



Shall Prize Fighting Be Legalized?

THE movement in New York to legalize prize fighting should be met with vigorous opposition from every source. Under modern methods of conducting such contests, the initiative is bad and the results very much to be deplored in any well regulated community. This will apply, not only to New York, but to every city which, by virtue of great population, makes it a shining mark for the prize fighting promoter.

In the days of Henan, Sayers, and others of their ilk, it was glory they fought for, and not the purse—the latter was a second consideration—and there was the element of real interest in a contest of physical endurance and fistic skill entirely separate from the sordid considerations that now constitute the marrow in the backbone of all so-called public contests within the "squared circle." There is no better posted element in the world, from which to make up an assemblage of spectators at the ringside, than is to be found in New York City, and yet, any such assemblage that could be gathered together in Madison Square Garden would render a verdict of "Fake" against any public exhibition of the kind that might be sanctioned at Albany at the behest of those who are now trying to "open the way" at the State Capital.

THE best evidence in support of this statement is furnished by the "Testimonial" recently "tendered" one Terry McGovern, within the great building at the corner of Twenty-sixth Street and Madison Avenue. There had been no public "entertainment" of the kind in New York for several years, and the announcement that a "testimonial fistic carnival" was to be held in Madison Square Garden, with the full sanction of municipal authorities, caused thousands of "the fancy" in New York, Boston, Philadelphia and other enterprising towns within a night's journey, to rub their eyes and blink in half-credulous acceptance of the statement. And so they flocked, from far and wide, to the scene of the contest, until a good twelve thousand spectators were gathered beneath this roof, over which a clever cartoonist recently poised the figure of Bacchus, instead of Diana, as better suited to the varied character of the "entertainments" held within this noble structure, right opposite which stands the beautiful building of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

In the assemblage of spectators, and attracted by the novelty of a public boxing contest at Madison Square Garden, were men blasé in all details of the manly art; they were connoisseurs in all that constituted a "clean set-to" and equally well versed in those tricks and subterfuges that go to make up a fake exhibition. They left fully disillusioned and thoroughly disgusted. But the "gate" was in the box office; the beneficiary was assured of a good thing; the promoters had their "rake-off" securely clutched within their talons,—barring what they "slid over" to "the man higher up," and the public, from the viewpoint of everybody else concerned had got its "money's worth."

THE "testimonial" was but a wedge in the log of public opinion; a mere try-out, to see how the public and the public press would "stand for it." Well, they both "stood for it," and the present agitation at Albany is but a natural sequence—another nail in the platform supporting the "squared circle," and a nail which, in the hope of the grafters driving it, will clinch the stability of the structure for some time to come.

New York does not stand alone in such experiences. Philadelphia has been a toothsome cheese, at which the rats of the prize fighting game have been nibbling for years—but only nibbling, because the marauders have feared to go too far; Boston, or rather South Boston—the home of the short haired gentry—has flashed forth now and then with varying degrees of boldness; Chicago, where it has been merely a question of graft, has held down the evil, not because the city administration cared a rap for the welfare of the community, but because the promoters *could not pay more*; Pittsburg has been "tried out;" and because of its great sport-loving element, as typified in the "puddlers" and workmen in its iron mills was voted a great "show place," but it "cost too much." San Francisco, and the mining camps of Goldfield alone threw open their gates to the "plug uglies" of the prize ring, and all who have had the price have gone there, accompanied by the best wishes of decent people east of the Allegheny Mountains.

THE possibility of prize fighting returning to New York, through action of the Legislature, is intolerable. The announcement that New York State had formally legalized public boxing exhibitions would bring the "sports" back in hordes, and the police would have their work cut out for them in earnest, as the very worst element in the country is that embodied in the satellites of the prize ring, the most vicious and depraved classes of modern civilization. William Pinkerton, than whom there is perhaps no better sportsman, or one better qualified to speak, has said: "They are the scum of creation, utterly without regard for the law, and the most troublesome element, when gathered together in any considerable number, that any police force can be called upon to handle."

Does New York want to open its municipal gates to this class of carrion? Has it not already enough of this material to deal with? And yet, the Legislature, from all indications, is seriously considering the enactment of a law that will attract this element in formidable force, with every inducement for it to remain indefinitely.

ANY State legislature that enacts such a law strikes a direct blow at the morals and the spirit of decency maintained in the community affected. No less culpable are the owners of public places of amusement, who, for a consideration, open their doors for such exhibitions. Madison Square Garden is today the great public arena to which the eyes of the prize fighting fraternity are turned. Centrally located, possessed of a world-wide reputation as the one really great exhibition hall of the metropolis, and capable of seating 12,000 or more spectators, it is a shining mark in the eyes of prize fight promoters one of whom recently announced that he would gladly pay \$100,000 for the rental of the edifice for a single night, provided he might be accorded the privilege of holding an unlimited-round fight there, between champion Jeffries and such an opponent as he could select.

WAS Madison Square Garden designed and intended for prize fights? Was it the purpose of those gentlemen who avowedly erected the building to provide the people of New York with a great public exhibition hall for such educational displays as those typified by the Automobile Show, the Motor Boat Show, the Horse Show, the Military Show, the Electrical Show, and others of like character, to turn it over to the professional fights? The executive force of Madison



Square Garden is composed of Messrs. Frank K. Sturgis, President; James C. Young, Secretary; and Charles Schroeder, General Manager—all men of business standing and unquestioned reputation in their chosen community. Possibly they do not realize that they owe something to the community, even at the expense of their stockholders; all of whom, by the way, would resent the slightest imputation that they were owners of a public building leased for immoral, though perhaps not illegal, purposes.

SUCCESS MAGAZINE does not for a moment oppose boxing contests conducted upon purely amateur lines; it believes, with President Roosevelt, that physical culture is as essential to a healthy body and a vigorous mind as is intellectual and moral development. Boxing in the schools and colleges is a commendable form of contest, and even public exhibitions of the kind, as conducted under the auspices and control of the Amateur Athletic Union, have our unqualified endorsement. To open the door of New York City, however, to professional prize fighters, to take off the lid and let so foul a pot stew unmolested, is going a step too far.

Motor Car Topics

LAST YEAR there was vexatious delay and a great deal of fuss over the question of a route for the Glidden Tour. The committee, for some time after its organization, was apparently in doubt as to the depth of its own wisdom and judgment, for, instead of boldly announcing a route, in the form of an ultimatum, it threw out a "feeler" by way of the public press and was well-nigh taken off its feet by the storm of protest raised by prospective participants. A second feeler met with no better results and it finally invited suggestions, which poured in by the score, and from which it ultimately evolved a route that fell far short of proving satisfactory. This year there are indications that the route question is to be a bone of even greater contention. The committee has boldly announced that the start will be at Chicago, and the finish at New York, the route to be via Washington, from which point, those who so desire may make a detour to the Jamestown Exposition. Now comes the Chicago committee, with the declaration that this is all wrong and will never do. The East it declares, has had entirely too many plums from the automobile tree. With the Vanderbilt Cup Race and the Elimination Race that preceded it; the finish of the record-breaking transcontinental tour and the Chicago-New York race against time, to say nothing of many events of lesser importance, New York has had enough, and must now hibernate for a time, while Chicago takes unto herself her just deserts.

"THE tour this year," say motorists in the Windy City, "must start at New York and finish at Chicago. We don't want to go to Jamestown; it's too hot down there, and the roads are abominable. If you don't play our way, we simply won't play at all." Then, with true western hospitality the Chicago contingent adds: "Do as we ask. Make the finish here at Chicago, and when you get here—well, we'll give you the time of your lives."

Just how it will end can scarcely be predicted at this time, but the probabilities are that the New York representatives will have their way, whatever that may be. Still, there is a great deal in the suggestion of the Windy City motorists. For those who have yet to experience the joys of "a finish" in the city at the southern end of Lake Michigan, there is much in store. It is very sure to prove interesting and memorable in every way.

IN this connection a suggestion has been made by Mr. Duncan Curry that would seem to offer an excellent basis for compromise and fully satisfy both parties to the controversy. Mr. Curry contends that a run of 1,000 miles is not long enough and does not offer a sufficiently severe test upon which to base any really satisfactory opinion as to the comparative merits of competing cars. In his opinion, the cars should start from New York and proceed via Philadelphia, Harrisburg, Pittsburg and Fort Wayne to Chicago; after two days of entertainment and short runs over the Chicago boulevards he would have the official route continue another thousand or twelve hundred miles from Chicago to Detroit, Toledo, Cleveland, Buffalo, Rochester, Syracuse, Albany and Hartford to New York City. Mr. Curry further suggests a basis for awarding prizes, and rules for the conduct of the tour which, in his opinion, would insure far more satisfactory results than were attainable under the Glidden Tour rules of 1906.

ONE of the most interesting experiments yet attempted in the history of motor car developments was that in which three Maxwell cars, identical in every respect as to motor equipment and number of passengers carried, made the run from New York to Boston, with gasoline, kerosene and alcohol respectively as fuel. The road and weather conditions were unusually severe, most of the journey being made in a driving storm and over roads covered with from four to six inches of snow.

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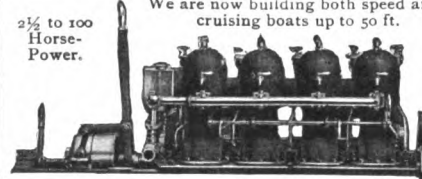
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An air rifle, because it is harmless—no powder, smoke, or noise.

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It shoots 1000 times without reloading.

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comparative cost and efficiency of these fuels as follows:

Car	Weight	Cost pr. Gallon	Gallons Used	Cost of Fuel	Cost per Car Mile	Cost per Ton Mile
Gasolene	2270	\$0.20	24.75	\$4.95	\$0.019	\$0.0169
Kerosene	2520	\$0.13	33.75	\$4.39	\$0.017	\$0.0139
Alcohol	2750	\$0.37	40.75	\$15.07	\$0.06	\$0.0448

The miles per gallon of fuel are as follows: Gasolene 10.4 miles; Kerosene 7.4 miles; Alcohol 6.1 miles.

From the above table, it is seen that alcohol is about two and one-half times as expensive as gasolene, and over three times as expensive as kerosene, when used in a gasolene engine of the present day. The test has, however, shown that it is a good power producing fuel. The engine operating on alcohol pulled more strongly on hills than those operating on either kerosene or gasolene. In fact, it was almost impossible to stall the motor, the reason being that, while the initial pressure with alcohol is less than with gasolene, the mean effective pressure is greater. Another advantage that can be accredited to alcohol is that it was impossible to produce that metallic knock or pound caused by a too advanced spark. In this respect, it was far superior to both kerosene and gasolene. It is, however, probable that, when the compression is raised sufficiently high for economical operation, the engine will knock somewhat if the spark is too advanced. These advantages, added to its cleanliness and lack of explosive qualities, should make it a popular fuel for automobiles, and there is little doubt that in the course of the next few years it will be very largely adopted as a fuel for internal combustion motors.

Tire Difficulties

THE PNEUMATIC TIRE, despite the improvements effected by both American and foreign manufacturers of late years, continues to be the chief source of trouble with motorists, and the principal cause, either direct or indirect, of accidents upon the road. It is the direct cause, when collapsing or becoming detached while the car is proceeding at high speed; and the indirect cause, through the strain imposed upon all parts of a car as the result of such mishaps.

As an instance of the damage that may result purely from tire accidents, the narrow escape of a party of motorists near Plattsburg, New York, recently, may be cited. The owner of a touring car, with two companions, was testing a new "quick detachable tire," that had been fitted to one of the forward wheels. He was proceeding at a speed of perhaps twenty-five miles an hour, when in rounding a turn in the road, the tire suddenly decided to demonstrate its "quick detachable" capabilities, and parted company with the rim. The sudden letting down of the car on one side deflected its course, and sent the tireless wheel into a stone pile at one side of the road. As a result, the car swung around, as though on a pivot, and turned completely over, the driver being hurled upon the stones, where he remained unconscious, while one of his companions was shot a distance of twenty feet into an oat field, and the other was pinioned beneath the car with a broken arm. To good fortune alone the trio of motorists owe their escape from instant death. The car was damaged to the extent of \$500.

MANY other instances similar in nature might be given to prove the pneumatic tire the greatest menace to life and limb known to the motorist. Aside from strengthening the fabric, however, and improving the methods in vogue for fastening the tire to the rim, there seems to be little prospect of eliminating or diminishing this source of danger. Even in their efforts to this end, manufacturers and inventors are handicapped, for tires must have the "quick detachable" quality that saves the motorist time and trouble when a new tube is to be inserted; and this presents a problem to the inventor which might be quickly solved, could the evils of puncture and collapse be eliminated.

It has been suggested that jar and vibration might be sufficiently overcome through the increased use of supporting springs to permit the use of solid tires, but this, it is claimed by experts in motor-car construction, would so greatly increase the difficulties of insuring proper balance as to render the idea impracticable.

The point at which to overcome shock and vibration seems to have been fixed, definitely, at the point of contact between the ground and the car, and inventive genius seems to have found no better means of doing this than through the resilient qualities of the pneumatic tire; motorists must therefore continue to face the dangers which this feature of motor-car equipment entails.

Motor Boat Briefs

ONE of the pleasant social features of the recent Motor Boat Show at Madison Square Garden, New York, was the Vaudeville Show and "beefsteak dinner" given by the Motor Boat Club of America during show week. Prominent among the 150 club members and guests present were Admiral Coughlin and staff of the Brooklyn Navy Yard. It was probably the last function attended by the aged, though still hale and hearty old Admiral as an officer of the United States Navy, his retirement to private life having taken place on March 1. In his address to the club members, the



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Admiral predicted the almost universal substitution of the gasoline-driven craft for steam craft for tender, dispatch and auxiliary service in the Navy.

* * *

A noticeable feature of the Motor Boat Show in New York was the evident increase in interest, on the part of both manufacturers and the public, in the cruising type. Even in boats of the smallest size of this class, marked improvement is shown in all details calculated to increase the comfort of occupants and the safety and stability of the craft itself. With the growth of the motor boat industry, public demand has been largely in the direction of craft adapted to staunch service and equipped with those conveniences that will insure comfort on protracted cruises in inland waters and within the sheltered bays and sounds along the coasts. After all, this is the true use to which a pleasure motor boat should be put, and that from which the greatest degree of enjoyment can be extracted.

* * *

AMONG the interested visitors to the Madison Square Garden show was Captain Rhineberg, of the Norfolk Navy Yard, and one of the officials of the Jamestown Exposition. Captain Rhineberg stated that one of the big programme features of the coming Exposition would be the motor boat races, a feature to which he will give his earnest support, and in which he will be ably seconded by Mr. Hugh S. Gambell, secretary of the Motor Boat Club of America.

The Motor Cycle

WITH none of the publicity methods enjoyed by the motor car, and with little or no advertising in the public press, the motor cycle is to-day the product of an industry that gives every promise of growing to vastly greater proportions than it now enjoys, and this growth will be due entirely to the utility of the machine both as a means of pleasure and as an economical and speedy means of merchandise transportation.

So completely has the motor car occupied public attention, that the increasing number of motor cycles upon the public highway has been largely overlooked, but that increase has been steady, and such as to tax the capacity of the comparatively few factories devoted to their production. That the demand to-day is considerably in excess of the supply, and that deliveries are by no means as prompt as the consumer would like, are facts well known to those at all familiar with the situation.

* * *

THAT the motor cycle is in a class by itself as a vehicle for urban and suburban travel can not be disputed. It is a distinct achievement over the man-power bicycle, in that it is capable of a sustained speed of from fifteen to thirty-five miles an hour, so long as its fuel and ignition equipment remain effective. Its motive force (from one and a half to three horsepower) is sufficient to carry a weight of 200 pounds or more at good speed even over indifferent roads, and up any grade that can be traveled by an automobile, while its mechanism is simple and easily mastered and its control as complete, after a little experience in driving, as that of any gasoline-driven machine. The cost of operation and repair is small; there are no garage expenses and a chauffeur is not only not necessary but impossible.

* * *

THE best makes of motor cycle cost from \$175 to \$250, at which price, and possessed of so many virtues, it is perhaps not surprising that this type of machine is rapidly winning its way into the hearts and pocket books of a class who are unable to afford a motor car, and who can yet go beyond the price of the old-style bicycle. Very soon, the motor tricycle and quadricycle will make their appearance, so that the young man who can afford the luxury, will be able to seat his wife or sweetheart beside him any Sunday morning in the good old summer time, and hie them away to the shady lanes and cool of the country for as enjoyable an outing as is possible to the owner of a seven passenger automobile costing from twenty to thirty times more than the tricycle, and necessitating an outlay of from \$500 to \$3000 annually to maintain.

* * *

It is not in the pleasure type, however, that the motor cycle will fulfill its greatest mission. It is particularly adapted to light parcel delivery purposes—laundry packages, groceries, drugs, meats, dry goods, and other like service that costs the small tradesman, under existing methods, much more than the cost of delivery by motor tricycle. All of these possibilities have been considered by the established motor cycle manufacturers of the country, and without exception they are preparing to meet them as rapidly as is consistent with good business judgment.

It has been predicted by conservative observers, formerly engaged in the manufacture of bicycles, that the motor cycle industry will one day attain even greater proportions than those enjoyed by the bicycle industry, and that this will be brought about solely by the wide popularity of the motor cycle as an economical and thoroughly satisfactory pleasure vehicle, to say nothing of its great utility as a commercial vehicle.



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Treat the revolver as roughly or carelessly as you please—it can't go off, can't cause harm until you intend it should—if it's an Iver Johnson Safety Automatic Revolver. The firing pin can't possibly transmit concussion until you pull the trigger clear back; that's what makes it safe. Here's why it makes you safe: The

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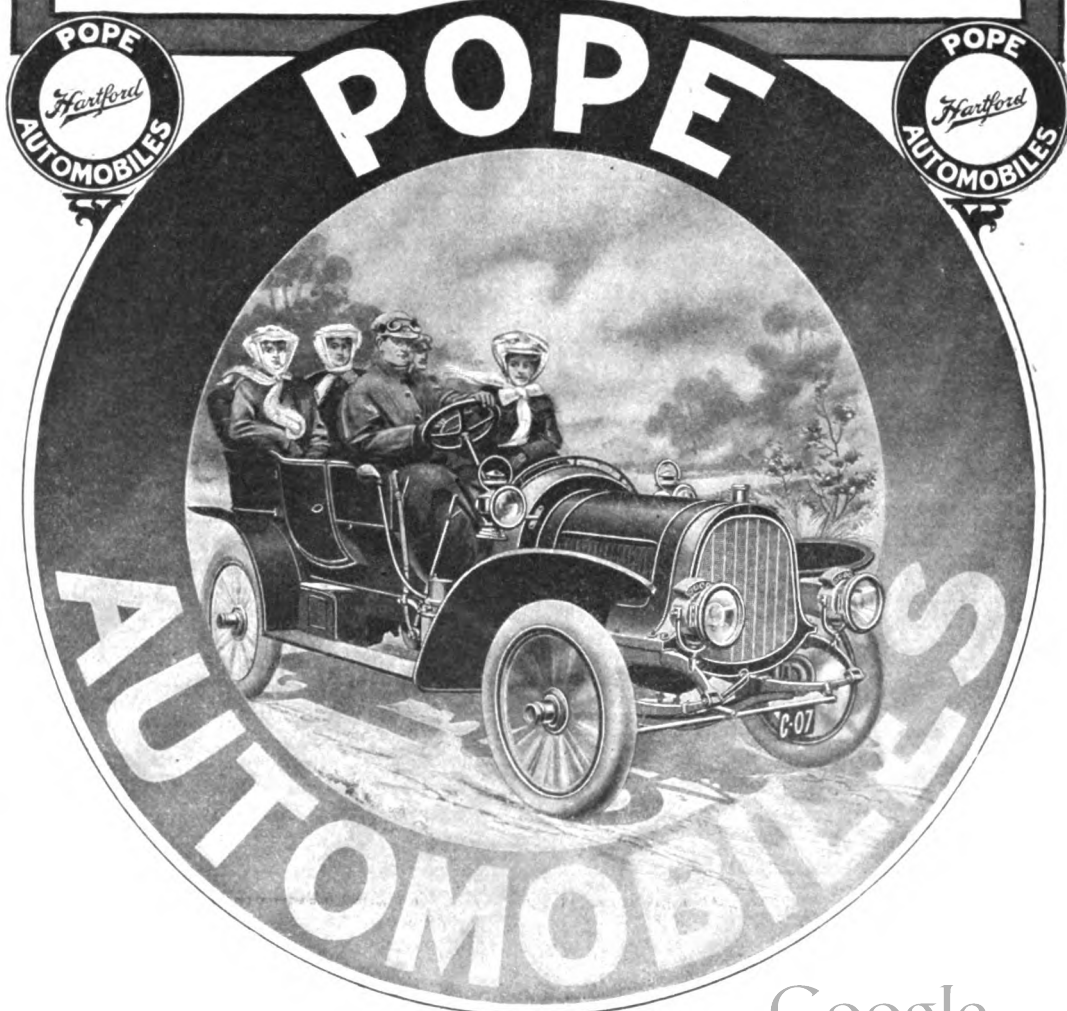
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THE THIRD HOUSE

By GILSON GARDNER

[Continued from page 231]

tell of the complaints of citrus shippers in Southern California, was accorded the same brand of courtesy.

Other representatives of special interests among the shippers who came without invitation and insisted upon being heard, and were heard grudgingly, were Sam H. Cowan, of the Cattle Raisers' Associations of Texas and other Southwestern States; E. M. Ferguson, representing a number of allied jobbers' associations in the Northwest, and E. F. Perry, of the Wholesale Lumber Dealers' Association.

Thus, before a packed jury of the Senate, there appeared one hundred and fifty special advocates of the special railway interest; a dozen advocates of the special shippers' interest; and one volunteer advocate of the People.

And yet it was the people, assisted by their lobbyist, Theodore Roosevelt, who won. It was Faulkner's theory that the people could be fooled. It is wonderful what little sense men like Faulkner sometimes have on matters of this sort!

The manner in which this remarkable victory was won does not concern us now. It is with the forces which sought to defeat the people's will that we are here concerned; the forces and their instruments—more particularly their representatives in the Third House.

* * * * *

Let us look in upon that Senate hearing and take a closer view of a few of these special representatives of special interests, who were drummed up in urgent haste by Commander Faulkner. Some will be found to be familiar and interesting figures. This young attorney, H. T. Newcomb, for example, seems to have a lot to do with railway legislation, for a man who is not a member of either branch of Congress. For, as already told, it was he who was engaged by Senator Elkins and Mr. Faulkner to boil down the six volumes of railway testimony, and to make a report adverse to any law for the further regulation of railways. The final report was not in fact made just as planned. Public sentiment began to take on an unexpected complexion, and about this time Senator Elkins found his return to the Senate so seriously threatened that he was obliged to do a political somersault, and become an ardent champion of a railway rate bill. But Mr. Newcomb was paid for his services just the same as if the adverse report had been made. There always has been a lurking suspicion about the Capitol that the elaborate and learned speech which the Senator from West Virginia contributed to the rate debate was prepared by Attorney Newcomb. Senator Crane, who is fond of a joke, proceeded on this assumption and, for the amusement of his colleagues, used every device to lure "Steve" away from the manuscript from which he read, into an extemporaneous discussion of the law points involved. But in vain.

Mr. Newcomb, who likewise appeared before the Senate Committee in the character of an "expert," told the committee that he had the honor to appear before them "at the request of certain railway corporations." He told them, further, that he had been employed in the Bureau of Statistics of the Interstate Commerce Commission, and in the statistical department of the Department of Agriculture. He did not tell them, what is likewise true, that he has frequently hired out to corporations engaged in fighting popular movements for lower street car fares, and reduced gas and water rates; that his chief business, in fact, is to sell his brains to corporations warring with the people. Recently Mr. Newcomb spent many weeks in Cleveland as a conscript of the vested interests arrayed against Tom Johnson.

It might be asked why Senator Stephen B. Elkins, as Chairman of the Committee on Inter-

state Commerce, should not himself write the report and prepare the bill which was to be reported from his committee. It might be asked why he is chairman of that committee if he is not competent to prepare such reports or bills.

It might be asked why an avowed partizan of the railway interest should be called in to write a report, and draw a bill, if that bill and report were to be fair to the interests of the people as a whole.

The answer is that the hold of the railroads upon this committee and branch of Congress is so strong that there is hardly any longer a pretense that the people are concerned. These operations were conducted boldly. The agents of the railway corporations were openly installed in the rooms of the Capitol, and set to doing the work which is supposed to be done by the people's chosen representatives. The truth is Elkins serves the railroads, and he does not very seriously pretend to serve the people.

Nor is this the only instance in which Senator Elkins has employed the services of corporation agents in framing legislation, supposedly in the people's interest. It is a matter of record, brought out in certain hearings before the House Committee on Interstate Commerce, that the so-called Elkins Bill, approved February 19, 1903, was drafted in the offices of the Pennsylvania Railway, by its general counsel, Judge Logan, now deceased. This bill, which had some good features, contained a paragraph abolishing imprisonment as a penalty for infractions of the anti-rebate law. In its original form it also contained a clause to legalize the pooling of freight—in other words to repeal the Sherman anti-trust law in its application to railroads, and to legalize monopoly. The latter clause was finally abandoned, in order to secure the passage of the clause which removed the terror of prison bars from criminal railway managers. It was only after a hard fight that President Roosevelt got this clause restored to the statute books in the Rate Bill. The paragraph restoring it was not drawn by the West Virginia Senator, nor by the General Counsel for the Pennsylvania Railway.

* * * * *

But there is a type of railway and corporation lobbyist who is less worthy of respect than H. T. Newcomb. The latter sells his brains on the corporation side, and makes no secret of the fact. This other type adds hypocrisy to whatever of discredit may attach to his calling, and hands out cheap cant about his interest in the common people.

Of this sort is Daniel Davenport of Bridgeport, Connecticut, one of those who came to tell the Senate Committee that rate legislation would be unwise. On the pay of certain corporate interests in New England, Mr. Davenport is hired to spend his time in Washington, when Congress is in session, lobbying against all so-called radical legislative measures—which means the eight-hour law, the bill to limit the use of injunctions, the Hours of Service Bill, and any measure antagonistic to the special railway, banking, or insurance interests.

But listen to Davenport's story:

"I come before you," he declared, sententiously, "not bearing the commission of any railway corporation, railway magnate, or railway president, but I appear in behalf of that innumerable host whose money built the railroads of this country and whose savings are invested in them, relying on existing statutory and constitutional safeguards."

Davenport then explained to the committee that, whereas plain people have accounts in savings banks, and policies in life and fire insurance companies; and whereas banks, and insurance companies invest the savings and policy money in railroad securities, therefore the plain people are, in reality, investors in railroad prop-

erties; and when he—Daniel Davenport—alleged to be in the pay of the insurance companies and banks, appears before Congress, he really appears for the plain people. Hear what he says:

"As a result of my inquiries and communications I have ascertained that one sixth of the railway properties in this country are owned by the savings banks of those six States (Maine, Connecticut, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, New Jersey, and New York), and of course this means owned by the depositors in the savings banks, the fire and life insurance companies, and the educational institutions. Of course that does not take into account the various trust and other investment companies. So I think I may say, without any reason to apprehend contradiction, that the real owners of the railroads in this country are the plain people of this country; they are the people whose moneys are invested in these securities and whoever seeks to array the Government of the United States against those properties is really seeking to array the Government of the United States against the people of the United States."

Hocus-pocus! Presto change! And the paid lobbyist of the vested interests is the pleading champion of the widows and the orphans. Oh, Sophistry, thy name is Davenport! And the solemn big-wigs of the United States Senate let it go unchallenged, and gave him two days to argue against the constitutionality of railroad regulation.

Another lobbyist is F. B. Thurber of New York. It is hard to say what Thurber represents. But the writer can testify, of his own personal knowledge, that he has been turning up in Washington for the past ten years, whenever special interests were involved. In the old days it was tariff legislation; then, during the Spanish War, and afterwards the sugar and the tobacco interests had their little errands. In presenting his credentials at the Rate Bill hearing, Mr. Thurber followed closely the methods of Mr. Davenport. After announcing that he represented the "United States Export Association," with offices in New York, he went on smoothly after this wise:

"I represent, directly, merchants and manufacturers who are members of the United States Export Association, and, indirectly, many other shippers in the United States who, while opposed to unjust discriminations by railroads, are not prepared to adopt the remedy proposed by the advocates of the Esch-Townsend Bill, passed by the House of Representatives at the last session of Congress. Indeed, I doubt if ten per cent. of its friends have given any serious thought as to whether there is any better way to remedy the evils which exist."

Then Mr. Thurber, constructive statesman, unselfish friend of the people, and self-appointed spokesman for the thoughtless, proceeds to tell how unwise it would be to tamper with the vested interests.

"The apparent reasonableness" (of rate legislation), Mr. Thurber continues, "caught the ear of our President, and with his favor the House of Representatives jammed through a measure which, if it had become a law, would have injured all the material interests of the United States. The wages (note Mr. Thurber's concern for the poor working man) of a million railroad employees, representing directly, five million consumers, and, indirectly, many other millions engaged in collateral industries depending on the prosperity of our railroads, are at stake. The value of ten thousand million dollars of securities, largely held by our savings banks and life insurance companies, is at stake."

So much for the friendly witnesses who were present to help make a case for the railroads. What of the lobbyists of that other special interest—the shippers who wanted this legislation? We have seen "experts" like Thurber and Davenport handing in their fake credentials without challenge. What happens to a man who appears for the other side? Suppose we take, at random, the case of Joseph H. Call, of Los

Angeles, California, who had the temerity to appear without summons from the chairman.

"I believe you are to speak on the private car system of your State?" Senator Elkins growled, by way of introduction.

"I have come before this committee," replied Mr. Call, "in behalf of the citrus fruit interests in Southern California,"—and he added that his clients wanted legislation such as that suggested by President Roosevelt in his message. Whereupon this ensued:

THE CHAIRMAN.—What is it you represent?

MR. CALL.—The citrus fruit interests of California.

THE CHAIRMAN.—Is there any particular organized association?

MR. CALL.—There is a large central organization which is called the "Southern California Fruit Exchange," which handles about one half to sixty per cent. of the citrus fruit business, and then there are a large number of scattering organizations owning packing houses and shipping for themselves. About seventy per cent. of the orange groves—the citrus fruit growers—have requested me to appear here. I represent about seventy per cent. of them.

THE CHAIRMAN.—You speak by authority for those people?

MR. CALL.—I speak for them.

THE CHAIRMAN.—You are not a fruit grower or a shipper?

MR. CALL.—I am not a fruit grower, nor am I a shipper, nor do I represent any car line or packing house as such, nor any of those packing house interests in Southern California which are affiliated with the Armour and other lines.

At this point Senator Foraker cut in and opened up a series of questions as to who controlled the railways running east from Ogden; and, when he had elicited from Mr. Call a statement that the latter had heard that the Union Pacific was controlled by Standard Oil Interests, Senator Foraker concluded.

"Well, I hope you will be more accurate in your other statements than you are in that."

Another witness hostile to the Senate Committee's fixed determination that there should be no rate law, was Sam H. Cowan, a Congressional lobbyist with an interesting record. It was during the Rate Bill fight that Mr. Cowan came into national prominence, acquiring much good will by his strenuous endeavors to aid the President in his anti-railroad war. When Mr. Cowan went before the Senate Committee he was handed this by Chairman Elkins:

"Now, Mr. Cowan, as I understand it, you have a prepared statement. Our time for hearings is very short, as we have a good many things before us to consider. Now, inasmuch as you have prepared a written statement, I want you to comment, if you please, on that and be as brief as you can. I make this statement because we are pressed by other parties who desire to be heard."

To which, Mr. Cowan, realizing that it was a small unripe citrus which had been tendered him, felt that it was necessary to show that there was a big stick behind any softness in his speech. It is fortunate that Senator Elkins thus drew him out, for the public now has from his own lips a brief but authoritative account of a typical associated special interest, such as brings its pressure to bear by hired lobbyists—experts as competent as any member of either House or Senate.

"I perfectly understand the situation and attitude of the committee," Mr. Cowan answered; and then, with a little introduction of similar purport, he gave this interesting bit of history:

"All the cattle associations of these various States, for the purpose of undertaking to further this legislation, believing that it is necessary and important to them to do so, last May organized through a committee of three gentlemen from each of the cattle associations of eleven States and Territories west of the Missouri River, including the State of Iowa (east), made up funds, passed resolutions, and started out on the line of attempting to aid in getting this sort of legislation passed. The persons whom I directly represent are the shippers of approximately—estimated of course—150,000 cars of live stock a year, worth a hundred million dollars. We ship out of the State of Texas about 1,250,000 tons of live stock, interstate, *per annum*. I am not enabled to state precisely what amount of live stock we furnish to each of the markets, but Mr. Garfield, in his reports, says that there is furnished to three markets—St. Louis, Chicago, and Kansas City—about 850,000 head of cattle. He leaves South Omaha, Sioux City, and St. Joseph out, though we ship but little to Sioux City. The members of our association are engaged in business and pasturing of a very large number of cattle throughout the Northwest, in the northern ranges. I mention this gentleman, in order that you may understand that I am not here simply as an individual. It is quite immaterial to me whether the committee considers even my name in connection with the matter, but I am here representing these other people who are interested, who pay more freight and furnish a larger amount of traffic than any other industry west of the Missouri River, with the possible exception of the grain traffic. I am not quite certain that that exception should be mentioned. We want reasonable rates of freight. For the purpose of an effort to undertake to get them, the American Stock Growers' Association was permanently organized at Denver, on May 9, 10, and 11, this year, with the most representative live-

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stock men throughout the West—all of the largest concerns practically, with few exceptions—and backed by each of the cattle associations of the different States, including representatives of the Corn Belt Meat Producers' Association of the State of Iowa."

Here Mr. Cowan presented certain resolutions embodying the purpose of the organization. He said: "Now, gentlemen of the committee, these resolutions were drafted and presented by men who represent millions and millions of dollars. I undertake to say that the executive committee of that association, consisting of thirty men in number, represent not less than a hundred million dollars of investment in the West."

Thus did Sam H. Cowan present his credentials to a seat in the Third House as the representative from Cattle. The vote of the State of Cattle is a Hundred Million Dollars.

The people likewise wanted a "just, fair, and reasonable rate" law, and the representative from Cattle was welcomed by the people, and fought gallantly in the common war against the railroads.

And the people had reason to think Sam Cowan very fine until—well, until the Beveridge Meat Inspection Bill become the order of the day. The President reported the packing houses unsanitary. Everybody but the Beef Trust wanted legislation. Even the Senate lay down, and the matter went to the House of Representatives. But what happened then? Representative Wadsworth saw it from the Beef Trust point of view. So did Representative Lorimer. They got together with Lou Swift and Sam H. Cowan and drew a bill satisfactory to the packing interests. Of course any bill which would do the people any good would not be satisfactory to the packing interests; and *vice versa*. So the drawing of this substitute bill was intended to accomplish defeat for this legislation. Its purpose and effect were, in fact, so described in the open letter which President Roosevelt wrote to Representative Wadsworth.

"The interests which I represented considered that their interests lay with the Chicago packers," Mr. Cowan explained to the writer. "For that reason I assisted in the preparation of the substitute bill, offered by Mr. Wadsworth."

There is the case in a nutshell. The Third House Representative from Cattle spoke for Cattle. The Cattle interests (desiring harmonious and pleasant relations with their market in Chicago) took issue with the people, and fought as hard to defeat this measure as they had fought on the people's side to secure a measure for railway regulation. And likewise it appears that Mr. Cowan appeared before the committees of House and Senate to urge the passage of the barbarous law for the longer starvation of cattle in transit—thirty six hours instead of twenty-eight, without food or water, while the dumb brutes are on their way to slaughter. The voice of "one hundred million dollars" has no word of humane feeling for the cattle; nor for honesty in canning meat. It is eloquent against the pinch of the extortionate railway rate—eloquent of an injured pocketbook—but that is all.

And yet this voice—this of the special interest—is the only one that finds a ready ear in Congress.

"Whom do you represent?" asked the Chairman of the committee, in that classic story.

"The people," was the unexpected answer, followed by a great guffaw.

"I am sorry that we can't spare you any time," the chairman is reported to have said. "We have here a number of gentlemen representing special interests affected by the bill, and we must devote what time we have to them."

The allegiance of Sam H. Cowan of the Third House, is to the millions of the Cattle Trade. If it happens that the Cattle Trade wants what the people want, he fights on the people's side. Otherwise he fights against them. And it is seldom that the people's interest and a special interest coincide.

* * * * *

When that grandfather of all railroad lobbyists, old Collis P. Huntington, was spending that half a million dollars "teaching Congress its duty," he had frequent contact with a certain doorkeeper of the House of Representatives, one John Boyd. He liked John and showed him another way to make a living; for many years now Boyd has been general Congressional lookout and hander-out-of-passes for the Southern Pacific Railway. John Cassells performs similar service for the Pennsylvania Railway, although this powerful system is well represented also on the inside. Another outside man for the Pennsylvania is S. C. Neale, who frequently appears before Congressional committees to voice the Pennsylvania interests. Mr. Neale is local representative of the American Transatlantic steamship lines. He was a great friend of Hanna and one of the yeoman workers for the original pork-barrel ship subsidy grab.

He is assisted by the nimble and energetic Edwin H. Duff who helps to spread abroad the notion that the Pennsylvania is altogether holy—a benign and humble servant of the common people. When the coal-graft scandals were brought to light under the probe of the I. C. Commission, no one in Washington was quite so busy as Mr. Duff.

[To be continued in May]

Napoleon said, "A firm resolution can make realities out of possibilities."



Burton's Conscience

By WILBUR NESBIT

Illustrated by Charles Grunwald

JOHN BURTON studied it all out, and, being an earnest, solid young man, he studied it carefully and fairly. At last he decided in favor of the truth. He would base his actions on the plain, unvarnished truth; he would speak nothing but the truth, in so far as he knew it; in everything and in every way possible he would exemplify the truth. If honesty really were the best policy, then it was something more than a motto; it was a principle. And it was a principle he would adopt. He changed the "Do It Now" card over his desk for one reading, "And Nothing But The Truth." That morning he set forth upon the straight and narrow way, regenerated, and determined that the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth should be his platform.

He had not been a bad young man. He had been, on the contrary, a good young man. He did not drink, he did not swear. He did not gamble. He was prompt in arriving at the office, and he did not watch the clock when closing time approached. He was clean, mentally, morally, and physically. For these reasons he had advanced from one position to another until he was now superintendent of the Topper Paint Company. More than that, he was a welcome guest at the house of Henry Topper, president of the company and a millionaire. And at the Topper home there was a daughter, Eugenia Topper. She had as good an opinion of John Burton as her father had. So you see, John Burton's lines were cast in pleasant places, merit was recognized and virtue had been its own reward. Here, all of a sudden, John Burton's conscience or his curiosity got the better of him, and he had that card printed and put over his desk.

He was studying it thoughtfully on this particular morning, when Jeremiah Morton, a contractor, walked in. Burton had been trying for a month to sell Morton his paints. Morton used unlimited quantities, and he specified the best always.

"I've come to close that deal with you, Burton," he said.

"All right, Mr. Morton."

"But you know I won't let a drop of poor paint go on a job of mine."

"Yes, sir."

"And I've become convinced by what you have said to me heretofore that the Topper brand of paint is just what I want. Now, I'll sign a contract to take a thousand gallons a week of your paint."

"Thank you," Burton said, drawing a blank contract from a pigeonhole and getting ready to fill it in.

"Now, you'll give me a pure white lead and linseed oil paint, will you?"

"No, sir."

"What?"

"No, Mr. Morton. Our paint is not pure white lead and pure linseed oil."

"But you told me it was made of the best materials."

"I know I did, and I did not tell you the truth. It has white lead in it, and it has linseed oil in it, but it also has other things. It is not a pure paint."

"But you told me—"

"I know I did. I gave you our usual talk, but, when it comes down to a question of truth, I must say I did not represent the paint to you correctly."

"Then you tried to deceive me?"

"Possibly I did. At any rate, I tried to make the paint deceive you."

"Then I'll not buy a drop of your paint, sir. You,

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Mention Success, April 27

or old man Topper, ought to be arrested for getting money under false pretenses. We'll drop the matter right here!"

Jeremiah Morton took his hat and stamped out of the office, bumping against President Topper as he went, and astonishing that gentleman by growling something and slamming the door.

President Topper went into Burton's office and asked what was the matter with Morton.

"He is angry."

"At whom?"

"At me, I suppose."

"But I thought he was going to give us that big contract."

"He was, but he won't now."

"He won't?"

"No, sir."

"What 's the reason?"

"I told him our paint was n't pure."

"You—you—what?" exclaimed Mr. Topper, in amazement.

Burton repeated his statement.

"Why, John! Why—why—what 's the matter with



"I—I don't see why!" he stammered

you? What the devil do you mean by such insane remarks?"

"It is n't an insane remark. It is the truth."

"You deliberately lost the contract by telling—"

"By telling him the truth about the paint. Yes, sir."

Mr. Topper grew enraged to an alarming degree. His face went purple and his eyes bulged. He dropped into a chair and recovered his breath, and then proceeded to discharge John Burton.

"You can quit. You go to the cashier and get your salary and leave here! Of all the three-ply idiots I ever heard of you are the limit! Busted the best and biggest contract we ever had a chance to get, simply by your confounded idiocy. I thought you had some sense! I never want to see you again! Understand me? I never want to see you again, here or anywhere else! Anywhere else! Is that plain enough?"

"It is," replied Burton, getting up. "Before I go, Mr. Topper, I will say that I told Mr. Morton honestly what was in your paints. I told him the truth. I am not going to tell lies for you, or for anybody else, or for myself any more. I believe if you would mix truth with your paints you would enjoy the profits more—but that 's not the point. I merely told Mr. Morton the truth when he asked me for it."

"And I'll tell you the truth! You are the prize specimen of all the chuckleheads that ever were born, John Burton. I came down this morning, intending to give you a partnership. Now, I never want to have anything more to do with you. Good-by. Go and get your money. The truth! Good Lord!"

Burton went and got his money. He walked out of the office. He walked down the street to the office of the Skillup Paint Company, the biggest rival of the Topper Company. Skillup had often tried to win Burton away from Topper, because Skillup knew as well as anybody that Burton was the selling force down there. Burton sent his card in to Mr. Skillup and was at once ushered into the private office. He lost no time in coming to the point. He asked for a position.

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"You bet I'll give you a position, Burton," Mr. Skillup said. "So you have left Topper, have you? And why?"

"I told the truth about his paints, and he did n't like it."

"By thunder! That's good! Told the truth about his paints, did you? That's good—good! And he would n't stand for it! Fine! You've got a place here, from this minute. Pick out a desk and tell some of the boys where you want it. You can be sort of general overseer until I make a permanent place for you. And, say, Burton, you keep right on telling the truth about Topper's paints. By thunder, but that's good! He'll never hear the last of that."

Burton took off his hat, found a desk, and began getting in touch with the Skillup business. He was already familiar with the output. That he knew as well as he did the Topper paint and all the rest of the paints. It was his business to know the merits and demerits of every paint. It was because of this that John Burton had gone to the head of his class.

From an inside pocket of his coat he took the little card and tacked it to the wall above his desk. Soon he had his first caller. It was Jeremiah Morton.

"Well, I'll be shot!" Morton exclaimed. "What are you doing over here?"

"I am working here now."

"Huh! That was why you knocked Topper's paint to me, was it? Well, when a man does a thing like that, I—"

"Just a minute, Mr. Morton. Mr. Topper discharged me as soon as I told him why you would n't make the contract. I came here immediately, applied for a position, and got it."

"And now you're selling Skillup's paints?"

"I am."

"I was going to make a contract for a thousand gallons of it a week. I was going to make the same specifications as we talked of for Topper's."

"And I must make the same answer to you."

"What! Is n't Skillup's paint pure, either?"

"No, sir."

"Is it the same as Topper's?"

"No, sir. It's not as good. I know just what's in it."

"Then may I be everlastingly dodgasted if I ever believe a paint man again. No Skillup paint for mine. Good day, Mr. Burton. I don't see where you get off in this deal, but I see where I get off."

Morton had been gone possibly ten minutes when Mr. Skillup happened in and asked Burton to let him see the contract Morton had signed. Burton explained matters in a straightforward way, with the same regard for the truth which had governed him all the morning.

It was then the turn of Mr. Skillup to go up in the air, which he did forthwith. If anything, his remarks were more lurid and more forcible than those of Mr. Topper had been, and he wound up by discharging Burton as being the quintessence of all the fools that ever existed.

Burton put on his hat, took down his card and left.

It being a poor day for the truth, and an equally unfortunate day for his tenure of his positions, he decided to take a walk. Somewhere in his promenade he met Eugenia Topper. There was a gladness in her greeting, and a charm in her insistence that he should walk home with her that he could not resist. He felt, however, that it would not be fair to give even the semblance of a lie to their friendly relations, so he told her that her father had discharged him.

"But why in the world?"

Then he told her all about it, and instead of agreeing with him that he had been noble in refusing to sacrifice a principle on the altar of commerce, she turned upon him and upbraided him.

"I should think you would have thought of me before you did such a thing," she concluded.

"I—I don't see why," he stammered, almost guiltily.

"If you had had any regard for me, you would have spoken to me about your project, I should think."

"But I have a regard for you. I have the greatest regard in the world for you."

Now, the truth is that John Burton had never intimated that he looked upon Eugenia as anything more than a friend. Being, as we have seen, a young man of great regard for what was right and proper, he had not deemed it fitting to take advantage of his business and social friendship with her father to forward himself in her eyes. But then—

"So you have a regard for me, have you!" she said, shyly.

"Indeed, yes."

"Really."

"Yes, Eugenia. I—Why, you may as well know it. I have been in love with you for—"

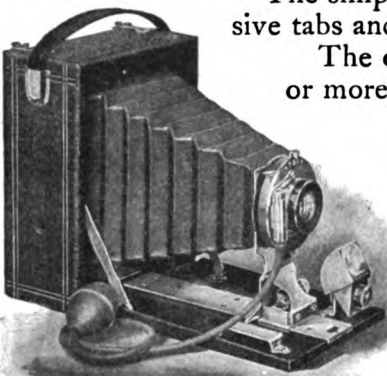
"Stop right there, John Burton. Wait until we get home and tell me then. The street is not the place for such remarks."

An hour later, Mr. Topper burst in upon them, and to Burton's vast astonishment, shook his hand effusively, and exclaimed:

"It's on me this time, John. Come back and take your old place. Why didn't you tip it off to me that you were only working Morton to get that contract? He came right over from Skillup's and closed the deal with me. I see now what you were up to. Eh?"

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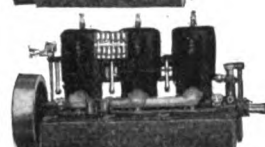
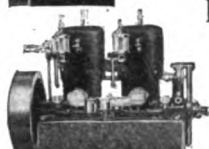
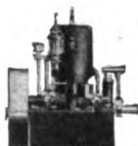
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How's that, Eugenia? Sure! She's yours, John, I'm glad of it. You're a wonder, boy.

And after dinner that evening, on his way home—late that evening, we mean—John Burton took the card from his inner pocket. It was crumpled considerably, because it had been in his inner pocket, and because—well, just because, to tell the truth about it.

He tore the card into fragments, and shook his head slowly, then smiled happily, as became him.

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By EARLE HOOKER EATON

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 And then—the People pay the freight,
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 There seems no end to what you own,
 Greedy, speedy Harriman.
 George Gould has nightmare dreams of you,
 Jim Hill sees "red" and then feels blue;
 There's Fish upon your fishplates, too,
 Ha(r.r.)iman, dread Ha(r.r.)iman.

The Martians have some big canals,
 Harriman, O. Harriman,
 And you and they may yet be "pals,"
 Hustling, rustling Harriman.
 When you own all earth's choo-choo cars,
 Don't overlook the near-by stars—
 There may be railroads, too, on Mars,
 Ha(r.r.)iman, bold Ha(r.r.)iman.

On earth the block seems clear for you,
 Harriman, O. Harriman,
 Except that Roosevelt's train is due,
 (Quite enough to scare a man!)
 And if you'd save an awkward hitch,
 Get off the line and take the switch—
 The switch is better than the ditch,
 Ha(r.r.)iman, wise Ha(r.r.)iman!

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A Successful Negro School

THE Slater Industrial School for colored people at Winston-Salem, North Carolina, is, perhaps, yielding better results than any similar institution in the entire South. Its influence has eliminated all race spirit in its vicinity, totally and absolutely.

The school buildings and grounds are worth \$50,000. The white people raised \$10,000 cash for a hospital for the negroes, and the latter supplied the labor free. Thus they have a modern hospital for the sick, in which colored girls are graduated as trained nurses. The harmonizing effect of the school and the hospital is certainly beyond description, which is positive proof that this is the true solution of the great race problem. The entire institution is under the able management of the People's National Bank, one of the largest banks in the State. The State and county contribute \$5,500 yearly and the Slater Peabody Fund \$1,200 yearly to the maintenance of the institution.

Owing to the marvelous effect of the school and hospital, the State now offers \$12,000 in addition to the yearly grants, if the trustees will raise an equal amount. With \$24,000 cash in hand for material, the colored people will do the work free, as they did in building the hospital, thus increasing the plant \$48,000. A New York philanthropist will give half of the \$12,000, when the other half is raised; hence the raising of \$6,000 means \$48,000 to the institution.

Seldom do we see an altruistic donation multiply eight times, by the time it becomes bricks and mortar, as in this case.

This race problem is a national question, and one that every true citizen is keenly interested in helping to solve.

If everyone who reads this article will send \$10 to Orison S. Marden, editor, SUCCESS MAGAZINE, we assure them it will be of large service.

Every time you get mad and break loose there is a circus and you are its clown.

The Last Game

By WILLIAM HAMILTON OSBORNE

[Concluded from page 240]

his soul was quivering. He looked at the woman on the stand.

"Tell the jury what time he came home that night," repeated Westervelt.

The Widow Murgatroyd turned to the jury and looked full upon them. Her voice was full, clear, resonant.

"Eleven o'clock," she said. In her voice was the ring of truth.

"What time?"

"Eleven."

"Sure?"

"Sure."

"Did he leave the house again that night?"

"He did not."

Suddenly, there was a stir at Westervelt's left hand. The prisoner had risen and was standing with outstretched hand. His face was pale as death.

"Mother." The glance of the multitude tore itself from the witness and fastened upon the prisoner.

"Mother," went on Murgatroyd, "Mother, it was *two o'clock*—two o'clock, not eleven, that I came in. Two, mother. Two in the morning. Don't you remember, mother?"

His mother gazed at him as though fascinated. "Eleven," she repeated, weakly. The Court rapped with his gavel.

"She says, eleven," said the Court; "sit down."

The prosecutor only smiled. Westervelt still stood, saying nothing. Murgatroyd the prisoner went on.

"I shall not sit down!" he exclaimed, wildly.

"Mother, don't—don't lie! Mother, you're sworn to tell the truth. It's the truth that's going to help us, not a lie." His mother still looked at him with unwavering gaze. Murgatroyd turned upon Westervelt. "It was you, you," he exclaimed, "who have been guilty of this! She knows. She came here to tell the truth, and you—you, you've *made* her lie. Mother, don't. It's perjury!" he screamed.

Suddenly the aged witness rose to her feet, clutching wildly at the air. "Two o'clock," she cried, hoarsely, "two o'clock. It was two o'clock." She sank into her seat and buried her face in her handkerchief. Then she stiffened slightly, and lifted her head and looked the jury once more in the face. Hers was a new face. There was no conflict in it; no uncertainty. And her eyes held no longer that haunting, nameless expression.

"I ask to be re-sworn," she said.

"You are already sworn, madam," said the judge.

"I ask to be re-sworn, your Honor," she repeated. It was unusual, but, she was the Widow Murgatroyd; and this was an unusual case. She was re-sworn. She stood up to give her testimony. And she held up her right hand as she gave it.

"I thought that I was strong—that my son was weak," she exclaimed; "I committed perjury to save him who would not even lie to save himself! My son,—" her glance rested for an instant upon Murgatroyd; a great peace was upon her—"my son, I shall tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth." She told it. The prosecutor had no questions. The whole incident had played right into his hand; he knew it. The defense—there was *no* defense.

"Stephen Murgatroyd." The prisoner took the stand. The prisoner? Yes. But, something more. The *man*, the man who would not lie to save himself; who would not let his mother lie to save himself.

"You swear to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth?" rattled off the clerk.

The prisoner paused a moment before answering: "*I do.*" His answer quivered in the air,

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The balance of the magazine is printed in **septa double tone inks** on fine enamel paper in the highest perfection of the printer's art. The entire magazine is bound with silk cord of a color harmonizing with the color scheme of the cover.

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OUR ANNIVERSARY NUMBER, APRIL, 1907

Celebrating the beginning of the fifth year of the BURR MCINTOSH MONTHLY, the April number just published is unusually attractive. The cover design, shown above in miniature, is from the painting, "The Mirror," by the celebrated artist Mr. George R. Barse, Jr., member of the National Academy of Design and other societies of famous artists. It is reproduced with faithful accuracy and is a striking work of art.

A PLEA FOR THE PHILIPPINES. By Burr McIntosh

A feature of the literary portion of the April number is an interesting article by Mr. McIntosh, being a candid opinion of the present conditions in our Eastern possessions. Mr. McIntosh accompanied Secretary Taft on his trip to the Orient as staff photographer, and his interesting story will be illustrated by heretofore unpublished photographs.

In addition to the special features mentioned, the April number contains a wealth of exquisite portraits of celebrities and unusual landscapes and several literary features of more than ordinary interest.

THREE SPECIAL AND VERY LIBERAL OFFERS

No. 1.—The Burr McIntosh Monthly is 25 cents a copy, except the double Christmas numbers, which are always 50 cents a copy. If you will send us \$3.00 to the address below for a twelve months' subscription to begin with the April number, we will send you free the March, 1907, number, the double Christmas, 1906, number, and six of our Japanese Wood Veneer Frames, value \$4.35.

No. 2.—By special arrangement with the publishers of Recreation, a superb monthly devoted to clean wholesome recreation, we are able to offer one full year subscription to that magazine (\$2.00) and one full year subscription to Burr McIntosh Monthly (\$3.00) BOTH for only \$3.50, value \$5.00. The magazines may go to different addresses anywhere in the United States if desired.

No. 3.—If you prefer to know a little more about the Burr McIntosh Monthly before subscribing for a full year, send us \$1.00 and we will send you the March, April, May, June, July, 1907, numbers and the Christmas, 1906, number, value \$1.75.

Should you wish to examine the Burr McIntosh Monthly before accepting this offer, buy the April number of your news-dealer, or, if he is out of it, send 25 cents to us for it. It is a purchase you will never regret.

BURR PUBLISHING COMPANY, P-4 West 22d Street, New York.

The Burr McIntosh Monthly

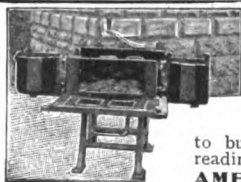


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To Teachers, High School and College Students

What are you going to work at this summer?

The time has come when most of you must give some thought to plans for the summer—and to the future, if you graduate this year.

These thoughts will probably involve the earning of the money necessary to your plans.

Many of you are ambitious to secure a higher education, but lack the means. We have a plan that has enabled hundreds to realize this ambition. Let us send you a booklet containing the pictures and experiences of many such, as told in their own words.

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Boy Department

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New York City

tingling the blood of his auditors as some electric shock. He told his story: "I did not see Rafferty after quarter to eleven that night. I walked the streets until quarter to two. I had it out with myself. I did not commit this murder. I know nothing of it. I went home. I told my mother I had played my last game. She—believed me." It was all short; staccato; to the point.

"And," said Westervelt, "she backed up that belief with twenty-five thousand dollars, did she not?"

"She did."

Westervelt turned to his jury. "Gentlemen," he said, simply, "I believe this man's story. Do you believe it?"

* * * * *

"Mr. Mitchell," said Westervelt, in his sanctum sanctorum, "you have had a hundred on account. I hand you nine hundred to make up the thousand that you've earned."

Mitchell opened wide his eyes. "But—bu," he stammered, "the old lady went back on me, I understand. She broke down upon the trial."

"My dear young friend," said Westervelt, soothingly, "she broke down, possibly, if you look at it in that light. But the programme did n't, don't you see?"

"I read about the trial in the New York papers," went on Mitchell, "and it looked to me as though you were lucky to get your verdict after your case had been bungled as it was. It was a case of luck, that's all, it seemed to me."

"Ah," returned Westervelt, "and yet, there was n't an incident that happened on that trial that I could n't have foretold. I knew. I knew my people, don't you see?"

Mitchell went back to New York. Westervelt went into the next room. "There's my bill. Mr. Murgatroyd," he said to that gentleman, who sat there with his mother, "included in it is a thousand that I had to pay Mr. Mitchell, my associate counsel in the case. He did what we lawyers call the underground. He did it well."

"Westervelt," said Murgatroyd, "why did you ever do it? Why did you corrupt my mother? Why—"

Westervelt shrugged his shoulders. "I planned this case to win it, Murgatroyd," he said. "I won it as I planned it. I forced the jury to believe the truth. I did it in the only way it could be done. It was hard upon your mother."

The Widow Murgatroyd smiled. "I never knew how good it felt to be good, Mr. Westervelt," she assured him, "until I was bad for once. Now I can understand many things, even Cradlebaugh's, I think."

"Natalie," said Murgatroyd that night, "my last game was disastrous. I go away to-morrow."

Natalie smiled sadly. "You stay right here," she answered, gently. "So long as it was your last game, we'll try and live it down—together."

Information while They Waited

THE president of the faculty of a medical college once addressed a graduating class with reference to the necessity of cultivating the quality of patience in their professional, as well as in their domestic, relations.

The professor said: "Gentlemen, you are about to plunge into 'the sphere of action.' No doubt you will, in some degree, follow the example of those who have preceded you. Among other things, you will doubtless marry. Let me entreat you to be kind to your wives. Be patient with them. Endeavor not to fret yourselves under petty domestic trials. If you are going to the theater, do not permit yourself to become excited if your wife is not downstairs in time. Have a treatise on your specialty always with you. Read it while you are waiting."

"And, I assure you, gentlemen," the professor concluded, with delicate irony, "you'll be astonished at the vast fund of information you'll accumulate in this way."

▲ * * * ▲

The sun never sees the dark side of anything.

▲ * * * ▲

If college life did nothing else but to show the student that there is something better in life than mere money making, than the pursuit of a sordid aim and piling up of dollars, it would justify its existence a thousand times over.

The American Heiress Co., Ltd.

[Concluded from page 237]

a compromise was effected. By the terms of this, the Honorable Percival and the Honorable Augustus were to act as intermediaries between the eight scions and near-scions, and the last of the Plymouth Rocks; and, collecting from the former the two hundred pounds apiece necessary for the opening of negotiations, hunt out the latter and make those negotiations operative. Upon this plan being reached and ratified, they all adjourned to the smoking room.

In the interval between the reaching of the agreement and the delivery of the commissions to the Honorables Percival and Augustus, however, the afore-alluded-to creditors had been extremely talkative. This the two Honorables and the eight scions and near-scions did not know; for they moved not in the same set as their creditors. But this, on the other hand, the police did know, for police and creditors are often closely affiliated and preserve no rigid caste distinction.

Thus it was that the creditors informed the police of the sudden mysterious surplus in the heiress market, and of their noble and near-noble debtors who were about to become heiressed; and the police told the newspapers; and the newspapers told the last of the Plymouth Rocks; whereat the last of the Plymouth Rocks girded up his loins and, taking with him two preliminary payments of two hundred pounds each, hied himself back to his family stone.

The Honorable Percival and the Honorable Augustus were not addicted to newspapers, which have no "culchaw," and, therefore, were things to be eschewed. Thus it was that they sat, with an air of well-bred patience upon their faces, and sixteen hundred pounds in their pockets, waiting for the crystallization of a Rock that failed to crystallize.

For a week they waited; and then the blatancy of the press, which proclaimed the doings of the scion of the house of Rock in headings as large as the ethics of good breeding (English) allowed, bred gossip; and the gossip came to the ears of the Honorable Percival and the Honorable Augustus.

It took them an hour to assimilate the facts. It took them another hour to resuscitate their vocabularies.

"My word!" said the Honorable Percival, feebly. "Thaose Americans are such laow people, y' knaow."

"Yes, are n't they," agreed the Honorable Augustus, weakly. "My word!"

They gazed out through the bow window in impotent, flabbergasted perplexity.

"I say, what shall we do, old chap?" queried the Honorable Percival, at length.

The Honorable Augustus shook his head, helplessly.

There was another long silence.

"I say, what *shall* we do, old chap?" asked the Honorable Augustus, at length.

The Honorable Percival shook *his* head, helplessly.

"What shall we do with their money, y' knaow?" demanded the Honorable Augustus, after yet another interval.

The Honorable Percival removed the handle of his cane from his orifice of speech.

"We might give it back to them, y' knaow, old chap," he suggested.

"By Jaove," exclaimed the Honorable Augustus. "That 's ripping, y' knaow. Let 's!"

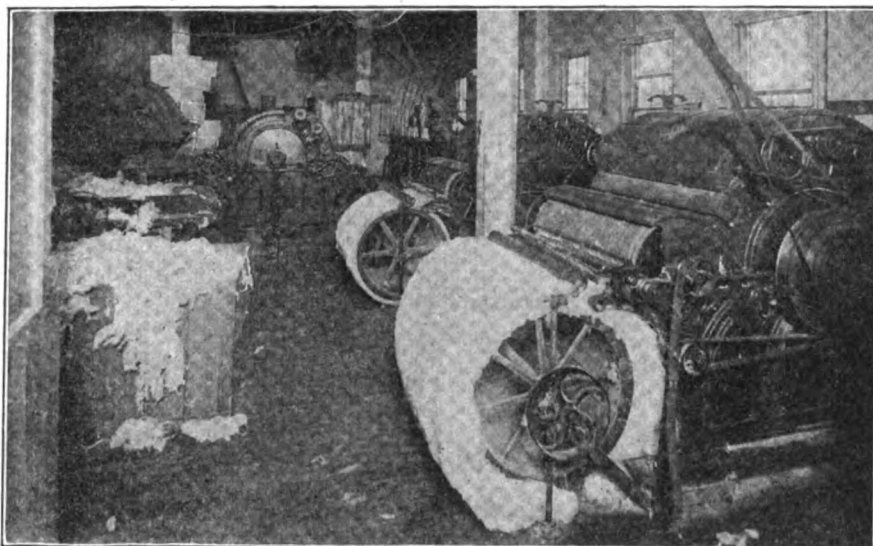
And they tried to.

The newspapers had made much (in a well-bred way, of course,) of what they knew of the doings of the last of the Plymouth Rocks, as we have said. The *boi polloi* had seized upon it with avidity; and such of the aristocracy as were not like the two Honorables and the eight scions and near-scions, had joined them with an avidity just as great, and just as mirthful.

Happily—at least, happily for the two Honorables and the eight scions and near-scions—

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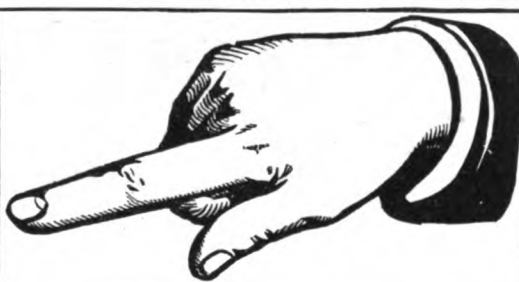
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names had been spared. But the unknown individuals who had come as suckers to the bait of the fisherman from America were objects of ridicule, high and low, near and far.

The Honorable Percival and the Honorable Augustus, with their usual tact and diplomacy, endeavored to make restitution to Ludwig Henry Samuel Robert Dinwiddie Lloyd Thomas Frederick John Ethelbert Devondell, seventh Duke of Borrowvale, when he was reposing with well-bred elegance in the midst of a bevy of damsels that seemed beautiful to him because he had never been out of England.

"I say, old chap," said the Honorable Percival. "Eh—about that two hundred pounds you gave us for an heiress, y' know. Eh—"

The seventh Earl of Borrowvale interrupted him with a stare of bemocked hauteur.

"I say, old chap," he said, coldly, "you must be spoofing, y' know." He gazed about him, fearfully. Like many another better man, he dreaded ridicule; and two hundred pounds, badly as he needed them, meant less to him than the reputation for sapience that he imagined he possessed.

"But, I say," protested the Honorable Augustus, "we've got to gao to Switzerland, y' know, to visit our aunt, the Lady Mary Wilhelmina Cholmondeley Fitzroy Wallingham-Dotty, y' know, and before we gao, we want to give you back your money that you gave us for an heir—"

The seventh Earl of Borrowvale again interrupted, waving him aside with haughty grace—at least, he thought it was haughty grace.

"I really know nothing about it, old fellow," he said, "and I consider your coddling maost ill-timed; and I must beg to insist, y' know, that you never, y' know, allude to it again, y' know."

The Honorable Percival stared helplessly at the Honorable Augustus. The Honorable Augustus stared helplessly at the Honorable Percival. Then, solemnly, side by side, they went to seek Lionel Lawrence George John James William St. Josephine DuBarry Montrose Francis Fiddleham, tenth Earl of Earthcote.

The Earl of Earthcote was also surrounded by a galaxy of almost beauties; and the two hundred pounds had faded from his memory as completely as from his pocket.

Again the Honorable Percival and the Honorable Augustus stared helplessly at one another; and together they went in search of the Honorable Arthur Fitzmaurice Walter Harold Ernestine Claude Percy Clarence Marjoribanks.

Eight times in all the Honorable Percival stared helplessly at the Honorable Augustus. Eight times in all the Honorable Augustus stared helplessly at the Honorable Percival. Then they ensconced themselves in one small corner of a red-and-white marquee, with a pink lining and scallops around the well-bred edges, and stared at one another for long moments.

"I say, old chap," said the Honorable Percival, at length, "what shall we do now, old fellow?"

The Honorable Augustus shook his head in lugubrious helplessness.

There was another long silence.

"I say, old chap," said the Honorable Augustus. "What shall we do now, y' know?"

The Honorable Percival shook his head in lugubrious helplessness.

"We can't give it back, y' know," said the Honorable Percival, at length. "They waon't take it back, y' know. They said sao, y' know."

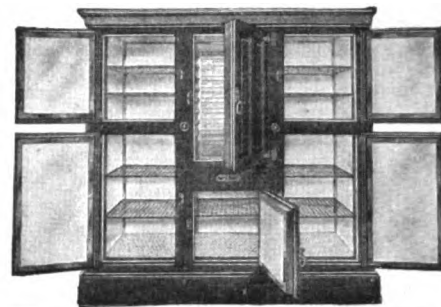
The Honorable Augustus shook his head again. There was yet another interval of silence.

"I have it!" exclaimed the Honorable Augustus, excitedly. "Pon honah, I have, y' know, old chappie!"

The Honorable Percival looked up in well-bred interest. "What is it, old chappie?" he asked. The Honorable Augustus gazed at him, inspirationally.

"We'll keep it, y' know, old fellow!" he cried. "By Jaoev!" exclaimed the Honorable Percival. "That is ripping, y' know! Let 's!"

And they did.



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The Dreyfus Affair : By VANCE THOMPSON

[Concluded from page 248]

breadth of war. And at that time we were in a state of great inferiority to the enemy. Our bureau of information was dislocated, our plans of mobilization were known, our rapid-fire artillery had not been replaced; and we did not know if our ally, Russia, would aid us. This was the state of affairs. Late at night the negotiations were brought to an end. We made peace."

Was this the truth, or a subtle deformation of something that had really happened, or a fantastic lie? To the lawyers and civilians it did not seem important. What had Dreyfus to do with this murky diplomatic intrigue? But those who studied the faces of the soldier-judges were uneasy. This argument, so absurd to the civil mind, was exactly suited to the military intelligence; this midnight gathering of generals, this dark coming and going of mysterious diplomatists seemed to them conclusive.

The lawyers for the defense conferred; corpulence consulted corpulence; finally they determined to call Casimir-Perier (who was President of France that "tragic night") to refute the old War Minister's fantastic story. The court adjourned, that Labori might be fresh and fit to lead out his witness.

Mercier's sensational evidence was given on Saturday; Monday morning the former President of France was to be put on the stand to confute it. At six o'clock that morning Picquart and a friend of his named Gast were on their way to the court-martial, when they were hailed by Labori. The young lawyer, corpulent and active, was full of enthusiasm. As they walked along the quay of the Canal de la Vilaine, he explained how he was going to demolish Mercier.

"Lower your voice," said Picquart, "we are followed."

A little man, young, with red mustache and bright eyes, wearing a cap and dressed like a workingman, was slouching after him. There were many people about: stevedores were working on the canal boats; nearer the prison and the Lycée were soldiers, *gendarmes*, police.

Suddenly a pistol shot rang out; with a cry—"like that of a wounded animal"—Labori fell with a bullet in his back. Thinking he was dead, Picquart and Gast pursued the murderer, shouting "Stop him! Stop him!" A workingman started to lay hands on him, but the little assassin pointed his revolver and said: "Let me pass—I have just killed a traitor!" and ran on. Picquart and Gast pursued him, for "more than a mile," they said; then the little man in the cap disappeared—never to be seen again by mortal men. In Rennes that August day there were almost as many policemen as citizens. Yet in spite of police and soldiers the man with the pistol vanished completely. Never a trace of him was found. Had not Picquart and Gast seen him, one might have thought him a wraith, for the only other evidence of his existence was that bullet in poor Labori's back. Of all the dark episodes of the Dreyfus case this is the most mysterious. Labori's companions—without a glance at the victim—had run after the "assassin." So there the wounded man lay unheeded; even the two detectives who were supposed to guard him day and night were not present that morning; a few passers-by paused and looked at him; finally a kindly young man bustled forward saying he was a physician, stooped, and—stole the victim's watch and pocketbook. In the end his wife came and he was carried into his house. The wound was not serious. A mystery, I say. Jaurès, Marcel Prevost, and other Dreyfusards of note, unhesitatingly accused General Mercier of having plotted the murder of Labori, in his terror of this stormy advocate of the truth. Even Picquart said: "I met Mercier just after the crime and never shall I forget the insolence and triumph of his look." All this, of course, was the mere passion of the moment. Not only did General Mercier call to express his sympathy for the wounded

man, but later Labori thanked him publicly. Moreover it is perfectly certain this crime could never have been committed without the foreknowledge and passive assistance of the police. This fact Labori himself pointed out. His explanation of the crime is this: "It was to the interest of my adversaries that I should not be able to appear in court that day especially. It is certain, however, that the police and their hangers-on played a part in the crime; and the state of mind of certain Dreyfusards at Rennes explains the *inertia* of the authorities." In a word, the enemies of Dreyfus were charged with the crime; on the other hand such a villainy gained them only the reprobation of the whole world; and this explains Labori's theory that some foolish fanatic among the Dreyfusards had thought to make capital for the cause by dignifying the young lawyer with martyrdom. The bullet had been fired from a pistol so petty it was almost a toy; at the worst it could not have inflicted a serious wound.

A mad world—a world of plot and counter-plot, crime elbowing crime; that night Rennes was like a city of madmen; the anti-Dreyfusards were driven from the streets; until dawn a cohort of Dreyfusards gathered at the Auberge des Trois Marches, opposite the house where Mercier lodged, chanted: "*A mort Mercier! Assassin! Assassin!*"

Labori was shot August 12; on the fourteenth the court sat again and Mercier once more took the stand. He showed one moment of perfidy so subtle that it rose almost to genius. You will remember that the experts had shown the *bordereau* was not in the handwriting of Dreyfus; that Esterhazy, indeed, had confessed to writing it. Questioned on this point, Mercier said: "We have always *treated* the *bordereau* as though it were the original document."

Thus he insinuated that the original *bordereau* was among these papers which Germany—with threat of war—had reclaimed. Dreyfus had refuted the only charge against him. Then he was innocent. But the old general, perfidious and adroit, had found an insinuation exactly fitted to the mentality of the soldier-judges. What he really meant was this: "Yes, we have forged and lied—but that does not prove the innocence of the traitor. Germany robbed us of our proofs. So we forged others." None of the lawyers seemed to see how this monstrous confession was influencing the court-martial. And Labori was in bed with a bullet in his back. Old Demange did not tear this new lie to tatters. He put the former President Casimir-Perier, on the stand to refute Mercier's story of "the tragic night," when the chiefs of state, gathered in the Elysée, awaited war. The ex-President denied the whole affair; then admitted part of it; a vain, haughty, empty man, he seemed more concerned with himself than with the fate of the man he had not saved from martyrdom; when he left the stand he had not removed the impression left by Mercier's curious revelation. For weeks the trial was to drag on. But the soldier-judges simple, narrow men, had been convinced—they believed the man who had been Minister of War, not the man who had been the civil chief of France. Witnesses might come and go; the lawyers might talk; nothing now could change the result. Only the Dreyfusards did not recognize it; only Dreyfus did not know it; confident and proud they could not conceive of any verdict save one that should honor the innocent. They were optimists to the end.

The Tragic Day

The France of those days was a sort of Hamlet, sick in soul, tortured by a matter of conscience, and powerless to act—so opposed was its plain duty to old instincts, old national prejudices; a hesitant Hamlet. Only the soldiers did not hesitate. The soldier-judges obeyed orders—the



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orders of their chiefs and the former Ministers of War. There was one of the judges, however, who seemed to incarnate that Hamlet soul of France. This was De Bréon. By day he sat in judgment in the sweltering court-martial weighing, questioning, studying; his nights he spent in the churches, prostrate, praying for light. He was torn between the prejudices of his caste and the doubts that had come to him. His conscience tortured him. He believed it his duty to condemn; and he recognized the innocence of his victim. During the summing-up of Demange his feverish eyes never for an instant quitted the pale, set face of Dreyfus. It was as though he were seeking there a sign—a miracle. Let us be just. In each of the camps—Dreyfusard and anti-Dreyfusard—there were fanatics, self-seekers, men of evil; in each camp there were men honestly convinced they were fighting a just cause; but France, as a whole, was in the position of De Bréon—a melancholy Hamlet, tortured by doubt, seeking a miraculous sign.

Read the final words by old Demange to the judges:

You are about to withdraw for your deliberations on this case; once alone, what are you going to ask yourselves? If Dreyfus is innocent? No! I assure you of his innocence, but what you have to ask yourselves is whether he is guilty. You will say: "We do not know! Perhaps someone else is the traitor! The writing of the bordereau is not his. Over in London there is a man (Esterhazy) who may have committed the crime." At this moment, I swear it, in your soul and conscience doubt has been born. THAT DOUBT IS ENOUGH FOR ME! That doubt means an acquittal. And now go!

Oh, ye gods of legal eloquence! It had been shown again and again and again—it had been proved to the hilt—that Dreyfus was innocent, that Esterhazy on his own confession was the traitor; and all this old lawyer found to plead was "a doubt"! A doubt! That stormy advocate Labori had found something else to say, be sure. But, although he had recovered from his wound, he had been forbidden—by Joseph Reinach and Clemenceau—to plead; they feared his passionate and bitter eloquence, deeming it might injure the cause. Anyway he would not have pleaded "doubt"! And Demange talked for seven hours to end on this important conclusion. He had followed the instructions of Reinach; perhaps the fault was not greatly his own. The prosecution answered shortly. Then Jouaust ordered the prisoner to rise. Never once during that long trial had he called him by name. Now, for the first time and with a manifest intention of showing kindness, the grizzled old soldier said:

"Captain Dreyfus, have you anything to add in your defense?"

Dreyfus was horribly pale; it was such a gray pallor as settles on the face of the dead; he tried to cry aloud his hope in the justice of his brother officers—his comrades; but his physical weakness was too great; his voice died out in a broken murmur of words: "I am innocent—the honor of my children—your loyalty—"

That was all that could be heard in the hushed room. The *gendarmes* led him away; and, in spite of his weakness, he tried to hold his poor, worn body erect, as a soldier should. The judges retired. Five minutes passed—ten—fifteen—

Let us enter the judgment chamber:

The vote began with the youngest and lowest in rank; thence it advanced step by step to the highest. Jouaust put the question: "Is he guilty?" and stood, pencil in hand, to record the votes.

The young Captain Parfait answered first: "Yes."

Profiel voted: "Yes."

Merle: "Yes."

Beauvais: "Yes."

De Bréon—not in vain had he prayed—voted "No."

It was the turn of Lieutenant-Colonel Brongniart; upon him all depended—for Jouaust had then the casting vote, and it required a majority to convict; this rugged old soldier (in spite of

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10 DAYS FREE TRIAL

We ship on approval, without a cent deposit, freight prepaid. DON'T PAY A CENT if you are not satisfied after using the bicycle 10 days. **DO NOT BUY** a bicycle or a pair of tires from anyone at any price until you receive our latest art catalogues illustrating every kind of bicycle, and have learned our unheard of prices and marvelous new offers.

ONE CENT is all it will cost you to write a postal and everything will be sent you free, postpaid by return mail. You will get much valuable information. Do not wait, write it now. Tires, Coaster-brakes, Wheels and all sundries at half usual prices. **MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. C15, Chicago**

PATENTS Watson E. Coleman, Patent Attorney, Washington, D.C. Advice free. Terms low. Highest references.

his apparent roughness with the prisoner) was convinced that Dreyfus was a wronged and innocent man. Jouaust waited, holding his pencil over the column of the "No's."

Brongniart answered: "Yes."

"What! You believe there's any proof at all against him!" cried Jouaust; bitterly disappointed he recorded his own vote: "No."

And this was the verdict they brought in:

To-day, September 9, 1899, the Council of War of the Tenth Army Corps, deliberating in secret session; The President put the following question: "Captain Alfred Dreyfus of the Fourteenth Regiment of Artillery, detailed at the General Staff, is he guilty of having, in 1894, provoked the machinations of, and kept up communication with, a foreign power, with the purpose of aiding it to commit hostilities or undertake war against France, or to procure money by selling it the notes and documents mentioned in the *bordereau*?" By a majority of five votes to two, he is declared guilty. Therefore, the Council of War condemns the said Dreyfus (Alfred) to ten years of imprisonment.

It was nearly five o'clock when they entered with this new ratification of the lie; they looked like seven specters, so haggard they were; and it was in a death-like silence that Jouaust read the sentence; and when he finished there was still silence—the silence of mute horror and immense grief; only here and there a woman sobbed. Softly the crowd went out; men looked at each other, but did not speak; in tragic silence they went away. There were left only the judges, white-faced, gloomy; old Demange who wept with his head on the table, and Labori. It was the younger of the two advocates of the truth, who entered the adjoining room to carry the news to the victim of a new military crime. The moment Dreyfus saw his lawyers enter, he seemed to know all. He took Labori in his arms and kissed him. Then without apparent emotion he listened to the verdict. He spoke only three words; very simply he said:

"Console my wife."

That was all.

First a Pardon: Then Justice

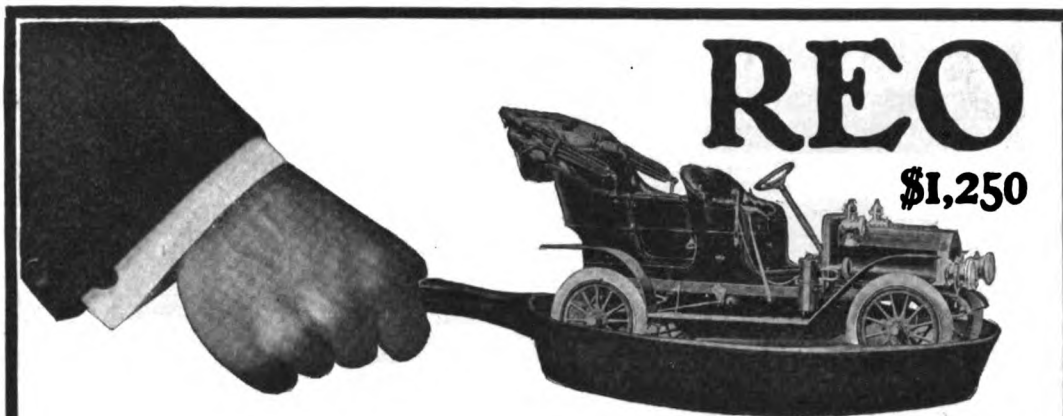
Twenty-four hours had been given Dreyfus in which to enter an appeal. It was Saturday. Within a few hours the government had begun to act—for the government, from the President down, was for Dreyfus. There was a swift consultation of the Prime Minister Waldeck-Rousseau, and the Ministers of Justice and of War. It was decided to grant an immediate pardon. Loubet hesitated; he said: "It is too soon." Zola, Clemenceau, Jaurès, and other leaders of the Dreyfusard army opposed the pardon—they demanded justice and not pity. Joseph Reinach, however, was of another mind. Dreyfus, he knew, was dying in the cell—without hope, without strength, tortured by thoughts of his wife and his dishonored children; his life was at stake. And then the news of the second conviction had raised a storm of protest abroad. In twenty cities—at Antwerp, at Pesh, at Milan, at Vienna, at London, at New York—there had been popular demonstrations, the French consulates had been stoned, the French flag spat upon by Christians and Jews alike. The very soul of the world was revolted by the outrage to justice. Nothing but immediate pardon—immediate release of the victim—could still the tumult.

Mathieu Dreyfus had seen his brother, and he said: "He must be pardoned at once—or he will die."

He had seen the unhappy soldier in his cell, calm, "patient as a saint," but almost at the end of his physical forces, too weak to stand erect.

Since his return he had refused to have his children brought to him; he did not wish they should ever see their father in prison and dishonor; now, believing death was near, he asked to have them brought to him—for the last farewell.

And so it was that Captain Dreyfus did not appeal, that he accepted the infamous verdict which had condemned him for a crime he was guiltless of—his very life was at stake. Jaurès



REO

\$1,250

"Try it out"

Boil down all the records of all the cars you know about, and see what they really amount to. Put the REO on the pan of investigation; make it as hot as you like. You will find after all, a solid residue of real victories, and real performances, able and convincing, that will fairly astonish you.

Then call on a REO agent, try the car, look into its ingenious and practical design and thorough-going construction, learn the history back of it; and you will understand why the REO is and does more for the money than any other car that was ever dreamed of.

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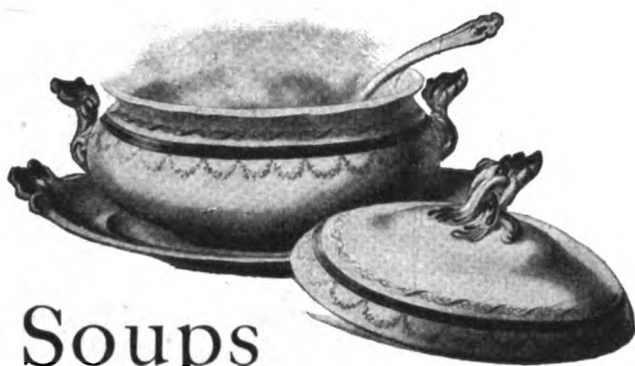
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Nothing else could give your children so much pleasure. Our Tony Pony Vehicles, all styles, strong, roomy, safe, combine best material, original designs, expert workmanship,—nobby and durable. OUR PONY VEHICLES is the best stocked in the West. Prompt shipments. Illustrated catalogue free. Michigan Buggy Co., 171 Olmsted Bldg., Kalamazoo, Mich.



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Stews and Hashes can be delicately seasoned by using

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THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

It is a rare relish for Fish, Meats, Game, Salads, etc.

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Pay the Dealer A Larger Profit

*otherwise you would never be offered a substitute,
when you ask for an advertised article. Imitations
are not advertised because they are not
permanent. For every genuine article there
are many imitations. The imitator has no
reputation to sustain—the advertiser has. It
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wrote the declaration which he gave out the moment he was free. It read:

The Government of the Republic gives me liberty. It is nothing for me unless I have, also, my honor. From this day I shall seek unceasingly the reparation of the frightful judicial error of which I am still the victim. All France by a final judgment must know that I am innocent. My soul will be at peace only when there is not one Frenchman who imputes to me the crime another has committed.

It was September 19, 1899—ten days after the conviction—that Loubet signed the decree of pardon. That night, accompanied by Mathieu, Dreyfus took train for Carpentras; there in the house of his elder sister he found his wife and, at length—after five years—his son and his little daughter.

The victim's life was saved; and the long fight for his honor continued. It was not until 1906—until July 13—that the highest court in France, *la Cour de Cassation*, destroyed once and forever the foul lie which had clung for twelve long years to the name of Dreyfus. By its supreme authority it gave him back, shining and intact, his pure honor of a soldier, of a citizen, of a man.

It was in the great hall of the *Cour de Cassation*. At midday the doors opened. Dreyfus was there in civil dress. Mathieu Dreyfus was there. Madame Lucie Dreyfus had brought her two children; and beside her sat her father and mother, the Hadamards. Near her was Madame Zola—for her husband had died, poisoned by gas, on the floor of his bedroom. Not far away was Picquart. Jaurès, Reinach, all the soldiers of the "War of Twelve Years," were present at this final scene. The president of the court, Monsieur Ballot-Beaupré read the formal decree—peremptory, definite, final—declaring that not a shadow of guilt rested upon Alfred Dreyfus, that the accusation was "entirely unjustified," and refusing to send him before another Council of War. So was the legal truth proclaimed; and the civil power of the State overthrew military injustice. We need not linger here. Justice at last came to its own. That night, in his home, Dreyfus was feasted by twenty-four friends—wife, brothers, sisters, and all those who had been truest to him.

The long martyrdom was over.

Vengeance and Reward

We have followed the long and complex drama to its end.

For one moment, however, let us wait and hear the epilogue.

The date is July 21, 1906. The place is the great courtyard of the École Militaire, yonder by Les Invalides where the greatest soldier of France lies buried. Troops are drawn up in square; two detachments of foot *cuirassiers* and a detachment of artillery. The men stand immobile in the ranks, their sabers drawn. Down by the barracks is a black line—reporters, photographers, a few spectators. From the first floor windows women, in gay gowns, look down—you distinguish among them Madame Lucie Dreyfus; her eyes are swollen with tears, her energetic, imperious face is very white. Outside the courtyard, a few lookers-on, not many, peer through the iron gates. A door of the great building opens; an officer, erect and steady, comes out. It is he. It is Dreyfus. He wears the uniform of *chef d'escadron*. As he walked that winter day in 1895—to disgrace and dishonor—so he marches now, hand on sword-hilt, composed, master of himself. A roll of drums. Then a general approaches him:

"In the name of the President of the Republic," General Gillain cries, "and in virtue of the powers which are conferred upon me, Commandant Dreyfus, I make you Chevalier of the Legion of Honor."

He touches him twice on the shoulder with his drawn saber; then he seizes both his hands in his and kisses him on the cheek. From soldiers and spectators come cries of "*Vive la Justice!*" as the troops defile past this man from Devil's Island—the officers saluting with their swords. Per-

Whose Tailor?

TRADE MARK REGISTERED 1906



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Illustration will sometimes tell advertising untruths even when cold type fails to.

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Have Clean Clothes Without a Wash Day

I do—it's so easy. Listen, my clean clothing, all kinds, kept clean without a single wash day—saving work, wear, expense. No wash boards, washing machines, laundries or chemicals—yet kept clean as ever. Sounds strange, is strange, but really true. Anyone can enjoy this blessing and never, never have another wash day. I will tell you how FREE if you will send your address on a postal card. Send no money—no stamps. Address Mrs. K. BROWN, 338 HARRISON BLDG., CINCINNATI, O.

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haps he thought of that day when, in the same place, a mob had hailed him with crucifying shouts of "Death!" and "Judas!" At all events others thought of it, and time was to bring in its revenges. The parade is over and Dreyfus is in the arms of his wife. She runs to him with a: "Come, let me kiss you!"

Then came the summer of rewards. Raised in rank, Dreyfus was given a post of confidence; he was placed in command of the service of mobilization at Vincennes; a little later he was given full command of the artillery at Saint Denis, where he is his own chief. His cousin, Grumbach, was promoted and—it was a shrewd blow at the anti-Semites—given charge of the Bureau of Information, so that he has control of the entire system of espionage. Marie-Georges Picquart was advanced with extraordinary rapidity: he was made Colonel; within a few months he was made Brigadier-General; then General; and as I write, he is Minister of War—the real head of the army. Zola was dead; but, with great state and national honors, his body was laid away in the Pantheon, where Carnot and Hugo and the great citizens of France sleep their last sleep. Joseph Reinach was given a seat in Parliament; Clemenceau was made Prime Minister—oh, rewards rained upon those who had fought the good fight! Nor was vengeance less ample. The Paty de Clams were driven from the army; and the ax fell right and left, upon the heads of the old generals, the epauleted forgers, the vicious and prejudiced men of state and men of law.

After the crime, the punishment; and that is well.

A strange and tragic history.

And now that it is told, what thought comes home to you? My thought is this: Surely this man's martyrdom was as somber and pitiless as that of the medieval saints who were tried by fire; but more marvelous still was the patient heroism—heroism silent and great—with which he bore the torture of the years.

Is he a great soldier? I do not know; he has never fought. What one may be sure of is the innate heroism of the man—steady, unbreakable, quiet as a stone. Of him, some day, the world will make a legend. In the meantime, you have read the truth.

THE END.

THE REVELATION

By Ernest Neal Lyon

A SEA of molten glass—the Western skies Seem shot with fire.

To peer beyond, ere sunlit splendor dies, We would aspire.

Our vision may not pierce that curtain frail, Yet Fancy loves to lift its crimson veil.

The stars swing from Night's overarching dome, Calm, silent friends;

They draw our earth-pent spirits nearer home, Where longing ends.

We may not touch those shining spheres of light, And yet by them we steer our course aright.

Beyond the sunset—aye, beyond the stars Some dawn will glide,—

And, in the light no mist of error mars, Be satisfied

To find the ideals we have striven for here Are dreams no more! Realities appear!

The stoical scheme of supplying our wants by lopping off our desires is like cutting off our feet whenever we want shoes.—SWIFT.

Let one expect happiness and hold himself in joyous receptivity; then shall gladness and finer energies, nobler power, and all the untold riches of life be his.—LILLIAN WHITING.

"Sculpture is the simplest thing in the world," says a rustic; "all you have to do is to take a big chunk of marble and a hammer and chisel, make up your mind what you are about to create, and then chip off all the marble you don't want."



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A decade of experience in the United States and Europe has established the fact that cushions of new rubber on your heels are an actual benefit, and are universally admitted to be a boon to men and women.

When real estate owners in renting flats insist that the occupants shall wear heels of new rubber in consideration of the feelings of the people occupying flats underneath them.

When nurses in the leading hospitals are required to equip their shoes with heels of new rubber, and the great, broad public adopt them to relieve the burden of the day's toil, is it not time for you to stop and consider the value of these cushions of new rubber to you?

When you order Rubber Heels, be sure to specify O'Sullivan's. They are the best, and the only heels made of new rubber.

All dealers. If your dealer cannot supply, send 35c. and diagram of heels to manufacturers,

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know that they will always endure, never become moss-grown nor require re-finishing. This material costs less than marble and granite. It is in every way superior.

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New Catalogue Showing Goods in Actual Colors Sent Free
ORIENTAL IMPORTING CO., L Bourse Bldg., Phila.

My Life—So Far

By **JOSIAH FLYNT**

(Continued from page 234)

"Our desire here is economic peace and prosperity." This was the upshot of his words, translated for us by the interpreter. Was he telling the truth or not? There was not a correspondent present who could have answered this question.

My impression was that the man was trying to give us an official version of the alleged truth, and that he was proud of what he had been able to accomplish as an administrative officer, after demonstrating his ability as a human butcher. I have often since thought that, if the Philippines are to be attended to quickly *à la Russe*, Kuropatkin could do the job very neatly. As a mere man, shorn of his grand titles, I liked him and did not like him.

I asked him if he remembered MacGahan, the American correspondent. He looked at me sharply, always more or less as if he were still listening to that St. George's Day sermon, and said: "It pleases me to hear that name mentioned. I knew him well."

I asked the interpreter to ask him if he could not think of an anecdote or two about MacGahan that I could send to my paper. I realized that there was a sorry task ahead of me writing about far-off Trans-Caspia—truly *terra incognita* to most Americans—unless America could be dragged into the story somehow. But Kuropatkin was not in the anecdotal mood. "When MacGahan and I were together," he said, "there were too many other things to think about and remember."

This is the upshot of my intercourse with Kuropatkin. Had there not been something about the man and his surroundings that took hold of my imagination, this slim report would not have been made here. Throughout my journey in Trans-Caspia I thought of Genghis Khan and Tamerlane. At Merv we were told that there, once upon a time, Genghis had slaughtered one million people. At Samarkand we were shown Tamerlane's tomb. As a modern representative of might and force, Kuropatkin seemed to be an improved edition of Genghis and Tamerlane. Whatever else he was, or was not doing, he was plainly trying to experiment with civilization before resorting to the sword. His schools, railroads, and agricultural experiments were all indicative of his constructive ability. For this side of his character I liked him.

I disliked his career in butchering, and I was not pleased with his hard face. Nevertheless, there was something so companionable and soldierlike in his parting, "*Bonne chance*," when we bade him good-by, that, for me, there was more in him to like than to scold about. As regards the alleged five million rubles he is supposed to have "grafted" in Manchuria, I can merely say that he did not look like a thief to me.

* * * * *

A police raid that I attended in St. Petersburg, although not directly connected with any tramp experience there, has remained memorable, and, after all, was due to my interest in tramp lodging houses. I explored the local vagabonds' resorts pretty carefully during my investigations, visiting among others the notorious Dom Viazewsky, the worst slum of the kind I have ever seen anywhere. On a winter's night in 1896 (the conditions have not changed, I am told), 10,400 men, women and children slept in five two-story buildings inclosed in a space about the size of a baseball diamond. Only a hundred paces away is the Anitchkoff Palace. The inmates of the Dom Viazewsky are the scum of the city's population, diseased, criminal, and defiant.

On one occasion, a woman belonging to the Salvation Army was met in the dead of night by a police sergeant and some patrolmen, as she was leaving the most dilapidated of the buildings. She had been doing missionary work.

"My God!" the sergeant exclaimed, seeing her unattended. "You in here alone?"

"Oh, no, not alone, officer," the intrepid little woman replied. "God is with me."

"Huh," the officer grunted. "I would not come in here alone with God for a big sum."

The raid which I attended was made on a smaller lodging house, not far from the Alexander Nevsky monastery. In a way, it was got up for my benefit, I fear, and I was later very sorry about it all. The then chief of detectives was a pleasant old gentleman, called Scheremaitybsky, I told him that it would interest me to see how his men "worked," and he introduced me to a stalwart chap—I forget his name—who kindly offered to show me how a suspicious place was raided.

We all foregathered first at the precinct station house nearest to the place of the raid, at about nine o'clock in the evening. A Scotch friend accompanied me. Here were the so-called detectives, or policemen, in citizens clothes. A squad of uniformed patrolmen had already been sent on ahead to surround the lodging house and prevent any departures. Pretty soon we followed after them in single file, and I could hear passers by on the sidewalk whisper, "Polizie! Polizie!" The way they used the word and stopped to stare at us might have given a stranger the impression that we were on a

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(Illustrated)

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- Knowledge a Father Should Have.
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- Medical Knowledge a Husband Should Have.
- Knowledge a Young Woman Should Have.
- Knowledge a Young Wife Should Have.
- Knowledge a Mother Should Have.
- Knowledge a Mother Should Impart to Her Daughter.
- Medical Knowledge a Wife Should Have.

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portentous mission, which might involve the arrest of the entire city. Arriving at the lodging house, the gates were closed behind us, and we assembled in a lower corridor, where all hands received candles. The patrolmen outside forbade both entrance and escape.

Clumsily, the tallow from the candles dripping on our hands, we climbed the dingy stairway to the men's quarters. A dismal lamp burned in the center of the room, throwing a weird light over the awakened lodgers. What a medley of humanity that vile-smelling room contained! Old men barely able to climb out of their bunks; rough middle-aged ruffians, cowed for the moment, but plainly full of vindictiveness and crime; youngsters just beginning the city life and quaking with fear at the unannounced visitation — never before have I seen human bodies and rags so miserably entangled.

The method of the raid was simple enough. Each inmate was made to show his passport. If it was in order, well and good; he could go to sleep again. But if his papers were irregular, or, still worse, if he had n't any at all, below he went to join the others who were guarded by the policemen. The worst that was found that night I fancy were some hiding peasants, who had run away from their villages and were loafing around begging in the city. One poor old man took me for an officer. I was passing around between the beds, holding my candle high so that I could see the faces of the lodgers. The old man — he must have been eighty — held out a greasy scrap of paper, doubtless his passport, and tried to tell me how little he had done in the world that was wrong. There was an appealing look in his faded, ancient eyes, like that in those of a mongrel who would fain beg your mercy. I was glad to learn that his papers were all right.

Later, the women's ward was also inspected. Here was practically the same bundle of human flesh and rags. Like the men, the women had to identify themselves or go to the station house. One young peasant girl lost her head, or perhaps she could not read. She handed the detective her pass confidently enough, but when he asked her her name she gave a different one from that on the passport.

"Go below, you little ignoramus," ordered the officer, and below she went, obviously wondering why all names were not alike — at least when it came to identification.

The inspection over, we returned to the room below to count the "catch." Over a score had been drawn into the net. They were lined up outside between two rows of policemen, the candles were put out, and the inspector gave the order to march. The weird, gloomy picture they made in the dark, as they trudged forward in their rags, is one that I do not care to see again. It seemed to me then, and it seems to me now, that the scene told the sad, sad truth about Russia.

"A nation on tramp," I murmured, as my friend and I went on alone down the Nevsky.

* * * * *

In the autumn of 1892, my university days were interrupted by a visit to London. Political economy, as taught and written in German, was becoming more and more of a puzzle to me, in spite of the fact that I had made valuable progress in picking up and using German colloquial expressions. I could berate a cabby, for instance, very forcefully, but somehow I could not accustom my ear to the academic language of Professors Schmoller and Wagner. I finally persuaded my people that if I was to continue to explore political economy, I ought to be allowed to come to terms with it in my own vernacular, at least until I knew something about it separate of German, which, at that time, was quite as much a study to me as political economy itself. My arguments in this matter eventually prevailed, and I was sent off to London to read up on the subject in the British Museum. That this reading was a good thing in its way is doubtless true, and the six months spent in London at that time I have always counted among the *Stieber* months of my career. Perhaps I devoted more time than was right to geography and the books of travelers and explorers, but I pegged away at my major, too, after a fashion, at times covering my desk with books on the subject. If many volumes stacked up in front of a reader make a *savant* in the British Museum, then I deserved a place in the front rank.

But with all my good intentions, reading and note-taking, the main good that London did for me was accomplished outside of the somber pile in Bloomsbury. The museum was principally a place to retreat to when the life in the streets seemed likely to excite my *Wanderlust* unduly. I could also read there about many of the things that interested me in London itself.

Colonization was the special subject I was supposed to be looking into, but Dr. Richard Garnett, the official at the museum who gave me my reader's ticket, could never get over the notion that I meant "composition," when telling him the subject I was to take up. Three times I insisted that it was colonization, but, whether the good man was deaf or determined that I should tackle composition, I never found out. My friend, Arthur Symons, introduced me to him and distinctly heard me say "colonization," but this did not help matters. The good doctor insisted on showing me about the reading room, pointing out the general reference books which he thought would facilitate my acquaintance with composition. We frequently greeted

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each other in the corridors afterwards, but the doctor kindly refrained from quizzing me concerning my reading, and probably had quite forgotten what it was all about anyhow, a matter of conjecture in my own mind on occasions.

My most intimate friend during this first visit to London was Symons, and I have to thank him for putting me on the track of many interesting people and experiences. I went to him with an introduction from Berlin, where he visited me later on. In 1892, he was living in Fentin Court, in the Temple, Mr. George Moore being a close neighbor in Pump Court, I think. Both men took hold of my imagination very much, being the first English writers that I learned to know. With Moore I had only slight conversations, but I remember now that he evinced considerable interest in my "tramp material." Indeed, ten years after our first meeting, he reminded me of an adventure that I had told him about.

Symons, on the other hand, I saw very frequently, and I might as well accuse him right away of being my literary godfather, if I may be said to deserve one. Whether he realized it at the time or not, it was the writer's atmosphere which he let me into, that made me ambitious to scribble on my own account.

One day he told me that he had received fifteen pounds for an article for "The Fortnightly Review."

"Fifteen pounds!" I mumbled to myself on the way back to my lodgings. "Why, that sum would keep me here in London over a month." Later, in Berlin, I experimented for the first time with the effects of an article by me in a magazine. Symons's wonderful fifteen pounds were to blame. I sent the paper, a short account of the American tramp, to "The Contemporary Review." It was accepted. In a few days I received page proofs of the article, and in the next number it was published. No youthful writer ever had his horizon more ambitiously widened than mine was when that article was printed and paid for. I assured the editor *instantly* that my tramp lore was inexhaustible, and begged of him to consider other submissive efforts on my part. He intimated in his reply that submission was a fine quality, but that "The Contemporary" did not confine its pages to trampology, and that his readers had had enough of that subject for the time being.

The little back room in the Crown Tavern, near Leicester Square, where a number of the young writers in London congregated at night in my time, has given way to much more pretentious quarters. Symons and I had got into the habit of taking nightly walks about town, leading nowhere in particular at the start, but interrupted usually, for an hour at least, about half-past eleven at this tavern. The place itself never meant much to me as a rendezvous, because I have never been able to get enjoyment out of a back parlor pushed up against a bar. Separate, each institution has its amenities, but Englishmen seem fond of a combination of the two.

Two of the young men who foregathered at the Crown in 1892 have passed on for keeps—Lionel Johnson, the author of "The Art of Thomas Hardy," and of the personal statement to me that he knew every inch of Wales; and Ernest Dawson, a man who lived in a queer, rambling old storehouse on the docks, a possession of his own, and who knew much about London that he should have lived long enough to tell.

The gatherings in the back parlor were comparatively innocent little intentions upon life and literature. I got good out of them in a number of ways, and might have benefited by them more, had my intentions been more distinctly literary. What Swinburne, Pater, Wilde, Verlaine, and others were doing and saying was not half so interesting to me as what some haphazard pick-up might say to me and Symons during our stroll after the Crown meeting was over. On one occasion, however, an Irish journalist who was present succeeded in getting me patriotically indignant. He, had spent the afternoon in Westminster Abbey, happening, among other things, upon Longfellow's bust.

"I can't see," he said, at the end of his account of his afternoon, unmistakably referring to the Longfellow bust, "why the Americans can't bury their dead at home." It was on the tip of my tongue to ask him why the Irish could n't keep their live ones at home, when someone said: "Soda, please," and the difficulty was both watered and bridged over.

I suppose that the Crown meetings were mutual admiration parties of a kind, but of an innocent kind. I recall a callow youth, who had squandered his patrimony in Paris, and who, with a lender's volume of reminiscent verse, button-holed me saying: "Really, you know, Blank (a member of the company) is a genius. His command over vocabularies is something stupendous." Blank has since made a name for himself, but I remember looking at him at the time, innocently wondering whether he was a genius, and, if so, what vocabularies were.

But, in spite of the ready assistance offered to all hands, to think well of themselves, the gatherings usually netted one something worth while in the end, either in criticism or incident. They call to mind now a series of gatherings held a number of years later in New York, among a collection of American writers. And this thinking of the two combinations reminds me of what George Augustus Sala once said to me in Rome. I had

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gone to him, according to agreement, to ask him what he had to say to a young man anxious to do well in journalism, in writing in general. He was sitting at breakfast when I dropped in at his hotel, very much surrounded by macaroni and the local newspapers.

"And what are your pleasures?" Sala began, without warning, as if I had gone to him for medical advice. I was so upset by this beginning of things that, for the life of me, I could not think for a second or two what my pleasures were. I finally managed to say that I enjoyed whist.

"Stop it," said Sala, his Portuguese eyes fairly boring through me. "Stop it. Whist means cards, and cards mean gambling. Stop it!"

After a pause he said, "What are the other pleasures?" If whist meant gambling, I reasoned that tobacco must premise opium. However, I admitted that I liked tobacco.

"Not strange—not strange," said Sala. "One who writes needs a smoke. What else? Are you a woman hater?"

"No, sir, I'm not," I replied, most emphatically. Sala looked at me queerly but did not pursue the subject. I had been introduced to him by a man, who, wrongly or rightly, had the reputation of saying cross things about women.

"Do you drink?" Sala continued in a moment.

"Yes, when I feel like it."

"Stop it, stop it. Drinking means boozing, boozing means busting, and busting means hell—hell, young man, remember that."

There was a pause, during which Sala looked out the window as if he had taken my pulse and was deciding how much faster it could beat before I must die. Pretty soon he turned my way, and, after some general advice about coming to an early decision as to whether I meant to be a purely descriptive writer or not, delivered himself of this statement: "If you settle in London as a journalist, you'll be a drudge. If you try New York, you'll be a boozier—*unless*," and again the Portuguese eyes shot at me, "*you keep out of the rut.*"

In later years I have often thought of this talk with Sala, when comparing the two different sets of writers I learned to know in London and New York. Off hand, I should say that honors were even between them as regards the virtues, any advantage in this particular falling, if there was any, to the Englishmen, on account of the early closing hours in England.

It was after the celebrated closing hours that Symons and I often had some of our most entertaining strolls. Symons was inveterately on the scent for "impressions and sensations," while I found happiness merely in roving. I suppose that I received impressions and sensations of their kind just as well as Symons did, but, somehow, when I began to describe them, they did not seem to have enough literary dignity to belong in the same class with those that Symons could tell about and later describe in print.

One night we separated, each to wander as long as he was interested, and in the morning to compare reports. It so happened that neither of us on this particular occasion saw enough that we had not enjoyed together on other jaunts to make the undertaking very amusing. But we both agreed that such explorations could be made uncommonly entertaining by a literary artist, if he would honestly tell what he had stumbled upon.

At another time we undertook a more audacious exploit—a 'bus ride to the city limits, or into the country as far as the schedule allowed, and then a tramp as long as we could hold out. We took the first 'bus we saw bound well into the country. It started from Liverpool Street Station. Symons thought that it was headed east, but neither of us was sure, the road twisted and turned so. Nightfall found us pushing on bravely afoot, Symons glorying in the beautiful moonlight and the "sensation" of being "at sea" on land, while I got pleasure out of Symons's romantic appreciation of a trip which reminded me very mundanely of other nocturnal tramps at home. Midnight stopped us at an inn. One of Symons's shoes was giving him trouble, and the romance of the adventure was growing a little dim. We were dusty, tired, and, I suppose, suspicious looking. The innkeeper hesitated before he would let us in, and we had to explain how simple and innocent we were. In the morning, having found our bearings to the extent that we learned we were headed toward the North Sea—we refused to listen to anything more minute than this—we went blithely on our way once more, happy in the consciousness that for the moment we were care free and bound for "any old place" that took our fancy. But, alas! Symons's shoe got to annoying him again, and his spirits began to droop. By ten o'clock they were plainly at half mast. His foot had become very painful, forcing him to sit down by the side of the road. The jolly adventurer of the night before and early morning had suddenly changed into an irascible literary man "on the road." He said nothing about art, sentences, or vocabularies. He said nothing about anything but the pain his foot was giving him. Blind travels into the countryside took on a very different aspect. It was the Temple for Symons, and just as soon as a train could take him there. That fine indefiniteness of the evening in the moonlight—that joyous keeping in step with *die Ferne*—the temptress into the Beyond—that dreamy, happy, careless chatting about the great city left behind—these things had vanished: our stroll to the North Sea

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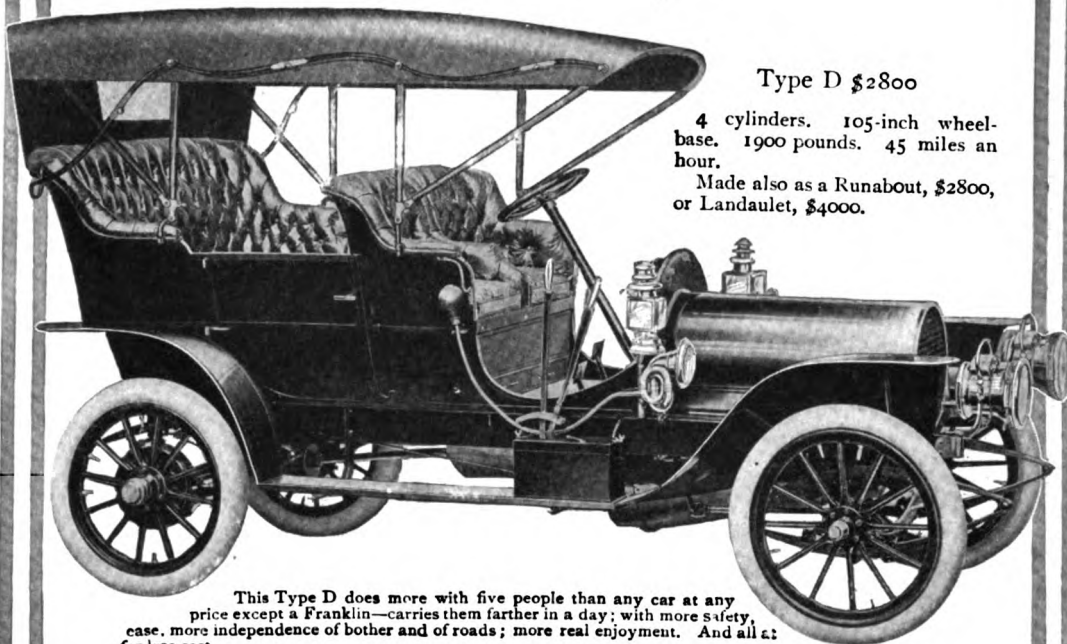
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or the North Pole, or wherever it was that we dreamed we might get to, was at an end. I have seldom known innocent bucolic intentions—we thought ours was bucolic—dissipate into thin air so unconcernedly. But as Symons said about many of our trips together, "the best part of them comes when you look back over them in front of a good fire," and so he will probably smile and look pleasantly reminiscent when he comes across this reminder of our aimless jaunt into Essex.

I think he will also smile on reading my version of the Berlin-Havre expedition. He had spent a month with me in my home in Berlin, where, as usual, he dug all over the city for impressions and sensations—"impreshuns and shensashuns" was the way they were finally called in my household. When it came time for him to return to London, he decided to accompany my sister and me as far as Havre on our sail from Hamburg to New York. He had never been on an ocean liner, and thought that the new experience would recompense him for the "shensashuns" he had failed to gather in Berlin. Besides, as we figured it out, he could get to London a little cheaper this way. We were all pretty poor at the time, and economy counted for a great deal in "sensation" researches. I was bound for America to see if I could not interest some publisher in printing articles and stories about tramps.

Down the Elbe from Hamburg, in fact all of the first day we were at sea, Symons thought he had seldom had a more enjoyable time. The sea was quiet, the weather was balmy, and there was a great deal to eat. The next morning the sea had kicked up somewhat. I found Symons at breakfast time on deck holding fast to a railing running around the smoking-room. His face was wan and colorless, and he plainly showed that he had had his fill of "shensashuns" for the time being.

"Strange motion, is n't it?" he murmured, gripping the railing afresh. "Never fancied anything like this. I shall be glad to see Havre."

We made that port the following day. Symons was to ship from Havre to Southampton, after having a look at Havre. I learned that our boat was going to be delayed for twenty-four hours on account of repairs—she seemed to be repairing all the way to New York—and that all three of us could go ashore for a stroll. Symons's exchequer had, by this time, got perilously low—he had the price of his ticket to London, and, perhaps, two francs over. All of us found some forgotten German coins of small denominations in our pockets, and proceeded to an exchange office. No transaction at the Bank of England ever seemed more important that did this one with the French money dealer. Symons was to be the beneficiary, and we higgled and haggled over the values of our *Groschen* and *Sechser* as if millions were at stake. In the end we managed to increase his holdings by two francs—that was all; and it was absolutely all that we could afford. Symons was so glad to be in the right mood for *terra firma* sensations again that the two francs looked like two hundred to him. At any rate, he did not seem to care how large or how small the sum was—he thanked the gods prodigiously that he was strong enough merely to walk.

We smuggled him on board for supper, and finally left him, as we thought, until we should again be in England, as our boat was to sail early the next morning, the repairs having been accelerated, so we were told. Symons was to spend the night and next day ashore, waiting for the Southampton boat. The next morning found our ship still tied up. We were free to go ashore again and have another "last" meal in a restaurant. As we strolled up the main street, whom should we meet striding proudly down the thoroughfare but Symons, his brown gossamer sailing merrily after him. "Fancy this!" he exclaimed on seeing us. "How jolly! But do you think your boat ever will get started again?"

Then he told us of the wonderful impressionistic night he had spent.

"After bidding you good-by," he explained, "I strolled back to Frascati's. The moon was up, and I felt like strolling. When Frascati's closed I walked along the beach for a while—it was a perfect night for sensations."

"At last I got sleepy. There was a bathing machine nearby, and I thought it would be a jolly adventure to spend the rest of the night in it. Besides I wanted to economize."

"I don't know how long I had been dozing, but toward morning I was awakened by footfalls nearby. I peeked out. It was a guard—at least he looked like one. I crept out of the bathing machine and dodged around it conveniently until the man had passed. Then I went on down the beach, and, later, up to the convent or monastery on the hill. The sun was just creeping up over the horizon, and there was a wonderful, early morning hush over everything. I sat down and wrote some verses. Really, the impressionistic appeal was so overwhelming I could not help it. I've never had such a jolly night."

We breakfasted together, took one more short stroll, and then separated again. Later, after seventeen days at sea, we learned that Symons had made London without further accident.

[To be continued in May]

The victor is he who can go it alone.—SAXE.

Paderewski in Private Life

By W. G. FITZ-GERALD

[Concluded from page 243]

pigs, only to go to Switzerland direct by the short Boulogne-Bâle route.

From Riond-Bosson to Kosna is a far cry, yet on this last estate we find this marvelous man cultivating water as well as land, so to say. For Paderewski owns some forty miles of that beautiful torrent, the Biala, which "comes down" in the rainy season more impetuously than Southey's "Lodore." Ever mindful of his tenants, the great musician decided to stock the Biala with prime fish for their benefit, and quite recently he imported from Scotland 30,000 beautiful young trout, which, to the amazement of the local Poles, arrived on the banks of the Biala and were forthwith placed in fish hatcheries, erected under the personal supervision of the world's musical idol.

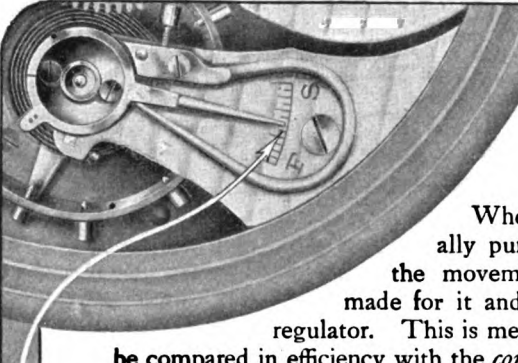
The Austrian Poles, among whom Paderewski lives in this region, are a conservative race, with agricultural methods a little better than those of Abraham. Paderewski, however, has taught them progress, sending to France for a vine expert to choose suitable situations, and importing hundreds of thousands of fine healthy vines, as well as fighting the dreaded phylloxera. This has given work to hundreds of Paderewski's tenants. Moreover he employs fifty or sixty hands in his forests, which fairly swarm with deer, wild boar, and other game, so that no guest is at a loss for sport who stays at Kosna. Paderewski himself, however, has never been seen with a gun in his hand. This is because, first, his devotion to animals amounts to a passion, and, second, he must not risk any injury to his beautiful and sensitive hands. He always looks forward, however, to excellent fishing both in the Lake of Geneva and the mountain torrents of the Carpathians.

The town of Kosna may well rejoice in Paderewski, for he bought a large and costly house there, which he converted into a well-equipped club for the young men of the place. This he provides with literature and games of all kinds, while the profit from refreshments is handed over to the poor and needy. As his heart is large, so is his marvelous brain. So vast and comprehensive is his memory that he can perform a practically unlimited repertoire of all the compositions of ancient and modern masters, almost from Palestrina to Wagner, without reference to the printed page.

Strangely enough, Paderewski is extraordinarily reluctant to write a letter with his own hand. He will express opinions orally; if writing is necessary, his secretary does it. He finds it tiresome even to sign his name, and I doubt if he would do this, did he not know that each autograph means a contribution toward his monument to Chopin in Warsaw, a permit for which he long ago obtained from the Russian Government. Naturally, then, Paderewski has recourse to the telegraph, and the number of these costly dispatches which he sends in a year must rejoice the heart of shareholders in these companies.

Of necessity the great artist spends most of his time at the Château—Riond-Bosson, at Morges, on lovely Lake Lemán, which Byron and Shelley and Rousseau so loved. Even in little, sleepy, tree-shaded Morges, we find the Paderewski cult. In your bedroom in the little hotels, the familiar face will look down upon you. The shady *quai* is decorated with festoons when he returns to the villa. Here is Paderewski's place of rest, not so remote from great centers as Kosna, yet exquisitely secluded, girdled with woods and vineyards, gardens and orchards, through which gleam the snowy flanks of Mont Blanc, and the glaciers of the Alps of Savoy.

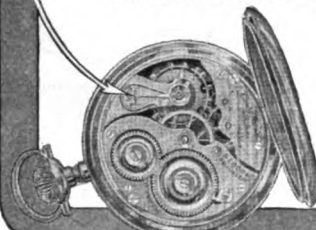
A quaint, old drowsy lake town, this Morges, with white embattled arsenal and warm red roofs. The whole population knows the gigantic St. Bernards that guard the porter's lodge, where the great open gateway holds out a welcome to the



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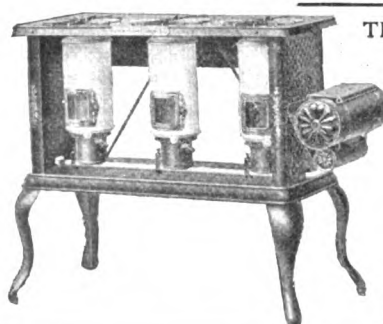


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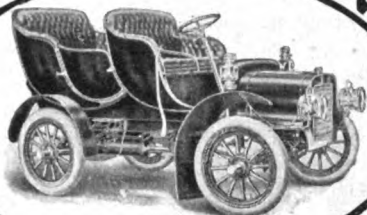


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big opulent house, covered with flowering creepers and honeysuckle. Paderewski has bought immense tracts of land solely in order to prevent others from building near him.

Here we find an ideal setting for genius—a silent house filled—but not obtrusively—with treasures a king might envy. There are birds singing in some remote room; the air is heavy with lilac and rose. The murmur of falling water comes soothingly. The huge dining-room, which looks the larger for its paneling of monstrous mirrors, is at the back of the villa. One's eye is instantly arrested by the famous portrait of the musician by Sir Laurence Alma-Tadema, and the cluster of signed photographs of kings and queens before whom he has played.

Somewhere in the house are scattered the various testimonials of their delight which these exalted persons have given him. But everything in this "soft, silent, silken" *minage* is in exquisite taste. The tapestries are subdued in color; the miniatures and bric-a-brac entirely unobtrusive. But the Paderewskis, with a guest at Riond-Bosson, know no peace until they get him out into the vast grounds and farmyards among strange birds and beasts, ranging from pedigree cattle from royal farms in Balmoral, Sandringham, and Windsor, to cockatoos and goats from far-off Australia. There are dogs by the dozen, from the lordly monsters that guard the entrance gates to the tiny terrier that Madame takes in her motor as she spins along by the lake.

Out here amid kitchen gardens, horses, and cows, prize fowls, ducks, golden pheasants, rabbits, and sheep, Paderewski is an interesting figure. The old countryman who guided me over the remoter parts of the domain assured me that his master was more anxious over the meal-times of his birds and beasts than over his own. Avenues of grand old trees separate the fowl-houses from the great sweep of the lawn, on which the master plays languid croquet with Guillaume.

The privileged visitor to Riond-Bosson is amazed to see how luxuriously the Paderewski birds and animals are housed. Shining glass, wood enameled snow-white, clean silver sand, with light and air and space—these are everywhere. Everywhere, too,—inside the great galleried villa as well as outside—are most perfectly trained servants; and the household runs with almost incredible smoothness.

The kitchen-garden grows far more fruit and vegetables than is needed for the household, and much of it is given away to humble applicants. Its yields vary from magnificent black Hamburg grapes down to the lowly potato; and I was amused to find the great *artiste* so disappointed over his failure in raising a small patch of our sweet corn.

"It was the only thing that compensated me for the loss of my Polish dishes during my American tour," Paderewski told me; "and I felt sure I could grow it here in Switzerland, where our spring is mild and early, and our summers very hot. It is languishing, however, and will soon die, I fear."

The barns and stables of this model farmer would surely strike dumb with amazement one of our own people. One curious feature is the great number of little houses dotted here and there. I saw one charming little brown dwelling covered with vines—surely an ideal spot for a rusticated artist. But it was inhabited only by sheep and goats! Not far away, another house was being built for the head gardener, that he might not have the exertion of walking to his own place in the town ten minutes away! Little wonder that Riond-Bosson is a paradise for servants.

Its master will go forth in the early morning with a pocketful of costly cigars, which he will distribute first to one laborer and then to another. Possibly his favorite sister, Madame Wilkonska, is with him, while behind walk Madame Helena Paderewski and her son, Gorski. Every morning the birds and beasts are visited, and minute inquiries made as to their well-being. A veter-

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inary surgeon from Lausanne attends on the slightest cause, whether a favorite horse be sick, or even a tiny canary be mute and ailing.

After this, back goes Paderewski to his study, there to practice for many hours, or it may be to soak his marvelous fingers in extremely hot water. He invariably does this before every important recital. His principal relaxation, apart from "farming," is the billiard table. Mr. Adlington has often seen him rise in a state of dangerous excitement and exhaustion after half a day of music, light one of his never-ending succession of Russian cigarettes, and make for the green table, where his faithful Guillaume is ready with the cue.

This fine game of skill has a wonderful effect in the way of calming his excited nerves. He becomes absorbed in some stroke of subtle calculation; his overwrought nerves relax; and when he retires for the night he sleeps as soundly as a child. He plays also an occasional game of chess. As might be supposed, as a host he excels supremely. A little dinner party in the great mirrored room at Riond-Bosson, with an ambassador or two, a Russian prince, and a Parisian *littérateur* like Catulle Mendès or Pierre Loti, is a function for the elect. The host is a wit of high order, a man with vast knowledge of the world and culture generally. Think, too, of the after-dinner music, with a woman like Melba or Ternina singing to the *maestro's* own accompaniment!

Here, at least, no sordid question of money is considered. Paderewski forgets that it was in little efforts like this at the piano that he made last year \$1,444,000—a vast fortune in itself. Here he is *at home*; and before the eyes of his soul are his two great ambitions: First, he desires to leave behind something more than a mere memory of his God-sent gift of interpreting the music of the masters; in a word he wishes to be ranked among the world's greatest composers. Second,—and, if possible, the desire is still greater—Ignace Jan Paderewski has a passionate desire to do every kind deed that lies in his power for the benefit, not only of his fellow creatures, but also for the humblest animal that lives.

RIGGS AND RAGGS

By NIXON WATERMAN

RIGGS and Raggs are chopping wood,
At it every day;
Riggs says his returns are good,
Raggs can't make it pay.
Says the wood's so hard and tough,
Do the best he can,
He can scarcely make enough
To support a man.
At the corner grocery store,
Every evening, Raggs,
With a half a dozen more,
Sits and makes his brags
Of the winner he would be
If he had a chance!
"Course, while choppin' wood," says he,
"No one can advance."

But while thus the idle "jacks"
Waste their time and shirk,
Riggs is sharpening his ax
For the morrow's work;
Giving it an edge so sure
He can cleave his way
Where the one whose ax is poor
Cannot make it pay.

All the world is chopping wood,
And while rusty wits
(Why, is clearly understood,)
Never make the "hits,"
Those who polish all the dross
From their book-rubbed brains
Change that which might prove a loss
Into golden gains.

A man always with his eyes on the ground bumps his head; a man with his nose always in the air stubs his toe.

The fact that thoughts are forces, and that through them we have creative power, is one of the most vital facts of the universe, the most vital fact of man's being.—RALPH WALDO TRINE.

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Gross sales last year (1906)	5,177,403.48
Net profit first year (1893)	\$ 812.59
Net profit last year (1906)	278,906.08

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This surplus fund is an amount equal to *two entire years' dividends* at 7% on the total issue of Preferred Stock, and the Company's statement of February 1, 1907, shows that \$283,074.07 of this fund is already accumulated.

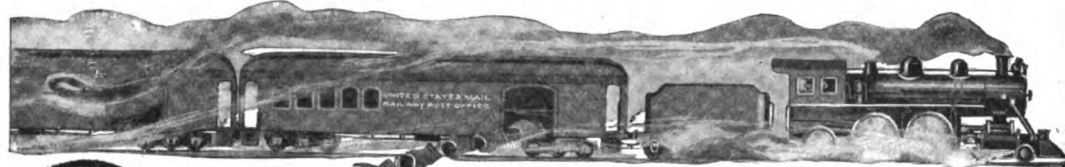
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YOU know, or can easily learn from United States Government Reports, that irrigated lands in the Great Southwest, in selected crops, are made to net \$300 to \$1,000 a year per acre over and above the entire cost of cultivating them. Anyone who knows the country will tell you that absolutely the surest, safest way in the world to gain a large and permanent income for a small outlay is to get hold of a few acres of irrigated land in the Great Southwest. But always before it has required at least a few hundred dollars and it has been necessary for the investor to live on the land and develop it. Now, my company makes it possible for you to get ten acres of the finest irrigated land in the world if you can save \$2.50 a week. You can go and live on it—absolutely assured that it can be made to earn \$3,000 to \$10,000 every year without fail. Or you can remain in your present position and add almost that much to what you earn. For my company will cultivate your property for a small share of the crops. You don't have to know a thing in the world about farming. Now, I can and will prove all this from the highest authorities in the land. All you have to do is—write me and say, "Prove to me that ten acres of your land can be made to net from \$3,000 to \$10,000 a year above all cost of cultivating it." I have the proof, so read what my company will do for you.

I will deliver to you at once a Secured Land Contract for ten acres of irrigated land in the Rio Grande Valley.

You must pay my company \$2.50 a week or as much more as you like.

Instead of your having to pay interest on deferred payments, I agree, for my company, to pay you 5% per annum on the money you pay in.

I also bind my company to fully irrigate your land and turn it over to you under full cultivation whenever you desire to mature your contract.

\$2.50 a week will mature your contract in 10 years. But after you have paid \$2.50 a week for three years, or the same total amount in a shorter time, I agree and bind my company to lend you enough money to make all future payments and mature your contract.

Remember, the land will be fully irrigated and completely under cultivation, so your first year's crop should net you enough over and above the cost of cultivating it to fully pay your loan.

You would then own land outright that can be made to net you \$3,000 to \$10,000 a year.

Can you hope in any other way as safe and sure as this to have so large an income in a few years?

Not in all the world have I ever heard of so good an opportunity for men of small means. In this small space I cannot tell you all the steps that have been taken to safeguard your money in every way. This is investment—not speculation—yet you get returns equal to those from successful speculation. And all the while you are secured against loss by the finest farm land in the world, and your interest in water-rights that no man could buy for a million dollars. There is no question like finding gold or striking oil about this proposition. The land is there for all time. The water is there for all time to nourish and fertilize it. You don't have to dig in the ground deeper than to plant seed. There are no insects that destroy crops in this country. There is no chance for drought. There is no chance known to man for a single crop failure, ever. And the abundant crops of large and in every other way superior hays, grains, vegetables and fruits are equalled in only a very few favored spots, such as the Rocky Ford country. But I am going to prove by case after case that ten acres of this property can be made to net you \$3,000 to \$10,000 a year, according to the kind of crops grown. The difference is not according to location of land or season or anything of the kind. The land is near a prosperous and growing city—Albuquerque—the largest city in New Mexico. Our main irrigation canal to run through the city. The main line of the Santa Fe Railroad runs through our land from end to end. And our own electric line is to supply additional cheap and convenient transportation to every section of these lands. If you want to see the country for yourself, you can go with the next party I take to look at the property. Or you and your friends can band together and send a representative. Or I will send you names of prominent men who have gone or will go and you can ask them what conditions they find. But this is the merest out-line of what I will show you in detail. There are many features of this Secured Land Contract that make it safe and profitable which I haven't space to touch upon. I am only attempting to make it clear to you that if you can possibly save \$2.50 a week you can buy land that can be made to net you a three to ten thousand dollar income in a few years. Don't doubt—I have proof. I have promised to lay it before you. All you have to do is to write for it—that can't cost you a cent more than postage. And as fast as the mails can carry, I will send you proof that as sure as crops grow where climate, soil and water conditions are perfect, you can be financially independent in a few years.

Now, not to hurry your decision in the least, but to protect the price, write me personally at once.

For after the first lot of ten acre tracts is contracted for we will ask more. But I make this promise. Every man or woman who answers this advertisement at once can have at least ten acres on these terms unless, of course, all our land should be already contracted for from this one advertisement.

Now, write at once. I can say nothing more in this advertisement except that, if I could, I would not tell you all you can confidently expect from this investment. For you would not believe it without the proof which I cannot put in an advertisement. Address me personally, and believe me sincerely,

E. W. SHUTT, President Rio Grande Land, Water and Power Co.
640 Houser Building, ST. LOUIS, MO.

KEEPING IN TUNE

ORISON SWETT MARDEN

[Continued from page 249]

about you by the inharmony, the corroding discord. People who have never tried it can not begin to realize the tremendous advantage of putting oneself in tune in the morning before starting on the day's work.

A New York business man recently told me that he never allows himself to go to his office in the morning until he has put his mind into perfect harmony with the world. If he has the slightest feeling of envy or jealousy, if he feels that he is selfish or unfair,—if he has not the right attitude toward his partner or any of his employees, he simply will not go to work until his instrument is in tune, until his mind is clear of any form of discord. He says that he has discovered that if he starts out in the morning with a right attitude of mind toward everybody, he gets infinitely more out of the day than he otherwise would; that whenever he allowed himself to go to work in the past in a discordant condition he did not get nearly as good results. He made those about him unhappy, to say nothing of the increased wear and tear upon himself.

This man's example ought to be very encouraging to those who think they cannot keep themselves in harmony, because, a few years ago, his business and his home life were full of discord, but by persistent mind-training, by forming a habit of holding the right mental attitude toward the world and toward his business, he has achieved a marvelous victory over himself, a victory which has wonderfully improved his health, his business, and his happiness.

The next time you are in a discordant mood, when you feel cross and crabbed and out of sorts with everybody, when little things nettle you, and you cannot get along with your office boy or stenographer, when you seem to antagonize those about you, when your brain is confused and you feel that you cannot control yourself, just try this experiment. Stop work. Jump right up from your desk; leave whatever you are doing, and go out of doors. Walk a few blocks, or, if possible, slip out into the country and determine that you will drive out of your mind everything that fights against harmony and mental balance. Think of beautiful, harmonious things, pleasant things. Resolve that, whatever comes, you will be cheerful and poised, that you will not let little nagging things make a fool of you, that you will keep your mental instrument in tune.

In other words, resolve that you are going to be a man, that you are going to rise above trifles. Just say to yourself, "What a ridiculous thing for a great strong man, made to dominate the forces of the universe, to be completely upset, thrown off his base by trivial, foolish, insignificant things!" Resolve that you will go back to your work a well-poised, self-possessed, self-respecting man, and that you will put it through with power, that you will allow nothing to throw you off your base.

The idea of a man capable of running a business going all to pieces over some little mistake of an employee, or some trifling, foolish thing which should not upset a fifteen-year-old boy!

Did you ever think that the people about you will not respect you if you have not more self-control? If you make a fool of yourself and fly into a rage or go to pieces over any little trifle, you will not only lessen their respect for you, but you will also lose your influence over them. You cannot control others unless you can control yourself.

Reason this way for a few minutes, in the open air if possible. Take in full deep breaths of fresh air, and you will return to your task a new man.

You will be surprised to find how well it will pay you to take time to put yourself in tune. No matter when you get out of tune, stop working, refuse to do another thing until you are yourself, until you are back on the throne of your mental kingdom.

Have you ever watched a centrifugal wringer in a laundry? It wobbles so badly when it first begins to revolve that it seems as though it would tear itself to pieces, but gradually, as the velocity increases, the motion becomes steadier and steadier, and the machine speeds with lightning rapidity on its center. When it once gained its center, its perfect balance, nothing seemed to disturb it, whereas, when it first began to revolve, the least thing made it wobble.

A thousand and one trifles, which disturb one who has not found his mental center, do not affect the poised, self-centered soul at all. Even great things, panics, crises, failures, fires, the loss of property or friends, disasters of any kind do not throw him off his balance. He has found his center, his equilibrium, and no longer vacillates between hope and despair. He has found that he is a part of the great unity law that runs all through the universe, a part of the Infinite Idea.

Harmony is the secret of all power, effectiveness, beauty, happiness; and harmony is simply keeping ourselves in tune with the infinite.

This means absolute health of all the mental and moral faculties, and when these are normal their power is greatly enhanced. The poised soul is so entrenched in the calm of eternal harmony that he is beyond the reach of disaster or the fear of it, conscious that he so rests in the great arms of infinite love and perfection that nothing can harm him, because he lives and moves

and has his being in eternal truth. Such a great serene soul is like a huge iceberg, balanced by the calm in the eternal depths of the sea. It laughs at the giant waves which dash against its sides and the storms which lash it. They do not even give it a tremor; its huge bulk, which enables it to ride calmly and serenely, without perturbation when lashed by the ocean fury, is kept in balance by the perpetual calm in the depths below.

No storm can disturb the calm of the poised soul.

As the inexhaustible sun is behind every ray of light, so the inexhaustible power of omnipotence is behind every human expression of the divine harmony.

Shadows cannot come over the body while the sun shines in the mind. It is as easy to protect the mind from its enemies as our homes from thieves. Learn to recognize these thieves of happiness, burglars of joy and peace and comfort, and banish them out of every entrance of the mind. Just learn to think happiness and hold the mind firmly upon those things which produce peace, joy, and gladness. Then discord and darkness cannot enter.

If we can preserve the integrity of the mind and protect it from its enemies—evil and vicious thoughts and imaginations—we have solved the problem of scientific living. A well-trained mind is always able to furnish the harmonious note in any condition.

Every man builds his world, makes his atmosphere. He can fill it with difficulties, fears, doubts, and despair and gloom, so that the whole life will be influenced to gloom and disaster; or he can keep the atmosphere clear and transparent by dispelling every gloomy, envious, malicious thought.

Hold the enduring, the immortal thought in the mind, and you will be surprised to see how all discord will disappear. When the mind is held in the creative attitude, all that is minus, all that is negative, all the shadows, all the discords will flee. Darkness cannot live in the presence of sunlight; discord cannot dwell with harmony. If you hold harmony persistently in the mind, discord cannot enter; if you cling to the truth, error will flee; if you cling to beauty ugliness must vanish.

There is everything in holding the mind in a positive creative attitude, for this is a builder; the opposite a destroyer.

We must learn to cultivate, to nurse every element in us which makes for beauty, for harmony against discord, for truth against error—everything which creates—or we must inevitably fall victim to the opposite: the destructive, the tearing down, the decaying processes.

The time will come when pupils in the schools will be taught to treat their thought enemies as they would a thief. They will be taught that every bad thought, every discordant, false thought that they entertain weakens and defaces their characters, that they can not afford to harbor, even for an instant, one of these life enemies, these success enemies, these happiness enemies. They will learn to recognize them just as quickly as they would an enemy who was trying to do harm to their person or property. Then the millennium will be in sight.

Live, laugh, and love. There'll come a time when you can't.

Ef Papa Was a Dolly

By EDMUND VANCE COOKE

EF my papa was a dolly, tell you what,
He'd have lots of things that he ain't got,
'Cause I'd go down town en buy a sled
En a trumpet en a dolly's bed.
En give 'em to him. Bet I would,
Ef my papa was a dolly, en I could.
'Course, ef he was just a dolly, he
Could n't use 'em, en would give 'em back to me.

Ef my papa was a dolly, I'd just buy
The sweetest cake for him 'at ever I
Could find, en I'd put jelly on it, too,
En jam, wif sugar on to git soaked through
En taste nice, En I'd take 'n' slop
Some honey en m'llasses on the top,
Wif heaps of frostin' on to make it sweet,
En then my pa en me would eat, en eat,
En eat. 'Course, though, ef papa'd be
My doll, he'd give his part to me.

Ef my papa was a dolly sure, I'd dress
Him in a yallo hat—er pink—I guess—
Wif green slippers en red stockin's, so he'd look
Like the pitchers in my Giant Book.
But ef he was a dolly, I don't s'pose
He'd care much ef he had such pretty clo'es
Er didn't. En then mebbly—mebbly ef
He did n't, I'd jus wear 'em my own se'f.

OFFICE OF
EDWARD J. WESSELS
ADVISER ON LIFE INSURANCE
27 PINE STREET
NEW YORK

Many years' study of life insurance companies and methods qualifies me to advise you conscientiously and intelligently on the policies which you are now carrying.

If you have any doubt about the strength of the company,

If you have any doubt about the value of your policies for your purposes,

If you fear that your wife, daughter or son are not properly or sufficiently provided for,

If you fear that they may not be able to wisely invest the proceeds of the policies in case of your death,

If you fear that you yourself have not sufficient provision for old age,

If you wish to automatically pay off a mortgage on your house,

If you wish to provide against the death of a partner or a financial backer, **write to me.**

I cure bad insurance, advising on all phases of this complex and often misunderstood subject. I have saved many thousands of dollars for clients.

Edward J. Wessels

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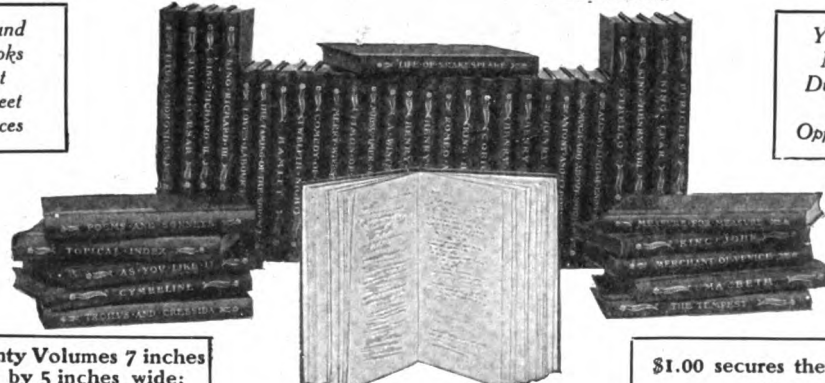
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has enabled us to sell it through four strenuous years, each year marking a new record of success. This success is based on the solid merits of the edition and on its dainty charm, on our low price and our easy conditions of payment.

Having recently arranged for immediate delivery of another large edition, we will dispose without reserve of the few sets now on hand. Most of these sets have two or three volumes slightly discolored, through exposure in the store. This deterioration is trifling, and barely noticeable except to an expert; but we cannot consider the sets as quite perfect. Rather than rebind them we will sell them out at the cost of the sheets.

As the increased cost of material and labor will compel us to raise the price of the new edition, our present offer is more than a mere chance of securing the **Booklovers' Shakespeare** at bedrock figures. It is an opportunity which can never be duplicated.

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The regular price of the **Booklovers' Shakespeare** sold through agents is \$42.00. To close out these half-leather sets we offer them at \$23.00 only. You have immediate possession of the set and pay \$1.00 only, and the balance a little each month.

SIEGEL COOPER CO., NEW YORK

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China's Pitiful Appeal for Bread

Millions of Men, Women and Children at the Point of Starvation

A Staggering Calamity

Millions at Death's Door

Unless America, the land of unparalleled prosperity, speedily sends relief to the starving millions of China, the most frightful tragedy of the twentieth century will be enacted, and millions of helpless human beings will perish for the want of a crust of bread.



Save Us or We Perish!

The calamity that has befallen these peaceful, industrious people is not of their own creation. Rain fell, as in the days of Noah, for forty days without a break; the waters overflowed a hundred miles to the east and a hundred miles to the west, a hundred miles to the north and a hundred miles to the south, submerging farms, destroying crops, uprooting houses, and leaving despair, destruction and starvation in their track.

Killing the Aged and Children

Thus forty thousand square miles were compelled to stand the unusual strain, and fifteen millions of people became impoverished. So intense is the suffering now that parents kill their children by throwing them in the rivers, or by administering poison, and after this desperate act they take their own lives.

The aged people are being drowned to prevent their death by the agonies of starvation. Everywhere throughout the length and breadth of the afflicted provinces people are dying in the fields, on the roads, and in the streets, literally falling in their tracks a prey to the cruel and relentless monster.

Boys Sell at \$2; Girls at \$3

One of the most pitiful phases is the uncontrollable grief of parents, who, in sheer desperation, sell their children for a mere pittance, and then, when they realize what they have done, like Rachel of old, refuse to be comforted, pleading with the purchaser for the restoration of their children, offering themselves to undergo servitude that their darlings might be set at liberty. Actual cases are known in which girls have been sold for \$3.00 and boys for \$2.00, Mexican, which means half that amount in American money.

Little Children Moaning for Food

Rev. Dr. T. F. McCrea, Treasurer of the Missionary Relief Committee, writes:

Leaves and coarse mill feed, ordinarily given only to hogs, now sell for as much as good food usually costs. Trade is paralyzed. People are homeless, listless, hopeless. Furniture and clothing—what little was saved from the cruel flood—are sacrificed and the poverty-stricken parents hear the hungry children cry and moan in the night while they themselves crouch helplessly on a damp mat in some remote corner.

I think of that day when Christ fed the hungry five thousand, and I wonder if Christ's people will follow in His footsteps, and have compassion on these hungry thousands in China, who must perish with cold and hunger unless we help them.

Your cablegram received last night. We are greatly rejoiced that THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is at work for us in the homeland. This inspires hope.

PRES. ROOSEVELT CONTRIBUTES

DEPARTMENT OF STATE
WASHINGTON

February 1, 1907.

Dear Doctor Klopsch:

The President has asked me to say to you that he is much interested in your work to raise funds for the sufferers by the present dreadful famine in China. He hopes that you will meet with the same success that you have had in similar appeals to the humanity and liberality of our people.

As a contribution to the fund he has handed me his check for \$100, which I enclose, together with a similar check of my own. With best wishes, I am,
Very sincerely yours,

ELIHU ROOT.

Dr. Louis Klopsch,

The Christian Herald, New York City.

not bear too see them gradually starving to death, and as there was no chance of feeding them, he made away with them. The mother, greatly distressed, flung herself into the river, following her children. The head of the family, in utter despair at the loss of his all, took his life also. The whole family thus perished.

Human Flesh Actually Sold for Food

A correspondent of the *Echo* says:

In two districts, Sinechow and Paichow, starving and desperate people are eating their children, all the plants, grasses and roots having been exhausted. This correspondent adds that there have been many cases of cannibalism. Human flesh was actually being sold for food, although the ghastly traffic was conducted secretly.

Alive in Her Dead Mother's Arms

A woman was traveling with her baby girl a year old. Weakened by her long journey and lack of food, she fell an easy prey to the fever and died by the side of the road, clasping tightly her little child. For two days the little living child was left in its dead mother's arms. Who on that road, with hunger and fever driving them on, could stop to heed even the cry of a helpless baby?

Help Them to Help Others

Missionaries now working in China have been so affected by the scenes of heartrending suffering which they have been compelled to witness that, though their hearts are breaking, their tears refuse to flow.

They themselves have given all they had and all they could borrow, and now they are daily inditing pathetic communications, and sending them broadcast, with the fervent prayer that God would move the hearts of their more fortunate brothers and sisters in distant lands to contribute largely in this hour of China's direst need, and thus help them to help those who are looking to them for salvation from impending death.

They Are Looking This Way

For many years godly men and women have pointed these people to the Saviour, and countless thousands have accepted him and have been baptized in the Faith. Indeed, the cause of Christ is making wondrous progress among the dense population of China, and now that disaster has befallen them and death is threatening them, what wonder that they are hoping for help from this country whence hail the missionaries, who have told them again and again the beautiful story of one Jesus who went about doing good, who fed the multitudes, and whose followers in this prosperous country are walking in the footsteps of their Master, daily testing their lives by the standard he established, and ever asking themselves, What would Jesus do?

Help or They Perish

We urge upon every reader to join this life-saving crew and to throw out to these starving people the life-line, before it is too late. Pray that God's people everywhere may realize the importance and urgency of the case and may willingly and cheerfully give, even as God has prospered them.

Young People's Societies, Epworth Leagues, Christian Endeavorers, work earnestly; for the night of death threatens to enshroud a continent. You can give the

clouds a silver lining and you will do it. This is the King's business. It requires haste. Every day's delay will prove fatal. Let us then be up and doing. He that sitteth in the heavens watches. His eye is upon us. What we do let us do it as unto Him, and he that seeth in secret and rewardeth openly will bless us with an everlasting blessing.

The Daughters of the King

There are in every community godly women, sympathetic and kind; consecrated women, who long to do good, as they have opportunity, and to aid the poor, the suffering and the distressed. We look confidently to them for aid at this time. They can work, they can speak, they can plead, pray and give. May God call them to this mission, and graciously prosper the work of their hearts and their hands.

Every contribution for the relief of the great Famine in China will be promptly acknowledged in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

ADDRESS ALL CONTRIBUTIONS TO

The China Famine Relief Fund

Under the Direction of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

200 to 220 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK



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A HAPPY GROUP OF CHINESE GIRLS BEFORE THE FAMINE

A girls' class listening to a native teacher. Among the number is a little American girl, the child of a much beloved missionary

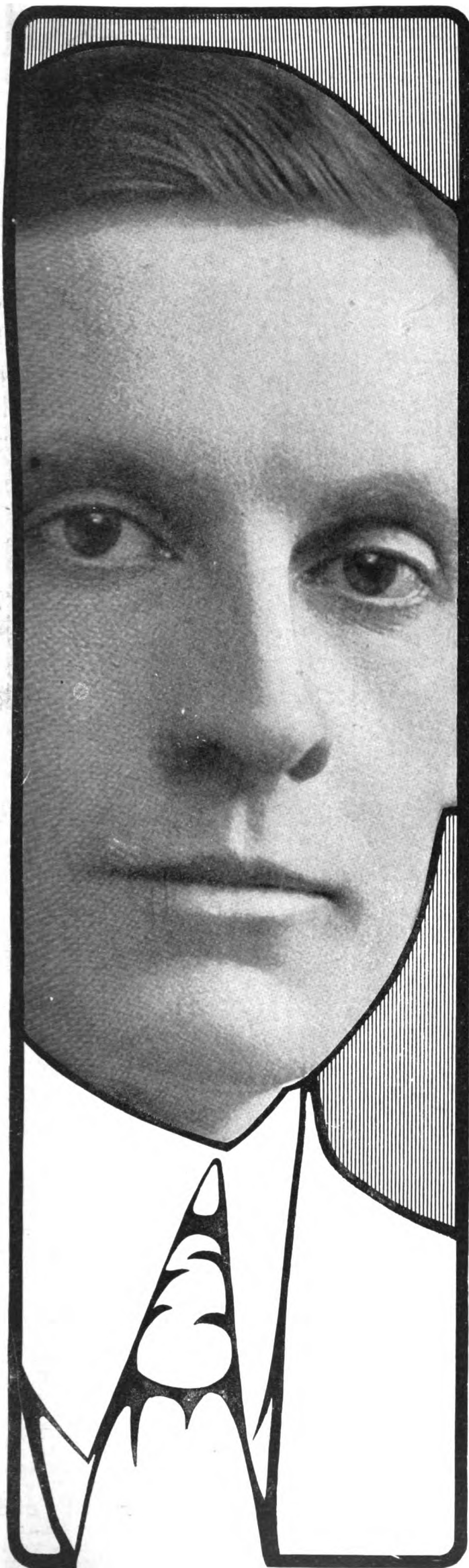
Shall These Little Lambs Perish?

Dr. J. Sumner Stone, the well-known pastor of a Methodist church in New York City, and now traveling in China, writes THE CHRISTIAN HERALD as follows:

Fifteen million people are already in the grasp of famine. Seven millions are now helpless. They are living on a gruel made of beans and sweet potato leaves. Even this will soon be gone. Already the people are drowning or giving opium to their aged relatives and their children, and selling their little girls into nameless slavery. I love children too much to see them exposed to hunger or shame without crying loudly to their friends to come to their help. It is not the will of our heavenly Father that one of these little ones should perish.

The Worst Famine in 40 Years

The Viceroy of one of the afflicted provinces states that the famine is "ten times worse than any known in the last forty years." He tells of a family consisting of husband, wife and two children. The mother went foraging for food, and during her absence the father threw the children into the river and drowned them. On her return the mother asked for her children, and was told that the father could



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I want you to sit down now and, while you are thinking about it, write your name on a postal card and send it to me.

You have seen and read our advertisements dozens of times but the only fair, reasonable way for you to judge me and our business is to write to me so that I can send you our printed matter.

When you have read it we will have become better acquainted and you can decide for yourself the value of our services in your personal connection.

Our Magazine is called

"The Money Maker"

and I want to send it to you six months FREE.

THE MONEY MAKER is a very handsome monthly publication beautifully illustrated and printed in two colors.

Beside describing the high grade real estate investments we offer our clients from time to time, the magazine is a veritable mint of information regarding real estate in general.

Every issue contains interesting articles descriptive of the growth and development of real estate in various sections of the country as well as a vast amount of matter of general interest that cannot help but prove interesting and instructive.

The magazine will prove a faithful guide to the investment of small sums in real estate no matter where located.

It will tell you how and where to buy, how long to hold a property, what class of real estate grows in value most rapidly, etc. etc.

You will never be sorry you asked for it, that's certain, and in any event your sending for it does not obligate you in the least.

We have sold real estate to nearly 7000 satisfied clients located in every state in the union, and can refer you to any of them or to National Banks in New York, Chicago and Philadelphia.

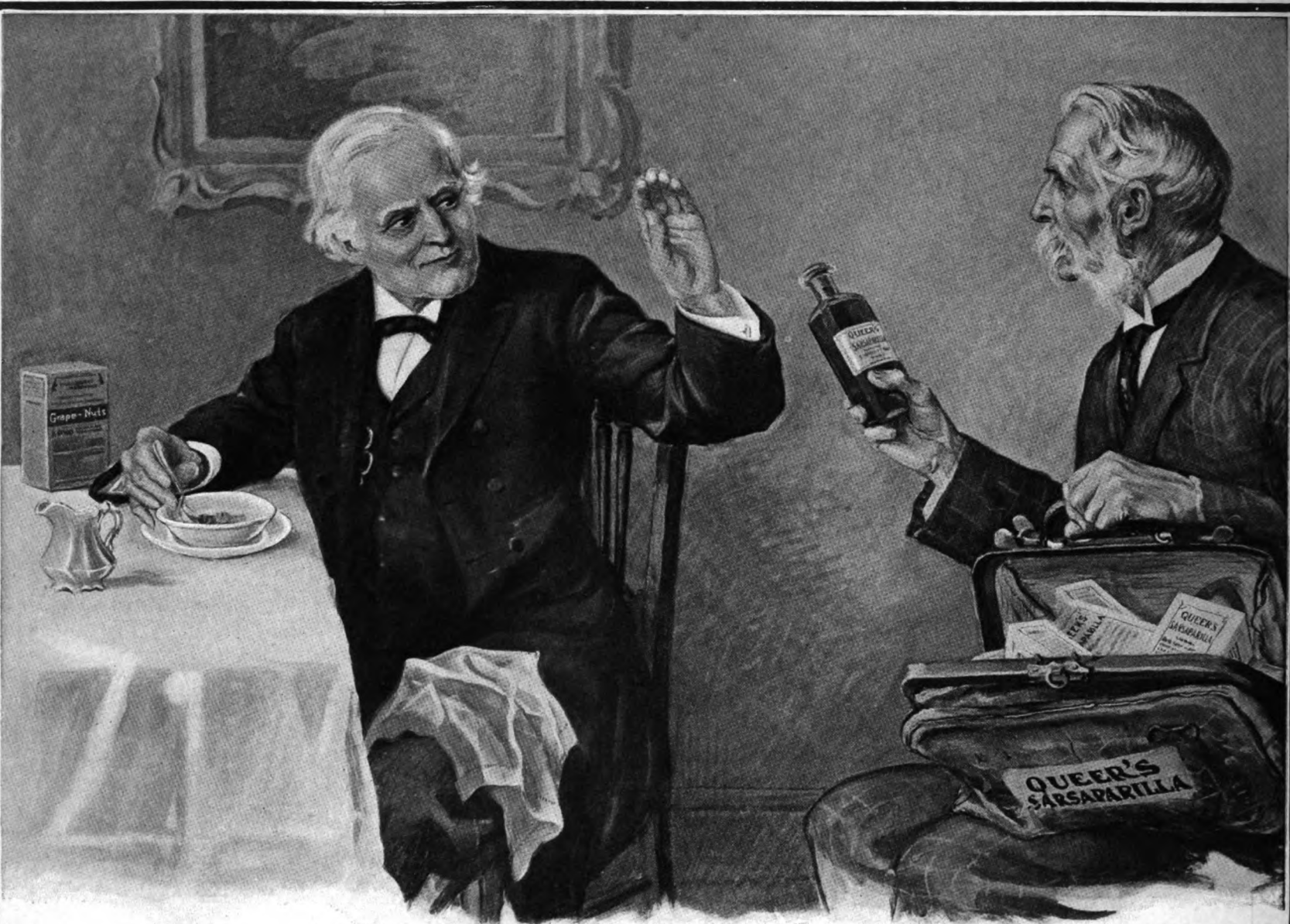
But these are details. You will want to know about them later. First let's get acquainted.

Your name and address on a postal card, mailed to-day, will be all that is necessary.

W. M. OSTRANDER (Inc.),
Real Estate Exclusively

**Suite 391, 25 West 42d Street,
NEW YORK.**

**391 North American Building,
PHILADELPHIA.**



No "Spring Medicine"

In the Spring many persons still believe they must take some kind of "blood medicine" to relieve the system of impurities accumulated during the winter.

This is a time-honored error that has no foundation in science.

A change of food is what's needed.

Try leaving off heavy winter foods, meats, rich gravies and puddings, and live principally on

GRAPE-NUTS

with Good Cream, some Cooked Fruit, Toast, and an occasional Soft Egg.

A two week's trial of the above dietary will show how easily you can have a clear brain and elastic step, while your old fashioned neighbor plods along, half asleep, taking "blood medicine" for the "Spring Fever." You'll realize

**"There's a Reason" for
GRAPE-NUTS.**

Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.