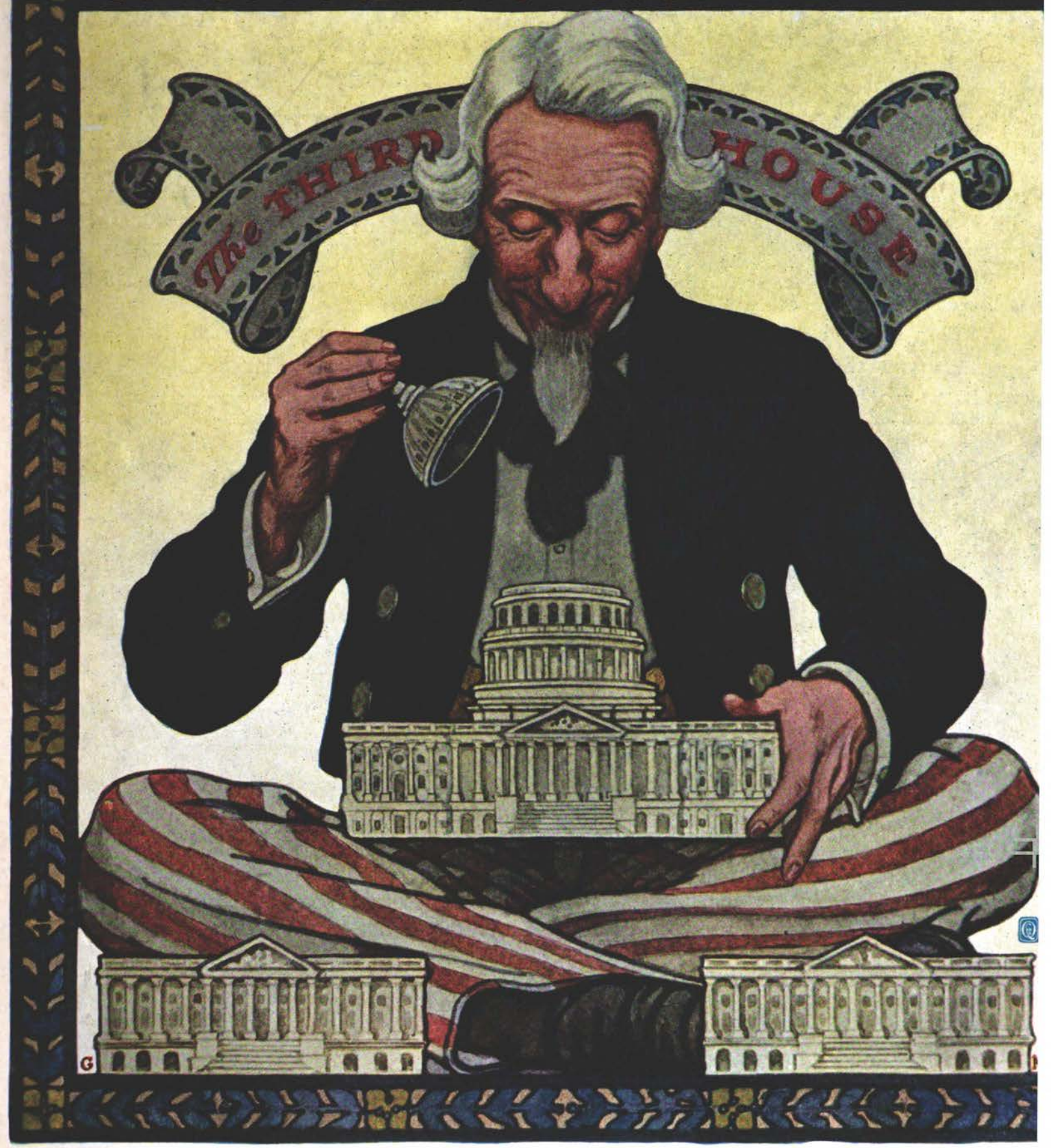
SUCCESS MAGAZINE

MAY 1907



THE SUCCESS COMPANY, NEW YORK. PRICE TEN CEN

Trade Mark
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
Necco
SWEETS
New England
Confectionery Co
·BOSTON·

How to Buy Good Confectionery

The Necco Seal on a box of confectionery is full assurance that the contents are good, wholesome, fresh and clean. These qualities are embodied to the highest degree in the five hundred and more different kinds of confectionery made and sold under the Necco Sweets Seal. That you may know how good Necco Sweets really are, try a box of

Lenox Chocolates

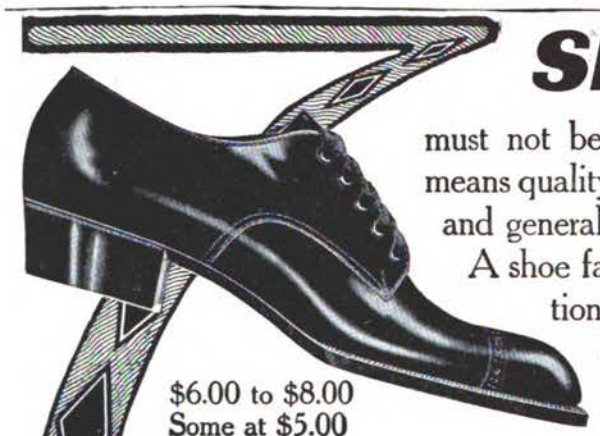
Their many charming flavors will delight you. Every piece, daintily covered with rich chocolate, is a sweet surprise.

Necco Sweets are sold by all dealers who sell high grade goods. If your dealer does not have them, send us 25 cents for an attractive package of Lenox Chocolates, or, better still, order one of our special $1.00 packages in a handsome art box. Either package sent postpaid. Your attention is called also to Peerless Wafers and Necco Tablets. Try them.

The best assurance of the goodness and wholesomeness of all Necco Sweets is that they more than meet every requirement of the Pure Food Law.

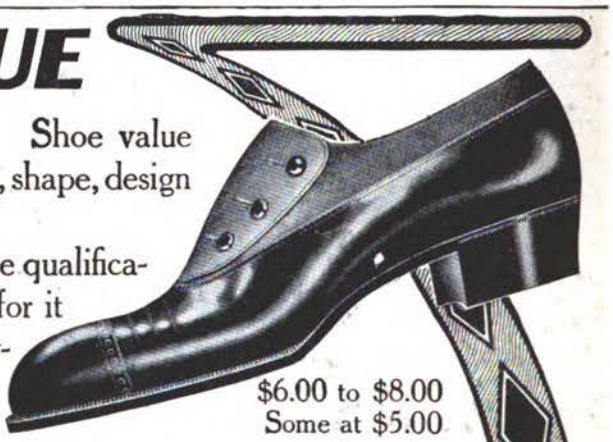
NEW ENGLAND CONFECTIONERY COMPANY, Summer and Melcher Sts., Boston, Mass.

SHOE VALUE



must not be confused with shoe price. Shoe value means quality, workmanship, durability, fit, shape, design and general satisfaction.

A shoe falling short in any one of these qualifications is expensive at any price, for it does not possess actual, every-day wearing value.



$6.00 to $8.00
Some at $5.00

$6.00 to $8.00
Some at $5.00

Style Book
Free.

THE STETSON SHOE

Style Book
Free.

is for those who consider real economy rather than cheapness—real value rather than price.

After paying for the highest grade of materials and workmanship, there is still an additional value in durability, comfort and artistic style that was not included in the price. The objective point of every Stetson Shoe from the selection of the materials to the final inspection is Shoe Value.

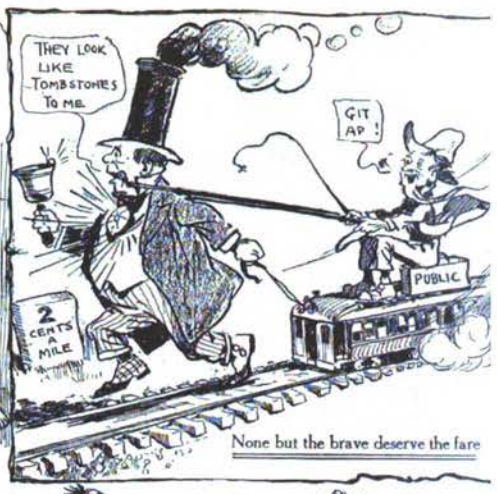
If not at your dealer's, order direct from The Stetson Style Book, which will be sent free upon request.

THE STETSON SHOE COMPANY, South Weymouth, Mass.

To the Dealer.
We will send a sample line to any reliable dealer wishing to take advantage of this advertising and to attract to his store the men's fine trade.

"She loves me, she loves me not."—W. J. B.

Favorite sons at play



None but the brave deserve the fare

The annual war in South America

France after Morocco

Chicago's polite traction companies

The Queen of May

"Play ball!"

Dwig's Impressions of the Month

ORISON SWETT MARDEN, Editor and Founder

SUCCESS MAGAZINE

ROBERT MACKAY, Associate Editor

CONTENTS FOR MAY, 1907

Cover Design by Guernsey Moore. Decorative page effects by Wilson Karcher.

SPECIAL AND ARTISTIC FEATURES AND FICTION

OTHER ARTICLES AND REGULAR DEPARTMENTS

Success Magazine

A Periodical of American Life

Published Monthly by
THE SUCCESS COMPANY.

EDWARD E. HIGGINS, President. O. S. MARDEN, Vice-President.
FREDERIC L. COLVER, Secretary. DAVID G. EVANS, Treasurer.

HOME OFFICE
University Building, Washington Square, New York City.

BRANCH OFFICES
CHICAGO, ILL., Marquette Building.
TOLEDO, O., Spitzer Building.
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., Collins Building.
SAN JOSE, CAL., Auzerais Building.
DES MOINES, IOWA, Utica Building.
DANVILLE, ILL., Odd Fellows Building.
PETERSBURG, N. Y., Eagle Building.

FOREIGN OFFICE
5 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London.

Subscription Prices

In the United States, Mexico, Cuba, and American possessions throughout the world, $1.00 per annum. In Canada, $1.50 per annum. In all other countries in the Postal Union, $2.00 per annum.

SUCCESS MAGAZINE is on sale at book stores and on news-stands 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 (May) issue*; if a red pencil cross, it expires with the next (*June*) issue.

Subscriptions to commence with this issue should be received by May 5th. Subscriptions to commence with the June issue should be received by June 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. Commencing with our next issue we shall exclude all speculative industrial stock and land development advertisements.

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 only entitles the reader to our best services in endeavoring to secure the return of his money.

Our Agents

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. Be sure to ask agent for his card of authorization.

The Editors' Outlook

SPRING fever got into our frame last month, and we quoted poetry, talked about flowers, fishing tackle, the farm, the country, and the woods; and—alas! at the crisis, we said, in our delirium:

> The chipmunk races from root to topmast 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 now, bringing the chipmunk and ourselves to earth again (with a thud), comes a letter from the editor of our esteemed contemporary, *Green's Fruit Grower*, who writes:

> You have made a mistake in your last issue. The furry animal you refer to is the red squirrel, not the chipmunk. The latter is a ground animal and is not naturally inclined to climb trees. As a boy and man on the farm, I have never seen a chipmunk climb a tree unless forced there by danger. He is not musical, like the red squirrel. His voice is heard mainly in a squeak of danger or fear as you approach him suddenly, when he scampers into a hole in the ground or in a stone pile, not up a tree if he can find other hiding places.

* * *

WE APOLOGIZE. Mr. Green is doubtless right, and our natural history is at fault. But when we remember that first, exquisite, bright, blue-skied day of spring on which our phantasy was penned—when we remember the love and light and laughter in the balmy air, and the lilting call of the early birds (catching the worms), and the other "hasheesh dreams" of the high, delicious fever which we had, we cannot regret that we soared to the top of the tree with that chip——red squirrel, and sprung from branch to branch; and both we and our readers ought to be grateful that we were mercifully saved from breaking forth into that fascinating song of our early childhood—

> 'T was midnight, and the setting sun
> Was rising in the far, far West;
> The rapid rivers slowly run,
> The frog is on his downy nest;
> The pensive goat and sportive cow
> Hilarious hop from bough to bough.

* * *

ANYWAY, Mr. Ernest Thompson Seton, in his story, "The Merry Chipmunk," in this number, says that he is a *singer* with his "loud, chirping, 'chuck, chuck, chuck'"—so we gain one point on Mr. Green in the matter of natural history. Don't, by the way, fail to read all about the chipmunk in Mr. Thompson Seton's delightful paper.

EVERYONE knows Judge Ben B. Lindsey, "the children's judge," who has done such a wonderful work in Denver, in protecting the young against themselves and their surroundings—in giving them the fatherly counsel that has turned many a youthful criminal into a self-respecting, law-abiding citizen—by applying to his court work the policy of gentle correction rather than harsh judgment. Few men have done more in the world for the betterment of youth, and it is with peculiar pleasure, therefore, that we have received from Judge Lindsey a letter, dated March 26th, which we reproduce herewith in full:

> I have been so much pleased with the story of Josiah Flynt's life, running in SUCCESS MAGAZINE, that I cannot refrain from sending you this word of appreciation. Wm. R. George, the founder of the George, Jr., Republic, where Flynt had frequently visited, was with me, yesterday, and I told him that I hoped that every probation officer and worker for children in the various juvenile courts and institutions in this country would read this story. I do wish that it could be read by young men, especially our young college men; for I think it would inspire some of them to go out into the world to be of some actual value to their fellowmen; there is so much good work that can be done for others—and then it is important that we should know and understand how this work can best be done. I know of nothing that has appeared in recent years that ought to have as powerful an influence as this story of the life of a brilliant, and yet to my mind an unfortunate young man, who I believe would still be with us, for many years of usefulness, had he been understood in boyhood. I have known of so many just such cases, without, of course, the brilliancy of mind that helped the individual in a measure at least to make his life of some good to the world, as the case of Mr. Flynt.
>
> There was a time, even in my experience, when that type of boy in the city who drives off a horse and buggy was charged with horse-stealing and sent to a reformatory or jail, when, as a matter of fact, such a child presented a profound study for the sociologist and psychologist, and was entitled to sympathy, love, and assistance, rather than the brutality of the jail, which only served to drive an otherwise good man in the making into crime and degradation. The most important thing in my experience, in dealing with this great problem of the Boy, is to deal more with the boy as an individual, taking into consideration his individuality, and his peculiarities, his environment, his opportunity, his disposition, and his temperament. In my judgment, nothing demands a more scientific, skillful, patient, and careful treatment than this very Problem of the Boy.
>
> To do anything with the boy, you must first understand him and he must understand you; and to bring about this condition, it frequently requires hours of personal work, and much investigation of home conditions by probation officers, and frequently a correction of the disposition and attitude of parents, teachers, and others. Even this will not redeem them all, but the number of those who are saved by such methods is so much greater than through

the old methods of brutality, of violence, and of hate, that to my mind it has been one of the most shocking crimes of society that it has neglected the subject in the past and clung to the old methods of the jail and the criminal court.

We must build up, in every city in this country, a special court having jurisdiction of all children's cases, and of those who violate laws for the protection of children, and of those who are responsible for the welfare of children, and thus seeking to subserve and protect the youth of our communities, compelling adults to do their duty, where they are negligent, and helping those homes that need help—and God knows there are thousands of them, especially in the cities of this country, that, because they are the victims of misfortune, or of social and economic conditions, are simply breeding criminals and paupers by the thousands. The State can, by a wise system, furnish a prop to the helpless home—and become a power in dealing with the careless home.

The efficiency of our juvenile court is due to the fact that it was the first court to embody these principles—and had back of it the first law in this country that made men and women *legally* responsible for the *moral* welfare of children.

I sincerely hope that the story will be published in book form, and that it will have an immense circulation, in addition to that already given it by SUCCESS MAGAZINE.

In this story, as in other splendid articles appearing in SUCCESS MAGAZINE, you are doing a work for our country that you yourself can scarcely begin to appreciate, in my judgment.

With kindest regards and best wishes, I am,

Sincerely yours,

(Signed) BEN B. LINDSEY.

P. S.—I have been so much pleased to note the credit that has been given to Mr. Willard for his courage and sacrifice in giving his story to the world. Whatever may be said of any misfortune that came to his life, in doing this brave and generous act, he has left behind an influence for good that will more than make up for all the evil from which he ever suffered.

I was in Chicago just before his death, and I endeavored to call and see him, and personally congratulate him upon this his last and greatest story, in my judgment, but he was then in his last illness and I was unable to carry out my good intention.

B. B. L.

* * *

IN PRESENTING in the columns of SUCCESS MAGAZINE this month Mrs. Mims's article upon "The Christianity of Christian Science," we are actuated by a desire to be wholly fair toward this comparatively new "religious movement," if such it can be called, by allowing one of its leading students, believers, and advocates to give, in condensed form, its claims for recognition. Nothing is gained, but much, rather, is lost, in any discussion or controversy, by ignorance of an opponent's point of view, or failure completely to understand his case. We have been particularly glad of the opportunity of obtaining from Mrs. Mims so carefully prepared and discriminating a paper as she has written for us, and we commend it to the attention of all our readers—those who are opposed to the Christian Science belief as well as those who are in sympathy with it. Other articles explaining the growth of Christian Science will follow in early numbers.

FOR our June number, we announce a new series of practical papers—a valuable addition to our already unique Home Department. This series will be on "Home Sanitation," and will be conducted by Mrs. Claudia Quigley Murphy, lecturer on House Sanitation at the University of Tennessee. Much has been written on beautifying the home, but very little has been said of the necessity of making it clean and sanitary. The material of which the home is constructed and finished, the walls, the plaster, the coatings, the method of overcoming unsanitary conditions, how to take off paper, how to take off kalsomine, ventilating the cellars, keeping the kitchen in perfect order, and many other important details of home cleanliness, will be treated in these articles. Mrs. Murphy will take up every phase of the home from cellar to garret. We regard this series as one of vital interest to the American public. The author is a practical housewife who has made a complete study of the economics of home departments. She will be prepared to answer the questions of our readers on this important subject.

* * *

THE exit of the grate fire and coal stove is the signal for the entrance of light reading matter. Just as meats and spices give way to a cooler diet when the sun's rays begin to be uncomfortably warm, so does the brain food of articles on social questions become too heavy for the summer mind, and editors begin to seek for delicacies, in the way of light reading, with which to tempt and freshen the jaded appetite of the reader. The general demand of the warmer seasons is for stories, stories that amuse or excite but do not depress or tax the reasoning powers of him who partakes of his mind refreshment while reclining in hammock or deck chair, in tent, or on shaded veranda.

* * *

HENCE, we have prepared for you a summer programme of fiction which we believe will be unsurpassed by any other magazine published. One of the stories is a three-part serial entitled "The Moonshiners," by H. S. Cooper, author of "The Wrath of the Diamond Syndicate," a remarkable story which many of our readers will remember. "The Moonshiners" is a romance of the "illicit still" country of Kentucky. Among other stories by authors of well-known ability will be "The World Out-of-Doors," by Zona Gale; "The Two Aspirants," by A. Milton Kerr; an exceptionally good one by Jack London; two western stories, by W. C. Morrow and Chauncey Thomas; a southern story, by Martha McCulloch-Williams; a mystery story by H. M. Rideout; besides humorous ones by Charles Battell Loomis, Wilbur Nesbit, Louis Miner, James W. Foley, and William Hamilton Osborne.

Concerning the $50,000 We Paid Our Readers in 1906

MANY of you have seen our calls for local representatives in the columns of SUCCESS MAGAZINE, but few, perhaps, realize just how much they have meant to those who have joined with us in "spreading the gospel of SUCCESS," as one enthusiastic representative puts it.

Last year we disbursed more than $50,000 among those of our readers who helped us introduce this magazine to their friends and neighbors, or looked after the lists of expiring subscriptions we sent them for renewal. Among the recipients of this sum were some who, by giving the work their entire time, were able to earn more than $50 weekly, month in and month out. Others, while devoting merely their evenings and spare time during the day, earned enough to make the average salaried position look small in comparison, and were enabled to bring to fruition many a fondly cherished plan otherwise impossible.

SUCCESS MAGAZINE has always attracted and held the refined and intelligent of the community. Advertisers who at our invitation have investigated the *personnel* of the SUCCESS MAGAZINE subscription list have invariably found it to be virtually a "blue book" of any given town. Work as the representative of such a magazine is thoroughly dignified and agreeable.

To Teachers and Students Especially

the opportunity to represent us during the summer vacation has always appealed. Probably more of the earnings of our representatives have gone to carry out plans for a higher education than any other one object. We have prepared a handsome booklet bearing the title, "What Others Have Done," which we will gladly send to any one who wants to make money. This *brochure* contains the portraits of a number of our most successful workers, many of whom have put themselves through college as a result of their SUCCESS MAGAZINE work. It also gives the experiences of these workers, told in their own words, and forms, in itself, something of a "royal road" to success in this line of effort.

One of our student representatives, Mr. Edward O'Flynn, won the State Oratorical Contest at Indianapolis, Indiana, on February 1st. Another was a member of one of the famous Wisconsin crews which come to the Hudson annually to dispute the claims of the big eastern universities for premier rowing honors. Patrick J. O'Dea, whose name will ever stand high in the history of college football, was another member of our organization.

Our instructions and coaching make failure almost impossible. A postal card addressed to the Bureau of Agencies, SUCCESS MAGAZINE, Washington Square, New York, will bring full particulars.

JAP-A-LAC

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

A STAIN AND VARNISH COMBINED

JAP-A-LAC produces the finest finish on all old or new **FLOORS.**

With JAP-A-LAC you can renew the finish on any floor, in a short space of time, and at a trifling cost.

The surface will be as hard as flint, and as smooth as glass. JAP-A-LAC "wears like iron." Heel prints will not mar it, nor show white on it. A JAP-A-LAC-ED floor is easily kept clean.

Besides Natural (clear) JAP-A-LAC, there are fifteen beautiful colors, for refinishing everything about the house from cellar to garret; Interior Woodwork, Furniture, and all things of wood or metal.

For sale by Paint, Hardware and Drug Dealers. All sizes from 15c to $2.50.

A WARNING AGAINST THE DEALER WHO TRIES TO SUBSTITUTE.

Some dealers will not buy JAP-A-LAC so long as they can substitute something else on which THEY MAKE MORE PROFIT. If your dealer offers you a substitute, decline it. He will get JAP-A-LAC for you if you insist on it.

Write for beautiful illustrated booklet, and interesting color card. FREE for the asking.

If building, write for our complete Finishing Specifications. They will be mailed free. Our Architectural Green Label Varnishes are of the highest quality.

The Glidden Varnish Co.

558 Rockefeller Bldg., Cleveland.

If YOUR dealer does not keep JAP-A-LAC, send us his name and 10c (except for Gold which is 25c) to cover cost of mailing, and we will send FREE Sample, (quarter pint can) to any point in the United States.

SUCCESS MAGAZINE

VOLUME X. NEW YORK, MAY, 1907 NUMBER 156

"They replied with neck-bristling and snarling"

Jack London's Great Story

MORGANSON'S FINISH

ILLUSTRATION BY P. V. E. IVORY

IT WAS the last of Morganson's bacon. He had begun with sopping his biscuit in the grease on the bottom of the frying pan, and he had finished with polishing the pan with the biscuit, licking with greedy lips the last drop of the lukewarm grease, and ceasing reluctantly. Not that Morganson was a glutton, but that the lean days into which he had fallen had reduced his pleasures to the simple and animal-like. In all his life he had never pampered his stomach. In fact, his stomach had been a sort of negligible quantity, that bothered him little and about which he thought less. But now, in the long absence of wonted delights, the keen yearning of his stomach was tickled hugely by the sharp, salty bacon.

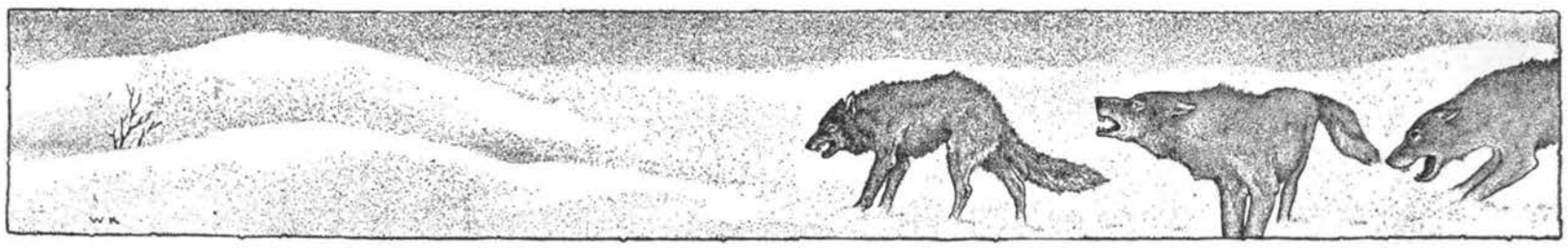
His face had a wistful, hungry expression. The cheeks were hollow, and the skin seemed stretched a trifle tightly across the cheek bones. His pale blue eyes were troubled. There was that in them that showed the haunting imminence of something terrible. Doubt was in them, and anxiety, and foreboding. The thin lips were thinner than they were made to be, and they seemed to hunger toward the polished frying pan.

He sat back and drew forth a pipe. He looked into it with sharp scrutiny, and tapped it emptily on his open palm. He turned the hair-seal tobacco pouch inside out and dusted the lining, treasuring carefully each flake and mite of tobacco that his efforts gleaned. The result was scarce a thimbleful. He searched in his pockets, and brought forth, between thumb and forefinger, tiny pinches of rubbish. Here and there in this rubbish were crumbs of tobacco. These he segregated with microscopic care, though he occasionally permitted small particles of foreign substance to accompany the crumbs to the hoard in his palm. He even deliberately added small, semi-hard, woolly fluffs that had come originally from the coat lining, and that had lain for long months in the bottoms of the pockets.

At the end of fifteen minutes he had the pipe part filled. He lighted it from the camp fire and sat forward on the blankets, toasting his moccasined feet and smoking parsimoniously. When the pipe was finished he sat on, brooding into the dying flame of the fire. Slowly the worry went out of his eyes and resolve came in. Out of the chaos of his fortunes he had finally achieved a way. But it was not a pretty way. His face had become stern and wolfish, and the thin lips were drawn very tightly.

With resolve came action. He pulled himself stiffly to his feet and proceeded to break camp. He packed the rolled blankets, the frying pan, rifle, and ax, on the sled, and passed a lashing around the load. Then he warmed his hands at the fire and pulled on his mittens. He was foot-sore, and limped noticeably as he took his place at the head of the sled. When he put the looped haul-rope over his shoulder and leaned his weight against it to start the sled, he winced. His flesh was galled by many days of contact with the haul-rope.

The trail led along the frozen breast of the Yukon. It was a gray day, with a promise of



snow in the heavy sky. To the south there was a hint of brightness, and in that direction he limped at a rate of two miles an hour. But he had no eyes for the day. They were fixed upon the trail before him, and he stumbled on in habitual misery, as though he had been doing this thing for a few centuries more or less. His mind was filled with other thoughts, and his face grew harder. Now and again his lips tightened and his eyes glowed somberly.

At the end of four hours he came around a bend and entered the town of Minto. It was perched on top of a high earth bank, in the midst of a clearing, and consisted of a road-house, a saloon, and several cabins. He left his sled at the door and entered the saloon.

"Enough for a drink?" he asked, laying an apparently empty gold sack upon the bar.

The barkeeper looked sharply at it and him, then set out a bottle and a glass.

"Never mind the dust," he said.

"Go on and take it," Morganson insisted.

The barkeeper held the sack mouth downward over the scales and shook it, and a few flakes of gold dust fell out. Morganson took the sack from him, turned it inside out, and dusted it carefully.

"I thought there was half a dollar in it," he said.

"Not quite," answered the other, "but near enough. I'll get it back with the down-weight on the next comer."

Morganson shyly poured the whisky into the glass, partly filling it.

"Go on, make it a man's drink," the barkeeper encouraged.

Morganson tilted the bottle and filled the glass to the brim. He drank the liquor slowly, pleasuring in the fire of it that bit his tongue, sank hotly down his throat, and with warm, gentle caresses permeated his stomach. He was no more a drinker than he was a glutton. He had never cared for whisky, had never known what it was to get drunk; but now that life was lean he found easement and gratification in a mouthful of the fiery liquid.

He sat and rested by the stove. Once he drew forth a round, pocket looking-glass the size of a dollar, and by its aid, with lifted lips, examined his mouth. The gums had a whitish appearance, as though they had been scalded.

"Scurvy, eh?" the barkeeper asked.

"A touch of it," he answered. "But I have n't begun to swell yet. Maybe I can get to Dyea and fresh vegetables and beat it out."

"Kind of all in, I'd say," the other laughed sympathetically. "No dogs, no money, and the scurvy. I'd try spruce tea if I were you."

At the end of half an hour, Morganson said good-by and left the saloon. He put his galled shoulder to the haul-rope and took the river trail south. An hour later he halted. An inviting swale left the river and led off to the right at an acute angle. He left his sled and limped up the swale for half a mile. Between him and the river was a stretch of three hundred yards of flat ground covered with cottonwoods. He crossed through the cottonwoods to the bank of the Yukon. The trail went by just beneath, but he did not descend to it. He remained on top the bank and surveyed the situation painstakingly. South, toward Selkirk, he could see the trail winding its sunken length through the snow for over a mile. But to the north, in the direction of Minto, a tree-covered out-jut in the bank a quarter of a mile away screened the trail from him.

He seemed satisfied with the view, and returned to the sled the way he had come. He put the haul-rope over his shoulder and dragged the sled up the swale. The snow was unpacked and soft, and it was hard work. The runners clogged and stuck, and he was panting severely ere he had covered the half-mile. Night had come on by the time he had pitched his small tent, set up the sheet-iron stove, and chopped a supply of firewood. He had no candles, and contented himself with a pot of tea before crawling into his blankets.

In the morning, as soon as he got up, he drew on his mittens, pulled the flaps of his cap down over his ears, and crossed through the cottonwoods to the Yukon. He took his rifle with him. As before, he did not descend the bank. He watched the empty trail for an hour, beating his hands and stamping his feet to keep up the circulation, then returned to the tent for breakfast. There was little tea left in the canister—half a dozen drawings at most; but so meager a pinch did he put in the teapot that he bade fair to extend the lifetime of the tea indefinitely. His entire food supply consisted of half a sack of flour and a part-full can of baking powder. He made biscuits, and ate them slowly, chewing each mouthful with infinite relish. When he had eaten three he called a halt. He debated a while, reached for another biscuit, then hesitated. He turned to the part sack of flour, lifted it, and judged its weight.

"I'm good for a couple of weeks," he spoke aloud.

"Maybe three," he added, as he put the biscuits away.

Again he drew on his mittens, pulled down his ear-flaps, took the rifle, and went out to his station on the river bank. He crouched in the snow, himself unseen, and watched. After a few minutes of inaction the frost began to bite in, and he rested the rifle across his knees and beat his hands back and forth. Then the sting in his feet became intolerable, and he stepped back from the bank and tramped heavily up and down among the trees. But he did not tramp long at a time. Every several minutes he came to the edge of the bank and peered up and down the trail. Besides, there was little strength in him, and when he tramped over long he grew weak, and panted and gasped and stumbled. At such times he went back and sat down near the bank.

But he could not sit long. Ever the cold drove him tramping, and ever the tramping made him weak and drove him back to the cold. Then there were the hunger pangs that made him restless, and that made him sometimes stare with fierce intentness at the trail, as though by sheer will he could materialize the form of a man upon it. The short morning passed, though it had seemed century-long to him, and the trail remained empty.

He went back to the tent, yearned toward the biscuits, and built a fire in the stove. Waiting for the water to come to a boil, he broke off a handful of the ends of young spruce boughs. While these were steeping, he studied his mouth and gums in the looking-glass. The roof of the mouth was quite white. He tried the teeth with pressures, but there was no looseness. The gums still held.

It was easier in the afternoon, watching by the bank. The temperature rose, and soon the snow began to fali—dry and fine and crystalline. There was no wind, and it fell straight down, in quiet monotony. He crouched with eyes closed, his head upon his knees, keeping his watch upon the trail with his ears. But no whining of dogs, churning of sleds, nor cries of drivers, broke the silence. With twilight he returned to the tent, cut a supply of firewood, ate two biscuits, and crawled into his blankets. He slept restlessly, tossing about and groaning; and at midnight he got up and ate another biscuit.

The second day was a repetition of the first, save that he suffered more from the cold. The snow had ceased, the sky had cleared, and the temperature had fallen. And all day the trail stretched idly in his vision like a dead thing that once had been alive.

Each day grew colder. Four biscuits could not keep up the heat of his body, despite the quantities of hot spruce tea he drank, and he increased his allowance, morning and evening, to three biscuits. In the middle of the day he ate nothing, contenting himself with several cups of excessively weak real tea. This programme became routine. In the morning three biscuits, at noon real tea, and at night three biscuits. In between he drank spruce tea for his scurvy. He caught himself making larger biscuits, and after a severe struggle with himself went back to the old size.

On the fifth day the trail returned to life. To the south a dark object appeared and grew larger. Morganson became alert. He worked his rifle, ejecting a loaded cartridge from the chamber, by the same action replacing it with another, and returning the ejected cartridge into the magazine. He lowered the trigger to half-cock and drew on his mitten to keep the

trigger hand warm. As the dark object came nearer, he made it out to be a man, without dogs or sled, traveling light. He grew nervous, cocked the trigger, then put it back to half-cock again. The man developed into an Indian, and Morganson, with a sigh of disappointment, dropped the rifle across his knees. The Indian went on past and disappeared toward Minto behind the outjutting clump of trees.

But Morganson had received an idea. He changed his crouching spot to a place where cottonwood limbs projected on either side of him. Into these, with his ax, he chopped two broad notches. Then in one of the notches he rested the barrel of his rifle and glanced south along the sights. He covered the trail thoroughly in that direction. He turned about, rested the rifle in the other notch, and, looking along the sights, swept the trail to the clump of trees behind which it disappeared. His lonely vigil continued into the darkness, but the trail had died again.

At the end of the week he reduced his diet to two biscuits morning and evening, and made up the difference by drinking more spruce tea. But the latter did not stop the spread of his scurvy. The teeth were still tight in their sockets, but his body had broken out in a dark and bloody rash. There was nothing painful about it, and he realized that it was the impurity of his blood working out through the skin. There were no signs of swelling. He ceased studying his mouth in the looking-glass, and began to doubt the efficacy of spruce tea.

He never descended to the trail. A man, traveling the trail, could have no knowledge of his lurking presence on the bank above. The snow surface was unbroken. There was no place where his tracks left the main trail. As Morganson discovered, the snowfall had obliterated his sled tracks half a mile below, where he had left the trail and gone up the swale. When he learned this, he developed a plan whereby, in case of necessity, he might leave and return without giving his hiding place away. Below the outjutting clump of trees he had noticed an uprooted pine that overhung the river trail. In fact, the trail passed under it, and he conceived the idea of passing back and forth along the trunk of the pine tree.

As the nights grew longer, his periods of daylight watching of the trail grew shorter. Once a sled went by with jingling bells in the darkness, and with sullen resentment he chewed his biscuits and listened to the sounds. Chance conspired against him. Faithfully he had watched the trail for ten days, suffering from the cold all the prolonged torment of the damned, and nothing had happened. Only an Indian, traveling light, had passed in. Now, in the night, when it was impossible for him to watch, men and dogs and a sled loaded with life, passed out, bound south to civilization.

So it was that he conceived of the sled for which he waited. It was loaded with life, his life. His life was fading, fainting, gasping away in the tent in the snow. He was weak from lack of food, and could not travel of himself. But on the sled for which he waited were dogs that would drag him, food that would fan up the flame of his life, money that would furnish sea and sun and civilization. Sea and sun and civilization became terms interchangeable with life, his life, and they were loaded there on the sled for which he waited. The idea became an obsession, and he grew to think of himself as the rightful and deprived owner of the sledload of life.

His flour was running short, and he went back to two biscuits in the morning and two at night. Because of this his weakness increased and the cold bit in more savagely, and day by day he watched by the dead trail that would not live for him. At last the scurvy entered the next stage. The skin, by means of the bloody rash, was unable longer to cast off the impurity of the blood, and the result was that the body began to swell. His ankles grew puffy, and the ache in them kept him awake long hours at night. Then the swelling jumped to his knees, and the sum of his pain was more than doubled.

Came a cold snap. The temperature went down and down—forty, fifty, sixty degrees below zero. He had no thermometer, but this he knew by the signs and the natural phenomena understood by all men in the country—the crackling of water thrown on the snow, the behavior of his spit in the air, the swift sharpness of the bite of the frost, and the rapidity with which his breath froze and coated the canvas walls and roof of the tent. Vainly he fought the cold and strove to maintain his watch on the bank. In his weak condition he was easy prey, and the frost sank its teeth deep into him before he fled away to the tent and crouched by the fire. His nose and cheeks were frozen and turned black, and his left thumb had frozen inside the mitten. This latter he discovered when breaking a stick of kindling wood. His hand slipped, stick and thumb came violently together, and the sound that was made was like the sound of two sticks striking together. He forced a needle down through the numb flesh in quest of sensation, and concluded that he would probably escape with the loss of the first joint.

Then it was, beaten into the tent by the frost, that the trail, with monstrous irony, suddenly teemed with life. Three sleds went by the first day, and two the second. Once, during each day, he fought his way out to the bank only to succumb and retreat, and each of the two times, within half an hour after he retreated, a sled went by.

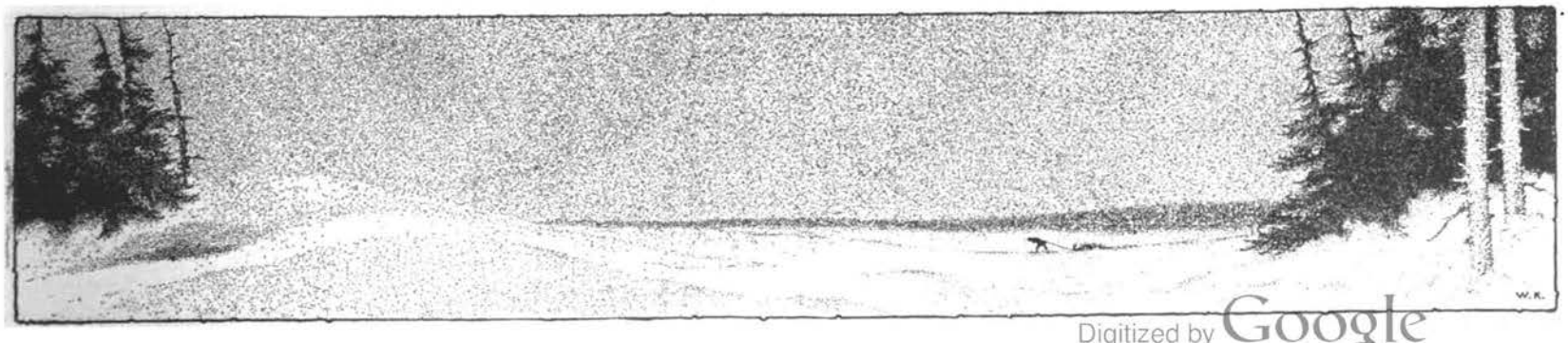
The cold snap broke, and he was able to remain by the bank once more, and the trail died again. For a week he crouched and watched, and never life stirred along it, not a soul passed in or out. He had cut down to one biscuit night and morning, and somehow he did not seem to notice it. Sometimes he marveled at the way life remained in him. He would never have thought it possible to endure so much.

Alone in the silent waste of white, crouching by the bank and staring along the dead length of the trail, with the quiet, pulseless cold eating into him and gnawing at his soul, he passed his life in review before him, spending much time in his childhood, where the leanness of living had not yet marred the perfection of the world. Also he went over and over his futile two years' struggle for gold on the Yukon, minutely questioning wherein he had been lazy or had wronged any man. And always he returned his own verdict of not guilty. He had wronged no man. He had worked his hardest, worked himself to skin and bone and helplessness. He was in the iron grip of circumstance. His best laid plans had gone awry; his severest exertion had returned him naught. He had missed a million by a minute in the stampede to Finn Creek. Whose fault that one of his dogs had died in the harness and that he had lost the minute—nay, two minutes—in cutting him out? It was the malice of mischance, that was all, the malice of mischance.

When the trail fluttered anew with life, it was life with which he could not cope. A detachment of Northwest Police went by, a score of them, with many sleds and dogs, and he cowered down on the bank above, and they were unaware of the menace of death that lurked in the form of a dying man beside the trail.

One day his hunger mastered him. He became hunger-mad, and ate ten biscuits. Only five pounds of flour remained to him, and when he recovered his reason he penalized himself by not eating anything for two days. But he smoked. When he had boiled all the essence out of his real tea, he dried the leaves and smoked them in his pipe. The progress of his ailment was whimsical. It attacked the muscles and joints and swelled on top of one knee, and repeated the performance on the other knee but swelled underneath it. As a result, one leg was permanently stiff, the other permanently bent. He suffered severely when he rested his weight on them, but he continued to hobble back and forth between the tent and the bank, and to hobble up and down in the snow to keep warm.

His frozen thumb gave him a great deal of trouble. The sloughing off of the joint was slow and painful, while the live flesh that remained was unduly sensitive to the frost. While watching by the bank he got into the habit of taking his mitten off and thrusting the hand inside the shirt so as to rest the thumb in the warmth of his armpit. A mail carrier came over the



trail, and Morganson let him pass. A mail carrier was an important person, and was sure to be immediately missed.

He had discontinued his practice of studying his mouth in the looking-glass; but one day he looked into it. He never looked again. He was frightened by the vision of himself. He had not thought his cheeks were so hollow. The rough beard could not conceal these hollows, while they were accentuated by the frost-blackened cheekbones above. But it was the eyes and their ferocious wistfulness that gave him his fright. He was afraid of himself, and, strive as he would, that vision of himself haunted him day and night.

On the first day after his last flour had gone, it snowed. It was always warm when the snow fell, and he sat out the whole eight hours of daylight on the bank, without movement, terribly hungry and terribly patient, for all the world like a monstrous spider waiting for its prey. But the prey did not come, and he hobbled back to the tent through the darkness, drank quarts of spruce tea and hot water, and went to bed.

The next morning circumstance eased its grip on him. As he started to come out of the tent, he saw a huge bull moose crossing the swale some four hundred yards away. Morganson felt a surge and bound of the blood in him, and then went unaccountably weak. A nausea overpowered him, and he was compelled to sit down a moment to recover. Then he reached for his rifle and took careful aim. The first shot was a hit, he knew it; but the moose turned and broke for the wooded hillside that came down to the swale. Morganson pumped bullets wildly among the trees and brush at the fleeing animal, until it dawned upon him that he was exhausting the ammunition he needed for the sledload of life for which he waited.

He stopped shooting, and watched. He noted the direction of the animal's flight, and, high up the hillside in an opening among the trees, saw the trunk of a fallen pine. Continuing the moose's flight in his mind, he saw that it must pass the trunk. He resolved on one more shot, and in the empty air above the trunk he aimed and steadied his wavering rifle. The animal sprang into his field of vision with lifted forelegs as it took the leap. He pulled the trigger. With the explosion the moose seemed to somersault in the air. It crashed down to earth in the snow beyond and flurried the snow into dust.

Morganson dashed up the hillside—at least he started to dash up. The next he knew, he was coming out of a faint and dragging himself to his feet. He went up more slowly, pausing from time to time to breathe and to steady his reeling senses. At last he crawled over the trunk. The moose lay still before him. He sat down heavily upon the carcass and laughed. He buried his face in his mittened hands and laughed some more.

He shook the hysteria from him. He knew that the carcass would soon freeze to the hardness of marble, and that before that time he must cut it up. He drew his hunting knife and worked as rapidly as his injured thumb and weakness would permit him. He did not stop to skin the moose, but quartered it with its hide on. It was a Klondike of meat. As he worked he estimated its weight at between eleven and twelve hundred pounds. And as he worked he put pieces of fat in his mouth and sucked upon them for strength.

When he had finished, he selected a piece of meat weighing a hundred pounds and started to drag it down to the tent. But the snow was soft, and it was too much for him. He exchanged it for a twenty-pound piece, and, with many pauses to rest, succeeded in getting it to the tent. He fried some of the meat, but eat sparingly. Then, and automatically, he went out to his crouching place on the bank. There were sled tracks in the fresh snow on the trail, The sledload of life had passed by while he was cutting up the moose.

But he did not mind. He was glad that the sled had not passed before the coming of the moose. The moose had changed his plans. Its meat was worth fifty cents a pound, and he was but little more than three miles from Minto. He need no longer wait for a sledload of life. The moose was the sledload of life. He would sell it. He would buy a couple of dogs at Minto, some food, and some tobacco, and the dogs would

[*Concluded on pages 371 to 376*]

Fools and Their Money

EDITORIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

By Frank Fayant

The story of the Wireless Telegraph bubble has grown while I have been writing it. I had intended to tell the story in this number of SUCCESS MAGAZINE, but it must be held over for the June Number. It is too big a story to be put into print half told.

Within the past few days, while digging around in some obscure corners of the underworld of finance, I have unearthed such an illuminating record of financial jugglery in the promotion of wireless telegraph companies that all the "Fools and Their Money" articles that have gone before seem very dull reading.

The chief figure in the story—could I paint him with the art of Mark Twain—would outrival Colonel Sellers. The colonel was only a creature of the novelist's imagination, but I have found a Colonel Sellers in flesh and blood.

Many thousands of investors have put millions of dollars into wireless telegraph companies. A large part of this money is lost. In my story I will tell what has become of it, and who is responsible for the loss.

ANDRÉE: By EMMA KENYON PARRISH

[Salomon Auguste Andrée, the Swedish engineer who started in a balloon from Spitzbergen on July 11, 1897, to find the North Pole, has never been heard from. Two days after his ascent a carrier pigeon was released from his balloon. This bird and its message arrived in Spitzbergen, but since that no tidings have ever come from Andrée or his heroic party. He was born in Sweden, in 1854, and was considered one of the greatest aërial navigators in the world. Mrs. Parrish's poem is one of the finest tributes to this great explorer that we have ever read.—THE EDITORS]

I.

Dauntless sailor of the skies,
Unattained, thy hard-sought prize,
Guarded by the lodestar lies.

II.

With thy last dove rising swift
Through the bitter North to drift,
Still allured the fateful gift.

III.

Past the sound of mortal speech,
Past, of mortal hands, the reach,
Parted, somewhere, each from each,

IV.

Thou, and life, and buoyant thought,
Thou and they one purpose wrought;
They and thou to death were brought.

V.

What vast glacier's dim, deep cave
Saw thy passing? On that grave
Winter weeps and storm-winds rave.

VI.

Ocean's floor, or mountain lone,
It shall claim thee, till is known,
Of Eternity, her own.

VII.

Clifted crag, or sea-scarped ice,
Thou hast paid the awful price;
Never need man pay it twice.

VIII.

Searcher for the mystic pole,
Glory writes thee on her scroll:
"Iron-hearted, great of soul!"

IX.

Scarce thy like in life again;
Vanished hero, be thou, then,
Valor's type for other men.

THE THIRD HOUSE

By Gilson Gardner

All Sorts of Lobbyists

THIRD ARTICLE

EUGENE F. LOUD,
a former Congressman of California, who was once head of the committee which makes appropriations for the U. S. mails. He is supposed to look after the Pacific Mail subsidies.

WILLIAM WOLFF SMITH,
"newspaper lobbyist" and proprietor of a "tainted news bureau." He undertakes to assist in the molding of public sentiment to favor the special interests that are seeking favors from Congress.

HUGH R. FULLER,
legislative representative of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, Order of Railway Conductors, and Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen.

Harris & Ewing, Washington

L. A. COOLIDGE,
who left the corps of Washington newspaper correspondents to become the representative of the pneumatic tube and other interests. He was secretary to the Republican campaign committee in 1904.

GEORGE H. MAXWELL,
the man who lobbied the Irrigation Law through Congress. Five western railroads contributed $25,000 to help in the good work. Energy and enthusiasm characterize him.

LOBBYING is like driving cows. There are times when it is best to say, "Suh boss! Suh boss! Come bossy! Nice bossy!" and to shake the peck measure invitingly. And then there are other times when the only thing to do is to get behind and holler and throw sticks into the air. At heart Congressmen are timid creatures, and a big noise is often mistaken by them for big danger.

It was the "big noise' method that was adopted by the railway brotherhoods to "shoo" the Senate back from passing an anti-pass bill which would cover railway employees and their families. A representative of the organization, who sat daily in the reserved gallery, sent out a telegram of warning. The response was spectacular and historic. It is known as the "rain of telegrams." They began to come early in the day. They continued until dark, and the desk of every Senator was piled with scores of personal entreaties. All that night they kept on coming. The Western Union Company was swamped, and Superintendent Collins called on Philadelphia and Baltimore for operators. All that night and the following day the telegrams poured in. It is estimated that there were no less than 10,000 telegrams, and the tolls on them amounted to $30,000.

And in the Senate Democrats vied with Republicans for a chance to get the floor and to offer an amendment exempting the noisy class. It was never intended, they explained, that railway employees should be made to pay their fares; nor yet their families; nor railway lawyers, nor railway doctors, nor their families; nor the sick, nor the indigent, nor the homeless, nor any man looking for a job in the grain fields. And so the Senate framed up that monumentally foolish list of exceptions to an otherwise good law—a perennial reminder of the rain of telegrams, and the cow-like statesmanship of the upper house.

Telegrams, letters, and petitions are the sticks and stones by which Congressmen are driven. And, as lobby weapons, they are daily coming into more general and expert use. *Public sentiment* is an awful phrase to men who hold elective office, and letters and petitions are indices of public sentiment. The expert lobbyist, armed with postage, a mimeograph, and a mailing list, can do business with members of our national legislature. He plays on public sentiment, stirs up interest, forms opinion, and, above all, precipitates the rain of telegrams and letters.

Harris & Ewing, Washington

FRANK GORMAN
He is considered one of the most wide-awake lobbyists. He will "help along" anything that needs help. He haunts hotel lobbies and is alert for the business of the stranger to whom Congress is a mystery.

WILBUR F. CRAFTS
He organizes the special interests of the churches, and keeps an eye on Sunday closing laws for national expositions, uniform divorce bills, and legislation to keep down rum and opium in our colonies.

Harris & Ewing, Washington

CLAUDE BENNETT,
the head of the "Congressional Information Bureau." He sells information, statistics, tips on legislation, and "canned speeches" to our Congressmen. He is an accomplished lobbyist.

CHARLES Y. KNIGHT,
the only "farmer lobbyist." He organized the dairying interests of the nation, and secured legislation from Congress to tax oleomargerine out of business, and so help to keep up prices on cow butter.

The most notable instance of this kind of lobby work—and it stands as a monument to the genius of one man—was the passage of the law against oleomargarine. Charles Y. Knight, of Chicago, is entirely responsible for that law. Knight organized the cow butter interests of the nation, and this organization was the most formidable that ever banged upon the doors of the House and Senate. Even the redoubtable Mark Hanna, then in the Senate, after denouncing and defying and refusing "to be driven," was obliged to knuckle under and take his medicine with the rest. And against the powerful interests of the Beef Trust, and the cattle lobby from the Southwest, the cow butter people carried the day with flying colors. And it was all C. Y. Knight, sitting up in the reserve gallery, making notes with a pencil in a little notebook. Knight never bought a cigar, never gave a dinner, never bribed a member, never made a speech, and seldom talked with anybody about the merits of the bill. But, in a cheery, red-cheeked way, he was always on the spot, and the way he wielded his mailing list was really Napoleonic.

Knight used the dairies as pegs on which to weave his network of organization. In every farming community, where butter is made, the modern plan is to have a coöperative dairy, to which the farmer takes his milk. Every dairy, therefore, has a list of farmers who are its patrons. Knight is editor of a dairy trade paper in Chicago, and he used this in the beginning to set the plan before the farming and dairy interests. An organization was formed, every dairy was laid under tribute, books were opened, sub-officials appointed to act in every State, county, and township, telegraphic and mailing lists were prepared, and then a systematic correspondence was begun with members of the national legislature. Every member was compelled to say in writing whether he was for or against the specific bill which the association had drawn.

The writer has no sympathy with the legislation which was secured, and which he believes to be class legislation of the rankest sort, aimed at a perfectly healthy and palatable article of food: but

he could not fail to admire the manner in which the bill was passed. He saw members vote for a law which they cursed through their teeth. They did not dare refuse, lest they antagonize thousands of farmer constituents—all real statesmen have an ardent official love for the farmer, and a wholesome fear of him, if he happens to be taking notice. And the affair was made the more entertaining by the fact that it stands as practically the only instance in which the farmer interest has been organized and specialized for legislative ends. It is the one instance in which the farmer handed back to the rest of the country what he has had practiced on him, time out of mind.

Another example of the terror which a mailing list may inspire is furnished by "The First Christian Lobby" of Wilbur F. Crafts. Its other name is the "International Reform Bureau." It consists chiefly of the Reverend Wilbur F. Crafts, an ex-minister, backed by a wealthy candy manufacturer, who, it is understood, puts up money for printing and postage. Its chief asset is the ready and sure response of all organized religion to an appeal of a certain sort. And "the church sentiment" is one which no public man wants to arouse in the way of antagonism.

Lobbyists Who Work in the Open

So, while Mr. Crafts and his lobby are popularly rated as among the freaks of lobbying, this gentleman, with his mailing list of religious societies, religious publications, and churches; is, in fact, an influence which at critical times the boldest statesmen pause to placate. The bureau takes credit to itself for closing the St. Louis and the Jamestown Expositions on a Sunday; as it does also for the passage of the anti-canteen law, and certain other laws prohibiting liquor in the American possession of Tutuila. The bureau's general purposes are modestly set forth in its official booklet as follows:

"It is a committee on resolutions to carry out the reform resolutions of the churches, a union home missionary society to prevent the heathenizing of our Christian land, with a foreign missionary function in Americanizing our new islands, in guarding immigrants against drink, and promoting a world treaty to protect all uncivilized races against intoxicants and opium."

In its official literature, Representative F. M. Gillett, of Massachusetts, W. I. Smith, of Iowa, and Senators H. M. Teller and H. C. Lodge are held up as the bureau's spokesmen and champions in Congress.

Attention is directed to the fact that, in the instances above cited, the lobbyist no longer is attempting, by personal contact and for personal consideration, to persuade the legislator to some particular course. He no longer seeks to do his work clandestinely. He may be on the ground, but he is there to see, to tell, and to demand. He is unlike the lobby representative who skulks and lies and sneaks his paragraphs into bills. What has brought about the change? Simply this: He speaks for *people*; not for himself, not for his factory or associated factories, not for vested interests, but for people. True, it is a special class of people; but it is more honorable in a democratic government to voice the demand of a special class than to manipulate a legislative advantage for a special or a personal interest. Often the demands of a large special class are fair demands; and the very fact that the demands are open and public, and backed by what weight of public sentiment they can muster is always in their favor.

Of this type of lobbyists is Hugh R. Fuller, Legislative Representative of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, Order of Railway Conductors and Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen. There is also Samuel Gompers, of the American Federation of Labor, Andrew Furseuth, of the National Seaman's Union, and the salaried representatives of the railway mail clerks, letter carriers and others, who appear year in and year out before the various committees of Congress demanding and opposing legislation.

Bennett's Knowledge Factory

So long as selfish dollars conspire and manipulate the laws to do wrong to a special class, just so long will it be necessary for that particular class to organize and bring its concerted effort to bear to protect itself against such wrongs. For thirty years the selfish dollars of the railroads have conspired to defeat the recovery, by proper damages, of compensation to employees and their relatives injured and killed by the common carriers. State legislatures have been manipulated, State courts controlled, and federal courts converted into a special instrumentality for frustrating justice along these lines. And with decreasing damages there has come increasing recklessness, until the slaughter and maiming of railway servants has become a tragic outrage. And yet, from year to year, the Elkinses and Forakers and Hopkinses in the Senate have stood like a stone wall against all remedy. In the winter of 1906, Theodore Roosevelt and Senator La Follette put their shoulders to the wheel, and the Employers' Liability Bill, which had been knocking at the door for thirty years, became a law. It was to urge this bill and others of similar purport that H. R. Fuller lobbied every session in the nation's capital. In the session just ended he urged and secured the passage of the Hours of Employment Bill. He was bitterly opposed by the organized railway lobby, which succeeded in crippling the bill, if, indeed, it was not made futile by "jokers" and amendments.

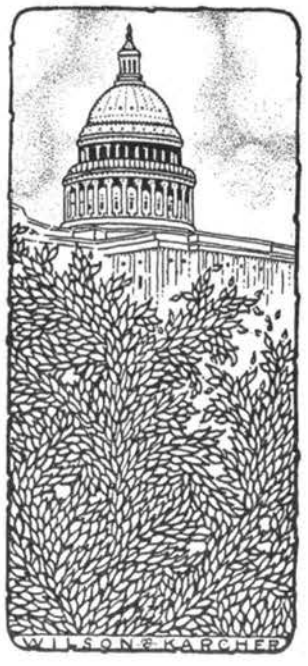
In legislation of this character, there is no question that the interests of the special class represented by Mr. Fuller are identical with the interests of the public as a whole; since any step for greater liability on the part of railroads would tend to greater safety for the traveling public.

The interests which oppose Fuller and his special class of railway employees are, to a certain extent, the same that are arrayed against the special classes for which Gompers and his labor friends speak. There is this merit in the presentation of all these lobby representatives, that they speak for men and for the rights of men against a general conspiracy of dollars. Their demand is for shorter hours of work, for restrictions on the injunction power of courts, and for the personal rights of American sailors on the high seas.

A knowledge factory is an interesting side show of the nation's lobby. Its proprietor is Claude Bennett, formerly secretary to Hoke Smith, and he deals in canned speeches and statistics. Bennett will not tell what Congressmen buy their brains from him. He could not continue to sell his products if he did. But he admits, in private and confidential interviews, that there is a traffic of this sort. He prefers, however, to lay stress on the valuable facts and figures which may be had for a price, by any party seeking (or seeking to defeat) legislation. He will show that the canteen is destructive to the morals of the army, or is an uplift to the morals of the army—whichever facts you want. He will produce statistics to demonstrate an Isthmian canal a menace, or a blessing. He will make an argument or a report reeking with the buried lore of ages, and with contemporaneous facts most difficult to assemble. He will draw a bill, write a committee report (and committee reports are not infrequently of his manufacture) or gather data for a historical novel. This bureau is ten years old, and there is ample evidence that the demand for brains is an active and continuing one in and out of Congress.

The Correspondents and Their Influence

Agitation and "education" of the public are seen, then, to be incidentals to much of the lobby work. But the greatest force in the way of agitation and information as to public matters is the daily press, represented in the Capital by upward of 150 special correspondents. On these men the 80,000,000 people of the United States rely chiefly for true reports on the doings of their public servants. On these reports depend their "education" or "agitation." It may be said, in all candor, that these men are faithful to their trust. The "gallery" has an organization of its own, and every member is under written pledge to be interested in no legislation or public service, and, with very rare exceptions, this pledge is kept. The correspondents as a whole are not loved by public men—which is an emphatic tribute to the correspondents. They are often courted by them, but the correspondent early learns that he cannot serve two masters, If he accepts the favors of public men who are selling out their trust, he cannot become a partner in the crime, and help to sell the people out. He prefers his self-respect, and he does his best to tell the truth. If he does not tell all the truth at all times, it is more apt to be the fault of the rich and powerful publisher for whom he works.



But the lobby is forever making its plea to the members of the press; forever seeking to manipulate their writings, and to use for selfish ends the influence which the writers hold in trust. And to promote this end, there has lately sprung up a trade in publicity promotion, of which the most distinguished exponent is a former employee of the New York "Sun's" Washington bureau, William Wolff Smith. The latter makes no secret of his trade. He maintains an office all the year around, and acts as go-between for anybody with the price who wants his name or anything else in print.

Mr. Smith's capital is his acquaintance with the corps, and his ability to "write news." He is clever at it. He will listen to the story of a man who has an ax to grind, and then will write a "piece" which, in form and interest, leaves nothing to be desired. Only a correspondent could tell that a lobby purpose lurked between the lines. The "copy," typewritten and neatly manifolded, is laid on the correspondents' desks, in the hope that such real news and interest as it may contain will justify its use unchanged—and it is reasonable to suppose that in a great many cases the information thus gratuitously offered is accepted and used with slight change.

It is not necessary to write abuse of William Wolff Smith. If abuse is wanted he will write the copy himself. For example, when the recent session of Congress opened with its regular resumption of the ship subsidy fight, he handed the correspondents this amazing specimen of

political publicity literature, which he suggested they send to their papers, explaining naïvely therein his desire to relieve their burden of toil:

> To Correspondents:
>
> As there are some correspondents who do not believe in the Ship Subsidy Bill, and others whose papers are opposed to it, and still others who enjoy getting in a "knock" occasionally, I thought I would save them a little trouble, in case they wish to use some of the inclosed matter, by writing a little special introduction as follows:
>
> With the opening of Congress, the interests which have been using the Ship Subsidy Bill as a club to hammer at the doors of the United States Treasury for the past ten years are again in evidence. The lobbies of the leading hotels are filled with the subsidy hunters—

Here Mr. Smith goes on for a page or so about the swarming interests. He then concludes his "story" with this amusing roast on himself:

> The appearance of the powerful lobby behind this bill is signalized by the activities of the extensive literary bureau which they have maintained here. At its head is a newspaper man who has turned "press agent" for corporations seeking to influence legislation. He is surrounded by high-priced assistants, and the maintenance of the bureau must cost the subsidy hunters (here insert amount to suit) yearly.
>
> However, as one of the latest effusions from this bureau is interesting and timely, it is worth giving in full.
>
> (Here use inclosed matter.)
>
> Trusting those who are not in sympathy with the bill may find the article and the above introduction available, I am, Yours very truly,
>
> William Wolff Smith.

From time to time the greater emoluments of lobbying tempt members of the correspondents' corps to leave that work to become members of the Third House. During the winter and spring of 1906, when the Meat Inspection Bill was up, the Beef Trust enlisted the services of John Corwin, for years connected with the Chicago "Tribune's" staff, and an old member of the Washington corps. Current report has it that Mr. Corwin was paid $10,000 to "talk with the correspondents." Other agents and look-out men were drafted at about the same time by the Chicago packers. A veteran of the corps, Robert J. Wynne, now Consul General to London, and, for a time, Postmaster General, was offered $20,000 a year to represent these interests in Washington, and one of Wynne's indorsers for the place was Paul Morton, another member of the Roosevelt Cabinet. The President's offer of the London consulate led Mr. Wynne to decline the lobby offer; whereupon Mr. Morton and others were asked to recommend a local attorney, James C. Hooe, who has offices with another ex-member of the corps, L. A. Coolidge, who was head of the Republican literary bureau in the presidential campaign of 1904.

The Vice President's Little Family Affair

Mr. Coolidge enjoys the friendship of Senator Lodge, and through his influence has the regular contract for indexing the "Congressional Record," a task which pays well but does not engross all his time. Mr. Coolidge appeared at the Post Office Department last summer as the "personal friend" and representative of W. E. L. Dillaway, of Boston, who secured a contract amounting to $1,067,000 for installing pneumatic tube service in large cities. There was no competition, and Mr. Dillaway took the contract at a figure in excess of all past contracts for such service. An amendment of the pneumatic tube law brought the firm of Hooe and Coolidge to the Senate lobbies during the session of Congress which ended in March. Mr. Hooe has recently announced himself as candidate for Congress to succeed John F. Rixey, of Culpeper County, Virginia.

And there is another source from which the Third House is furnished with recruits, namely clerks of important legislative committees of the Senate and the House. Two flourishing new members who have lately come in from this quarter are Philip McElhone and Frank Gorman, a couple of hustling young men who are more than ordinarily conspicuous about hotel lobbies and the corridors of Congress. The former served as a clerk to Representative Tawney's Committee on Expositions during the St. Louis Exposition, and the services which he could render to *concessionnaires*, foreign and domestic, evidently opened his eyes to an easy road to riches. After he was let out by Mr. Tawney, he formed a working combination with young Gorman, who had learned a thing or two by clerking for Congressman Billy Lorimer, of Chicago, and the two will use their mighty influence on Congress for any purpose that is promoted by the dollar.

The influences of the lobby often crop up in the most unexpected ways and from almost incredible sources. For example, when Palmers the Public printer, was finally persuaded to install typesetting machines in the Government Printing Office, and the Merganthaler influences came forward to see that their machines were selected, it developed that Vice President Fairbanks was interested in the passage of the $180,000 appropriation, owing to the possession, either in his own name or that of members of his intimate family, of 5,000 shares of the Merganthaler stock. In fact, the whole deal turned out to be a little Indiana family affair. Mr. Fairbanks's cousin, Delevan Smith, who is the nominal owner of Mr. Fairbanks's paper, the Indianapolis "News," and who is also interested in Merganthaler, came to Washington, and went to James S. Hemenway, of Indiana (now Senator, then Chairman of the House Committee on Appropriations), and asked special legislation for this purpose. Meantime John L. Kennedy (also of Indiana), ex-member of the Industrial Commission, had secured a contract with P. T. Dodge, president of the Merganthaler Company, for ten per cent. of the cost of the first purchase of machines for this purpose. It was found unnecessary to name the kind of machine in the appropriation act, and, on the assurances of Hemenway that the money would be forthcoming, Palmer went ahead and bought the machines. Mr. Kennedy took his $18,000 velvet, and has since joined the Third House and built a house of his own. In a similar fashion, the Fairbanks-Smith influence has added to the popularity of the Oliver typewriter in some of the Government departments. The Vice President's son, Warren, was secretary and is still a director in the Oliver concern, and cousin Delevan is a heavy stockholder.

When irrigation was a new subject before the country, and the arid States of the Far West were clamoring for the present excellent law for Government reclamation works, some people were curious to know whence came one George H. Maxwell, an enthusiast, who blew into Washington and fairly swept the members off their feet with the energy and earnestness of his work in the bill's behalf. Here is the answer. Five great railroads of the West, having lands which would be rendered valuable by Government irrigation, contributed $5,000 each, to pay Mr. Maxwell for what personal persuasion he might bring to bear on Congress. And Maxwell earned every dollar of that fund.

A Lobbyist for Love

Speaking of lobbyists who are enthusiasts in their line, and who labor more for love of the object than for money in it, this seems to be the impelling motive with C. W. Post, a wealthy manufacturer of breakfast foods, who has lived in Washington for a number of years and has persistently endeavored to induce Congress to pass legislation for a "post check system" for sending small sums of money through the mails. Mr. Post has even gone so far in this work as to pay a high salary to Captain Henry A. Castle, formerly auditor for the Post Office Department, to take up residence at the capital and publish a periodical devoted to this single end.

A species of lobbying which has yielded exceedingly large returns to those engaged in it is that which has to do with Indian legislation. How great these returns may be was suddenly revealed to the public shortly after the first session of the Fifty-ninth Congress, when an action was brought in court to enforce the payment of an attorney's fee of $750,000 to Mansfield, McMurray, and Cornish, a firm of lawyers doing business in Muskogee, Indian Territory, and Washington, D. C. This firm had secured the passage of a bill affecting the property interests of the Five Civilized Tribes, so-called, and their stipulated contingent fee was the amount named. The court upheld their claim and the money was paid.

Opportunities in Indian Legislation

It should be explained that, in Indian Territory, there is an estate of 20,000,000 acres of exceedingly rich and fertile land, much of it underlaid with mineral and oil deposits of fabulous value, being divided among some 100,000 citizens and freedman of the Five Civilized Tribes of Indians. It is natural that in such distribution questions should arise and claims be made requiring judicial and legislative action. Hence the opportunity for lawyers.

In addition to Indian Territory, there are all the other tribes and reservations throughout the country, all undergoing, to a greater or less extent, the same process of participation and the final division and settlement of their landed estates. Some of the Indian tribes are exceedingly rich. The Secretary of the Interior, acting for the Government, is custodian of their moneys and general guardian and trustee of their property. But many of the Indians are like so many children, and they are quite ready to enter into contracts with attorneys which hold forth promise of a little ready money.

Indian Commissioner Francis E. Leupp is constantly at war with these shark lawyers who prey upon his charges. There is one attorney in particular who has incurred Leupp's displeasure, but who has succeeded in placing himself beyond the reach of law or influence, and is trading and growing rich on property fleeced from Indians. This man now has $80,000 worth of libel suits against publications which have

[*Concluded on pages 363 and 364*]

IN FUR AND FEATHERS

By MICHAEL WHITE

Illustrated by OSCAR T. JACKMAN

"A Boston terrier beats any doctor"

PETER SMALL sealed the last package of fish food and glanced over his stock. It was undeniably animated. Canary birds innumerable hopped up and down stairs in their confined apartments, a showcase of puppy dogs in the window seemed a constant source of irritation to a family of Angoras occupying a wire inclosure adjoining, from several cages of parrots came a clatter of slit tongues, while solitary squirrels appeared to be seized with a grim determination to discover the secret of perpetual motion by speeding their feet in revolving wheels. Apart from these there were tanks—with faulty Latin, Peter Small designated them "aquariums,"—of assorted water creatures that probably nowhere else jostled each other on terms of such intimacy, and a case of sinister reptiles that never seemed to move, but yet conveyed the impression of being vigilantly on the watch for an opportunity to strike with deadly venom. Each line or species was a lively seller in a double sense, with perhaps the exception of the reptiles, regarded in the light of a special attraction: and an unlucky marmoset. Thus far the marmoset's record stood as twice sold and returned for one reason or another, with sundry escapades very much to his discredit.

"Fed that monkey, John?" shouted Peter Small from the shop to his assistant, who was pedicuring a vociferously protesting jackdaw in a back room.

"Monkey's fed himself," returned John. "Got loose again and made away with all the parrot's bananas. What he could n't eat himself, he tried to make them Angora cats swaller."

"Then, why the mischief did you let him out?" demanded Peter Small, vehemently.

"Not up to me this time. You looked after him, yourself, last night."

"Darn that monkey!" ejaculated Peter Small, "he 's always at something. There ain't a nickel of profit left in him. Set him anywhere near the parrots, and he reduces their value ten to twenty per cent. by pulling out feathers. Last time he broke loose, if he did n't jump into a ten-dollar aquarium and scare half the fish to death. I 'll sell him—I 'll sell him, if I have to take half his cost. There 's no money in monkeys, anyway."

Thereupon Peter Small regarded, with stern determination, the disturber of business, surfeited with the parrot's bananas and therefore appearing both happy and innocent.

"Yes, you I 'm talking to," he added, threateningly. "You 'd be a bargain to any one hunting a hoodoo. You 're—"

Peter Small changed his manner abruptly, as a woman entered whose dress suggested the purchase of at least a ten-dollar mountain canary.

"What can I do for you, ma'm?" he requested with beguiling courtesy.

"Mr. Small, the bird man?" she asked.

"Yes 'um,—birds, dogs cats, and aquariums."

"Well Mr. Small," said the lady, glancing over the shop, hesitatingly, "I came in to see about a pet for my husband, who is an invalid. I think it would cheer him up to have a—a pet of some kind."

"Sure, ma'm," Peter Small agreed promptly. "A Boston terrier beats any doctor out of sight. We 've got one right here, pedigree warranted, just full of fun."

"But," protested the customer, "we live in an apartment house, where dogs are prohibited."

Mr. Small shook his head deprecatingly. "That 's where it hurts our trade, and hurts the apartment houses as well; because, if every apartment had a little dog, why there would n't be any trouble with burglars. How would a fine Angora cat do?"

"I don't think my husband likes cats particularly."

"Um,—then why not try a parrot, ma'm? A talking parrot would about suit your husband, I guess. Now, there 's a fine bird, that your husband will like."

He drew the lady's attention to a parrot on a perch, with half closed eyes and one foot drawn up under his feathers.

"Polly, how d' ye do?" suggested Mr. Small, lightly tapping the bird's cranium.

"Oh, pshaw!" exclaimed the bird, with evident disgust, slowly turning his back on the audience.

"He 's a bit sleepy now, ma'm," Mr. Small explained, apologetically, "but that bird can talk a blue streak in English, Portuguese, and Zulu, when he feels like it. I 'll guarantee he can recite 'Down Where the Dead Men's Bones Lie Thick,' backwards."

Perhaps this particular vein of poetic accomplishment did not appeal to the lady as quite suitable to the circumstances. In any case she declined the parrot.

"Would you like a high soprano canary, then?" asked Mr. Small. "Got some very reasonable, that you can depend on to sing as long as there 's daylight."

"No, I think not."

"Aquariums all the way from two dollars up."

"N—no, I don't care about fish and swimming things."

Peter Small began to think the lady was merely shopping, and not on serious business intent. However she still lingered, which was a hopeful sign.

"Have n't you any other kind of pet?" she asked.

Mr. Small's eye, wandering over his live stock, rested on the marmoset. He passed his hand over his mouth and coughed politely, to gain a momentary further inspection of his customer.

"Well, ma'm, how about being in the fashion?"

"Being in the fashion! I don't quite understand."

"Yes, monkeys are coming in, they say, while cats and dogs are going out. Anyway, we 've got only one of 'em left."

"But monkeys are such horrid creatures, Mr. Small."

"Not all of 'em, ma'm; and, besides, a monkey is just the kind of a pet to keep a sick man cheered up. He can't stop to think about his trouble with a monkey around. Look here at this little one, 'Doc. Jupiter,' we call him."

The customer drew near to the marmoset's cage and expressed surprise with delight.

"Oh, but he does look cute, does n't he?"

"Sure ma'm."

"Is he good-tempered, Mr. Small?"

"Why, you might put him in a cage along with them canary birds, and all he 'd do would be to try and sing like 'em. Yes 'um, I 'll guarantee his temper."

"Really, I do think my husband would be amused by him, and he is such a cunning little fellow. What price do you ask for him?"

Mr. Peter Small paused a moment, remarked that Doc. Jupiter was the last of his species in the shop, that they were naturally getting scarce as the demand set in for them among fashionable folk; and finally added three dollars to the original price on account of the upsetting of the aquaria, the pulling out of the parrot's feathers, and the marauding of the bananas.

"Very well," said the lady, "you may send him to Mr. Blake, the 'Crown Prince,' Jefferson Avenue. I take him, of course, on your representation of good temper."

"Just like buttermilk, ma'm. I 'll send him right away."

Thereupon Peter Small bowed his customer out of the shop.

"Now, see here," said he, returning to Doc. Jupiter's cage, and admonishing him with a forefinger, "if you don't live up to the character I 've given you,—if you come back on my hands again, to the animal stuffer's for you, mind that."

Doc. Jupiter's reception at the Blake apartment, however, was of such welcome cordiality, that the likelihood of his return to the dealer's seemed remote. The invalid's approval went forth to him spontaneously, Mrs. Blake called him a precious treasure, and though Bridget, the cook, was at first inclined to regard him askance, as a "haethen baste," whose like was not to be found naturalized in the "Ould Counthry," she thawed a trifle when he offered her his paw as a token of friendship. As to Peter Small he manifested such elation of spirit at having cleared out a doubtful investment with profit, that his assistant seized the opportunity to ask for shorter time and a dollar a week raise in his salary.

But the next morning brought a returning shadow. Bridget, the cook, came fleet of step and out of breath with disturbing news on her tongue.

"It 's the bird man, y' are," she cried, "well, yir heathen baste has shwalled a bottle of medicine, it has; and, be the powers, it 's the divil's own face he 's makin' over it!"

Peter Small clapped on his hat and hastened to the "Crown Prince." Under his breath he muttered uncomplimentary things about the marmoset. In the Blake apartment he entered upon a scene of consterna-

"'Murther!' shouted Bridget"

tion. The marmoset, wrapped in a shawl, was chattering, apparently more with rage than nausea, and making ineffectual attempts to grasp the invalid's whiskers. The parlor maid hovered near with a bottle of smelling salts, while Mrs. Blake wrung her hands in despair. As the marmoset caught sight of the dealer, he ceased chattering and adopted a penitent mien.

"Oh, Mr. Small," cried Mrs. Blake. "What is to be done? The precious love drank some of my husband's tonic. I know it will kill him."

"Don't seem as if it 's going to, ma'm," tersely replied Mr. Small; "not by the looks of him. There was n't any pison in it, was there?"

"I certainly hope not, for my own sake," replied the invalid.

"But we have grown quite fond of him, already," added the wife. "My husband has not laughed so much for months over anything, as the dear little creature's antics. I do hope we are not going to lose him."

"He ain't so easily lost," replied the dealer, laconically. "All you 've got to do is to give him something to take the taste out of his mouth, and he 'll get over it all right. If he don't, you can send for me, ma'm."

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Small," returned Mrs. Blake, gratefully. "Now that you have seen him, I am sure he will recover."

So, having reassured the Blake family, Peter Small returned to his shop; but an hour had scarcely elapsed before a messenger boy peddled his wheel to the door as if he had been given something above his fee for acceleration of movement.

"Say," hailed the messenger boy, "dat monk at de 'Crown Prince' has got de cook cornered in de kitchen, an' de loidy says, you 're to come right away as it 's gone mad."

Mr. Small set his teeth and for the second time that day hastened to the "Crown Prince." At the door of the Blake apartment he encountered bell boys and tenants listening, but prudently not responding to Hibernian cries for help, rising above the crash of disintegrating crockery. The invalid, armed with an umbrella, was prepared to defend his wife to the last extremity—displaying thereby a considerable return of vitality.

"Mr. Small! Mr. Small!" besought Mrs. Blake, "please take the monkey away before it kills the cook! I am afraid the tonic was too strong, and has driven him mad."

"Murther! Murther!" shouted Bridget. "Sind for the commissioner. Hilp! Howly saints protect us!"

A piece of porcelain crashed to the floor, followed by a shriek from Bridget and questionable marmoset language. The two had evidently disagreed beyond the possibility of an adjustment.

Mr. Small strode toward the kitchen and halted on the threshold. A glance discovered to him Bridget in retreat beneath the washtubs, protecting herself with a frying pan, while Doc. Jupiter, perched on the dresser, was preparing to hurl another cup at her head. Small fixed his eye on the marmoset, held up a finger, and beckoned. The marmoset paused, dropped the cup, climbed down from the dresser, and went to the dealer's feet. He was promptly seized by the neck and secured under the dealer's coat.

"Have you caught the—the marmoset?" gasped Mrs. Blake, as Small reappeared from the kitchen.

"Sure, ma'm."

"Then please take him away, because we cannot possibly keep him after this. Bridget would not stay a moment with him, and we must consider Bridget above everything else. I'm afraid Bridget does not like pets."

"That 's so. Them Bridgets don't do our business any good either," remarked Mr. Small, with a touch of scorn.

"You know you guaranteed his temper, Mr. Small. Perhaps we can exchange him for a canary or a poodle dog, that will do for a wedding present for some one."

"All right, ma'm. I 'll take him away."

When Peter Small reached his shop, he thrust the marmoset into a cage, and secured him against the possibility of escape.

"You 've got to your finish," he said, emphatically. "To-morrow you go to the stuffer's."

But the mail next morning interposed a kindlier fate. The invalid wrote to say, he had benefited so much by the unusual excitement attending the marmoset's visit, that he wished to present him to the Zoo, where he could see him occasionally. Thereupon Peter Small summoned his assistant.

"John," he ordered, "you 've got to take that hoodoo monkey to the Zoo. And, see here, you 'd better tell the keeper not to put him anywhere near the lions or tigers, as I 'd hate to hear he 'd broke loose and eaten up one or two of 'em."

Spending Money

A Monologue of Bargain Day

By LOUISE KARR

Illustrated by W. C. Collins

"Come on, Charlie, don't drag so. Tired? Well, you don't think you 're the only one 's tired, do you? Come on, you 'll wear me out, dragging that way. Oh, Annie, who ever would have thought of seeing you? Come go round with me to-day; you have n't anything to do. How 's Will? And the children? You 're lucky if you could leave them at home. I *had* to bring Charlie; and he 's such a nuisance. He won't do a thing I say.

"Oh, I had to bring him. My cook left this morning, and there was n't anybody to take care of him,—sixteenth I've had in two months,—clothes in the tub dishes in the pan, bread dough running over everything. What? Oh just left; that 's all; no reason.

"There are the bargains. Did you ever see such a mob? The way people herd about these bargain counters is simply disgusting. Charlie, dear, take hold of mamma's dress, and don't you dare let go. You keep right behind me, Annie, and I think we can get in. Oh, my dress! She simply planted her foot on it. Madam, you 've got your elbow in my little boy's eye. Charlie, stop crying, dear. This is outrageous! I did n't shove you aside, madam; I was simply trying to get in. Look at them pawing over these things,—as if any one would buy stuff that had been hauled about that way! That 's pretty. One yard and a quarter for a dollar and ninety-nine cents. Do you think that 's enough to make me a blouse, Annie? I 'll measure. There 's enough for the front, anyway. Will what 's left do for the back and sleeves? I could put something else with it. Try it. See that woman diving about like a porpoise. I beg your pardon, madam, but I got hold of that *first*. Did you ever see such manners, Annie? She actually won't let go. Well, I must say! Well there, I guess she won't try to get anything away from *me* again in a hurry. Paul says there is one thing about me, and that is I never give up anything I 've set my mind on. That is n't very pretty, is it? I'm sure it 's half cotton. See, I can pull the figure right out. Look at that tear, my dear; she tore it hanging on to it when she thought I wanted it.

"'Pick up the barbed wire, Charlie'"

"Thank you. No; I don't care to buy to-day. I was just looking for a friend. We 'll back out. Charlie, get off my dress. Dear me; I think it really cheapens one to get pulled and hauled about in a crowd like that.

"These umbrella handles are pretty. I 'll try this one. I beg your pardon, sir; did I hit you in the eye? I'm so sorry: I did n't mean to. I was just opening this umbrella, and the catch stuck; it 's too bad. I wonder what he thought of me, Annie? You shut it for me, will you, dear? You are so clever about such things. What is it, Charlie? Did you break that one? Naughty boy! I told you never to touch anything that did n't belong to you. Here, give it to mamma, and I 'll put it back. S—h, s—h. Come on.—Broken? that umbrella? Why, so it is. I thought it felt wobbly when we took it out, but that is n't the one we opened. You should n't have imperfect articles in the shop. S—sh, Charlie, S—sh! S—sh! I 'll tell your father when we get home. The idea of bringing a child shopping! He 's just like his father, anyway.

"Here are the tablecloths. That 's what I came for. Pick up the barbed wire, Charlie. Paul 's going to stay home from the office to-morrow; it 's his birthday, and he 's got to mend the fence. I told him I 'd buy the wire and stand round and tell him how to do it. He 's awfully stupid about such things; does n't like to run the lawn mower, or shovel snow, or do anything really useful. I got it in a hardware store. Charlie *would* pick the wrapper off; I told him not to, and he 's caught it in every old lady's fringe. Yes, that fat woman over there,—she took him by the shoulder and shook him. Such impertinence! Now, darling, get up on this stool, and don't you dare move. Don't kick the counter, dear, and don't squeak the stool; put the egg-beater in mamma's stringbag. Well! it seems good to sit down. Could you pin my veil a little tighter, Annie?

"Tablecloths,—I don't know what I want. I 'll see what you 've got. That won't do; that is n't linen; oh, I know linen when I see it. I 've got to get one for myself, and one for Mrs. Pendexter. She never does thing for herself; I do all her shopping and engage all her servants. And then she comes over and tells me that the waitress I recommended does n't know how to clean silver, and she 's broken her Delft salad bowl, and she misses her amethyst pin,—says she does n't blame *me*. Well, I should think not!

"Those grape leaves are pretty. They 'd iron well. No, I don't care for those little set squares: they seem to measure off everything as you chew it; they make me nervous: I'm very sensitive to things of that kind. Paul says he never saw any one so sensitive as I am. What 's that? The third from the top. No, not that one; the blue paper.

"I don't know whether to get Mrs. Pendexter's tablecloth and mine alike, or whether to have them different. If I get them alike, every one will think I 've borrowed hers, and if I get them different, she 'll think mine is prettier and that I 've got a better bargain. Oh, well, if she did like hers better, I'd be sorry I'd let her have it. It 's so hard to do shopping for other people!

"Quarter before five! My! we 've lost that five-three train. Charlie, you won't have one thing for supper to-night, but dry bread and water, if you don't sit still. No, you can't have a drink of water; you can't have a banana. What is it? I can't hear. Yes, yes, you may have one going home if you 'll be very good. I always carry bananas to keep him still on the train; he ate nine coming in.

"That 's very pretty, but it is n't just what I thought. How much is it? Three dollars? I don't care to pay as much as that. Still, I 'll take a sample. Mrs. Pendexter might like it. Charlie, Charlie, come here. I told you never to play with strange children. Run away, little girl, run away. Get right back on the stool, Charlie. You 'll get smallpox, and measles. You know what I told you.—Well! I thought that child looked very queer.

"I don't want a slazy thing like that. It 's regular mosquito-netting; you can see right through it. I want something that will last till I get it hemmed.—You know, Annie, my best tablecloth,—the French linen,—well, at my lunch the other day, there was a great hole in it, right in front of Mrs. Whitney. I was so embarrassed it gave me a nervous chill. I think a woman with any delicacy of feeling would have put her bread-and-butter-plate over that hole. No, she did n't. She just sat there with that thing gaping in front of her. Don't play with my money, Charlie, Here give me that pocketbook at once. You know mamma always means what she says. Give it to me this minute! Give it to me,—well, if you 'll be a good boy, you may keep the pocketbook, but don't play with the money. Did you ever see such a child, Annie? He won't do a thing I say.

"I brought him in to get a pair of those shoes advertised at two-ninety-eight at Lacey's. There were n't any left of his size when we got there. There was a pair *I* thought would do. His feet looked lovely in them, just as if they 'd been melted in; but he made such a fuss, saying they hurt him, that I could n't take them. *I* wore what was put on me when *I* was a little girl; I did what I was told to. I *had* to. I paid four-ninety-nine and two-thirds, but, you know, it did n't make any difference, for we 've an account there—

"'Oh, he really wants to, Miss Pratt'"

"What is it, Charlie? A quarter of a dollar? *Down where?* You naughty boy! [Rising.] I told you not to play with my money. Yes, I can see it down there. He 's rolled a quarter of a dollar down that register. What shall

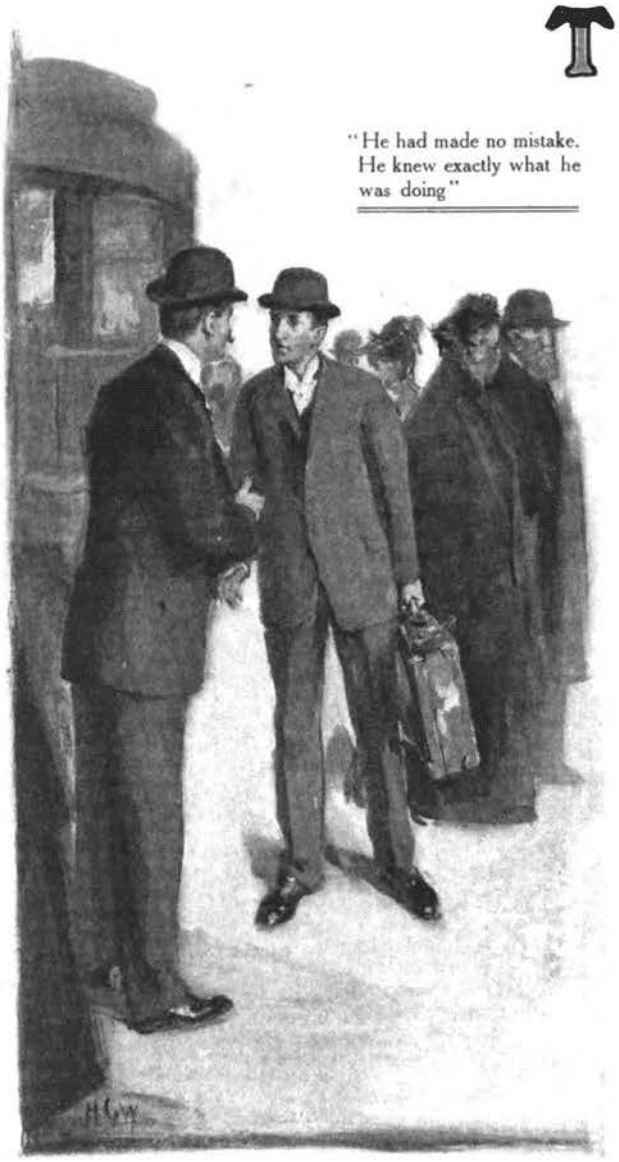
[*Concluded on page 364*]

THE "COME ON"

By Charles Battell Loomis

Author of "A Bath in an English Tub," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY H. G. WILLIAMSON



"He had made no mistake. He knew exactly what he was doing"

IT WAS fifteen or sixteen years since I had been to Boston, and at my last visit I had not been much over five. During these fifteen or sixteen years I had cultivated what my friends told me was a pretty talent for entertaining; that is, I could make three gold fish swim where only one had swam before; I could produce enough of the "real stuff" from a commonplace silk hat to pay a man's way for a day at a pluto-hyphen hotel, and I could sing a song or tell a story in a way to cement bonds of friendship rather than to cause people to leave the room.

It was owing to these various heaven-sent but earth-cultivated faculties that I was now going to Boston to fill my first Hub "date," and as the Shore Line train sped through Jamaica Plain suburbs and I saw blocks of houses where had been trees and fields, I realized that Boston, too, was growing, and must be now quite a city—in fact, it struck me that perhaps Boston was not without its metropolitan perils, and I would best take good care of myself while within its limits.

The train rolled into the dignified but walk-inducing terminal, and I seized my bulky grip with its parlor magic paraphernalia, and, resisting the stereotyped entreaties of a porter, carried it myself in the direction of the elevated structure.

Elevated roads in Boston! And when I had lived there they had been content with regular New York horse cars.

I had not gotten as far as the first "kiosk" when I saw approaching me a man of the Thomas W. Lawson type, keen-eyed, well mustached, and evidently accustomed to getting more out of life than the generality of his fellows. It is my habit to ticket people mentally as I meet them, and I gave him a successful broker ticket, which set very well upon him.

He seemed to be looking for some one, and that some one must have been I, or some one else as unsophisticated looking as I.

"Thought I 'd come and meet you," said he, smiling and holding out a large hand, on the fourth finger of which glistened a stone the like of which had never adorned my person.

I will say frankly at the start, that, although I was fully twenty-one and had traveled quite a little, I did not suspect my man at first. I knew he had stepped up to the wrong man, but I supposed that he had made a mistake.

He had made no mistake, however. He knew exactly what he was doing. He was in search of a stranger to Boston and he had found him in me.

"I 'm afraid you have the advantage of me," said I, holding out my hand freely enough.

He gave it a pressure that indicated warmth of heart, I suppose, and said, "My name is Gideon Angell."

That let me out entirely. I did not number a Gideon Angell among my friends, much as I might have liked to, had I been given time to do so.

"My name is Henry Barnard," said I without thought, and "Gideon Angell," as quick as a flash, said, "No need to tell me that. I have seen your picture on Joe Merritt's mantel too many times not to know you at sight."

Now, Joe Merritt was a sort of brother-in-law of mine. That is to say, he had at one time been engaged to my sister, and she—had promised to be a sister to him. Joe lived out in Malden. If Angell knew Joe he must be all right.

Perhaps I should say that this thought came afterwards. At the time I did not suspect Mr. Angell at all. He was friendly, I was a stranger, and I was quite willing to remain in his company for a little while, particularly if I could induce him to go as far as my hotel with me. Just why he should be so glad to see me I did not question. I accepted him as a genial man in a cold city.

"What 's a good hotel?" said I.

"A place where one is well taken care of," said he, answering my somewhat stupidly put question literally and with a *bonhommie* that drew me to him.

"I suppose so. Well, what hotel would you recommend?"

"Now you 've got me," said he, smiling amply. "I do not recommend hotels. Why use a hotel if a club is handy?"

"I don't belong to any club," said I.

"But I do. We are on our way to one now."

He mentioned its name, but I do not think it part of the province of a story-teller to give real names to real clubs. I had never heard of it before; suffice it to say that the club of which he spoke was in a respectable—in fact, in *the* respectable part of the town, not very far from where Oliver Wendell Holmes prepared "copy" for the "Atlantic," and where Thomas Bailey Aldrich and John Greenleaf Whittier composed some of their most famous lines. And yet—

Just as soon as he said club I began to suspect. Just as soon as he said club I looked at him again. He *was* handsome, his eye *was* keen, he *was* well dressed, and he *was* undoubtedly used to the better side of life, but there was something sinister in that "eagle eye." He had no right to know me, and probably he did not know me. He may have seen my picture or my lithograph, and, being down at the station for "clients," had picked me out as an easy one.

Very well. I had a few hours before it became necessary for me to "deliver the goods" at the Unitarian Church Club to which I was committed, and I might as well give him as much rope as he wanted. I had just five dollars and my return ticket in my pocket. He would not get much if he got all that, and I might get an adventure out of the affair that would eventually be worth money to me in my platform work.

I noticed, as we entered the club, that it bore no name, although my friend had given it the name of a saint. He entered my name in the guest book, led me to a room, where I removed the dust and dirt of travel from my clothes and hands, and then said,—

"When would you like to dine?"

"Look here," said I, feeling that I did not care to break bread with a man who was going to "do" me. "Why are you going to all this trouble on my account?"

"Partly because you are a friend of Joe's, and partly because it is always my habit to be hospitable to our visitors."

"Do you know anything about the Union Park Unitarian Club?" said I, giving him a clue without meaning to.

"Quite a little," said he, smiling. "It 's a good club."

"Well," said I, fatuously, "I have come here to Boston in order to give them an 'entertainment,' and I 'll be due there in about an hour and a half, and I 've got to dress. I think that, if you 'll excuse me, I 'll go and look them up, and perhaps afterwards I may meet you and talk things over."

He laid his hand on my shoulder in a fatherly sort of way, and said:

"You are going to dine with me here, and afterwards I will take you down to the club in ample time—and you won't need to dress—it 's only men. Meanwhile—" here a gleam which I could not fathom came into his eyes, and he said, "I want to make it possible for you to get some good out of your visit to Boston. Now, as I understand it, you are to do some prestidigitating work for the club."

My lithograph! "Henry Barnard, prestidigitator, mimic, story-teller."

"Oh, did n't I tell you that?" said I, sarcastically. "Yes, I 'm on my way there, and I think you 'd better let me go. I have rustled round the world quite a little, and I guess I can find my way."

There was a double meaning to this. I wanted him to know, without my having to say so in so many words, that I knew what he was up to—that I recognized the sort of "club" I was in, and that I did not propose to play fly to his spider after I had determined to quit the web—and that would be before my feet were entangled.

"My dear boy," said he, "don't misunderstand me. I want to help you. If it 's not too impertinent a question, how much are they paying you?"

"Thirty-five dollars and my expenses," said I.

"And it takes you a whole evening to make that. How would you like to make $3,500 in an evening, and pay your own expenses for some time after?"

"If I could do it honestly, I'd like it well," said I, seeing at once where his talk was drifting.

"Who talks of honesty in these days?" said he. "Do you mean public honesty or private honesty? There are two kinds. Is it perfectly honest to make believe pull a half-dozen rabbits out of your vest pocket, and then take away thirty-five real dollars for doing it? By the way, will you have something?"

"Thanks, I don't care if I do," said I without thinking, and the first thing I knew we were sitting at a little table, and I was discussing an olive in an amber fluid, while my friend was drinking a vichy and milk.

I had not answered his question, and he again asked me if I thought it honest to do a few tricks that any one could do by practice, and then accept therefor what it would take a day laborer a month to earn.

I was silent. I had often had qualms about accepting so much when so many men were digging earth for a hundredth part of the sum, and digging three days to my one evening.

"You see," said he, "you're but indifferent honest. We're all in the same boat. Now, some of my friends in this club are in the habit of making as high as $5,000 in a single day, and by just as honest methods. They leave out the gold fish, but they can draw real money out of a 'pocket' in two shakes of a lamb's tail. Suppose you let me introduce you to some of them after dinner?"

There was something about the man that I could n't help liking. I had no intention of being drawn into any get-rich-quick scheme, but I decided to accept his invitation to dine with him.

It was a well-cooked dinner, and everything tasted good. My friend had traveled a good deal and had met all sorts of men, and I enjoyed his talk as much as he seemed to enjoy mine. I was much amused at his whimsicality when an insignificant, yet somewhat sporty looking individual came over to our table, and he introduced him as "The Reverend William Allardyce."

I remember saying jocularly, "I believe the dice part of it all right," and the reverend, affecting to be offended, walked away.

This was over the coffee, when I was beginning to take a more material view of life and its prospects. One olive in a five-course dinner does not go very far, and a man comes down to earth rather suddenly.

I took out my watch. It was five minutes past eight. Where had the time gone?

"Look here," I said, with just a note of indignation in my voice, "I'm due to be at that Unitarian Club at eight fifteen, and it's after eight now."

"Why not give up the engagement?" said my tempter. "There are men within sound of my voice who can put you in the way of getting enough to enable you to go away and practice your tricks for a twelvemonth with no thought of worry as to your income. I like your looks, and I can introduce you to them if you say the word."

He was getting too bold. I suddenly became furiously angry, and rising to my feet I said:

"Look here, Mr. Gideon Angell, or Devill, or whatever your name may be, I want you to tell me how to go to the Unitarian Club, and I want to know quick."

Several men at other tables rose, and I felt that I had spoken too loudly. I really should have waited until I had left the more or less gilded den. I might be forcibly detained.

"What's the matter, Mr. Angell?" said the "reverend," a disagreeable smile appearing on his features.

"I'm afraid it's my fault entirely," said Mr. Angell. "Just a little joke carried too far."

I saw that I was helpless among his friends, but I said, with as much spirit as would come to my aid, "It's no joke at all, for I've seen through you from the beginning. All the money I have with me is five dollars, and you're quite welcome to that, but I want to be let out of this club at once or I will make trouble."

A tall, dignified man came out of another room and walking up to me said:

"See here, my friend, we are not accustomed to such noise as this in Boston clubs. I think that if you will go outside—"

"That's what I mean to do," said I, my collar almost bursting from the rush of blood in my neck.

"Come along," said Mr. Angell, whispering something to the tall man.

Hardly knowing what I was doing, I followed Mr. Angell to the coat room, and a few minutes later I was out in the cool street.

Mr. Angell looked rather crestfallen. I had escaped from his clutches, but he had made me late to my first Boston engagement, and, as I expected that a good deal might come from a successful evening in the form of other engagements, I was very much perturbed. He said nothing, but hailed a car, and we stepped aboard.

"I'm afraid I've made a fool of myself," said he, quite contritely.

"You certainly have," said I, bitterly, "but you haven't made a fool of me. My only regret is that I ever ate your dinner in that gambling den."

At this he burst out laughing.

"You're really very young," was all he said, and then laughed some more.

"I'll never be any younger," said I, "and I'll know better than to go into your joint again. I did enjoy the dinner, but I don't feel beholden to you because you hoped to get some sort of hold of me. Do you know," said I, suddenly, "that I could put you in the hands of the police?"

He fell to laughing again, which made me so angry that I said nothing for some minutes.

"See here," I burst out, suddenly, "tell me where that Unitarian Club is, and I'll find it alone. Are you sure you are leading me right?"

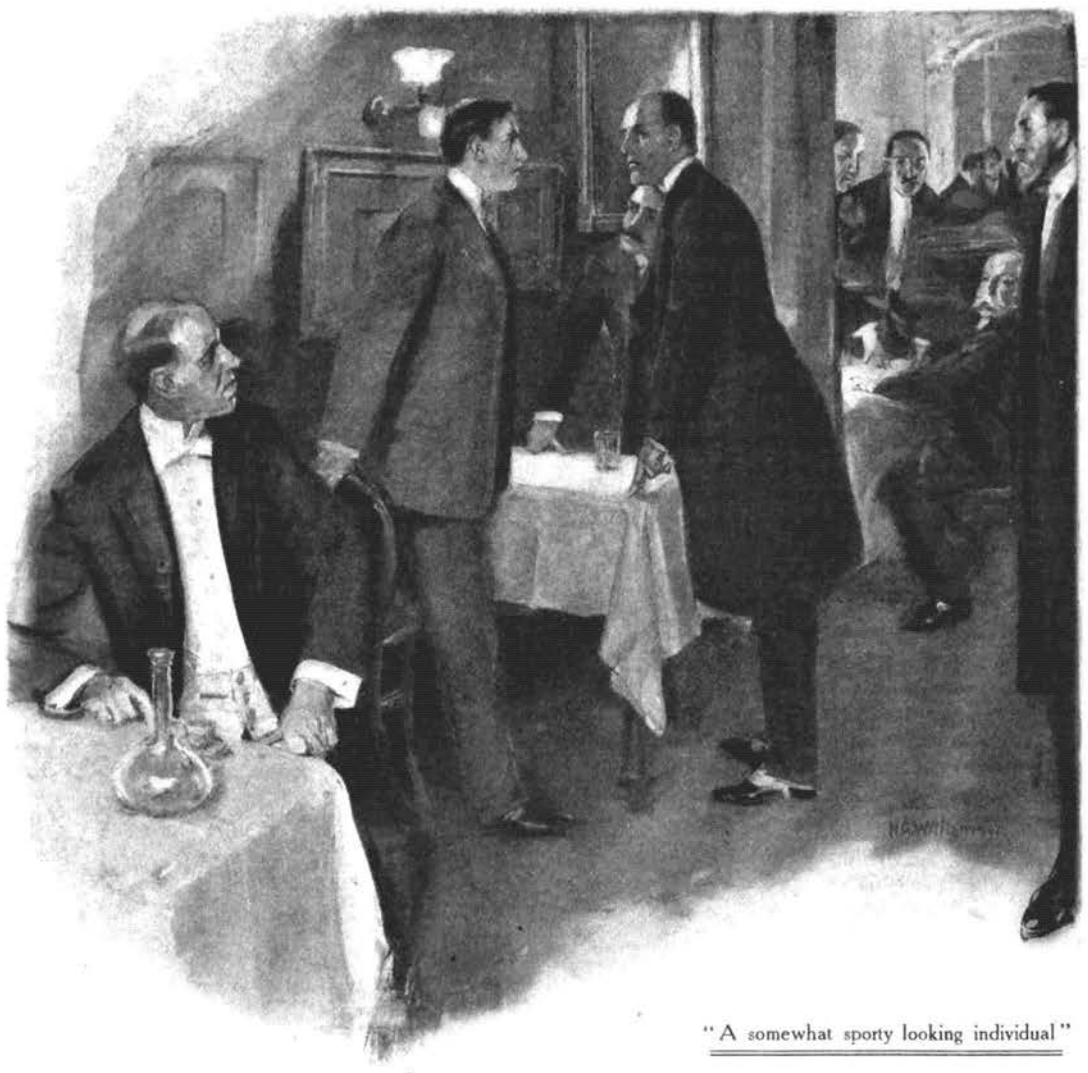
"The Unitarian Club's on the next block," said the conductor, who had overheard me, and he pulled the bell cord.

I saw the lights through stained glass windows, and as I got off, moved by a little feeling of compunction for which I despised myself, I said:

"Good-by, and thank you for the hospitality part of what you did. I believe you had mixed motives, like the rest of us, but I prefer my own form of dishonesty."

He got off with me, but without a word went in the opposite direction, leaving me to go to the club alone.

As I opened the door into warmth and light and company, I was met by an intellectual looking man, a typical Unitarian, who grasped my hand cordially and said: "We'd about given you up. Don't stop to dress. Lost your way, did you? Boston's a hard place to find one's way about in. I thought that some one was to have met you?"



"A somewhat sporty looking individual"

"Oh, I was met all right," said I, as I took off my coat and hat and followed him into an anteroom. "If I hadn't been met I'd have been here long ago. I've been bunco steered for the last hour or two, but I took the tiller into my own hands at last and steered myself."

Another intellectual looking young man had followed me into the anteroom. "We half expected our pastor to meet you," said he, "but he has evidently been detained at home by sickness in his family. Sorry. You'd like him."

"What's his name?" said I, carelessly, as I deposited a canary in a collapsible cage.

"Gideon Angell. He's a jolly fellow. Smart as a steel trap. Not a bit like a minister, but one of the salt of the earth just the same. Funny he didn't tell us he could n't meet you."

MY LIFE—SO FAR

By JOSIAH FLYNT

Illustrated by J. J. Gould

SIXTH INSTALLMENT.*

The Bloomsbury Guards. Troubles in Berlin. Arrested in Russia.

ANOTHER circle of friends during my British Museum days, which I found entertaining, was the "Bloomsbury Guards," as they call themselves. This company of men, or "cla-ass," is apparently organized to stay on earth permanently in Bloomsbury. Some of the members die off now and then, but that does not matter. The generous museum flings wide its doors and out come new recruits.

The late George Gissing had considerable to report about the gentlemen in question in his book, "New Grub Street." I have purposely never read his account of them, because I have preferred to keep them in mind as I knew them myself.

Imagine a pretty threadbare, stoop-shouldered, but generally clean individual, anywhere between forty and sixty. Think of him as sitting at a desk in the great Reading Room, books piled up in front of him, pen and paper at hand, and a very longing, thirsty look tightly fitted to his face like a plaster, or, still better, like an "*Es ist erreicht*" mustache regulator to help one look like Kaiser Wilhelm. Whisper in his ear: "Let's be off to 'The Plough.'" Watch the set countenance relax.

The "Cla-ass" Feeling of London

If you will do these things you will get acquainted with one of the Bloomsbury Guards.

I made their acquaintance at the tavern opposite the museum. Political economy absolutely refused to interest me at times, and every now and then I would drop in at "The Plough," or "The Tavern." The exclusive saloon bar was the recreative room of the Guards in both cases. It took me some time to find out why the saloon bar was exclusive, but eventually a young barrister took me aside and explained.

"Don't be na-asty," he cautioned. "It's merely a matter of cla-ass, you know. Really, you must understand."

I feigned enlightenment instanter, and have always had a "cla-ass" feeling in London, from that day to this. I make no doubt that the cabby who frequents the public bar has a "cla-ass" feeling just as important.

The Guards that I knew best were "Mengy," "Q," and the "Swordsman," as I insisted on calling him on account of his special knowledge in pig-sticking. (He told me that he had spent two solid weeks on this subject in order to write an authoritative review for "The Times.") These three men, "Mengy" in the middle as "Little Billie," would have taken the prize in a "Trilby" interpretation of side-street trios.

"Mengy" was a doctor of philosophy in general, and lecturer on mummies in particular. Germany gave him his start, and London his pause. Academically, he intended to be wise in Egyptology; humanly, simply one of the Guards.

"Q"—good old "Q"—had a gentleman's instincts unsupported financially. He dreamed about music, wrote articles, reviews, and poems about it, hummed it and buzzed it, but "Q" was no musician. Like "Mengy," he had quite resigned himself *inwardly* to the post of a "Guard."

The "Swordsman" was a great canny Scot. But he had cannied and caddied in the wrong way, pecuniarily. Fifty odd years of "saxpences" had slipped by him, and he had nary a one to show. But what a mine of useless facts he had got together over in the Reading Room! What a peripatetic gossiper about trifles he had become!

When these three men got together, and a liquidating friend was along, the "Tavern" or "Plough," as the case might be, became the scene of as doughty passages at arms at the bar as Bloomsbury has ever known. As guards of their beverages they were matchless, while, as "Pub" hunters, it is to be questioned whether Bloomsbury, until the Guards came to earth, ever knew how many public houses she had. Perhaps "Q" was the most inveterate explorer. When "Q" got a pound or two for a review, he slicked up in his finest manner and went forth alone to seek and find. Somehow the "Plough" and the "Tavern" did not appeal to him when he was in funds. But he would give you his shirt if you happened upon him in some new "Pub" which he had located, and was trying to impress with his spirit. Then was "Q" indeed in his glory. His high hat never had such a luster as on such occasions.

"We asked him what the row had been about"

"Why, my dear fellow," he would say, "how fortunate to meet you here! What is it to be?"

Perhaps you wanted 'bus fare to Hampstead.

"Most assuredly. Have something to warm you up for the ride."

The other Guards did not like "Q's" running off when he felt flush—"Mengy," in particular; but "Mengy" ought to be very grateful to "Q." When "Mengy" got permission to lecture on mummies at the museum and sent out learned circulars about his accomplishments as an Egyptologist, who was it, "Mengy," that made up your audience at your first lecture? None other than poor, old, wayward "Q." If he had n't exercised compassion, you would have had no hearers at all.

He paid, too, "Mengy."

In a way, "Mengy" was a whining man. One day, there had been too much tavern and too little museum, and "Mengy" was under the weather. I shall never forget the picture he made, as he lounged back in his chair after the last drink. His two soiled long coats enveloped his slender form like blankets around a lamppost, and there was a forlorn, half academic, half nauseated look in his pale face that can often be seen at sea. His disgruntledness made him melancholy. Standing up during a pause in the conversation, he gathered the skirts of his coats about him, readjusted his shabby hat, and sobbed, as if his heart had been torn out of him, "Nobody likes 'Mengy'—Nobody!" Then, with tears tracing the grimaces in his face, he made for the museum to clean up his desk, and go home to his corpulent wife. She was the bread-winner in "Mengy's" outfit.

There is a story to the effect that "Q" at one time contemplated marriage and some one to look out for him. They say that he spruced up, and finally located a young lady of means. She was not unfriendly to his advances, and it looked like a match. But "Q" could not keep away from the comfortable quarters in the museum and the conferences at the "Tavern." The fair maid found this out, and went away to Edinburgh to think things over. One day, "Q" was in sore need of ten shillings. He could think of no one who would be so glad to let him have it as the fair one. He squandered sixpence on a telegram describing his distress. "If women but knew!" I have heard women sigh. Well, "Q's" girl knew. She wrote back by post: "Dear Q.—A shilling you will probably need for the evening; please find same inclosed. Yours, Janet." "Q" tells this story on himself to explain his continued singleness of purpose.

The Guards could not be referred to here without reference to "Bosky," although I never knew him as well as I did "Q" and "Mengy." "Bosky" probably had the greatest reputation of all as a learned man and writer. His writings on ancient men and things appear in our magazines at times. He once got me very much interested in what he knew about the art of burglary in Pharaoh's time, and I have often wondered why he did not write the article he had in mind. But, with all his knowledge of dead nations and languages, "Bosky" enjoyed his "Tavern" sittings quite as much as did "Q" and "Mengy." The last time I saw him I asked him to write me something in Chaldaic. He handed me some hieroglyphics on an envelope. "Meaning?" I said. "Bosky" smiled benevolently, and said: "I want a long drink from the Far West."

He then told me how a sixpence had disturbed his sleep the night before. He had got home late, he said, after a "Tavern" sitting, but he was sure on going to bed that he had managed to save the sixpence for his morning meal.

Hacks and Penny-a-Liners

"My wife 's right artful," he explained, "so I tucked the coin under the rug. I had a dream that I 'd forgotten where I had hidden it, and from three o'clock on I could n't sleep. I knew where it was afterwards all right, but I was afraid my wife might dream that she knew, too. Married life has its troubles, I can tell you."

* * * * * * *

As the years have gone by I have tried, whenever I have been in London, to look up the Guards that I knew during my first visit, as well as to make acquaintance with the new members. On one of my later visits a young English journalist accompanied me to the "Tavern." I told him what interesting times I had had there, and pointed out to him some of the men I knew.

"They 're hacks, you know," he whispered.

*Mr. Flynt's autobiography was begun in SUCCESS MAGAZINE for December, 1906.

"Penny-a-liners. Gissing did them in his 'New Grub Street'." The young man liked neither my old companions nor the place, but he did not hesitate to borrow ten "bob" that he can hand back, if he wishes to, at his earliest convenience.

Call the Guards hacks, penny-a-liners, or what you will; as a friend of mine once said about them: "They know how to spell the word Gentleman, anyhow," and that is more than many do who poke fun at them. They helped to make my first visit to London incomparably amusing at times, and for this I cannot help feeling grateful.

I have spoken of Arthur Symons's nterest in my first efforts to describe tramp life. I think it was he and the magazine editors who abetted me in my scribblings, rather than the university and its doctrines of "original research," who are to blame for all tramp trips made by me in Europe. Of course the inevitable *Wanderlust* was probably behind them to some extent, but all of them were undertaken with articles and probably a book as the ultimate object in view. This can hardly be said of the earlier wanderings at home, and yet when eventually writing about them, they have interested me more than the tramps abroad. My vagabond days in foreign parts have received pretty much their just due in other books of mine, and my wish here is more to explain what effect they had on me as a student, and in leading on to other work here at home, than to tell what befell me on the highways. There are a few episodes and anecdotes, however, that were overlooked when making my reports from the field, which may not be out of place now.

The most entertaining experience I had in Great Britain during the three weeks or so I tramped there in 1893, concerns a well-meaning professor in Edinburgh. My companion in this venture is now also a professor at one of our universities; at the time he was a fellow student of mine in Berlin.

One of our "stops" in the itinerary planned by me was Edinburgh. We were to land at Leith from Newcastle, anyhow, so why not see Edinburgh, whether we were real tramps or not?

The local professor, a friend of my family's, a guest in my Berlin home at one time, was a man who believed greatly in religious things, and I guess tried to act according to his beliefs. He was noted also for his interest in the students. My friend and I thought it might be interesting to see how far the old gentleman's benevolence stretched when it came to giving charity to an American student in distress. A boyish curiosity, no doubt, but I have found in later life that such curiosity is worth while in a number of ways—when it comes to quizzing "public-spirited" men, for instance, as to how far they will go into their pockets to finance investigations and prosecutions in municipal affairs.

With my friend the question was: "What story shall I tell?" I could not undertake the adventure because the professor would have recognized me. We rummaged over my ragbag of "ghost stories," and finally determined that the best thing was the truth with a slight change in names. So, while I waited in a coffee house near a railway station, my friend went up to the fashionable house in Queen Street with a tale of woe about being stranded in Scotland, and needing the price of a railway ticket to Glasgow, that he might again get in touch with friends. Not much of a story, but quite enough for my companion—a man who had never been on tramp before in his life, and whose whole bearing was as near that of a non-sinning person as can be imagined. He could not even use a strong expletive with a sincere ring. His face and general innocent air pieced out this linguistic purity. He was just the man, I thought, to test the professor's charity.

I had not waited in the coffee house over half an hour when my tall friend loomed up in the distance. Pretty soon he held up five fingers, and I could see he was chuckling. "Well, fivepence anyhow," I thought. "He might not have done any better at home, the way he's dressed." In a minute he was upon me, gasping: "Five bob—five bob!"

I asked him for details, and he told me how he had been met at the door by a "buttons," who ushered him into the professor's study, where the "ghost story" was told and listened to. "Finally," continued my friend, "the old gentleman reached down in his jeans and handed me the five shilling, saying: 'Well, my good man, I sincerely trust that this money will not find its way into the next public house'."

I laughed prodigiously. "The idea!" I exclaimed, "of a medical man picking you out as a person likely to go near a public house!"

The next day I did not laugh so much. My people in Berlin had written the good professor that my friend and I were on a trip in Scotland and might call on him. He divined that I was getting my mail at the general delivery in the post office, and wrote me this note:

Dear Friend:
Your friend called here yesterday, and I did not realize who he was. Had I known, I would not have been so hard on him. Come and see us.

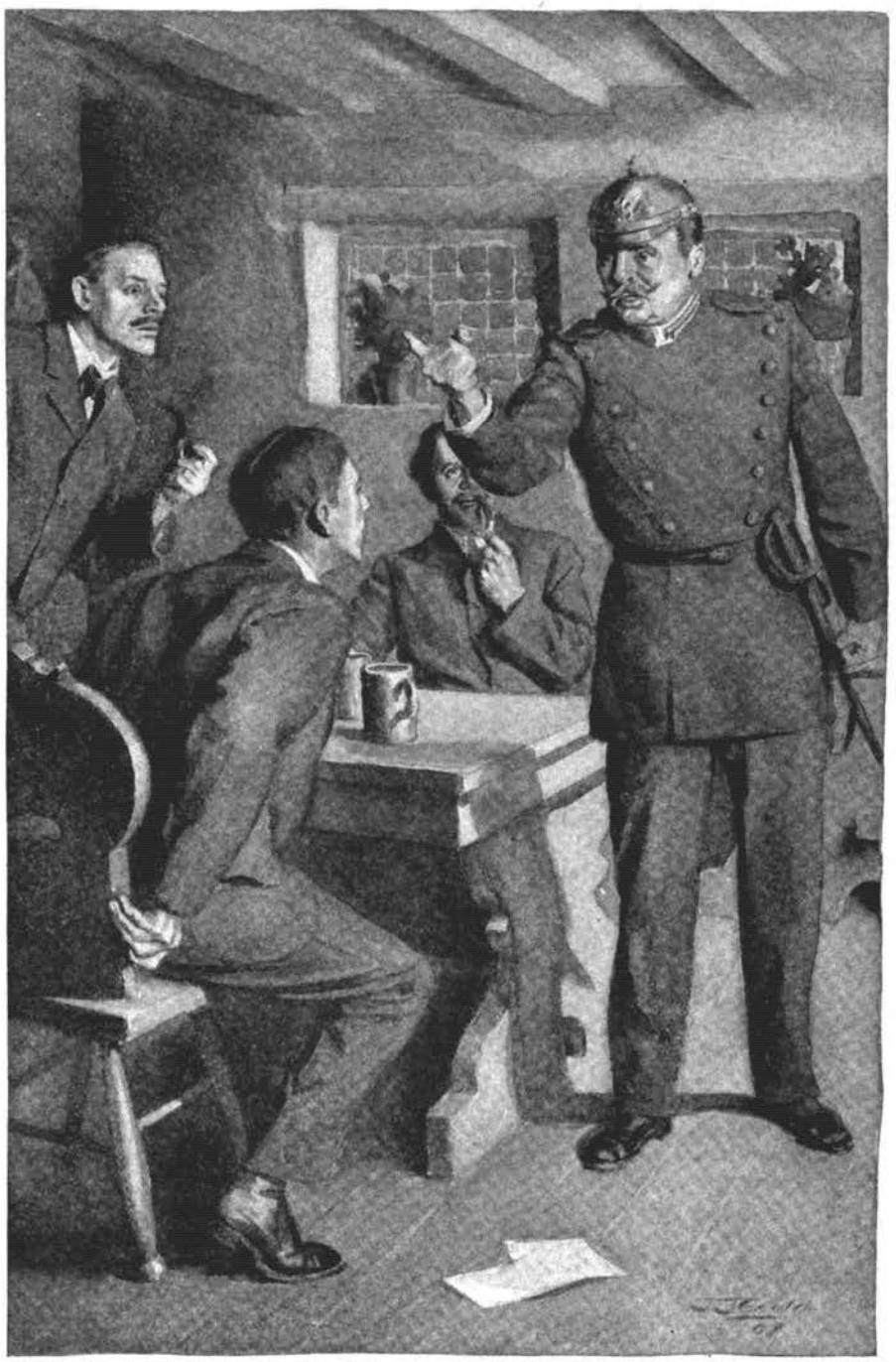
How tramps in general leave Edinburgh on a hurry up call I cannot say, but after that note had been read two student tramps "hiked" out of that city double quick. I took the Linlithgow road, and my friend another—both, however, leading to the general post office in Glasgow, in front of which we agreed to meet thirty-six hours later. The five shillings were most punctiliously returned from this point, which we also left soon. The way that Edinburgh professor connected things together was too Scotch for us.

* * * * *

Two experiences in Germany stand out very distinctly in my recollections of my tramp life there.

The first occurred in Berlin, where, although I was, officially, still a student in the university, I had taken a vacation and secluded myself in the *Arbeiter-Colonie*, on the outskirts of the city, near Tegel, Humboldt's old home. There are two workingmen's colonies in Berlin, one in the city proper, the other at Tegel. I chose residence in the Tegel resort because the superintendent of the city colony was afraid that some of the colonists there might have recognized me during my various visits and would know me when I applied for admission as an out-of-work.

My purpose in becoming a colonist was to see from personal observations what good the *Arbeiter-Colonien* were accomplishing as asylums for *bona fide* out-of-works, and also as corrective institutions for vagrants. All told, there are now over fifty of these places in Germany. Their aim is to furnish temporary shelter to the



"'American! Well, you go double-quick to your consul in Frankfort, and get a German passport'"

worthy unemployed men who apply for admission and are willing to remain a month under the strict *régime*. The colonists work at such industries as the different colonies take up, and receive about eighteen cents a day for their labor. Each colony keeps in close touch with the labor market, and tries to secure outside positions for the inmates as far as possible. In winter, of course, they are much more heavily patronized than in summer, but they are open the year round. I think they do good in so far as they winnow the willing from the unwilling, the genuine worker from the tramp. They also help an honest man over temporary difficulties, which, without the assistance of the colonies, might make him a vagabond. But I hardly think they are necessary in the United States, except possibly as places where the professional unemployed could be made to support themselves.

A Passport That Was Refused

My work in the Tegel colony was a strange one indeed for such a place—sewing together straw coverings for champagne bottles. For about eight hours out of the twenty-four I had to tread the machine, and divide the straw for the needle. I hope somebody got the benefit of the champagne we colonists were merely permitted to dream about.

The daily routine was about as follows: All hands up, and beds made at 5.30 in the morning, breakfast at six, prayers at half past six, and work at seven. After two hours there was the inevitable second breakfast—one of the silliest time consumers in German industrial life. At twelve there was dinner, at six supper, at eight prayers again, and by nine all lights had to be out.

One day with two companions, I was sent on a unique errand—unique for me at least, in spite of all my former varied activities and employments. We were ordered to wheel a hogshead of swill into Berlin—or perhaps it was grease. Whatever it was, it had to be delivered in the Chaussee-Strasse, and we were the chosen cart horses. The big barrel was put on a four-wheeled hand wagon, such as one sees so often in Berlin drawn by dogs—sometimes women—and away we started for town, my German companions teasing me (an American, so, of course, a millionaire!) about having to push a swill cart in Germany. I retaliated by doing just as little pushing as possible. I suppose it would have amused my friends in the city to have surprised me at this task, but fortunately our journey did not take us into their part of town. I have never had quite the same feeling of humility as that which possessed me during this experience. Indeed it preyed on my mind so that I soon arranged to have word sent to the colony that work awaited me outside, and that I should be released. I was given an honorable discharge as champagne protector and defender of that which makes soap.

* * * * * * *

The other occurrence deals with the German police. It is worth telling, if only to show how painfully stupid some of Germany's policemen can be.

Before starting out on the trip which brought me in contact with the police, I received from the late William Walter Phelps, our Minister to Germany at the time, a second passport, not wanting to take the other one away from the university. I expected to return to my lectures the next semester, and to take away my passport would later have involved re-matriculation, or other formalities worth while avoiding. Mr. Phelps very kindly entered into my plan, gave me another passport, and told me to let him know if I got into trouble at any time. A former tramp trip had taken me pretty well over North Germany, so I determined to explore the southern provinces on the second journey. I was out for six weeks, getting as far south as Strassburg. In Marburg, the old university town, where I learned that tramps could earn fifty *pfennigs* an hour when the professors of physiology wanted to have human specimens for his illustrations, I had my tiff with the omnipotent police. With several other roadsters I went about nightfall to a *Herberge*, or lodging house, where supper and bed can be found at very reasonable prices. Soon after supper, while we were all sitting together chatting in the general dining and waiting room, a *Schutzmann* came in. His appearance did not in the least disconcert me, because I knew that my passport was in order, and had been through the pass-inspection ordeal on a number of previous occasions. In fact, I was a little forward in getting my pass into his hands, feeling proud of its menacing size. "That 'll fetch him," I said to myself. "I wonder what will be made out of it this time." The pompous official took the sheet of paper, "star-gazed" at it fully three minutes by the clock, and then in a surprisingly mild voice said to me: *"Sie sind ein Oesterreicher, nicht wahr?"* (You are an Austrian, I take it.) I declared boldly enough that I was an American, as my pass proved. Some more "star-gazing" on the part of the policeman—then, as if he would explode unless he gave vent to his vulgar officiousness, and throwing my passport in my face, he bellowed: "American! American! Well, you go double-quick to your consul in Frankfort, and get a German pass. That big thing won't go," and away he stalked as if he were the whole German army bundled into one uniform. When he had left, the other *Kunden* gathered about me and told me not to mind the "old fool." But all that night I could not get over the feeling that the man had spat upon my flag. I suppose, however, that the poor ignoramus was simply ruffled because he had shown to the *Herberge* that he did not know the difference between an Austrian and an American pass, and did not mean any real insult.

In the Hands of the Police

An actual arrest is perhaps the most exciting adventure I have to relate about my tramp experiences in Russia. By rights the arrest should never have taken place, but what do rights count for in Russia? It came about in this fashion.

General Kleigels, at that time (1897) prefect of St. Petersburg, had given me a general letter to the police of the city, reading about like this: "The bearer of this is Josiah Flynt, an American citizen. He is here, in St. Petersburg, studying local conditions. Under no circumstances is he to be arrested for vagabondish conduct." The word "vagabondish" was the nearest English equivalent my friends could find for the Russian word used; it was underscored by the general himself. I was told by an American resident in Russia that with such a letter in my possession I could almost commit murder with impunity, but I succeeded in getting arrested for a much less grave offense.

The actual tramping in the city was over, and I was back in my own quarters again, cleaned up and respectable. One night, three of us, an Englishman, myself, and another American, started out to see the city on conventional lines. My tramp experience had not revealed much to me about the local night life, and I boldly took advantage of the opportunity offered by the American's invitation to see the town as he knew it. In the end, there was not much to see that I had not looked at time and again in other cities, but before the end came there was a little adventure that proved very amusing. During our stroll together the Englishman, a diminutive little chap who had just bought a new pot hat and wanted everybody to know it, got separated from us. We looked high and low up and down the street where we had missed him, but he could not be found. We were about to go to the police station and give an alarm, when, as we were passing a rather dark stairway, who should come shooting down it but the Briton, his hat all battered in and his face bleeding.

"Look at my new Lincoln and Bennett, will you?" he snarled, on reaching the street. "Sixteen bob gone to the devil!"

We asked him what the row had been about. He did n't know. He merely remembered that he had gone up the stairs and had been politely received at the door. "I went into the parlor," he said, "called for drinks, and sat down. After a while I thought it would be fun to open my umbrella and hold it over my head. I guess the light must have dazzled me. The next thing, I was shooting down those stairs. They 're bally quick here with their bouncer, ain't they!"

The American was strong in Russian, and also stood well with the police in his district, and he was determined that the proprietor of the establishment should give an account of himself. While he and the Englishman went up the stairs I remained below in the street, according to agreement, and called at the top of my voice for a *gvardovoi* (policeman). Two *dvòrniks* (gate keepers, but also police underlings) came running up, and most obsequiously begged the *gospodeen* to tell them what was the matter. Forgetting their police power, I pushed one of them aside, declaring that I wanted a patrolman and not a house porter. General Kleigels, himself, could not have taken umbrage at my indiscretion any more hot-headedly. The *dvòrniks* reached for me instantly, but I ran up the steps to get under the sheltering wing of the American. The *dvòrniks* followed me, and there was a long, heated discussion, but in the end I had to go to the police station, where I absolutely refused to say a single word. The officer searched me, finding in one of my coat pockets the little Englishman's card. He rubbed it on my nose, saying: *"Vasch? Vasch?"* (Yours? Yours?) but I held my tongue and temper. The man never looked into my hip pockets. In one of them I had a well-filled cardcase, and in the other might have carried a revolver. He did not seem to know that hip pockets existed. Pretty soon my companions joined me, and a long parley ensued between my fellow countryman and the officer. Finally my valuables were returned to me, and I was paroled in my friend's custody until I could produce General Kleigels's letter. I did this that same day, about three o'clock. It was plain to read in the officer's face that the document gave him pause. It was probably the first of the kind that he had ever handled, or that General Kleigels had ever issued. But he had insulted me, and knew it, and he apparently reasoned that making any great ado over me or my letter would not help matters if I intended to make him trouble. So, after he had noted down the date and number of the letter, he handed it back to me and pronounced me free to go where I pleased. I shook hands with him, for some strange reason, and I shall never forget the queer way he looked at me and the manner he had of doubling two fingers in his palm when taking mine. If this was meant as a secret sign or signal, it was lost on me.

A Leisurely Proceeding

The wind-up of this little affair with the police was more amusing than the arrest. Not long afterwards, in company of the American Minister and a Scotch friend, I went on a fishing and camping trip to Northern Finland. While we were in camp I received word that I was wanted on a criminal charge in St. Petersburg, but that there was "no need to worry about it." I proceeded leisurely with our party up to the Arctic Circle, and then back to St. Petersburg, when I immediately made inquiry of my house porter about the summons or indictment. The porter laughed. "It was nothing, sir, nothing," he assured me. "One week came the indictment, and the next week the announcement

[*Concluded on pages 365 to 367*]

The Christianity of Christian Science

By SUE H. MIMS

FIRST ARTICLE

Mrs. Mims is the wife of the late Major Livingston Mims, formerly the Mayor of Atlanta, Georgia. She is one of the most cultured and distinguished social leaders of that noted southern city. She is the author of a book which is a charming and intimate account of the brilliant social life of the South twenty-five years ago. During the past twenty years of her life, she has been an earnest student of Christian Science, and by her writings and lectures has added materially to its progress

The works that I do shall he do also.—JESUS.

IS IT not true that all human history records the unceasing struggle for liberty, for freedom from some form of tyranny—first freedom from the grosser elements of the physical world and animal nature, then struggle for personal rights, then political, religious, and governmental freedom?

Culminating in human consciousness to-day is a faint hint of the true Republic, which has been the dream of the idealist since the day when Plato saw his vision foreshowing the not yet realized universal Republic, whose head is Christ.

Heroes and heroines have fought and died, have been burned, slain, and crucified in this advancing process toward the freedom of man. Victors have been crowned and martyrs have laid their earthly all of hope, love, and promise at the feet of the great cause of human liberty, till at length the democratic idea of the one Fatherhood, and the divine, infinite brotherhood wherein every man is born free and equal with far-reaching possibilities of attainment, is dawning to human hope. But, even with this progress, man is still a slave to human limitations—to sin, disease, and death. Humanity is ready for a yet more progressive step—ready to hear and respond to the higher and purer, diviner call to a larger freedom, ready for the call of Spirit to rise "to the glorious liberty of the children of God," and to the divine heirship with Christ—of power, and dominion over sin, death, and all materiality.

Christian Science sounds the keynote of this higher evangel, "Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty." Hear Mrs. Eddy's bugle call. "Science and Health," page 227: "Christian Science raises the standard of liberty and cries: 'Follow me! Escape from the bondage of sickness, sin, and death!' Jesus marked out the way. Citizens of the world, accept the 'glorious liberty of the children of God' and be free! This is your divine right. The illusion of material sense, not divine law, has bound you, entangled your free limbs, crippled your capacities, enfeebled your body, and defaced the tablet of your being." Is not this the teaching of Jesus, illustrated in his life and works, as when he said to the sick woman, that Satan had bound her—also in his command to his followers, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel [the *Good-spell*]," "Heal the sick, cleanse the lepers, raise the dead"?

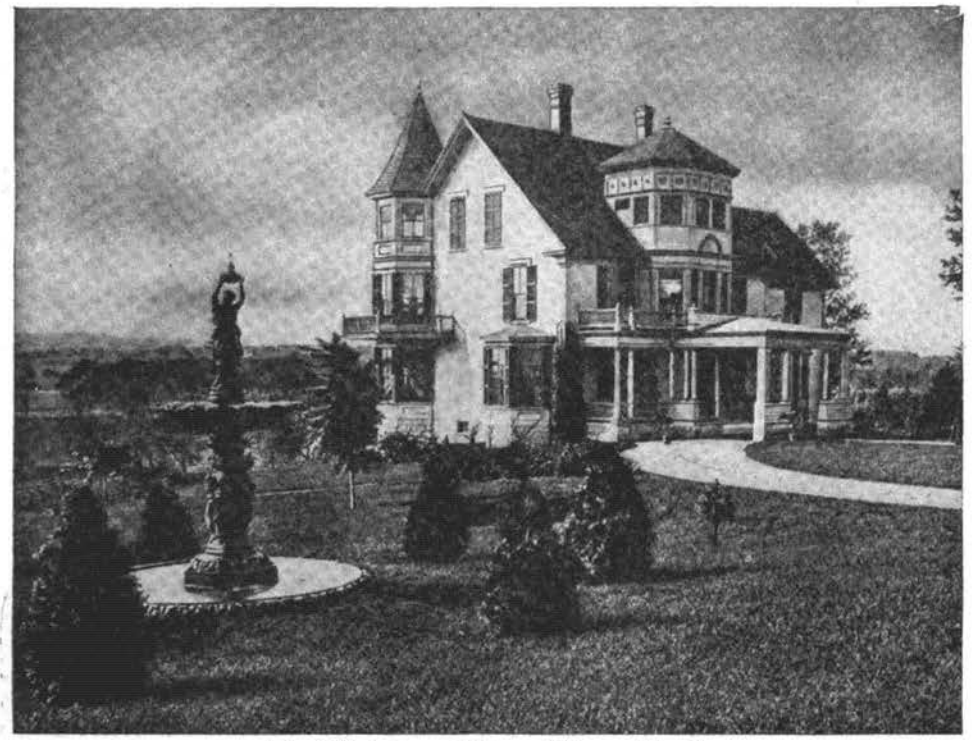
And did he not exhibit in his transcendent life his full dominion over all materiality, time, space, extension? Yet, even with these proofs, and the fact that it was the custom for several centuries, as even the historian Gibbon concedes, for the Christians to heal the sick and raise the dead, the Christian world still rejects the present possibility of these works.

Jesus' words expressly state that "He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do." The world seems dead to this demand and commission. It is almost impossible to grasp what would be the glorified condition of human society, and of existence, if this grand work of practical Christianity had not been lost when the temporal power, through Constantine, replaced the spiritual power of the early Church. It is great cause for rejoicing, however, that at length the "Spirit of truth"—leading into all truth—is again making plain to all men the "strait and narrow way" of life, the "living way," which Jesus revealed.

For centuries Christians have said and still say: "It is not expected nor possible for us to do the things that Jesus did. It is grand and glorious, but not practical." If not practical, if beyond our reach, what is the use of it all? Did Jesus come in sad

Mrs. MARY BAKER G. EDDY

This sketch was made by H. G. Williamson from the photograph taken by Kimball, Concord, N. H., on the day when Mrs. Eddy appeared on the veranda of her home and addressed many thousands of Christian Scientists, who had made a visit there from all parts of the globe to express publicly their faith in her.



Mrs. Eddy's Concord Home, "Pleasant View"

mockery of human weakness to show a peculiar power belonging to himself alone, or rather did he not say, that of himself he could do nothing, but that "The Father that dwelleth in me, he doeth the works"? And did he not teach that he was the Elder Brother—the Way-shower to the same divine possibilities and attainments, and that God is also our Father?

The crystalline lens of Christian Science throws light on the life and works of Christ Jesus, shows him not a phenomenal wonder worker, for a limited section, nor a limited time, but a spiritually scientific man, demonstrating an eternal, infinite Principle—God Himself. This revelation lifts Christianity to the splendor of a universal, imperative, divine Science, as changeless, true, and demonstrable as mathematics. There is no way really to follow Jesus except in daily demonstrating this ever-present, omnipotent Principle—"The law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death (*Romans*, viii., 2)."

This revelation glorifies Christ Jesus—his mission—and Christianity as nothing else can, in confirmation of his own words, for the Spirit of truth, shall guide into all truth. "He shall glorify me: for he shall receive of mine, and shall shew it unto you (John xvi., 14)."

The question that most deeply concerns the world today is this: Is Jesus' teaching practical? Is there a way to follow him, in overcoming all material and human ills, as he did? Has the Comforter, the Spirit of truth, come to this age, to testify of him, and to show us the way? Christian Scientists believe that this Spirit of truth has revealed to this age, through Mary Baker Eddy, this new and "living way" for all men to appropriate, understand, and demonstrate. They also know that enough has already been proven to establish the claim to this fact, in the cure of perhaps every form of disease known to this modern world. When we read in the inspired Gospels, that even Jesus did not many mighty works "because of their unbelief," the surprise should not be that there are occasional failures in the application of this truth, but rather joy and congratulation that there is enough spirituality in the practitioners' consciousness to rise above the stolidity, the opposition of the unillumined mind, and to do as many mighty works as are being done, and have already been accomplished, by Christian Science practice.

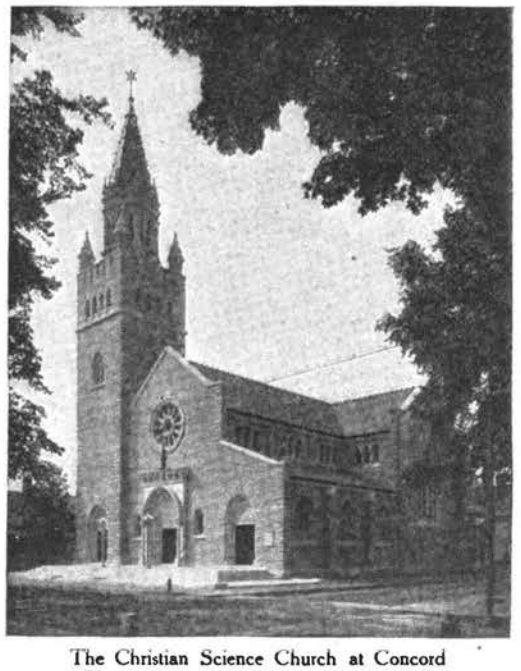
The Divine Remedy

When the human mind accepts matter, sin, disease, discord, and death as the realities of being, that acceptance is immediate denial of the God of Christendom, the God of the orthodox Church, the one God of Israel, the God of Christian Science, for all these religions declare for the one God, infinite Spirit, Mind, Soul, All-presence, All-power, All-science or Omniscience, the All-in-all of Being, Truth, Life, Love, "besides whom there is naught else." It does not take a peculiarly logical or astute mind to see that there can be no correspondence, image, or likeness between one infinite God, and the strange phenomena accepted by humanity. The acceptance of this condition is certainly a denial of the one true God, and opens to consciousness the unreal, *limited* views of all things. It is indeed the *lie* of limitation, and includes in itself all there is of error, discord, and death. Paul expressed this clearly in *Romans*, i., verse 21: "Because that, when they knew God, they glorified him not as God," and in verse 23: "And changed the glory of the uncorruptible God into an image made like to corruptible man, and to birds, and four-footed beasts, and creeping things." This statement of the perversion, or inversion of the true *thought*, or concept of God and the spiritual man and universe, is shown by Paul and Christian Science to be the suppositional cause or source of all error, evil, and discord. It is the "vain shadow" in which mortals walk; it is the dream from which Christ comes to awaken slumbering or false consciousness from its delusion, from its idolatry, beliefs of another power, presence, or reality than God and His universe of pure spiritual phenomena, wherein righteousness reigns.

If then, as Paul teaches, all impurity, evil, and sin result from this perverted and inverted sense of God, then the remedy is very simple, and that remedy is, as Mrs. Eddy clearly shows it to be, the *right thought*, or *true idea*, the immaculate concept of God and His idea perfect, immortal, and harmonious, because the Cause, the Creator, the Father is perfect. "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect." "Have faith in God," said our master, Christ Jesus; and he proved daily that faith in, and recognition of the true God, the God that is Spirit, could and did heal and triumph over all limitations of the false, finite senses. This abandonment of the false, perverted sense of being for the true and upright, or perfect ideal, constitutes the Christian warfare out of the seen and temporal into the unseen and eternal. To know this true God of Christianity and Christian Science as the one infinite, incorruptible substance of all things, who, in the words of the apostle, "filleth all in all," the eternal Life of all that is, the ever-present Love that embraces and cares for all, from the lilies of the field to the splendor of the ideal man, as the over-brooding Soul or Spirit, that illumines earth and heavens, to know this God is indeed life eternal; and to put off the old and grow in the understanding and demonstration of this true God, until we awake, and awake others in the divine likeness, is the aim and ultimate goal of the true Christian. Through this process—learning to know by demonstration the power and presence of God, as healing, saving, and regenerating humanity—the Christian is obedient to Jesus's commands, and only thus can he achieve the true liberty of the sons of God. Mrs. Eddy, with sublime courage and moral grandeur, is leading this great crusade against sin, disease, and death.

"You Conquer Error by Denying Its Verity"

It should not be surprising that opposition, superstition, and idolatry should try to impede this work. Ever since the false brother slew Abel, and the fair young boy Joseph, with his visions of spiritual supremacy, was met by the same resistance—"Behold the dreamer cometh, let us slay him"—ever since Jesus characterized this same carnal mind in those emphatic words, "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them which are sent unto thee!"—till the final statement in *Revelation*, "And the dragon was wroth with the woman," "And the serpent cast out of his mouth water as a flood after the woman, that he might cause her to be carried away of the flood," yea, throughout the dream existence, the stolidity of the human mind has resented the progress of man, and the triumph of good. It greatly simplifies this process, and it is a part of Mrs. Eddy's wonderful discovery that evil is the unreality, not the Truth of being, however startling to humanity that may be. Mrs. Eddy says in "Science and Health," page 339, line 31, "You conquer error by denying its verity."



The Christian Science Church at Concord

Jesus said of the little maid whom he raised from the dead, "She is not dead," although every appearance of death was evident to the senses.

[*Concluded on page 362*]

SIZING UP PEOPLE

ORISON SWETT MARDEN

AFTER Alexander the Great had conquered the Persians he became suddenly very ill. One of his generals sent him a letter saying that his attending physician had resolved to poison him. He read the letter without the slightest sign of emotion, and put it under his pillow. When the physician came and prepared medicine, Alexander said he would not take it just then, but told him to put it where he could reach it, and at the same time gave him the letter from his general. Alexander raised himself on his elbow, and watched the physician's face with the most searching scrutiny, looking into his very soul; but he did not see in it the slightest evidence of fear or guilt. He immediately reached for the medicine bottle, and, without a word, drank its contents. The amazed physician asked him how he could do that after receiving such a letter. Alexander replied, "*Because you are an honest man.*"

The Art of All Arts for the Leader

Alexander was a remarkable student of human nature. He knew men, and the motives which actuated them. He could read the human heart as an open book.

The art of all arts for the leader is this ability to measure men, to weigh them, to "size them up," to estimate their possibilities, to place them so as to call out their strength and eliminate their weakness.

This is the epitaph which Andrew Carnegie has chosen for himself: "Here lies a man who knew how to get around him men much cleverer than himself."

People wonder how a Morgan, a Harriman, a Ryan, a Wanamaker, can carry on such prodigious enterprises. The secret lies in their ability to project themselves through a mighty system, by being able to choose men who will fit the places they are put in, men who can carry out their employer's programme to the letter.

▲ ▲

Marshall Field was always studying his employees and trying to read their futures. Nothing escaped his keen eye. Even when those about him did not know that he was thinking of them, he was taking their measure at every opportunity. His ability to place men, to weigh and measure them, to pierce all pretense, amounted to genius. When he missed a man from a certain counter, he would often ask his manager what had become of him. When told that he was promoted, he would keep track of him until he missed him again, and then would ask where he was. He always wanted to see how near the man came to his estimate of him. He thus kept track of men of promise in his employ and watched their advancement. In this way, he became an expert in human nature reading.

Taking the Measure of his Employees

Mr. Field would sometimes pick out a man for a position when his advisers would tell him that they thought he had made a mistake; but he was nearly always right, because he had greater power of discernment than the others. He did not pay much attention to the claims of the applicant, or to what he said, because he could see through the surface and measure the real man. He had wonderful power for taking a man's mental caliber. He could see in which direction his strength lay, and he could see his weak points as few men could.

A man who had been his general manager for many years, once resigned very suddenly to go into business for himself. Without the slightest hesitation or concern, Mr. Field called to his office a man whom he had been watching for a long time without letting the man know it. With very few words, he made him general manager. And so great was his confidence that he had measured the man correctly, that the very next day he sailed for Europe. He did not think it necessary to wait and see how his new manager turned out. He believed he had the right man and that he could trust him. He was not disappointed. Men who are capable of succeeding in a large way are shrewd enough to know that they do not "know it all," shrewd enough to employ men who are strong where they are weak, to surround themselves with men who have the ability which they lack, who can supplement their weakness and shortcomings with strength and ability. Thus, in their combined power, they make an effective force.

▲ ▲

The trouble is that many men, because of their inability to read human nature, *duplicate their own weaknesses in their employees*, thus multiplying their chances of failure. Few men are able to see their own weaknesses and limitations, and those who do not, surround themselves with men who have the same weak links in their character, and the result is that their whole institution is weak.

Why Some Men of Great Ability Fail

The leader must not only be a good judge of others, but he must also be able to read himself, to take an inventory of his own strong points and weak points.

Men have often been elected to high office or to fill very important positions at the head of great concerns because of their recognized ability, who have disappointed the expectations of those who placed their hopes in them, simply because they could not read people. They may have been well educated, well posted, strong intellectually, may have had a great deal of general ability; but *they lacked the skill to read men, to measure them, to weigh them, to place them where they belonged.*

Grant was cut out for a general, a military leader; but when he got into the White House he felt out of place, he was shorn of his great power. He could not use his greatest ability. He was obliged to depend too much upon the advice of friends. The result was that, as President, he did not maintain the high reputation he had made as a general.

If he had had the same ability to read politicians and to estimate men for government positions that he had for judging of military ability, he would have made a great President; but he felt his weakness in the position which he was not fitted by nature to fill, and made the fatal mistake of putting himself into the hands of his friends.

▲ ▲

The young man starting out for himself ought to make a study of his power of penetration, of his character-reading ability. He ought to make it a business to study men, estimate their capabilities and the motives which actuate them. He should study them, scrutinize their actions, watch their tendencies in little things, and learn to read them as an open book.

Learn to Read Men Like an Open Book

The involuntary acts and natural manner of a man indicate more than does his studied conversation. The eye cannot lie. It speaks the truth in all languages. It often contradicts the tongue. While the man is trying to deceive you with words, his eyes are telling you the truth; his actions are indicative of the real man, while the tongue may only represent the diplomat, the man who is acting.

A very successful business man in New York, noted for his ability to read men, will sometimes study an applicant for an important position for a long time, talking very little himself, but all the time trying to call the man out, watching every movement, scrutinizing every word, trying to read the motive behind every glance of the eye. His manner, everything, are all letters of the alphabet by which he spells out the real man. I have been in his office when he was measuring a man. It was a great lesson to watch his face as he seemed to read the applicant through and through, weigh him on the scale of his judgment, penetrate to the very marrow of his being, and measure his capabilities and possibilities to a nicety.

After a few minutes' conversation, when the man had passed out, he would tell me just how large that man was, what he was capable of doing, what his future would be, and what were his limitations. And he seldom makes a mistake. I have never known a man to succeed to any extent when he said there was nothing in him, and I have never known one to turn out badly when he indorsed him without reserve.

We all know heads of business houses who work like slaves, who dig and save, and yet do not make much headway, simply because they do not know how to surround themselves with the right men.

▲ ▲

Some men seem incapable of projecting system and order through their establishments. They may do their own work well, and then they strike their limitations. They are not good judges of human nature; their discernment is not sharp. They are misled by conversational powers, display of education, and often place a theoretical man where only practical talent could succeed. They are likely to place a man of great refinement, sensitiveness, delicate make-up, in a position where a strong, robust, thick-skinned man is required, where an oversensitive soul will chafe and shrink from the cold, aggressive business methods necessary to effective, efficient management.

Human Nature Is Man's Greatest Study

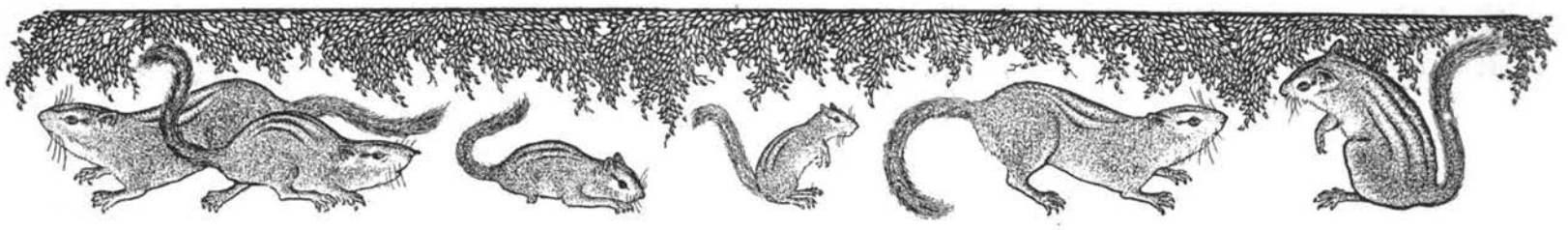
People are continually being led into all sorts of unfortunate positions, entangling alliances, and mortifying, embarrassing situations because of their lack of ability to read human nature and to estimate character at a glance. Good people everywhere are being imposed upon and are losing their money in all sorts of foolish investments because of their ignorance of human nature. They are not able to see the rascal, the scoundrel behind the mask. They have not developed the power of discernment, the ability to see the "wolf in the sheep's clothing."

The knowledge of human nature as a protector of money, of character, as a protector against frauds and imposition is inestimable.

Gullible people are proverbially poor readers of human nature, and hence they are always open to imposition.

Oily, cunning promoters are keen observers of human nature, and they can tell very quickly when they strike a good-natured, large-hearted professor, scholar, clergyman or artist who knows very little about business matters and who trusts everybody. They know that if they can only get an opportunity they can very quickly make such a man believe almost anything. They know he will be an easy prey to their wiles and their keener knowledge of men.

[*Concluded on page 361*]



THE MERRY CHIPMUNK

By ERNEST THOMPSON SETON

Illustrated by the Author. Decorations by Wilson Karcher

BRIGHTEST, prettiest, and most evident of all the small beasties of Eastern America, the merry chipmunk was first to attract the attention of the white discoverers, and to be duly described among the strange animals of the New World.

Josselyn, in 1675, wrote of this elegant creature: "The mouse-squirrel is hardly as big as a Rat, streaked on both sides with black and red streaks; they are mischievous vermine, destroying abundance of Corn both in the field and in the house, where they will gnaw holes into Chests, and tear clothes both linnen and wollen, and are notable nut gatherers in August; when hasel and filbert nuts are ripe you may see upon every Nut-tree as many mouse-squirrels as leaves; so that the nuts are gone in a trice, which they convey to their Drays or Nests."

A glance at the map shows how widely it ranged in Eastern America and how widely it ranges to-day, for the chipmunk is one of the few creatures that have suffered but little by the white man's coming, and its success in resisting is owing no doubt primarily to the circumstance that its home is not in a hollow tree but underground.

Something is due also to the facts that it is harmless, beautiful, and useless as fur; its numbers are now not equal—as Josselyn had it—to the leaves on the trees, but I suspect that they are but little diminished, for these ancient chroniclers have been known to use figures of speech. And, besides, while the chipmunk diminishes with high cultivation, it increases with the settling of the woods, for it loves not the thickest forest, but the borderlands, especially near fields of grain.

How are we to form an idea of their numbers? In my grounds at Coscob, Connecticut, the species abound. Along the drive which passes through the woods for seven hundred yards, I found seven or perhaps eight pairs. This would give about one pair to each acre. A favorite hollow just back of the house has as many as the entire drive, although it is less than an acre in extent.

One pair to the acre is, in round numbers, 1,000 chipmunks to the square mile, and this, I should say, is well within their numbers in all the *half-cultivated* parts of their range.

But in places of high cultivation, like Ohio and Southwestern Manitoba, or of no cultivation at all, like Northern Ontario or Manitoba or the high Alleghanies, etc., I should divide the figures by one hundred, and on this basis reckon up the chipmunk population of their entire range at not less than one hundred million.

Probably there are double as many to-day as ever the buffalo were in their palmiest days—and the thought will give pleasure to all who lament in general the disappearance of much harmless wild life.

Every one loves the chipmunk; it is such a rare combination of squirrel, mouse, and bird, with its bright-eyed form twinkling through the log labyrinth, and into some hole underground. It is one of the country folks' Seven Sleepers—that is, it passes the winter in sleep, the rest of the somnolent brotherhood being the bear, the coon, the skunk, the bat, the woodchuck, and the jumping mouse.

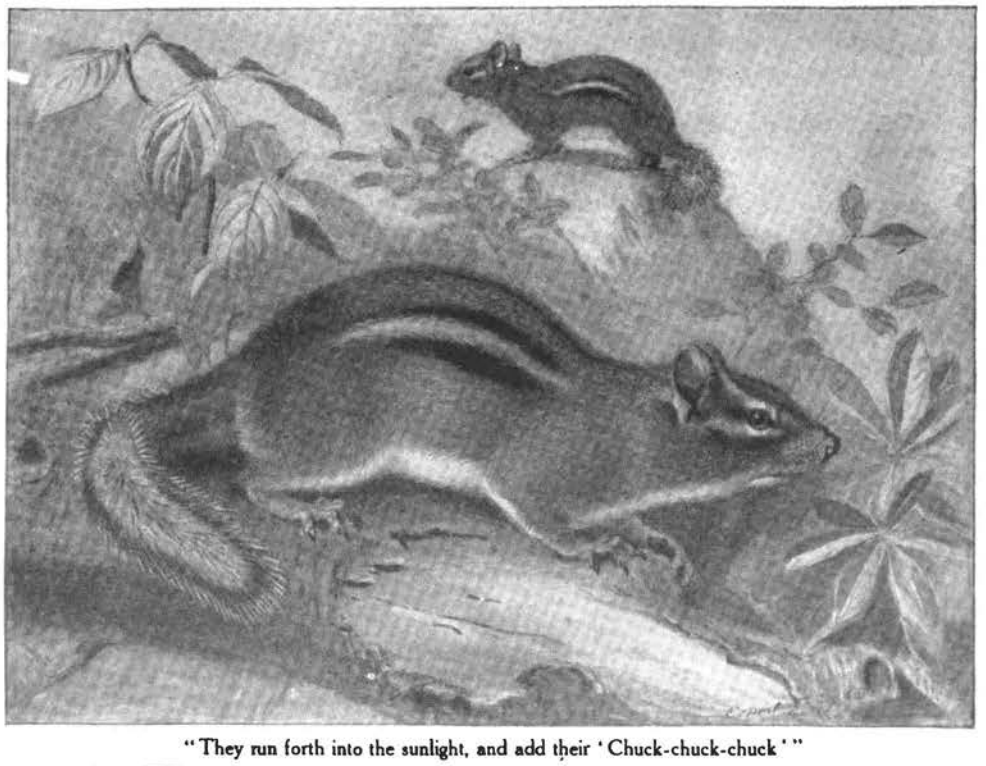
Log heaps, stone piles, broken rocky ridges, wooded banks, and ramshackle outbuildings, in dry, sunny places near woodlands, are the chosen places of the chipmunk. We look for it in vain in open prairies, in gloomy, unbroken forests, or in swamps. Though but slightly arboreal, it is at home in the woods. It is usually quite local in its distribution; a great many will gather at some attractive spot, while the region around, though appearing to answer to their needs, may be without chipmunks. Sun, food, and a dry sheltering labyrinth near the ground, are the essentials of chipmunk happiness.

The home range of each individual is undoubtedly very small. On one occasion, in late June, I followed two chipmunks that left their hole nearly together and set out as with an object. They traveled to a small grove of oaks some fifty paces away. At another time (June 15, 1905) I saw a chipmunk make repeated journeys between a small grain storehouse and its den, about fifty yards away, down hill, through the woods.

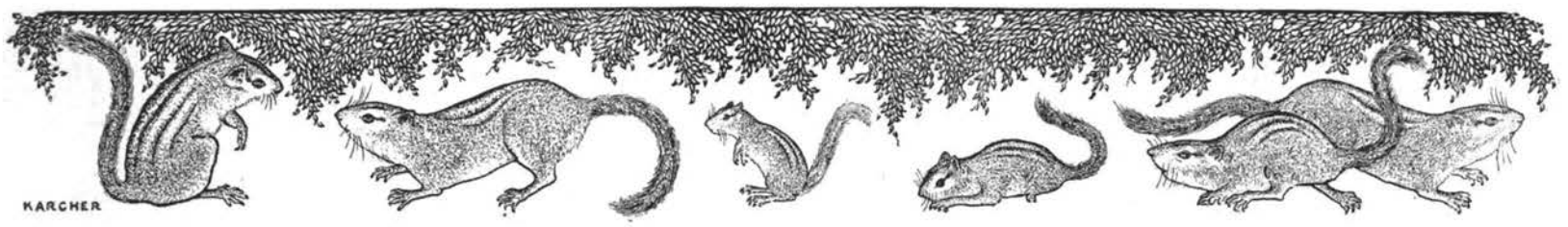
In order to mark an individual chipmunk for better observation, in this regard, I caught one, a female, that lived by our porch. Then I placed the cage-trap, that held her, in a bowl of deep blue-purple dye. The chipmunk did not like it at first, and splashed in such vigorous protest that everything within three feet looked very blue. But she found it not so bad as it looked, and soon was sitting contentedly with her head above the purple sea. To help her pass the time and evidence my good feeling, I offered some bread. This she accepted in a proper spirit, and fell to eating, but held it so low that it was speedily dyed an intense purple; which completed the harmony of the scene while apparently detracting nothing from her relish.

When taken out and dried in the sun, her back color was scarcely changed, but her breast, throat, and feet were of a most distinctive imperial hue. I took her to a place in the woods, 150 yards from her home, and set her at liberty. This was July 14. Next day a chipmunk was back on our porch, and continued about all that summer, though I never saw it in clear light close at hand. On Sept. 25, I saw one there singing its full song. A cage-trap quickly brought it within reach, and I learned it was my purple chipmunk, though there was not a trace of the dye excepting on the bare skin of nose and feet; these were still of a bright blue.

This and the opinions of other naturalists are all the evidence I have on the home range of the individual chipmunk, and



"They run forth into the sunlight, and add their 'Chuck-chuck-chuck'"



it led me to believe, that, though the animal may go one or two hundred yards on occasions, it ordinarily spends its entire life within the narrow compass of two or three acres.

There is, moreover, nothing of the nature of a migration in the species. This individual fixity has had the usual result of splitting up the group into a great number of different forms, corresponding with the life conditions of each locality. If the chipmunks were given to travel, the various local forms which abound in the South and West would be swamped, except when they were the simultaneous product of a large region. But, strange as it may sound, the chipmunk, as a species, seems less able to transport itself from place to place than are many trees and plants.

Dr. Merriam, on the other hand, considers that in the Adirondacks the chipmunks are migratory.

"In June," he says, "the species attains its maximum in numbers, the young and old together inhabiting every part of the woodland. Foreseeing that the nut crop will fail (this being the uneven year), they commonly emigrate in July, and do not again appear till September or October of the ensuing year.

"Briefly then (leaving out of consideration the small number of resident individuals and the migrants that sometimes pass through on their way to distant parts) we find that chipmunks reach the Adirondack region during September and October of the odd years (nut years), remaining till the following July. They then depart, and are not seen again till the autumn of the next year. Hence they are here almost ten months, the period of greatest abundance being in June of the even years (when there are no nuts)."

I do not find in this any proof that the species is migratory. I cannot learn that any one ever *saw* a migration of chipmunks. Their numbers are, I think, increased during nut years because the plentiful food supply permits it, and in famine years they die. They seem to be numerous at the times mentioned, because the scarcity of food compels them to be out and stirring all the time, and so they are much in evidence. The only migration I have seen among them is that of the flowers: the summer above ground, the winter below.

There is, in this connection, nevertheless, a curious circumstance that I have noted each year at Coscob, Connecticut. It is the practical disappearance, in July, of the otherwise abundant chipmunks. I do not know of any satisfactory explanation, for when August comes they seem as numerous as ever.

The greatest abundance of this species that I ever saw in the Northwest was at Ingolf, which is on the Canadian Pacific Railway, just east of the Manitoban line. During a visit there, in 1904, I found both this species and *Eutamias neglectus* in numbers about the railroad siding, where long lines of grain cars, jolted at start or stop, had made the place a delectable forage ground for the evergrowing hordes of chipmunks, that found an ideal residence among the tumbled rocks composing the railroad dump. Among these they had excavated, or found, endless labyrinths which doubtless afforded them security from many enemies.

The railway is an important agent in the distribution of several animals, forming, as it does, a plain sunny opening in the forest, a continuous sheltering bank on the prairie, a means of crossing rivers, and a long chain of food supplies in the waste from grain cars.

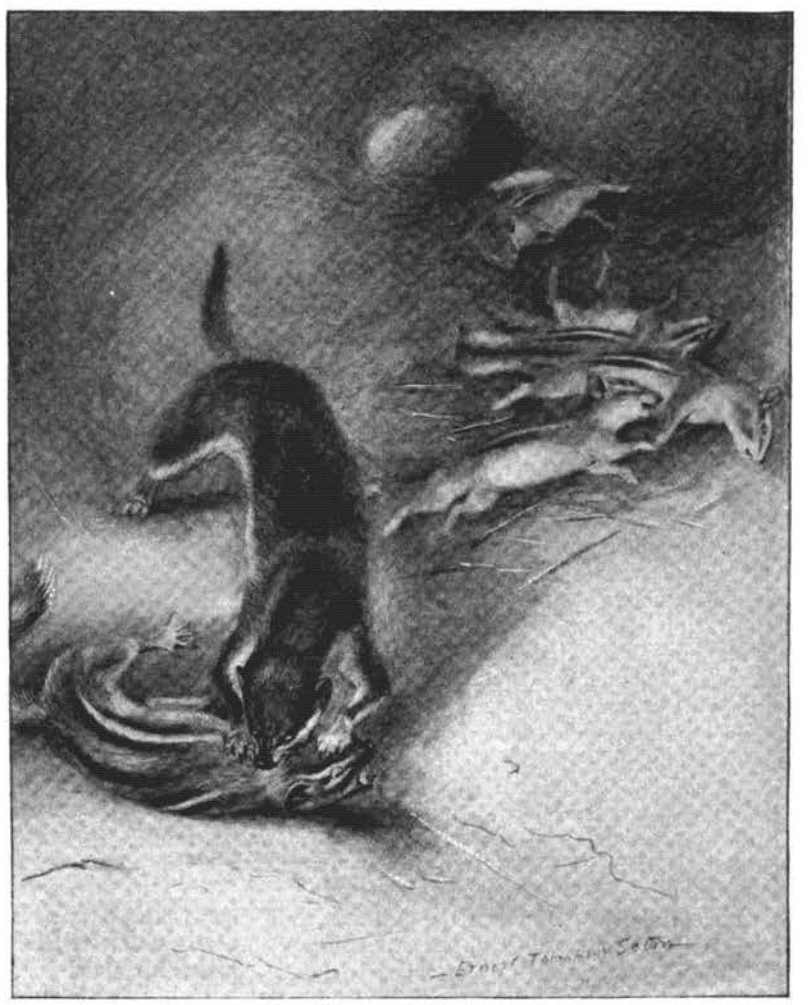
The chipmunk is quite sociable as well as gregarious. Not only do they gather in numbers where the surroundings are attractive, but they also unite in several efforts, notably the spring chorus described later, and, as Kennicott remarks, "Sometimes, though not always, several pairs occupy the same burrow in winter, their store of food being common property." Many others have added similar testimony. Mr. J. Burroughs makes some interesting observations on their sociability:

"One March morning, after a light fall of snow, I saw where one had come up out of his hole, which was in the side of our path to the vineyard, and, after a moment's survey of the surroundings, had started off on his travels. I followed the track, to see where he had gone. He had passed through my wood pile, then under the beehives, then around the study and under some spruces and along the slope to the hole of a friend of his, about sixty yards from his own. Apparently he had gone in there, and then his friend had come forth with him, for there were two tracks leading from the doorway. I followed them to a third humble entrance, not far off, where the tracks were so numerous I lost the trail. It was pleasing to see the evidence of their morning sociability written there upon the new snow."

In Manitoba the chipmunk comes above ground about the first or second week of April, that is, as soon as warm weather has surely set in. The regularity with which they appear, with the earliest soft wind of spring, sets me wondering at times whether there is not something more than mere verbiage in the phrase "vernal influence." Snug in their deep, dark abode, far beyond the reach of sun or frost, they cannot be reached or touched by mere temperature, nor can it be that they appear at a set time, as some of our winter sleepers are said to do. No, they must come forth on the very day, when first the very spring is in the land.

The chipmunk announces its return to sunlight in a manner worthy of a bird. Mounted on some log or root, it reiterates a loud, chirpy "Chuck-chuck-chuck." Other chipmunks run for their holes, for they awaken almost in a body; they run forth into the sunlight, and, seeking some perch, add their "Chuck-chuck-chuck" to the spring salute, so the glad news spreads from point to point, from stone pile and log heap, to brush heap and fence, summoning all the race to come forth and take part in the national rejoicing.

Dr. Charles Eastman informs me that in the wooded parts of Minnesota, the coming forth of the chipmunks is a recognized event among the young Indians, and is celebrated by a special hunt. As soon as the bright warm days of spring arrive to make it possible, the boys go forth between sunrise and nine o'clock to some well-known chipmunk haunt, where one of their number who is an adept in imitating the creature's notes, begins the chorus with a loud chirping. The chipmunks pop out of their holes on all sides. "As many as fifty will come together and hold a social reunion." Then, seeking some high perch, they join in the spring music with a concentrated energy that seems to make them heedless of danger, and soon they fall in numbers to the blunt-headed arrows of the little Indians.



The Demon of Slaughter

The chipmunks are active from this time of the year on, and their sunny morning chorus is not by any means confined to that original outburst. On the twenty-ninth of April, 1905, at Coscob, I heard a chipmunk in full song. He kept it up for eleven minutes without ceasing, and uttered one hundred and thirty chirps to the minute. He got no reply, though he worked very hard, and seemed tired toward the last. I made the sketch of him that appears as the upper figure in the plate on the opposite page. On May 28, 1905, at Coscob, I heard a chipmunk singing. He kept it up for three minutes, uttering three chirps to the second.

On June 11, 1905, at Coscob, I saw a chipmunk uttering the "Chuck-chuck" chorus at the rate

of fifteen chirps in ten seconds; five or six of his kind were in sight, but only one joined in: it was one hundred feet away. When I drew near they changed to the much higher danger note, and dived below.

Early in September, 1906, at Coscob, I timed a singing chipmunk. It kept on for six minutes, uttering, at the fastest, one hundred and seventy chirps to the minute. While most of those observed uttered the deep, musical "chuck," others used as the unit of their song a high "chirp," exactly like the alarm note. I never heard one sing while up a tree. I believe both sexes utter these sounds.

Besides the loud "chuck-chuck" song it has several other notes. One in particular, an alarm, is a trilled whistle of several different notes. This usually accompanies the final rush that it makes into a place of safety, possibly uttered in defiance of a pursuer, or it may be like the nervous squeal of a child that barely escapes being caught in a game.

There is much mystery about the mating of the chipmunks. It seems probable at least that two broods are produced each season. Nevertheless, the principal period is that of early spring. Though the others are open to question, there can be no doubt in the case of the springtime revel. So that, beginning with the general awaking, the first month of their vernal life is given up to love, music, and feasting. It was for this merry month of carnival that the abundant supplies were laid up the year before. Food is now scarce everywhere, there is snow in the woods, there may even be more snowstorms; and the chipmunks' joy might seem likely to precede disaster had they not carefully provided against the possibility of evil days. For a month or more their chief dependence will be this garnered product of the year gone by.

Whether they pair or not, I cannot say; most naturalists believe that they do. I have usually found two old chipmunks in each hole, except when the young are very small; then the mother alone is seen about.

I am not aware that any one has ever watched a chipmunk actually at work burrowing, but circumstantial evidence shows that it adopts an ingenious method of concealing the entrance. Beginning at any convenient point in the selected place, it drives a long, crooked tunnel with an outlet in some thicket or sunny bank. All the earth is carried out of the first hole, and when the burrow is finished, the entrance with its telltale mound of earth is permanently closed. Thus there is little outward sign of the real doorway to its home. The caliber of the burrow is one and a half to two inches. I do not believe that the chipmunk brings earth out in its cheek pouches; these are reserved exclusively for carrying food.

A curious instance of pertinacity on the part of the species took place at my home at Coscob. A chipmunk had decided to make a doorway in the middle of the drive. Accordingly the tunnel appeared, bored from below. I filled it up with coarse gravel, and packed it tight for at least a foot down into the burrow. Two days later it was reopened *from below*. Again it was rammed full of hard gravel, to be opened again within forty-eight hours. Sixteen times during one month did I stop up this hole, and as often it was reopened from below. What became of the bushels of gravel I could not find out, but a general depression at that part of the drive beholds the fort to-day, and has the satisfaction of giving a jolt to every carriage that too rudely passes his door.

The species is known to be wonderfully tenacious of its holdings. Where you find a chipmunk this year, you are likely to find one next —probably the same chipmunk. This is in marked contrast with the woodchuck. Kennicott opened one of their dens in November, and found that it had for storage "four or five enlarged chambers, in different parts of the burrow, which was complicated, and consisted of several winding and intersecting passages, situated not over a foot below the surface. The entrance was under a log, and the passages extended several feet on every side. A large nest of leaves and grass was placed above the surface, under the rotten log."

The young number four or five, and are said to be blind, helpless, and naked. The nest prepared for them is usually deep in the ground, and is approached by a network of tunnels. One of these is thus described by Bachman: "We had marked one of its burrows in autumn, which we conceived well adapted to our purpose, which was to dig it out. It was in the woods, on a sandy piece of ground, and the earth was strewed with leaves to the depth of eight inches, which we believed would prevent the frost from penetrating to any considerable depth. We had the place opened in January, when the ground was covered with snow, about five inches deep. The entrance of the burrow had been closed from within. We followed the course of the small, winding gallery with considerable difficulty. The hole descended at first almost perpendicularly for about three feet. It then continued with one or two windings, rising a little nearer the surface, until it had advanced about eight feet, when we came to a large nest made of oak leaves and dried grasses. Here lay, snugly covered, three chipping squirrels. Another was subsequently dug from one of the small lateral galleries, to which it had evidently retreated to avoid us."

So far as I know, the female alone cares for the young. In June they are sufficiently grown to venture outdoors and follow their mother, going a little farther from the burrow each day.

The earliest observation of this that I have was made at Coscob by Mrs. M. Vanderburgh, on May 25.

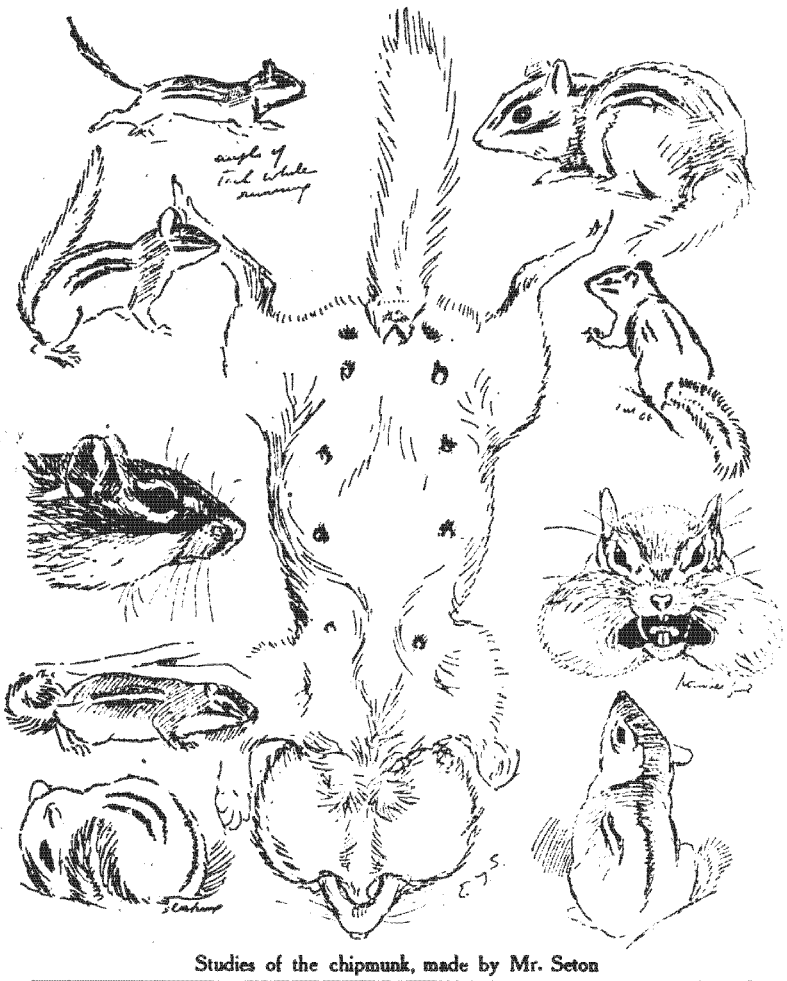
"This morning," she says, "at 9.30 I saw a chipmunk on the drive accompanied by another, which seemed a little smaller, and I thought the white streak about the eye was not so pronounced as in the first. The smaller one followed closely, and imitated every movement of its companion. Sometimes it jumped over the large one, sometimes it ran under it, or nibbled it under the throat, and often huddled up close as they sat together. When the old one came to the brook, the young one lost heart and went home."

I have several times made similar observations. The half-grown young will follow their mother forty or fifty feet from the door, then a sign from her, or their own fears, will send them scurrying back to safety.

In August most of the young chipmunks are fully grown and able to shift for themselves. Possibly the three or four individuals found in the winter den by different observers are the family of that year. Rhoads says: "That many chipmunks enter and appear to be at home in the same burrow in the late fall, is evidenced by my having trapped, at the mouth of a single burrow, between the fifteenth and twenty-fifth of October, on the mountain three miles above Round Island, Clinton County, Pennsylvania, seven full grown chipmunks, of which one was an adult female, one an adult male, one a young female, and four young males. Three of the young males and the young female were so nearly alike in size that I think them the offspring of the old pair, and that it was likely they were all expecting to hibernate in this retreat, with the exception of the fourth young male. Of course, this is only circumstantial evidence, but it is probable, as the four young were hardly able to hew out among those rocky fastnesses a retreat for themselves that year."

The chipmunk has the vivacity as well as the voice of a bird, combined with something of the squirrel and even of the rat in its disposition, but with an exterior so attractive that one readily forgets the evil strain that betrays its low relationship.

In "Mammals of the Adirondacks" we have an admirable picture of this combination of ner-



Studies of the chipmunk, made by Mr. Seton

vousness and curiosity exhibited by this little animal:

"He is partial to brush heaps, woodpiles, stone walls, rail fences, accumulations of old rubbish, and other places that afford him a pretty certain escape, and at the same time enable him to see what is transpiring outside. For, though by no means wary, he delights in these loosely sheltered hiding places, where he can whisk in and out at will, peep unobserved at passers-by, and dart back when prudence demands. If suddenly surprised, he utters a sharp *chip-per-r-r-r*, and makes a quick dash for his retreat, which is no sooner reached than, simultaneously with the disappearance of his tail, out pops his head, his keen, dark eyes gazing intently at the source of alarm. If not pursued farther, he is very apt to advance toward the supposed enemy, betraying his excitement by a series of nervous starts and precipitous retreats, till, finally, making a bold rush, he dashes by the object of his dread, and, in another instant is peering out from a hole beneath the roots of a neighboring tree.

"Though a very inquisitive creature, this habit does not seem to be attributable to curiosity alone, but rather to the same reckless foolhardiness that prompts the small boy to cross and recross the road in front of a swiftly advancing carriage or locomotive."

Although at home among tangled underbrush and log heaps, the chipmunk is a poor climber, compared with the red squirrel. He seldom goes far from the ground, and never for sport. He usually climbs for food or for refuge.

Regarding the first, Kennicott says:

"Dr. Hoy informs me that he once observed a number of chipmunks climbing the bushes of the prickly ash (*Xanthoxylum Americanum*) to obtain the berries which they were carrying to their burrows in considerable quantities. At another time he saw one repeatedly climb a hickory and cut off the unripe nuts, which were brought to the ground, and, while yet covered with the green pericarp, placed in a hole at the foot of the tree, which, however, was not its burrow; and he was told that the same individual was noticed to carry away nuts in this manner for some days. Though this species does not generally climb trees, except when pursued, I am inclined to think it does so voluntarily more frequently than is supposed."

Dr. Merriam records having seen chipmunks gathering beechnuts at a height of sixty feet up the trees, and Mr. Brewster writes me: "I saw one in Concord last June (1904) climb an elm fifty feet in height to the very topmost slender spray, where it remained several minutes eating elm seeds. I have never before known a chipmunk essay such a feat of tree climbing."

I have several times seen the same thing at lesser heights, and in most cases found the individuals immature. If when pursued they cannot find a hole, they commonly scramble up a tree, but are then far from being at home, and soon make up their minds to come down, especially if their inspection shows that no dog is about. In spite of sticks and shouts, they descend until almost within reach; then with a final rush they reach the ground, and usually some safe refuge that they had decided on while up aloft.

The chipmunk is not generally known as a good swimmer, but J. W. Curran, of Montreal, describes an exciting water chase of a chipmunk by a brown weasel. The chipmunk plunged into the lake closely followed by his dangerous foe. After a fast chase of one hundred yards, the former drew away from the weasel and escaped. This was at Lake Couchiching, Ontario, in July, 1899.

The food of the chipmunk is chiefly seeds, berries, and nuts; but insects, flesh, and birds' eggs also enter into its summer bill of fare.

Kennicott says: "Like the true squirrels, the chipmunks are properly nut eaters, though they feed rather more on the seeds of small plants than their arboreal relatives; nor do they subsist upon the buds of trees." But several naturalists have testified that the chipmunk does not confine himself to a vegetable diet. A. J. Cook, of Lansing, Michigan, states that a chipmunk was observed nibbling at a snake that had been recently killed. He could hardly be driven away, and soon returned to his feast when his tormentors had withdrawn to a short distance. A still less creditable incident is recorded by Alexander Wilson, the ornithologist. It shows that the chipmunk is as omnivorous as any of his omnivorous tribe, and can on occasion play the part of a little tiger in his own little world.

"My venerable friend William Bartham informs me that he saw one of these birds (the spotted sandpiper) defend her young for a considerable time from the repeated attacks of a ground-squirrel. The scene of action was the river shore. The parent had thrown herself, with her two young behind her, between them and the land; and at every attempt of the squirrel to seize them by a circuitous sweep, raised both her wings in an almost perpendicular position, assuming the most formidable appearance she was capable of, and rushed forward on the squirrel, who, intimidated by her boldness of manner, instantly retreated; but presently returning, was met as before, in front and on flank, by the daring and affectionate bird, who, with her wings and whole plumage bristling up, seemed swelled to twice her usual size. The young crowded together behind her, apparently sensible of their perilous situation, and moved backward and forward as she advanced or retreated. This interesting scene lasted for at least ten minutes; the strength of the poor parent began evidently to flag, and the attacks of the squirrel became more daring and frequent, when my good friend, like one of those celestial agents, who, in Homer's time, so often decided the palm of victory, stepped forward from his retreat, drove the assailant back to his hole, and rescued the innocent from destruction."

Let us hope that this was a chipmunk of unusual depravity. Nevertheless, we can find others of his tribe that are equally abandoned. Mr. Brewster writes me: "While collecting at Crooked Lake, Michigan, in May, 1888, I shot at a wood thrush and broke its wing. As it fluttered off over the ground, a chipmunk pursued and caught it. When I reached the spot, the chipmunk had killed the bird and eaten most of its brains. I had to kick at the chipmunk to make it give up the thrush. Afterwards, as I held the bird dangling in my hand, the chipmunk approached and tried to snatch it from me."

And still further back we find in Audubon and Bachman's "Quadrupeds" this paragraph: "A lady in the vicinity of Boston said to us, 'We had in our garden a nest of young robins (*Tburdus migratorious*), and one afternoon, as I was walking in the garden, I happened to pass very close to the tree on which the nest was placed. My attention was attracted by a noise which I thought proceeded from it, and on looking up I saw a ground squirrel tearing at the nest, and actually devouring one of the young ones. I called to the gardener, who came, accompanied by a dog, and shook the tree violently, when the animal fell to the earth, and was in an instant secured by the dog.'"

In the train of this we are not surprised to find Mr. Rhoads's statement: "They do not only eat insects, snakes, mice, birds, eggs, and various species of shelled snails, but have been known to devour each other when wounded or caught in a trap."

All summer long, from May to October, in Connecticut, I have observed the chipmunks carry home great, bulging pouchfuls of food, for its pouches serve the chipmunk as baskets do one that daily goes a-marketing, and most of the chipmunk's meals are eaten indoors the year round.

Sundry of my field notes taken at Coscob run as follows:

[*Concluded on pages 368 to 370*]

The "Whys" of Cookery

Vegetables—How to Cook Them

By ISABEL GORDON CURTIS

Illustrated by
HORACE TAYLOR

This is the second article in my cooking series, which began in April. In every cooking school the first lessons deal with plain dishes, such foods as we must have in everyday 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 dishes, in the best way possible, we may go on to fancy dishes. Then—every cooking teacher at the end of a lesson gives half an hour to questions—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 of it, write to me. I will help you out of any difficulty as well as I can.—I. G. C.

ONE DAY a woman went to a Boston physician. "I want you to prescribe something for my complexion," she said; "It grows worse every day." He looked at her and nodded. "What do you eat?" he asked. She went into details, such details as most Americans, who think they live well, might give of their everyday *menus;* then she mentioned vegetables.

He interrupted her. "What vegetables?" he asked.

"Oh, the everyday vegetables," she answered, "potatoes, beans, corn, mushrooms, and so forth."

"What about green vegetables?" he asked.

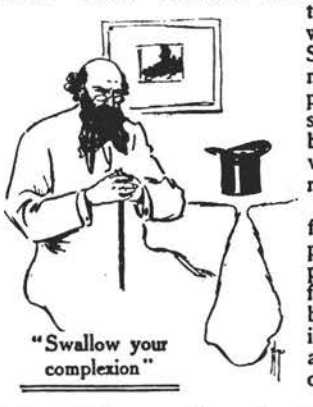
"I don't like green vegetables. I scarcely ever eat them."

"I suspected as much," he said; "yet green vegetables are what you need. A good complexion cannot be rubbed in from the outside; it must be swallowed. The best way to get this is not in medicine, but in green vegetables. One reason, probably, why you don't like green vegetables is because they are not properly cooked; few cooks, even those to whom we pay big wages, know how to get the best possible results from vegetables. I want you to have a talk with my wife. She has studied this subject thoroughly. Then go to market every day, buy the finest, freshest vegetables, see that they are properly cooked, and eat them plentifully."

Six months later, when that young woman called on her doctor, she looked like a different person. Her skin was clear and rosy, her eyes bright. She was a living embodiment of the doctor's wise edict that "a complexion must be swallowed, not rubbed in."

That doctor knew what he was talking about when he said the average cook does not know how to cook green vegetables. Potatoes, peas, corn, beans, and many of the vegetables which are universally used, receive fair treatment, but in American kitchens there is still much to learn on the subject of how to make the best of what a country cook calls "greens." In the spring one craves this sort of food both for the well-being of the body and because appetite demands it. The earth yields just the sort of food as the seasons pass that we ought to eat, and eat liberally, for it is nature's own medicine.

First, let us divide vegetables into classes. There are such cereals as rice, and corn, and legumes, which include the large family of beans, peas, and lentils. In the root class, we have beets, carrots, parsnips, turnips, and radishes. Green vegetables include a variety of things herbacious, from cabbage to wild dandelions.



"Swallow your complexion"

Vegetable Properties

In bulbs there is the onion family and garlic; then what are called fruit vegetables, egg plant, peppers, okra, cucumbers, and squash. There is also the fungus class, such as mushrooms and truffles. Each of these classes has a different food value; they require different treatment in cookery, and are suited to accompany different foods, although our nation would be in no way the loser, either in health or economy, if it learned, like the French people, to make an excellently cooked vegetable serve for one course. After we have given such study to the cooking of vegetables as the French have, we may be content with the one meat course a day which hygienic authorities urge on us.

Before we consider the cooking of vegetables, let us study what their properties are and what they do for our bodies. Every vegetable contains more or less of what is called cellulose tissue. This helps to keep the stomach and intestines perfectly healthy. For instance, when we eat meat, we put into our stomachs a highly concentrated food that requires the addition of other foods, bulky and less easily digested, to make a perfectly balanced meal. Strange as it may seem, the value of vegetables lies in the fact that they are made up largely of a membranous substance so bulky and full of refuse that the stomach expels it to the intestines almost in an unchanged condition, except that, meanwhile, the blood has taken to itself such mineral matter and salts as are necessary to the human system. While digestion is in progress the loose mass of cellulose is keeping up the peristolic action that goes on for several hours after eating in the healthy stomach. It is not necessary that there be nourishment in everything we eat. We require the pure distilled water and salts of green vegetables just as much as we do the proteid of meat and the nitrogen of legumes.

To get the fullest value from vegetables they must be fresh. The country woman, who can pick green things from her own garden before the dew has dried from them, is lucky indeed. The best that can be done by a city housewife is to do her own marketing intelligently and carefully. When marketing, beware of root vegetables which look overclean about the roots. The green grocer has his methods of reviving stale goods; roots are soaked from a withered condition back to a freshened appearance. Cabbage and lettuce are skillfully stripped of their outer leaves, and, although dirty, sandy spinach is less attractive in looks than cleaner leaves, it is apt to be fresher than that which has been revived by washing. Even cucumbers, egg plant, and tomatoes can be revived by an ice-water bath. Within thin membranous walls vegetables inclose a semi-fluid mass that stores up minute cells of starch or other material. As soon as the tender growth of the young plant is over, these cells grow woody and tough.

The Special Value of Soups

You can readily see this process in old asparagus, something we hesitate to eat; yet in thousands of families stale vegetables, which have developed the same conditions as if they were old, are used for economy's sake. It would really, in such a case, be better to omit vegetables from a *menu*. One is eating woody fiber, which can be torn apart like threads, and is almost as easy as thread to digest. Suppose we see for ourselves just what this fibrous mass is like. Take two messes of peas, one of them green things fresh from the pod. Cook them in boiling water. They will be ready for the table in ten minutes, but first make them into a *purée* by forcing the pulp through a potato ricer. They contain little but pulp. Nothing except skins is left in the strainer. The value of fresh green peas lies more in the sugar and mineral salts. Now, take old dried pease such as are used as a base for soup. They have been soaking for twenty-four hours in cold water. Afterwards long, slow cooking softens them so they can be squeezed through the ricer. Then, it actually takes muscle to get a *purée* from them, and it is small in proportion to the residue retained by the strainer. There are not only the dry, husky skins of the peas, but a quantity of pure waste which no stomach can properly digest. Still, this pulp made into a soup is a nutritious dish. That is why so many people with slow digestion can take in soups such vegetables as corn, tomato, beans, lentils, and celery, when the vegetable in its entirety would cause no end of distress.

Every vegetable is almost lacking in fat; the legumes have the largest proportion, and they average only three per cent. This is why fat in some form is added to nearly every vegetable dish. We beat, cream or butter into mashed potatoes, bake beans with a bit of pork on top of them, and pour oil over salads.

Now to the various methods of preparation and cooking of vegetables. Probably root vegetables are used most largely in every household. Keep two utensils for their thorough cleaning, a small stiff brush, and a square of rough burlap. The brush scrubs earth from every crevice. Burlap is also a splendid cleaner. Put your vegetables into cold water and rub them thoroughly with it. From new potatoes it will bring the skin off clean. Carrots, parsnips, and salsify require scraping after they have had a rubbing with the burlap. Turnips, khol-rabi, and celeriac should be pared. Beets must be well cleansed, but not broken anywhere, nor even have the tops cut, or they will "bleed," thus losing their fine, sweet flavor. With most of the root vegetables, except potatoes, white

and sweet, the only method for cooking is to boil them by dropping them into water at a bubbling boil. Turnips, carrots, parsnips, kohl-rabi, and celeriac will cook in half an hour if they are young and fresh; winter vegetables will require from forty-five to sixty minutes. Young beets take an hour; old beets require boiling all day. You can make these root vegetables as palatable as skilled French cooks do by the simple process of blanching them.

Blanching means literally bleaching; it removes from winter vegetables their strong, acrid flavor. Then it improves their quality. Let us blanch turnips for instance; then you can apply the same process to a variety of vegetables. Have a large saucepan with two quarts of water at a rapid boil. Add one tablespoonful of salt. Drop into it the pared turnips and bring the water back to the boiling point as quickly as possible. Cook rapidly, uncovered, for thirty minutes. Drain off the water, put the turnips in a strainer and cool them under the cold water faucet; then set them away in a covered dish until you are ready to prepare them for the table. Cut them into rather large pieces, put them into a saucepan with a tablespoonful of butter, a dash of pepper, a teaspoonful of salt, and four tablespoonfuls of meat stock or milk. Cook over a hot fire till the vegetables have absorbed both seasonings and liquid. Serve at once.

"'Do not let the water grin'"

The Process of Cleansing

Blanching vegetables means a saving of time, because they may be cooked in the leisurely hours of the morning, and then quickly reheated when dinner is being prepared. Cabbage, cauliflower, brussels sprouts, string beans, peas, onions, celery, kohl-rabi, carrots, parsnips, spinach, Swiss chard, artichoke, and salsify are vegetables which may be blanched before the final cooking.

Before using vegetables which form heads, such as lettuce, cabbage, cauliflower, kail, and brussels sprouts, cleanse thoroughly by soaking half an hour, head down, in cold, salted water, with a few tablespoonfuls of vinegar in it. This makes insects or worms concealed among the curly leaves crawl out. Spinach requires no end of washing. The best way to cleanse it is to keep filling two pans with cold water and washing the greens till not a grain of sand settles in the bottom. Celery also requires thorough washing, as considerable dirt clings to both stalks and roots during the blanching process.

"His own method"

Different vegetables require different methods of boiling. All of them should be dropped into water which is vigorously bubbling. For a few minutes the process will be interrupted, but set it over a hot part of the stove, where it will begin to boil again rapidly. This must be continued for herbaceous vegetables young peas, and beans. Root vegetables and cauliflower require gentler treatment. To quote a French cook, "Do not let the water grin; keep it smiling."

As soon as vegetables are tender, lift them off the fire and drain, never allowing anything to stay in hot water a minute after it has been cooked. This soaking process is what so often makes vegetables indigestible, when, if properly treated, they would be perfectly wholesome. While cooking vegetables of any kind, leave the saucepan uncovered; volatile bodies liberated by heat pass off in steam. Cabbage and onions closely lidded are sure to fill the house with an unpleasant odor as soon as they are uncovered; if cooked without a lid, odors are scarcely noticeable. When peas and beans are so ripe as to be slightly tough, they may still be made appetizing and digestible if half a teaspoonful of soda is added to the water. This helps to make them tender as well as retain the color, but beware of adding too much soda; it will give the food an exceedingly nasty flavor. When possible, a skilled cook boils every vegetable in distilled water. The country cook who has clean, soft, cistern water at her command should always use it in boiling vegetables. The housewife who is compelled to use very hard water should soften it slightly when cooking a vegetable by adding a dash of soda.

There are so many methods for cooking vegetables that it is impossible to give a long array of recipes. I will take one of various methods, and from it the adaptive cook can treat other foods in the same way. Vegetables are invaluable for making cream soups. Take green peas for a foundation. Boil one quart of peas and one small onion in three pints of water. When soft squeeze the *purée* through a potato ricer. Add it to the liquor in which the vegetables were boiled. Rub together one tablespoonful of flour with two tablespoonfuls of butter. This makes sufficient thickening. Season with three level teaspoonfuls of salt, and half a teaspoonful of pepper, and add one quart of scalding hot milk. Cook for ten minutes, stirring frequently. Then serve with *croutons* or wafers. The outside stalks of celery, corn, beans, onions, potatoes, cauliflower, spinach, leeks, tomatoes or lettuce may often be economically converted into cream soups, as in this way a vegetable left-over is deliciously re-served.

Boiling potatoes is so old and everyday a task, that it seems almost unnecessary to offer a recipe for it, yet how seldom do we find a cook make the very best of potatoes? If potatoes are "new," they should merely have their skins rubbed off with the burlap scrubber; if old, wash them well, soak for half an hour in cold water, then pare off a ring lengthwise around the potato. This allows the skin to be taken off very easily after boiling.

The Final Effect—Serving

Put them in a saucepan with plenty of boiling water, and when they have cooked for fifteen minutes add a tablespoonful of salt. Boil another fifteen minutes, then drain off every drop of water and leave them to dry for ten minutes covered with a folded towel.

A favorite method for serving many vegetables is in a cream sauce. A dish of creamed cauliflower will illustrate how potatoes, carrots, cabbages, peas, parsnips, artichokes, salsify, celery, onions, brussels sprouts, and asparagus may be cooked. Blend one tablespoonful of butter with half a tablespoonful of flour; then gradually add one pint of hot milk, and beat till creamy. Add one teaspoonful of salt, a dash of pepper, and a small head of blanched cauliflower broken into branches. Set it at the back of the stove where it may cook slowly for ten minutes.

The very best way to cook spinach for preserving its refreshing and laxative qualities is to add no water, for after a thorough washing the leaves retain enough moisture to steam it. Put it dry in a saucepan over the fire; in ten minutes it will be ready to drain and chop. Afterwards return it to the pan and season with two tablespoonfuls of butter and a teaspoonful of salt. Let it simmer ten minutes before serving. Old, tough spinach is better if blanched before it is seasoned and served.

THE PURSUIT OF SUNBEAMS : By JAMES W. FOLEY

SHE was chasing little sunbeams as they fell in their profusion
On the carpet, where they danced about like little folk at play;
She was chasing merry sunbeams in the innocent delusion
That her childish hands might grasp them and possess them as they lay.
Oh, her eyes were bright as they were in the eagerness of trying,
All in vain, with closing fingers, to inclose one fleeting shaft,
And from beam to beam she toddled where the dancing rays were lying,
And so happily she followed them, and merrily she laughed.

She was chasing merry sunbeams, for some knowing one had told her
That who caught one would have golden curls and luster in her eyes
Like the rays of dancing sunlight and that Sorrow could not hold her,
Since her heart would be as sunny as the bright, midsummer skies.
So she chased the merry sunbeams and they seemed to be as merry
And as mischievous as she was in the gladness of her play,
And like little children playing hide-and-seek, they were so wary,
That whene'er she stooped to catch one it danced airily away.

Oh, the sunbeams through the windows of our hope that fall in splendor,
For we are but larger children gaily following them on;
And we follow them and hallow them and cherish just as tender
A delusion we may catch one ere the sunny days are gone.
And our eyes are bright and eager, for we love the days of dreaming,
Our laughter is as merry as the little child's at play;
For upon the way before us they are gleaming, gleaming, gleaming,
Bidding us to come and catch them ere they gaily dance away.

For the sunbeams fall in splendor and we follow gaily after,
Since some knowing one has told us of the happiness that lies
In these flitting little creatures, and the merriment and laughter
That their airy little spirits bring us from the sunny skies.
So we seek with closing fingers all in vain to grasp and hold them,
And from beam to beam we wander in the gladness of our play,
But they vanish like the shadows when our fingers would enfold them,
And, as mischievous as children, they dance airily away.

Hired Girls I Have Met

By ELSPETH MACDONALD

By Way of Explanation

SOMETIMES I wonder if we would be facing the domestic problem if men were to become the housekeepers of a nation. It was a hired girl who suggested such a contingency to my mind.

"If you had been as lovely as your husband," she acknowledged with delightful honesty, "I would n't be spakin' my good-by to-day—that I would n't. He is a gintleman, is yer husband. Day in an' day out, you 'd know it. by the 'Good Mornin',' he gives me, as cheerful 's the sunrise. He 's always the same, whether the coffee 's a trifle muddy, or the waffles burned, or the eggs fried on one side when he likes them turned, or the beef roast crisped brown, when he prefers it rare. It 's 'Niver mind, Katie, you jist remimber next time how I like it.' Many 's the time I 've took more pains for the hull crowd iv ye jist because I did remember how he liked it. He niver forgets to say, 'You done fine this time, Katie.' Begorra! sometimes it makes the pain in my feet easier, for I swear your feet do git to achin' after trampin' miles a day over a hard kitchen floor."

"'He is a gintleman, is yer husband'"

That was a sermon worth while. I paid Katie her wages, then I asked her to sit down and have a chat with me. Our talk lasted two hours. Then we shook hands with a new cordial comradeship, and the girl went up stairs to unpack her trunk. She stayed with us six years after that, till a certain wedding day, when my husband almost grudgingly gave the radiant bride to our young groceryman. Katie's farewell was as thought-compelling as an Ibsen drama. Don't we all remember during these servantless interregnums, the feet that ached from tramping miles over a hard kitchen floor, the waffles that *would* burn, the coffee that *would* pour muddy, the meat that *would* bake to a crisp, and the eggs we forgot to turn? We housekeepers all know it, all remember it. We may say in our hearts that the husband has not to face the thousand and one little irritating worries of housekeeping, the moods and mistakes and wastefulness of a hired girl; he has simply to come home and see how we have made the best of it. That 's all right; but let us think again, with grave consideration and sympathy, of the girl in our kitchen doing the work we hate or don't know how to do. She has no uplifting thought of a greater future; we can offer her little better in the shape of a home than an attic room; her social circle is not inspiring. Perhaps she is motherless, still no older than your own daughter, so dearly loved, so happily sheltered. Then, for charity's sake, that best of all charity which begins at home, make life brighter for the girl in the kitchen. Praise a success oftener than you scold an error, give her a bit of motherly kindness and sympathy and care. Provide moments of entertainment between the drudgery. Simply remember she has a soul which is not so very unlike your own. I have put this theory into practice ever since Katie showed me I might be different, and now, I am thankful to say, I have gained a footing of popularity equal to that of my husband!

▲ ▲

The Sainted Sister

WE had lived through a series of experiences with girls who wanted every evening out, when my husband suggested trying an elderly woman. I raised faint objections.

"She *may* want to rule the roost, ' said the man of the house. "Let her if she knows how. Anything will be better than this lying awake till all hours to be certain the hired girl has gone to bed."

He went searching for an elderly woman, and next morning appeared Dame Durden. Her name was Alexandria Durden, but our little girl christened her Dame Durden, and it seemed to fit her voluminous figure. Dame Durden was a fine cook. She made a remarkably spry housemaid when you considered her 216 pounds. She was good nature itself. She was always in her bed before ten o'clock. That winter brought a month of unusual gayety, and night after night my husband and I were out till morning.

One night a party was suddenly broken up by a telegram to our hostess telling of a death in her family. We took our departure at nine o'clock. When we turned into our street, the house was dark. "Dame Durden went early to bed," I said. As my husband opened the door quietly with his latch-key a buzz of voices came from the darkened dining room. "Hark," he whispered. We stood listening. Hushed, mysterious whispers sent a chill through me; then upstairs in the hall a board creaked, the one board in the hall that always creaked when you crept over it with sneaky footsteps. My husband pulled me behind the parlor *portières* and laid his hand on my mouth. He knew I was ready to scream, for a ghostly figure was gliding down the stairs. It found its sepulchral voice as it reached the lower step.

"Tir-rence," it whispered. "Is Tir-rence Flaherty there?"

"He is," came a voice, like a hoarse shiver, from the dining room.

"I 'm Bridgie, yer sainted sister," sighed the ghost, and she crept nearer to the dining-room door. "I 'm very happy, Tir-rence—it 's a beautiful counthry, this, an' ye must n't mourn for me. Last night, among the shades, I met yer dearly beloved wife, Mary; she ain't free yet to come and spake to ye, hirself, but she sent ye a message iv the blessedest comfor-rt. She says to follow the incline iv yer heart, Tir-rence, and let her old friend Delia Coogun take her place, to be the comfor-rt iv yer home, and a mother to little Donovan."

"Blissed be the Virgin, for so swate a message," breathed Terrence, hoarsely.

"But ye won't forgit yer first love, dear brother," the ghost pleaded, softly.

"Bliss the saints, no. Give her my truest love, dear sister." Terrence's voice began to regain its manly valor.

"Good-by, good-by," whispered the ghost.

My heart stood still while I watched it turn upstairs. A second later the ghost was struggling in my husband's grasp. It began to shriek with most unghostly gusto. In the dining room women and men were screaming.

"Turn on the lights, Ellie," shouted my husband. My trembling fingers felt for the electric button. In the sudden glare of light, the first face I saw was that of Dame Durden, white, strained with terror. Her friends who had sat around her in a circle, made up of all the chairs in the house, were escaping pell-mell through the kitchen. My husband dragged to the light a scared, weeping girl, who wore a wisp of phosphorescent gauze over a nightdress. Dame Durden packed her trunk and left next morning. We discovered that years before, she had been a successful medium. Tiring of the police driving her hither and thither, she turned housekeeper. Once in a while she collected old cronies about her and went in for the excitement of a *séance*.

"I guess, dear, I 'll let you pick out the next hired girl," said my husband, as he stirred his coffee next morning.

"Shall I get a young one or an elderly woman?" I asked.

"Anything that suits you best," he answered graciously.

▲ ▲

She Used the Front Stairs

"GOODNESS," said my partner at the whist table, "I 'd have thought twice if I 'd been Mrs. Haynes before I 'd have discharged that nice Mary of hers. What happened, do you know?"

"Yes,"—one of the women at the table shuffled her cards while she answered. "Mrs. Haynes has so many rules for her girls to observe, they ought to be printed and hung in the kitchen. One of them is, no servant must ever set foot on the front stairway, except when she 's cleaning it. Mary forgot, and one day ran down that way to answer the bell. Mrs. Haynes discharged her ten minutes later.

"Yes," said my partner, "now she 's sorry; she can't find a girl anywhere. She 's doing her own work."

"What makes a woman do such things?" I asked.

"She had been a successful medium"

"I don't know about *all* women," answered the player, who had spoken before. "Mrs. Haynes was a hired girl herself, and not such a very good one at that, so I have heard my aunt say. She worked for her ten years ago."

▲ ▲

Teaching Freida

WHILE I watched Madame Modjeska play "Lady Macbeth" last night, I thought of poor Freida in my kitchen. Modjeska with twenty years of life in America, student and scholar as she is, has not yet mastered our language so we can fairly understand her. Still, I grow impatient with poor Swedish Freida, only six months across the Atlantic, because she brings me a dish cloth when I call for the rolling pin!

"Tried to enlighten her"

Nothing taught me such a lesson of patience as the experiences of a journey through Europe, knowing no language but English. When I feel like throwing something at Freida, I remember the dinner in Germany when the waiter brought us a roasted suckling pig instead of cocoa. Shall I ever forget Freida's first afternoon out? I thought she was asking if she should come home before or after supper. I tried to enlighten her by the clock. I showed her the table set and cleared away. Then, by a sudden inspiration, I set her in the center of the kitchen floor, and began walking after her. Freida's face was growing more bewildered when her friend Johanna arrived and saved the day.

Johanna's merry laugh rang out as she explained that Freida had asked me if she should put the cat down the cellar when she came in, and poor Freida, she thought I had been teaching her how one ought to walk on American streets with her hands on her neighbor's shoulders.

▲ ▲

Discharging Mary

MARY MCGUIRE was the only thing to be got at the time, and she looked it. Her references were many, but so noncommittal that they told their own tale of a poor creature, flitting from place to place, incompetent, though worthy and willing. Day after day I wondered how nature could turn out a human being with so infinitesimal a share of common sense. Her mistakes seemed almost diabolical, yet her penitence was simple and heartfelt. One day I told her to have boiled potatoes and roast beef, also to cook potatoes and codfish together for next morning's fishballs. I have n't a doubt but Mary told me the truth when she said she boiled the potatoes for dinner in the same kettle with the salt codfish, simply to save gas! Did any human being ever take an order so literally as she did? There was a mess of beautiful trout my husband had caught, to be cooked for supper. "Cut the heads off and fry them," I ordered, before I went out that afternoon. I came home late to find the family at supper, and the man of the house staring viciously at a platterful of fishes' heads fried delicately brown; the plump speckled beauties had been thrown in the garbage pail.

"A mess of trout"

That evening there occurred one of those small domestic jars, which are said to be the ginger of every well-regulated household. "Mary 's got to go," cried the Angry Man while he smoked, gustily.

"All right, dismiss her," I suggested.

"It is n't my job," cried the Angry Man.

"You engaged her," I suggested.

I 'll play you a game of cribbage," cried the Angry Man. "Who loses, fires Mary."

I demurred; that was unfair. I was only learning to play cribbage. I had never won a game in my life, and my husband was the champion cribbage player of his club. Only fortune herself knows why luck should have come my way that night. I held eighteen, twenty, twenty-four, hand after hand! In seven minutes I had not only won the game, but the Angry Man was skunked. He took another constitutional and smoked another cigar more gustily. Then he drew some money from his vest pocket and laid a five dollar bill before my dazzled vision. "If you 're willing to do the job for that," he said, "fire Mary. I have n't the heart to throw a forlorn, friendless dog into the street—she 's in that class."

FANCY WORK HELPS

By ELIZABETH WELLS

NEW millinery, pretty costumes, dainty waists and fancy "Etons" belong to the springtime. Therefore we offer two simple but useful fancy articles which are very easily made and are quite inexpensive.

A number of hat boxes take up room and are a bother to open, but several hats can be kept nicely on a shelf with the little wire frames, which hold them from crushing the pretty flowers and illusion tucked under the brim. A square of cheese cloth thrown over them protects them from dust, and is too light in weight to crush the trimming. If, however, boxes are perferred, the frames are equally useful in holding them up away from the trimming. These "hat rests" can be bought in the shops for nine cents each. Wind with narrow satin ribbon and finish with a pretty bow wherever the wires join. Start the ribbon on the bias, so that just the edges overlap, then wind tightly and smoothly, fastening the end firmly before beginning to wind at the end of each wire. Across the top stretch two pieces of ribbon in the form of an X from bow to bow, and from the center of this, where they are fastened with a bow, may depend several tiny sachet bags attached to short ends of ribbon. These can be made of ribbon 1½ inches wide, cut into 3 inch lengths, the edges "overcast" neatly on the wrong side; the turned-in and gathered ends finished with a bow of ribbon after the cotton and sachet have been filled in.

• • • •

While calling the other day upon a friend who has deft fingers, I was shown a writing desk, which she had made herself. It seemed such a clever idea and was so artractive that I asked her permission to present the design to the readers of this magazine. It is easily made and inexpensive. All the materials needed are three sheets of heavy dull-finished cardboard, a roll of *passepartout* tape, two dozen brass-headed "thumb" tacks, and, for the little accessories, a sheet of blotting paper, a small piece of *crêpe* paper, and a yard of No. 2 satin ribbon.

The desk shown in the illustration is made of dark green cardboard, with touches of holly red in the little "fixings." The color can, of course, be changed to suit one's own taste and the coloring of the room. For the back of the desk, cut a sheet of heavy cardboard (which comes in size 28 x 22 inches) into the shape and proportions of the accompanying diagram. This is to be fastened to the wall by brass thumb tacks, above a table of the proper height for writing, and as nearly as possible the size of another sheet of the cardboard which is laid upon it, the back of the desk just resting upon this. If the table is a little smaller than the cardboard, another sheet of white card (which comes much heavier) may be laid on the table first to support the green. Now we are ready for the pockets. For the upper ones cut the back in the shape and proportions shown in the diagram; for the front a piece 3 inches wide and 6½ inches long; for the sides two pieces 3 inches long and 1½ inches wide. The bottom should be 6½ inches long and 1½ inches wide. Put these together closely and firmly with *passepartout* tape; then hang upon the back with the brass tacks as you see them in the illustration.

An easily made desk

For the two lower and larger pockets the proportions for the back are as marked on the diagram; cut the front 3 inches wide and nine inches long; the sides 3 inches by 2 inches; the bottom 2 inches by 9 inches. These lower pockets are useful for unanswered letters, letters and papers for reference, address book, etc., while the upper ones are of a good size for envelopes, postal cards, note cards, etc.

This desk I describe stood in a corner, and just beside it on the other wall hung a large pocket made in the same way and used for the daily supply of note paper, memoranda books, and papers. For this the design and proportion were for the back—as in the following diagram—front, 13 inches by 4 inches; sides, 4 inches by 4 inches; bottom, 13 inches by 4 inches.

Two ink bottles of the ordinary five cent variety were set inside two little cardboard ribbon "bolts," from one side of which a circle the size of the bottle had been cut, thus giving the bottles a firm foundation; then a strip of green *crêpe* paper matching the cardboard and cut wide enough to cover bottle and standard is wound rather closely round these three or four times and tied firmly just above the standard with the narrow holly red ribbon finished with a bow in front. The upper edges of the paper are gently stretched into wavy ripples, making a frill around the top. Even a homely ink bottle dressed in this way looks attractive.

The blotter for this desk is made of three oblong pieces of holly red blotting paper fastened together with a red and green shaded ribbon, and cut large enough to leave a generous border around a pretty Parisian post card posted upon the upper side, showing a corner of the Bois de Boulogne in shades of green. One of the little standing calendars in red leather adds another touch of color. The letter opener and stamp box are close by, and may be of metal or wood.

The small basket on the center of the desk is used as a receptacle for penholders and pencils. It is made of thin cardboard, covered with silver paper having a design in shaded red and pink poppies. It is lined with red, the sides tied together with bows of narrow red ribbon slipped through holes made in the sides at the top and bottom. This stands about 4 inches high, each side is 4 inches wide at the top and 2½ inches at the bottom. For the bottom of the basket cut a square a little larger than the bottom and push firmly down into place from the top.

A very dainty desk of this kind can be made in white and blue, using white cardboard and blue *crêpe* paper, ribbons, and blotting paper, with a square of the blotting paper about six inches smaller than the board upon the table, laid upon it.

• • • •

A pretty as well as a useful contrivance for protecting waists and coats from dust can be made of flowered muslin, dimity, or figured China silk. These materials are best, because they are light in weight and still close enough in texture to fulfill their purpose.

Write to Miss Wells

All of our readers interested in fancy work of any sort are invited to turn to Miss Wells for information. She is an authority on artistic work of every description. She has studied the art of fine needlework in Europe as well as in this country, and, being a dweller in New York, keeps in close touch with every place where artistic novelties are made or exhibited. Perhaps, if she has a specialty, it is in producing the charming little gifts which are inexpensive, yet so easy to make when one has originality and knows how. If you want help about such work, write Miss Wells, care Editorial Department, SUCCESS MAGAZINE, New York City.

One yard of material will make a good size square. An inch hem all round should be featherstitched with a pretty shade of silk, and a frill of Valenciennes lace, about an inch and a half wide, round the edge will add to the daintiness. In the center of the square cut a slit about two and a half inches long, then bind the edges with narrow satin ribbon, finishing each end with a bow of the same. This is thrown over the waist, after it is on the hanger, and the hook is slipped through the slit. For the one shown in the illustration a white cross-bar dimity with a festoon design in pink roses was used, and above the hem was added a narrow pink satin ribbon caught with the feather-stitching. This makes a pretty gift accompanied by a ribbon-covered and perfumed "hanger."

For protecting clothes from dust

• • • •

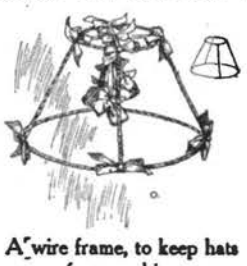
An artistic novelty is a Joss stick case, which costs about twenty-five cents to make. Cut from heavy water-color paper, or a thin mat paper (tinted), two panels about 11 inches long and 4 wide; punch holes along the sides of each, then lace together and hang with red baby ribbon and small bows. Japanese figures with lanterns, screens, etc., are painted on the front panel in water colors, and a bundle of Joss sticks in the red paper case is put inside.

For soiled collars and handkerchiefs

• • • •

A pretty bag for soiled collars and handkerchiefs requires one yard of heavy cotton cretonne, two yards of satin ribbon 1½ inches wide, and a wooden embroidery hoop 6 inches in diameter.

Hem the ends of the cretonne over the embroidering ring, making a hem about 1½ inches wide, and pushing the material into gathers as you proceed. Tack the middle of the selvage and the two edges of the hem together close to the ring, thus leaving two open loops of the material on each side of the bag. Cut a piece of the ribbon about 27 inches long, and sew the ends firmly around the ring where the material is joined, then cover this spot on each side with a pretty bow of the ribbon. Push the gathers closer together at the back, thus bringing the bows a little above the middle of the ring, which will drop in front as here shown.



A wire frame, to keep hats from crushing

• • • •

Three pretty articles useful for traveling are also illustrated on this page. These can be made of any pretty material. Dresden ribbon would be very dainty, but for a more serviceable set art ticking can be used. For the pin case, half a yard of ribbon or a piece of art ticking ½ yard long and 4½ inches wide will make a convenient size. Cut one end round, and line to within three inches of the other end, which is left square with white double-face eiderdown cloth. Bind the edges of the two materials together all round with a white silk binding or ribbon ¾ inch wide. Stitching this on the machine makes a firm finish, making two rows, one catching the edges of the binding, the other at the outside edge. Before stitching the outside edge, fold the square end over to make a pocket three inches deep, and stitch this down with the outer row of stitching. Finish the round end on the outside with a bow made of loops of narrow ribbon, leaving one loop large enough to pass round the case when folded, thus holding it together. In the pocket have cards of safety pins, and into the eider lining stick large and small pins with vari-colored heads.

Three articles useful for traveling

• • • •

A bag for carrying a wet sponge or wash cloth can also be made of art ticking, but lined with thin white rubber sheeting. Cut a strip of ticking sixteen inches long and seven inches wide, and the rubber cloth the same size. Bind the two materials together all round with the silk binding or ribbon, first cutting one end round. Fold over the square end about six inches and stitch the edges together, forming a pocket. Fold the round end over this as a flap and fasten with a button and loop. The toothbrush case is made in a similar way.

PIN MONEY PAPERS

Rules for Sending Pin Money Papers

Write on one side of the paper only.

At the top of the sheet put your name and full address.

Should you wish the return of your manuscript, if it does not prove available, inclose a stamp.

Make every idea you have to offer as plain and concise as possible.

One cent a word will be paid for all contributions we use.

Address ISABEL GORDON CURTIS,
SUCCESS MAGAZINE, New York City.

TAKING IT EASY.—Every spring I clean house slowly, because health and strength are the first considerations. It rests one to get through work early in the afternoon, don a fresh gown, and get a nice supper. Before beginning the more strenuous work, I clean and tidy all the closets, pantries, bureau drawers, and trunks. If the day is bright and sunny, I wash the drawers thoroughly and dry them in the sun—a good plan for preventing moths or other insects from invading them. I save fine towels, which are too worn for further use to lay in the bottom of drawers, with a little lavender between their folds.—C. B.

* * *

WHAT MOTHS LOVE.—Before putting away winter garments I take them into the bright sunshine and look for the soiled spots that a moth luxuriates in. After cleaning thoroughly I mend every break in a garment, it is so much easier to do it then than when the first spell of cold weather demands heavier clothes—perhaps in a hurry.—C. B.

* * *

WEEDS WE CAN EAT.—There is considerable food value in some weeds which country people can have in abundance at this time of the year. We all know how good dandelions are as greens, besides there are "pig purslane," lamb's quarter, wild mustard, smartweed (which in some parts of the country is called Prince's Feather), red root, wild chicory, cowslips pokeberry or poke shoots, peppergrass, bird sorrel, and milkweed. Be careful when using purslane that you gather it when so young that not one of the blossoms has appeared; milkweed has also to be used when it is merely a tender young sprout. The best way to cook nearly all these wild vegetables is as we do garden greens—in a little boiling water with salt and a morsel of salt pork or bacon to give flavor. But—be very careful that you are perfectly familiar with weed forms, before you gather anything to eat.—ELINOR MARSH.

* * *

DON'T HURRY.—The people who have the best gardens are those who do not "rush the season," as my husband puts it. We, who live North, are never sure of settled weather before the middle of May; sometimes it is later before the ground is warm enough for delicate seeds. Flowers from seeds sown late in May produce far more luxuriant bloom than those which go into the ground earlier. They do not have to contend with cold nights, cloudy days, and chilly rains, they simply come up in the sunshine and—grow.—A FLORIST'S WIFE.

* * *

A BULB CONE.—In raising hyacinths and other bulb plants in the house, there is always disappointment because the blossoms form so far down in the foliage as to be almost invisible. To grow long-stemmed blossoms, make paper cones, with a small hole in the pointed end, and place over the plant. The forming blossom will shoot up a long stem in order to reach the light glimmering through the little hole, and when the flowers are fully developed they will tower well above their foliage.—M. M.

* * *

A MENDING MEMORANDUM.—I have a device that helps me keep my clothes in proper repair. As my time is well filled I have only about half a day in each week to do any mending and I found that when that time for sewing came I could n't, for the life of me, think of all the things that needed attention. Accordingly, I bought a little blank book and whenever any article of clothing "broke down" I made a note of it in the book. When my half day of mending comes, I consult my mending memorandum and put all the "broken down" things again into shape. If I did n't jot things down I'd forget about the absence of hooks and buttons, and the rips that need attention, until I wanted to wear the article again.—M. M.

* * *

MAKING WOODWORK LOOK NEW.—I have solved a small problem of spring house cleaning, to my satisfaction. After woodwork has been washed, you may find it wears the dull, unpolished look that is such an eyesore to a careful housekeeper. Ask your druggist for a mixture of equal parts of lard oil and turpentine. Take a clean cloth, saturate it with the fluid, and rub lightly over the woodwork. You will then find it as fresh as when new. There is no surface too delicate for its use. I use it on the furniture, the piano, and any highly polished woods, and everyone remarks how new the things look.—MRS. H. U.

* * *

IN DAINTY WRAPPERS.—Last year I sent away, as little Easter gifts, packages of flower seeds to friends, who enjoy a garden. I choose such flowers as sweet alyssum, petunias, mignonette, marigolds, and other old-fashioned favorites. Six packages of seed went in each small bundle, wrapped daintily in white tissue paper, and tied with green and lavender ribbon. I sealed each parcel, Christmas fashion, with a cut-out blossom, such as a primrose or a nasturtium, clipping my seals from the artistic colored pages of a florist's catalogue.—KATHERINE.

* * *

A NECESSARY PROTECTION.—My husband has a habit of resting his feet against the wall when he seats himself by the register on a cold evening. The result is soiled and worn wall paper in more than one room. Even a big bill for re-papering did not seem to break him of the habit, so I had to find some way to protect the wall. I bought fine Japanese matting, cut it in yard squares, bound it with linen braid, stenciled on each one a conventional pattern to harmonize with the paper, then I tacked them to the wall above each register. They really look quite decorative as well as proving useful. Still, when the furnace fire goes out, I lay them away until they are needed again.—MARY LUCAS.

* * *

FLAVORS AND SEASONINGS.—"Are n't you a bit extravagant?" asked a friend, one day, when she followed me to the pantry, where I was cooking. She pointed to a shelf, which held my supplies for flavoring and seasoning. Her way is to empty a bottle of vanilla a week, and have every dessert tasting of that flavor till you detest it. In my pantry I keep almond, orange, lemon, raspberry, strawberry, and pineapple flavorings, besides *maraschino*, sherry, home-made caramel, rum, brandy, curaçao, *noyau*, kirsch, and *chartreuse*. For savory dishes I use bayleaf, mushroom, walnut, tomato, and Worcestershire sauces, onion butter, celery salt, curry, kitchen bouquet, flavored vinegars, capers, dried herbs, onion extract, horseradish, French mustard, and whole mace. Of course a stock of such things is expensive at first; but, when one takes into consideration how long they last, using a different one each day, it costs no more than sticking steadily to one

seasoning or flavoring as a great many cooks insist on doing.—MARY LANG.

Kept Back by Foolish Prejudices

By ORISON SWETT MARDEN

I KNOW a most estimable man, thoroughly honest and able, who has been very seriously handicapped in his advancement by his antipathy to people in general. Somehow he seems to have a prejudice against everybody, until he becomes thoroughly acquainted with him and knows his real worth. When he is introduced to a stranger, he unconsciously braces himself against him, as though he wanted to protect himself against him, for fear he might commit himself in a way that might compromise him later, should the stranger not be of the kind of people with whom he would like to associate.

He has many strong friends, but he makes them slowly. With rare exceptions, he says that he is prejudiced against people, often very strongly, at the first meeting, especially if they happen to show anything in their appearance or manner which indicates lack of great refinement and culture. The least evidence of coarseness or of unusual "nerve" or "cheek," or anything which looks like presumption or overconfidence or egotism, prejudices him so strongly that it takes him a long time to overcome it.

In other words, he says that he has spent a good part of his life in overcoming prejudices that he has held against people.

He seems to have a good heart and a fine nature, but he is naturally prejudiced against people in general, and he seems to reverse the rule that "every man is supposed to be innocent until he is proved guilty." Everyone must prove his genuineness before he will take him into his confidence or esteem, or even respect him.

This prejudice has stood as a great barrier across this excellent man's path. But for it he would undoubtedly have occupied a much higher place in his profession.

He has tried religiously to overcome this prejudice, but has never been able to do so. When he is introduced to a stranger he puts out his hand reluctantly, hesitatingly, cautiously, as though he were in great fear that he was being led into a trap. He does not dare to greet the person cordially and heartily, lest he regret it afterwards. He proceeds so very cautiously that the other person feels embarrassed and naturally gets a bad impression.

It is not because this man desires to be exclusive, or because he feels better than the others, that he acts in this manner; it is simply owing to an involuntary prejudice against everybody he does not know intimately.

What a misfortune that children cannot have these peculiarities and idiosyncrasies educated out of their natures when they are young and plastic, instead of letting them grow up as rank weeds to sap their energies and keep off the sunlight, to humiliate and embarrass them through life!

How much it would mean to children if they could be trained to openness of nature, large-heartedness and generosity; if they could be taught always to greet people cordially and kindly, with an open, responsive nature!

It is a great thing to cultivate a genial disposition, a broad magnanimity and charity for everybody.

It is a great thing to feel at the first meeting with a stranger that one is favorably, generously received; to feel that he is basking in the sunlight of a cordial nature, and that he is welcome and the stranger is glad to meet him.

Self-Dissection

NOTHING else is more fatal to either achievement or happiness than a habit of perpetual self-analysis, and especially a habit of self-depreciation. It is a dangerous thing to carry in the min a morbid picture of oneself, for the quality of the thought tends to reproduce itself in the body.

I believe that a large part of human troubles and misfortunes comes from a lack of self-esteem, of self-respect, a proper appreciation of oneself. The artist reproduces his model on the canvas, and the ideal of yourself, which you carry in your mind, you tend to reproduce. If your ideal is deformed, morbid, these defects will reappear in your life.

I know an estimable lady who almost ruined her usefulness and her happiness by a morbid habit of self-condemnation. She seemed to think it was a virtue to be always criticizing, finding fault with and picking flaws in herself. She was all the time on a tour of self-inspection, hunting for defects, weaknesses, bad habits, bad tendencies.

A proper self-esteem—not egotism—will keep you from debasing yourself, will prevent you from doing things which would be unworthy of you, and which would mar your career.

Learn to think highly of yourself, and strive to be worthy of this estimate. If you are honest and sincere, if you do your level best to live up to your highest ideals, to be somebody in the world, to do somet ing worth while, you certainly ought to have a high measure of self-respect.

Wedding Preparations

The first of two articles which form a complete handbook concerning the invitations, gifts, and all the incidentals of a wedding ceremony

By MRS. BURTON KINGSLAND

Illustration by William Oberhardt

So you are to be married, dear girls, and are all in a flutter of eagerness to begin preparations! You cannot begin too soon, to avoid the tiring rush that is apt to precede the wedding day. Try to make it a time of unalloyed happiness to look back upon, instead of the memory of a weariness that took the pleasure out of everything.

I will tell you about the usual wedding preliminaries among the well-to-do, but a simple wedding is just as honorable, and often more enjoyable than an opulent one.

The *trousseau* claims the first attention, because of the time required for its completion.

Your previous mode of dress and its cost should be a somewhat safe guide. Girls who receive a definite yearly allowance are often given half as much again for their *trousseau*, though most parents prefer to say, "Get what is necessary, and pleasing, without extravagance." It is good advice. It is a mistake to buy too lavishly, for fashions change and novelties appear which it is a pleasure to buy later. Therefore, let the girl whose allowance is liberal provide her wardrobe for the coming season, and put aside the rest of the money for future service. It is wise to purchase things that will change least with fashion's whims—furs for instance.

* * *

French *lingerie*, made by hand, outwears anything machine-made. Get no more than a year's supply; a dozen of some articles, six of others. Linen laid away grows frail. One bride-elect laid out $500 thus: A rough cloth jacket and skirt, light in weight and color, with silk waist, for the "going away gown." This suit proved useful, with washable shirt-waists, for walking, tennis, etc. A toque, with large rosettes and quills, accompanied it. For mornings there were six shirt-waists, three linen skirts, two dimity gowns, and one of pongee. There were also a nun's-veiling gown for teas, church, etc., two flowered organdies, and one white gown (worn over colored underslips one gown appeared like many). These, with two waists each, did duty for afternoon and evening wear.

She had also an evening wrap, a light cloth driving coat, a duster, a trifling wrap for piazza wear, a pretty wrapper, a black hat with feathers, a broad, flower-wreathed one to wear with thin gowns, two dozen pairs of gloves, shoes, and the usual toilet accessories.

With her wedding gown, with low bodice, she was prepared for formal dinners and dances.

* * *

Here is a carefully considered *trousseau* that was actually purchased for $100:

A dark-blue serge skirt and jacket, for general wear and traveling, and a wash-silk shirt-waist, $15; for visiting and dress occasions, a light gray cashmere with tiny yoke of heavy white lace, $10; another bodice—that harmonized prettily with the visiting gown—for evening entertainments, $5; a tan cloth jacket, useful to wear with anything, $10; a linen skirt with lawn waist, $5; two gingham frocks, the material for which cost 20 cents per yard, $5; a pink dimity with ribbon belt, $3; four cotton shirt-waists, $2; a wrapper of pale-blue albatross, $3; hats, $10; shoes and gloves, $10; sun umbrella, $2. This left $20 for four sets of muslin underclothing, lisle-thread vests, four night dresses, corset, two white skirts, one of alpaca, six pair of hose, and a dozen handkerchiefs.

* * *

The bride made all the garments with the assistance of some girl friends, who volunteered to have a "sewing bee" twice a week. Tongues and fingers vied in nimbleness, and the merry gathering concluded with a pic-nic supper. Last, and most important, is the wedding gown. If circumstances do not forbid, pray have a real wedding gown—a white frock of satin, *chiffon* cloth, lace, *lingerie* muslin, or sheer organdie—and a veil. A *crêpe de Chine* gown is an economical choice, for it may be dyed several times. Some of the loveliest wedding gowns are the simpliest. India mull, or a fine organdie, trimmed with Valenciennes, makes a dainty frock that, with a tulle veil and a few flowers, in her hair and her belt, would make a girlish bride look like some sweet white flower. The skirt should have a train—long or short, and the waist is usually cut low and filled in with lace—to be removed at will when the gown may do duty for dinners and dances.

* * *

With the fashion of short sleeves long gloves are worn.

The veil should fall to the edge of the train, and is plaited on the head under a wreath or spray of blossoms. The tulle is three or four yards wide, and costs but $1 to $2 per yard.

While the *trousseau* is under way there are many things to be considered.

The first thing to be decided is whether the wedding shall be at church or at home.

The former is preferred by those who think the rite hallowed by the place, and is the more fashionable—and costly, if, as is usual, a reception follows the ceremony.

The chief expenses of a wedding—the cards, the carriages for her family and attendants, the floral decorations, the services of an organist and a sexton, and, naturally, the provision of refreshments at the house—are assumed by the bride's family.

The bridegroom's expenses are the ring, a gift for the bride, bouquets for bride and bridesmaids, the carriages used by him and his best man, by the clergyman and his ushers, and that in which he drives away with his wife, *en route* for the honeymoon.

He pays the clergyman's fee, entrusting it to his best man. The amount ranges from $5 to $100. He conforms to custom in sending to his best man and ushers the gloves and ties to be worn at the wedding.

* * *

A house wedding has the advantage of the home atmosphere, and appeals to the sentiment of many. The preparations needed are but the floral decorations, refreshments, and music, if desired, as at a reception.

The bride should make an early choice of her attendants (and the bridegroom should do the same). Ask the services of two, four, or six of your favorite friends, according as you are to have a large or small wedding, reserving the rôle of maid of honor to the most beloved.

The bride decides what her attendants shall wear, and, as the young women assume the expense themselves, the bride will not impose one that is unwelcome, and will consult their taste. The bride arranges with one dressmaker to make them all—the price being much lower than a single gown. The same arrangement is made for the hats. The bridesmaids usually dress alike. The maid of honor's gown varies slightly. White, over a pink or pale green, with flower-wreathed hats, and bouquets of matching blossoms, makes a pretty costume.

* * *

The bride names the wedding day and selects the clergyman, but the bridegroom should call to request his services.

If the ceremony is to be in church, it should early be engaged, and the sexton interviewed.

He arranges for the awning and carpet at the church door, a man to open carriage doors, and, if all the church be reserved for guests, another collects the admission cards. The sexton attends to all, and sends the bills. His own fee is a gratuity—from $5 to $25.

For a house wedding, or wedding reception, the caterer provides the awning, the man for carriages, etc.

Florists give estimates for the decoration of church and house. Palms and flowering plants may be hired, and it requires no great skill to dispose them prettily without a florist's services. The organist should be engaged, and the musical selections determined.

The wedding feast is an important item. A caterer

is consulted, or in family conclave it is decided whether to offer one's friends a breakfast, the usual reception refreshments, or the simple courtesy and generous hospitality of "the best one has to give," if dependent on home talent.

* * *

The most fashionable hour for the ceremony is "high noon," but any hour may be selected. An afternoon wedding gives more time for preparation and requires a less elaborate *menu*, consisting usually of *bouillon*, chicken, or lobster salad, or both, with tiny sandwiches of plain bread and butter, or with cresses or cucumber, and ices, cakes, lemonade, and black coffee. Fruit punch or "wine cup" may replace champagne. This *menu* may be expanded or curtailed. A glass of sherry and a bit of cake, or ice cream and cake have been offered at many a wedding.

For refreshments at noon, it being the luncheon hour, one hot dish—croquettes, hot oysters, or patties—should be provided, added to the above *menu*.

The guests are served from the dining table, decorated with flowers at the center, the salads at one end and ices at the other, with plates and small silver at hand. Dishes of cakes and sandwiches are placed at intervals between, and candles, with shades matching the color of the flowers, flank the centerpiece. The *bouillon*, served in cups on trays, is passed around, and the lemonade or punch is on a table in a corner of the room.

* * *

The bridal party is seated at a table apart or in a separate room, and served in courses. It may be a simple little feast—fruit, *bouillon*, creamed oysters, croquettes, with salad, ices, cakes, and black coffee, and something in which to drink the health of the bride and bridegroom.

At informal weddings, the few guests are seated at table with the bridal party.

Everything may be hired of a caterer, or one's household equipment—china, silver, table linen, etc.—supplemented.

The wedding cake is packed in small boxes, decorated with the initials of bride and bridegroom, and tied with white ribbons. The charge per hundred boxes is $30 with initials, and $25 without. Where economy is necessary, the cake may be made at home and sent to a bakery.

The boxes are heaped upon the hall table at the bride's house on the wedding day. Each guest takes one upon leaving the house.

As soon as the form of wedding is decided, careful lists should be made of the entire acquaintance of the bride, bridegroom, and their families.

* * *

The invitations, ordered a month before their sending, and issued two or three weeks before the wedding day, are engraved on heavy, white note paper, folding once to fit the envelope, which is inclosed in an outside one. The name is written alike on both envelopes, but the outer one receives the address.

The wording is—

Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Talbot
request the honor of

_____'s

presence at the marriage of their daughter
Gladys
and
Mr. John Cary Livingstone
On Tuesday, June the First
at twelve o'clock
at St. Bartholomew's Church

The guest's name is written in by hand, but, as this entails more labor, some still use "the honor of your presence." An orphan bride issues her invitations in the name of her nearest relative, but not of a younger unmarried sister.

* * *

Invitations for receptions are engraved on large cards, "requesting the pleasure" of the guest's company, naming the date and time—half an hour after the ceremony. For a breakfast, the same form is followed, interpolating "at breakfast." For a "sit-down" breakfast, the letters R. S. V. P. are added. Smaller cards are inclosed for admission to the church, if desired, and sometimes others, giving the bride's future residence and reception day.

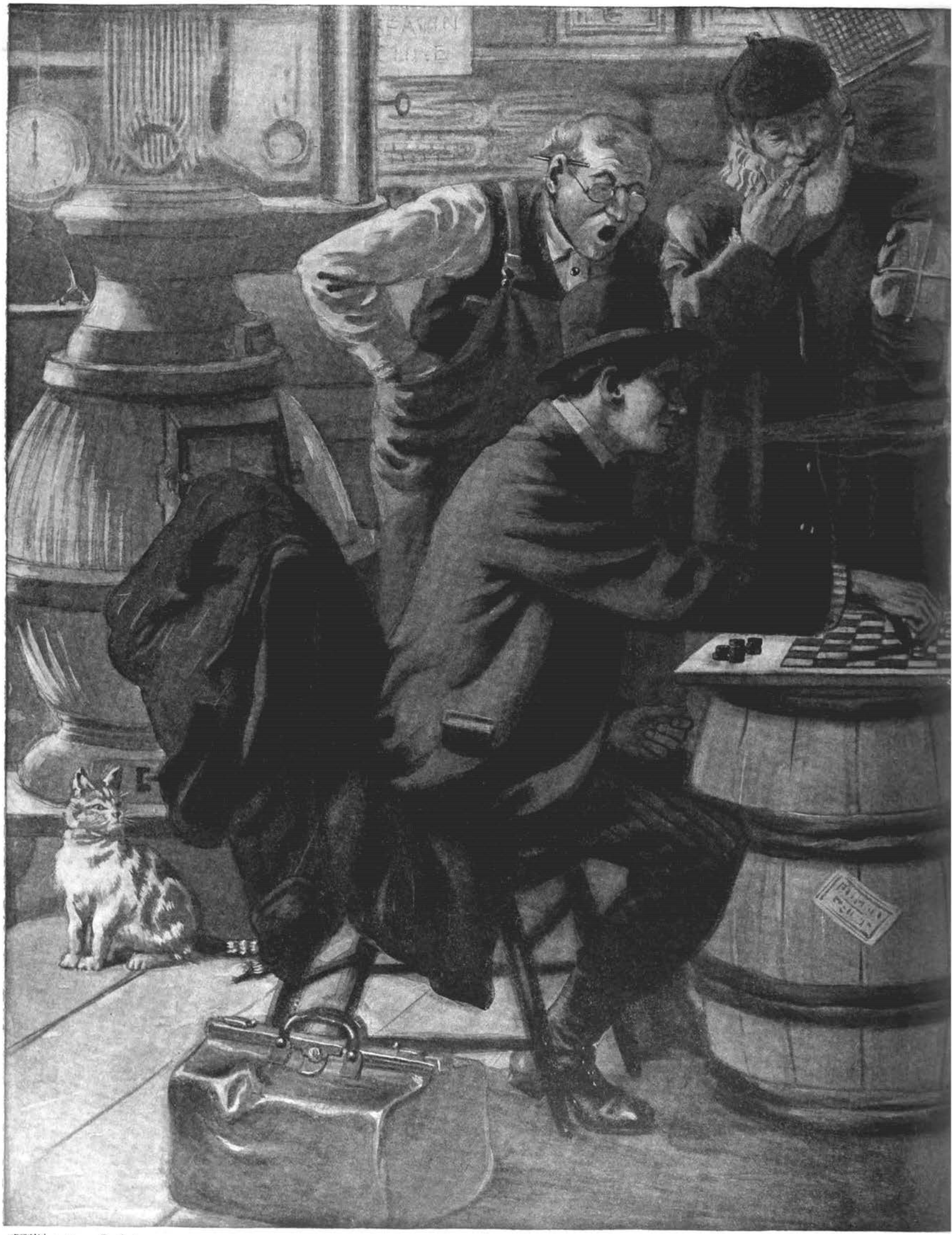
Invitations for house weddings are engraved as for a church ceremony, but "the pleasure of" the guests' company is requested, instead of "the honor of" their presence. No extra cards are inclosed, the hour indicating the form of entertainment.

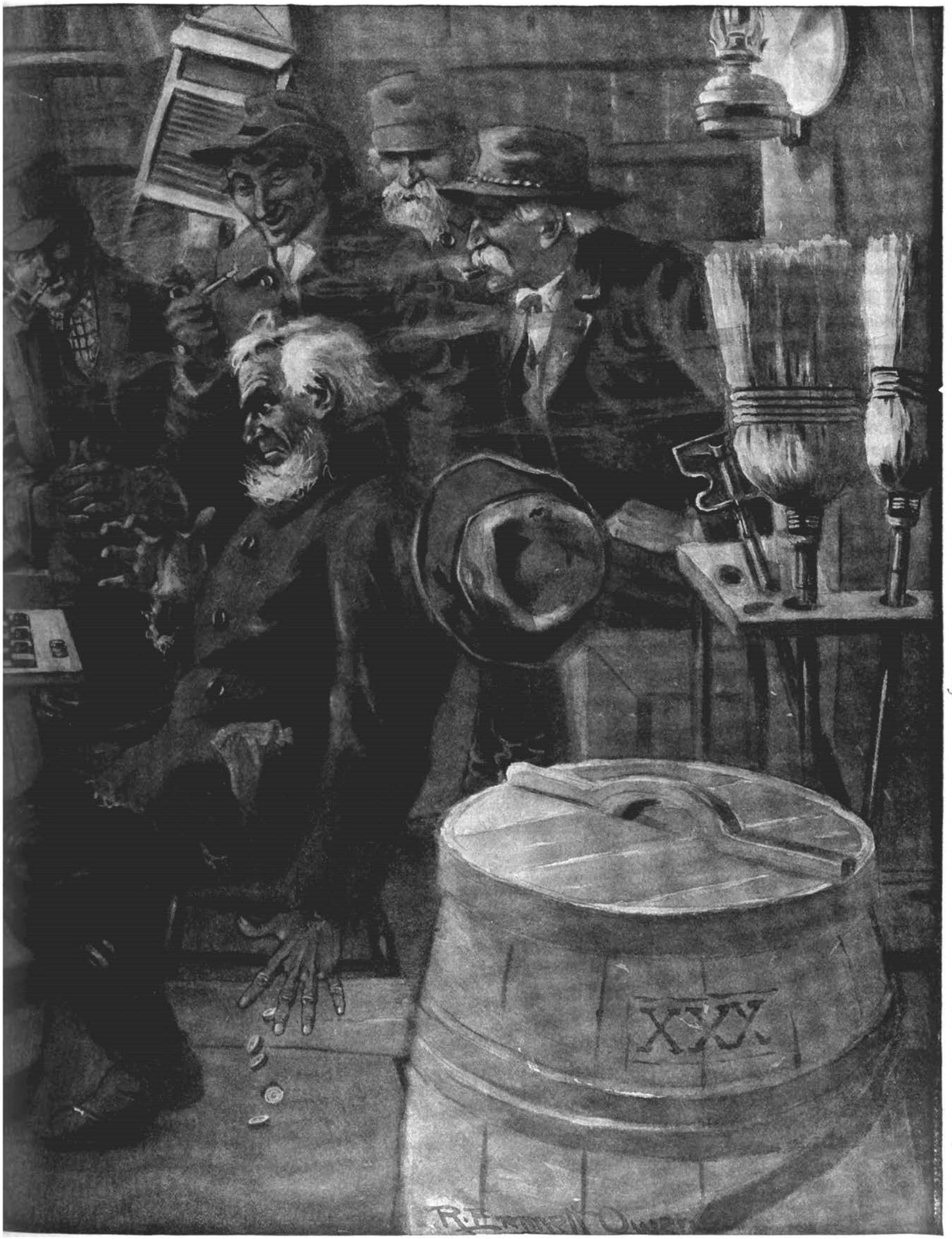
At country weddings, where guests come from a distance, cards are inclosed giving particulars about the trains. Guests pay their own expenses. No mention is made of the fact that carriages will meet the trains and return guests to the station—it is taken for granted.

* * *

At small, simple weddings, the invitations are sometimes in the form of friendly notes written by the mother of the bride, or in her parents' names.

[Mrs. Kingsland's article on "Wedding Preparations" will be concluded in the June issue.]





PAINTED BY R. EMMETT OWEN

ıd The Drummer

Hints to Investors

We are always ready to advise our readers as intelligently as we can upon the question of wise investment of their earnings, and we invite inquiries of this character. 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 cannot 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. 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.

Investing in a Small Way

WHEN a person decides to invest in bonds or other securities, it is essential to communicate with a reputable investment house. His letters should state the amount of money available, the class of investment preferred, if any, and such further information as will assist the banking house in submitting investments likely to prove satisfactory. If, after the offerings are received, they do not seem to meet with the particular requirements of the investor, the banking house should be again communicated with, when a further list of investments will be furnished, together with such information as the investor may be seeking. Many persons labor under the false impression that communications received by large banking houses relating to the investment of from $1,000 to $5,000 are likely to receive very little attention. The fact is, that reputable bankers do not discriminate between investors of moderate means and those of large financial resources. In cases where investors of moderate means state frankly their circumstances, very great care is exercised by the bankers to submit only the most desirable investments, yielding as liberal a rate of income as is compatible with the safety of the principal. A difference in income of one per cent. or more may not mean so much to wealthy investors; whereas, to those of limited means, every dollar of income is an important consideration, second only to the security to be afforded the principal, and is so regarded by conscientious bankers. If this were not an established business policy, very wealthy investors would have little confidence in the moral fitness of such bankers to conduct an investment business, and would decline to have transactions with them.

Unfortunately, bonds and short-term notes are not usually issued in smaller denominations than $1,000 each. This is a great handicap to small investors, and is probably very largely accountable for a form of speculation which is very disastrous and unquestionably most pathetic in its outcome. Reference is had to the form of speculation resulting in the purchase, outright, of practically worthless mining stocks, plantation stocks, speculative real estate, and numerous other propositions of the same general class.

Investors of small means reason, quite naturally and properly, that their dollars are entitled to earn an income return equal to the prevailing rates for money. In the search for sound investments of small denominations, the limits of conservatism are overstepped, and the investor of small means is duped into purchasing so-called eight per cent. to fifty per cent. investments, usually nothing more nor less than absolute swindles.

▲ ▲

Always Write to Reputable Bankers

Well-informed investors may regard such a condition as a serious reflection upon the common sense of the buyers; bnt it should be borne in mind that the success of dishonest promoters is due largely to three things: first, their exceptional abilities as makers of distorted statements in a deceiving and alluring manner; second, the limited knowledge of people of small means concerning sound investments; third, the impossibility of purchasing desirable investment securities in small denominations.

There are two ways by which this evil may be mitigated. First, investors of small means should adopt the policy of always writing to reputable investment bankers or banking institutions for advice before placing money in such schemes; second, some method should be arranged whereby small investors may be supplied with sound investments in small denominations.

It may be said that investors of small means can make good investments by purchasing outright some of the better class of stocks listed upon the New York Stock Exchange; but it calls for more knowledge than that possessed by the average individual to discriminate between the desirable and the undesirable. Entirely aside from this, however, is there any valid reason why investors of small means should not be given the opportunity to purchase sound investments, such as bonds and short-term notes, in small denominations? Further than this, is there not a lack of wisdom in the failure to create such a condition? And are not many investors of small means to-day likely to become investors of large means to-morrow?

▲ ▲

Losses to Wage Earners

Notwithstanding that the people of small and moderate means are largely responsible for the savings banks deposits in this country, amounting to about $3,500,000,000, it is reasonable to conclude that thousands upon thousands of dollars are being placed in good faith by investors of small means in these so-called eight per cent. to fifty per cent investments. Guided by the light as they see it, or as they are led to believe is the best way to safeguard their surplus funds, they continue to suffer the heavy losses which inevitably result. In addition, there is the great loss to wage earners and others, who would derive untold benefits if such money were employed in creating and developing meritorious and honestly conducted enterprises.

The dishonest promoters could tell the investment bankers and great corporations of this country some startling truths concerning the magnitude of the investing power of people of small means, taken as a whole. This is evidenced by the great sums of money expended for advertising and publicity by such promoters. Look over the financial advertising columns of almost any newspaper, and see if three or four of such advertisements, alone, do not consume more space than those of all of the reputable investment bankers combined. Yet the cost per line is the same in both cases.

▲ ▲

Bonds as Fixed Obligations

While our railroad managers have created the finest systems in the world, opening up and developing thousands of miles of unproductive territory through furnishing adequate transportation facilities is it not possible that the bond and short-term note issues of these and other corporations have not been given sufficient publicity? In other words, has the fact been thoroughly impressed upon the mind of the average individual that bonds are fixed obligations, protected, both as to principal and interest, up to and beyond the point of receivership, thereby affording the best available form of investment for the safeguarding of surplus funds? Further than this, is it not a fact that the average individual has little if any knowledge concerning the financing of sound properties or the sale of legitimate investment securities by reputable and responsible bankers? If this is so, if it is a fact that practically no conception is had by the public at large of the great benefits accruing to the country through the services rendered by such bankers, is it not perfectly obvious that such

conditions must continue to exist just so long as the methods now in vogue prevail?

Based upon a safe and sane study of the situation, it seems reasonable to conclude that when railroads, public utility, and other corporations interest people of small means in their investment securities, they will accomplish as much toward protecting their property rights as by any other one act. By such a policy, not only would thrift and economy be encouraged, but thousands of investors of small means also would be converted from the vicious habit of buying securities exploited by dishonest promoters, and the commendable custom would largely prevail of investing such money in the issues of legitimate corporations. This result could be accomplished within a reasonable period through educational work, which would be productive of the greatest possible good in more ways than one. It would mean, ultimately, an acute sense of appreciation by a large percentage of the people of small means concerning the vested rights of capital, and a better idea of the fairness with which capital should be treated and to which it is always entitled.

In their experiences as investors people of small means would, to some extent, at least, be impelled to study and inform themselves concerning corporate rights and privileges; and that, too, from the viewpoint of security holders. The result would be that legislators and other representatives of the people would detect a growing conservatism among their constituents, and there would be less clamor for the enactment of unfair laws curtailing the legitimate rights of honestly conducted corporations.

▲ ▲

Dependent on the Public

View the subject simply as an ordinary business proposition. Take the case of the merchant selling goods to the public, giving full value for every dollar received. Is it not a fact, based upon the modern science of business, that satisfied customers are one of the most valuable assets of the merchant's entire establishment? Just so long as the merchant is fair in his treatment of customers, many of them will go out of their way to influence business in his direction, and practically all of them are his loyal supporters under reasonable circumstances.

The point is right here: a railroad, or other corporation, through the medium of the investment banker, is dependent upon the public as the market for its securities. This being indisputable, two things are absolutely essential: first, the genuine value of the investment; second, the market for the investment. *Then why should not the corporations and the bankers combine in educating the public as to the attractiveness of bonds for investment purposes, issue them in small denominations, and thereby create the broadest market possible?*

▲ ▲

How It Works Abroad

It is an established custom with French and other European financial institutions to issue investment securities in small denominations. The result is that the investing power and the aving proclivities of the French people of limited means are well known the world over. On the other hand, it is in only very exceptional cases that bonds listed upon the New York Stock Exchange are issued in coupon denominations of $100 each, and the "specialties" of the old line investment houses are scarcely ever issued in coupon denominations smaller than $1,000 each.

The issuing of bonds and short-term notes in coupon denominations as small as $100 each, combined with an educational campaign conducted along elementary lines, would obviously give to the public a wholesome understanding of the subject of corporate investments. Such a policy would be constructive in the broadest ense. It is particularly appropriate in these days, when, owing to the unfair dealings in some few cases, there has developed a lack of confidence or an element of uncertainty in the attitude of the public toward all corporate financing. In winning the confidence of people of limited means, the result would also be attained of convincing wealthy investors at home and abroad of the undeniable fact, that the bonds and short-term notes of the vast majority of our corporations are, comparatively, among the best, if not the best, investments in the world. It would seem as though too much work could not be done along these lines, largely for the reason that every dollar invested in the approved securities of corporations, whether it be the dollar of the large or small investor, gives added impetus to a nation's growth and prosperity.

Shabby clothes are no longer an allowable eccentricity of genius.

The hunger of man for riches has reduced chaos to order, forests to gardens.

The language of the face and manner are the instantaneous short-hand of the mind, which is very quickly read.

We were made to radiate the perfume of good cheer and happiness as much as a rose was made to radiate its sweetness to every passerby.

Sports and Recreation

Conducted by HARRY PALMER

Illustrated by Gerrit H. Beneker

The Motor Car as a Peacemaker

THE MOTOR CAR has its full share of troubles. It has, since its advent as a revolutionary agent in the march of civilization, been the target for abuse from those who either did not want to own one of its species, or could not afford to; it has been the "legitimate prey" of the State legislator, the alderman, the selectman, and the highway commissioner, and others in like capacities whose tenure of office not infrequently depends upon the degree of fervor with which they support "public sentiment;" it has suffered at the hands of the small boy possessed of the price of a handful of wire nails and the ability to twist them into the most destructive angles; it has been the victim of the road-hog horseman (with the law on his side); of the mounted policeman, the police magistrate, and of "committees of public safety" innumerable; and still it survives, and continues to multiply.

Deep down in his heart, however, every man knows and appreciates the many blessings the automobile has already conferred upon humanity; and with this knowledge is coupled the conviction that it is still in its infancy as a public benefactor. There was recorded a little chapter of real romance up in Connecticut the other day, that only the automobile could have been responsible for, and which brought peace out of chaos and discord to two temporarily misguided young people.

At a bend in the road, some three miles south of Greenwich, a high-powered runabout was drawn up at one side of the highway, and flat upon his back beneath the engine lay the owner, a sturdy, broad-shouldered young fellow, who depended upon his own expert knowledge of motor car construction in all cases of emergency, and who enjoyed driving his own machine at all times, in preference to the services of a *chauffeur*. Just as the repair had been almost completed, a second car, also a runabout, dashed around the bend in the road, its driver and sole occupant a girl, attired in faultless automobile costume, and apparently an expert driver, but busily occupied for the moment in gathering up some wraps that had fallen to the floor from the seat beside her. As the runabout made a wide turn around the bend, the girl raised her head and saw the disabled car, for which she was headed at a good twenty miles an hour. The quick turn she gave the steering wheel, as she simultaneously shut off the power, would have averted disaster had it been applied three seconds earlier. As it was, the right side of the radiator crashed into the left spring of the runabout ahead, wrecking the entire water circulation system and bringing the on-rushing runabout to a stop with a suddenness that almost sent its fair driver over the dash. The impact sent the forward car, despite the set brakes, almost half a length ahead, and the running-board pinned firmly to the ground the young man who lay upon his back beneath.

The Mounted Police

Most girls, under such circumstances, would have wrung their hands and screamed for help, but the girl who had been responsible for the damage in this instance did nothing of the kind. In an instant she was on the ground and beside the pair of long legs that were twisting and turning as their owner writhed and struggled in a vain attempt to free himself, while muffled grunts, mingled with references to "fool drivers" and "blithering idiots" came from beneath the car.

"Are you hurt, sir? Can't you pull out?" asked a tremulous and very sweet voice.

The swearing beneath the car ceased, and then in almost apologetic tones, but in those successive gasps to be expected when ten inches of girth are subjected to six inches of compression between a macadam roadway and the underside of a motor car running-board, came the reply:

"Not in the least—thank you. But I—really would like—to have some one—raise this running-board—a bit."

"Wait," cried the girl. "In a minute—oh, in *just* a minute."

She flew back to the tool box in her own car, and snatching a powerful little jack from the corner quickly adjusted it under the running-board brace and then, in response to the "click, click, click, click,"

"'Can't I pull you out?'"

of the jack, one side of the runabout began to rise slowly, and the space between the body of the prostrate man and the running-board increased until, with a final struggle and wild passes by a brace of masculine legs, the pinioned man extricated himself from beneath the car and stood in the presence of a very white-faced and anxious young woman. His face, on the contrary, with its coating of oil and dust, was by no means lacking in color, but it went almost as white as the girl's, when he looked at her, and gasped:

"Mildred! Of all the wonderful things that ever happened—it's *you!*"

For an instant the girl stared in open-eyed amazement; then she seemed about to turn and run away, but instead, reached forth a hand and grasped the mud-guard of the machine, as though to steady herself, and stood, still staring and speechless, seeing, as in a mist, the face and figure of the stalwart young fellow before her, and, *beyond* him, the vision of a pretty wedding at a fashionable Fifth Avenue church; of the pretty home that had been theirs at Orienta up to six months prior to the date of this sudden meeting; of a sudden tempest of tears and reproaches as the result of a honeymoon quarrel; and then of her husband's impulsive departure for Europe, and her own resentful retirement to her father's home.

"Yes, Dick," she finally managed to falter—"it's—it's *me*," and then, like all women who can be brave in peril and strong in rendering assistance to others in distress, even to the extent of lifting one side of a motor car, the girl collapsed, and, dropping to the roadway, covered her face with her gauntleted hands, and sobbed out her fright and unhappiness.

It was dusk when two runabouts, one towing the other, and carrying side by side two happy young people, reached home.

"'Mildred! It's you!'"

"Say, Mildred," Dick managed to blurt out as they entered the gate, "are you sure you didn't recognize me under that car?"

"Say, Dick," Mildred replied, "are you sure you didn't see me coming, and hide under your old car till I passed?"

And neither question was answered by words.

* * *

The Next Vanderbilt Cup

Admitting that lack of preparedness had much to do with the comparatively poor showing made by American cars in the last Vanderbilt Cup Race, those American manufacturers who have determined to try for the trophy again next fall are to-day busily engaged in rebuild-

ing their 1906 racers or in constructing new ones, with a view to having them out on the road for a long "limbering up" process. One maker, who will enter two or more cars in the qualifying race, announces that he will have them ready to take the road early in July, and from that time on will subject both cars and drivers to the severest tests that can be devised, both upon inclosed tracts and over stretches of public roadway, permission for the daily use of which, during the early morning hours, will be secured.

Should this spirit be adopted and adhered to this summer by American entrants, the race of 1907 will prove much less a walk-over for the foreign contingent —which has taken the trophy into camp each year since the contest was established. Not only have American entrants come to the tape in past years in a regrettable state of unpreparedness, but in details of construction and equipment they have shown themselves novices at the game of road racing, as compared with the experienced foreign builders of racing cars, and the well-seasoned, intrepid drivers sent to America to pilot their cars in this race. The eyes of the American manufacturer were opened to many important points in construction and equipment as a result of last year's contest, but only when the foreign cars had reached the course and began to limber up for the race. It was then, of course, too late to make any changes, and to those critical and well-posted observers who had carefully looked over every car entered long before the flag fell, the result of the contest was a foregone conclusion—there was not an American car in the run that had even a fighting chance. When to the superior adaptability of the foreign cars to the Long Island course, was added the fact that all of them had been through a grueling campaign along the European race circuit, while the American cars were practically fresh from their factories, it is not surprising that such a conclusion should have been arrived at and fully justified by the results of the race.

* * *

Among American entrants in the race last year there was none who strove more earnestly or unselfishly for victory than E. R. Thomas of Buffalo. He cheerfully built and equipped three cars at a cost of $100,000. In no wise discouraged by the outcome, however, Mr. Thomas has begun the work of preparation for this year's race with increased interest and determination. Regarding the changes decided upon as a result of last year's experience, he says:

"While the changes to be made are largely in detail, they will alter the appearance of the cars to some extent. The most important, to the eye, is the substitution of separate seats and gasolene tanks. Last year the seats of the Thomas cars were sunk in the gasolene tanks. The danger from flying stones proved too great, however, and cylindrical tanks will be put on instead. The most important mechanical changes are in the placing of channel-section cross braces under the engine bases and transmission cases. The frames will be shortened to allow the better negotiation of turns, and the carburetors will be placed on the left side of the motor instead of on the right. This will save weight in the intake piping, and practically concentrate all the mechanism of the motor in one spot. In so far as the saving of time in a long race like the Vanderbilt is concerned, the change of most importance is in the fitting of detachable rims to the front wheels. Last year detachable rims were used on the rear wheels only. The day of the race was ushered in by rain, and it became necessary at the last minute to substitute touring-car non-skid tires for the racing tires that had proven so reliable in the elimination trial. As a result of this change, Le Blon, who drove the Thomas, found it necessary to make nine tire changes, seven of which were on the front wheels, where clincher tires were used. Although he led the American team, even with this handicap, it is estimated that with detachable rims on the front as on the rear he could have saved approximately thirty-five minutes, which would have put him on almost even terms with Wagner, Lancia, and Duray, the front wheels of whose cars were fitted with detachable rims."

Other American makers who have determined to enter the eliminatory race this fall have been equally keen to see the shortcomings of American cars as demonstrated by the last cup race, and it may be safely predicted that the American contingent in the Vanderbilt Cup Race of 1907 will be very much more formidable than ever before.

* * *

If the action of the Executive Committee of the National Association of Automobile Manufacturers, in recommending the withdrawal of the organization's support from the Glidden Tour, was intended as a "feeler" to determine the sentiment of its members,

it was certainly most successful in attaining such results. All along the line the sentiment expressed was heartily in favor of earnest and generous support, provided, however, that the conditions governing such tours shall be so formulated and carried out as to adequately benefit and compensate all for the expense such a contest entails. Says one prominent manufacturer:

"The automobile industry cannot but profit by tours of this kind, as they subject all cars participating to the hardest tests an owner could put them to. Not only do we benefit in learning where we can improve our cars, but in showing which ones are the staunchest and most reliable. The superiority of American over foreign cars for American roads was conclusively shown in the last Glidden Tour, and one of the best arguments in favor of tours from the standpoint of the American manufacturer is that a foreign car has never yet finished in an American endurance or reliability contest with a perfect score. Contests of this kind not only aid in the improvement of cars and demonstrate the assertions of American manufacturers on the superiority of their product, but they stir up a healthy interest in automobiling, and are the strongest efforts that can be put forward for the improvement of our roads."

* * *

Among the methods recently introduced by builders of motor cars to demonstrate their powers of endurance and engine tenacity is to start a car on a "non stop" run—that is, run it over all sorts and kinds of roads, even those which would be avoided by the ordinary tourist, and continue the journey as long as the engine will run. Certainly no more severe test could be given a motor car, and those manufacturers who have succeeded in establishing noteworthy records of the kind have attracted much favorable attention to their product. The record is at present held by Ernest R. Kelly, of Philadelphia, who drove a Thomas car in February last, on a non-stop run lasting 21 days, 3 hours, and 29 minutes, the engine finally stopping when the carburetor was clogged by foul gasolene.

* * *

Another notable non-stop run was that recently made by Mr. Van Evra Martin, of Milwaukee, in a Rambler Car, purchased by him in 1904. The road conditions between Milwaukee and Chicago, the route traveled, were exceedingly trying, but before the engine had faltered, Mr. Martin had covered 2,002 ½ miles, the lapsed time being 140 hours, 36 minutes. The stoppage of the engine was due to the clogging of the feed to the carburetter. This was remedied within two or three minutes, and the engine restarted, the car proceeding until it had covered a total of 2,281 miles, with a total elapsed time of 168½ hours. The car had been used as a demonstrating car prior to its purchase by Mr. Martin, and in this capacity had a record of approximately 40,000 miles.

* * *

The Utility of the Air Rifle

IN THE March number of SUCCESS MAGAZINE, under the caption of "The Boy and the Rifle," we advocated the further education of the American boy in the use of firearms, as the surest means of reducing the number of accidents arising from this source, and of developing satisfactory national guard material for the future. The article in question has drawn forth not a little comment from our readers, some of it adverse in character, but the majority being in full accord with the views expressed in these pages.

Among the letters of this kind received is one advocating the use of the air rifle as a medium of practical value in the primary steps of instruction for the youngsters. The writer says:

At the proper age, a boy easily acquires the knack of swimming, and just as easily acquires the knack of shooting. As he becomes older, each succeeding year makes it more difficult to acquire, and, when middle age is reached, it is practically impossible. Comparatively few boys are able to own powder rifles, hence, but for the air rifle, comparatively few would learn to be marksmen. Air rifles are cheap, and the ammunition they use is still cheaper, so that, where boys would ordinarily fire a powder rifle a few times, with an air rifle they would shoot a thousand times, until aiming and shooting straight becomes second nature. President Roosevelt, together with other prominent citizens, advocates shooting galleries in our public schools, and while there is no question but that this would be an excellent thing, they have evidently overlooked the fact that for the past seventeen years hundreds of thousands of air guns have been placed in the hands of the boys of this country, so that to-day, practically every American boy knows how to shoot, and to shoot straight, too,—and even though he may pass through the factory and office, or follow the pursuit of farming, the knack of shooting straight stays with him always, and can be easily brought into play, like the knack of swimming, if the emergency arises. I think everybody should realize the value of this training, for, in time of war, while the boys might be a little bit awkward in drilling, when it comes to shooting they would give a good account of themselves. There is now a movement on foot in leading western cities to organize an Air Rifle Cadet Corps that shall ultimately extend throughout the country. It will be governed by a standard manual of rules for drilling, with full instructions for preparing a target, holding and operating the rifle, and other essential points in the making of the young soldier. The plan has been received with such enthusiasm by the several thou-

sands of boys to whom it has been suggested as to give promise that within the next few years we shall have several million "ready made" soldiers on hand for Uncle Sam in case he should need them.

* * *

Of Interest to Sportsmen

THE ACTION of several leading sportmen's clubs of New York City in combining for the establishment of a centrally located clubhouse, for the joint use of themselves and other organizations of like character, is most commendable. The clubs to inaugurate the movement are the Explorers', the Arctic, and the Campfire, and plans had proceeded so far with the close of March that a building had been practically selected, and architects had been authorized to prepare plans for such alterations as would especially adapt it to the purposes intended. There is no question that the movement would be heartily supported by such clubs as the Canadian Campfire Club, the Anglers' Club, and others with no permanent headquarters, but which boast healthy membership lists and are prosperous financially.

It is a matter of surprise that the several thousands of big game hunters, fishermen, and lovers of camp life in New York have not long before now combined for the establishment of a clubhouse that would inevitably become one of the most attractive and interesting in the city—a repository for the big game heads and antlers, for mounted specimens of record fish, and other trophies.

The plan suggested, to make it a clubhouse for the joint use of a number of fishing and hunting clubs, rather than for the use of a single organization, would be found the means of increasing the membership of each club interested, as only through membership in one or more of these clubs could the individual or unattached sportsmen enjoy the privileges of the house.

There are to-day in New York, in storage, or packed away in obscure corners, because their owners have not the wall space to properly display them, collections of skins, heads, antlers, fish, birds, photographs, and paintings that would make of such a clubhouse an art gallery and museum of natural history of rare interest. If amid these environments sportsmen could assemble for social intercourse, an exchange of experiences, a series of illustrated lectures on outdoor life, and find, in addition to these advantages, all of the facilities and accommodations of a modern, up-to-date social club, there is little question that they would take advantage of the opportunity to an extent that would quickly put the project upon a solid foundation of prosperity. What is true of New York in this respect is true of other cities. Boston, Philadelphia, Pittsburg, Chicago, and San Francisco have many citizens who are enthusiastic sportsmen, a majority of whom would actively and substantially support a similar movement.

* * *

The remarkable number of tournaments announced for the coming summer and fall indicates an unusually active trap-shooting season. Every State in which the annual shoot has become a fixture has apparently gone the full limit in preparing an attractive programme with a liberal list of prizes for this summer, and with the ranks of trap shooting enthusiasts, both amateur and professional, largely augmented through the rapidly increasing number of gun clubs, there promises to be an unprecedented quantity of targets smashed and powder burned before the snow flies.

First in importance in the long schedule of events are, of course, the Interstate Association Handicaps, the Southern Handicap at Richmond, May 8 to 10, inclusive; the Grand American Handicap at Chicago, June 18 to 21, inclusive; (this being the Grand Prix Event of the Trap Shooting World); the Eastern Handicap at Boston, July 16 to 18, inclusive; the Western Handicap at Denver, August 20 to 22, inclusive; and the Pacific Coast Handicap at Spokane, September 10 to 12, inclusive. All of these events are national in character, and are attended by the crack amateur and professional shots of all the States. Canada is also putting forth her best efforts to make the coming season a memorable one. The annual tournament of the Canadian Indians at Quebec, May 24 and 25, and the Dominion Tournament at Toronto, August 7 to 9, offer programmes and prizes that are very sure to attract a full compliment of shooters from "The States."

* * *

The steady and, of late years, rapid growth in popularity of trap shooting is due perhaps as much to its social and fraternal features as to the opportunities offered for interesting contests and the capture of the purses and prizes offered by the governing clubs. Many of the visitors to a local or Interstate tournament are accompanied by their wives, their sisters, or their daughters; as a rule the largest and most prominent hotel is selected as "shooters' headquarters," and when the "out-of-town" attendance reaches the two hundred or three hundred mark, as it frequently does, the shooting contingent virtually takes possession of the hotel. At a shoot, "everybody knows everybody else," or is supposed to, and the absence of conventionality brought about by the spirit of sportmanship that prevails insures a memorable outing for all fortunate enough to enjoy it.

The Well-Dressed Man

Conducted by ALFRED STEPHEN BRYAN

WHEN the sun grills many men pay little or no heed to fashion, in the belief that it necessarily means stiffness and discomfort. Not a bit! One might spend the week's end at any fashionable watering place from May to September without seeing a frock coat or a top hat. Americans are both the most formal and the most informal of people, but they have an intuitive perception of the fitness of things, and they rarely make a misstep. Even at ceremonious summer weddings at high noon the morning coat is worn quite as much as the frock, and the black frock often yields to the gray frock or "park suit." Fashion is plastic and requires nothing that runs counter to sense and appropriateness. A man dressed in a stiff collar, starched shirt and high shoes, and gloved, gaitered, waistcoated and so on, when the sun beats down pitilessly, is a ridiculous figure, out of season and of reason. Comfort in dress is the first consideration in summer, but comfort need not exclude style and becomingness.

* * *

In summer suitings there are no changes of import. Flannels, serges, tweeds, homespuns, and worsteds are still the preferred fabrics. Flannels are notably in vogue, and the jacket pictured here well exemplifies the leaning of the mode. It is of gray striped material with a broad collar not sharply notched, rolling lapels, and a turn-back cuff having a triangular welt provided with three side buttons. There is no breast pocket, and the top button of the jacket is left unfastened so as to lend an added aspect of softness to the front. The back is cut ventless and hangs almost straight from the shoulders, with only the merest suggestion of following the curve of the figure. While, of course, this particular jacket is not offered as the only correct style, it is one of them, and unites fashion with ease in a marked degree. Some "smart" mixtures in flannels are green stripes on gray grounds, blue on blue, light gray on dark gray, white on blue, and green on brown. Serges are shown in both blue and white, the latter being designed purely for shore use, yachting, boating, and the like. Homespuns are very cool and serviceable, but coarse in texture and, therefore, not as much indorsed as either serges or flannels.

* * *

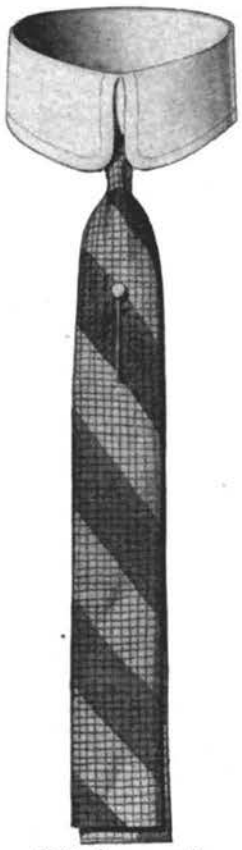
Mesh underwear, long beyond the means of the average man, has been so perfected that it is now sold at the price of ordinary garments. It is made in wrist length, as well as half-sleeve and sleeveless shirts, and ankle-length and knicker drawers. The special claim put forth for mesh underwear is that the apertures in the fabric allow the air to filter through, cooling and cleansing the skin. The principle is a rational one, meriting thoughtful consideration. Many men feel hot and uncomfortable during "cooking" weather, because they wear full-length tightly fitting underclothes. Garments cut loose do not heat, bind, or chafe the skin nor induce too copious perspiration. Abbreviated undershirts and drawers

The fashionable coat for the summer of 1907

are in no sense a college fad, though they were launched by the university set, but a fashion founded upon sense and comfort. My personal preferences are of no particular interest to anybody but myself, and I do not attempt here to hold them up as a guide for others. In response, however, to several explicit requests from readers, I may say that I wear athletic underwear the year round, and would not go back to tightly-fitting, full-length garments under any circumstances.

* * *

The choice of a straw hat is largely a matter of individual taste. Yielding straws which may be dented, creased, and tilted as the wearer's fancy prompts are the favorites of young men. One of the best straws is the Leghorn, a fine, soft, glossy braid of great suppleness. It is worn dipped down in front, to shade the eyes and at the same time give it a jaunty appearance. So-called Milans and Jap Mackinaws are also much in favor. The Split Straw is a closely woven braid intended rather for "occasion," such as Tuxedo wear than for general use. The Sennit Straw is rougher in weave and more serviceable in wear. The Panama has always been and will always be the straw hat of quality, but it is hardly suited for town, being better adapted for mountain, seaside, and the outdoor sports. Really good Panamas are scarce, and their high cost is an effectual barrier to their adoption by the generality of men.



Knitted summer tie

* * *

Russet shoes (laced) are again the fashion both in town and out, though they are primarily intended for the country. Buttoned russets look effeminate, and hence will never be acceptable to men. The belt reproduced in this department is a bit of a novelty, being made of suède leather and having a buckle covered with the same material. Silk web belts are used chiefly by tennis players.

* * *

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.]

COMMERCIAL CLUB.—The correct dress for a noon wedding is the same as that for any wedding held before six o'clock in the evening. The bridegroom wears a frock coat, white waistcoat, gray striped trousers, white shirt, white or pearl-gray Ascot, poke collar, patent leather boots (buttoned), and gray suède gloves, and carries a silk hat. If the bridegroom is under normal height, he should wear a cutaway coat, to lend him an appearance of being taller. The best man and ushers dress precisely like the bridegroom. Under no circumstances should they essay a more elaborate mode of dress than his, as the bridegroom is the commanding figure in the ceremony after the bride, and to attempt to outshine him is sinning against both good breeding and the fitness of things. At a recent fashionable house wedding in New York, the best man and ushers thought to play a prank on the bridegroom by inducing him, on the plea of making the affair very informal, to wear a sack suit, while they presented themselves at the last minute dressed in the most ceremonious clothes. The bridegroom gasped and then wilted, after the manner of his kind, but the bride, being a woman of spirit, refused point-blank to let the ceremony go on, and kept the jokers cooling their heels, while the bridegroom drove home, put on formal dress, sped back and made a triumphant, if flushed and breathless, reëntrance with his bride on his arm.

A belt of suède leather

The bridegroom pays for the gloves and cravats of his attendants and for the keepsakes that he gives them, such as cravat pins, cuff links, jeweled match safes, or whatever his means or inclination prompts him to

bestow. He also bears the expense of the carriages for the ushers, the carriage in which he and his best man drive to the house or church, the carriage that is to convey the married pair away, the bride's bouquet and those of the bridesmaids, the marriage license fee, the clergyman's fee, the bill for opening the church (if it is a church ceremony), the sexton's fee (if the church is used for a rehearsal), and, of course, the bachelor dinner several weeks before the ceremony. The best man and ushers go gloved while performing their duties. The groom leaves his right hand ungloved, so as to be able to hand the ring to the clergyman without fumbling. It may be added that, if the groom wears new shoes, he should have the soles blacked, as they will show when he kneels, and shoes suggestive of a very recent purchase are apt to excite the irreverent mirth of the on-lookers.

It is futile to offer any suggestions as to your inquiry, "How must the bridegroom bear himself?" because hapless bridegrooms have never been known to bear themselves with anything but an acute consciousness of their personal insignificance. Besides, any line of deportment carefully mapped out will be completely forgotten at the crucial moment, and if you can get through the ceremony without stepping on the bride's train, dropping the ring, or interposing a stentorian "I do!" at the wrong time, you may count yourself as fortunate as most men.

▲ ▲

YOUNGSTER.—It is hard to suggest anything that will give you "an older appearance." Most men seek to look young. The only way to avoid a youthful appearance is to shun extremes in dress, choosing dark colors and indeterminate patterns. Let bright ties and waistcoats alone and do not wear a soft hat. You might achieve "an older appearance" by shouldering the burdens of marriage, or nursing a growth of hair on your upper lip, or jutting your eyebrows and pursing your lips to indicate profound thought; but if I were you, I'd be very content that time had dealt gently with me.

▲ ▲

YOUNG.—We know of no "preparation" that will keep trousers from wrinkling. The only thing to do is to have them pressed regularly and fold them in their creases before putting them away. You might overcome the difficulty you mention regarding the curve of your knee bones by having your trousers cut a trifle wider than is the custom. Wide trousers naturally wrinkle less than narrow trousers, and in them it is much easier to preserve the straight line from thigh to ankle. And, again, keep your trousers well pressed and have the crease sharply defined.

▲ ▲

N. H. P.—There is no fashion in the way one has the hair cut. Becomingness to the individual is the only consideration. It is customary to part one's hair on the left side, but if a man's hair is sparse at the temples, he may part it at in the middle. The hair is no longer cut round or half-moon fashion in the back and shaved, because that is too suggestive of a prize fighter and, besides, is unnatural. It should be cut as it grows—straight down the sides. No matter how proud you may be of a thick growth of hair, do not wear it beyond the conventional length. Unfeeling people will suspect that you do so for thrift's sake, and, moreover, it looks untidy. A white tie and patent leather shoes accompany evening dress. The handkerchief is not carried in the hand when dancing, unless the gloves are damp from perspiration and a man wishes to keep from soiling his partner's frock by the imprint of moist fingers. Calfskin shoes (buttoned) are generally worn on the street in the spring, and low-cut shoes are worn in summer. Trousers are turned up only in broiling weather when one goes without a waistcoat.

▲ ▲

ASHLAND.—The shiny appearance of a suit at the seat, elbows, and knees is due to the wearing off of the nap of the cloth from friction. Nothing can prevent or remove this. Many men have two pairs of trousers of the same material made to accompany each suit, and by wearing these on alternate days, the trousers do not get unpleasantly shiny for a long time. Probably you wear a suit several days in succession. Avoid this, if possible. Also, select rough, rather than smooth-finished fabrics, as a coarse surface does not become glossy so quickly.

▲ ▲

A. H. B.—White serge and flannel suits are worn only at the seashore, on deck, and at such southern resorts as Palm Beach and St. Augustine. They are not proper inland or among the mountains. An engaging effect is obtained by wearing white trousers and a double-breasted coat of blue serge. White buck shoes with rubber heels and white socks go well with this costume. The hat may be a broad-brimmed straw of the "planter" type, or a boating hat of white serge or flannel or blue serge.

▼ ▼

Culture indicates superiority, and superiority impresses others.

• • • •

A rough, rude, coarse manner creates an instantaneous prejudice, closes hearts, and bars doors against us.

The Editor's Chat

Attractiveness as an Asset

VERY few people appreciate the importance of making an attractive and a pleasing impression upon the mind through the senses.

An attractive store, with cheerful service, makes an agreeable impression upon a customer, and tends to make him feel harmonious and satisfied.

The successful merchant understands this subtle philosophy of suggestion, and he dresses his show windows and arranges his goods in the most fascinating manner possible, for he knows that a pleasing impression upon the customer will put him in a humor to buy. Our stores to-day are fitted up with costly marbles, expensive natural woods, brass and gilt, and costly decorations everywhere. Merchants know that customers want to see an attractive place as well as attractive goods.

It is astonishing what an improvement has been made in the appearance of stores, offices, hotels, and shops within the last twenty-five years. People are beginning to find out that there is everything in the impression they can make upon the mind; that there must be no discord, nothing antagonistic, nothing which will repel the customer, but everything that will attract him.

We see this philosophy of suggestion in the attractive way in which packages are put up. The poor boy Huyler, who used to peddle molasses candy from a basket on the street, became a millionaire because he knew the secret of attractive suggestion. He knew that the best candies put up in the most attractive packages would appeal to people. He knew that when a young man gives away candy, the appearance of the package will have everything to do with the impression it makes.

To attract trade fifty years ago meant to get it in any old way; now it means to draw it by sheer attractiveness. Our stores and show windows in our cities are works of art to-day. Men are paid large salaries just to trim windows, to win the passers-by, to draw them in, to tempt them to buy.

The evolution of trade along esthetic lines in the last quarter of a century has been something marvelous. The business portions of our cities have a real art value to-day, and are not the mere workshops of the past.

The old grocery store had almost nothing above the first shelf; almost everything was in barrels and bins and hogsheads under the shelves. Fifty years ago, there was almost no such thing as canned goods or groceries put up in packages. Now, everything must be done up in the most attractive, dainty way. Packages are now tied up in fancy papers with bits of ribbon. Our business men are learning that it is not enough to appeal to a man's necessities, to his animal wants; he must appeal to the higher man, he must appeal to the esthetic in him, to his taste. Everything must be refined as well as nourishing, attractive, and delicate.

The same thing is true in dress. The principal use of clothing was formerly thought to be to protect the body from the weather, but now this is a small part of its function. It must attract, it must please, it must be a work of art. The outlines must be graceful; colors must blend.

Our homes to-day are following the same law. They are infinitely more attractive than they used to be. People do not cater so much now to the mere animal man. The mere necessities are a small part of a man's wants. It is not enough now to appeal to people's comfort or to that which will keep them alive. They must not only live, but they must live as becomes the children of a king, God's children, for whom nothing is too good or too beautiful.

* * *

The Power of Money to Divert the Ideals

MONEY has a tremendous warping, twisting, diverting power with most people. Very few characters are strong enough to resist its influence.

But before the money comes, w find that our wants and plans keep way ahead of the income. The business must be extended, pushed in every direction; we must have a better building, a new factory. And then the family must keep up appearances, must travel, must live on a better street, in a better house; must have better furniture, horses and carriages, servants; children must be educated.

The fact is we are no more in a position to know how we shall feel or what we shall do when we get rich than a bachelor is in a position to tell how to bring up children; because we must actually have the experience before we can tell. The motives must be present, not imagined.

It is a fact that a great many people begin to deteriorate just as soon as they begin to be prosperous. Prosperity seems to change the disposition. The man grows smaller as the dollar grows larger.

Selfishness and arrogance go together. Men who were agreeable and humble and helpful and thoughtful when they were struggling to get a start in the world, often become overbearing, domineering, arrogant, and disagreeable as they become wealthier.

I know a rich man who has a coachman infinitely superior to him in everything that measures a real man, and yet he abuses him shamefully,—swears at him, humiliates him beyond endurance in the presence of others. This coachman has a family of beautiful children, very much superior to the children of his employer, and yet his employer would not allow his children to associate with or even recognize his coachman's children.

I know a wealthy man in New York who told me that he never invited his right-hand man, a man to whom he owes a large part of his success, to his home, because he would feel so out of place there.

I know both of these men well. The associate is so much superior to his employer in education and culture that there is no comparison between them. But one is rich, and the other lives in a modest, yet royal home, where harmony and beauty and mutual helpfulness and love reign.

The employer's home is rich, is sumptuously furnished; yet love does not dwell there, but discord, wrangling, nagging, estrangement between husband and wife.

The arrogance of wealth, the presumption which comes from material prosperity, are undermining influences in the American character. Prosperity often kills refinement and the spirit of consideration and charity; it encourages selfishness, and selfishness kills everything.

What generous, unselfish, noble things we think we would do if we only had money! We cannot understand how people of means can be hard, greedy, grinding in their methods. We feel sure that we shall be just the opposite; that we shall want to be magnanimous, kind, and helpful. But as soon as we get the money, we may develop the same selfish, grasping, greedy traits.

* * *

Neatness and Matrimony

CROSSING the East River, New York, by a ferry, not long ago, I saw a strikingly beautiful young woman gorgeously dressed. Scores of men were looking at her; but as she raised her skirts on entering the ladies' cabin, she disclosed a huge hole in the heel of her stocking. Instantly a look of disgust ran over the faces of the men, and none of them seemed to care to look at her after that.

Many a man has decided not to marry a girl because of little earmarks about her dress which indicated a lack of scrupulous neatness or a tendency to slovenliness.

It is not enough for a girl to be amiable, kindly, generous, industrious. If she is not particular about her personal appearance, most men will not want her for a wife.

The same is true of a man. Many a worthy young man has lost a chance to get an excellent wife just because he was not particular in little things about his dress or person.

Perhaps scrupulous neatness, even to the smallest trifle, determines a man's decision regarding the marrying of a girl more than any other thing. A good education, great ability, or beauty even, will not take the place of absolute cleanliness and tidiness. Most men will not overlook the lack of these things.

Men very quickly notice buttons off of shoes or gloves or dress or coat, or soiled gloves, or spots upon the clothing, and are always prejudiced by them, because they indicate slovenliness in the home.

Many a girl has been puzzled at the loss of interest of some young man in her, who would have been surprised if she had known that the cause of it was some little carelessness about her dress which she probably thought was not worth noticing.

* * *

The Cultivation of a Cordial Nature

THE cultivation of cordiality and popularity early in life will have a great deal to do with one's advancement, comfort, and happiness.

It is a mortifying thing to have a kindly feeling in the depths of one's heart, and yet not be able to express it, to repel people when one has just the opposite feeling toward them. To be incased in an icy exterior with a really warm heart is a most unfortunate thing.

Some people have a repelling expression in their faces and manner which is a constant embarrassment to them; but they do not seem able to overcome it. This is largely due to a lack of early training, or to the fact that sometimes these people have been reared in the country, away from the great centers of civilization, where they do not have the advantages of social intercourse, and in consequence become cold and appear unsympathetic when they are really the opposite.

It is a very difficult thing to overcome these handicaps; but the cultivation of good will, of a helpful spirit and kindly feeling toward everybody, will go far to open up the hard exterior so that the soul can express itself.

Sewing-Room Helps

Edited by ETHEL BROOKES

BUTTONS THAT WILL STAY ON.— When sewing on buttons, if the needle is put through the cloth from the right side, leaving the knot under the button, the work will stand laundry and ordinary wear satisfactorily.— C. W. M.

* * *

A PRETTY SIDEBOARD COVER.— I bought a remnant of rather coarse linen, three and one-fourth yards of Cluny lace, three and one-half inches wide, and two and three-fourth yards of insertion two inches wide. Taking a strip of linen thirty-five inches long and eight inches wide I hemmed it on all sides (doing the French hem), then sewed a strip of insertion on each side, making the corners square. A true corner can be made by folding the linen on the bias and running the seam out to the edge of the insertion by some straight edge. Next I sewed a strip of linen, hemmed on either side, the width of the insertion, then sewed on the lace, carrying out the same scheme on all corners. This just covers the top of my buffet and makes a rich looking spread.— ADELAIDE.

* * *

MAKING TWO FROCKS INTO ONE.— When selecting dresses for a child, buy two of the same material, because they are usually *out-grown* before they are *out-worn*. Then you can make one large dress from the two smaller ones, as the material will look alike, even if faded.— B. B. T.

* * *

QUILT MAKING MADE EASY.— An easy way to tie a baby-quilt is to cut holes, a few inches apart, in a square of cheese cloth the same size as the quilt. When the quilt is ready to tie, pin the cut square of cheese-cloth over it and sew through the holes. You can use an old sheet in the same way for large quilts, and several persons can work on it, as one always knows where to tie.— B. B. T.

* * *

PRETTY CORSET COVERS.— One can often find at remnant counters short lengths of wide embroidery. Sometimes there is only enough to make a full front for a corset cover, but by using India linon for the back, with a strip of insertion across the top, and shoulder straps of the same, one can make a nice corset cover for very small outlay.— MILDRED.

* * *

PIECING OUT A YOKE.—I had some embroidery that was just an inch too narrow to make a yoke. I cut it through the center, both front and back, and put in insertion two inches wide, which improved its appearance. One can use either lace or embroidery insertion.—B. B. T.

* * *

A BIT OF ECONOMY.—I make a new waist from two old ones, even if the pieces are small, by laying three box-plaits down the front, several inches apart. You can use four pieces of goods between, as the seams will be under the plaits, tuck these pieces to yoke depth, and bring the fullness into the waist, and have two plaits in the back, bringing them together at the bottom. The sleeves could have the same treatment (without tucking the goods anywhere, of course) if there is not material enough to make all in one piece. Trim the plaits with buttons, stitching, or French knots. Make pleats of one old waist and use the other waist for parts between plaits.—B. B. J.

* * *

A STOCKING DAY.—One day in each month I devote to darning and remodeling hose. I have them clean and pressed, then I cut down all that are not worth darning again. By setting apart a day for this, I accomplish more than I did by an occasional mending day.—May Calkins.

* * *

GOOD EAR PROTECTORS. — Before discarding old fleece-lined gloves, save the wrists and palms to make ear protectors for the little boys next winter. You can buy a paper pattern for them.—A MOTHER.

* * *

AN APRON IDEA.—My husband is a hardware dealer, and, doing much dirty work, he necessarily gets his shirt-sleeves very dirty. For years he has worn shirts with small dots of black on white, so they may be boiled in laundering. The sleeves wear out quickly, while the body is left practically good; so I make aprons of them, using the back for foundations and cutting the fronts into bias ruffles. Thus I am kept supplied with neat serviceable little aprons.—P. E. P.

HIS NEW WIFE

By James W Foley

ILLUSTRATED BY C. CLYDE SQUIRES

"I JUST thought I 'd run in an' pass th' time o' day with you," said Aunt Abigail, dropping into an easy chair and rocking vigorously. "Lordy, ain't it hot! A body seems to notice the heat more when they get as old as I am. No, I won't take off my bonnet. I got it fixed just to suit me and I don't never seem to get the pins in right when I put it on away from home.

"So your husband 's goin' to practice here? Well, I 'm glad to hear it. We need new blood in the medical world, although, Lord help us, old Doctor Gimpen has shed enough in the past twenty years to do us all. He cut and slashed reckless, and there 's many a poor soul in the cemetery up there that ought to be with us yet but for him. But he 's dead, please the Lord, and I won't be the one to speak evil of him. But if he don't meet a lot of familiar faces in Paradise it won't be because he ain't sent a lot of patients there. I heard he was only a horse doctor when he started but he got ambitious. My, medicine has changed since those days! He used to put ten or twelve drugs in a perscription, and if he did n't hit th' disease with one he would with another. He was long on treatin' liver complaints, an' he gave my niece, Molly Pennypacker, so much calomel, one time, all her teeth dropped out, an' she ain't eat steak for fifteen years. But he did n't charge her nothin' after he found out about her teeth, so she saved enough on the bill to buy a store set if she wanted to, but she did n't want to. She 's quite savin', Molly is, an' steak is powerful high, so I guess it 's just as well she can't eat it, even if she does get a cravin' for it.

"You 're a little lonesome, I know. It takes a new doctor's wife some time to get acquainted, and people are apt to be shy of her because they 're afraid he tells her things. That 's a fault of young doctors gettin' married. But you must n't be lonesome, and I told Marthy Wiggins it was my Christian duty to run in and cheer you up. You ain't met Marthy yet, but you will, you will. She 's great for new people, and she 's comin' over just as soon as ever she gets a minute. She lives over there on the fur corner in the little blue house, with the yard full of ellums. Marthy is a good woman but close—powerful close. I would n't ask her to stay to tea if I were you, because she gets in the habit of runnin' in just before tea time an' lookin' expectant. She 's got more 'n enough money to do her all th' rest of her natural life, but she's always afraid she 's goin' to th' poorhouse. She 'll tell you a lot of things about people that ain't so, but you want to let 'em go in one ear an' out of th' other. I thought maybe it would be just as well to run in and put you straight before you met Marthy. Don't get confidential with her under no circumstances. Her husband 's dead, please th' Lord, so her tongue runs pretty free when she gets a hearin', not havin' no one to talk to at home.

"'I must run over an' see Marthy a minute'"

"I hope you won't get lonesome an' fret yourself. Young married women are apt to do that in a strange place. I 'll sort o' take you under my wing a little, if you don't mind, and I 'll propose your name for the Methodist Ladies' Club at th' very first meetin'. There 's only two churches here that 's worth mentionin', an' that 's th' Methodist an' Presbyterian, an' you don't look like one of them blue-nosed Presbyterians with their damnation doctrines. I believe in people choosin' their own roads to Paradise, but anything but a Presbyterian for me. Oh, you *are* one! Well, th' least said th' soonest mended an' you ain't a *blue-nosed* one, anyway!

"Poor old Doctor Gimpen! He had sech a time collectin' his bills an' he did n't leave a cent for his family. A doctor's life here is middlin' hard. The people that pays prompt are powerful healthy, an' them that gets sick is slow pay. Now you would n't think anybody that lived in a big house like that one next to Marthy's on th' corner would beat a doctor out of his hard-earned money, but Mrs. Gimpen told Marthy Wiggins they did, and yet they do a sight o' splurgin' in society, too. For me, I would n't want to owe a doctor for bein' alive, or for bein' dead, either, for that matter. That 's the Bradfords' house next to Marthy's, an' she an' her house has been an eyesore to 'em for nigh on twenty years, but she won't sell out, just to spite 'em, an' when they have a party an' th' wind 's right she builds a fire in th' parlor stove so th' smoke 'll blow through their drawin'-room windows, their house sets back so much further 'n hers. Marthy 's quite interestin' in her way—to th' Bradfords, anyway. Mrs. Bradford 'll be over here th' first time any of th' children is taken sick, an' I 'm just advisin' you, for your own good, not to cure any of 'em without part cash. Let em' splurge less an' pay more, that 's my doctern.

"Ain't that Homer Vernon goin' down th' street there?—there, he 's just passin' Marthy's now! My eyes ain't what they used to be and I can't see much without my glasses, but I 'm sure that 's Homer. Better advise your husband to fight a little shy of Homer. He 's got a sight of money an' nothin' to do, an' they tell me they have high times at the Club, an' Homer is th' leadin' spirit. They used to get old Doctor Gimpen in an' play cards an' frequently it was nigh daylight when he got home, an' th' wuss for drinkin', too. If I had my way, Homer Vernon would be at work an' humanity would be th' better for a little honest sweat. You 're apt to meet Homer, if you go out much to parties; but fight shy of him, I say—fight shy of him! He 's mighty interestin' an equally unmeanin'. He used to say sweet things to my niece Molly, the one with th' teeth gone, you know, until I put my foot down an' sent him about his business. There! They 've stopped now, him an' that Flannery girl, an' talkin' on th' corner. Oh, it 's lucky I ain't her mother, it 's lucky I ain't her mother! An' her gabbin' with Homer Vernon on th' street corner! But that 's th' way with women—never see anything their own children do but always objectin' to what other people's children are doin'. I 'm glad some times I ain't a chick or child of my own. It 's a sight to worry about, raisin' 'em, curin' th' colic an' hives an' teethin' pains, an' then like as not have 'em run off an' marry some wuthless scalawag like Mary Dimple's daughter did. Poor Mary! Her head bowed in sorrow to th' grave, an' all on account of a tow-headed girl that was n't wuth shucks. It 's a cold world, I say, a cold world, an' every time I think of Mary Dimple an' her troubles I 'm glad Abigail Grannis was spared so much worry by bein' an old maid.

"Rent 's pretty high, ain't it? I suppose you 've got a lease of this house, or if you ain't you ought to have or old Gudgem 'll raise th' rent every time he hears of a piece of property bein' sold at a good figger. Gudgem built this house for his daughter, you 'now, an' gave it to her when she was married. Then her husband turned out to be a wuthless scamp an' neglected her shameful an' poor Emily took th' pneumony tryin' to keep up fires in winter an' raise two or three small children, an' died—God rest her. She was laid out in this very room we 're settin' in now, with th'

casket acrost th' corner there, an' a big Rock of Ages made out of lilies at th' head of it, bought by the Methodist Ladies' Club. Poor Emily! Early married, early broken-hearted is th' general rule. I guess she was married about as young as you are, from th' looks of both of you.

"Land sakes, it 's five o'clock! I ought to run over an' see Marthy a minute before I go home, but it 's so awful hot I hate to do it. She 's a good soul, Marthy is, but she will talk—she will talk. An' when she gets started you might as well let her go on. She 'll sit in an easy chair all afternoon an' rattle on, an' never seems to care if anybody answers her or not—just a nod or a shrug once in a while will keep her a-goin' full speed ahead. I remember th' night we sat up with Emily right here in this very room, an' she talked seven mortal hours without hardly takin' breath. She began at the A's an' went right through th' alphabet. She got to Homer Vernon just as th' sun was peepin' over th' ellum trees an' th' way she did lay him out must have been truly comfortin' to th' sperrit of Truth. Marthy ain't much on debate but she 's long on dissectin', an' she strikes with a heavy hand. But she 's got a heart in her like an ox, when it comes to bein' sympathetic or givin' advice or something that don't cost anything. You 'll enjoy her, but, as I said—be keerful, be keerful! Don't commit yourself. She 's gettin' feeble now, though, Marthy is, an' I would n't wonder if your husband would have th' job of layin' her out in her last sickness—God spare her.

"I really believe you 've perked up already since I came. I don't suppose you 've had many callers yet;

"'Ain't that Homer Vernon goin' down th' street?'"

but they 'll come, they 'll come. People *are* curious. I know what Marthy 'll say th' first thing I set foot in her doorway: 'What kind o' furniture they got?' It 's human nature, you know. She don't mean anything by it—she just wants to know. People are interested in new people, you know, especially young people. Marthy 'll like you, too, I know she will. An' she 'll give you th' history of the neighbors, in short biographical sketches. But, Lord bless you, you don't have to believe any more 'n you want to, an' it 'll do Marthy as much good as if you believed it all.'

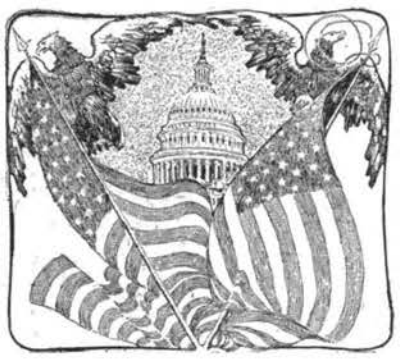
"Poor Emily Gudgem! It seems as if I ought to see her standin' there instid o' you, an' her up there in th' cemetery, dead long afore her time. This was her home, you know, an' it 's hard to get away from th' old recollections. I hope you an' me will be as good friends as Emily an' me was. An' you must come over an' see me an' Molly—my niece with th' teeth gone, you know. No, I can't stay another minute. I must run over an' see Marthy a minute before I go home. Lordy, ain't it hot!"

The curiosity of him who wishes to see fully for himself how the dark side of life looks, is like that of the man who took a torch into a powder mill to see whether it would really blow up or not.

The Inside at Washington

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."

Roosevelt and the Railroads



AT ONE of the White House receptions, as Berryman, the cartoonist, reached the President, he was jerked out of the line by Mr. Roosevelt, who said: "With your inimitable bear you have put the ragdoll baby out of business."

Berryman's cartoons invariably include a "doily bear"—the name given to the watch-charm variety on one of the President's hunting trips. And, by the way, the expression of this bear is positively human.

Following the visit of J. Pierpont Morgan to the White House, in March, there appeared two of Berryman's cartoons, which tell the story of the economic revolution wrought by Mr. Roosevelt since he assumed the Presidency, or within a period of only six years. The first cartoon, entitled "Then and Now," is in two panels. In one, President Roosevelt, grasping a roll on which is printed, "Railroad Regulation Proposition," is confronted by railway magnates, among them Morgan, Hill, and Rockfeller, who tower above him. Their smiles contrast with his seriousness, and the "doily bear," in concealing its fright, presents the wastebasket as a shield against the arrogance of the overlords of transportation. On the other panel, the President appears as a Gulliver among Lilliputians. The same railroad magnates, woefully shrunken in size, are now on their knees, beseeching him to help them. Their faces are distressingly serious, while the smile is his; their attitude is that of supplication, while his is rather that of indifference. Fear has left the face of the "doily bear," which is now perched contentedly on the wastebasket.

The second cartoon depicts the reason for Mr. Morgan's change of front. Uncle Sam stands with his hands in his pockets, and leaning on his leg is the "doily bear," feet crossed, and one hand on a replica of the "big stick." Approaching Uncle Sam at a grueling pace is a portly, side-whiskered gentleman, labeled "Railroads," who is crying "Help, help!" and behind him, in hot pursuit, are a contingency of farmers, armed with hoes, rakes, and pitchforks, who represent Nebraska, Ohio, Minnesota, Mississippi, North Dakota, Texas, etc., the States which have "gotten into" the railroads this year. So much for the parable; now for the facts.

* * *

First, came Harriman, the wrecker, of whom Senator Cullom said, following an interview at the White House:

"I told the President if I had my way I'd try to put Mr. Harriman in the penitentiary for the Alton deal."

Why Harriman came, the President does not know. No more does he know why Rogers and Archbold came last winter, unless it was to sing the praises of the philanthropic Mr. Rockefeller, and to assert that Standard Oil declined to accept rebates, although two isolated cases had been discovered in New England. This was particularly interesting to the President, who then had Mr. Garfield's report in his desk.

Probably Mr. Harriman, who had asserted that he would never contribute to the Republican campaign fund, even to aid the State ticket, so long as Roosevelt retained the leadership, had suffered a change of heart, and was willing, nay anxious, to meet the President on "common ground." He got no encouragement to mount the high, ethical plane occupied by Mr. Roosevelt, and still he desired to call again. But the signs of an approaching decline in Wall Street hurried him to New York.

Next came J. Pierpont Morgan—the same Mr. Morgan who, at a banquet last winter, upset a glass of champagne in the vociferousness of his applause. In reply to Secretary Root's declaration that, if the States did not do their duty in regulating corporations, the Nation must step in, a local speaker was upholding the doctrine of the reserved rights of the States. Mr. Morgan was at that time a strong States' rights man.

* * *

But times have changed. Two cent fare bills have gone through one State legislature after another. On the other hand, a bill compelling interstate railroads to issue mileage books at two cents a mile, fathered by Representative Sherman, chairman of the Republican Congressional Committee, was buried in the Interstate Commerce Committee of the House. The railroad lobby was too strong. And so it was that Mr. Morgan became, over night as it were, a Federalist, where he had been a States' rights man.

So Mr. Morgan hastened to Washington. His visit was arranged in advance—as was his published statement following the interview. President Roosevelt would gladly see the railroad presidents, as he would see railroad employees, and did see them when the bill "to promote the safety of railroad employees and travelers upon railroads" had hard sledding in Congress last session. He held out no hope that the visit would result in a "getting together," but doubtless he entertained the belief that he might obtain some expert views on the railroad question, to aid him in reaching a fair and equitable conclusion for future legislative recommendations—specific recommendations, of course.

Then came Banker Speyer, who was concerned over the Wall Street flurry. Evidently, he thought that the President alone could halt the drop in stocks, and it was a word of reassurance he sought. The President must say that he was not against corporations as such. But he had said it, many, many times; the trouble was that some persons had not read it. Never mind; he must say it again—before the morrow. This, of course, he would not do; and the banker hurried back to his ticker. He had not frightened President Roosevelt.

* * *

The slump came, and with it numerous telegrams to the Chief Magistrate. Here are a few:

Your attitude toward corporations is driving the country to the brink of ruin.

The ghost of American prosperity will meet you at Philippi.

Our best families are being impoverished.

Alas! President Roosevelt did not interfere to save the "best families" caught short in the stock market.

How the speculators attacked him! Listen to the New York "Times," the organ of the sacred, vested interests:

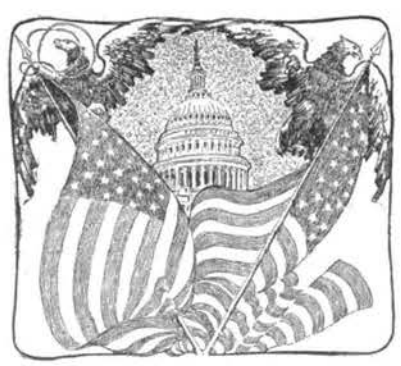
The time has arrived to cry check to the unregulated theories connected with the names of Roosevelt and Bryan. Every man who encourages either is an enemy to his own interests.

And to this:

The exploitation and looting of railroad systems for private gain is as unbusinesslike as the exploitation and paralyzing of them for political gain. The people of the country ought to pray with equal fervor to be delivered from the demagogues on the one hand and from the manipulator on the other. Both are dangerous.

And finally to this:

When the vast business of the railroads has been put into politics, and there the President with all his tremendous power and influence has been striving to put it, federal ownership will be about the only avenue of escape from perfectly intolerable conditions. What those conditions will be, what they actually are, has been indicated with all sufficient clearness by the course of prices in the New York Stock Exchange this week.



* * *

When the organ of vested interests talks about the railroads being "put into politics," a sardonic grin o'erspreads the countenance of the governors of many States. The people of these States are not so much concerned with freight rates or

with passenger rates, as they are with the machinery of *their* government. That in all right and justice, belongs to the people themselves. Yet the Harrimans and the Goulds, through their subsidized legislative agents—sometime "special counsel"—have sought to control this machinery. The Harrimans and the Goulds have fought anti-pass bills; for free transportation has ever been a ready form of bribery. The Harrimans and the Goulds have opposed the direct primary system, which would give the people a voice in the selection of legislative candidates, and hence lessen the opportunities of the Harrimans and the Goulds to pack a legislature. It is for this interference that the States have rebelled. And the only way to emphasize this rebellion was to strike at the pocketbooks of the Harrimans and the Goulds. Wherefore, two cent fare bills.

Of course, with State legislation President Roosevelt has not the slightest thing to do, although he is thoroughly convinced that complete federal regulation of railroads is the only effective remedy for railroad abuses. Neither was the President responsible, in any way, for the slump in Wall Street. Stuyvesant Fish, a railroad man of the better type, forcibly diagnosed the situation thus:

> The fact that the investigation of the railroad conditions of the country was ordered by President Roosevelt, had no more to do with the recent decline in railroad stocks in Wall Street than you or I. It is quite true that the investigation did unearth some conditions that could only be characterized by the use of extremely bad language. That there have been rotten conditions in railroad circles is known to all those who have had to deal with the management of vast railroad interests. The result of these conditions has just been felt, and will be felt to a greater or less extent until they are entirely corrected.

* * *

The President's position is clear. When Governor of New York, in accepting the nomination of Vice President, he used this language:

> No good whatever is subserved by indiscriminate denunciation of corporations generally, and of all forms of industrial combination in particular; and when this public denunciation is accompanied by private membership in the great corporations denounced, the effect is, of course, to give an air of insincerity to the whole movement. Nevertheless, there are real abuses, and there is ample reason for striving to remedy these abuses.

* * * * * * *

> The first thing to do is to find out the facts; and for this purpose publicity as to capitalization, profits, and all else of importance to the public is the most useful measure. The mere fact of this publicity would in itself remedy certain evils, and, as to others, it would in some cases point out the remedies, and would at least enable us to tell whether or not certain proposed remedies would be useful.

* * *

As soon as he assumed the Presidency, Mr. Roosevelt promulgated his general policy for the control of corporations engaged in interstate commerce and for the further regulation of common carriers. From that course he has not wavered. Nor will he waver. But he is not taken up with the business of issuing manifestoes.

If one would know just what the President's attitude toward corporations is, let him study the last two annual messages. Mr. Roosevelt believes that there should be federal incorporation, or federal license, for all industrial corporations doing business among the States. He believes that the powers of the Interstate Commerce Commission should be increased; first, that the Government may initiate rates, and, second, that the Commission may supervise stock and bond issues of railroads, and thereby prevent the Harrimans from duplicating such high-handed practices as the milking of the Chicago & Alton. Furthermore, he believes that pooling, namely, agreements among railroads, which are now unlawful, should be legalized, under the control and supervision of the Interstate Commerce Commission, not an ultra-radical programme, certainly. There is nothing in it of "squeezing the water" out of railroad securities, to the hurt of innocent purchasers, namely, small stockholders; nor has there ever been such a plan.

* * *

If prophecy may be indulged in, the time is not far distant when not only railroads, but also industrial corporations engaged in interstate business will court federal regulation. Then, they will make advertising profit out of governmental supervision, just as the packers now publish broadcast the fact that their meats bear the federal inspection tag. Would not stocks and bonds find a more ready sale bearing a similar tag?

But first these corporations must "come with clean hands." How can one sympathize with the railroads when, condemning State legislation and asking federal protection, they deny the same protection to their employees; when the Pennsylvania, for illustration, does its utmost to defeat that just and righteous law, the Employers' Liability Act, on the ground of unconstitutionality?

▲ ▲

Enforcing the Pure Food Law.

"STRIKING at the Pure Food Law" is the title of an editorial which was printed in a trade paper, "The American Grocer," not long before the adjournment of Congress. As every citizen is vitally interested in the enforcement of this most important statute—wrung from the Senate after seventeen years of effort—a quotation is peculiarly interesting:

The same influences which were active to prevent the enactment of a National Pure Food law are still aggressively at work to defeat its purpose. They are sly, work in the dark, and in all manner of devious and deceitful ways. Some work in the open, as the whisky blenders, and others in secret, but they all have one object, to break the force or check the operation of the Pure Food law.

Senator Proctor stated in the United States Senate last Friday that a lobby representing the liquor dealers and the producers of blended whiskies and neutral spirits had been particularly active around the Capitol trying to defeat a provision in the Agricultural Bill which authorizes the Secretary of Agriculture to establish standards of purity, by which impure and adulterated foods may be adjudged, and which is necessary to the effectiveness of the Pure Food law. The Senate ruled the amendment out of the Appropriation Bill.

* * * * * *

The present board charged with the fixing of standards has been careful and conservative and taken great care to invite manufacturers and others interested in the products for which standards are to be fixed in order to have them fair. Some of those fixed are far below those adopted by food manufacturers, and already advertisements are common, announcing that the article advertised is higher than the United States standard.

For Congress to adjourn without providing for the making of standards is little less than a crime against the people. It would mean an open door for the adulterators and defilers of the food supply. Let us hope that in the few days remaining of the present Congress, authority will be lodged and an appropriation granted establishing a board to determine standards. Evidently the National Pure Food law needs to be guarded against its foes.

* * *

The standards provision of the Agricultural Appropriation Bill was stricken out in the House on a point of order raised by Representative Crumpacker, of Indiana—the man who proposed the measure which would open the mails to swindlers—but it was restored to the bill by the Committee on Agriculture of the Senate. Senator Lodge, of Massachusetts, who has ever been unfriendly to pure food legislation, succeeded in striking out the provisions in the Senate.

Meantime, another fight was being waged. The National Wholesale Liquor Dealers' Association made this fight alone, but other imitators stood in the background, waiting to pounce on the Adminstration provided a disposition was shown to let down the bars. It was the National Wholesale Liquor Dealers' Association which was so persistent in killing the Pure Food Bill from time to time.

* * *

It is distressing to think how near these imitators came to achieving their end. Dr. Wiley, chief of the Bureau of Chemistry, stood like a rock for honest labeling and for the enforcement of the law for which he struggled for twenty years; it is his monument, But Secretary Wilson went wrong. Victory for the imitators seemed assured, and all the food adulterators took heart and prepared for an onslaught. The National Wholesale Liquor Dealers' Association was overjoyed. As one of its prominent members expressed it:

"Our general counsel has succeeded in transferring the consideration of the question from *science into politics.*" And this was literally true. Never was such tremendously strong political pressure brought to bear in favor of a special interest.

The President does not drink whisky, and has little patience with whisky drinking. Therefore, he did not, at first, realize the importance of the question, which was scientific and somewhat involved. But he set about to find out. Very soon he came to the conclusion that the Administration was called on to construe a general clause of the pure food law: one that pertains to flour, coffee, and tea, for example, just as much as to whisky or other liquors. He soon realized that the enforcement of this ethical statute was at stake. His decision under these circumstances—need any one be told?—was against the selfish interest and in favor of honest labeling and rigid enforcement of the law.

* * *

A Democratic official, whose duties take him into many parts of the country, made this observation before the decision relative to blended whisky was rendered:

The blind faith which the people in the country districts have in the President is almost pitiful. They think that he represents them in everything that is done in Washington, and for this reason they are beginning to look to Roosevelt and the national Government as long as he is President, for a law against every evil which affects them.

Take the Pure Food Law, for example. It is difficult to get into their heads that State food laws and their administration are necessary, in addition to the national law, to do away with food adulteration. The people would willingly give the President authority to regulate the entire question, if they could do so. On account of the faith which the people have in Roosevelt his power is unlimited. They think that each session of Congress is a war between the President on the one hand and the Senate and House on the other to secure some legislation in their interest. In fact, even the most ardent Democratic speakers always preface their remarks with a tribute to Roosevelt. They have to do this in order to get a hearing from their audience.

In the first important decision affecting the enforcement of the pure food statue, President Roosevelt proved that the "blind faith" of the people of the country districts is not misplaced. Greater political influence could not have been brought to bear on him, and yet the President swept it all aside and determined the matter for the greatest good of the greatest number

Sizing Up People

ORISON SWETT MARDEN

[*Concluded from page 327*]

These promoters would not think of tackling a shrewd, level-headed business man for their nefarious schemes, because he is too keen, too sharp, too good a judge of human nature. Such a man would be likely to penetrate the mask and see the real motive beneath the oily, honeyed words, the smooth seductive manner.

The ability to read people at sight is a great business asset.

To be an expert in reading human nature is just as valuable to a young lawyer as a knowledge of law; it is as valuable to a physician as a knowledge of medicine. The man who can read human nature, who can "size up" a person quickly, who can arrive at an accurate estimate of character, no matter what his vocation, or profession, has a great advantage over others.

With some men the power to read people aright amounts to an instinct. They look through all pretences; they tear off all masks. They see the man as he is, his reality, and measure him for what he is worth.

A man possessing this power of character-reading pays little attention to what a person seeking employment may say of himself. He can see for himself. Human nature is to him as an open book, while to others it is a sealed book. They do not have the faculty of going back of pretensions. They are largely at the mercy of what he claims for himself, and they are always being duped. They make very poor employers.

I know a charming business man, a very able man in many respects, and much beloved by everybody who knows him, but he has always been the victim of his ignorance of human nature. He cannot read motives, weigh or estimate the ability of others to do certain things. If an applicant for a position talks well, he immediately jumps to the conclusion that he is a good man for the position, and hires him, usually to be disappointed. He has a great weakness for clergymen who have lost their positions through failing health or for other reasons, and also for ex-teachers and professors. The result is that he has a lot of impractical people about him who know nothing of progressive, scientific business building.

It is an education in itself to form the habit of measuring, weighing, estimating the different people we meet, for in this way we are improving our own powers of observation, sharpening our perspective faculties, improving our judgment. The ability to read human nature is a cultivatable quality, and we have a great opportunity in this country, with its conglomerate population, to study the various types of character.

What a wonderful school most of us are in practically all of the time, especially in large cities, where we are constantly coming in contact with strangers! What a chance to become experts in reading human nature, in studying motives!

The face, the eye, the manners, the gestures, the walk, all these are hieroglyphics which, if we can only decipher them, spell out the character.

Sometimes a single glance of the eye, when one is unconscious, will give you a glimpse into his innermost soul and reveal secrets which he would never dare to utter with his tongue.

The facial expression and the manner, especially when people are off their guard, or unconscious that they are being watched, are great revealers of character.

A great scientist would give a new student some natural object, as a fish, to study for an hour, and then asks him to describe it. He would then tell the student that he had not yet really seen the fish, to take it away and study it another hour, and, at the end of that time, tell him what he had seen. The student would be amazed at the new things he kept discovering, which he had not seen at his first examination.

You will find, as you become an expert in face study, in reading character, human nature, that you will develop marvelous skill in seeing things which you never noticed before. You will be able to protect yourself from the promoter, the insinuating man who is trying to persuade you into something which may not be to your benefit, but which will be to his. You will be able to discriminate between friendship and duplicity. You will be able to protect yourself from a thousand annoyances and embarrassments and humiliations which might cripple your career.

How many people are living in poverty, are wretched, homeless to-day because they could not read human nature and were robbed of their property and their rights!

To discern the difference between the false and the true, to place the right values upon men, to emphasize the right thing in them, to discriminate between the genuine and the pretended, is an accomplishment which may be worth infinitely more to you than a college education without this practical power, and may make all the difference to you between success and failure, happiness and misery.

The Christianity of Christian Science

[*Concluded from page 326.*]

He said the same of Lazarus, and by so doing raised him to life again. Paul said, "Henceforth know we no man after the flesh." All these teachings confirm Mrs. Eddy's statements. If Christianity comes to transform humanity it needs must be revolutionary. Jesus's teachings were so, and it brought to him the cross and the spear, and Mrs. Eddy re-affirms Jesus's words and works—Christian Science is also revolutionary, and arouses opposition and persecution, but at this hour earth helps the woman. Truth is triumphant.

The teaching of Christian Science brings back to the Church the *power* of primitive Christianity. It was ushered in with the demonstration of Spirit and dominion and power; it was carried on for centuries by this proof of the power of Spirit to subdue material conditions, and it is again, through Christian Science, opening to humanity the grand possibilities of man endued with a knowledge of the one true God, and of man's relation to, and eternal co-existence with God, as the divine image and reflection of his Maker.

This pure idealism is and must be the transfiguring power of the universe, and the process is in contemplating this divine ideal Christ Jesus. As Paul writes, "But we all, with open face beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord."

This mighty alchemy of Truth, leavening and changing human thought, permeating all consciousness and working as a divine leaven, purifying, healing, and spiritualizing consciousness, makes it the most comprehensively philanthropic movement on earth. When Christian Science united these words, health and holiness, goodness and life (according to scripture teachings, in the path of righteousness there is no death), it established the practicality of the highest ethics, including in its workings everything that the noblest philanthropy strives to accomplish. It is health-giving, divinely educational, it points to the only true asylum, to be "hid with Christ in God;" the only true socialism acknowledging but one God, one Father, one family, the brotherhood of man, all heirs of the same affluent Love, and each having all, as he claims it by divine right and inheritance. This certainly is Christian, and a consciousness thus permeated with this sense of the universal impartiality of Love, God, and of His infinite, divine reflection, heals and spiritualizes as spontaneously as a rose exhales its fragrance, or a star emits its light. This is the practical, applied truth which Jesus brought to humanity and which Mrs. Eddy is again establishing on earth, *viz*: the Science of God's unerring, immutable law of good, of life and harmony.

The reign of spiritual law unites science and a divine theology, and reveals God's supreme government of His own man in His image and of the spiritual universe. We have scarcely dared to grasp the stupendous possibilities of scientific Christianity. In our blindness we have almost forgotten Paul's glowing words—that Jesus Christ hath "abolished death, and hath brought life and immortality to light"—*here* and *now*. "Now are we the sons of God," and heirs of a heavenly inheritance—to grasp this *now*, and to learn that the past and the future are thieves that would rob us of the eternal facts of Being, is our protection, for in reality all time is swallowed up in the eternal Now of Spirit. There never was a moment when God's Being was less than Infinity, nor when man was separated from God, as Creator and created, as Father and Son—in eternal oneness, Principle and idea, divine and only Cause and effect. The millenial age must be the reign of God's universal law, the scientific age when the Christ-Mind that we are admonished to have, the Mind that is Love, will rule with a rod of unerring Principle the whole world, will annul all physical law that blasts while it claims to bless, and accept only the spiritual law, that says to the tempest, "Peace be still," to the sick, "Thy sins are forgiven thee, take up thy bed and walk," and to Lazarus in the grave, "Come forth."

"To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me in my throne, even as I also overcame, and am set down with my Father in his throne (*Revelation*, iii., 21)." Thus we see that the true Christian life must be a constant growth in the understanding and application of divine spiritual law to human needs—a progressive life in spiritual attainment till we are at one with infinite Love.

As we contemplate this reign of spiritual law we glimpse faintly the debt of the world in this and the coming centuries to our leader, Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy, for the sublime moral grandeur of her attitude, for the clear piercing vision that has penetrated the mists of materialism and brought to the world's apprehension the science of Jesus's transcendent life, for the self-abnegation that has given all for Christ that she might bless humanity with the priceless gift of love to humanity and the immortal science of perfect spiritual Being.

[The next article will appear in June.]

The Third House

By GILSON GARDNER

[*Concluded from page 317*]

inadvertently mentioned his rascality, and all the witnesses needed to defend his suits have been removed beyond the geographical limits of the United States, making it rather difficult for the defendants to defend. This lobby lawyer has wonderful hypnotic influence in Congress, and at each session some bill contains paragraphs here and there authorizing certain Indians to sell their lands. The sale is always to this attorney, and it is said he secures for $500 land worth $5,000, and often neglects to pay even the $500.

There are other methods, not so raw, for separating the Indian from his ready money. One of these is by an attorney's fee. For example, practically every tribe has a regularly appointed lawyer to protect its funds from other lawyers. These appointments are nominally controlled and approved by the Secretary of the Interior, but before Secretary Hitchcock's administration the matter ran very loosely, and many lawyers drew handsome incomes for services of very doubtful value to the tribe. As the result of a clause in the last Indian Appropriation Bill, there is a case now in the court of claims growing out of such service by the firm of Maish and Gordon, who for ten years represented the White Earth Indians in Minnesota. The claim is for services rendered by other lawyers whom this firm neglected properly to compensate. To defend this claim, the secretary has permitted the tribe to employ C. E. Richardson, until recently clerk to the Senate Committee on Indian Affairs; and thus the legal industry is made to flourish.

Most interesting, in this line, however, is a provision in the Indian Appropriation Bill passed by Congress in June, 1906, reviving an old lawyer's bill dating from 1868, when Messrs. Vann and Adair, attorneys doing business in Indian Territory, are alleged to have rendered most valuable services to the tribe of Osage Indians, in defeating a treaty, known as the "Drum Creek Treaty," which they attempted to make with the United States. Vann and Adair are dead and gone, but it is shown in the law that there was an assignment of the claim made in September, 1902, and the gist of the enactment passed is, that the assignees are permitted to go into the court of claims and prove up the value of the claim with interest; whereupon, the Secretary of the Interior is directed to pay from the funds of the tribe the amount of the claim, "not exceeding $180,000." And the same paragraph of the same law carefully provides that the Secretary may hire another lawyer to resist the claim in the court of appeals. The lawyer who revived the Van and Adair claim is J. J. Hemphill, former Congressman from South Carolina, while Kappler and Merrilat have been put on salary to look after the treasury of the Osage tribe.

Likewise, in the same Indian Appropriation Bill appears the name of Marion Butler (former Senator from North Carolina), of the firm of Butler and Vale, in connection with a claim of $1,500,000 due the tribe of Indians residing on the Colville Reservation in the State of Washington; and for attorney's fees, to be proved up in the court of claims, for securing this legislation. This case grew out of a little joke which the Government perpetrated on the Colville aborigines. It seems that their reservation lands looked good to settlers, and it was decided that they ought to be opened up. This was in 1891. So a commission was appointed to negotiate with the Colville tribe for the sale of $1,500,000 acres of their lands. The Indians were willing. Congress was willing, and passed an act providing for the cession of the lands and their opening to settlement. But, with singular humor, Congress neglected to appropriate the $1,500,000 which the commission had agreed should be paid the Indians. So the formality of payment was omitted, and the lands were just ceded and opened and settled. Fourteen years later the firm of Butler and Vale secured the appropriation of the money due these Indians; and, naturally, there is a host of lawyers deserving heavy compensation for helping to bring about this surprising *dénouement.*

Another paragraph in the same bill provides for the sale of certain lands belonging to the Klamath Indians in Oregon, appropriating for the purpose $537,007.30 "after the payment of the legal fees of attorneys having duly approved contracts." Interested in this claim are McCammon and Belt—the latter formerly an employee of the Indian office in the Interior Department.

Space forbids more than a brief mention of some other lobbies. There is the lobby which tried to secure ship subsidy legislation at both sessions of the Congress just ended. Voicing this special interest—the ship builders, who are anxious to share in the $40,000,000 which would be spent on new ships, the Steel Trust, which would furnish steel, and ship owners, who would secure increased returns—are Harvey Goulder of the Lake Carriers' Association and John A. Penton of the Marine and Iron Trade Reviews. They spent thousands in their last subsidy campaign, and all but won. There are the prohibition and the liquor lobbies, butting heads at every session; there is the free art lobby, the lobby of the Pilot's Trust of Chesapeake

Bay, and Dr. Theron C. Stearns lobbying for adulterated foods. There is a free seed lobby and a lobby against free seeds; there are lobbies maintained by Government departments, and lobbies against the Governmental lobbies.

There is reason for all this growth and power of the special interest, and its corresponding growth and power in the Third House. For forty years the United States has been in a period of industrial development. In 1864 the country was young; a great war had depleted its wealth, and the chief business of the Government was to encourage business. This, for forty years, the Government has done. The voice of "the interest" has been paramount.

But that period has ended. The fostered child has become a giant. The special interest no longer asks; it demands. The power of government has been attacked and throttled by the allied SPECIAL INTERESTS. And the PEOPLE—they who are the source of all power and the end of all government—have been scorned and disregarded.

But the people are not downed. They have the power and they know the Government belongs of right to them. They k ow that favors they have granted to the special interests have not developed into vested rights. They know that individual freedom is the end of government; and they propose that individual freedom, peace, and profit be considered for a change. Of government by and for the special interests there has been enough. The new era is an era of the people.

The sign is good, the prospect full of hope. Protest and agitation show an awakening of the public conscience—and this is but another name for patriotism. Things are better for exposure. Light is sanitary. Muck well raked and subjected to the sunshine grows fine crops.

* *

Spending Money

[*Concluded from page 319*]

I do? Oh, are you the floorwalker? Well, I 'm sorry to trouble you, but if you will be so very kind my little boy has rolled a quarter of a dollar down that register,—it seems very hot,—and if you 'll be so good, I 'd like to have you get it out for me.—Why, we have an account here. We 've traded here for ten years. It 's perfectly simple; you just take out those screws and lift it up,—and—Very well, very well. Can I see the proprietor?—I shall write to him. My husband will write to him.—There now, Charlie, you see what you 've done.

"I 'm not really satisfied with any of these. Have n't you something with a center? I 'll take it. How much is it? Eighteen dollars? I had n't meant to pay as much as that, but, still, I 'll take it—I 'm not going to get one for Mrs. Pendexter; I will not be that woman's slave. Will you do it up, please? We 'll take it with us. And would you mind putting in the barbed wire?—I 'm afraid we 're troubling you,—and this egg-beater, please, and this tea-strainer—

"Why, there 's your teacher. How do you do, Miss Pratt? How do you do? Charlie, kiss Miss Pratt this minute. Oh, he really wants to, Miss Pratt. He loves you dearly; he 's always talking about you. Charlie, do as I tell you, and *kiss Miss Pratt.* I don't know what in the world we 'd do without your little school, Miss Pratt. I 'm nearly crazy when I have to keep Charlie home for a day. Good-by.

"Oh, you 've got that tablecloth all done up, have n't you? I 'm very sorry, but I shall have to ask you to undo it. I 'm really afraid we 're troubling you.—Yes, it is. It *is.* Annie dear, that middle figure is too large for my centerpiece with the sweet peas. I never could use it in the world. I 'm *very* sorry, but I can't take it. I don't know just what to do. I think I 'll look at your polka dots. What, have n't you any polka dots? They 're the most fashionable thing you can possibly have. Well, if you have n't got what I want, I shall have to go where I *can* get it. I 'm very sorry, but—Charlie, take those things, dear, and give me the pocketbook.—I shall be in again next week, when I can look a little more thoroughly. [Looking at her watch.] Take my hand, Charlie. Come on, Annie. I think if we hurry we can catch that five-thirty-eight train."

* *

Dignity carried to excess is a malady.

• • • •

Cheerful looks make every dish a feast.

• • • •

The victor is he who can go it alone.—*Saxe.*

• • • •

Books are lighthouses erected on the great sea of time.

• • • •

One in love with Truth need never ask about his reputation.

• • • •

I cannot hear what you say for listening to what you are.—*Emerson.*

My Life—So Far

By JOSIAH FLYNT

[*Continued from page 324*]

of your acquittal. It was a very simple matter."

I was sure that both proceedings could refer to nothing more serious than the fracas with the *dvòrniks* on the night of my arrest, and I determined to learn what had happened to my two friends, if anything. The American I found at his *datscha* on one of the islands.

"Did you receive an announcement of your indictment on a criminal charge?" I asked him.

"Yes," he said; "my crime was whistling in a police station."

It seems that the officer in charge, anxious to have his revenge on one of us, selected the resident American, because he thought it best not to press any charge against me and he was unable to locate the little Englishman. The American had whistled unwittingly, and entirely by way of exclamation. I recalled the incident. On the fateful night, while he was pleading with the officer for my release, the latter made several astounding statements, and at one of them my friend could not repress a slight whistle of amazement. I asked him how he came out with the case.

"Loser," he said. "I put the matter in the hands of a lawyer, and he mussed things so that I was fined twenty-five rubles. How did you make out?"

I told him of my acquittal. "There's Russia for you," he declared. "You are at heart the technical villain and go free. I, the poor Samaritan, am fined. That's just about as much rhyme and reason as they show in this country in everything they do."

"And the little Englishman," I asked, "the one who really caused the entire trouble—where is he?"

"The last I heard of him he was out on one of the Pacific Islands, having a fine time."

* * * * * * *

Perhaps the pleasantest break in my university studies came in the summer of 1894, when I went to Switzerland, and, later in the year, to Italy. My writings had begun to bring me in a small income by this time, and I had learned how to make a dollar do valiant service when it came to paying traveling expenses.

My companion in Switzerland was a fellow student at the university. I understand he is now spending his days and nights trying to write a new history of Rome. We did the usual things on our trip together, some things that were unusual, and we saw, on comparatively little money, the greater part of Switzerland. We also climbed a mountain; and thereby hangs a tale.

Both of us had been diligently reading Mark Twain's "A Tramp Abroad," in particular the chapters on Switzerland. Eventually we got into the Rhone Valley, and at Visp, or rather at St. Nicholas, midway between Visp and Zermatt, we stumbled upon our ideal of a mountain guide, or, rather, on the ideal that the "Tramp Abroad" book had conjured up for us. We had seen other guides before, dozens of them, but there was something in the "altogether" about the St. Nicholas discovery that captured us completely. We drew the guide into conversation. Yes, he knew of a mountain at Zermatt that we could climb.

"Roped together?" said the present histo ian of Rome. Somehow, unless we could be attached to a rope and dangle over precipices, the ascent presented no great charms. Yes, we could even be roped together, could march in single file, spend hours in the snow, and have a wonderful *aussicht*.

"And the price?" A sudden return of everyday sense prompted me to ask. By this time our funds were getting pretty low, and neither one of us was sure when his next re-

mittance would arrive. My friend's, by the way, never did arrive when we most needed it.

The guide told us the prices for the Matterhorn and the other "horns" in and about Zermatt.

"Three hundred francs to go up the Matterhorn!" the historian gasped. "Why, we have n't over a hundred in the outfit."

"Ah, but the Breithorn!" the guide went on, readjusting his coil of rope and ax, as if he knew that it was these very things that were tempting us and leading us into bankruptcy. Never before or since have ropes and axes possessed such fascinating qualities as they did that day. The guide told us that the Breithorn was ours for thirty francs—"*Sehr billig, sehr billig*," he added. The historian and I took stock of our resources. We finally concluded that, if the hotel bill at Zermatt did n't exhaust our means, we could just barely hire the guide, climb the mountain, pay railroad fare back to Brieg, and have a few francs left over for incidentals until fresh funds arrived. We knew a hotel man in Brieg who would trust us—at least we thought he would—and the main thing just then was going up the Breithorn. At a pinch we knew that we could go "on tramp," or rather I did. The historian just guessed that he could.

We stopped by the wayside to rest and think. Foolishly, I pulled the "Tramp Abroad" book out of my pocket by way of reference. I wanted to make sure that our guide was the real thing, *à la* "A Tramp Abroad." Then I glanced at his rope and ax. That decided the matter for me.

"Up the Breithorn we go," I cried, and the guide was formally engaged.

In ascending this mountain from Zermatt the average traveler, I believe, stops over night at the Theodule Pass, continuing the journey early in the morning. Our guide, for some foolish reason, decided that we were not average travelers, that it would be a mere bagatelle for us to sleep in Zermatt until early morning, and then do the whole thing in one gasp. My clothes—a light summer outfit from head to feet—were about as suitable for such an adventure as for the North Pole. The historian was a little more warmly clad, but not much. However, perhaps we should never pass that way again, as Heine sighs in his "Harzreise," and then—what regrets we might suffer! The time came when, for a moment, we regretted that we had ever passed that way at all—but I anticipate.

At three o'clock in the morning we got away, the guide carrying ropes, ax, and lunch. At five or thereabouts we reached the pass. Thus far everything was delightful—landscape, atmosphere, temperament, and intentions. The view that morning from the Theodule Pass, over the glacier below, was the most wonderful I have ever enjoyed. The clouds were tossing about over the glacier like stormy waves at sea, and the morning sun threw over the scene a most beautiful medley of colors. At our right was the Matterhorn, but that represented three hundred francs, and inspired covetousness. Pretty soon we were off again, and when we struck the snow my delight was climaxed. We were roped together! Never before or since in my life have I felt the sense of personal responsibility in such an exalted degree. I thought of the historian, and what I should do if he tumbled into a crevice. I even pictured myself hauling the stalwart guide out of a hole. These thrilling notions of possible valor did not last long, however. In an hour my light summer shoes were wet through, my face had begun to burn, my hands had got cold, and the top of the world looked all awry. "Get your money's worth," the historian encouraged me, and I plodded on to the top. There we stood, and were supposed to enjoy life. My feet ached, and I said "d—." An Englishman, brother of a well-known novelist, whom I took to be a clergyman, said, "Tut, tut!" I repeated my expression, and he and his party crossed over to the Little Breithorn,

to be alone. I said a number of other things before the day was over, but we managed to get back to Zermatt without interference. As we paid the guide off before going into the village, I asked him whether he would not like to have us write a recommendation for him in his book. He smiled. "Oh, I can go up that hill backwards," he said, "but I am much obliged." This is the way he left us: bankrupt practically, wet, tired, and with the humiliating inference that had we been real sportsmen we could have climbed the "Breithorn" heels foremost. I have never read "A Tramp Abroad" since that experience.

Of our impoverished condition on reaching Brieg there is little to say except that it was whole-hearted and genuine. We could hardly have had over two francs between us. The hotel man insisted that we were honest, however, and would pay him when we could. So for ten days we settled down upon him to wonder why we had ever attempted the "Breithorn." There was a stone wall, or abutment, near the town, about sixty feet high. Climbing it was like going up a New England stone fence to the same height—there was not a particle of difference. If one lost his footing, there was nothing to do but fall to the bottom and think things over. A fall from near the top, which nearly happened to me, could only have stopped all things, because there was nothing but bowlders to light on.

For two hours, every day of our stay in Brieg, we fools risked our limbs and necks in finding new ways to climb the wall. Perhaps the Matterhorn presents more difficult problems in climbing to solve than those of our wall, but I doubt it. At any rate, I should want to *be paid*, and not *pay*, three hundred francs before I would attempt either wall or mountain to-day.

The journey into Italy was made alone. One bright afternoon in October, I left Poschiavo, in the Italian Engadine, where I had spent several weeks in calm retreat, writing, studying Italian, and climbing mountains, by eyesight, and made off for Venice. I had, perhaps, sixty dollars in my pocket, a sum quite sufficient, in those days, to have emboldened me to tackle Africa, had it seemed the next thing to do. Italy was nearest to hand just then, and I wanted to experiment with my Italian on the Venetians. Learning German had given me a healthy appetite for other languages, and I had dreams of becoming a polyglot in course of time. I also had a notion that I could learn to write better in a warm climate. Berlin seemed to warp my vocabulary when I felt moved to write, and I persuaded myself that words would come more readily in a sunny clime.

A genuine seizure of *Wanderlust* was probably the predominant motive in the Southern venture, but I was determined that it should be attended with good resolutions. Indeed, at this time, I was so far master of *Die Ferne* that, although temptations to wander were numerous enough, I was able to beat them off un'ess the wandering promised something useful in return, either in study or money making.

[To be continued in the June issue of SUCCESS MAGAZINE.]

IN THE RAIN

By Martha McCulloch-Williams

Do you know the chant of the violet buds?—
  In fine, high purple trebles
They voice the love of the rainy clouds
  And the low, fire-hearted pebbles.

Ever and aye the light clouds fly
  The amorous wind's wild wooing;
Ever and aye the grim flints lie
  Unstirred by a rival's sueing.

"Love flies as a spark across the dark!"—
  Thus thrill the constant pebbles,
While the clouds in rain fall down amain,
  And the violets chant their trebles.

The Merry Chipmunk

By ERNEST THOMPSON SETON

[*Concluded from page 331*]

May 28, 1905.—Chipmunk on bank west of the house popped into hole with full cheeks and out again in half a minute with cheeks empty.

June 8.—All summer, so far, I have seen the chipmunks carrying food in the cheeks, and have heard them in full song; saw an old one at the brook drinking like a little pig.

June 15.—Twice to-day I saw a chipmunk carrying home its pouches full of stuff, from a place over 150 feet away. This is the farthest I have known one to go for food.

October 9, 1 P.M.—Chipmunks hard at work. I saw one carrying acorns from our lawn to a place 50 yards away. It made four trips in ten minutes while I watched, and kept right on. It seemed to take several acorns in its pouches each time, so that its head seemed enormous.

October 27.—Chipmunks very numerous and busy storing food; often singing. These little animals seem to have a premonition of storms and a dislike to face them. Whenever they were exceptionally busy, we found it meant a falling barometer, and during a three days' storm they never appeared, subsisting comfortably, no doubt, on the provender gathered while the sun shone.

The name *Tamias* (the steward) was given by Illiger to this bright little creature, because of its admirable foresight in laying up provision for times of storm and scarcity, and it is for his preparation for this dreaded season that the chipmunk is chiefly noted. In the bright, actinic days of autumn, when nuts and acorns are showering down in the groves, it is to be seen toiling from sunrise till sunset, making the most of the opportunity to fill granaries, and thus to insure itself against starvation, that will come stalking through these same woods, and not so very far ahead. The soundest nuts and seeds are its choice. Never is it known to defile its warehouse with flesh, insects, carrion, or any of the perishable things that it does not hesitate to eat if they fall in its way while abroad. Its principal stores are hidden in chambers carefully prepared under ground in connection with its home den. The ample cheek-pouches with which it is provided enable it to take as much as a dozen hazel nuts to its hole at a single journey. Bachman found that they could carry four hickory nuts at a time. I learned by experiment on a dead specimen that four acorns of the white oak were as much as each pocket could comfortably hold. Audubon and Bachman caught one with no less than sixteen chinquapin nuts stowed away in its cheek-pouches.

As the caliber of its hole is but one and three-quarter inches, it is not surprising that a chipmunk often returns home with cheeks so distended that it must turn its head sideways to enter at all. Its method of filling the pouches is admirably described by the talented naturalist cited above:

"Some years ago," he says, "I watched one of these animals whi'st laying up its winter store. As there were no nuts to be found near, I furnished a supply. After scattering some hickory nuts on the ground near the burrow, the work of carrying in was immediately commenced. It soon became aware that I was a friend, and approached almost to my feet for my gifts. It would take a nut from its paws and dexterously *bite off the sharp point from each end*, and then pass it to its cheek-pouch, using its paws to shove it in. Then one would be placed on the opposite side, then again one along with the first, and finally, having taken one between its front teeth, it would go into the burrow. After remaining there for five or ten minutes it would reappear for another load."

The gray squirrel stores its food in numberless places, sometimes a single nut in each. Usually these are in the ground, where it cannot utilize the food during frosty weather. This probably points to a southern origin for the species. The red squirrel, a creature of more northern range and yet rarely hibernating, stores its food in one or two large storehouses, where it can be found when most needed, no matter how hard the frost or deep the snow. The chipmunk seems to do both ways, or to compromise between them.

"In addition to their storehouses," Dr. Merriam observes, "they frequently, like the gray squirrel, make little *caches*, burying here and there beneath the leaves the contents of their cheek-pouches."

Mr. Ira Sayles thus graphically describes this habit:

"I lately noticed in my garden a bright-eyed chipmunk (*Sciurus striatus*) advancing along a line directly toward me. He came briskly forward, without deviating a hair's breadth to the right or the left, until within two feet of me; then turned square toward my left—his right—and went about three feet or less. Here he paused a moment and gave a sharp look all around him, as if to detect any lurking spy on his movements. (His distended cheeks revealed his business; he had been out foraging.) He now put his nose to the ground, and aiding this member with both forepaws, thrust his head and shoulders down through the dry leaves and soft muck, half burying himself in an instant.

"Presently, however, he became comparatively quiet. In this state he remained possibly half a minute. He then commenced a vigorous action, as if digging deeper; but I noticed he did not get deeper; on the contrary, he was gradually backing out. I was surprised that, in all his apparent hard work (he worked like a man on a wager) he threw back no dirt. But this vigorous labor did not last long. He was very soon completely above the ground, and then became manifest the object of his earnest work; he was refilling the hole he had made, and repacking the dirt and leaves he had disturbed. Nor was he content with simply refilling and repacking the hole. With his two little hand-like feet he patted the surface, and so exactly *replaced the leaves* that when he had completed his task, my eye could detect not the slightest difference between the surface he had so cunningly manipulated and that surrounding it. Having completed his task, he raised himself into a sitting posture, looked about with a very satisfied air, and then silently dodged off into a brush heap, some ten feet distant. Here he ventured to stop and set up a triumphant 'Chip ! chip ! chip !'

"It was now my turn to dig in order to discover the little miser's treasures. I gently removed enough of the leaves and fine muck to expose his hoard—half a pint of buttercup seeds."

I think, however, that Kennicott was right in holding the view that these little *cachés* are for temporary use; long before winter all the chipmunk's stores are doubtless contained in one or two granaries. The Illinois naturalist thus comments:

"The quantity of nuts, acorns, and seeds sometimes collected by these industrious little fellows is astonishing. They are frequently stored temporarily under logs and in shallow holes under the roots of trees and afterwards removed to the burrow at a more leisurely season. I have known lazy people to watch the chipmunks in nutting time, and finding where they carried their stores, dig them out, saying they could thus get nuts faster than by picking them themselves. In a burrow dug open in November I found over half a bushel of hickory nuts and acorns."

Another burrow opened in January by Audubon and Bachman is thus described: "There was about a gill of wheat and buckwheat in the nest; but in the galleries afterwards dug out we obtained about a quart of beaked hazel nuts, nearly a peck of acorns, some grains of Indian corn, about two quarts of buckwheat, and a very small quantity of grass seed." The late Dr. John Wright, of Troy, in an interesting communication on the habits of several of our quadrupeds, informs us, in reference to the species, that "It is a most provident little creature, continuing to add to its winter store, if food is abundant, until driven in by the severity of the frost. Indeed, it seems not to know when it has enough, if we may judge by the surplus left in the spring, being sometimes a peck of corn or nuts for a single squirrel."

Evidently these two famous naturalists overlooked the fact already noted, that early spring is the time of the hard pinch.

The serious gathering of supplies is, in Manitoba, confined, I think, to August and September, though they lose no opportunity while the weather continues warm, working from sunrise till sunset or even a little later, but never by night.

So far as I have been able to observe, the chipmunk is strictly diurnal. Audubon depicts the barn owl—most nocturnal of its species—with a chipmunk in its claws; doubtless he had some good reason for this, but I do not know what it was.

Among the chipmunk's enemies are cats, foxes, weasels, hawks, and snakes; but the smaller weasels are doubtless the most destructive of his foes. It has only one escape fram these bloodthirsty little fiends, and that is retreating into some side passage of the burrow and then plugging with earth the passage behind it. I never saw this done, but I have often found the burrows of small rodents so plugged when I was after them. I am satisfied that it was done by themselves, and that it is a deliberate attempt to baffle an enemy by hiding from him. It is very sure that if they had not some such expedient, a weasel on entering the labyrinth would easily follow his bent, hunting down and killing every member of the community before he moved to fresh fields of carnage.

That they do this at times is attested by the following from the pen of Bachman:

"We once observed one (a common weasel or ermine) pursue a chipping squirrel into its burrow. After an interval of ten minutes it reappeared, licking its mouth, and stroking its fur with its head, by the aid of its long neck. We watched it as it pursued its way through a buckwheat field, in which many roots and stumps were yet remaining, evidently in quest of additional victims. On the following day we were impelled by curiosity to open the burrow we had seen it enter. There we found an old female ground squirrel, and five young, half grown, lying dead, with the marks of the weasel's teeth in their skulls."

I have not seen a case of the parasitic cuterebra or warble in this species; yet I should be surprised to find it immune, when most of its relatives, including the little chipmunks of the West, are often afflicted with this pest.

Toward the end of October, in Southern Ontario and Connecticut, and September in Manitoba, the chip-

munks vary their labor at storing food by a musical outburst that closely resembles the chorus of spring. When the morning is bright and warm some lusty fellow gets up on a perch and begins his "Chuck-chuck-chuck." If psychologically well-timed, his invitation at once provokes abundant and rapturous response. Every chipmunk mounts his perch, and they make the woods ring for several minutes with their united voices. We must remember that the winter is a period of perpetual sleep to them; they are practically dead from October till March. This autumn outburst of song represents then but a *few active days* before their mating season in March. I wonder therefore whether the performance has not in it something of erotic impulse.

There is yet another mystery about the chipmunk. Animals which hibernate become enormously fat just before their retirement. This is a supposed essential of the procedure, and yet, the chipmunk does not. Rhoads says: "Of forty specimens secured there (at Greenwood Lake, New Jersey, in the last of October) no really fat one was found among them, though the acorns, which they were busily harvesting and storing away, were abundant." One might argue from this that their torpor is not very profound. Kennicott and Bachman made observations that lead to this conclusion. Of those that the latter unearthed in January, under five inches of snow, he says:

"They were not dormant, and seemed ready to bite when taken in the hand; but they were not very active, and appeared somewhat sluggish and benumbed, which we conjectured was owing to their being exposed to sudden cold, from our having opened the burrow."

My own observations at Toronto would prove the lethargy complete, and raises the question as to whether latitude is not a factor in the case.

The woodchuck goes down sharp on time, with little regard for weather, but the chipmunk's autumnal disappearance seems prompted solely by the frost. If it comes in September he makes his final bow the day before; if it holds off till December the chipmunk postpones his departure to fit.

In my notes made during several years in Toronto I find odd chipmunk records all through October, and this final entry for November 1, 1889: "To-day the cat brought in a newly killed chipmunk, showing that they yet come above ground, although there has been a good deal of frost; the weather now is mild."

A captive specimen which I kept, also, at Toronto, was active all winter, when in a warm room; but as soon as exposed to a temperature near freezing point it curled up in its sleeping place and took no further interest in the affairs of life.

Many observations testify that a spell of bright warm weather in midwinter will tempt the chipmunks forth, and if, as happens in the Southern States, the winter should pass without sharp or continuous frost, the chipmunks probably do not find it worth while to go into a long sleep at all.

A PROBLEM SOLVED

By George Jay

WE name our girls Lily or Violet, Rose
Or Hyacinth, just as our fancies propose;
For boys, then, why should we make any bones
About giving such names, say, as Goldenrod Jones?
Why, Hollyhock Tompkins, or Sweetwilliam Brown,
Or Barberry Smith might capture the town!
Then, why stop at flowers when vegetable nature
Has for boys and girls both such a rich nomenclature?
Let us say Stringbeans Perkins is feeding the hogs,
While Carrot Root 's playing with Summer-squash Boggs;
"Punkin" Hubbard with glee gives Philistines a jolt,
And equally famous is Cucumber Holt.
If these sound bucolic, yet who would n't stand
To have a land-grabber named Cabbage De Land?
What charming young girl but would grin with delight
To be named Lettuce Bray or Celery White?
Parsley Green is more rustic, but oh, what a flood
Of tender suggestions has Cauliflower Budd!
The spices, too, offer some suitable turns
In the names Nutmeg Wood and perhaps Pepper Byrnes.
For a happy young maiden how 's Caraway Joy?
Or how 's Cinnamon Bear for a stockbroker's boy?
These samples, I hope, will suffice to make plain
How a lost opportunity we may regain;
The problem of naming the baby is eased
If only with vegetable terms we are pleased.

Jack London's Great Story
MORGANSON'S FINISH

[*Concluded from page 314*]

haul him south along the trail to the sea, the sun, and civilization.

He felt hungry. The dull, monotonous ache of hunger had now become a sharp and insistent pang. He hobbled back to the tent and fried a slice of meat. After that he smoked two whole pipefuls of dried tea leaves. Then he fried another slice of moose. He was aware of an unwonted glow of strength, and went out and chopped some firewood. He followed that up with a slice of meat. Teased on by the food, his hunger grew into an inflammation. It became imperative every little while to fry a slice of meat. He tried smaller slices, and found himself frying oftener.

In the middle of the day he thought of the wild animals that might eat his meat, and he climbed the hill, carrying along his ax, the haul-rope, and a sled-lashing. In his weak state the making of the *cache* and storing of the meat was an all-afternoon task. He cut young saplings, trimmed them, and tied them together into a tall scaffold. It was not so strong a *cache* as he would have desired to make, but he had done his best. To hoist the meat to the top was heart-breaking. The larger pieces defied him, until he passed the rope over a limb above, and, with one end fast to a piece of meat, put all his weight on the other end. Even then, he failed when he came to the largest piece, which weighed fully a hundred and fifty pounds. It was heavier than he, and vainly he struggled with it. Faintness overpowered him, and he went down to the tent and ate three slices of moose.

He returned up the hill strengthened and with an idea. He made fast to the rope a hundred-pound piece of meat already on top the *cache*. He pushed it off the scaffold, and, his own weight descending with it, the one-hundred-and-fifty-pound piece arose. The trick was done. He was quite proud of the idea, and it came to him that his condition was improving or else he would not have it in him to be proud. Life was rosy to him as he dragged his crippled body down through the darkness to the tent. The sea, the sun, and civilization were very near.

Once in the tent, he proceeded to indulge in a prolonged and solitary orgy. He did not need friends. His stomach and he were company. Slice after slice and many slices of meat he fried and ate. He ate pounds of the meat. He brewed real tea, and brewed it strong. He brewed the last he had. It did not matter. On the morrow he would be buying tea in Minto. When it seemed he could eat no more, he smoked. He smoked all his stock of dried tea leaves. What of it? On the morrow he would be smoking tobacco. He knocked out his pipe, fried a final slice, and went to bed. He had eaten so much he seemed bursting; yet he had got out of his blankets and had just one more mouthful of meat. He was glutted, and he slept like a gorged beast, breathing stertorously, making little moaning cries as he suffered from the weight of meat.

In the morning he awoke as from the sleep of death. In his ears were strange sounds. He did not know where he was, and looked about him stupidly, until he caught sight of the frying pan with the last piece of meat in it, partly eaten. Then he remembered all, and with a quick start turned his attention to the strange sounds. He sprang from the blankets with an oath. His scurvy-ravaged legs gave under him, and he winced with the pain. He proceeded more slowly to put on his moccasins and leave the tent.

From the *cache* up the hillside arose a confused noise of snapping and snarling, punctuated by occasional short, sharp yelps. He increased his speed at much expense of pain, and cried loudly and threateningly. He saw the wolves scurrying away through the snow and underbrush, many of

them, and he saw the scaffold down on the ground. The animals were heavy with the meat they had eaten, and they were content to slink away and leave him the wreckage. The way of the disaster was clear to him. Moose and wolves were usually to be found together. The wolves had scented his *cache*. One of them had leaped from the trunk of the fallen tree to the top of the *cache*. He could see the marks of the brute's paws in the snow that covered the trunk. He had not dreamed a wolf could leap so far. A second had followed the first, and a third and fourth, until the flimsy scaffold had gone down under their weight and movement.

His eyes were hard and savage for a moment as he contemplated the extent of the calamity; then the old look of patience returned into them, and he began to gather together the bones well picked and gnawed. There was marrow in them, he knew; and also, here and there, as he sifted the snow, he found even scraps of meat that had escaped the maws of the brutes made careless by plenty.

He spent the rest of the morning dragging the wreckage of the moose down the hillside. In addition, he had at least ten pounds left of the chunk of meat he had dragged down the previous day.

"I'm good for weeks yet," was his comment, as he surveyed the heap.

He had learned how to starve and live. He cleaned his rifle and counted the cartridges that remained to him. There were seven. He loaded the weapon and hobbled out to his crouching place on the bank. All day he watched the dead trail. He watched all week, but no life passed over it. The days continued to grow shorter. He knew that it must be near midwinter, though he had no idea what day of the week or month it was, and he would not have been surprised to see the days begin to lengthen.

What of the meat, he felt stronger, though his scurvy was worse and more painful. He now lived upon soup, drinking endless gallons of the thin product of the boiling of the moose bones. The soup grew thinner and thinner as he cracked the bones and boiled them over and over; but the hot water with the essence of the meat in it was good for him, and he was more vigorous than he had been previous to the shooting of the moose.

During the next week of watching, one man came over the trail. It was the mail carrier bound south. Morganson covered him with the rifle the moment he appeared a quarter of a mile away; and while he plodded that quarter of a mile, Morganson kept him covered with the rifle while he debated with himself. In the end his reason won out, and he let the mail carrier go by.

It was in this week that a new factor entered into Morganson's life. He wanted to know the date. It became an obsession. He pondered and calculated, but his conclusions were rarely twice the same. The first thing in the morning and the last thing at night, and all day as well, watching by the trail, he worried about it. He awoke at night and lay awake for hours over the problem. To have known the date would have been of no value to him; but his curiosity grew until it equaled his hunger and his desire to live. Finally it mastered him, and he resolved to go to Minto and find out.

He left late in the afternoon, after fortifying himself with a great quantity of very thin soup. By means of the overhanging pine he had noted long before, he managed to leave his hiding place without making any tracks. He climbed out the horizontal trunk and dropped down the packed river trail. In his passage he had dislodged the snow that lay on top the trunk; but he had prepared for this by bringing his ax along. He swung the ax a few weak strokes, taking out several wide chips and marking the beginning of a cut that would have gone through the trunk. He hid his ax in the snow beside the trail and surveyed what he had done. The fresh chips and the appearance of the cut looked as though

some one had recently attempted to chop the obstruction away. At the same time it accounted for the snow being knocked off the top of the trunk.

It was dark when he arrived at Minto, but this served him. No one saw him arrive. Besides, he knew that he would have moonlight by which to return. He climbed the bank and pushed open the saloon door. The light dazzled him. The source of it was several candles, but he had been living for long in an unlighted tent. As his eyes adjusted themselves, he saw three men sitting around the stove. They were trail travelers—he knew it at once; and since they had not passed in, they were evidently bound out. They would go by his tent next morning.

The barkeeper emitted a long and marveling whistle.

"I thought you was dead," he said.

"Why?" Morganson asked, in a faltering voice.

He had become unused to talking, and he was not acquainted with the sound of his own voice. It seemed hoarse and strange.

"You've ben dead for more 'n two months, now," the barkeeper explained. "You left here going south, and you never arrived at Selkirk. Where have you ben?"

"Chopping wood for the steamboat company," Morgan lied, unsteadily.

He was still trying to become acquainted with his own voice. He hobbled across the floor and leaned against the bar. He knew he must lie consistently; and, while he maintained an appearance of careless indifference, his heart was beating and pounding furiously and irregularly, and he could not help looking hungrily at the three men by the stove. They were the possessors of life—his life.

"But where have you ben keeping yourself all this time?" the barkeeper demanded.

"I located across the river a ways," he answered. "I've got a mighty big stack of wood chopped."

The barkeeper nodded. His face beamed with understanding.

"I heard sounds of chopping several times," he said. "So that was you, eh? Have a drink."

Morganson clutched the bar tightly. A drink! He could have thrown his arms around the man's legs and kissed his feet. He tried vainly to utter his acceptance; but the barkeeper had not waited, and was already passing out the bottle.

"But what did you do for grub?" the latter asked. "You don't look as if you could chop enough wood to keep yourself warm. You look terrible bad, friend."

Morganson yearned toward the delayed bottle and gulped dryly.

"I did the chopping before the scurvy got bad," he said. "Then I got a moose right at the start. I've been living high all right. It's the scurvy that has run me down."

He filled the glass, and added, "But the spruce tea's knocking it, I think."

"Have another," the barkeeper said.

The action of the two glasses of whisky on Morganson's empty stomach and weak condition was rapid. The barkeeper's face blurred before him, the candles danced and multiplied themselves, and he became dizzy with the circulation of all the chaotic ideas he had thought but not expressed during the lonely weeks of his torment. They surged around and around inside his head, and seemed to have the consistency and weight and splash of water. It was imperative that he should say them. He opened his mouth, but an incoherent babbling poured out, and he laid his head on the bar and wept.

The next he knew he was sitting by the stove on a box, and it seemed as though ages had passed. A tall, broad-shouldered, black-whiskered man was paying for drinks. Morganson's swimming eyes saw him drawing a greenback from a fat roll, and Morganson's swimming eyes cleared on the instant. They were hundred-dollar bills. It was life! His life! He felt an almost irresistible impulse to snatch the money and dash madly out into the night.

The black-whiskered man and one of his companions arose.

"Come on, Oleson," the former said to the third one of the party, a fair-haired, ruddy-faced giant.

Oleson came to his feet, yawning and stretching.

"What are you going to bed so soon for?" the barkeeper asked plaintively. "It 's early yet."

"Got to make Selkirk to-morrow," said he of the black whiskers.

"On Christmas Day!" the barkeeper cried.

"The better the day the better the deed," the other laughed.

As the three men passed out the door, it came dimly to Morganson that it was Christmas Eve. That was the date. That was what he had come to Minto for. But it was overshadowed now by the three men themselves, and the fat roll of hundred-dollar bills. The door slammed.

"That's Jack Thompson," the barkeeper said. "Made two millions on Bonanza and Sulphur, and got more coming. I'm going to bed. Have another drink first."

Morganson hesitated.

"A Christmas drink," the other urged. "It's all right. I'll get it back when you sell your wood."

Morganson mastered his drunkenness long enough to swallow the whisky, say good night, and get out on the trail. It was moonlight, and he hobbled along

through the bright, silvery quiet, with a vision of life before him that took the form of a roll of hundred-dollar bills. The roll that he saw was fluid, and even as he looked, it transformed itself into the salt sea wind-ruffled, and flowed on into sunny, flower-vistaed landscapes, and into great sounding cities of delight. He stumbled, and again the vision was a roll of bills. His fingers made gripping movements inside his mittens, and he clutched in the air for the roll; but it became a river of fresh vegetables and green things to eat and that were good for scurvy. He pursued the vision and floundered in the river of fresh green edibles, and came to himself in the soft snow where he had gone off the trail. And as he regained the firmer footing, the roll glimmered before him and flowed on and on in endless streams and seas of delights and easements and satisfactions.

He awoke. It was dark, and he was in his blankets. He had gone to bed in his moccasins and mittens, with the flaps of his cap pulled down over his ears. He got up as quickly as his crippled condition would permit, and built the fire and boiled some water. As he put the spruce twigs into the teapot he noted the first glimmer of the pale morning light. He caught up his rifle and hobbled in a panic out to the bank. As he crouched and waited, it came to him that he had forgotten to drink his spruce tea. The only other thought in his mind was the possibility of John Thompson changing his mind and not traveling Christmas Day.

Dawn broke and merged into day. It was cold and clear. Sixty below zero was Morganson's estimate of the frost. Not a breath stirred the chill Arctic quiet. He sat up suddenly, his muscular tensity increasing the hurt of the scurvy. He had heard the far sound of a man's voice, and the faint whining of dogs. He began beating his hands back and forth against his sides. It was a serious matter to bare the trigger hand to sixty degrees below zero, and against that time he needed to develop all the warmth of which his flesh was capable.

They came into view around the out-jutting clump of trees. To the fore was the third man, whose name he had not learned. Then came eight dogs hauling the sled. At the front of the sled, guiding it by the gee-pole, walked John Thompson. The rear was brought up by Oleson, the Swede. He was certainly a fine, large man, Morganson thought, as he looked at the bulk of him in his squirrel-skin *parka*. The men and dogs were silhouetted sharply against the white of the landscape. They had the seeming of two-dimension, cardboard figures that worked mechanically.

Morganson rested his cocked rifle in the notch in the tree. As he glanced along the sights, men and dogs made a blur on the trail. He looked away and looked back; they were still a blur. The landscape seemed to swim, and quite distinctly he saw a wooded island down the river tilt up to an angle of forty-five degrees and fall back again. He had not thought he was so weak. He began to tremble violently. He took his right hand away from the rifle for fear it might pull the trigger. A reeling blackness was welling up in his consciousness. Then a thought flashed across his groping mind. The memory came to him of the spruce tea he had made but had not drunk. It roused him. He caught a vision of his wronged life and the havoc wrought by circumstance, and a great coolness came upon him. He no longer trembled, and his vision was clear again. Along the sights he could see the men distinctly.

He became abruptly aware that his fingers were cold, and discovered that his right hand was bare. He did not know that he had taken off the mitten. He slipped it on again hastily. The men and dogs grew closer, and he could see their breaths spouting into visibility in the cold air. When the first man was fifty yards away, Morganson slipped the mitten from his right hand. He placed the first finger on the trigger and aimed low. When he fired, the first man whirled half around and went down on the trail.

In the instant of surprise, Morganson pulled trigger on John Thompson—too low, for the latter staggered and sat down suddenly on the sled. "In the stomach," was Morganson's thought, as he raised his aim and fired again. John Thompson sank down backward along the top of the loaded sled.

Morganson turned his attention to Oleson. At the same time that he noted the latter running away toward Minto, he noted that the dogs, coming to where the first man's body blocked the trail, had halted. Morganson fired at the fleeing man and missed, and Oleson swerved. He continued to swerve back and forth, while Morganson fired twice in rapid succession and missed both shots. Morganson stopped himself just as he was pulling the trigger again. He had fired six shots. Only one more cartridge remained, and it was in the chamber. It was imperative that he should not miss his last shot.

He held his fire and desperately studied Oleson's flight. The giant was grotesquely curving and twisting and running at top speed along the trail, the tail of his *parka* flapping smartly behind. Morganson trained his rifle on the man and with a swaying motion followed his erratic flight. Morganson's finger was getting numb. He could scarcely feel the trigger. "God help me," he breathed a prayer aloud, and pulled the trigger. The running man pitched forward

on his face, rebounded from the hard trail, and slid along, rolling over and over. He threshed for a moment with his arms and lay quiet.

Morganson dropped his rifle (worthless, now that the last cartridge was gone) and slid down the bank through the soft snow. Now that he had sprung the trap, concealment of his lurking place was no longer necessary. He hobbled along the trail to the sled, his fingers making involuntary gripping and clutching movements inside the mittens. The snarling of the dogs halted him. The leader, a heavy dog, half Newfoundland and half Hudson Bay, stood over the body of the man that lay on the trail, and menaced Morganson with bristling hair and bared fangs. The other seven dogs of the team were likewise bristling and snarling. Morganson approached tentatively, and the team surged toward him. He stopped again, and talked to the animals, threatening and cajoling by turns. He noticed the face of the man under the leader's feet, and was surprised at how quickly it had turned white with the ebb of life and the entrance of the frost. John Thompson lay back along the top of the loaded sled, his head sunk in a space between two sacks and his chin tilted upward, so that all Morganson could see was the black beard pointing skyward.

Finding it impossible to face the dogs, Morganson stepped off the trail into the deep snow and floundered in a wide circle to the rear of the sled. Under the initiative of the leader, the team swung around in its tangled harness. What of his crippled condition, Morganson could move only slowly. He saw the animals circling around on him, and tried to retreat. He almost made it, but the big leader, with a savage lunge, sank its teeth into the calf of his leg. The flesh was slashed and torn, but Morganson managed to drag himself clear.

He cursed the brutes fiercely, but could not cow them. They replied with neck-bristling and snarling, and with quick lunges against their breastbands. He remembered Oleson, and turned his back upon them and went along the trail. He scarcely took notice of his lacerated leg. It was bleeding freely. The main artery had been torn, but he did not know it.

Especially remarkable to Morganson was the extreme pallor of the Swede, who the preceding night had been so ruddy-faced. Now his face was like white marble. What of his fair hair and lashes, he looked like a carved statue rather than something that had been a man a few minutes before. Morganson pulled off his mittens and searched the body. There was no money belt around the waist next to the skin, nor did he find a gold sack. In a breast pocket he found a small wallet. With fingers that swiftly went numb with the frost, he hurried through the contents of the wallet. There were letters with foreign stamps and postmarks on them, and several receipts and memorandum accounts, and a letter of credit for eight hundred dollars. That was all. There was no money.

He dropped the papers on the trail, slipped on his mittens, and began beating his cold hands. For five minutes he did this, when he felt the painful sting of the returning warmth. He saw the letter of credit lying open on the snow, and he glanced back to the sled where John Thompson lay securely guarded with his roll of hundred-dollar bills. Morganson suddenly listened. He remembered his weary torment of waiting, and he seemed to hear a great ironic laughter arising all around him in the silence. And apprehensively he looked all around him, almost expecting to see the embodiment of this thing that laughed. But he saw only the white landscape, silent and cold and motionless.

He made a movement to start back toward the sled, but found his foot rooted to the trail. He glanced down and saw that he stood in a fresh deposit of frozen red. There was red ice on his torn pants' leg and on the moccasin beneath. With a quick effort he broke the frozen clutch of his blood, and hobbled along the trail to the sled. The big leader that had bitten him began snarling and lunging, and was followed in this conduct by the whole team. Morganson wept weakly for a space, and weakly swayed from one side to the other. Then he brushed away the frozen tears that gemmed his lashes. It was a joke. Malicious chance was having its laugh at him. Even John Thompson, with his heaven-aspiring whiskers, was laughing at him.

Morganson returned to the body of the Swede and made a second search. He had found everything the first time, and the "eight hundred dollars," written on the face of the letter of credit, stared up and laughed at him from the snow. Then the silence about him began to laugh. It was a terrible, silent laughter that made his senses reel, and he turned and fled back to the living dogs that snarled and raged between him and life, his life, that lay there on the sled.

He prowled around the sled demented, at times weeping and pleading with the brutes for his life there on the sled, at other times raging against them with blasphemous profanity. Then calmness came upon him. He had been making a fool of himself. All he had to do was to go to the tent, get the ax, and return and brain the dogs. He 'd show them.

In order to get to the tent, he had to go wide of the sled and the savage animals. He stepped off the trail into the soft snow. Then he felt suddenly giddy, and stood still. He was afraid to go on for fear he would fall down. He stood still for a long time, balancing himself on his crippled legs that were trembling vio-

lently from weakness. He looked down and saw the snow reddening at his feet. The blood flowed freely as ever. He had not thought the bite was so severe. He controlled his giddiness and stooped to examine the wound. The snow seemed rushing up to meet him, and he recoiled from it as from a blow. He had a panic fear that he might fall down, and after a struggle he managed to stand upright again. He was afraid of that snow that had rushed up at him.

His giddiness increased, accompanied by nausea. A suffocating blackness was rising up in his being and blotting him out. He beat it down with all the strength of his will. He could not see. Cobwebs formed before his eyes, and vainly he tried to brush them away with his mittened hand. His knees shook, and great weights seemed pressing him down into the suffocating blackness. He was afraid to sit down. As by intuition, he feared that he would never get up again. He would remain on his feet until the giddiness had passed. Then he would attend to his wounded leg. So he stood upright, swaying back and forth in the silence, and dreaming long dreams. Between the dreams the world glimmered white through the cobwebs. And ever he dreamed anew through endless centuries, and swayed in the silence.

Then the white glimmer turned black, and the next he knew he was awakening in the snow where he had fallen. He was no longer giddy. The cobwebs were gone. But he could not get up. There was no strength in his limbs. His body seemed lifeless. By a desperate effort he managed to roll over on his side. In this position he caught a glimpse of the sled and of John Thompson's black beard pointing skyward. Also he saw the lead-dog licking the face of the man who lay on the trail. Morganson watched curiously. The dog was nervous and eager. Sometimes it uttered short, sharp yelps, as though to arouse the man, and surveyed him with ears cocked forward and wagging tail. At last it sat down, pointed its nose upward, and began to howl. Soon all the team was howling.

Now that he was down, Morganson was no longer afraid. He had a vision of himself being found dead in the snow, and for a while he wept in self-pity. But he was not afraid. The struggle had gone out of him. When he tried to open his eyes he found that the wet tears had frozen them shut. He did not try to brush the ice away. It did not matter. Besides, he was interested in his new state of consciousness—his lack of fear. He had not dreamed death was so easy. He was even angry that he had struggled and suffered through so many weary weeks. He had been bullied and cheated by the fear of death. Death did not hurt. Every torment he had endured had been a torment of life. Even the fear of death had been a torment of life—a lie of life that was jealous to live. Life had defamed death. It was a cruel thing.

But his anger passed. The lies and frauds of life were of no consequence now that he was coming to his own. He became aware of drowsiness, and felt a sweet sleep stealing upon him, balmy with promises of easement and rest. He heard faintly the howling of the dogs, and had a fleeting thought that in the mastering of his flesh the frost no longer bit. Then the light and the thought ceased to pulse beneath the tear-gemmed eyelids, and with a tired sigh of comfort he sank into sleep.

THE END.

He Could Fill the Bill

A DAY or two after George B. Cortelyou assumed the duties of Secretary of the Treasury, he was visited by an elderly man who wanted an appointment as confidential clerk, to one of the assistant secretaries.

Notwithstanding the fact that he was very busy at the time, Mr. Cortelyou gave the elderly person a hearing. On account of his age, Mr. Cortelyou said, he felt that he could not comply with the request. So, gently but firmly, he intimated to the old man that it was about time for him to go. This, however, did not dampen the latter's spirit in the least.

"Now, sir," said he, "as I feel myself peculiarly competent to fill one of these confidential clerkships, I hope that you will further consider my application." Then, wagging his head most impressively, he added:

"Oh, Mr. Cortelyou, I could be *so* confidential!"

"Work" in Scotland

A NEW YORKER who crosses the Atlantic several times a year says that last year he was in Dundee, Scotland, when he found himself in need of shoes.

On entering the first shop he came to he was surprised to find that patrons were expected to sit in an ordinary, stiff, high-backed chair, and that there was no rest for the feet, nothing, in fact, in the way of accommodation.

After making his purchase, and as he was about to leave the shop, he said to the clerk:

"In American shoe stores there is a rest placed on the floor in front of each customer, and on this rest he places his foot. Just back of this rest is a seat on which sits the clerk as he fits the customer."

The clerk listened respectfully to all this. Then, leaning confidentially toward the American, he said:

"That's all very well in America, sir, but here our employers do not like to see us sitting down when we work."

The NEW PERFECTION Wick Blue Flame Oil COOK STOVE

You could not have a more convenient and efficient stove in your kitchen than the New Perfection Wick Blue Flame Oil Cook Stove—the oil stove of new principle and design.

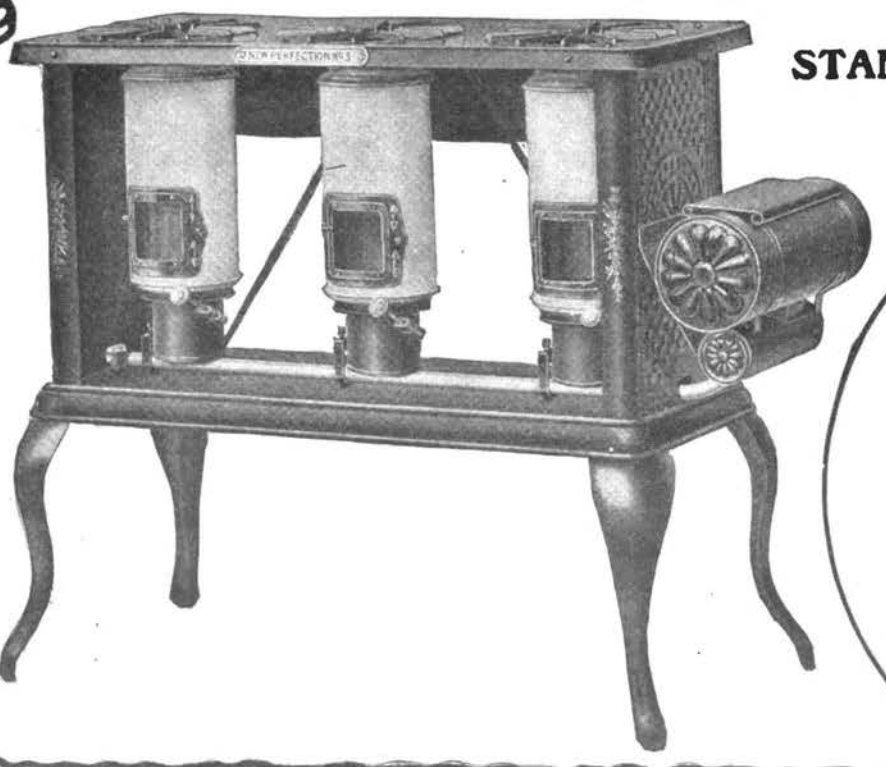
The New Perfection has advantages over all other kinds of stoves regardless of fuel. It proves the economy and efficiency of oil as a fuel and, unlike other oil stoves, is not limited in its usefulness.

The New Perfection will toast, roast, bake, broil, fry as well as any coal, wood or gas range, and with less expense of fuel and less trouble to the cook.

Best of all, you have any exact degree of heat at your instant control with the turn of the wrist.

Particularly for summer use is the New Perfection the ideal cook stove, because the heat it generates is a clean, blue, concentrated flame, which is confined to the burner by the enameled chimney and not thrown off to make an unbearable temperature in the kitchen.

Made in three sizes, with one, two, and three burners. Every stove fully warranted. See it at your dealer's, or write our nearest agency for descriptive circular.



STANDARD OIL COMPANY
(INCORPORATED)

The *Rayo* Lamp is the best lamp for all-round household use. Made of brass and beautifully nickeled. The

Rayo LAMP

is perfectly constructed, absolutely safe, unexcelled in light-giving power, and is an ornament to any room. Every lamp warranted. If not at your dealer's, write to our nearest agency.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY
(INCORPORATED)

We have many thousands of salesmen directly and indirectly promoting the sales of Sapolio. A few words of suggestion and of encouragement, meant for those in our direct employ, may interest the wider circle, which includes 3,500 wholesalers, 21,000 of their salesmen, 150,000 retail dealers, their 300,000 clerks, and the millions of housekeepers who use Sapolio and commend it to their friends.

INSTRUCTIONS TO SALESMEN of Sapolio

Talk CLEANLINESS—Constantly keep before those whom you approach the relation which cleanliness bears to Life. Health, happiness, success largely depend upon it. Self-respect dwells not in dirty houses with careless people. The first commandment of social life is: "Be Clean."

Talk CHEERFULLY—You represent a good article—offer it with a confident smile. The great public are our friends. Success can afford to smile. Leave despondency and complaints about the weather, dull times and reluctant buyers, to the peddlers of imitations and cheap substitutes. It is hard work for them to "reflect a shining countenance." Tell the storekeeper that it is a good rule never to buy goods from a grumbling salesman—his discontent advertises the fact that his wares do not sell readily.

Talk FAIR PRICES—The best stores will be your best customers, because they are themselves clean. The grocer who keeps dirt down can keep his prices up. Many a dealer buries his profits under the dust in his store, and then vainly tries to keep up his trade by selling cheaper goods.

Talk ECONOMY—Less waste is our greatest national need. Cheapness is rarely economy. Our ancestors left us solid old furniture because there were no cheap instalment systems in their days. Sapolio may cost a trifle more than cheap substitutes, but it outlasts them.

Talk CONFIDENTLY—Every sensible dealer keeps Sapolio in stock. The public prefers honest, well-known goods. Urge the grocer not to load his shelves with experiments, and to listen to no suggestions that he can substitute anything for Sapolio—it is a losing game. He will not do it if he respects himself—he will not do it if he wants the respect of his customers.

ENOCH MORGAN'S SONS CO.

More EGG-O-SEE was eaten during the past year than all other flaked foods combined.

Never before in the history of a food, have the American people given such a sweeping endorsement of merit, as has been accorded EGG-O-SEE.

There is more actual proof of the real value of EGG-O-SEE in this unqualified testimony of the people than in all the claims we might make.

EGG-O-SEE is made from the choicest selected White Wheat; in the largest, cleanest and most economically operated Pure Food Mills in the World, by the famous EGG-O-SEE Process. Thus we are enabled to give the people a large package of delicious food for only 10 cents.

If you are not already one of the great army of EGG-O-SEE users, begin to-day. Buy a package of your Grocer and be convinced.

Warm in a pan before serving

In Canada the price of EGG-O-SEE is 15c, two packages for 25c.

Free "-back to nature" book

How to get well, keep well by natural means—bathing, exercise, food, etc.,—and how to use EGG-O-SEE for every meal in the week is told in our expensively prepared booklet, **"-back to nature," sent free.** We are glad to send it. You will be glad to get it.

EGG-O-SEE CEREAL COMPANY
877 AMERICAN SAVINGS BANK BUILDING, CHICAGO, ILL.