

SUCCESS

MAGAZINE

N. S. EDITION.

JUNE

1907



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NEW YORK

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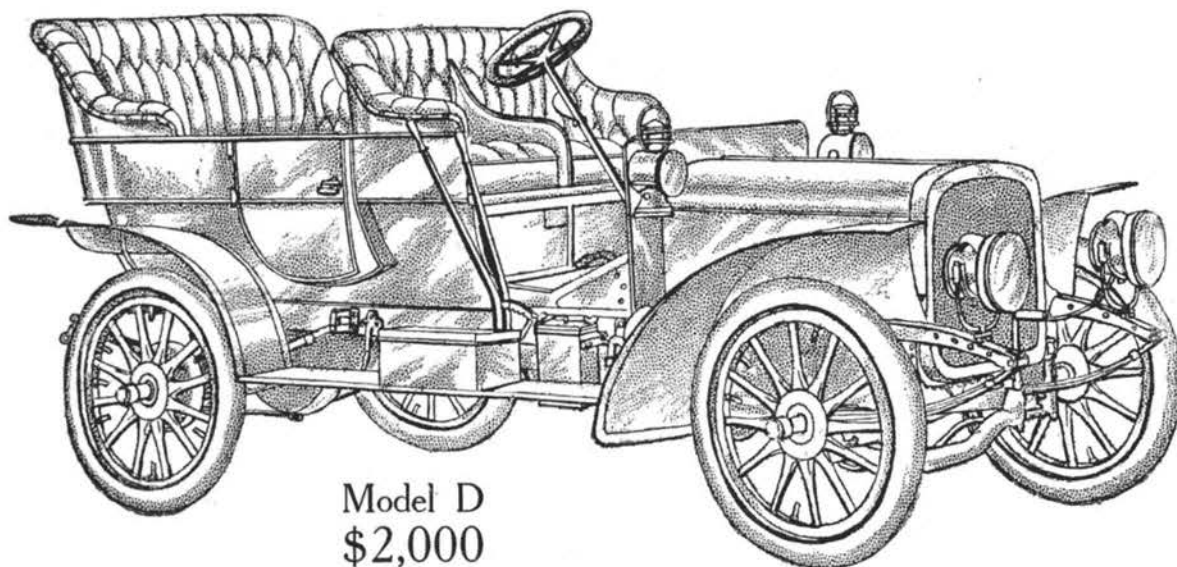
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SUCCESS MAGAZINE,

University Building, Washington Square, New York

The Publishers' Outlook

PERHAPS the most difficult and puzzling problems which confront the publisher of a home magazine are those connected with the acceptance or rejection of "substandard" advertising. The broad principle underlying the editorial and business conduct of a magazine which enters the home is, and always should be, this—that nothing should be admitted to either editorial or advertising columns which will not make its readers better, wiser, and richer—nothing that can in the slightest degree tend to demoralize or victimize those who trust to the publisher's honesty. It goes without saying that the question of revenue necessities should never be considered; but even when these are disregarded, publishers find it often exceedingly difficult to decide fairly, and with thorough consistency upon the many questions of propriety and good faith involved in advertising representations.

PATENT medicines, for example, are tabooed by all first class home periodicals. To cut these out is usually the first step taken by the publisher anxious to "clean up" his columns. He knows that in accepting patent medicine advertisements he is helping illegitimate and fraudulent enterprises to prey upon his readers. He decides to reject them. But soon he is called upon by his advertising solicitors to define what he means by "patent medicines." Surely he would not refuse Jones's Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites—"the standard remedy of fifty years of use, recognized and recommended by all physicians." And Mrs. Lillian Smith's Renowned Face Wash and Complexion Beautifier is a "Toilet Preparation," not a "patent medicine." And Dr. Slunk's truss is an "appliance," as is also "Brown's Instant Cure Inspirator for all Diseases of the Throat and Lungs." If the publisher attempts to steer his way between the Scyllas and Charybdises of this maze, and to discriminate, he will soon find himself deeply involved in questions of precedent, comparison, and the advertiser's injured feelings. "If you accept such as an advertisement, why not ours?" will be the question of his nightmare dreams.

AGAIN, take mining stocks, plantation purchase, industrial stocks, and other kinds of investment propositions. Many of these are conceived and promoted by absolutely honest people who firmly believe, with Colonel Sellers, that "there are millions in it." Not a few are strongly fathered by well-known and reputable public men who would not allow their names to be used if they did not thoroughly believe in the money-making power of their enterprises. Some of them even have large capital apart from what they are trying to obtain, through advertisements, from the public, and they are by no means dependent wholly upon the results of this advertising. Others, especially in the industrial field, find themselves in possession of a rapidly growing business, dealing perhaps in some great staple product, and they not unnaturally believe that in securing money by small public subscriptions they will popularize their goods and create friends for them in every community.

How is the publisher to steer his bark amid such stormy seas as these? Is it possible for him to "discriminate," admitting only to his columns those enterprises which are surely good, and rejecting those which are poor and doubtful? Assuming that he tries conscientiously to do this, let us see what he has to face.

FIRST of all, he must personally, or through some trusted agent, investigate every proposition submitted to his advertising columns for acceptance or rejection. His first step is to determine the strength of the "fatherhood." Are reputable people behind the proposition—have they something to lose in reputation or money that will make them cautious about allowing their names to be used—do they honestly believe in their own enterprise,

and have they a past record of good judgment in business matters? Assuming that this first step is satisfactory (and if it is not, the investigation should proceed no further), the second stage would be for the publisher himself to form his own opinion as to the success or failure of the enterprise. Usually he knows little of the special business, and his judgment would be that of a layman. Perhaps if he is *very* conscientious he gets the opinion of someone else in the business under investigation, but he cannot place much reliance upon such an opinion, for it may be biased either for or against the enterprise in question by some secret influence of which he knows nothing. When the publisher finally completes his investigation, he may be personally satisfied of many things, but he knows in his inmost soul that all business enterprises are more or less speculative, and success in these days of strenuous competition depends so greatly upon the skill, acumen, persistence, and financial strength of the *one man* at the head of the enterprise that if anything happens to him, even assuming that his ability and honesty are all that may be desired and the prospects for the enterprise bright beyond the ordinary, failure may readily result.

UNDER such conditions two courses are open to the puzzled publisher. The one is to say in effect, "Well, I would invest in that proposition myself and take chances—and what is good enough for me should be good enough for my readers." This seems easy. But it involves a long chain of consequences. The second course is to lay down the rule that he will refuse the use of his columns to speculative stock selling advertising. He will not attempt to discriminate, thereby establishing precedents which will surely come back to worry him. If he adopts the one simple principle of excluding *all* speculative advertising, he cannot be accused of unfairness as between advertisers, and while he will of course suffer in advertising revenue he will at least have the satisfaction of knowing that he has done his part to protect his readers from those sad and serious losses which come so often when little fortunes are swept away or investments cannot be realized upon when money is needed.

THE readers of SUCCESS MAGAZINE well know how careful we have always been in the admission to our columns of advertising. Patent medicines and all objectionable kindred advertising have never been admitted, nor have liquor and cigarette advertisements. In the matter of investment advertising of a speculative character, we have investigated, with the utmost care, every proposition submitted to our columns, doing our best to ascertain the good faith of the promoters and the chances for success of their enterprise. But the many difficulties in the way of forming an accurate judgment upon these questions have brought us finally and definitely to a policy of absolute exclusion, and with the May issue all our present contracts for advertising of this character expired. Commencing with this number, there will henceforth be no industrial stock selling advertising of a speculative character accepted by us. The standards upon which our acceptance or rejection of advertising will be based will be so simple that they cannot possibly be misunderstood or misapplied, and we shall guarantee our readers absolutely against loss of any kind through fraudulent misrepresentation of an advertiser. In taking this step we are far from wishing to cast reflections upon the character of the investments which have been advertised with us in the past, nor do we wish to criticise the policy of any other periodical, but we believe that *for ourselves*, in the peculiarly close relations which we hold with our readers, the highest standards of advertising policy alone are possible, and we cheerfully make whatever money sacrifice may be involved, determining once for all to throw the whole weight of our influence in favor of the *conservative*, as against the *speculative* elements in American life.

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.

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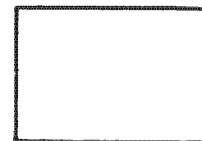
Subscription Prices

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 bookstores 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 (June) issue; if a red pencil cross, it expires with the next (July) issue.



Subscriptions to commence with this issue should be received by June 5th. Subscriptions to commence with the July issue should be received by July 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, speculative stock selling, or other advertisements objectionable or dangerous in the home. We guarantee our readers against loss due to fraudulent 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. New or renewal subscriptions to SUCCESS MAGAZINE will be filled by us as promptly when given to our representatives as if sent direct to us.

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

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You can do your own refinishing of scratched or scuffed furniture, and produce a beautiful, lustrous finish, as hard as flint, and as smooth as glass. A few cents will cover the cost.

Try JAP-A-LAC to-day. Be sure to get the genuine, in a can like the illustration. Look for the Green Label.

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

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If your dealer offers you a substitute, say to him: "No, thank you; I want what I asked for. Good bye." Trade with the dealer who gives you what you ask for. That's JAP-A-LAC.

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.

658 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.

The Wireless Telegraph Bubble

By Frank Fayant



This Is the First Article in the Second Series of "Fools and Their Money"

Wireless telegraphy is one of the most remarkable scientific achievements of modern times. That it will forever be of inestimable benefit to mankind is beyond question.

The world owes a great debt to the many men of science in Europe and America who, through years of patient research, have made it possible to send electric messages many miles over the sea, from shore to ship, and from ship to shore.

Nearly all the great ocean steamships that sail from New York are equipped with wireless apparatus, and they are in wireless touch with land stations or with other ships during the greater part of their voyage. With the advance of science, the time will come when every ship that sails the seas will be in daily communication with the land. But the prostitution of this great scientific discovery by parasite promoters with "millions-in-it" schemes of enriching themselves is a story of shame.

Just as a good mine may be a bad investment, as I have shown in the "Fools and Their Money" articles that have gone before, so may a great invention be a bad investment. Wireless telegraphy has been a bad investment. Many millions of dollars of wireless stock have been printed by promoters, and this stock has been sold to investors by flagrantly dishonest methods. Millions of dollars of wireless stock manufactured in the past eight years is to-day worth no more than the paper on which it is printed. Overcapitalization, mismanagement, and fraud have wasted millions of money.

The most shameful chapter in the record of the prostitution of this great invention deals with the network of the De Forest companies promoted by Abraham White, a modern Colonel Sellers. This is the story I will tell in this article and the one that will follow.

FRANK FAYANT.

EIGHT years ago this June, when all the world was talking about the remarkable achievement of the Italian boy, Guglielmo Marconi, in send-

"sending apparatus" and the De Forest-Smythe "responder" were pictured, and credit for the invention was given in the article in this manner:

ing electric messages without wires, a boy from Iowa took his Ph. D. degree at Yale for special research in the phenomena of the Hertzian waves. His name was Lee De Forest. Marconi was then twenty-four; De Forest was two years older. Only by rigorous economy and self-sacrifice had the young American gained his university education, and, as soon as he won his coveted Ph. D., he went to Chicago to earn a living and a name for himself.

In Chicago he found a position as a ten-dollar-a-week laboratory assistant, with Edwin H. Smythe, in the engineering department of the Western Electric Company. This company manufactures the apparatus for the Bell Telephone companies, and does a gross business of \$70,000,000 a year. Smythe had been experimenting in wireless telegraphy, and the young Yale graduate entered eagerly into the work. Associated with Smythe in his investigation was Clarence E. Freeman, of the Armour Institute of Technology. Two years after De Forest went to Chicago the experimental apparatus worked so well that the inventors decided to take out patents and interest capital in the commercial exploitation of the invention. In July, 1901, seven weeks after the young Italian inventor had taken out his first American patents, there appeared in the "Western Electrician," the journal of the Western Electric Company, a long illustrated article making public announcement of the result of the Chicago experiments. The Freeman

The receiver of the new system is the joint invention of Lee De Forest, a graduate of Yale University, of the class of '96, Sheffield, and Edwin H. Smythe, of the engineering department of the Western Electric Company of Chicago. Mr. Smythe's ten years' work in the field of telephony has given him an experience that has proved especially valuable in dealing with the problem in hand, while, during his three years of graduate work at Yale, Mr. De Forest made a specialty of the subject of Hertzian waves, taking the degree of Ph. D. for work along that line. Readers of the "Western Electrician" will also be interested in knowing that for a time Mr. De Forest was connected with the editorial staff of this journal, resigning to prosecute work on this invention. The sending apparatus has been developed by Prof. Clarence E. Freeman, E.E., Associate Professor in Electrical Engineering at the Armour Institute of Technology.

The three inventors, who had sent messages from the Chicago lake front to a yacht five miles off shore, and who were convinced that, with powerful apparatus, they would be able to transmit signals many times as far, saw the great commercial possibilities of the invention. Young Marconi had already made very successful experiments in wireless telegraphy in England, and was at that time in America continuing his work. Marconi had obtained strong financial backing in England, and was having no trouble in interesting American financiers in the commercial possibilities of wireless telegraphy. The Chicago inventors believed that if Marconi could raise capital they could do the same. So De Forest was sent to New York to raise capital and form a company. De Forest fell in with



ABRAHAM WHITE,
President and chief boomer of the
United Wireless Telegraph Company

Henry B. Snyder, a promoter, who immediately saw "millions in it." He assured De Forest that he could raise all the money needed to float a company. He had no funds of his own, as De Forest soon discovered, but he could find some of his friends who would subscribe a few thousand dollars to get the company started. Snyder got five men to subscribe \$500 each to the venture. One of these men was John Firth; another was William Newmarch Harte; a third was John Bergessen. When De Forest left his friends in Chicago, the idea had been to name the company the "Freeman-Smythe-De Forest Wireless Telegraph Company," and the three inventors were to be partners in the enterprise. But Snyder thought this name was too cumbersome. He proposed the name "Imperial." A compromise was made on the "Wireless Telegraph Company of America." This company was incorporated in New Jersey, with a nominal capital of \$3,000, and the stock was divided among the promoters. This was the nucleus of the present \$30,000,000 capital of De Forest companies, with which \$25,000,000 of other companies have been merged, and many million dollars more have been planned. The \$3,000 company took out the patents on the Freeman "sending apparatus" and the De Forest-Smythe "responders."

A Flight to Fame on Forty-four Cents

The Marconi people were making rapid progress with their American promotion, and the De Forest promoters saw that they must make hay while the sun was shining. None of the five organizers of the Wireless Telegraph Company of America was rich, and so they set about to find a man with capital. Firth found the man. This was Abraham White, a young man who had come to New York from Texas, a few years before, and had risen to fame over night by cleaning up \$100,000 on an investment of forty-four cents. White's family name was Schwartz. His brothers down in Texas still use the name, but when he started out in the world to make his own living he changed his name from Black to White. From the day he first set foot in New York, White's one ambition was to make a fortune. He had the money-making instinct. In his first years in New York he speculated in real estate. One of the stories he likes to tell of his early days in New York is how he became known as the "rock buyer," because of his propensity for trading in up-town building lots from which the rock had not been blasted away.

When the Cleveland popular bond issue was made, in 1896, to replenish the Treasury gold reserve, White, who had lost in the panic years of 1893 and 1894 most of the money he had made in real estate, conceived the bold scheme of bidding for a big block of bonds, on the chance that they would sell at a premium as soon as the awards were made. The Government's call for bids did not ask for any money with the bids. White made several bids, amounting in all to \$7,000,000, and sent them on to Washington by registered mail. His total outlay was forty-four cents. When the allotments were made, \$1,500,000 bonds were set down to Abraham White, New York. The bonds were immediately quoted at a premium in the open market, and young White scurried around to find the money to pay the Government for his bonds. He went to Russell Sage, who was always ready to put his money into a sure thing, and had no trouble in getting the money lender to finance his bid. Sage paid the Government for the bonds, resold them in the market and turned over to White \$100,000 profit. Ever since then White has thought in millions, and has been a gambler for big stakes.

No sooner had White been told the story of the Chicago experiments, and the success that De Forest and his fellow inventors had had in sending messages without wires, than he began to build air castles for young De Forest. They would make fortunes out of wireless telegraphy, and the name of De Forest would go down in history among the great names of science.

The Air Castles of Wireless Telegraphy

They—White and De Forest—would form companies all over the world, and issue millions of dollars of stock to sell to investors, and they, the promoters, with a big slice of these millions as their share in the venture, would exchange their paper stock certificates for the green and white paper bearing the Government's stamp. Their companies would erect wireless stations along the whole American seaboard, and every ship on the seas would pay them tribute. They would erect a string of land stations from coast to coast, and from the Isthmus of Panama to the snow-capped mountains of Alaska, and they would compete with the telegraph

and telephone companies. They would form a parent American company, that would be a nucleus for a string of wireless companies around the world. Companies would be formed in Canada and England, on the Continent, in Africa, the Orient—in every corner of the earth, and all these subsidiary companies would pay tribute to the parent company. Investors would tumble over each other in their haste to put their funds into the venture. White built these air castles day and night before the dazzled eyes of young De Forest, and it is little wonder that the inventor, just out of college, soon forgot the friends he had left behind in Chicago.

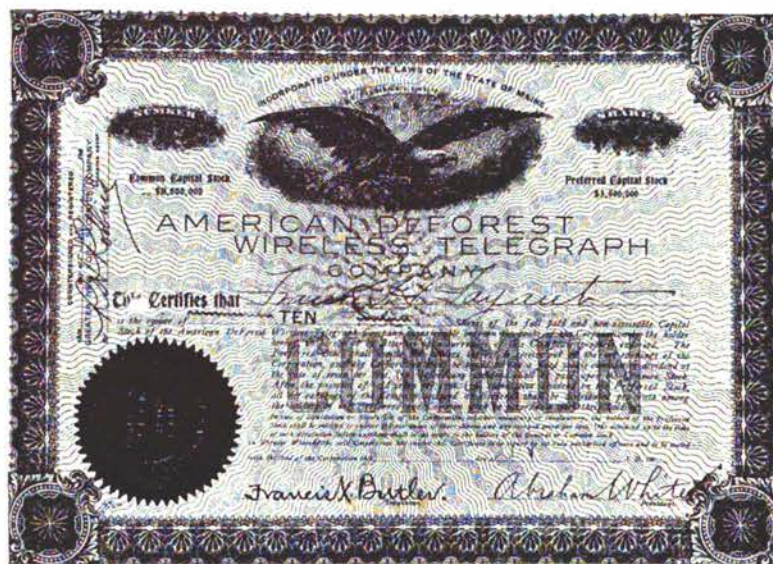
Other Rivals That Entered the Field

He let White style the first company the De Forest Wireless Telegraph Company. This was a \$1,000,000 concern, incorporated in New Jersey late in the summer of 1901. Smythe and Freeman were neither directors nor shareholders in the company. De Forest threw them over. Freeman's "sending apparatus" did not amount to much, anyway, said De Forest, and, as for Smythe, the "responder" was De Forest's invention more than his. And so the laboratory assistant of the Chicago engineers became the "scientific director" of the De Forest Wireless, and took all the inventors' stock. The million dollars' worth of stock was divided among White, De Forest, and the other promoters who had contributed to the \$3,000 Wireless Telegraph Company of America. How much of this stock was turned back into the treasury, to be sold for the benefit of the company, is a story that will never be told, but every now and then, in the record of the promotion of the De Forest companies since that time, I have found indisputable evidence that the promoters always had the big end of the game, while the company treasuries were starved along with only enough stock to keep up the appearance of things. One De Forest company after another offered its stock to investors, but the promoters were always in the market getting rid of all their promotion stock that they could exchange for the coin of the realm.

Another rival to the Marconi company came into the field soon after White formed the De Forest company. A crowd of Philadelphia promoters, taking their cue from Marconi and De Forest, began putting out a string of wireless companies based on the almost forgotten patents of Professor Dolbear, of Tufts College. The parent company of the Philadelphia crowd was the American Wireless Telephone and Telegraph Company, of which Dr. Gustav Gehring was president. The Philadelphians organized a string of companies across the country, with a capital of \$55,000,000, and one of these companies, the Federal, falling into the hands of the notorious promoter, Lafayette E. Pike, became the most widely advertised bonanza in the great promotion boom of 1901-02. I told in the January number of SUCCESS MAGAZINE the shameful story of the promotion of these wild-cat companies. Millions of dollars of their stock were sold by flagrantly dishonest methods. The Dolbear companies actually sent wireless messages, just as did the Marconi and De Forest companies, but they held out to investors the fraudulent promise that the stocks of their grossly over-capitalized ventures would multiply in value two thousand fold. The De Forest promoters, as well as the brokers engaged to sell the Marconi securities, painted the same alluring picture for their companies, and every wireless advertisement that appeared in the newspapers told how \$100 invested in Bell Telephone stock had rolled into \$200,000—and wireless stock was going to do the same.

Forcing Out the Original Promoters

Wireless telegraphy was widely advertised in the yacht races for the "America's" Cup that autumn. The Marconi instruments were installed on the Associated Press tug, while the Publishers' Press made use of the De Forest system. The Gehring crowd unsuccessfully tried to make a contract with one of the press associations, and then threatened to make both systems useless by setting up their own instruments. But the threat was not made good. Two years later, as I will relate, it was another story. The success of the Gehring crowd in selling reams of their wireless stock showed White that a \$1,000,000 company was much too small. So in February, 1902, the \$1,000,000 De Forest Wireless of New Jersey was taken over by the \$3,000,000 De Forest Wireless of Maine. The Maine charter was probably taken out because it was cheaper. From that time on, the name of Abraham White—it was "A. White" in the prospectuses then—loomed larger and larger in the De Forest companies, and the original promoters of the little \$3,000 company were forced out one after



A \$100 stock certificate, in the American De Forest Company, that Abraham White tried to sell to Frank Fayant for \$75, and which was afterwards purchased in the open market for \$3

the other. The officers of the \$3,000,000 company were A. White, president; Lee De Forest, vice president and scientific director; H. E. Wise, treasurer; and Francis X. Butler, secretary. The other directors were Henry Doscher, a sugar refiner; John Firth, one of the original five; S. S. Bogart, an old Western Union man, and James Stewart. Bogart, Galbraith, and Butler are the only members of the old board still with White. With the cheerful optimism of Colonel Sellers, White began planning more companies. White's whole idea in forming new wireless companies was not to raise capital for the extension of wireless telegraphy, but to manufacture stock that he could sell to the public. Every additional million dollars' worth of wireless stock put out under the name of De Forest meant another fortune for White, if he could find enough credulous investors to buy his share of the promotion stock.

White's Achievements as Promoter and Press Agent

The \$3,000,000 De Forest Wireless had been in existence only nine months, when White took out a Maine charter for the \$5,000,000 American De Forest Wireless Telegraph Company. White's scheme at that time was to make the De Forest Wireless the parent company, that would own stock in all subsequent De Forest companies, and receive big dividends (on paper) from these holdings. The relations of these two companies were described by White in this way: "The De Forest Wireless Telegraph Company is incorporated with a capital stock of \$3,000,000, divided into 300,000 shares of \$10 par value. The company owns the patents of the De Forest system of wireless telegraphy. Under it the American De Forest Wireless Telegraph Company (\$5,000,000 capital, \$10 shares) has been organized as a sub-company, to conduct the commercial work in United States territory. A Canadian company (\$2,500,000) has been organized similarly for that territory, and English, Russian, Spanish, and South American companies are in process of organization. In a reasonable time, fifty subsidiary companies throughout the world will be tributary to the parent company. The De Forest Wireless Telegraph Company owns \$1,500,000 of the stock of the American De Forest Wireless Telegraph Company. The revenue of the company will consist of dividends on holdings in the subsidiary companies, yearly royalties on the patents, and profits on the sale of the wireless apparatus."

A publicity campaign worthy of "Tody" Hamilton was engineered by White. He spared no effort and no expense to keep the newspapers talking about the De Forest system. The De Forest instruments did their work, and did it well, as was shown in the competitive tests with the Marconi instruments, when the Navy Department bought De Forest apparatus in preference to the Marconi. White immediately heralded this news broadcast, and advertised the De Forest system as "the system adopted by the United States Government." The Marconi people, seeing that White was getting the best of them, brought suit for infringement of patents. For technical reasons, the Marconi people could not get a permanent injunction until three years later, and by that time the De Forest companies had devised apparatus more efficient than that brought on from Chicago by De Forest. White hired a press agent, and it was on the suggestion of the press agent that a suit for \$1,000,000 damages was brought against the Marconi company. The suit was only brought to give the newspapers something to talk about. It was soon forgotten. The De Forest prospectuses, written under the direction of the imaginative White, were wonders to behold. Here is a table of estimated yearly earnings for the \$3,000,000 De Forest Wireless:

The Bell Telephone Record an Effective Bait

"Telegraphing from ships, minimum of fifty ships equipped with De Forest instruments, at \$5,000 a year each, \$250,000; messages from ship to shore and reverse, \$250,000; transatlantic and transpacific messages, \$4,000,000; interinsular communication, \$500,000; total \$5,000,000."

But this was only part of the estimated income. "The successful tests of the De Forest system overland between the Naval Academy, Annapolis, Maryland, and the Navy Yard, at Washington, D. C., has demonstrated the feasibility of a general overland service, and it has been determined to erect stations throughout the country to provide the same class of service as that in which the two large telegraph companies are now engaged." The wireless mathematician estimated this business roughly

at "several millions of dollars." Then he took up the cables. There were 1,769 cables, with a total length of 189,000 miles, costing more than \$300,000,000. The De Forest system would put them all out of business.

No wonder that White recommended the De Forest stock to investors, as "the greatest investment of the age." "No stocks," said he, "will advance like the stock of the De Forest Wireless. It is as certain as arithmetic that great fortunes will be made out of this stock. It should now be purchased in just as large blocks as can possibly be handled, as there is no question whatever but that this stock, purchased at the present price, and held for a reasonable time, will make advances out of all proportion to its present selling price." Later on I will tell how it "advanced." That there might be no mistake on the part of investors as to the wonderful possibilities for De Forest Wireless, White dug down into the history of Bell Telephone stock. "When it is remembered," said he, "that the stock of the Bell Telephone originally sold for a dollar a share, and advanced to five thousand dollars a share, it is well to consider the facts as here related." The advance in Bell Telephone from a dollar to five thousand dollars has been told and retold over and over again by White. It was the favorite bait for the "suckers" in the literature of the notorious Pike. The Pike wireless stock was going to advance "by leaps and bounds." But the Pike stock turned a somersault, and so has White's.

A Transcontinental Wireless Telegraph Dream

One of White's publicity ideas was a little newspaper called the "Wireless News." It was made up largely of reprints of De Forest wireless news from the leading newspapers. The "Wireless News," in April, 1903, reprinted a long "scare-head" article from the Chicago "Inter-Ocean," that said: "Commercial wireless telegraphy, at a rate of one cent a word to the general public from Chicago to all principal points in the United States, will be an assured fact within ninety days, if the plans of the American

De Forest Wireless Telegraph Company are carried out. Within sixty days it will be possible to flash messages from Chicago to steamers on the lakes, and to Detroit, Cleveland, Buffalo, New York, and the Atlantic seaboard. Almost as soon, we will be in wireless communication with St. Louis, Omaha, Kansas City, and Fort Worth. A statement that these things would be accomplished was given out yesterday at the Chicago office of the company by Abraham White, president of the corporation, and Dr. Lee De Forest, whose inventions are claimed to have been made before those of Signor Marconi." Then followed a characteristic Colonel Sellers interview with White, detailing the plans he had for installing the De Forest system all over the face of the earth. The one-cent-a-word rate would go into effect in New York within a few days, and would extend to other parts of the country as fast as the system was installed. Following the Chicago "Inter-Ocean" article was this bit of verse:

A little bird sat on a telegraph wire
And said to his mate, "I declare!
If wireless telegraphy comes into
vogue,
We'll all have to sit on the air."

The rival wireless companies again came in conflict in the international yacht races of 1903, when Sir Thomas Lipton brought over his Shamrock II. to "lift" the "America's" Cup. One of the press associations used the Marconi system, and another had the De Forest apparatus on its tug.

How the Newcomers Made the Old Companies Look Ridiculous

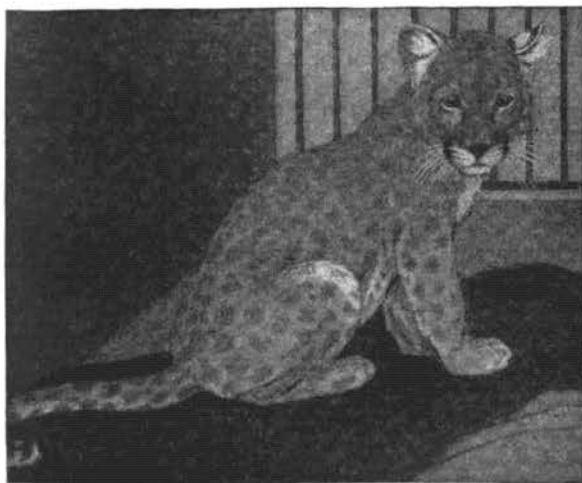
The Gehring people, who had merged five of their companies in the \$25,000,000 International Wireless Telegraph Company, failing in their effort to get the press associations to use their system, set up a very powerful station on the Navesink Highlands. Throughout the yacht races, they sent out so powerful a stream of electric disturbances in the ether that neither the Marconi nor the De Forest operators could get a word in edgewise. The International operators on the shore, when they tired of sending "A—A—A," and "B—B—B," amused themselves by calling the Marconi and De Forest operators bad names. Some of the etheric language sent out from Navesink Highlands during those races was not fit to print. The Marconi and De Forest people tore their hair, but the International promoters truthfully said that there was no law to prevent a man from sending all the wireless messages he desired out into the great unknown. White saw that wireless telegraphy would be a joke if the International promoters were not looked after, and so he conceived the plan of merging the

[Concluded on pages 450 to 451]

THE JUNGLE DRAMA

By C. WILLIAM BEEBE

Illustrated by CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL



IN THE heart of the Zoo a cub had been born at midnight.

The savage leopard mother crouched now at the back of her cage, baring her teeth in silent snarls, and sinking her claws deep into the wooden floor as the gaping crowds pressed closer to the guard-rail. In all of her two years of captive life, nothing had ever tamed or conquered her savage nature, save the fierce love of her strange mate, a gigantic puma, who now paced with padded steps up and down the partition of the adjoining cage, giving a quick glance now and then at the leopard, and showing by his responsive growls at the people that whoever interfered with her or with her cub must reckon also with him.

Behind a board partition the cub slept heavily, half buried in a bed of straw, and close to his head flickered the nervous tip of his mother's tail, revealing her every passing emotion.

But the keepers were wise; they knew that any undue meddling would have but one result: the mother would slay her offspring; so they judiciously kept away and left the savage parents to themselves.

Day after day the cub thrived, until at length it could stumble about on its short, wobbly legs, and peer out upon the world through eyes as yet weak. Clumsily it explored the cage, bumping its stub nose against the bars, or leaning its fat little back against the cool, rough bark of a tree. Poor, confused little creature, what must its impressions of life be! Born among such strange surroundings, its instincts must all be set awry. Even supposing that the memory of the wild life of its parents came clearly to its mind, the confusion would only be the more complete!

At twilight, as the afternoon sun leaves the highest tree tops of the Zoo, a long, howling cry echoes from the monkey house—the Indian baboons begin their evening chorus. At the sound the puma father merely gives a twitch of the ears, but the cub feels his hair bristling and his breath coming faster—he knows not why. Up on the top bough of a sturdy dead cedar near the cage top the leopard crouches, every muscle a-quiver, every fang bared, as the hated cries of the baboons come now in unison, now in successive throbs.

This hatred and fear have passed to the cub, and the little fellow mews in terror, bringing his fierce mother to his side with a leap. Then her penetrating roar rises and fills the air with a snarling threat, which silences every monkey and sends them all to the bars of their cages shaking with fear and yet expectant with hatred.

If, in its restless dreams, the little leopard could repicture the cause of its nameless fear, it would see a dense jungle backed by rugged hills, while through the twilight come the last calls of the jungle fowl and the spur pheasants. It would see a leopard stalk slowly forth from its cave, licking her tumbling cubs, and stretching each limb as her nostrils quiver in the cool, damp rush of air which rises from the jungle beneath. Trotting down to a stream, the spotted cat laps a few times, and then leaps across to a low-hanging bough. Nothing is to be heard except the low swish of branches, until a shriek rings out—almost human in its quality. Then the swishing sound increases, and a low, half-inarticulate sobbing

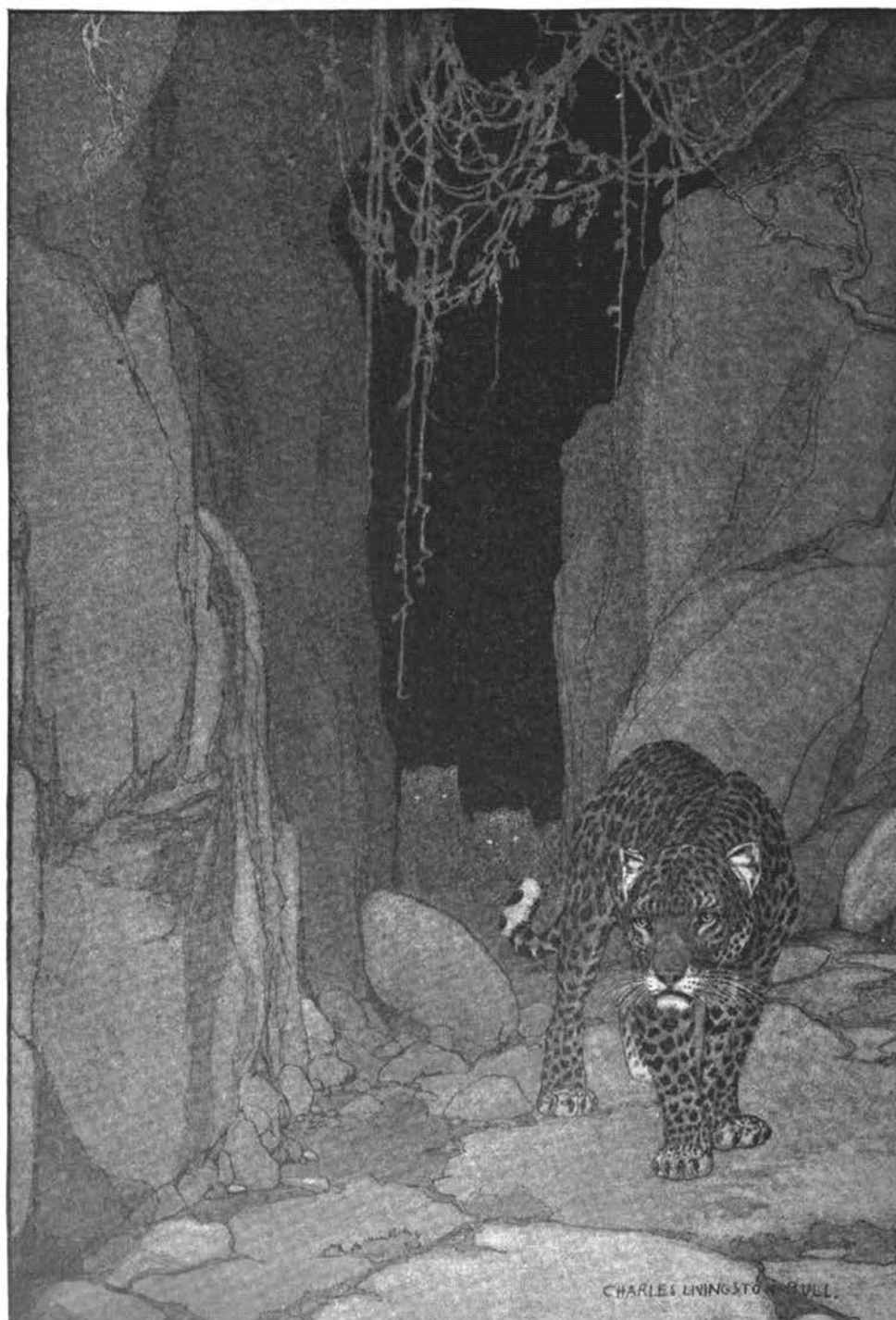
breath shows where the monkey mother and her little one are fleeing in terror. At length they reach a swaying top branch, on which even the leopard fears to trust herself, and here the terrified monkey clings, clasping her baby in safety. Only too often, however, there is no such fortunate escape, and when the leopard extends her hunting excursions to the rocky hills, woe to the helpless baboon, mother or child, which is caught alone! Next to dog, the leopard prefers monkey for her prey.

But why the fierce shaking of the cage bars by the big dog baboons when they hear the leopard's voice? Why the in-

stinctive fear of her cub? Ah, there is another side to this jungle drama. Singly, the baboons are easy prey, but when in bands of fifty or more, with the fierce old males deploying on the outskirts, then none may stand before them. The leopard stalks a young one, leaps upon it, and begins to carry it off; but in a moment a score of black and yelling forms appear, and, running swiftly with hands and feet over the loose stones, surround the snarling cat and drive her to bay upon some great boulder. There is but one end. Slowly the old baboons close in, and then in a sudden rush, holding with their knobby fingers



"Nothing is to be heard except the low swish of branches"



and tearing with their long teeth, they revenge the death of their comrade. And so the battle has been waged from time prehistoric, thousands of years before the first man ever beheld it; and doubtless to-day some similar tragedy may be taking place deep in the Indian hills.

The months pass, and the house of the great cats in the Zoo is closed tight against the cold, while the puma is left alone in his outside cage. All one night a storm raged; the branches thrashed against the wires and glass; the leopard paced restlessly up and down in the darkness. Such an uproar of wind had, in the far distant past, meant danger from falling trees, and on such nights, too, many a leopard, in the confusion of pelting rain and the roar of palm fronds in the jungle, had stepped on a cobra and died. But this was another kind of storm. Outside, amid the rush of swirling flakes, the puma, in sheer joy of life, was bounding from rock to rock. Almost he forgot the bars. This seemed the old life come back again. And as he screamed in the teeth of the blizzard, again and again an answering

whine came from the door at the back, and sniffing close to the bottom crack he smelt the breath of his cub. The bite of the drifting flakes which found their way in through the crack tickled the nose of the youngster, but as they melted they seemed to arouse a hidden instinct, and he scratched and clawed to get out into the wild night. The leopard mother in the adjoining cage growled at his efforts. There was naught in this strange, cold whiteness to attract her. She buried her muzzle in her soft fur and curled close down in the farthest corner, where the steam pipes gave forth a pleasant warmth.

In vain the cub tried to join the puma; in vain the gray cat tore at the lock of the door outside. At last, returning in a rage to his effort, he caught one great claw in a loose hinge and tore the structure from its support. A rush of flakes drove inward and for an instant daunted the cub, but an encouraging purr from the parent brought the animal out at one bound.

Then the puma and his cub frolicked together

in mighty spurts of play. When their leaps shook great lumps of snow down from the wires above, the puma caught them to his breast, biting savagely into their watery substance. Thus had he caught the snow-white ptarmigan of the north, as they blundered up from the snow before him. The cub crouched and leaped ferociously upon the twitching tail of his parent, for had he not in his dreams thus seen the Arctic hares ready to leap from their forms?

So great were their exertions, that they panted as they sprang and tumbled about the inclosure; but suddenly both stopped as if frozen in their tracks; both crouched into the snow with ears laid back and every muscle tense. Over the first rise of ground, where the storm whirled among the great open bear dens, a grizzly was traveling slowly about his beat. Abundance of food every day in the year left him no reason for hibernating, and out from his snug den he had ambled. And now, standing up to his full height, with nostrils drinking in so many messages with the snowflakes, he knew the cause of the dream which had awakened him. Straight to his nose came the strong, keen scent of mountain lions, a scent that was as potent in meaning to him as would be a well-lighted scene to us. He remembered the terrors of his cubhood, ever the dread of discovery by pumas, the fear and hatred of these master fighters which his mother had instilled into him. But now, in the confidence of his great strength, all fear vanished. He filled his great lungs and sent out a flood of steaming breath which carried a message of dread to all—except the puma.

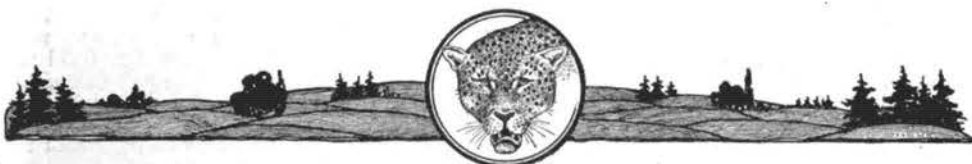
After a few seconds of waiting, the cat flew toward the sound, only to be brought up by the bars in a helpless rage. With the cub cowering and shivering in the shelter of a bowlder, the two mighty creatures of fur hurled their challenges at each other, until lions, tigers, wolves, monkeys, all joined in and filled the storm with their cries.

As he had dimly known the cry of the baboons, so the cub cowered at the growl of the grizzly, for to such as he, if found alone, a bear was deadly fate itself. Back to his indoor cage he crept, and cuddled, whimpering, deep in the straw.

He has tasted of the old life of both of his parents; he has trembled at their enemies, has played at hunting their prey. But, even if he were set at liberty, he could have no real life of his own. The cold of the north would kill him, while the dangers of the jungle would bring him death.

The next day he coughs and shivers in the warmth of the warmest cage; he eats but little, and moves restlessly about, looking out upon the snow. His brow wrinkles wistfully, and the great brown eyes hold no hint of ferocity.

The keepers do what they can to help him, and he is all gentleness toward them; but he is past help. The cold air of that wild night of play has stricken him. The strange, unnatural make-up of his body seems an easy prey for disease. His flanks heave, his mouth shapes itself to a phantom roar, and, with a last look out upon the world, he turns and walks slowly back into the darkness of his den.



"He filled his great lungs and sent out a flood of steaming breath"



The Great Word

By Estelle Duclou

Before Time was, and vast, insensate void
Gaped in the vacuous universe,
Ere silence had been stirred by sound,
A Something yearned athwart the awful hush,

Thrilling the quiet emptiness of space.—
It was a wondrous, whispered Word,
Moving as soft as clouds in air—
Eternity's creation in its wake.

The magic Word was "Love"—life's primal
spark,
Flooding world-vacancies with light;
Building the splendor of the skies;
Yet pulsing surest in the human heart.

MY LIFE—SO FAR

By JOSIAH FLYNT

SEVENTH INSTALLMENT.*

Illustrated by J. J. Gould

Hairbreadth Escapes in Old Europe

BESIDES the intention to scribble and learn the language, I furthermore contemplated a course of study with Lombroso at Turin. My collateral reading at the University of Berlin had got me deeply interested in criminology, and Lombroso's writings, of course, had been included. From the very beginning I disagreed with his main thesis, and I do yet, as far as professional crime is concerned. However, I thought it would be valuable to come in contact with such a man, and I expected to learn much from his experimental apparatus. This plan fell through in the end. I found there was quite enough criminology for my purposes in watching the Italian people in the open, and I invented some apparatus of my own for experimentation, which, under the circumstances, probably revealed as much to me as would have that of Lombroso. Nevertheless, I regret now that I did not make the professor's acquaintance, for, say what one will, of the men that I know about he has done the most in recent times to awaken at least scientific interest in crime as a social disorder.

* * * * *

My first ride down the Grand Canal in Venice, from the railway station to the Riva, was my initial introduction to the Venetian wonderland. As a boy, I had read my "Arabian Nights" and had had, I suppose, dreams of Oriental things, but on no occasion that I can recall had anything Eastern ever taken hold of me sufficiently to inveigle me into a trip outside of my own country. That was wonderful enough for me then, and, it becomes more wonderful to me every day that I grow older.

But that first ride in Venice! As the gondola bore me down the canal to the Riva where my lodgings had been secured in advance, it seemed to me as if I were gliding into a new world, a world, indeed, that hardly belonged to our world at all. The mere strangeness of things did not impress me so much as their soft and gentle outlines. I thought then of the city, as I do still, more as a lovely, breathing creature, truly as a bride of the Adriatic, than as a dwelling place of man. I walked from my lodgings to the Piazza. As I turned into the Piazzetta, and the glory of that wonderful square flashed upon me in the glow of the bright afternoon sun, I came suddenly to a halt. Such moments mean different things to different men. I remember now what passed through my mind, as if it were yesterday.

"If to come to this entrancing spot, young man, is your payment for pulling out of the slough that you once let yourself into, then your reward is indeed sweet."

For four most enjoyable months I lingered near that fascinating Piazza reluctant to leave it.

Lord Curzon thinks that the Rhigistan in Samarcand, considering all things, is the most beautiful square in the world. Perhaps, had I seen the Rhigistan first, and at the time I saw the Piazza, I might have been similarly impressed. As it happened, when, in 1897, I first beheld the Rhigistan I thought inevitably of the Piazza, and then and there renewed my allegiance to her superior charm over me.

Of my life in and about this square there is much that I would like to tell if I could tell it to my satisfaction, for I believe that Venice is a mistress to whom all admirers, without distinction of color, race, or previous incarnation, should offer some artistic tribute either in prose or verse.

The Charm of Brown

My most intimate friend, while in Venice, was Horatio Brown, a gentleman who knows the city probably better than any other foreigner, and much more intimately than many of the Venetians themselves. His book, "Life on the Lagoons," is the best book about the town that I know, and I have rummaged through a number. Mr. Howells's "Venetian Life," like everything he writes, is very artistic and instructive, but I was never able to find the Venice that he knows.

I must thank Arthur Symonds for persuading Brown to be kind to me, and I fancy that he told him the truth—that I was a young *Wanderlust* victim. The

result was that, although I had to live pretty scrimpily, Brown's home on the Zattere became a magnificent retreat, where, at least once a week, I could brush up my manners a little, and enjoy an Anglo-Saxon atmosphere and undisguised comfort.

I think it was Monday evenings that Brown generally received his friends. There were many interesting persons to meet on these occasions, literary and otherwise, but a good illustration of the vagaries of fancy and memory is the fact that an Austrian admiral stands out strongest in my recollections of the Monday evenings that I recall. I suppose it was because he had been through a great many adventures out of my line, and was not quite my height. Any one smaller than I am who has projected his personality into more alluring wanderings than I have becomes immediately to me a person to look up to. Tall men and their achievements, fiendish or angelic, are so out of my range of vision that I have never tried to wonder much about them. Napoleon I could have listened to by the month without a murmur; Bismarck would have made me look dreamily at the ceiling at times.

The admiral told me how Garibaldi once gave him a scare, when the Italians were freeing themselves of Austrian rule. It seems that Garibaldi kept the enemy guessing at sea quite as much as on shore, and the admiral received word one day, that Garibaldi was coming up the coast toward Venice with a formidable force. As a matter of fact, he was doing nothing of the kind, being busy in very different quarters. "But how was I to know?" the admiral said to me. "He was jumping about from place to place like a frog, and I had no reason to believe that the rumor might not be true. I decided to take no chances, and commandeered two Austrian-Lloyd steamers and sunk them in the Malamocco Strait. I felt able to guard the other end of the

Lido. But Garibaldi fooled me, as he did a great many others, and the two steamers were sunk for nothing."

During a part of my stay in and about Venice, I lived alone in an empty house at San Nicoletto on the Lido. Within a stone's throw was the military prison, dreaming about which, in the empty house, after a luxurious gratuitous dinner, sometimes made night life rather gloomy. I got my non-gratuitous meals at an *osteria* nearby. I wonder whether the asthmatic little steamer that used to run from the Riva to San Nicoletto is still afloat? It was owned and captained by a *conte*, who also collected the fares. I patronized his craft for a while, and then in partnership with a *corporale*, stationed at the San Nicoletto marine signal station, invested in a canoe.

The adventures that we had with this canoe were many and varied. On one occasion, for instance, the canoe and I were suspected of being spies, and came very near being bombarded. I had spent the afternoon in Venice, leaving the canoe near the Giardino Pubblico. It was darker than usual when I was ready to return to the Lido, and I carried no light; but I set out for home undaunted. I had been paddling along serenely enough for fifteen minutes or so, when, on nearing the powder magazine island, or whatever it is between Venice and San Nicoletto that is guarded by a sentry, I was partly awakened from my dreaming by a strenuous "*Chi va là?*" on my left. I say partly awakened advisedly, because I paid no attention to the challenge, and paddled on. It seemed impossible that anybody could want to learn who I was out there on the water. Again the words rang out, clear and sharp, and again I failed to heed them. The third time the challenge was accompanied by an ominous click of a gun. I came out of my dream like a shot. Why I should be challenged was absolutely unintelligible to me, but that suggestive click jogged my work-a-day senses back into action.

"Amico! Amico!" I yelled.

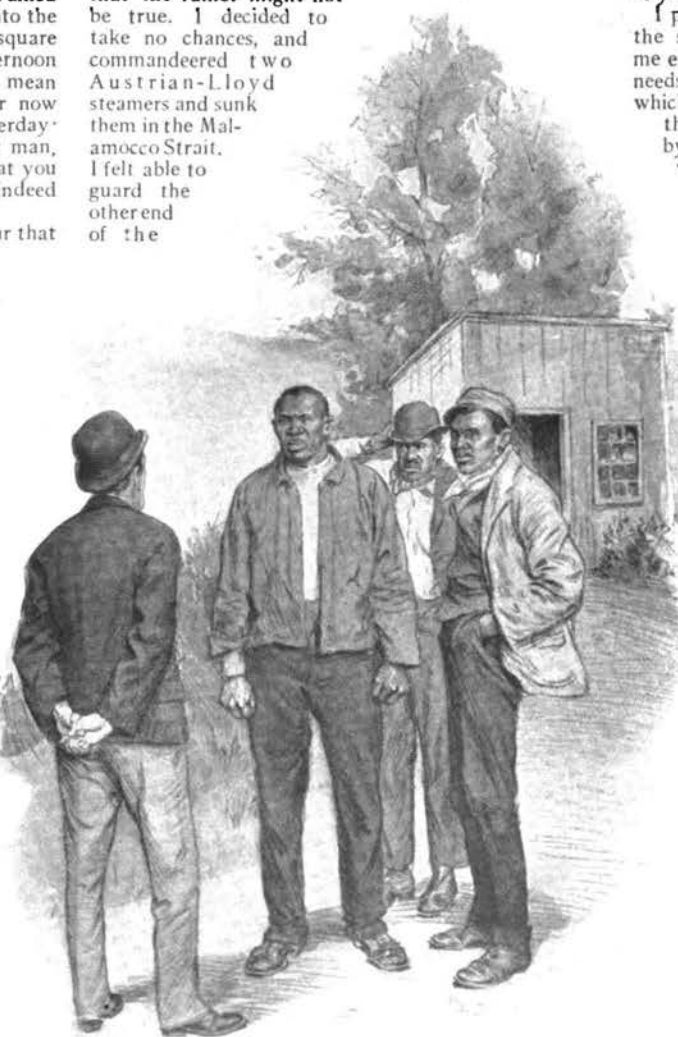
"Well, draw up here to the landing and let me look at you."

I put about and paddled over to the island, where the sentry detained me nearly half an hour, making me explain how harmless and innocent I was. I must needs tell him who my landlord was on the Lido, which room I occupied in the empty house, why in the name of Maria I lived on the Lido at all, and by what *maladetto* right I dared cruise in those waters without lights. He finally let me pass on, with the warning that my craft stood a good chance of being sent to the bottom if she passed that way again at night without the proper illumination.

Italian Dignity Shown Up

One day this canoe foundered near the Giardino Pubblico, and the accident brought to light a typical Italian trait in the *corporale*. I thought that it was an exhibition of simple stubbornness at the time, but Brown assured me later that I was mistaken. I was trying to manage things when the canoe put her nose into the mud bank, and the *corporale* was in the garden, I think, looking on. He was slicked up in his best uniform and looked very fine, but, as a sailor and part owner of the canoe, I thought he should come to her aid in such a case of signal distress. At first he also thought that he ought to bestir himself in the matter, and carefully looked about to see if anybody was watching. Then he picked his way more like a woman with fine lace skirts on than like a man, let alone a sailor, to a dry spot within perhaps thirty feet of the canoe. There he spent himself utterly in telling me how to do what he could do a hundred times better from the shore. All the canoe needed was a good big shove, which he could have given her without any great inconvenience. I urged him in spotless Italian to get a real genuine move on and send me seaward.

"Ma non—ma non," he kept on whining, pointing to his highly polished shoes and the mud—with which there was no need for him to come in contact. At this juncture Brown and his gondolier hove in sight, and I gave them the shipwreck signal. While they were coming to my rescue, the *corporale*, again, like a mincing woman, got back into the garden. The gondolier threw me a rope, and then towed me out of my predicament, the *corporale* watching the maneuvers, cat-



"Do you think you run this road?"

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



"Suppose you get an idea just about as quickly as you know how"

like, from his vantage ground above. I waved him adieu, and would not speak to him all of the next day. Brown explained his conduct with the one word—*critica*. If there is anything that Italians dislike, he told me, it is to be surprised by their neighbors in predicaments that make them appear ludicrous. He said that the *corporale* would have let the canoe rot in her mud berth before he would have subjected himself to the scrutiny of the on-lookers in an attempt to save her. The reason he retired to the garden so quickly when Brown appeared was because he saw *critica* coming his way.

I am afraid that a similar fright possessed him several weeks later, when the canoe was blown through the Nicoletto Strait and out into the billowy Adriatic, whence she never returned. I was not present when the accident occurred, but "they" say that the *corporale* was, and that all that was necessary to save the canoe was to swim a short distance from shore and tow her back. But the "public" was doubtless looking on, and the *corporale* was afraid of the critical comments and suggestions.

I had the most fun with the canoe, while she lasted, in the small, narrow canals in Venice proper. Day after day I cruised with her in different parts of the city, exploring new routes and sections, lunching where the hour overtook me, and in the evening paddled back to port on the Lido, feeling very nautical and picturesque. The principal fun came when I had to turn corners in the small canals. The gondoliers have regular calls, "To the right," and "To the left," and by rights I should have used them, too. But, somehow, all I could think of when surprised at a turn by an oncoming craft was to cry "Wa-hoo!" at the top of my voice, and then hug the side of some buildings till the danger had passed. The way the gondoliers scolded me was enough to have frightened a prize-fighter, but I learned to expect it and not to mind them. On the Riva, where I was wont to forgoth with many of them, they finally got to calling me "Wa-hoo."

Of one of the Riva gondoliers I made quite an intimate, and when I moved back to Venice from the Lido we were almost daily together, either on the water or in his *sandalo*, or swapping yarns over a glass of wine and *Polenta* in some *osteria*.

On one occasion he came to me and said: "Signor will you not accompany me on a journey to the fine lace and glass houses in Venice?"

I said: "Gladly."

He continued: "You will see many fine things in our lace houses and our glass houses."

I said: "Let us see these wonderful things."

So we proceeded up the Grand Canal; afterwards we went down the Grand Canal. Since Lord Byron's time I believe there is a slight difference of opinion as to which is up or down in this canal. We got into Sambo's *sandalo*, and Sambo took me to one of the great lace houses, where I had to expose all my ignorance of lace, and yet try to appear to be a specialist in this commodity; then, to a place where what I understand is called Venetian glass was sold; then, to other places. During none of our calls did I make a purchase, much to the disgust of the attending clerks, but fully within the agreement with Sambo that I should not buy what I did not want to buy or did not have money enough to buy. I noticed that Sambo received either a brass check or a small amount in Italian currency on each call. Eventually this pilgrimage to places of Venetian commercialism was finished. I said to Sambo: "What in the world is the meaning of all this?"

He said: "Why *signor*, did you not observe? We have been friendly together, have we not?"

I said: "Certainly, Sambo, but it strikes me as funny that you should take me to places where you know I have no idea of buying anything."

"Ah, *signor*, you do not understand the situation here in Venice. You see, these glass people, these lace people—and other people—give us gondoliers a commission. When we get so many brass checks, we go over and cash them in, and get a certain percentage for such business as we may have brought to the business houses. When we get money, of course that comes in the shape of tips such as you have seen, and we put that direct in our pockets."

"I want to say to you, *signor*, that although my story may offend you, and you may think I had no right to take you on the ride, which, as you will remember, I suggested should be on me, I have succeeded in accumulating nine *lire*. *Signor*, please do not take offense. I knew the game. Will you not come as my guest to-night at one of our gondoliers' restaurants, where I will spend every one of those nine *lire* on a good dinner?"

I suppose that Sambo is still inviting other innocent people like myself to pilgrimages to the lace and glass houses of Venice.

Of Rome, which I visited after my experiences in Venice, there is also much that I should like to say literally, if I felt that I could do it. Most writers dwell heavily on the ancient sadness of Rome. There was nothing in the ancient sadness of Rome, during

the month that I spent in that city, in the spring of 1895, which compared with the sadness which came over me on going to the English cemetery and reading the names of certain great men known to all the world, and of certain young men known personally to me, Englishmen and Americans, who are buried in that picturesque but unwaveringly sad spot.

A friend of mine, who has since settled down and gone in for all the intricacies of what settling down means, was with me in Rome, on a certain night in 1895, when there was a discussion of what was the best thing for two students at a German university to do. It was decided that, first of all, Gambrinus, in the Corso, was the best place for considering things. I remember that my friend lost his umbrella. As it came time to leave the Gambrinus, he became very indignant over the disappearance of this umbrella, which he thought should be in his hands at any time that he wanted it. The umbrella was not to be found. The supposition was that one of the waiters had taken it. How could this be proved? We called our waiter and said to him: "Where is that umbrella?"

He replied: "*Signor*, I have no idea."

My friend said: "Well, suppose you get an idea just about as quickly as you know how."

The waiter said that he would do as suggested. He went to the proprietor's wife, and came back pretty soon and said that there was no record of any missing umbrella.

My friend, who was completely occupied with the determination that he was going to get that umbrella, got up, and, in his very abrupt way, said: "You bring me my 'bamberillo.' If you don't, there will be trouble."

On account of fear that there might be some other instruments used than those which would ordinarily go after this pronouncement of my friend, I suggested that we proceed up a certain stairway and ask the proprietor's wife whether she did not think that my friend should get his "bamberillo" back. She replied, with such pathos as a German woman is capable of: "I fear you do not understand the Italian mind. This Italian mind is strange and peculiar."

"Yes," my friend said in German, "it is so strange that I cannot find my 'bamberillo.'"

The good *Hausfrau* said: "Well, you must excuse us down in this country of —*Ja, Sie kennen das Vieh, nicht wahr?*"

From Rome I went to Naples. My money gave out in this town with pronounced persistency. I received there fifty dollars a month to meet all bills—

promissory notes, and other financial engagements. My home during my residence in the city was a room which I shared unwillingly with two of the most mannerless cats that I have ever known. Some men say they like cats. It would please me to have any one of these men sentenced to ten days' imprisonment in my room in the Santa Lucia in Naples. The song called "Santa Lucia" is often heard in our streets. It is a pleasant song for those who have never had to live in a room in the Santa Lucia with cats, as I did. I honestly tried to increase my Italian vocabulary with the Neapolitan variations while in Naples. But I could never find any word, vituperative or otherwise, that would explain what those cats that prowled around in that strange room in the Santa Lucia meant to me. I make so much of them because they made so much of me during my fifty-dollar-a-month existence in Italy. I found it difficult to live within my bounds. My fifty dollars were generally all torn to pieces by the twentieth of the month, and not always on account of nonsense. At this time I was much engaged in buying books that interested me, and I think it fair to say that a good quarter of my monthly stipend went for their purchase. On the twentieth, particularly in Naples, I was very ragged with my fifty dollars. I had a proprietor there in this catful Santa Lucia who was a North Italian. My fifty dollars did not reach me as quickly as I wanted it, and I got worried. My rent was due. It was a problem how I was to make this plain to the landlord. In the end I went to him, and said in all frankness: "I should like to say to you, *signor*, that I am very much disappointed that my money has not come. It will come. It must come. There seems to be some delay."

Again there was that fine Italian touch. He said: "My son, do not be worried. I understand your difficulty. *Mio figlio*," and he patted me on the back, "you will be taken care of." Is there anything in the English language that can beat that?

Investigating the Secret Societies

While I was stopping in the Santa Lucia, I took my meals, such as I could get, in a restaurant one or two doors away. In this restaurant were all kinds of truckmen, cabmen, and men in general who have to spend much of their time in the open air. I had learned in Venice that there was a strong bond of sympathy among Italian criminals.

It occurred to me that, while I was among some of these people, it would be worth while to learn something about the Mafia Society and the Commorra. I had heard, indirectly, that these societies were working pretty well in their own interests at home.

How many Italians there are in the United States I do not know. It is questionable whether any one else knows, exactly. We certainly know that there are several million of them.

My interest in Naples in inquiring, so far as I was able, into the workings of the Mafia and the Commorra, was to find out, if I could, what power they were alleged to have over their own countrymen.

In pursuance of these facts I ran up against a *jacchino*. A *jacchino* is a common porter in Italy.

I said to one of my *jacchino* friends: "Can you not make me acquainted with some friend in the Mafia Society?"

He was a genuine lounge, a stevedore, a long-shoreman—and a big man.

He said to me, in effect: "Are you not wise enough to go into that park, where you can meet anybody, and find out all you want to know about the Mafia or the Commorra?"

I said: "Yes, I suppose I am. But what will it cost?"

"Why, you just go over there. Perhaps you will find somebody of the stripe that you want; perhaps you won't."

I made no discoveries that were of any value.

But what is to be said about my friend, the *jacchino*, and the Mafia, and the Commorra? I look at it this way. If these people have quarrels which so concern themselves, then let them proceed on their own lines. If they have quarrels in my country, and think that by any chance their secret societies can rule my country, they have terribly mistaken their calling. They are not so dangerous as the newspapers make them out to be. They believe, true enough, in their end of the game, to a finish, which can sometimes be disturbing.

I asked my *jacchino* friend what he thought, in general, of the people who might be called Mafia or Commorra in the park which he suggested. "Well," he said, "I no more know what the Mafia or the Commorra will do than I know what will happen to me in the next five minutes."

I said to him: "Then I must make my own guess."

In such ways were spent some of my student days in Europe. That I learned about Europe and its people, during these unconventional experiences, as I never could have learned about them had I spent all of my time in libraries and the lecture room, seems to me undeniably true. Some of my wanderings were, in all truth, a submission, on my part, to the all-demanding passion for wandering. Yet, as they came along in connection with my university studies, which kept my mind fairly seriously

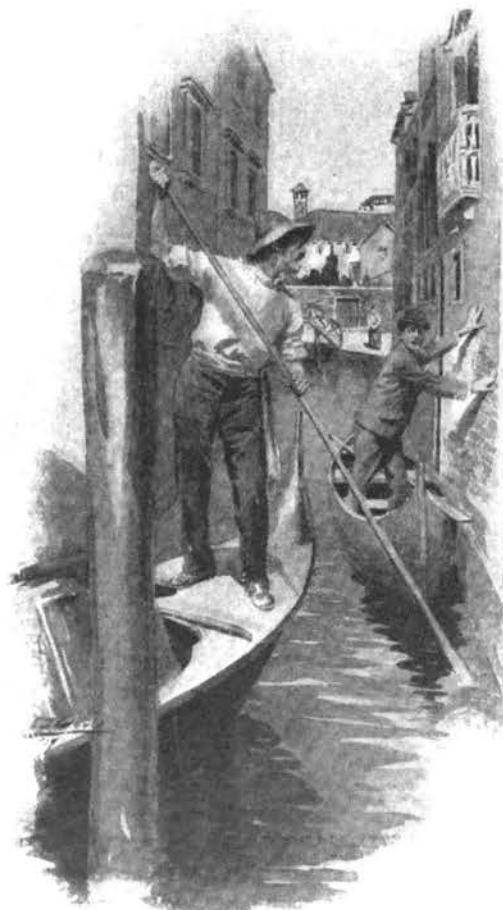
inclined, I think they did me more good than harm. I learned to know England, Germany, and Russia during these trips. It was also a good thing for me to be let loose every now and then into the jungle of Europe's vagabond districts, and there to vent such lingering *Wanderlust* as my temperament retained. Political economy as a more immediate field of exploration was at times neglected. Professors Schmoller and Wagner were not listened to as attentively as they deserved to be. The German university idea of serious work was frequently disregarded. Perhaps, it is furthermore fair to say that in continuing, as at times I did, my vagabondish explorations in Europe, I was assisting in perpetuating roving habits. I can now solemnly declare here that the real roaming habits of former days, roaming habits in the sense that I was willing at any time, when *Die Ferne* called, to put on my hat and chase after her,—received a complete chill during the European vagabond life. That it will pay one, who desires to know Europe in the underground way, to make tramp trips such as I did, and to get acquainted, before they leave home, with those millions of emigrants who come to us from Europe, I firmly believe. Neglected though my political economy was on many a journey, forgotten though were many of the books, I am not sure that I did not read my Europe, if not my political economy and other bookish things, better than I could have done it in written form.

Naturally, during my tramp trips and experiences in Europe I made use of them for purposes of newspaper correspondence, magazine articles, and incidentally for the preparation of such a comprehensive book as I thought I could write on tramp life in general. In this way these wanderings may again be called useful, because they helped to increase my powers of observation from a writer's point of view, and to give a serious purpose to such investigations on my part. I have no reason to regret any tramp trip made in Europe, but I am glad now that they are over and done with.

Such training in writing as the reporter gets on his newspaper, I got on returning to my home in Berlin, and having my "copy" most rigidly cut to pieces by my mother. Of course, this was not newspaper training in the sense that I had to report, and to a city editor. But it was all the training I ever had in writing that amounted to anything, until in after years I was interested enough in the business to observe for myself, in such examples of good writing as came to my hand, how, as Robert Louis Stevenson indicates in one of his books, language may be made to fit most tightly around the subject matter in hand.

Back to America and Real Work

In the early spring of 1898, I made up my mind, once and for all, that it was high time for me to leave Europe and get back to my own country, if I ever intended to get to work with young men in my profession, or in any other activity in which I might be able to hold my own.



"The principal fun came when I had to turn corners"

Europe had not palled on me—far from it! To have lingered on in Berlin, in Rome, or in Venice would have pleased me at that time, had I possessed the necessary means to linger, wander, and observe. Had I had financial independence and no sense of responsibility, I might have been in Europe to-day as a permanent resident.

In 1898 our country went to war with Spain. How the rumors of war affected other young Americans, studying, traveling, or in business in Europe at that time, I do not know. In me the rumors of war created an uncontrollable desire to return to my native land. Perhaps I thought I could go to war in her defense. It is impossible for me now to analyze as I should like to do my determination in 1898 to get away from Europe, university studies, and all that the life abroad had meant to me, just as quickly as possible. My mother was aghast at this resolution on my part. She said to me: "If you were going to China, Kamchatka, Tibet, or almost any other place but America, I could easily think it a very natural thing for you to do. But America! Somehow I feel as if I should lose all touch with you."

I suppose that my mother was fearful that, on returning to America, I would also return to all the unpleasantness, devilishness, and lawlessness which I had pretty successfully run away from when I shipped as a coal passer in Hoboken in 1889, on the poor old steamship "Elbe." Furthermore, I think it not unlikely that my mother herself had lived so long in Europe, and had been able to keep such close track of me there, that she had a notion that we were always to live in Europe and that there I must somehow win or lose. Then, again, there is no doubt that it disappointed my mother very much that I would not continue on in the university and take my degree. But something impelled me on my course, and, in the spring of 1898, I said good-by to the university, to Berlin, to Germany, and to all Europe as places in which I desired to cast my lot. As a mere visitor, I have been back in Europe on several occasions since 1898, but I have never regretted my stubborn decision in that year to return to my country and make it my abiding place.

One Danger of Life Abroad

In retrospect, it occurs to me, first of all, that the general experience in Europe, on account of its prolongation, lost for me that personal touch with young men of my own age who were making their way ahead in America, and which accounts for so much in getting into the swing of things, making those friends that can count for so much in business or in the professions—in a word, in growing up in your own community with your own people. I stayed too long in Europe for my own good.

In 1898, in spite of the mysterious and uncontrollable desire to get back to America, I was for months after my arrival in New York the most Europe homesick person imaginable. Whom did I find that knew me? Only a few friends settled there, that had been at my mother's home in Berlin, or that I had met during my travels. I did not know one of them in any business capacity here, and not one of them had been acquainted with me in any of my American homes. I had got acquainted with them in Europe, "on the march," so to speak.

I think it unfortunate that a boy or young man should linger so long in lands far removed from his own, where, in the end, he usually must try to amount to something. It is again that question of camping, which I referred to in an earlier part of my story, which is preeminently noticeable in all such American colony life abroad as I have observed. The colonies are for the most part nothing but camps, the colonists being only too obviously mere birds of passage. I do not believe that it is a good thing for a young man, whose life is afterwards to be taken up again in his native land, to spend as much time out of it as I did. I lost touch with my home generation; I spent the most formative years of my life in countries where, as it proved, I was not to live and make my way; I got into lackadaisical ways of looking at things; and I fell to thinking that living in bachelor quarters on five hundred dollars a year would be an enviable achievement.

Yet, Europe, and particularly Germany, also did me a certain good, for which I must always be grateful. I have already hinted at some of the benefits which I think I appreciated, at the time of their bestowal, and have learned never to forget. I must certainly thank Europe for a quieting effect on my fiery unwillingness to see inexorable truths as they must be seen, sooner or later. I must also thank Europe for some most delightful friends and acquaintances. But, where are they now? The great majority are scattered, no doubt, all over the world, only a few remaining in my own country for me to enjoy. This is the pathos of the whole business, as I have been through it.

Taking up life anew in New York City, after many years abroad, is not an easy game. In my case it was particularly disagreeable, because for a while I had a homesick feeling for Europe, and I suppose for my particular home in Berlin. I shall never forget the uncomfortable feeling I had, while my ship was docking, as to the outcome of myself

[Continued on pages 444 to 447]

TWO ASPIRANTS

By ALVAH MILTON KERR

Author of "The Diamond Key"

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK B. MASTERS

IN quality of employment he was as lowly as others in the gang of drillmen, but in quality of discontent he was not quite the same. He always sank the powder-hole a little deeper into the ledge than the others, partly out of conscientiousness, partly because of excessive physical power and restlessness. He hated the work, this dreadful treadmill toil of standing all day and lifting a heavy iron bar and driving it downward into a slowly deepening hole in the granite. Dead and cold as the stone seemed, with each impact it unfailingly struck back blow for blow, sending a jarring and thorny disturbance up the bar into the hands and arms. This was particularly appreciable of mornings; after the hands and arms became partially numbed from shock it was not quite so bad. Then, standing in the hot summer sun or winter's cold, sometimes the hole-makers were scarcely conscious of having arms and hands at all, just odd, sinewy, unfeeling levers, attached to the shoulders and automatically guiding the drills up and down.

Eric had found the work the most trying in summer time, when the quarry, a pit into which a small village might have been tumbled without filling it, lay naked and open to the sun. Then the ledges, stripped of soil, grew baked and ashen in the glare, and the breezes were, for the most part, shut out by the walls; then the coarse clothing of those who labored there was soaked with perspiration, the iron tools scorched their hands, their heavy hob-nailed shoes burned on their feet, and the flour-fine stone dust from the drill holes arose and inflamed their eyes and faces. There was a blessed fifteen minutes, twice each day, when the drillmen and cranemen and engineers hurried out through the opening where entered the railroad track, and the giant powder being tamped home, the quarry shook itself in thunder. After these volcanic moments the workmen came back into dust and smoke and rank odors and the dull drudgery went on.

A thousand times perhaps, for he had now toiled four years in the quarry, Eric Stromm had found the drill-bar momentarily dead in his hands and himself stilled with thought. Was he, a great reservoir of strength and sensation, a long-legged, straight-spined, broad-shouldered thinking thing, to go on thus always, pitting his powers against senseless stone, slavishly crystallizing his sweat into coin for other men? Why was he not a proprietor, a business man? Why was his life a long drought, its every component dull and seared, while many ate always as of honey and drank always as of the dew of roses? Tim Burns, a dwarfish knot of muscle and profanity who worked next to Eric, proffered him enlightenment.

"An' ye don't know, ye Norwegian loon? Ye don't be knowin' how they do it?" he scoffed. "'T is dead easy. Ye get other min' t' work for ye an' take a part o' their wages, that is how. Ye get other min' t' gather th' nuts an' bring thim t' ye, then ye give thim some o' th' nuts an' they thank ye, but ye kape th' most o' th' nuts an' growl. Whin ye are by y'rself ye laugh up y'r sleeve."

Stromm grinned and shook his head. "Ay tank if you know soo mooch then you would have them bring the noots to you—why?"

Burns's long upper lip twitched, his red face mantled with a deeper scarlet. He crooked a flattened forefinger and swept the perspiration from his furrowed forehead. "'T is th' booze," he admitted with a sigh, "but for th' booze I'd



"He labored at broom-making without wages!"

have thim gatherin' nuts for me. Moind ye, I know how 't is done."

Eric shook his head again. "Ay tank there been more to it than you know, yes," he drawled.

Burns made a gesture of disgust. "Moind ye now, Norsky, 't is this way," he said. "Suppose ye have a hundred min worrk' for ye, an' each wan o' thim earns three dollars a day, projuces three dollars each a day in value, an' ye are payin' thim two dollars a day each. Whin night comes they have earned ye wan hundred dollars, while each mother's son of thim has but two dollars for th' day. D' ye see, ye loon, how 't is? Whin th' end o' th' week comes round ye have six hundred dollars that they have earned for ye, while nary a gander among them has more than twelve plunks as his part. That is th' secret o' how riches are gathered. Thick as y'r skull is, I suspect that ye can see through it."

Eric let his drill fall still for a moment while his dark eyes dwelt unseeingly upon his great hands, hands so lined with horn that they were as glazed amber within. He slowly shook his head again, closing his big teeth hard in his black beard.

"Another trick in th' scheme is this," went on Burns. "'T is th' real secret, an' that is to kape th' wages o' the nut pickers down just so they can live from week t' week. If ye gave thim enough of th' nuts they moight quit or get independint. It would never do, d' ye moind? They must be kept so they will eat up what nuts ye give thim from day t' day an' week t' week, thin ye have thim foul; they have got t' be y'r naygers, they can't quit ye for they would stharve. Do ye get anto it? Oh, 't is a daisy, 't is a beauty, the scheme we are bein' worrked wid!"

The Norseman was not skilled in forensics, but obviously the whole case had not been stated. He went on with his labor but presently paused. "You did n't spak it all out," he said. "They

have the mooney first, mooch; they make the others vork for them with the mooney they have first, yes? If people have the mooney first they give the vork the chance to the others to get the—the noots, so they can eat, yes?"

"To be sure," snarled Burns. "Ye inherit money from y'r dad, ye get a pull in stocks, ye go in wid some wan on his invention an' then freeze him out, ye foind a gold mine or stheal wan, ye buy land an' let others build around it an' make it val'able, an' so on. There be many ways; thin y'r ready t' make naygers o' other min. Oh, it do be a beaut, the whole thing!"

Eric worked away, reflecting as he lifted and drove the drill downward. "Ay tank if Ay get the mooney, soome time, Ay mak them bring me the noots," he said.

Burns fetched a long nasal snarl. "Av coorse! Sure ye 'd be a thief loike the rest," he asserted.

The big drillman laughed sardonically but said nothing. Did the appropriation of a portion of the earnings of other men constitute theft? Of course not. At least, in the social alembic the transmuting of the groans and weariness of the many into gold by the skillful and fortunate few seemed as ancient as dirt itself and as common as stones. This phase of plundering was a natural law, immutable, fixed. He would like to employ it to his own easement, for he was sick of personally furnishing profit to others. Then, over in one of the quarry company's mean little houses on the hillside, there were Inga, his wife, and their two little boys and the wee daughter. It was a natural right that they should be well housed and finely clad. How was this desirable end attained by most men, save by conquering others and wringing profits from their abasement? He had seen that sort of thing all his life, it was gallingly apparent in his present environment.

Did not the quarry company own the house in which he lived, exacting for rental a portion of the wages they paid him? Did not the quarry company take from him almost the whole of the remainder of his earnings through the company's store, where he felt compelled to purchase life's necessities? What Eric wanted as a remedy was not unionism or socialism; to his mind the first of these was proving of little effect, while the second was a far heaven, dim and unattainable. The present successful thing was proprietorship; that was a towering, cognizable, feelable fact, a stair leading to stores of immediate plenty, and, finally perhaps, to plethora and golden ease. His dream was of something close, earthy, palpable. This attitude, in great part, took color from an impending possibility: At any time there might come some hundreds of dollars from Norway for him. This rainbow event would rise out of death, when his old mother should fall cold to life in an ancient stone house near Trodjem. Eric's brother Olof, who had remained in charge of the little rocky farm, would then send him half the assessed value of the place. Olof had written many times that he was slowly saving the amount that seemed necessary. Eric, waking at night or sitting by the door of the company's mean little house and watching the sun melt on the horizon's red lip, had thought very many times of this glad but terrible event.

What should he do with the money when it came? That question was a fearfully important one; all the future of himself and his wife and children hung upon it. This patrimony as a



"'But for th' booze I'd have thim gatherin' nuts for me'"

quantitative factor would necessarily have little power; its force as a means of salvation from poverty hinged upon its wise investment. As a lever with which to pry blocks of gold from the great mine of common wealth he must use it skillfully, putting behind it at first his extremest natural powers; afterwards, when his activity had established a business, other men would, *per force*, pry the gold from the mine for him. Thus he reflected.

One thing that made Eric vastly particular as to how and where he would better insert this prospective lever, lay in the fact that a little sum—three hundred and fifty dollars—which he had brought with him from Norway, had almost immediately been taken from him by a confidence trick in the city of New York. The nefarious maneuver by which this money had been filched from him was, in part, still a mystery to him. In his shame he had told Inga that he had been robbed, and so he had. The disaster had sent Eric to the West, not to find government land as he had purposed, but to something not unlike penal-servitude in the great Broad River Quarry. Eaton Hayne was one of the chief holders of stock in the Broad River Quarry Company; Eaton Hayne was the Greater Aspirant.

Some ten miles below the quarry lay Brackford, a town that boasted divers industries, eighty thousand souls, and a new penitentiary. The new penitentiary had been constructed to justify the needs and civilization of the northern half of the great State, it had also been constructed of granite from the Broad River Quarry, an ironical fact upon which Eric Stromm was later to bitterly reflect. Eric, when he should dare the sea of chance, would make the plunge at Brackford. That he had concluded upon. If he sank like a pebble, the waters smoothing quickly over him, or lifted waves that would drift other men's belongings to him, depended upon the nature of the venture. Craftily, as he thought, he searched the minds of those about him. Dan Mason, a member of the drill gang, decided him.

"If a man had a little money, a few hundred dollars," he said, "there 's nothin' that I know of so easy t' get into as th' broom business. All you have t' buy t' start with is a couple of tyin' machines an' sewin' clamps, some knives, an' a bleach-box in which t' burn sulphur. Any old room or stable or shed will do t' start with. You can sell th' brooms y'rself. Everybody uses brooms an' every grocery store handles 'em. It is about th' on'y business, anyhow, that hain't been gobbled

by a trust. It 's a business a feller could build up, startin' with little money."

"If ye had money enough t' do that why not shart a saloon? There 'd be a sight more profit in it," said Tim Burns.

"Not for you, Tim, you 'd booze yourself t' death," laughed Mason.

Into Eric's mind Mason's idea sent down a long tap-root and clung. He wanted, not laboriously to till the soil, as had been his thought upon coming to America, but to become a manufacturer, reaping profits from the labor of other men. As Burns had pointed, seemingly that way lay the road to wealth. The business also that Mason suggested had to Eric's mind an element of fitness; to be ambitious for it seemed not over-vaulting. He pondered it, and talked, by times, to Inga about it for months. Finally, one very memorable morning in autumn, the black and bright intelligence arrived: Eric's widowed mother was dead, Olof would send the money. Again there was a period of waiting, but near the edge of winter the money came. There were nine hundred dollars of it. Eric had fancied there would, at least, be three hundred more. However, the law and the gods had decreed this amount as just; he must make it sufficient.

So, now good-by to the burning days, to the blistering ledges and the hot cloud of dust and poison fumes after the bellowing blasts; good-by to the iron drill that had lined his hands with horn, to freezing feet in winter and to tools that bit the flesh with cold; good-by to the mean little house on the hillside and the Power that set the screws upon his strength, crushing it from him, as it might be wine into a vessel! He would now work for himself and cause other men to work for him!

He went down to Brackford and made inquiries. Many factories were there but none where brooms were made. He talked with shopkeepers; they procured broom supplies, in great part, from Chicago wholesalers of groceries, eighty miles away; the shopkeepers believed in encouraging home manufacturers. To Eric it looked like Opportunity, here surely his dream might come true.

Eric journeyed to Chicago. He found on Kinzie Street a number of big buildings piled full of broom materials—brush, tying machines, vises, handles, wire, and twine. Yes, they would sell him any quantity he might desire for cash. They fancied that a broom factory would prosper down in Brackford. A kindly member of a firm even set down carefully the items he would need in making a small beginning, quoting generous prices—for the firm. Eric might send the list and money at any time and the raw stock and tools would be forwarded to him. The kindly person directed him to a factory in the city where many broom makers were working; he might look about him there with possible benefit. Eric shrewdly detached two of the workers and took them to Brackford with him, tempting them to the step with higher wages and the prospect of less expensive living. One of the workers was to be paid by the piece, the other by the day, the latter having as part of his task the instruction of Eric in the process and trade. With the lapse of a couple of weeks a disused barn in the outskirts of Brackford had been leased, the simple tools of broom production installed, and Eric's purpose crossed the threshold and faced the god of Chance.

Eric Stromm found himself with but twenty dollars of his legacy remaining when his little industry had been inaugurated. Thereafter sped some months of valorous toil ere he looked upon his doom. The new labor in itself was not so galling as the old treadmill task in the quarry, but Care came and perched on his shoulder and whispered continually in his ear, at night it often

sat upon his breast and drew the nettle of perplexity to and fro across his brow, banishing sleep. He and Inga and the children lived in a very small house near the "factory," and every night, after the children were in bed, the parents worked until midnight, "sorting brush" and getting materials ready for the next day's task of their two hired men. The wintry sky was barely grayed with dawn when, the silence being rent by the hoarse bellowing of the region's factory whistles, the Lesser Aspirant and his wife arose hurriedly and took up their labor. Such fierce expenditure of energy might possibly have won success but for the sin of a young salesman on the one hand and the power of the Greater Aspirant on the other. The former having been employed to sell the factory's product and trusted to collect therefor, shamelessly absconded with nearly one third of Eric's meager capital; as for the Greater Aspirant, he was hardly aware that Eric had crossed his business path, for he crushed him much as a hurrying walker might step upon and crush an insect.

Eric first began to be aware of the power of Eaton Hayne in the following spring. The hope to profit by the labor of others, the small tyranny meditated by the insignificant manufacturer of brooms, found indeed a very magnificent analogue in Eaton Hayne's aspirations. By repute Mr. Hayne was the very greatest man in Brackford and one of the large human figures of the State. He was rich. As effecting good or ill, however, his primacy did not lie so much in his money as in his personality, his genius for living the rôles both of saint and knave. In shaping effectively the humble beginnings of his career, Eaton Hayne had endured a very trying novitiate. As with many who leave an imprint of themselves on the time, he came from a farm. His measureless bodily vigor, his clear brain, his mounting ambition for social and political power, were characteristic of the strong who quit loneliness for activity, the coiled spring unloosed and bounding far.

He had gone through college in hardship, had taught school, and, finally, he became superintendent, and afterwards secretary and treasurer, of Brackford's school system. Following these epochal steps, he fell heir to four thousand dollars. He astutely spread abroad the report that the amount was forty thousand. Presently he purchased several pieces of real estate, making small initial payments; his ventures proved successful. Seven years passed, years of great activity on his part, of prayers and secret thefts and a marvelous finesse in the creation of personal popularity, then Eaton Hayne opened a bank in Brackford. It was a savings affair, and the trusting wage-earners and small shopmen of Brackford poured their money into it. To question the integrity of Eaton Hayne was considered both silly and sinful. He was a churchman, devout and alms giving, a clubman, urbane and jolly, an educator of almost national influence, a patriot, a philanthropist, an infallible judge of paying investments. He encouraged art, influenced legislation, and dictated educational politics. For twelve years he had been successively elected custodian of the school funds of Brackford. That brought him to the summer when he stepped upon poor Eric.

This fell in the year in which the new penitentiary, four miles from the heart of Brackford, was "thrown open to guests." By now Eaton Hayne was exploiting subdivisions and coal lands, his hand was felt in the stocks of the street railway and gas company, he was chief owner of the Broad River Quarry, his bank held, or was thought to hold, a great sum of deposits. Though the state ultimately came to look upon him

as one of its most conspicuous criminals, he had in his personal aspect no look of criminality. Handsome, erect, engaging of speech and smile, forbearing or aggressive as the hour demanded, singularly clear of eye and fine of forehead and figure, he moved toward selfish ends in seeming unselfishness, almost continually affecting the public imagination agreeably. As banker, churchman, and educator, his words and acts were lifted above stricture; position and respectability webbed him in a golden halo, his sins were hid in wings. Though Eric's brawn had in the quarry distilled its share of Eaton Hayne's glory, the Norseman in those years had scarcely heard of the banker. Now the man of dollars and influence loomed suddenly over Eric's field, a crag that bent down upon him grim and terrifying.

Eaton Hayne had secured the contract for exploiting the prisoners of the new penitentiary, paying the State sixty cents per day for the use of each convict's brains and hands, the State's pleasure being to feed and clothe and shelter the laborers and compel them to work for Eaton Hayne. The convicts must have employment, it was contended, or suffer deterioration of character and possible madness. However, in deference to the demands of "honest labor," manufacturing in the prison was restricted to the production of certain sorts of wooden ware, cheap shoes, and brooms.

Almost immediately upon the inauguration of

work in the prison, Eaton Hayne's agent, by order of his superior, proceeded to "sweep" the stores of Brackford and the neighboring villages of other than convict-made brooms. These latter were offered the trade conspicuously below market prices and with payment deferred for three months. Eric struggled fiendishly until autumn, but his little business slipped slowly into nothingness like evaporating mist. To meet the competition advanced by Eaton Hayne was impossible. To be just, the Greater Aspirant hardly knew of the existence of the Lesser. Had he been vividly aware of Eric's dream, however, it would have mattered nothing; to give the people of Brackford cheaper brooms added in a small way to Eaton Hayne's reputation for perspicacity, to crush so ant-like a competitor as Eric was not worth comment or a second thought.

But Eric himself sat down to a vast vacancy, to an emptiness of heart and stomach that was appalling. In its effect upon the man, in its power to breed blackness in the brain cells and engender hatred and malice in the blood, the thing that had been done to Eric was as the longest thorn ever driven into a human heart by malevolence.

"I hear that th' Norsky's vinture has floored him," remarked Tim Burns, up at the quarry. The remark was addressed to Dan Mason, who,

[Concluded on pages 439 to 443]



"If you take my life, it surely will not help you"

Robert Gallahue Todd

His Father Introduces Modern Methods of Putting Him to Sleep

By WILBUR NESBIT

Illustrated by W. C. COOKE



"Now what is so funny?" Mr. Todd demanded

"I don't see why you want to keep on making a baby of that boy," Mr. Todd said.

It had come bedtime, and Mrs. Todd was engaged in the regular routine of telling Robert that it was time he went to sleep, of repeating that assertion, of telling him to finish his play and come along, and that he simply must come this minute and go to bed. She had another similar remark on the tip of her tongue, but she checked it and looked inquiringly at her husband.

"I will put Robert to bed," he said, with the air of a man who is about to demonstrate some great scientific truth, or of a magician who is on the verge of shaking some wonderful thing from an empty bag.

"But he is used to having me with him until he goes to sleep," Mrs. Todd objected.

"That's just it. The child has never received any training that will make him self-reliant or independent. Is he to go all through life dependent upon his mother? Is he never to realize that there is an end to this coddling and petting? Besides, it is unfair to you, my dear, to be compelled to put in half an hour to an hour every evening sitting with him until he goes to sleep. All he needs is a little sensible treatment. I'll put him to bed to-night. Come on, Robert."

Robert continued to turn the leaves of his picture book.

"Robert, papa is speaking to you," Mrs. Todd said.

"Whadja say, papa?" Robert asked.

"I said to come and go to bed."

"Aw right."

"Then jump up and come."

"Aw right."

"Do you hear me? When I say now, I mean now!"

Robert cast a longing backward glance at the pictures, then arose and accompanied his father, who could not restrain a proud look of victory.

"You sit here," he said to Mrs. Todd, "and enjoy your magazine. I'll have this youngster packed off to Sleepytown in a jiffy."

Mr. Todd and Robert went up stairs, and for a few minutes Mrs. Todd heard nothing. Then from above came the call:

"Where do you keep this child's nightgown?"

"He does n't sleep in a nightgown. He sleeps in pajamas, and they are in the lower drawer of my dresser, or else they are hanging on the back of my wardrobe door," she answered.

"Since when has he been wearing pajamas?"

"He always has worn them. I'll come up and find them."

"No, you won't. You sit still and take things easy."

Mrs. Todd heard her husband pull out the drawers of her dresser. In

imagination she could see him tumbling and tossing things, as one drawer after another was jerked open and slammed shut. Then she heard him stamp across the floor to the wardrobe, and again in imagination she could see him pulling things off of hooks and throwing them on the floor. She heard him go to more bureaus and to more wardrobes, and

"Julius Cæsar was a wise old geezer"

finally she heard him in the bath room, where Robert always was undressed. She breathed a sigh of relief and again began reading. Soon, however, she heard the rattle of bottles and also the mutterings of her husband. Dropping her magazine she ran upstairs and discovered Robert stripped to his underwear, waiting patiently while his papa fumbled among the things on the shelf in the bath room wardrobe. Towels, wash cloths, medicine bottles and cold cream jars were in a promiscuous heap on the floor.

"What in the world are you trying to do?" she demanded.

"Trying to find those pajamas! They're not anywhere else in the house, so they must be on this shelf."

Mrs. Todd hurried into her bedroom. She stopped at the door and gasped. The drawers of her chiffonier and dresser were wide open, and everything was trailing from them or flung to the floor. The clothing that had hung from the wardrobe hooks was dumped carelessly over chairs and the bed. Suddenly she called to her husband and he came in to where she stood.

"What is that?" she inquired mildly, pointing to a garment that topped a heap of shirt-waists and skirts.

Mr. Todd picked "that" up, and asked:

"Where did you find it?"

"It was right there. You must have flung it there without looking. I told you the pajamas were hanging on the wardrobe door."

Mr. Todd took the pajamas and went back to the bath room, while Mrs. Todd straightened up the bedroom and then went to the other rooms and rearranged the bureau drawers. By this time Mr. Todd had incased Robert in the pajamas and brought him to the bedroom, where he told the boy to jump into bed.

Robert obeyed, and Mr. Todd tucked the covers about him.

"That's the way papa used to cuddle up in bed when he was a boy," he said. "But papa did n't have any nice pajamas to sleep in. Papa had a flannel nightgown, and was glad to get it."

"My pajamas don't feel good," Robert said.

"They'll feel all right in a minute. You shut your eyes and go to sleep now. It is getting very late for a small boy to be awake."

Robert dutifully closed his eyes, but could not refrain from fidgeting. Mr. Todd turned the gas low and tiptoed toward the door.

"Papa," Robert said.

Mr. Todd turned back with "Well?"

"Mamma always sits beside my bed till I go to sleep."

"Mamma spoils you. You go to sleep now. You are big enough to go to bed by yourself. You don't need any help to get your pajamas on, as big a boy as you are. When I was your age I would have been ashamed to have to be dressed and undressed."

Mr. Todd started out of the room once more, but again was halted:

"Papa!"

"Well?"

"Tell me a story."

"I'll tell you just one, if you will promise to go to sleep."

"My pajamas don't feel good."

"Don't think about them. I'll tell you a story, but one will be all."

Mr. Todd sat beside the bed and began:

"Once there was a little boy—"

"What's his name?"

"I forget."

"Did n't he have any name?"

"Yes, to be sure he had! Don't interrupt me, Robert."

"Then, what was it?"

"Why, his name was—his name was Julius."

"Julia's a girl's name."

"This boy's name was Julius, not Julia. He was named for Julius Cæsar."

"I know something about Julius Cæsar," Robert exclaimed, sitting up suddenly and quoting:

"Julius Cæsar was a wise old geezer, But he froze off his feet In a ice cream freezer."

"Where did you ever hear such a thing as that?"

"Alfred Potts told it to me."

"Well, don't you ever let me hear you use that word 'geezer' again. Now, go to sleep."

"But you did n't tell me the story."

"All right. Once there was a little boy named Julius—"

"Julius Cæsar?"

"No, no. This isn't about Julius Cæsar

at all. Julius Cæsar was a king, and he died a long time ago."

"When he froze his feet off, papa?"

"He did n't freeze his feet. That is a piece of silliness Alfred Potts told you."

"What is a piece of silliness, papa?"

"Don't ask me such foolish questions. Settle down and go to sleep, or I'll go back downstairs and leave you alone."

"Papa, my pajamas don't feel good."

"I told you not to think about them. Now, listen, and I'll tell you about this little boy. He went out one day and saw—"

"Was his name Julius?"

"Yes, yes!" Mr. Todd answered; "His name was Julius and he—"

"Did he die a long time ago?"

"No. Julius Cæsar died a long time ago. This boy did n't."

"Where does he live now?"

"I don't know. Be still."

"How'd you know what's his name, then?"

"Well, he lives—he lives in a town, somewhere. And one day he went out and saw a tree that was simply full of birds. The birds—"

"What did the birds do?"

"The birds sang, of course."

"What did they sing?"

"They sang songs. Now, if you want me to tell you this story, you will have to be quiet. So this boy looked up at the birds, and—"

"My pajamas don't feel good."

"They never will feel good if you don't stop thinking about them. So this boy looked up at the birds, and—he was a bad boy—and he thought it would be smart to throw a stone at them."

"Did he?"

"Yes, he threw a stone at the poor little birds."

"And what did the stone do?"

"It made the birds fly. And then—"

"Papa."

"Well?"

"What did the fly do?"

"What fly?"

"The fly it made the birds into."

"Robert Gallahue Todd, I am going downstairs, and if you are not asleep in two minutes I shall punish you!" Mr. Todd strode from the room, and at the stairs he halted, at the sight of a woman sitting on the top step with her face in her hands and her shoulders and sides shaking. It was his wife.

"Is he asleep?" she asked, chokingly.

"No. But he will be in a minute."

"Mamma!" came from the bedroom.

"What is it, Robert?" Mrs. Todd asked, arising.

"Don't go to him. He is spoiled badly enough," Mr. Todd said.

"My pajamas don't feel good," Robert called.

Mrs. Todd went in, turned on the light and took Robert from the bed. One look at him and she began laughing all over again.

"Now, what is so funny?" Mr. Todd demanded.

"Nothing—but you've put his pajamas on backward!"



"In imagination she could see him"



A crowd of fifty thousand people leaving the Polo Grounds, New York City. This photograph encompasses about one-eighth of the area of the grounds



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“PLAY BALL!”

By HENRY BEACH NEEDHAM

THE flying White Sox held the lead by a dangerously narrow margin. Close on their heels were the desperate Highlanders. Already, Chicago was assured of one major league championship, through the superior generalship of Captain Chance and the consistent playing of the Cubs. But this supremacy was of the West Side, and the honor of the South Side, which comprises the commercial nerve-center of the big town, to say nothing of the “Jungle,” was in the keeping of the white-stockinged band commanded by Fielder Jones. This was the acute situation when a troubled wife sought the family physician.

“My husband is not like himself,” complained the lady. “No matter what I put on the table, he does n’t begin to do justice to his meals. And it is n’t only his appetite. He’s absent-minded; and he’s irritable; and he tosses around and mumbles in his sleep.”

“Send him to me,” said the doctor, “and I will look him over.”

Reluctantly, and only to quiet his wife’s fears, the husband went. A careful examination, with the usual inquiries as to the condition of the human machinery, left the physician much perplexed. He could not relieve the anxious wife of her worries, except to say that her husband was to come again and subject his anatomy to the scientific inquisition, namely, the X-rays. When the husband departed after his second visit, the doctor’s mind was at rest. Immediately he sent for the wife, and said to her with emphasis:

“Your husband is all right, I find. At the present time, in Chicago, there are thousands of men suffering from the very same trouble.”

The History of Our National Game.—The Tremendous Crowds That Patronize This Sport.—The Cost of Building up Successful Teams.—How Men are Trained, the Salaries They Receive, and How They Become Popular Idols

“And what did you find?” inquired the wife, her fears not yet allayed.

“I found a baseball in the back of his head.”

* * * * *

To the pitiable American who was never young, or who has in him

nothing of the everlasting boy, this serio-comic parable is doubtless mystifying. Not only that, but the identity of the contestants, their manner of strife, and the prize for which they struggled—these are entirely lost on him who never lingers in front of the newspaper office for the score at the end of the “lucky seventh,” who eschews the pink sporting extra, and who sprinkles his grassplot when the honor of the city is threatened by the heavy hitters led by Napoleon Lajoie.

For the benefit of this luckless individual, be it said that “White Sox” is the popular name of the Chicago Baseball Club, winner of the pennant in the American League in 1906, and holder of the World’s Championship, by virtue of a post-season victory over the “Cubs,” namely the Chicago team of the National League—the older organization; that the “Highlanders” represent New York in the American League, owing their pseudonym to the fact that one Gordon is the president of the club; that Captain Lajoie, sometime a wagon driver in a New England town, is the greatest ball player of the age, and draws a salary, for seven months’ work, equal to that, until recently, received by the Secretary of State. Fearing that professional baseball might attract too much valuable Cabinet timber, Congress, at the last session, increased the salary of the President’s advisers from eight to twelve thousand dollars a year. But considering the royal-



HARRY C. PULLIAM,
President of the National League

ties from his books on the game, together with the revenues from the profitable cigar business to which he can devote his attention for about five months a year, the great Lajoie continues to earn more money than the Honorable Elihu Root.

To the fans: "Play ball!"

And who are the fans? This is a mooted question, even among the fans themselves; that is to say, the derivation of the word "fan" is not entirely clear. It is probably an abbreviation, and "Ted" Sullivan, who managed the St. Louis Browns in 1883, claims the honor of originating the term. According to Sullivan, a man entered the head-

quarters of his club one day, and started a discussion about baseball. The visitor was familiar with the names of every player of prominence in the country, and knew not only the percentages of the big clubs, but also the batting and fielding averages of the leading players. He had a decided opinion on every phase of the game, and was overanxious to express this opinion. When he had gone, Sullivan turned to his players and said: "What name could you apply to such a fiend as that?"

Arlie Latham promptly replied: "He is a fanatic."

"I will abbreviate that word," Sullivan responded, "and call him a 'fan.'"

Thereafter, when the human baseball guide visited headquarters, the boys would say: "The fan was around again."

Real baseball is over sixty-one years old. But the origin of the "national game" is more in dispute than the etymology of the term "fan." The veteran journalist, Henry Chadwick, popularly known as the "father of baseball," who is English-born, contends that baseball, while an American sport, had its origin in the game played by the English schoolboy called "rounders." "The basic principle of both games," Mr. Chadwick argues, "is the use of a bat, a ball, and bases." But it is a short bat and a soft ball, and the player, on hitting the ball, endeavors to make a circuit—a *round*—of all the bases—in our vocabulary, a home run. As a clincher, Mr. Chadwick says that, when debating the question with Albert G. Spalding, there entered the room a devotee of sport, Andrew Peck, whose name, coupled with that of his partner, Snyder, was known to most American boys of twenty years ago in connection with a popular style of ice skates.

A Combination Game with the Englishmen

"When did you begin to play baseball?" inquired Mr. Spalding.

"In the latter part of the forties," replied Mr. Peck; "about 1847 or 1848."

"What was the game called then?"

"Why, 'rounders,'" said Mr. Peck.

But to this day, Mr. Spalding, proud Yankee to the core, is unconvinced. Undoubtedly the foreign taint in baseball bothered him not a little for a time, but he disposed of it to his satisfaction in the spring of 1889, when he visited Liverpool, after a tour of the British colonies, with the Chicago and All-American baseball teams. Throughout the trip English subjects had chided him with the antecedent of the American national game, so he issued a challenge to the champion rounder club of Great Britain, which was promptly accepted. By the terms of the agreement, the British champions were to play a one-inning rounder match (two innings make a full game) with a team of eleven men picked from the American "baseballers," as the Englishmen called them, and then there was to be a five-inning game of baseball. As "feeder" (pitcher) for his "eleven," Mr.

Spalding was given a leather-covered sphere about the size of a golf ball and rather soft. The rounder batsman faced him with a miniature cricket bat—"a cross between a potato-masher and a penholder." A high ball was "fouled"—as the Yankees called it—but the referee declared it a fair hit, and as the batter made a circuit of the four boundary posts before the ball was recovered, he scored four runs. The next batsman repeated the trick, and there was a total of eight runs to the credit of the Englishmen. Then, "feeder" Spalding resorted to low balls close to the batsman's body, and only three more runs were made before the eleven British champions were put out, and the inning



"RUBE" WADDELL,
fully extended as he is about
to deliver a ball

was over. These last runs resulted from the failure of an American to hit one of the champions with the ball, as the rules permit.

In their half of the inning, the Yankees were inclined at first to try to "line out" the ball, and the results were disastrous. But soon they got the hang of batting with one hand, and scored eight runs before the eleven men were retired. This left them three runs behind.

The baseball game was an entirely different story. Three Englishmen struck out, and then the Americans went to bat. Thirty-five men crossed the plate, and still the side had not been retired. Because of physical exhaustion both teams were content that the match be declared off. Thus the first inning in the baseball game was never finished; yet the score stood 35 to 0 in favor of the Americans.

Not only does Mr. Spalding ridicule Mr. Chadwick's theory, but he advances one of his own. He says that baseball originated in the colonial game of "one old cat," played by three boys—a thrower, a catcher, and a batter. After hitting the ball, the batsman ran to a goal about thirty feet distant, and, by returning "home" without being put out, scored one run or "tally." "Two old cat" was played by four boys or more, with two batsmen, standing forty feet apart; "three old cat" with six or more boys and three batters, on a triangular field; while in "four old cat" eight or more boys contested in a field laid out in the form of a square. In the expanded game there were four throwers (who alternated as catchers) and four batsmen. The ball was thrown from one corner to the next, and so around the field. Tallies were made by the batters, individually, when, on making a hit, they succeeded in running from one corner to another without being put out.

The Civil War Made Baseball Popular

"Some ingenious American lad," opines Mr. Spalding, "naturally suggested that one thrower be placed in the center of the square, which brought nine players into the game, and which also made it possible to change the game into teams or sides, one side fielding and the other side batting. This was for many years known as the old game of 'town ball,' from which the present game of baseball may have had its origin. One prominent baseball writer claims that he can prove that one of the founders of the old Knickerbocker club came on the field one day in the early forties with the original game of baseball worked out and described on a sheet of paper, and that this game was tried and liked so well that the game was adopted then and there, and the Knickerbocker club was organized to put it into effect."

Certain it is that, with the organization of the Knickerbockers, September 23, 1845, the first rules of baseball were published. Until 1857, this club prescribed the rules of the game, and then, at a convention of those interested in the sport held in New York, the National Association of Baseball Players was formed. It was an amateur association, comprising twenty-five clubs—all from New York City and the near-by country. Indeed, up to 1861, baseball was confined almost wholly to this section. How the sport came to spread throughout the country is peculiarly interesting.

The Civil War broke out, and New York sent her sons to the front. Among them were many who had acquired skill in and a fondness for baseball. Soon the game became a favorite pastime in camp. And it was not confined to the Union army; for the sport took root in the army of the Confederacy, and was played by the boys in gray. Thus it was, at the close of the war, that the game was carried to every section of the country—almost to every town—by the returning soldiers, and it was eagerly seized on by boys and men, north, south, east and west, as the ideal outdoor sport. Baseball, as a widely recognized pastime, dates from the Civil War—from the time when the country was reunited, and hence well deserves the glory of being our national game.

When Professionalism Began to Creep in

For five years following the war, baseball clubs were formed everywhere. But they were amateur clubs—amateur in name, at least. The rules required that players must be amateurs, and as the demand for high-class talent increased there crept in veiled professionalism, of a kind that has since marred college baseball. Mr. Spalding relates his own experience in 1867, when, to his surprise, he was offered a salary of \$40 a week as bill clerk in a wholesale grocery establishment in Chicago. He subsequently



HENRY CHADWICK,
"The father of baseball"



"CHRISTY" MATTHEWSON,
Pitcher for the "Giants"



ALBERT G. SPALDING,
who rescued baseball from gambling

learned, however, that his business ability was valued by the concern at \$10 a week, while the baseball club was willing to pay \$30 a week for his services as a pitcher, and did pay it—indirectly—to this amateur.

Inevitably and wisely, the national game was placed on a professional basis with the organization of the National Association of Professional Baseball Players, in 1871. From that day to this, baseball has been a recognized profession, and the game has been controlled and its rules dictated by leagues and associations comprising professional clubs regularly organized. But all was not

wholesome in the development of the sport under commercial auspices. For a time baseball prospered, but in the early seventies demoralizing influences assailed the game. Gambling brought baseball to the brink of ruin. Almost every ball park came to have its betting pavilion, and each large city had its baseball pool rooms. After every important contest thousands of dollars changed hands, and the betting was not confined to the followers of the game. It was no uncommon sight to see players in uniform making bets with spectators. These wagers were not only on the outcome of the match, but the fate of every batter was the peg on which to hang up a bet. The grand stand would resound with cries like these:

"Three to one he does n't reach first!"

"Five to one he does n't score!"

If a modern lover of the national game would appreciate the deplorable condition of baseball at this regrettable period in its history, let him visit the race track to-day. The respectable citizens, men of wealth, who control horse racing in this country will tell you that betting is merely an incident of the "sport of kings."

A Comparison Between Racing and Baseball

They know better. Let a "rank outsider" win a race, and no matter how gamely it is won, or how grueling the finish, there is little or no applause for the unknown victor. The horses that have carried the dear public's money are beaten, and the "lovers of racing" are in no mood for applause.

An illustration will suffice: In 1906 the Brooklyn Handicap—one of the great events of the racing calendar—was won by the "long shot" Tokalon, beautifully ridden by a scrubby jockey, who brought his mount out of the ruck, set sail for Dandelion, overtook the "second choice" a hundred yards from the judge's stand, and flashed under the wire a winner by a neck. It was a game effort and a remarkable victory, wrested from a high-class field, in time that was a fifth of a second of the record. Yet there was no enthusiasm—really no applause. The betting public had gone down to defeat. Nothing could better prove that gambling is the thing; that the actual running of the horses is only the incident of the "sport."

Contrast with this vicious and predominating characteristic of racing the keen sense of enjoyment and the spirit of healthy rivalry which dominate the followers of baseball. The crowd is eager for the home team to win, and in this very eagerness the umpire does not always get a square deal. Nevertheless, the brilliant work of a visiting player begets hearty applause. No more partisan crowd ever gathered at a baseball game than that, twenty thousand strong, in Chicago, last September, when the local American League team and the New Yorks were pitted against each other. The Highlanders had reached town one game behind; had taken the lead by winning two games in one day; had dropped back by losing the third contest; and, when the fourth game began, the two clubs were tied in the championship race. The feature of the game was the masterly pitching of Hogg, of the New Yorks. After he had mowed down the Chicago batters, thereby killing the chances of a local victory, the generous fans gave the young athlete hearty acclaim. Likewise, fast plays of the New York fielders, which kept the Chicagos off the bases, were appreciated by those who were chagrined to see their club drop back into second place. The Chicago fans have an absorbing love for the game and are not given over, purse and soul, to the gambling mania.

The Efforts to Establish the Purity of the Game

In 1875, conditions in professional baseball had become intolerable. The gamblers were in complete control of the game. Temptations to players were great, and they did not all keep straight. Many were the accusations of crookedness made against club owners as well as players. And, beyond question, games were thrown—deliberately lost at the bid-

ding of gamblers, who paid the price out of their crooked winnings.

Baseball was doomed, as many people viewed it. But Albert G. Spalding believed the game could be saved. He called on William A. Hulbert, afterwards president of the Chicago club, to rescue baseball from the grip of the gamblers. Mr. Hulbert consented, provided Spalding would aid him in securing a winning team for Chicago. This he agreed to do, and the first "big four"—Spalding, White, McVey, and Barnes—deserted the Boston club, while Anson and Sutton left the Philadelphia Athletics, and all six signed with the Chicago team.

Under cover of this sensation, Mr. Hulbert set about to form a new association. A drastic constitution was prepared, in which the great principle was the ban placed on gambling in every form. It provided for the abolition of pool selling on baseball grounds, and for the expulsion of players who sold a game or who even bet on a contest. Dissipation and association with gamblers were named as causes for expulsion. Sunday games and the selling of liquor on grounds were proscribed. The aim of the framers of the constitution was to raise the tone of the game.

The Hulbert-Spalding constitution was adopted by clubs representing Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati, and Louisville in the West, and New York, Philadelphia, Boston, and Hartford in the East, at a conference in New York City, February 7, 1876. On that day there was formed a new association, the National League of Professional Baseball Clubs, with ex-Governor Bulkeley of Connecticut—now a United States Senator—as president, and "Nick" Young, subsequently president, as secretary.

At the next meeting, Mr. Hulbert was elected president, and a year later it became his duty to deal summarily with four Louisville players—Devlin, Hall, Craver, and Nichols—who were accused of crookedness. These men were tried and convicted of selling games, and were promptly expelled. Mr. Spalding graphically describes a scene in which Devlin, the noted pitcher, begged Mr. Hulbert, on his knees, to reinstate him.

Penalties That Were Never Remitted

"I ask this," pleaded Devlin, "not so much for myself, but for my wife and children, who are prostrated with grief. I am guilty and ought to be punished, but if you will reinstate me and remove the stigma from my family, I will agree never to touch a ball again."

"Devlin, this is what I think of you personally," said Mr. Hulbert, handing him \$50, "but you have been convicted of selling games, you have disgraced your profession, you have retarded, if not entirely nullified, the efforts of the National League to purify baseball, and so long as I am its president, or responsible for its acts, you and your associates in this crime will never be reinstated. So get out of here and never let me see your face again."

In 1880, the four Louisville players who, three years before, had suffered expulsion from the baseball profession, applied for reinstatement. At a meeting of the National League, held in New York on December 8, the following resolution was adopted:

Resolved: That notice is hereby served on the persons named, and on their friends, defenders, and apologists, that the Board of Directors of the National League will *never* remit the penalties inflicted on such persons, nor will they hereafter entertain any appeal from them or in their behalf.

By the strict adherence to this rigid rule, the purity of professional baseball was guaranteed for all time. And what more solemn warning could be made to the ball player? Not only is crookedness to be punished by disbarment, but there is fixed on the traitor an everlasting stigma, which is visited on the wife and children as well. Surely the fear of such severe punishment is enough to keep the weakest of players straight.

Idle talk is occasionally heard, nowadays, to the effect that professional baseball is a hippodrome; that games are lost by prearrangement on the part of club officials. Serious consideration need not be given to

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BYRON BANCROFT JOHNSON,
Organizer of the American League



NAPOLEON LAJOIE,
the greatest baseball player in
America



LUTHER TAYLOR
Though deaf and dumb, he is
a strong player and clever
pitcher

AN OVERMASTERING PURPOSE

ORISON SWETT MARDEN

BEFORE water generates steam, it must register two hundred and twelve degrees of heat. Two hundred degrees will not do it; two hundred and ten will not do it. The water must boil before it will generate enough steam to move an engine, to run a train. Lukewarm water will not run anything.

A great many people are trying to move their life trains with lukewarm water—or water that is almost boiling—and they are wondering why they are stalled, why they can not get ahead. They are trying to run a boiler with two hundred or two hundred and ten degrees of heat, and they can't understand why they do not get anywhere.

**Lukewarm Water
Will Never
Run an Engine**

Lukewarmness in his work stands in the same relation to man's achievement as lukewarm water does to the locomotive boiler. No man can hope to accomplish anything great in this world until he throws his whole soul, flings the force of his whole life into it.

In Phillips Brooks's talks to young people he used to urge them to be something with all their might.

It is not enough simply to have a general desire to accomplish something. There is but one way to do that; and that is, to try to be somebody with all the concentrated energy we can muster.

Any kind of a human being can wish for a thing, can desire it; but only strong, vigorous minds with great purposes can do things.

There is an infinite distance between the wishers and the doers. A mere desire is lukewarm water, which never will take a train to its destination; the purpose must boil, must be made into live steam to do the work.

Who would ever have heard of Theodore Roosevelt outside of his immediate community if he had only half committed himself to what he had undertaken, if he had brought only a part of himself to his task? The great secret of his career has been that he has flung his whole life, not a part of it, with all the determination and energy and power he could muster, into everything he has undertaken. No dillydallying, no faint-hearted efforts, no lukewarm purpose for him!

**Your Purpose
Should Be
at Boiling Point**

Every life of power must have a great master purpose which takes precedence of all other motives—a supreme principle which is so commanding and so imperative in its demands for recognition and exercise that there can be no mistaking its call. Without this the water of energy will never reach the boiling point, the life train will not get anywhere.

The man with a vigorous purpose is a positive, constructive, creative force.

No one can be resourceful, inventive, original, or creative without powerful concentration; and the undivided focusing of the mind is only possible along the line of the ambition, the life purpose. We can not focus the mind upon a thing we are not interested in and enthusiastic about.

A man ought to look upon his career as a great artist looks upon his masterpiece, as an outpicturing of his best self, upon which he looks with infinite pride and a satisfaction which nothing else can give. Yet many people are so loosely connected with their vocation that they are easily separated from it.

I know young men who seem anxious to get on in their careers, but in a single evening they could be induced to give up their calling for something else. They are always wondering whether they are in the right place, or where their ability will count most. They lose heart when they strike obstacles; or they get discouraged when they hear of some one else who has made a success in some other line, and wonder if they had not better try something in the same line. If one is so loosely attached to his occupation that he can be easily induced to give it up, you may be sure that he is not in the right place. If nature has called you to a position, if the call runs in your blood, it is a part of your life and you can not get away from it. It is not a separate thing from yourself. It exists in every brain cell, every nerve cell; every blood corpuscle contains some of it. You can no more get away from it than a leopard can get away from his spots. So when a young man asks me if I do not think he had better make a change, I feel very certain that he is not in the place God called him to, for the thing he was made for is as much a part of his real being as his temperament. It is nearer to him than his heart-beat, closer than his breath.

**The One Thing
You Were
Created to Do**

There is a photograph of the thing he was made for, in every cell in his body. He can not get away from it.

The thing which will make the life distinctive, which will make it a power is this one supreme thing which we want to do, and feel that we must do, and, no matter how long we may be delayed from it, or how far we may be swerved from this one aim by mistakes or iron circumstance, we should never give up hope or a determination to pursue our object.

Some people have not the moral courage, the persistence, the force of character to get the things out of the way which stand between them and their ambition. They allow themselves to be pushed this way and that way into things for which they have no fitness or taste. Their will power is not strong enough to enable them to fight their way to their goal. They are pushed aside by the pressure about them, and do the things for which they have little or no liking or adaptation.

If there is anything in the world a person should fight for, it is freedom to pursue his ideal, because in that is his great opportunity for self-expression, for the unfoldment of the greatest thing possible to him. It is his great chance to make his life tell in the largest, completest way, to do the most original, distinctive thing possible to him.

If he does not pursue his ideal, does not carry out his supreme aim, his life will be more or less of a failure, no matter how much he may be actuated by a sense of duty, or how much he may exert his will power to overcome his handicap.

There is great power in a resolution that has no reservation in it—a strong, persistent, tenacious purpose—which burns all bridges behind it and which clears all obstacles from its path and arrives at its goal, no matter how long it may take, no matter what the sacrifice or the cost.

**A Supreme Aim
in Life**

Means Success

The inspiration of a great positive aim transforms the life, revolutionizes a shiftless, ambitionless, dissipated, good-for-nothing man, as if some divine energy had worked in him, as love sometimes transforms a shiftless, slovenly, brutal, coarse, good-for-nothing man into a cleanly, methodical, diviner being.

When the awakening power of a new purpose, a resolute aim is born in a man, he is a new creature. He sees everything in a new light; the doubts, the fears, the apathy, the vicious temptations which dogged his steps but yesterday, the stagnation which had blighted his past life, all vanish as if by magic. They are dispelled by the breath of a new purpose. Beauty and system take the place of unsightliness and confusion. Order reigns in the place of anarchy. All his slumbering faculties awaken to activity. The effect of this new ambition is like the clarifying change made by a water way in a stagnant, swampy district. The water clarifies as soon as it begins to move, to do something, flowers spring up in place of poisonous weeds, and vegetation, beauty, birds and song make joyous the once miasmic atmosphere.

Chemists tell us that when a compound is broken up and an atom is released from the attraction of other atoms, it has a new energy, and that it immediately seeks combination with another free atom; but the longer it remains alone, the weaker it becomes. It seems to lose much of its attractive power and vitality when idle.

When the atom is first freed from the grasp of its fellows, it is called nascent, "new born." And it is then that it has its maximum of gripping power; and if it finds a free atom immediately after it is released, it will unite with greater vigor than ever again. The power seems to go out of it, if it delays its union with another atom.

Mythology tells us that Minerva, the goddess of Wisdom, sprang complete, full-orbed, full-grown from Jupiter's brain. Man's highest conception, his most effective thought, most inventive and resourceful ideas, his grandest visions spring full-orbed, complete, with their maximum of power, spontaneously from the brain. Men who postpone their visions, who postpone the execution of their ideas, who bottle up their thoughts, to be used at a more convenient time, are always weaklings. *The forceful, vigorous, effective men are those who execute their ideas while they are full of the enthusiasm of inspiration.*

Don't Let

Your Inspiration

Grow Cool

they are full of the enthusiasm of inspiration.

Our ideas, our visions, our resolutions come to us fresh every day, because this is the divine programme for the day, not for to-morrow. Another inspiration, new ideas will come to-morrow. *To-day we should carry out the vision of the day.*

A divine vision flashes across the artist's mind with lightning-like rapidity, but it is not convenient for him to seize his brush and fasten the immortal vision before it fades. He keeps turning it over and over in his mind. It takes possession of his very soul, but he is not in his studio or it is not convenient to put his divine vision upon canvas, and the picture gradually fades from his mind.

A writer has a strong, vigorous conception which flashes into his brain, and he has an almost irresistible impulse to seize his pen and transfer the beautiful images and the fascinating conception to paper; but it is not convenient at the moment, and, while it seems almost impossible to wait, he postpones the writing. The images and the conception keep haunting him,

[Concluded on page 432]

The World of Out-the-Window

By ZONA GALE

Illustrated by LAETITIA HERR



Pelleas

"SOUTH," said Pelleas.

"No," I said, "West."

"Ah well, West or South," Pelleas conceded, "every one feels the same about it, Ettarre."

And that, I think, is true. We had tried to decide which one of the four wings of the compass holds most enchantment in the mere speaking of the word. And we had found that North means the mystery of waste and cold, and East the mysteries of geography, but South and West mean to every one the Fortunate Islands and ways delectable and all enchantment. I

protest that only to see South or West on the printed page seems to quicken my spirit.

"And that *must* mean something, you know," Pelleas observed.

"Oh, yes," I confidently assented. But then I believe that of the frailest things.

"It is the same," Pelleas pursued, "with Upward. Now, Down signifies thwarting and ending. But Upward has all the lure of wondering and mounting."

"And Far-away," I added, "enchants one most of all. Don't you think so too?"

Pelleas and I are fifty years old and more, but in the fifty years that we have loved each other I have found no more of magic possibilities than in what he said next.

"Don't you see, Ettarre," he put it simply, "every one in the world loves those words? They must mean something special. And don't you see what it is? The land that every one longs for and never quite finds must lie due South and West and Upward and Far-away."

Is it not strange that we, whose pastime is a pointing of relations, had not thought of that before? It is so plain a circumstance that, for example, the very charm of South has become a commercial matter. Is there a spot to be rented which, if it can do so, does not triumphantly point to its southern exposure? Is there a song about wind which does not select its wind westerling? Does not the world go travel-mad to reach high places for some momentary thrill of nearness to vague upward ways? We look up for help, and in prayer and in day-dream—in desirable locations (having a "view") the very rents increase with the mounting floors. As for Far-away, there is no child who does not clamor for the place in tales, no traveler from thence who is not welcomed as much for the sake of Far-away as on his own account. And

the eye of the body, like the eye of the mind, is fashioned to learn repose by the sorcery of distance. Could anything be more simple? Everything in nature is singing of some land lying South and West, Upward and Far-away.

"But down there, for example," Pelleas said, looking disapprovingly from the north window, before which we stood, "now, what magic could ever come to one from down there?"

I looked; and to the northeast, low on the slope of the valley, I saw a grim stone house rising austere among the white trees. Its many windows were like blind eyes; its towers were chill and looked stupidly secretive; and the house expressed remoteness and lay unblending with the wood. Its effect was curiously symbolic of all from which we shrank, curiously the antipodes of that vague land of our inherited longing.

"And if there is such a land," Pelleas went on in a moment, half in earnest, as I think, "then, Ettarre, there must certainly be a way to go there."

I remember that we were still somewhat in jest as I followed him across the hall to the library, and to the deep-seated window looking toward the southwest. It was winter, but Pelleas touched open the casement, for, seventy that we are, we have no fear of the butterflies of frost which haunt the winter air.

The land lay in the white security of a mid-winter afternoon. There was sun, and a crisp wind blew vagrant snow dust. We stood still for that first glad moment of a window opened, when some beautiful secret army rushes in to free the captives of warm rooms. Then Pelleas turned to me in a delicate excitement.

"Ettarre," he said, "can this possibly be nothing more than chance?"

I followed his look, and I, who am no great believer in chance, shared his wonder. We were strangers to the house and had not yet made friends with its outdoors, so it was not singular that we had not before noted the road that wound through the park below the library window. Now this road so chose its way that, from where we stood, we looked along its length and saw it leisurely climb a steep and vanish against the sky, already warm with faint rumors of the sunset. And since in winter the sunset flames in the southwest, I saw what Pelleas had meant. Here would be a strange road leading up hill, bound South and West—a road which we had not found to be there before—a road which, by the very nature and habit of roads, would lead one quite around the world. In a word, there had opened to us, in the world of Out-the-window, a highway which actually beckoned us South and West, Upward and Far-away.

Pelleas was watching me doubtfully.

"We haven't taken our walk yet to-day," Ettarre, he reminded me.

"There are quite three hours before dinner," I assented to what he did not say.

"Suppose—" he began, with another look at the road.

"By all means," I agreed, as casually as I could for the beating of my heart, and turned to find my wraps.

For, though we spoke carelessly, we knew that we meant the same thing; we knew ourselves to be obeying a sudden insistent summons from that unexpected road, glittering with vagrant snow dust. When we stepped outdoors, it was with one accord that we crossed the terrace to the south, half fearing, as I think, that on our way down stairs the park might have closed about the way and left us forlorn, with no highroad to enchantment.

But there lay the road, showing wheel tracks in the light snow, quite as if it were an ordinary road. We went the way it signaled us, among the "antlered shadows" of bare boughs. Almost at once the bondage of In-the-house fell from us, as if we had gone out to join some beautiful secret army bearing banners with new devices about life. Pelleas and I have often wondered how the world of In-the-house came to be such a different



Ettarre



"I knelt beside her and strove to comfort her"

place from its parent world of Out-the-window. The moment that we step from the one to the other, we lose one mood of being and take on another, so that, for myself, I can easily believe in some farther world, in its turn a little more free than the outdoors, and into which we can step for liberty when at last we learn how.

Meanwhile, our road laid before us its lure; a white way, tunneled through shining boughs, and both bright and vague with glittering snow-drops. We entered upon it as upon the reading of some fair, unknown page.

"Ettarre," Pelleas said, "I don't know why we should doubt that this is a magic road—or that any road is magic. Because all roads lead to every beautiful thing in the world."

"All roads?" I wondered.

"Take any road in the world," Pelleas contended, "and, if you have patience with it, it will lead you to all the beautiful things there are. The merest thread of a lane will take you, if you have patience with it, to the Borghese Gardens and Vallombrosa and the Trevisan and the farthest sea."

Truly, Pelleas would have one look with new respect at the very brick-bordered walk to one's own door.

"I think, Ettarre," Pelleas went on quaintly, "that this is one reason why Out-the-window has such charm for every one. When the eyes rest there they are really upon the road to Far-away."

"As we are now," I thought; and turned toward the quickening southwest and toward the hill beyond which Far-away might lie. "Pelleas," I said, because I liked well the thought, "if this road does lead—where we think—have you wondered what it will be like when we reach the end?"

But, indeed, have we not all wondered what that would be like?

"Ah well, it would be different," Pelleas said very decidedly; and that, I fancy, will be the first phrase of all such description. "It would be as is the very heart of the outdoors to those who find that out." We looked through the branches to the blue, so alien, so friendly in remoteness; and for us both it was one of those rare moments when the meaning of the outdoors seems to lie within the heart, if only one could read there. "Ettarre," Pelleas said, "perhaps a land like that would be only a way to see the things that we might see now, if we knew how to look."

"At all events," I summed it up, "it would be as different as possible from North and East and Down and Near-by."

"Precisely," Pelleas assented; and we smiled at each other like people who find the seed of actuality in all nonsense.

Then, even while we smiled, the Coach of Bells overtook us. I dare say that it was a *coupé* upon runners, but I remember nothing about it save that it was large and dark and drawn by shining horses, and that, from a glitter of vagrant snow dust and a subsiding clamor of little bells, a voice cried out to us most cheerily, "Get in for a lift, sir-r, if ye like!" as the *coupé* stopped beside us. And before I wholly understood, Pelleas had opened the door and followed me within, and straightway we were taking the steep at a smart pace, with the gold of the southwest shining on the window-glass.

Pelleas and I looked at each other in something like awe. Were ever things more strangely befallen than that we, on some vague quest along a magic road, should so have our enterprise sharpened by a kind of interference from the air?

"Oh, Pelleas," I said, trembling in spite of my reason, "I daresay that this will be the regular stagecoach route between In-the-house and Far-away!"

What if it were—what if it were? we wondered while we smiled.

However, in spite of its magic, this is a world

of certain practicalities, such as destinations, explanations, and the like.

"But when he—the god who came in the shining cloud of snow—asks us where he shall set us down," I said anxiously, "what are you going to say, Pelleas?"

Pelleas, who keeps his youth, as I believe, because he does not lose a certain divine recklessness, smiled confidently.

"How would it be," he put it, "to tell him candidly that we had set out for South and West and Upward and Far-away?"

I protest that, as I recall it, the way that we took can certainly have been no mortal way. For I remember that we went through fields of white and gold—white of snow and gold of sun—with borders of ancient green or of dry boughs, etched lightly upon the sky to match a trimming of shadow etched lightly upon the snow. And everywhere was that glitter of vagrant snow dust, so that the air was both bright and vague like a veil about us. The clamor of the bells was as if the world itself had found a way of laughter. Truly, this was the road of roads to have selected, and Pelleas and I, glowing with the swift motion and with the fresh air that swept through the lowered glass, looked in each other's eyes with the certainty that something wonderful was about to happen.

"Pelleas," I said, and almost I was in earnest, "Pelleas, it may be that because we love the outdoors, somebody has come to take us right away into the world of Out-the-window, to stay."

"It is perfectly possible," Pelleas assented; and though his eyes twinkled I am certain that he did not wholly doubt. Indeed, as for Pelleas and me, I think that there is no marvel of outdoors which we would hesitate to accept in the midst of so much old, established wonder.

We had fared on about as far, say, as the eyes of a lover could look toward a tryst, when, being pleasantly mad with the freshness and the shining of the world at large, I leaned to look over the glass. We were at that moment slipping through a bit of wood well on toward the top of the hill, and I looked away through a stretch of slim birch trunks in the wonder that always besieges me, namely, as to what there would be just out of sight in the deep of a wood if only one could reach there before it had vanished. And as I looked I was aware of a little glade within the woods, girt by silver branches, sun-smitten, and filled with the shining of blown snow. And as we passed, I saw—but I could not be certain that I did not imagine—two little figures hurrying through the glade toward the road.

An instant, and they were caught from my sight in the swiftness of our passing. But in that instant I fancied that I had seen one of the figures droop in the arms of the other, and that a hand had been lifted to signal us, and that a faint cry had crossed the tumult of the bells. What with the flying and shining of the snow-flakes, I could not clearly see the two figures, and our unknown driver, evidently not having magic eyes and ears, let the *coupé* go fleetly on its way toward the hill's summit.

Now, from the summit of the hill, lying limned there upon the splendid gold of the sky, who knew what was to be revealed to us? Is it not as if Destiny forever tempts us with the open door before whose threshold Love and Duty spread some more excellent task? The parable of the wilderness and the land of promise is coëval with the stars. Whether those two figures in the wood were human or fairy, I was certain that they were in some distress, and that therefore it was for us to help them.

"Pelleas—oh, Pelleas," I cried, miserably, "stop it—stop the coach!"

Pelleas turned to me in the bewilderment with which he would have heard me beg the year to stop on its way to June. But somehow I made him know what I had seen; and it was, I do confess, a tragic moment for us both. Because, if we were in a magic coach on the road to

Far-away, as we half hoped, who could tell whether we might ever find the way thither again? My heart sank as Pelleas tapped smartly on the glass and the jingling of the bells slipped, tinkling, within the extinguisher of our intention, and the carriage stopped. I heard Pelleas's thanks, I half heard some reply as I stepped to the beaten snow of the road; and then, just as the coach was about to be caught away, the two little figures which I had glimpsed reached a kind of alcove of the road domed by laden branches.

They were a girl and a boy. If such fairy people have ages, I would say that the fairy girl was eight and the fairy boy two years the older. She was in white, with bright hair; and the boy, looking down in her face, was half supporting her with one arm, while in his other hand he held a little gray bird, hurt and fluttering.

"Pelleas," I said softly, in a fine excitement, "they are certainly the presiding *genii* of the road."

But when my second glance told me that the little lad wore a fur coat and had a ruddy face and was trying to transfer the bird that he might snatch off his cap; and when it was further revealed that the little maid in white cloak and tippet was crying, I began to perceive that, as is the way with very many beautiful things, the two must be human.

At the same instant a voice undeniably human besieged our ears.

"Now thin," it said briskly, "a foine chase av yu've been a-leadin' av us all, Masther-r Kenneth. An' you too, Miss Rosemar-ry. An' me a-pathrollin' av the county for anny thrace av yez."

And when I had glanced over my shoulder in the blinding sun I saw that our *coupé* was still standing in the road, and that a fur-swathed coachman was climbing down from the box. So the Coach of Bells was human too!

And now the lad redoubled his effort at comforting the little maid; and as for her, all her bright hair blown about her face, she wept openly on her little cavalier's shoulder. Remembering that it was a magic road, and that very likely my own customs would seem surprising there, I did not obey my impulse to take her in my arms, but I knelt beside her in the snow and strove to comfort her.

"I think Rosemary is awful sick," the boy said solemnly, "and she—she—we—" He looked up at us helplessly. It smote me that this was like the confusion which Pelleas and I might have betrayed if we had been called suddenly to account for our afternoon undertaking.

"We found this poor little bird," the boy went on abruptly. "It's half froze, an' some great big old bird has gone an' pecked its neck."

And "Oh—" said Rosemary, sobbing half with fatigue, as I could guess, "its poor little, little neck—"

Then Pelleas, who, in spite of his seventy years, is in splendid strength, stopped and lifted the little maid in his arms and turned toward the carriage.

"Shall we all drive home, wherever that may be?" he suggested to the coachman. And then we were back in the *coupé* with the little maid between us and the lad on the low seat; and the man was on the box turning the Coach of Bells about to such a merry note that I protest I utterly forgot that we had failed to reach the summit of the steep, vanishing against the sky.

"Ah, well, now," Pelleas said, his eyes on the little lad, his smile for the little maid, whose hand was in mine and whose tears had ceased, "ah, well, now, is there anything that you would like to tell us? I feel sure that we should understand, you know."

"We were running away, sir," said the boy, very impressively.

"So I supposed," Pelleas observed with perfect sympathy. "Ah, well, now, what of that? Is it so difficult?"

[Concluded on pages 434 and 435]

Christian Science Not a Theory, But a Fact

By WILLIAM G. EWING

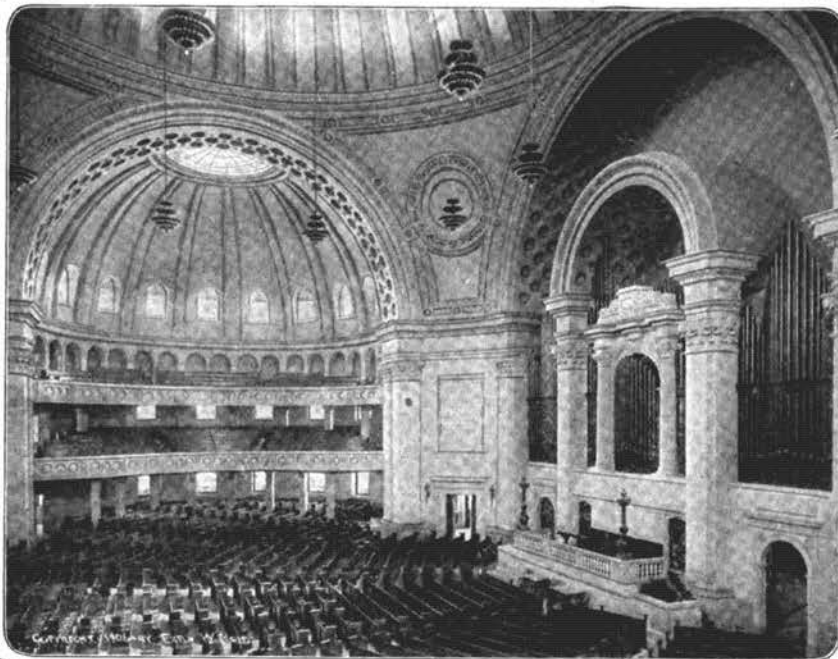
CHRISTIAN SCIENCE has been so much before the public, in the press, the periodical literature, the pulpit, and on the lecture platform, especially during the last half of the present decade, that it may be regarded as a matter of present, urgent import to thinking people everywhere. Why? That is the question. Why? I venture to say, as a preliminary suggestion, that it is because human intelligence, prompted by human interest or interest in humanity, has caught, in the accomplishments of Christian Science, a glimpse of promise to human hopes that will not "turn to ashes with a touch"; and yet, I am quite aware that this mere statement of opinion will not be satisfactory to my readers, nor to myself, unless it is corroborated by the results of fair investigation and reasonable deduction.

This article is not addressed to those who have made even moderate advancement in the scientific study of Christian Science; it is directed to that vast host of earnest, honest people who know nothing of its theological status, nothing of its scientific poise, and who are strangers to its terminology, but who would gladly learn whether it possesses merit worthy of their most serious investigation. A dictionary definition of Christian Science is, to their sense, too compressed. To be told that Christian Science is "the science of the Christ," is "demonstrable Truth," doubtless would challenge thought and would certainly inspire the inquiry, "What is the science of the Christ? What can I do with it? What will it do for me?" Fortunately, all this information is available to every one who will consult Mrs. Eddy's text-book of Christian Science, "Science and Health, with Key to the Scriptures." This privilege I am persuaded many of my readers will not long neglect, if I am so fortunate as to give them even a faint idea of what Christian Science has done and is doing for the weal of men.

Of all the important events of the universe known in history or tradition, the supreme one is the mighty fact that the Son of God, accredited by the Father, came to this world on a mission of love to men, and that he completely accomplished the purpose of his coming. The redemption



The new Christian Science Church at Boston, erected at a cost of over \$2,000,000, and fully paid for



The interior of the new Boston church



WILLIAM G. EWING

Judge William G. Ewing, C. S. B., of Chicago, was for two years superintendent of public instruction at Quincy, Illinois, and for eight years the prosecuting officer of the State for the judicial circuit in which Quincy is located. He was for four years United States attorney for the Northern District of Illinois, and for six years Judge of the Superior Court of Illinois for the county of Cook. He became interested in Christian Science through the personal experience of healing, and is well known as a lecturer on that subject.

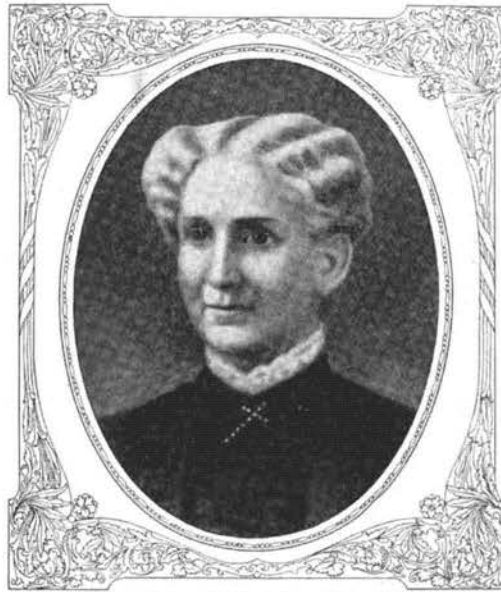
the God-man brought, the gospel he preached and practiced, the pure, beautiful, ministering life he lived, by the consensus of Christendom, furnishes to mortal concept the highest thought of God, the profoundest sense of good, the clearest understanding of man's relationship to the Infinite, and of man's duty to his fellow-man.

From apostolic times to the present, every Christian church has claimed to be established upon the teaching of Jesus; and the Christian character of each church organization or phase of religious belief of the last twenty centuries must be determined absolutely and wholly by its relative approach both in teaching and practice to the teaching of the Prince of Peace. This standard of merit is reasonable, logical, incontestable. I submit to its exactions the test of the practical value of Christian Science as a herald of good; furthermore I submit to this high standard of estimate the earnest contention that Christian Science, as expounded to the world by Mrs. Eddy and taught and practiced to-day, is a nearer approach to the teaching and practice of Jesus, is more in consonance with the Christ spirit, than anything the world has known since the decadence of the primitive church.

From the old dispensation to the new was a marvelous impulsion; old things passed away and all things became new; the *lex talionis*, "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth," gave place to the law of Love; the reign of anger, hate, contention made way for the gospel of peace,

good will, kindness, ministry; the golden rule became the law of human conduct, and the gospel of works, of fruits—the gospel of doing was established; the old idea of an angry, jealous, contentious, and cruel Jehovah melted away in the glow of the restful, comforting belief in the *all* power, wisdom, mercy, love, and presence of "our Father, which art in heaven." Jesus came into the world the harbinger of "peace on earth, good will to men"; accommodated himself to the standard of civil conduct he established for others; and everywhere emphasized the thought of man's ministry to men as the highest human expression of man's love for God.

So it is we find that wherever the Master preached the gospel he healed the sick, and we also find that in his every charge to his disciples to preach the gospel, he included explicit direction to heal the sick. The persistent endeavor of the Master to impress his system of serving God with the sign manual of works is apparent; he early advised his disciples that they should be known, and should know themselves, by their works, their fruits. John raised the impious question, "Art thou he that should come, or do we look for another?"—a query, though contemptuous, of vital moment, because upon its answer hinged the plan of salvation, the mission of Jesus, the hopes of men. Without the shadow of hesitancy, our Lord submitted the whole momentous situation to the infallible solvent of the rule of works: "Go and show John again those things which ye do hear and see: the blind receive their sight, and the lame walk" (St. Matt., xi., 4, 5); by this simple citing of a patent fact,



The above likeness of Mrs. Mary Baker G. Eddy is from a photograph—one of the very few she has ever had taken, and the one that she likes best.

the Master put the question of his divinity forever at rest. "This is the Lord's doing; it is marvelous in our eyes" (Psalms, cxviii., 23). And so, in moderation but in absolute certainty, it may be said that the redemption of men from sickness, sorrow, and sin is an imperative prerequisite to sympathetic touch with the gospel of Christ.

Christian Scientists hold that it is not only necessary that they should believe, as a matter of intellectual conviction, in one God, the maker of heaven and earth, believe in Christ Jesus, His son, believe in the holy scriptures as God's revelation of Himself to man, believe in the great commandment to love God supremely and our neighbors as ourselves, but that it is equally important that their belief must have the full force and effect of faith, reliance, and that their belief must be tested and demonstrated, by the "signs following them that believe"; and herein Christian Science manifests superior merit over every other phase of religious belief, God is both Physician and Redeemer.

Christian Science does heal the sick; there may be some persons who are not aware of this fact, although such healing is an open book whose leaves spread from ocean to ocean and literally around the globe; all may read and know if they will. I assert that, within the last thirty years, by the application of the rules of Christian Science, there have been more than one million instances of healing including nearly every phase of human ills, named and unnamed; there is scarcely a city, village, or hamlet in our whole country that does not furnish instances of the effective prophylactic and therapeutic force of Christian Science; and, if there are persons who do not know of such healing, the fault is evidently with themselves, and their misfortune, or forced obliquity, cannot in any degree affect the fact.

The Orthodox "Last Day" a Fallacy

Another point in which Christian Science is strikingly analogous to the teaching of Jesus is its practicality, its daily and hourly applicability to the needs of men. The scholastic theology of twenty centuries has not revealed among the promises of God a single one that is to ripen into fruition until the morning of the resurrection—the old theological "resurrection morning," to be

trumpeted to the world by a mighty angel, somewhere in the boundless realm of the infinite, no one knows where, some time in the measureless beyond, no one knows when; no venue laid, no time fixed, except "at the last day," and yet, in all the countless ages gone, there has been no such trumpet call, no such morning; for the chilled tenants of the Pyramids and the Acropolis, for the fallen ranks of Cyrus, Alexander, Hannibal,

and Cæsar, a long time to wait, a time immeasurably outlasting human hope. Resurrection "at the last day"—an impossible time; there can be no "last day" while God is. The old theology concedes that God is "without beginning of days or end of years," and it is evident that there could be no God until there was a universe for Him to dwell in; and it is just as evident that there could be no universe until there was a God to make it. This does not argue that there is no God, no universe, but is conclusive that God and His universe are coexistent, indivisible, indestructible.

Christian Science reveals the stupendous fact that all the promises of God are present and continuing promises, made anew every morning and kept every day. Our blessed Master solved the mystery of the theological resurrection morning. Do you remember when and where? If not, will you give yourself the pleasure and profit of reading the eleventh chapter of St. John's gospel?

An Ever Present Help in Trouble

In my judgment the most hopeful and helpful words ever uttered by lips immortal, are those spoken to Martha in her desolation over the measureless distance between her brother's death and his resurrection. Martha said unto Jesus, "Lord, if thou hadst been here, my brother had not died." The Master replied, "Thy brother shall rise again." Martha said unto him, "I know that he shall rise again in the resurrection at the last day." Then Jesus said unto her (and to you and to me as well), "I am the resurrection, and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." From that moment until this, through the nineteen centuries elapsed, all the world might have known and have found limitless comfort in the fact that every morning is a resurrection morning, and that, for the reaping of the rewards of the gospel, "all time is season and all season summer." It is not far to reason that, if the deathless Christ is "the resurrection and the life," and the resurrection is now, whatever the seeming, there is no death.

Here again appears the practicality of the religion of Jesus—"God a very present help in trouble." Christian Scientists believe in the literal verity of this statement; they have many, many times demonstrated in their experience that unfaltering reliance upon God for their daily needs brings His daily help, and therefore they find cheer in their religion, smile in apparent gloom, and await the morrow with no forebodings of evil.

It must be that a religion that is good for anything is good

for everything; if it makes one a better man in any way, it makes him a better man in every way. Daniel Webster once said, "Whatever makes men good Christians, makes them good citizens." It goes without saying, that, whatever makes men good citizens, makes them good fathers, good husbands, good men. Long ago Rowland Hill declared, "I would give nothing for that man's religion whose very dog and cat are not the better for it."

From what has gone before, it may easily be gathered that the Christian Science belief is that the mission of Jesus to the world was to bring redemption to men; complete redemption as certainly from sickness, sorrow, and sighing, as from sin; and all for the glory of God. Wherefore, whatever brings peace, contentment, health, hope to mankind is an inspiration of good, is of the essence, the soul, of the Christ mission. Wherefore, also, any religious belief that does not wipe away tears, that does not render us more happy, more free, more lovable and loving, however redolent with the odor of antiquity, is not of the Christ, hath no gleam of the love of God in it.

A Sufferer Who Was Healed

Each phase of religious belief is necessarily based upon the concept of God that is held by the advocates of that belief. The great central fact underlying and overlying the Christian Scientists' belief is the infinite goodness, wisdom, power, mercy, *allness* of God; hence their trust, their complete reliance upon this all-power. Still, their belief is not wholly the result of mere theory, is not entirely the product of metaphysical or other reasoning, but it is the necessary sequence of demonstration, the incontestable answer to human doubt that Jesus made to the questioning John: "The blind see, the lame walk."

To all this the skeptic will interpose the question: "How can mere reliance upon a power, however great, change physical conditions, and, for the pale cast of suffering, give the radiant glow of health?" A categorical answer to this question would involve an elaborate discussion that the limit placed upon this article will not permit. For such discussion I refer you to Mrs. Eddy's text-book, "Science and Health, with Key to the Scriptures." But there are some facts bearing upon the question to which I can call your attention, and one fact is worth many theories. One of these facts is that, when Jesus restored sight to the blind Bartimeus, he simply said: "Go thy way; thy faith hath made thee whole" (St. Mark, x., 52). Another fact is that there is no sophistry that can shake the logic of the man blind from his birth whom Jesus healed, who, when questioned by the Pharisees as to how Jesus, a sinner, could heal him, answered: "Whether he be a sinner or no, I know not: one thing I know, that, whereas I was blind, now I see" (St. John, ix., 25). Another fact is that I, myself, for long years was the bearer of many ills and was driven by them, according to human judgment based on human experience, into the very shadow of death. In this deplorable condition I was in a strange city in the Southland, separated from home and all its tender ties, alone, helpless, and hopeless.

Just at the breaking point, a loving friend came a thousand miles to tell me of Mrs. Eddy's great discovery, namely, the *modus* whereby the power of God to heal the ills of men can, to-day, be as directly and certainly summoned as it was nineteen hundred years ago. I was taken to a Christian Science practitioner, and from thence, within one week, went to my home a well man, and for nearly twenty-five years, relying wholly upon Christian Science, have remained well.

There is another query that [Concluded on pages 436 and 437]



MRS. SUE HARPER MIMS, who wrote "The Christianity of Christian Science," published in SUCCESS MAGAZINE for May



A Manitoba Prairie Town and the Neighboring Country

The Wheatlands of West Canada

By EDWARD E. HIGGINS

THIS is a business story.

It is the story of an opportunity—the last of its kind on the American continent, if not in the world—an opportunity so exceptional, so remarkable, so fraught with the promise of honestly gained wealth to the humblest worker with the spark of ambition in his breast—that it would be almost a crime not to spread the knowledge of it broadcast throughout the land.

In the great Dominion of Canada, stretching 3,000 miles east and west, and covering an area of 3,750,000 square miles, there lies a little bottle-shaped tract of the richest, wheat-growing, virgin prairie, less than 100,000 square miles in extent. It is bounded on the south by our own great wheat-growing states of Montana and Dakota, on the west by the foothills of the Rocky Mountains, on the north by the vast, dark forests of the old Hudson Bay trappers, and on the east, at the neck of the bottle, by—

Winnipeg.

Into this rich "promised land," westward through the Winnipeg gateway from Eastern Canada and Europe, and northward over the border lines from "the States," are already pouring thousands upon thousands of sturdy, bright-faced, well-clad Americans, Canadians, and Englishmen, with other thousands of the Continental immigrants who have been wont, hitherto, to regard the United States as their final home. Out of this land, eastward through Winnipeg to the Great Lakes, is rushing as constantly increasing a torrent of rich, golden grain as the railroads, already overwhelmed with their sudden prosperity, can transport. Into it, again, still through the ever necessary Winnipeg, the return freight cars are hurrying rails, ties, ballasting materials, and laborers for the thousands of miles of railroad main line and branches, which are to open up still further the new country, doubling and trebling, so it is believed, the land values of today. All of a sudden—in barely three years past—has this great surge of settlement come, invited and promoted by as perfect, as far-reaching, and as wonderful an international organization of education as was ever created by government and railroads in coöperation. Almost like our own well-remembered and hardly more picturesque race for the newly opened lands of Oklahoma has come, of late, this rush for the rich Canadian prairie lands, which are believed to exceed in fertility the vast wheat-growing fields of the United States.

And the object of this business story is to give, in clear, concise form, the results of a personal search on the ground for the truth of the marvelous stories which have come across the border to us, and to find if there is a substantial basis for the dreams of wealth which have disturbed our western farmers.

This is the truth.

Take, first, the able-bodied man with nothing in the world but the clothes on his back, a railroad ticket to Winnipeg in his pocket, and \$50 for early needs. He can find immediate and con-

tinuous employment in Western Canada at from \$20 to \$40 per month and board, according to his ability and mental equipment. His wife, if she is willing to work "at service," will be even more readily "snapped up" at wages almost equaling the husband's; for the one great and urgent cry of Western Canada is for farm and domestic help of all kinds.

In his first year of service for wages, the man, ambitious for his own home and a competence, will "spy out the land," select a homestead, pay a

of three or four years, he fulfills the easy conditions of the Homestead Act, perfects his title from the Crown, and comes into complete ownership in fee simple of his 160-acre farm. It is worthy of note, in this connection, that while he must become a Canadian citizen in order to secure his final patent, he can live upon and possess his land with all rights of ownership even if he does not change his nationality.

Let us next consider the man who has more than a railway ticket and fifty dollars—the man who has sold his Montana farm and moves with his family to the new Canadian country with, say, \$3,000 available for investment. He can work faster than his poorer brother and, choosing his land and making his homestead entry, he proceeds immediately to business. Deciding to bring his land at once into full productiveness, he enters into a contract to have ninety per cent (144 acres) of his entire farm "broken" and the stones removed, reserving the other ten per cent for home buildings and pasturage. He throws up a small house and barn, designed with a view to extension in later years. He buys stock and farm implements, and plants his crop. His first harvest is naturally not so good as the later ones when his land comes under more perfect cultivation, but, on an average, his financial proposition might readily be about as is shown in Table I., counting in all items which should be included in finding the true profits of such a business venture.

If his land is fairly free from stones, or if he removes them himself, his "breaking" contract will be made at \$3.50 per acre instead of \$4. If he chooses to break the land himself he can do so at much smaller expense in about two months, but may miss his first crop. If he has no family and is willing to "rough it," his buildings will cost him hardly half the \$1,000 allowed.

Table I. shows that our homesteader has earned for himself—if prices and results are correct, and of these we shall speak presently—\$1.00 per day and his board, and a return, in addition, of exactly ten per cent per annum upon his capital investment, after providing liberally for depreciation of his stock and tools.

But this is not all. If American farming experience can be applied here, land which will produce such returns is worth from \$40 to \$75 per acre, and, with railroad networks building rapidly through this grain producing land of Canada, such land values seem a certainty of the near future. In five years' time, perhaps, our farmer can, if he chooses, realize on his investment about as follows:

Selling Values:

160 acres of land and buildings @ \$50 per acre.....	\$8,000.00
Stock and tools (original value maintained by annual depreciation charge).....	1,600.00
Total selling value.....	\$9,600.00
Original investment.....	3,186.00
Selling profit.....	\$6,414.00

TABLE I.—A 160-ACRE HOMESTEAD

Investment:	
Cost of land (entry fee).....	\$ 10.00
" " breaking land and removing stones, 144 acres @ \$4.....	576.00
" " buildings.....	1,000.00
" " stock:	
4 horses @ \$200.....	\$800.
cow and pigs.....	100.
900.00	
" " farm implements:	
1 wheel plow.....	55.
1 drag harrow.....	30.
1 disk harrow.....	55.
1 large drill.....	125.
1 8 ft. harvester.....	175.
1 mowing machine.....	55.
1 rake.....	35.
1 wagon.....	80.
harnesses.....	65.
miscellaneous tools.....	25.
700.00	
Total investment.....	\$3,186.00
Working Expenses:	
Seed @ \$1. per acre.....	\$144.00
Labor:	
Owner's time as superintendent.....	\$360.
Help—2 men in fall, cutting and stacking from Aug. 25 to Oct. 10, @ \$50 per month.....	150.
510.00	
Thrashing, 3,168 bushels:	
1,900 in stack @ .06.....	114.
1,268 " stook @ .08.....	101.
215.00	
Twine at .25 per acre.....	36.00
Feed for stock.....	189.00
Board for owner and help @ \$15 per month.....	225.00
Veterinary and depreciation of stock 15% on \$900.....	135.00
Repairs and depreciation of machinery 15% on \$700.....	105.00
Taxes @ .08 per acre.....	13.00
Insurance on buildings.....	7.00
Total working expenses.....	\$1,579.00
Gross and Net Earnings:	
3,168 bushels of wheat @ .60.....	\$1,901.00
Deduct working expenses.....	1,579.00
Net annual profit.....	\$322.00

\$10 fee for entry, and enter upon possession. He will break and sow to wheat in the spring a part of his land, and, after this is done, will again sell his labor for wages to neighboring farmers. He will hire his harvesting and thrashing done at so much per bushel of "finished product," meanwhile earning himself, during the harvesting period when "hands" are in great demand, \$50 to \$60 per month and board. So he will gradually build up his fortune till, in the course



Wheatfields and Bursting Elevators in Harvest Time

Thus, in addition to his working profits of ten per cent per annum, he may *hope*, at least, for a selling profit of 200 per cent on the original investment—or, putting it another way, he may regard himself as worth \$9,600, plus \$1,600 of annual savings, instead of, as originally, \$3,200.

Of course, in actual practice, our homesteader would make some savings in the expenses assumed above, and would do some things differently from the ways assumed. He will probably make his 16 acres of land, reserved for buildings and pasture, produce, by gardening, the most of his food and enough profit for clothes. He will have more cows, pigs, and chickens, and will produce enough from them to take care of his family, if he has one. He will have plenty of time for such home garden work, for, from May to September, he will have little to do in his grain fields but watch the growing crops. He will raise his own hay and fodder for stock instead of paying out good money for them—or, better still, if he is near government or railroad lands, he will crop the prairie grass from such unoccupied lands at no charge, or a nominal one. In the late fall and winter he will extend and improve his buildings with his own labor and, if he is handy with tools, will turn out of his home carpenter's shop many a piece of furniture or home-making comfort.

"Ah! yes, but 22 bushels to the acre and 60 cents per bushel! How do we know that such remarkable results are possible? Are they not greatly in excess of the product on the other side of the boundary line?"

Well, the last question can't be answered, for, curiously enough, neither government nor farmer in the United States knows the average yield per acre of American wheat-growing farms, while, on the contrary, the Dominion Government knows its own yield by provinces and sections accurately and for many years past. By the simple process of requiring, under penalty, every thrasher to report the quantity of grain thrashed by him, and by accurately kept acreage statistics, the Dominion Government is able to *prove* its statements of average crops per acre in different sections for from ten to fifteen years past—and these figures furnish a basis for reasonable expectation in the business of farming unequaled, perhaps, by any other business. The farmer in any district, who farms with reasonable intelligence, can be practically certain to reach at least the *average* result of a term of years, and he has good reason to hope for one larger than the average if he has chosen his land wisely and cultivates it carefully.

The entire wheat-growing lands of the province of Saskatchewan produced 26,000,000 bushels of wheat in 1905, and 37,000,000 in 1906, an average per acre of 23.09 bushels in 1905 and 21.40 in 1906. The average of the last nine years was 20.28 bushels, with but one year, 1900, producing less than 17.30 bushels. The one exceptional year, when 9 bushels only were produced, was a "drought year" and prices per bushel were almost high enough to make up for the poor crop.

In the Moose Jaw District, which is one of the largest of the wheat-raising districts of Saskatchewan, and the one in which the farming experience reflected in the figures of this paper was investigated, the wheat crops of 1905 averaged 27.56 bushels per acre and of 1906, 24.30

bushels, while the seven years' average was 20.96 bushels.

These averages, however, were produced by a combination of good farming and poor, and actual productions of 30, 35, and even 40 bushels per acre are said to be not uncommon on the older and richer farm lands, particularly where "summer following" of about one fifth of the land each year is adopted as a policy.

As to prices, these have ranged, at the local elevators, from 50 cents to \$1.10 per bushel in the last ten years, the price rarely falling below 60 cents and usually being above. At present (April, 1907), for example, the price paid to farmers at the Moose Jaw elevators is 65½ cents. An average price in a five-year period of 60 cents per bushel is probably conservative.

Let us next consider, somewhat more rapidly,

TABLE II.—A 640-ACRE FARM

Investment:	
Cost of wild land, @ \$15 per acre.....	\$ 9,600.00
" " breaking land and removing stones, 576 acres @ \$4.....	2,304.00
" " buildings, including granaries....	2,500.00
" " stock:	
12 horses @ \$200.....	\$2,400.
2 cows @ 50.....	100.
pigs, chickens, etc.....	100.
	2,600.00
" " farm implements:	
2 gang plows.....	\$ 220.
2 drag harrows.....	60.
2 disk harrows.....	110.
3 large drills.....	375.
3 8 ft. harvesters.....	525.
1 fanning mill.....	30.
1 mowing machine.....	55.
1 rake.....	35.
4 wagons.....	320.
harnesses.....	195.
miscellaneous tools.....	75.
	2,000.00
Total investment....	\$19,004.00
Working Expenses:	
Seed at \$1. per acre.....	\$ 576.00
Labor:	
Owner's time as superintendent.....	500.00
2 men, 7 months @ \$32.50.....	455.00
1 man, 5 " " 20.00.....	100.00
6 extra men in harvest, 1½ months @ \$50.....	450.00
1 housekeeper for 7 months @ \$20.....	140.00
Thrashing 12,670 bushels @ .07.....	837.00
Twine at .25 per acre.....	144.00
Feed for horses.....	567.00
Board for owner and help, 47 months @ \$10.....	470.00
Veterinary, repairs and depreciation of stock and machinery, 15% on \$4,600....	690.00
Taxes, .08 per acre.....	51.00
Insurance.....	17.00
Total working expenses.....	\$5,047.00
Gross and Net Earnings:	
12,670 bushels @ .60.....	\$7,602.00
Deduct working expenses.....	5,047.00
Net annual profit.....	\$2,555.00

the business proposition of Canadian wheat farming as it presents itself to the larger capitalist farmer: first, to the man who is prepared to purchase and work a complete section of 640 acres; and, second, to the man, or group of men, who desires to operate a five section, 3,200-acre farm, a farming unit which will justify the purchase and use of heavy steam plowing and thrashing machinery.

The investment account shown in Table II. is

perhaps somewhat too liberal. In practice, the farmer would probably homestead a quarter section, and purchase the adjoining three quarter-sections, either from other homesteaders or from the railroads. He can now buy Hudson Bay sections at \$12 per acre, railroad land at \$12 to \$15, and, possibly, school section lands at similar prices. But prices are rapidly advancing, and the best lands are held firmly at \$15 per acre or more, when \$6 to \$8 only would have been asked two years ago. Bargains can be picked up in many places from speculators who have been carrying too heavy loads, and the lands can always be purchased for comparatively small amounts down and balance on five and ten-year annual payments.

We see that our farmer has received for his labor \$500 and board, and his money is earning for him, in addition, about thirteen and one half per cent per annum upon his investment. If, in five years, he decides to sell out at \$50 per acre, the price previously assumed, he will gain additional profits as follows:

640 acres of land with buildings @ \$50.....\$32,000.00
Stock and tools (original value maintained
by annual depreciation charge)..... 4,600.00

Total selling value.....\$36,600.00
Original investment..... 19,004.00

Selling profit.....\$17,596.00
or over ninety per cent additional profit on the investment.

It is worth while to point out here, that our farmer can halve his investment and more than double his *percentage* profits by borrowing at six or even eight per cent half his required capital.

For example, instead of investing \$19,000, he invests \$9,500 of his own capital and borrows \$9,500 besides, at, say, eight per cent, the ruling rate for loans in Western Canada. His profit and loss account for a five-year period on the above assumptions will be as follows:

Annual profits, \$2,555 per year for 5 years.....\$12,775.00
Selling profit..... 17,600.00

Gross profit.....\$30,375.00
Deduct 8% interest for 5 years on \$9,500.... 3,800.00

Net profit.....\$26,575.00

This is equivalent to the return of his original capital and almost three hundred per cent of profits, and his wealth has grown in the five-year period from \$9,500 to \$36,000.

Let us turn now to the "large farm"—the 3,200 acre proposition. We will assume the same cost of land, \$15 per acre, but a smaller charge, \$3 per acre, for breaking, since this is a "wholesale" operation, and such a price can easily be obtained on contract. A farm unit of this size will easily support a full set of heavy farm machinery.

The investment and profit and loss accounts should be as shown in Table III.

This larger farm operation results, as shown, in a net annual operating profit equivalent to 23½ per cent upon the investment. If the owner wishes to reduce investment account he can easily arrange a permanent mortgage loan from some one of the loan companies now operating in Western Canada, and obtain money at 8 per cent to the extent of \$8 to \$10 per acre. Or, in buying his land originally, he could pay for it about one sixth down and the remainder in from



Thrashing Wheat in Western Canada

six to ten annual installments. The annual profit of \$20,000 would take care of a fixed charge of \$2,800 (equivalent to 8 per cent upon a \$35,000 mortgage), and leave an annual return of nearly thirty-five per cent upon the \$50,000 of actual owner's capital invested—in addition to which, of course, he would receive his \$1,500 salary, with board and lodging.

TABLE III.—A 3,200-ACRE FARM

Investment:

Cost of land, 3,200 acres, @ \$15.....	\$48,000
" " breaking (90 per ct.), 2,880 acres, @ \$3.....	8,640
" " buildings, including granaries.....	6,000
" " stock, 45 horses @ \$150, cows, pigs, chickens, etc.....	7,000
" " machinery and implements:	
30 horse power engine.....	\$2,800
tender.....	250
three four-plow gangs.....	600
chains and extras.....	100
eight sulky gang plows.....	600
ten disk harrows.....	500
seven drag harrows.....	175
ten large drills.....	1,150
eleven harvesters.....	1,760
thrashing and fanning mill.....	1,350
one mowing machine.....	55
one horse rake.....	35
fifteen wagons.....	1,200
eight grain racks.....	96
two tanks.....	50
two pumps and hose.....	40
harnesses.....	700
miscellaneous tools.....	225
Working capital.....	3,674
Total investment.....	\$85,000
Working Expenses:	
Seed, @ \$1.00 per acre.....	\$2,880
Labor:	
Owner or superintendent.....	\$1,500
12 men, 7 mos., @ \$32.50.....	2,730
3 " 5 " " 15.00.....	225
Engineer, 4 mos., @ \$85.00.....	340
Fireman, " " " 40.00.....	160
Two helpers, 4 mos., @ \$32.50.....	260
Twenty-two harvesters, 45 days, @ \$50.....	1,650
One cook, 7 mos., @ \$50.00.....	350
One cook, 5 mos., @ \$25.00.....	125
Board of all employees, @ \$10 per month.....	1,620
Feed for horses.....	1,700
Twine, @ 25c. per acre.....	720
Thrashing sundries.....	200
Veterinary depreciation and repairs, on stock and machinery, 15 per cent on \$18,700.....	2,805
Taxes and insurance.....	300
Miscellaneous expenses.....	435
Total working expenses.....	\$18,000
Gross and Net Earnings:	
Gross earnings, 2,880 acres, @ \$13.20.....	\$38,016
Deduct working expenses.....	18,000
Net annual operating profit.....	\$20,016

Should he sell his farm in five years, at the same assumed value as before, his five years' profit and loss account would look about as follows:

Selling price of farm and buildings, at \$50 per acre.....	\$160,000
Selling price of stock and machinery (original value maintained by depreciation charge).....	18,686
Total selling price.....	\$176,686
Deduct for cancellation of mortgage.....	35,000
Net selling price.....	\$141,686

His selling price would, therefore, return his original investment, \$50,000, and \$91,686 besides, equivalent to 184 per cent on that investment, or 37 per cent per annum. Adding this selling profit to the five years' annual operating profit,

we find that our farmer has made his original \$50,000 increase to over \$240,000.

Such figures seem unreasonable, fanciful, impossible, perhaps. True it is that contingencies may arise and unforeseen troubles may come to prevent their achievement in any particular case, but the law and experience of *average* yields is hard to overcome, and it seems certain that such results are *possible*, at least. In Western Manitoba and Eastern Saskatchewan one of the oldest wheat farmers claims an average annual crop of forty bushels to the acre, and another a mixed crop yielding \$18 per acre.

Not a few groups or "syndicates" of young men have already been formed in New York, Chicago, and other American cities for purchasing and operating Canadian farms. In actual practice such a farming operation as is described above, will require a master farmer of high intelligence, experience, and ability, and while the \$1,500 allotted for his salary may be sufficient for the first year, the opportunities offered to him for engaging in farming on his own account with larger profit are such that, in order to keep him, it will doubtless be necessary to give him some interest in the business, beyond such a salary, and this can well be afforded if the profits as described above can be realized.

The question "Does wheat farming pay in Western Canada?" must be answered distinctly in the affirmative. So far as is known, the Canadian lands exceed, in wheat-producing fertility, the American wheatlands, and Canada is certain to be one of the greatest grain-producing countries of the world. The province of Saskatchewan alone produced 61,000,000 bushels of wheat and oats in 1906—an increase of 15,000,000 bushels over the previous year, and ten times as much as it produced in 1898. Almost all the good wheat land near existing railways available for homesteading has been taken up, but there is yet a substantial amount at distances of from twenty to one hundred miles from present railways, which can be obtained from the Government.

And the amount of new railway mileage projected in this farming district is so great that it is certain that all parts of it will be put in touch with the outside world during the next five years. The Canadian Pacific Railway, the new Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, and the Canadian Northern Railway are all building rapidly in this section in free competition with each other, and vast grants of the most valuable railroad lands are available for purchase on "easy terms."

The great in-rush of settlers, and the rapid increase in the crops have produced a condition almost of congestion in Western Canada—a condition which can perhaps be best described by the statement that a million dollars' worth of business is being done on a half-million dollar transportation and business machinery. Railroad facilities are taxed to their utmost. Last year's grain crop has not yet been completely moved out of the country, and it is said that the 1907 grain crop will not be wholly moved until the 1908 crop is ready. These conditions are being remedied, however, with all the foresight, ability, and immense resources of some of the greatest and most progressive railway systems in the world, and if sufficient labor can be obtained, there is no question that a vast amount of new mileage will be laid in this territory within the next two years.



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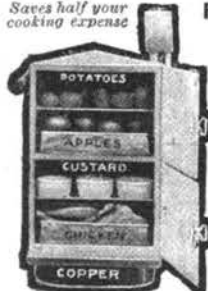
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The Sanitary Home

Foreword

By CLAUDIA QUIGLEY MURPHY

A Model Wall and Ceiling

Lecturer on House Sanitation, University of Tennessee

Illustrated by R. J. Wildhack

THERE is no more important work in our civilization to-day than housework, and the most valuable housework, home

work, is the work that produces cleanliness and induces comfort; hence this department is inaugurated in SUCCESS MAGAZINE without apology.

It is introduced in response to an actual demand for better methods, better appliances, and better ways of making a home more livable, more cleanly, and more comfortable. The demand has come from domestic science colleges and women's clubs, as well as from individual women in every part of the United States and Canada.

The question of decoration will be discussed in this department only in a secondary way, for decoration is a relative question, concerning which there may be many minds, all more or less correct. It depends upon the setting of the home, the value of the house, and the purse of the owner; while the question of sanitation or cleanliness is a fixed standard from which there can be no deviation and little difference of opinion. Whether the home be a cottage or a palace, in the city or on the farm, the questions which will be discussed in this department are vital; whether the work is done by the housewife herself or by her servant, whatever the social condition of the family, the question of house sanitation is exceedingly important.



In this department will be discussed the subject of appliances, usable machinery, the care of walls and woodwork, how to make them better, how to keep them clean; how to secure maximum cleanliness with minimum labor; what materials to use, how to apply them, and the best season for securing the most desirable results in housework.

Every subject will be taken up, from washing dishes to cleaning windows; from scrubbing kitchen floors to general house cleaning. Sweeping and dusting, mopping and scrubbing—every detail will be handled in a practical way, for the department is to be practical.

Every reader of this department is cordially invited to ask any questions which may suggest themselves concerning the care of the home or the care of any particular portion of the home. This will be practically a "How to" department, and any questions will be answered in these columns if possible, and in any case by letter.

This department is established for your use. If there is any information you desire, ask for it. If you know a new way or a better method, tell us of it. I hope to be able to answer the questions; if that seems impossible, then there will be a foregathering of experts who will endeavor to shed a little light upon even the most difficult subjects that come up in housekeeping—and there are many.

We are going to get ready for easier ways of doing things, better appliances, quicker methods. All things and conditions that will make housekeeping pleasanter, life more livable, and the age more harmonious will be discussed, for that which affects the home, affects society, and whatever affects society, affects the age in which it appears. We want the assistance of every woman who feels it her duty to improve the sanitary condition of her home, and thus insure the health of her family.

CLAUDIA QUIGLEY MURPHY.

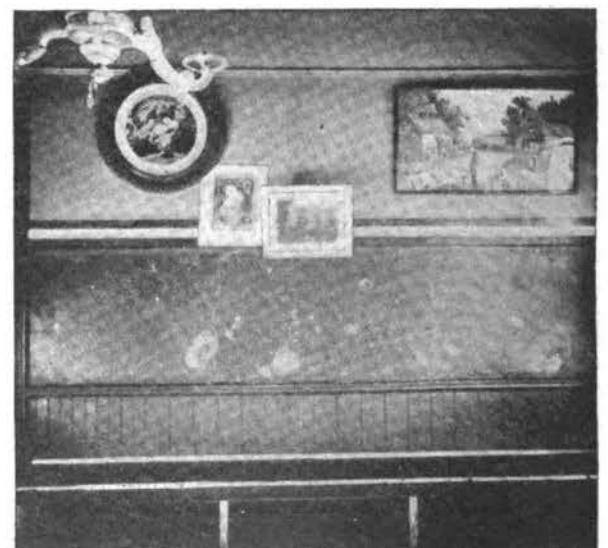
family. Just as one discordant note destroys the harmony in music, so disorder or dirt, whether obvious or not, in one room in the house, or in a part of the room, destroys the perfectness of the sanitary condition of the home.

The present condition of interiors is that of constant decadence or destruction. That which is clean to-day is unclean to-morrow, and that which is new to-day is secondhand to-morrow. However dear the associations may be, the furnishings, no matter how artistic, are no longer new, and it requires constant labor, regular scrutiny, and persistent effort to keep them clean and in good repair. This is the problem of housekeeping. It's the thing that makes women's work neverending, and home sanitation is therefore a question of maintenance and not a question of architecture.

The present condition of walls, of woodwork, of furnishings is a history of previous conditions, of climate, of occupancy, and of use, each of which has left its mark. Each has added to the disintegration of the article, and to the accumulation of undesirable elements.

The most important part of the home is naturally the wall surface. It occupies five sixths of the area of every room, and naturally contains five sixths, or receives five sixths, of the dust and dirt; so the desirable wall is the one cleaned with the least labor. If civilization teaches us anything, it should teach us to do things in an easier, simpler way, so as to secure the largest possible results from our labor.

There are times when cleaning does not make clean, and this is especially true with regard to walls. Not many months ago a woman announced that she had cleaned her walls and had repapered her dining room and living room so that they were clean. Investigation showed that she had pasted clean paper over six coats of dirty paper. A professor in one of our domestic science schools writes of a house she found in Boston with eighteen coats of paper on a wall.



DOES YOUR WALL LOOK LIKE THIS?

If so, it is full of disease-breeding germs, tiny poison mills, microbe factories, and other institutions not good for humanity. Mrs. Murphy's series of articles will tell you how to get rid of such a condition, if it exists in your home, in a simple, practical way.

This is where cleanliness fails in its mission. Unless we put in a good foundation, and vigorously remove all underlying dirt, subsequent efforts at cleanliness will be fruitless and unsatisfactory.

Concerning the danger in the coloring matter and on the surface of wall paper, a recent Associated Press message says:

EVANSVILLE, IND., April 8.—Mrs. Zacharias Watson, the third wife of a farmer in Posey County, died a few days ago, and it has been discovered that her death was due to the wall paper on the walls and ceiling of the parlor that she had cleaned two days before being taken ill. Physicians believe that she had been poisoned, but were unable to ascertain the cause until the wall paper was examined and found to be impregnated with virulent poison.

The same danger applies to burlaps as well as their well-known tendency to absorb moisture and to decay on the wall. Tapestries, as well as burlaps, seem to be perfect magnets to attract dust, and, notwithstanding the best efforts of the most industrious housekeeper and the most assiduous maid, they are never clean, and, the older they are, the dirtier they are. Paint on walls is expensive to apply and laborious to clean.

The most desirable covering for a wall from every point of view is a water color tint, provided you get the correct material. A professor of horticulture recently gave a very interesting talk, in which he said, "We might have a mass of bloom in our yard all the year round if we knew how to select the plants." So with water color tinting materials; they are the most desirable to apply to our walls, provided we get the right ones, and there is just as much difference in water colors as there is in textiles. There is the real and there is the shoddy; there is the genuine and there is the imitation; there is one that fades, and one that is permanent; one that rubs off, and one that is durable; one that does not check, and one that does; and it is exceedingly important that you get the tinting material that does not have the objectionable faults.

If you do, then you can rub your wall down with a dry, soft cloth, put over a broom, and take the dust off perfectly. All you need do is rub it off once a week, but the tint must be a natural cement. It must have an antiseptic base and must be a perfect germicide. It must be permanent in color and durable in material. It must also be of a material that will stand subsequent coats without having to be washed off, for this is extra labor.

A "homey," charming, cool, and comfortable living room is the ideal of every housekeeper. The question is not only what to do, but how to do it; how to secure effects, how to carry out ideas and make them effective. This sketch of a living room side wall is a practical, every-day, workable plan. The effect is good, the design is unique, and the result is easily accomplished.

The side wall is a French gray, the perpendicular lines a delft blue. Warmth is thrown into the side wall scheme by the stenciled frieze, which is done in orange and delft blue. The panelings on the ceiling are done in brown and the same shade of blue.

The woodwork of the room is weathered oak, secured by staining, and then waxed. The long lines of the door are restful and harmonious. The effect is exceedingly artistic.

The decorations of this room were inexpensive. The wall was fresh, having never been papered. The color was secured by the use of a good water color tint that was a natural cement with no glue in it, and was mixed in clear cold water.

A feature of this room is that the color is durable and never fades. Every housekeeper has had unfortunate experiences with plain walls, where there was a lingering memory of every picture and every article that ever hung on the wall shown by the dark spot when it was removed. Wherever the wall was exposed it faded; wherever it was covered it retained its old tint, plus a little soot; but with a natural cement on the wall this is entirely overcome, and it is possible to change the pictures and the hangings at any time.

The entire expense for material for doing this room, which was 15 x 20 feet, with an 8 foot ceiling, was \$2. The labor of putting it on cost nothing, as it was done by the house servants, and done very successfully. The stencils can be secured from almost any art dealer, and anybody can stencil a pattern easily.

Dirt, an Analysis

THE search for causes is one of the most direct evidences of our civilization. That an evil exists may be interesting, but how to eliminate it—that is valuable. That is what really counts.

What is dirt? How can we overcome it? These are vital questions, but they come with peculiar significance to the housekeeper, who is filled with ambition for better domestic methods, and, over-conscious of her lack of trained discrimination, is full of nervous fear lest she fail to recognize unwholesome conditions, and through her failure impose direful conditions upon her family.

Surely dirt is a problem, a most distressful one. The historian says that primitive races were not so concerned about dirt—yet they lived, they pursued the simple life minus the interrogative "Why?" They lived, and lived happily. The sanitarian admits this, but questions how. Would

we permit the same standard being applied to us? Hardly.

Dirt is matter out of place, out of its habitat, out of its element; when it becomes susceptible of decomposition and decay, that, to say the least, is dirt. There is a comforting Scotch saying that "Some dirt sticks longer than other dirt, but no dirt is immortal," which no doubt is true.

What introduces dirt in our homes? Every housekeeper rises up instantly to say "The carelessness of the family and the criminal neglect of servants;" but, actually, the causes are behind these offending persons—they may assist, but surely they do not cause all the dirt.

Dust from the street is one of the most prolific causes, and this comes from too little and too much sprinkling—note the extremes. Too little sprinkling permits the grinding up of the soil into a fine powder, not deep, but persistent. Too much sprinkling softens the top soil, and the quick drying only adds to the depth of the layer of dust. This is so-called clean dirt. Add to this the excrementitious filth, decaying animal matter, dead scales of flesh, all nicely mixed with coal soot and smoke, and an ensemble is produced that is hard to beat and difficult to overcome. This makes dirty dirt, very dirty dirt, and this is what is constantly sifting into houses and through our homes and into our lungs.

Ascending the scale of dirtiness is a whole chapter of horrors, but still dirt, still dirtier dirt. Our very civilization has caused this by crowding us together, extending our necessities, and adding to our luxuries.

How to overcome the dirt—that's the problem, the real work, worthy of our best skill. Housekeepers of to-day, of yesterday, aye, of centuries, have asked that question, how to get rid of dirt. Blushing, inexperienced brides, conscious of their inexperience; capable, satisfied matrons; experienced, positive grandmothers, each and all have tussled and wrestled with dirt—and the dirt is still here, "sights and sights of it!"

But the systematic study in our schools and colleges, our clubs and organizations, is rapidly pushing back the curtain of ignorance, and letting the full, bright ray of intelligence dissolve the dark mist of dirt.

Screens keep out flies; the sanitary police keep out disease; our systematic study of domestic science equips us with better information, while our better appliances clinch the whole trouble. Daily house cleaning means an end to semiannual upheavals and makes work easier. We use cleanable furnishings, things that any one can clean or restore; there are cleanable carpets, cleanable rugs, cleanable silver, cleanable walls, everything cleanable but self-cleanable dishes, and perhaps that is coming soon.

By cleanable is meant that which can be cleaned easily, not heavy, dust-filling furnishings, but good, substantial ones that any one can wash or wipe; cleanable silver that is coated so as to obviate whitening or scouring, cleanable walls that can be dry rubbed without parting with their color nor leaving dreadful streaks, and so on down the scale of housewifery.

We no longer sweep clouds of dust up into the air to lodge upon the walls and settle on our draperies; we know better. We use a method which carries the dust to a closed receptacle or prevents it from rising. We dust with damp cloths. We no longer scrub floors upon bended knees, we use boiling, soapy water, and let the hot water do the work, wringing the cloth with a mop wringer attached to the pail. We wash clothes with a machine; knead bread with a mixer; iron flat clothes with a mangle and starched ones with special irons over adapted boards. We do many things better and easier, from window washing to cooking; and in it all and through it all, we do things in a more cleanly manner, and to the degree that we do, life becomes more and more livable and housekeeping a greater joy.

Notes

HOUSE CLEANING is over, and it is time to plan for the future; time to think about closing up the house for the summer vacation. Why not change the old system of doing things a little, especially in cities? Why not have the house cleaned, repairs made, decorations put on while you are away in the summer time? It is no more expensive and it is much more comfortable. A housekeeper needs a vacation just as much as a merchant. She needs to be relieved of details just as much as her husband.

House cleaning time is full of details. It is a time when outside help must be called in. Arrangements can be made with cleaners, decorators, carpet men, and men who do sweeping, to come in and do this work much less expensively in the summer than in the busy fall, and there is the added advantage of having the house clean and ready when you return in the fall. Think it over; try a new way and better methods.

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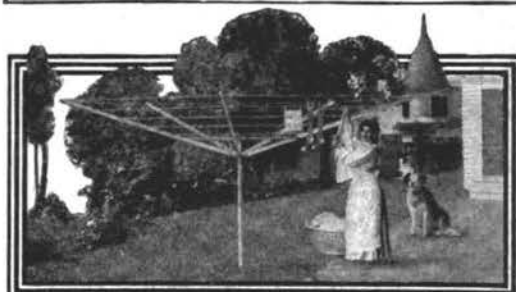
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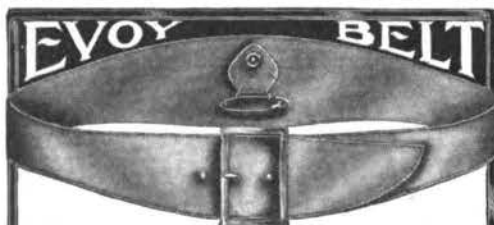
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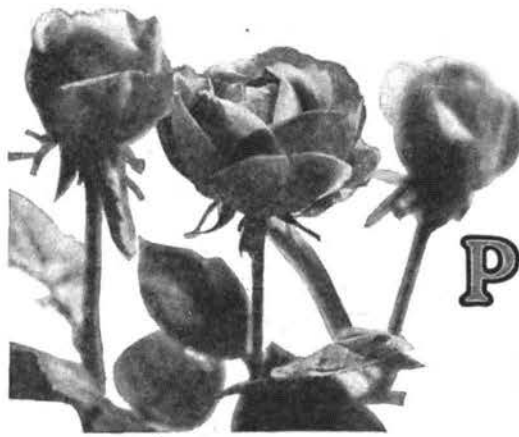
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**Wedding Preparations**

By MRS. BURTON KINGSLAND

THE day of days in a woman's calendar is that of her marriage. All the world turns a smiling face when a man and maid set out to meet life together, and, in our favored land, a wedding is usually the climax to a love story.

A church, doubtless, offers the setting for the most beautiful and impressive of ceremonials and gives to the simplest wedding an added dignity. On the day of the marriage, the ushers should arrive early at the church to find the awning and carpet at the entrance, and the man stationed to open carriage doors, the kneeling cushions in place, the white ribbon at hand, and the *boutonnieres* ready for their acceptance.

They leave hats and coats in charge of the sexton and take their assigned places at the entrance of each aisle. Their number depends upon whether many or few guests are expected. The florists have made the



edifice lovely with palms massed in the chancel, and perhaps flowers follow the outlines of its rail or are bunched at the ends of certain or all of the pews of the middle aisle. The organist is at his post, and, upon the arrival of the first guests, begins his musical programme. The ushers offer their arms to the women guests, and seat the friends of the bride at the left and those of the bridegroom at the right of the church.

Wraps are removed in the vestibule and carried on the arm.

The first pews are reserved for the families of the bride and bridegroom, on their respective sides of the center aisle, and the ushers are furnished with lists of the names of special friends and relatives for whom places are reserved. Shortly before the entrance of the bridal *cortège*, the bride's mother and her family arrive and are escorted to their places by the ushers in force—a like attention having been shown the ladies of the bridegroom's family.

Meanwhile, carriages call for the bridesmaids, to take them to the house of the bride, where she presents their bouquets on behalf of the bridegroom. It is an old custom for her to give to each a garter which she has worn—"for luck." The bride and her father enter their carriage, and those of the bridesmaids follow it to the church. The bridegroom arrives with his best man and joins the clergyman in the vestry. When the bridal procession is ready, they are notified, whereupon the clergyman enters the chancel. The bridegroom and his best man take their places at his left hand, outside the chancel rail, or at the head of the middle aisle—the former facing the aisle to watch for the bride's appearance. Two ushers next stretch a broad white ribbon along both sides of the middle aisle, closing in the pews, and then, joining the bridal party, head the procession.

A burst of joyous music from the organ announces the bride's coming, and the entire audience rises to greet her. The ushers advance up the aisle two by two, followed by the bridesmaids in pairs—each couple separated by a few feet of space, and stepping in time to the stately music. The maid of honor walks alone. If there is also a matron of honor, one precedes and the other follows the bride.

Sometimes little flower girls scatter loose blossoms in the bride's pathway, when they, of course, immediately precede her. If some child fills the office of ring-bearer, carrying the precious circlet on a flower-decked cushion, he precedes the bridesmaids. The bride comes last, leaning on her father's right arm or on that of her nearest male relative, who is to give her away.



The procession divides, moving to right and left at the foot or at the top of the chancel steps, and forms a half circle on either side of the place where the bride and bridegroom are to stand, the bridesmaids between the ushers or in front of them, as preferred, the flower-girls before them, the ring-bearer standing near the best man, a little behind him. The bridegroom advances a few steps to meet the bride, who leaves her father's arm to accept his hand, and they stand before the clergyman. Bridal traditions say that this must be their first meeting that day. She has been "brought unto him"—the *cortège* is her escort. Both kneel for a moment. The father steps back to the left side, and the fateful service begins.

At the words, "Who giveth this woman?" the father advances and places the bride's right hand in that of the clergyman, who gives it into the right hand of the bridegroom, whereupon the father withdraws and joins his wife in the pew.

Choir boys singing an epithalamium sometimes go to meet the bridal party, and, turning, precede it up the aisle. When there is but one feminine attendant she is usually preceded up the aisle by the ushers.

When the ring is to be given, the bride hands her glove and bouquet to her maid of honor. The best man, who has the ring, gives it to the bridegroom, who passes it to the bride. She hands it to the clergyman, who gives it to the bridegroom, who places it on the third finger of the bride's left hand. This completes the circle, typical as is the ring itself of the perpetuity of the compact. The part taken by the clergyman in giving the ring to the bridegroom, as of placing the bride's hand in his after receiving it from her father, has the significance of the sanction of the church. When the bride has no attendant her father remains near her and holds her glove and bouquet when the ring is given.

It is the English fashion to have the betrothal at the foot of the chancel steps, after which the bride and bridegroom go up alone to the altar. The kiss, formerly given by the young husband to his bride—for which so many rehearsals were necessary—is now discontinued, in public.

The rite all spoken, the clergyman congratulates the wedded pair, and the bridegroom offers his right arm to his bride. The maid of honor returns the bride's bouquet, and, stooping, turns her train, that it may hang properly, and relieve her of all concern for her "millinery." The organ peals forth another triumphant march, and the happy pair lead the way down the aisle. The rest follow in the reverse order to which they went up. The ushers bring up the rear but return after the departure of the others of the bridal party to escort the ladies of the families of bride and bridegroom to the door. On their way they withdraw the white ribbons, permitting the departure of all guests.

Meantime the best man passes through the vestry and down a side aisle, ready to give the bridegroom his hat at the church door.

Occasionally, the best man offers his arm to the maid of honor on the return down the aisle after the ceremony, and each bridesmaid is accompanied by an usher.

The organist plays until all have left the church. Arrived at the bride's house, after the expression of loving wishes on the part of their attendants and immediate families, the newly made husband and wife stand together, the bridesmaids forming a line at the bride's other hand.

The guests enter unannounced, and form a procession that advances to offer congratulations. The ushers proffer their escort to present any strangers to the bridal couple, who also introduce their friends to one another. The bride's parents stand near the entrance and all should speak to them, who are the hosts. The parents of the bridegroom, who are the guests of honor, or associate hosts, may receive in another part of the room, or better, the bride's mother with the bridegroom's father, and

The second of two articles forming a complete handbook concerning the invitations, gifts, and the numerous incidentals of a wedding ceremony

the bride's father with the mother of the bridegroom stand together and present their friends to each other.

A wedding reception is conducted like any other. There is usually music from a small stringed orchestra, a mandolin quartette, or a single performer—screened from view by plants and palms.

At an afternoon wedding, the refreshments are served from a prettily decorated table in the dining room. After a noon wedding, the "breakfast" is sometimes served *"en buffet,"* but it is usually a friendly little feast where the few guests are served in courses at a single table. Or a choice but simple menu is served to a numerous company at small tables, gay with flowers and dainties. In nearly all cases bride and bridegroom sit together at a table apart prepared for them and the bridal party.

Dame Fashion no longer advocates evening weddings, but some flout her dicta and the occasions are none the less enjoyable. They are conducted after the manner of those taking place in the afternoon.

In the spring and summer, if the bride's home is in the country, set in the midst of pretty lawns, the reception may take the attractive form of a garden party. This is often done at house weddings.

There are many who feel that a girl's home is the most fitting place for her marriage—its shelter about her until she steps forth to take her new place in the world.

In preparation for the event, the drawing-room is made attractive with flowers and plants, simply or with profusion, according to the taste or means of the hosts. Often a flowery bower is arranged at the place in the room set apart for the ceremony, a bow window is made to resemble a miniature chancel, or the place is marked by palms and flowers in greater profusion. The bride's mother usually welcomes the guests at the drawing-room entrance, or two ushers or girl friends show them all necessary attention. The bride's father is not in evidence until he enters the room with his daughter.

Sometimes, only near relatives and intimate friends are asked to witness the ceremony, and invitations issued for a general reception half an hour later. Occasionally at a noon wedding, only the beloved few are bidden and a "sit down" breakfast is served, unhindered by the presence of strangers. The wider circle of friends is welcomed at two or half after two o'clock. They offer congratulations, and light refreshments are served.

When the happy day has come the house wears a festive air. A room is set apart for the clergyman, the bridegroom, best man, and ushers, and one for the bridesmaids.

As the appointed hour strikes, the clergyman enters the drawing-room through the door nearest the place reserved for the ceremony, and faces the assembled guests. The bridegroom follows, attended by his best man, and stands at the clergyman's left, awaiting the bride.

Two ushers mark off an aisle with broad white ribbons, bunches of flowers concealing weights at their ends to facilitate their being held in place.

The ushers then return to meet the bridal party, and precede the bridesmaids, entering the room at the end farthest from the place of the ceremony. At their appearance, the opening notes of a wedding march from the concealed orchestra are heard, or the music is furnished by a piano alone or with violin accompaniment. The maid of honor follows the bridesmaids, and the bride comes last taking her father's arm.

The attendants step to right and left, permitting the bride to pass between them, the bridegroom advances to meet her, and they stand together while the rest group themselves, as before described in the church ceremonial. The solemn rite then begins. At its conclusion, the clergyman offers his felicitations to



the bride and bridegroom and yields his place to them, who turn to be greeted first by their parents, families, and relatives, and then by all others present. The bridesmaids having ranged themselves at the side of the bride, or at either side of the couple, the best man and ushers make themselves useful by presenting the guests to them. All are cordially greeted, with extended hand and hearty thanks for the kind wishes expressed. If the bride shows marked attention to any, it were well bestowed upon the relatives and friends of her husband, and a cordial manner on his part predisposes the friends of the bride in his favor.

The guests, after offering congratulations, seek their friends and acquaintances and pass on to the dining room as at an ordinary reception. After a half hour or so the bridesmaids are free to leave their places, though the bridal pair remain half an hour longer, chatting with the friends who seek them, and then go arm in arm to the dining room where they are, of course, the center of much friendly attention.

The general company usually takes leave before the bride and bridegroom go to the dining room, or immediately afterwards—only the more intimate friends remaining. To each departing guest a servant hands a box of wedding cake from a pile on a hall table, or the guests help themselves.

In the dining room, meantime, the best man proposes the health of the bridal pair, and all rise to pledge them to long life and happiness. Bride and bridegroom then withdraw to prepare for their journey. At a breakfast,

the bride and bridegroom are the first to enter the dining room, and are followed by the maid of honor with the best man, and the bridesmaids with the ushers. The bride's father takes in the bridegroom's mother. The bride's mother requests the escort of the officiating clergyman or the father of the bridegroom. Bride and bridegroom sit side by side at the table reserved for the bridal party, or at one to which their immediate families and the clergyman are also made welcome.

When the bridegroom is dressed for the journey, he awaits the bride at the foot of the staircase, and the bridesmaids and all the company through the hallway. Each friendly enemy has a handful of rice or of loose flowers. The bride's appearance is greeted with enthusiasm. She holds aloft her bridal bouquet and, with the merry injunction, "Catch, who can!" throws it among the bridesmaids. The fortunate maiden to seize it is supposed to be the next bride.

The bride takes leave of her family and friends, reserving the final embraces for the nearest and dearest, and they make a hurried exit, amid showers of rice.

If they are subjects of the friendly persecution of finding their carriage beribboned and bedecked so as to advertise their new condition to the passers-by, another carriage may await them around the corner into which they quickly enter and pursue their way unhindered.

The best man alone is privileged to meet them at the station. He will have attended to sending their baggage in advance of their departure from the house, and has ready the checks, tickets, and perhaps some little gift of fruit or *bombons*.

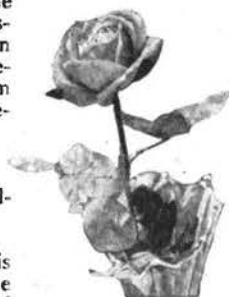
His is the last voice to bid them "Godspeed!"

A Horse with Seven Stables

A book dealer says a young man came into his store and inquired for "that horse book." The attendant named various treatises upon horses; but the man said, "It is not them."

The young man finally said, "My boss did n't exactly tell me it was a horse book. He said to ask for 'The Horse with Seven Stables.'"

He was given Hawthorne's "House with Seven Gables" and never returned to exchange it.



DR. TALKS OF FOOD

Pres. of Board of Health.

"What shall I eat?" is the daily inquiry the physician is met with. I do not hesitate to say that in my judgment, a large percentage of disease is caused by poorly selected and improperly prepared food. My personal experience with the fully-cooked food, known as Grape-Nuts, enables me to speak freely of its merits.

"From overwork, I suffered several years with malnutrition, palpitation of the heart, and loss of sleep. Last summer I was led to experiment personally with the new food, which I used in conjunction with good rich cow's milk. In a short time after I commenced its use, the disagreeable symptoms disappeared, my heart's action became steady and normal, the functions of the stomach were properly carried out and I again slept as soundly and as well as in my youth.

"I look upon Grape-Nuts as a perfect food, and no one can gainsay but that it has a most prominent place in a rational, scientific system of feeding. Any one who uses this food will soon be convinced of the soundness of the principle upon which it is manufactured and may thereby know the facts as to its true worth." Read, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Technical Education as a Means to Success

THIS is the era of the college trained man. In all the great industrial corporations it is the technical man, often a mere youth, who gets the important managerial position over older and more experienced men who lack the scientific education that no amount of practical experience will replace. The demand for men with a technical education was never so great as it is to-day. Those aggregations of capital commonly termed "trusts," are fairly waiting to snap up each graduating class and absorb its members into what eventually become high salaried positions. We recall, in particular, a western polytechnic institution where we have been in position to watch the course of several graduating classes. The large responsibilities and salaries attaching to the positions held by these youngsters at the present time is an impressive object lesson on the splendid fields now open for the college man. Such qualifications are considered an absolute requirement for those who occupy important positions in the operation of mines and smelters, in commercial chemistry, in engineering, and even in agriculture. Of course, for those aspiring to careers in medicine, the law, music, or pedagogy, a college training is too obvious a necessity to need special comment. No matter what may have been the rule in the past, a college education, particularly the technical courses, is now a virtual necessity for the man who aspires to fame, honors, and a competency that will enable him to maintain a proper position in the society of his fellow men.

The Success Bureau of Education has now been established for more than four years. Its function is to advise with young people upon the best methods of training to achieve their ambitions, and to suggest and provide the money to obtain such a training. During this four year period hundreds of young men and women desirous of a higher education have put themselves through college either wholly or in part by means of the financial aid obtained from SUCCESS MAGAZINE. It is perhaps needless to say that the Success Scholarship Staff is a large body of earnest, enthusiastic workers who, realizing that nothing worth having is obtained without some effort, are willing to do a little work in order to attain the goal of their ambitions, rather than to sit idly by and merely dream of the college education they want. Full information regarding the plans which have enabled so many to succeed will be given by private letter. A list of several hundred schools and colleges in America has been carefully selected with a view to illustrating the character of institutions in which SUCCESS Scholarships can be earned, and will be sent on application. Letters should be addressed to The Success Bureau of Education, University Building, New York.

Summertime Songs

By George Jay

THE BILLS

See the ghastly pile of bills,
 Tradesmen's bills!
 What a fury in my bosom their insistency instills!
 How they gather, gather, gather,
 As the postman rings the bell,
 While I foam and froth and lather
 In my rage, until I'd rather
 Pack that postman down to—well,
 Till I'd wish that every dun
 Demanding mon, mon, mon,
 Knew the horror which my hapless being fills—
 Knew the hoarded cash within his hungry tills
 Insufficient for the payment of his unremitting bills,
 Of his bills, bills, bills, bills,
 Bills, bills, bills,
 As I know my cash too scanty for my bills!

THE BRIDGE

I stood on the bridge at midday
 As the sun was shining with power,
 And the summer boarders came over
 The bridge at the dinner hour.
 And I sizzled there on the planking
 'Twixt the pitiless orb o'erhead
 And his hot and dazzling reflection
 In the river that 'neath me sped.
 And I gasped as I saw the seaweed
 On the water floating wide:
 Great Scott! that I, like a dolphin,
 Might dive in that cool blue tide!
 How often, O, how often,
 I'd guggle and splash and roll,
 And get cool for once this summer,
 Clear to my sun-baked soul.
 And for ever and for ever
 I'd give this bridge wide berth,
 For in summer there's no hotter place
 On the whole top side of the earth!

ALASKA, SAID MEXICO.

"Say, Canada," said Senor Mex.
 (With mind upon the case of Tex.
 And all the land that northward La.
 For which Napoleon got Pa.)
 "O. Wyo. why not let U. S.
 Join with the States? What say you, yes?"
 "I Kan. not think of it," said she.
 "N. Y. not?" with surprise asked he:
 "Minn. to you like a sister is,
 And brothers are Wash. and Mont., I Wis.
 Why should you squint N. C. so ill?
 It's no Conn. game, come, say you will?"
 "Ah, Nev. R. I. shall Col. it good
 To join so mixed a sisterhood.
 If you Tenn. times persuaded Me.
 I'd sit N. B. unmoved—D. C.?
 My cool aloofness la. dore;
 I'd sell it for no Mass. of Ore.
 To join such creatures in their Ark.—
 Ind. eed I'm no such easy mark."
 "Ala. now, girl, don't get too Ga.,
 The States don't want us any Va.
 The fault in U. S. plain to see,
 You want to be the whole I. T.
 But I will tell you what it is,
 If you and I got wise, Ariz.
 And asked to be let in, I know
 We'd be fourth-raters Neb. er Mo.
 But join a nation N. A. other
 Would know lots better than to bother."
 "No use," said she, in termination,
 On me you've Miss.d your Cal. Ky. lation."
 With this the colloquy was ended,
 And home, with nose in air, each wended.



Gifts for the Girl Graduate

By ELIZABETH WELLS

JUNE, the month of roses, suggests gifts for the "sweet girl graduate."

One of the prettiest of these is the flower photograph frame. The one shown in the illustration is made of pink and green No. 1 satin ribbon. Pretty ones are made also in red or white, and the shape can be varied. A heart shape is pretty, or a horseshoe, with the bow, in this case, at the bottom.

Cut from a piece of very thin cardboard an oval-shaped strip about $\frac{1}{4}$ inch wide. Make the flowers by gathering one edge of No. 1 satin ribbon and drawing it up into a full little "rose," which is fastened together on the under side. A number of these are fastened to the strip of cardboard, and short ends and loops of green No. 1 satin ribbon (two loops and one end in each cluster) are fastened between to simulate leaves. When the oval is covered, finish it with a bow of No. 3 ribbon at the top.

For the back, cover a heavier piece of cardboard, cut in the same shape, with white silk. Sew a brass ring, buttonholed with white silk, to the top for hanging, and make a brace of cardboard covered with the silk for the easel. A pretty way to fasten this to the back is to make two tiny holes near the top and two corresponding in the back near the top, and through these draw a piece of ribbon, tying the two firmly together with a bow on the outside. Make a bend in the brace just below the bow, and sew the end of a short piece of ribbon (about three inches long) near the bottom, and the other end to the back near the bottom, to keep the brace from spreading. Have a piece of glass cut the shape of the frame. On each side of the strip which holds the "roses," sew two pieces of ribbon, one near the top and one near the bottom, and, having placed the flower-trimmed strip on the glass, tie these diagonally across the back under the brace to hold the photo and glass in place.

For a heart-shaped needlebook cut two heart-shaped pieces of thin, white cardboard, and cover one with fine white linen, upon which has been embroidered a spray of forget-me-nots, first laying upon the board a double thickness of white sheet wadding to make the work stand out prettily. Cover the other piece of board with the white linen. Then cut three heart-shaped pieces of white flannel, a little smaller than the cardboard, and buttonhole the edges with blue embroidery silk. Fasten these upon the center of the plain linen side with two little bows of No. 3 blue satin ribbon joined by a loop of the ribbon. Around the edge, between the two pieces as you put them together, insert a frill of the ribbon. A little sachet scattered between the cotton will add to the daintiness of the gift.

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 SUCCESS MAGAZINE, New York City.

The pretty girdle here shown can be made of velvet, Dresden, or satin ribbon. Cover three pieces of feather-bone, 4 inches long, for the back and ends. Sew the ribbon to these, as shown in the illustration, letting the center ribbon overlap the others at the sides, where they are tacked together. Finish with the bows and hooks and eyes at the ends.

A chafing dish apron is a dainty and acceptable gift. This one is made of white dotted swiss, blue satin ribbon, and fine French Valenciennes lace. It requires $\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material, 27 inches wide; 1 yard of beading; 2 yards of No. 1 satin ribbon; $1\frac{1}{2}$ or 2 yards of $\frac{1}{4}$ inch ribbon, and $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of lace edging. One-half of the pattern, with the proportions, is given in the illustration. Fold together the selvages of a piece of material 27 inches in length. Trim these edges into the curve shown in the diagram leaving the width at the top 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches, and at the widest part 13 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches, and taking nothing from the length. Cut from the center fold a crescent-shaped piece, the lower edge of which shall be 8 inches from the bottom and the upper edge 14 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches from the top of the apron at the center, and the point of the crescent 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches from the edge and 11 inches from the top. Gather the lower edge of the opening and join evenly to the upper edge, making the seam on the right side. Cover this with the beading, through which the narrow ribbon has been drawn, and finish each end with a rosette of the ribbon. Finish the edge with a tiny hem and a frill of lace.

Gather the top into a band 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches long and $\frac{1}{4}$ inch wide when finished, and made of a double piece of the material. Cover this with the beading with the ribbon run through, and finish with a tiny bow at each end. Under the bows fasten the ends of wider ribbon for tying.

A fine striped or crossbar dimity is also a pretty material for this apron. If desired, a tiny bib can be added, either three-cornered or oval in shape, edged with the lace and with a ribbon rosette at the top. This apron should be made entirely by hand.

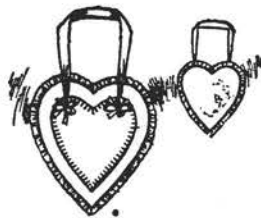
The other apron shown is for fancywork and is unique in its decoration. Knee-deep in a field of daisies walks a little maiden, in sunbonnet and pinafore, pulling the daisies to pieces, and the words worked across the apron and pockets express her decision:

"I don't care what the daisies say,
 I know I'll be married some fine day."

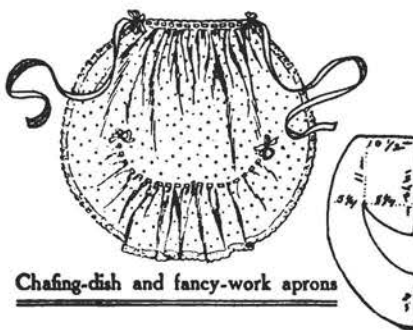
This is made of silk pongee in the natural color, and worked in outline (except the daisies) in a light shade of violet. It requires one yard of material which is turned up at the bottom to make



A velvet girdle



Needlebook and emery



Chafing-dish and fancy-work aprons



pockets $8\frac{1}{2}$ inches deep. This turned-up piece is stitched down through the center, forming two pockets, and the upper edge is first turned in *once* only, and deep enough for the embroidery to hold it.

To make a wishbone emery, thoroughly scrape and cleanse a wishbone (preferably that of a chicken), and wind tightly with narrow blue satin ribbon. Begin at each end to wind, and fasten the ends beneath the bow which is tied around the "neck" of the wishbone. Make a little bag of yellow chamois 2 inches long and $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide when finished, and on one side write the character "\$5." Fill this with emery and tie it $\frac{3}{4}$ inch from the top with the ribbon, and finish with a tiny bow on the same side.

For the fortunate girl who may be going to Europe, a "progressive" steamer letter is a pleasing gift.



"Progressive" steamer letter

Write a letter for each day of the voyage, telling bits of news withheld for this purpose; a funny story or new conundrum is always mirth-provoking and good to pass on, write the conundrum in one letter and the answer a day or two later. These letters can be illustrated by pictures cut from magazines. Write the date on each envelope and seal. Tie all together with inch-wide violet ribbon, with a bunch of real violets on top.

The "engagement pocket" shown in the illustration is made of white *moiré antique*, with a spray of fine flowers done in the ribbon embroidery at the top, and the word "Engagements" done in outline. For the back cut a piece of cardboard $13\frac{1}{2}$ inches long and $9\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide. Cut the *moiré* a half-inch larger all round, and embroider the design across the top. Then make the pockets, which should be 3 inches wide and $12\frac{1}{2}$ inches long. Cut each pocket double, and turn the edges in and baste them together.

Now slip into each pocket two pieces of cardboard a little smaller than the pockets. Lay a single $\frac{1}{2}$ inch plait

An "engagement pocket" and picture frame



in each end of each pocket one-half of an inch from the end, and stitch the pockets on to the back, close together and below the cardboard which has been slipped in, putting the open edges down. Then stitch all the pockets to the back through the center from top to bottom, first arranging the cardboard pieces evenly on either side, an inch or more apart in the middle.

Now cover the cardboard back with this, turning over the edges, so that the edge of the plaits at either end will be even with the edge of the back. The plaits are stitched down at the bottom, but left loose at the top to give room in the pocket. In the upper left-hand corner of each pocket write the days of the week, or, if preferred, outline them before putting the pocket together. If ink is used (India or gold), be very careful not to let it spread. Sew a ring at the top of the back for hanging, and provide a wide, heavy cardboard brace covered with white silk for a stand.



A workbag

The pretty workbag shown in the illustration is made of white- and pink Dresden ribbon outside, and of plain pink inside. These bags can also be made of alternate colors. Old rose and leaf green make a pretty combination, and a mixture of lavender and a certain shade of light pink is very "Frenchy." The bags require $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of Dresden and the same amount of pink ribbon. A quarter of a yard of silk will cover the bottom.

Cut a hexagon of cardboard, each side 4 inches in length, and cover with silk for the bottom. Six little silk bags, 5 inches long and 4 inches wide, when finished are sewed to this and to each other halfway up. Finish with a heading (for which allow $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches in cutting) and "baby" ribbon run through and tacked on opposite sides to draw them up. This may be more inexpensive and still very pretty, made of the light-weight cotton materials which come in such pretty colorings and designs in the upholstery departments of our shops.

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The Editor's Chat

The Charm of a Pleasant Voice

It is said that during the early history of Egypt only written pleadings were allowed in the law courts, lest the judges on the bench might be influenced or swayed by the eloquence of the human voice. In announcing the verdict, the presiding judge, with an image of the goddess of Truth, merely touched in silence the person on trial.

"Shut me up in a dark room with a mixed multitude," says Thomas Wentworth Higginson, "and I can pick out the gentlefolks by their voices."

Considering the marvelous power of the human voice is it not a shame, almost a crime, that our children at home and in the public schools should not have their voices well trained? Is it not pitiable to see a bright, promising child getting a good education and yet developing a harsh, coarse, strident, nasal, disagreeable voice, which will handicap his whole career? Think of what a handicap this is to a girl!

But in America one finds boys and girls graduated from schools and colleges, institutions supposed to have taught them how to make the most and best of life, instructed in the dead languages, in mathematics, in the sciences, art, and literature, and yet with voices harsh, coarse, nasal, repellant.

I know brilliant young ladies, who have been graduated with degrees from universities, whose voices are so discordant and harsh that a person with sensitive nerves can scarcely carry on a conversation with them.

What is so fascinating, so charming, as the human voice when properly modulated, when properly trained? It is a real treat to listen to a voice that enunciates clearly, flings out the words clean-cut, liquid, and musical, as from a divine instrument.

Is it not surprising that the human voice, that divinest of instruments, which was evidently intended to be the sweetest and most perfect in the world, should be totally neglected, so that, instead of being sweet and musical, it should be coarse, nasal, rasping, and as disagreeable to the ear as a buzz-saw or the filing of a saw-mill?

I have heard female voices in society which were so high-keyed, which rasped so terribly upon the nerves, which so offended the sensibilities, that I have been obliged, time and again, to leave the room in which they were.

I know ladies with beautiful faces, with divine forms, who fascinate you until they open their mouths to speak. Then the charm is dissipated in a flash. The nasal voices hissed between the teeth, high-keyed, sibilant, so grate upon the sensibilities that you cannot see the beauty of face or figure. All else is lost in this disagreeable voice jargon.

A pure, low-keyed, trained voice, which breathes of culture and refinement and gives out clean-cut words and sentences and syllables with perfect enunciation, a voice which expresses the very soul, rising and falling in sweet undulations that captivate, is a divine accomplishment possible to most persons, especially women.

There is no one thing which marks the degree of good breeding, culture, and refinement so much as a beautiful, cultivated voice.

I know a lady whose voice has such a charm that wherever she goes everyone listens whenever she speaks, because they can not help it: Her voice simply captivates you. Her features are plain, almost to the point of ugliness, but her voice is so exquisitely divine that the charm is absolutely irresistible, and is indicative of her highly cultivated mind and charming character.

In Harmony with the Highest Thing in You

THERE is something in man which cannot be bribed to give its consent to that which is wrong, no matter how much pleasure it promises at the moment.

Nothing else has been such a great disappointment to those who think that money will buy all the greatest pleasures, as their utter failure to find happiness in trying to harmonize this element with the animal side of themselves.

Men in all times have tried in vain every kind of device to get the heart's consent to vicious living.

No man can be really happy until he is in harmony with the highest, the best thing in him. Many people try to find happiness by harmonizing with the worst thing in them, catering to the animal side of their nature. But this is always fatal, because there is the everlasting

protest of the divine against the brute in man.

If a man could forget that he was made to walk upright and not on all fours; if he could expunge from his nature that image of his divinity, the enjoyment of the beast within him would find no protest. But there is ever that superb something within, the ideal which rebels against being dragged in the filth of beastly indulgences, something that struggles against debauchery, that makes him ashamed of allowing the brute to rule the god in him.

Men in all ages have tried to down this higher self, to keep it quiet, to drown this god in them with beastly orgies, and have succeeded temporarily; but the awful reaction, when they came to themselves, not only robbed them of that which they thought was enjoyment; but the debauch left a sting in their souls which they could never pluck out, and which was a perpetual reminder that they had fallen.

Everywhere we find men and women committing suicide after years of futile effort in trying to harmonize their lives with the lowest thing in them instead of with the highest.

* * *

Crippling Power of the Limitation Thought

AN OPEN mind is the key to all power. We cut off a great many of the good things that we ought to enjoy, because we set such narrow limits to everything by our strangling thought. *We do not expect enough.* We do not demand, we do not claim our great broad, magnificent birthright.

We seem to think that only little blessings, little advantages, little opportunities will come to us; and, while we carry this limiting thought, we strangle the very source of blessings. We do not open our minds and hearts wide enough. We do not claim enough. People do not get great things who do not expect them, claim them as their right.

Constantly deny the limitations which you have been setting for yourself. Push out your horizon of faith. Open wider the doors of your mind and heart. Keep all avenues clear, so that the blessings may flow into your life instead of being strangled.

* * *

A Sunny Disposition

A VERY charming old lady says that if she had the power to choose the best from all the good things in life, she would not ask for wealth, because of its responsibilities, she would not ask for beauty, because of its strain upon character; she would not ask for health, glorious as the treasure is, nor for genius; but she "would pray for a sunny disposition, as the boon which confers more happiness upon its owner, and more happiness upon those with whom one comes in contact, than any other which falls to the lot of any human creature."

Most people would see nothing worth while in this poor woman's life; some would even commit suicide were they situated as she is; yet she manages to find something beautiful, something worth treasuring up in the memory even in her darkest days of sorrow.

Her experiences ought to shame those of us who complain of our infinitely better lot in life.

If children were properly trained to see the uncommon in the common, to find beauty where other people see only ugliness; if they were trained to find their enjoyment in the little experiences of life, we should not have the great seething unrest and discontent which we now find among all classes.

The trouble is, we emphasize the wrong things. If we were a little better off, if we had what our neighbors have, we think we should be happy. Yet we know perfectly well that many of the most miserable people in the world are rich.

We have no right to carry about in our faces and bearing the black banner of anarchy. We have no right to flaunt a gloomy picture in the faces of those who are struggling to rise above their troubles and trials.

Every man owes it to his fellow men to go about with a bright, cheerful, hopeful, optimistic face, radiating sunshine, joy, gladness, hope instead of blackness and despair. The human face ought to be a splendid picture, attractive, radiant with beauty, joy, and hope. It is every man's duty to radiate encouragement.

Think what it would mean if everybody were to go about with a bright, cheerful face, and regarded it as

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almost criminal to be seen with a discouraged, gloomy, sour, melancholy expression! What a mighty current of uplifting, encouraging power would come to all of us if everybody regarded this sunshine radiation as a sacred duty!

You have no more right to poison my thought by projecting discouraged, gloomy thoughts into my mind than you have to scatter thistle seeds in my garden.

The Eternal Principle

THE harmony and peace of mind which follow the understanding, the realization of the great truth of our being, that God is all, that He made all, that there can be nothing real that is unlike Him, and that hence all else must be false because there is no other Creator, are beyond all computation.

We shall some time find that life is a divine, eternal principle. If it is true that "we live, move, and have our being in God," the seeming dissolution of the body cannot be death to the life principle, but only to the false, the error part of us.

When we realize the allness of the divine principle—that God is life, then we shall know that there can be no death except to the false in us; the reality underlying it all cannot die.

Not Afraid to Do Right

WHEN President Roosevelt was told that intervention in the coal strike would blast his future, he set his teeth and said:—"Yes, I suppose it ends me, but it is right, and I will do it."

One of the reasons why people call Theodore Roosevelt rash is because he does not stop to consider, as most politicians do, the consequences of those things which he knows to be right. "Is it right; ought it to be done?" These are the questions he asks. If so, it must be done. If he stopped to consider just the effect it would have upon himself or his future chances, he would never have accomplished half that he has, and would not have been held in half his present esteem by the American people. We Americans admire a man who is not afraid to do right, whatever the consequences, a man who has the courage to carry out his convictions. We may differ from the fearless man, but we admire him nevertheless.

What the World Expects of the College Graduate

SOMETHING larger, finer, something of a higher grade, a better quality than of the man who has discovered only a small part of himself, who has cultivated only a little corner of his possibilities, who has never had the opportunity or the advantages of a higher education.

That he shall be an inspiration, an encouragement to those who long for the same kind of training that he has had, but see no opportunity to get it.

That he shall not be content with commonness, or grope along in mediocrity.

That, even if he has not a thousand dollars to his name, he shall be so rich in his personal and intellectual endowment that the wealthy ignoramus will feel poor in his presence.

That he shall convince those who know him that to be a millionaire of culture, of manhood, of ideas, of nobility, of honor, is infinitely greater than to be a mere money millionaire.

That his education shall bring to the world a lesson of enlargement, of release from the slavery of narrowness, superstition, bigotry, which handicaps the ignorant.

That he shall open a little wider the door of opportunity to those whose lives have been dulled and narrowed by iron circumstance.

That he shall bring the world a message of a broader manhood, a larger aim, of higher ideals, not merely of more dollars.

That he shall regard his education as a sacred trust, not to be used wholly and solely for his own selfish ends.

That he shall transmute his knowledge into power, and use that power for the advancement of righteousness, truth, and civilization.

That he shall set an example in courtesy, charity, and all manly virtues, wherever he goes.

That he shall treat his mother, even though she is ignorant and old-fashioned, with the same deference and respect that he would accord to the highest lady in the land.

That he shall treat every woman, old or young, homely or pretty, rich or poor, with the same deference and respect that he observes toward his mother.

That he shall respect those who cannot flourish a college diploma.

That he shall remember that there are other effective ways of securing the advantages of a college course besides going to college.

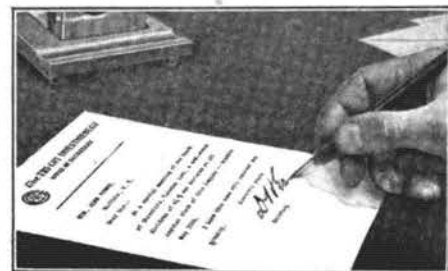
That flippancy, vulgarity, lack of tolerance, irreverence and contempt for the beliefs and opinions of others, shall have no place in his code.

That wherever he is, people will say, as Lincoln said of Walt Whitman, "There goes a man."

Do not hang dismal pictures on the walls, and do not deal with gloom and sables in your conversation. Nerve yourself for constant affirmations.

Do not spend all your smiles at the clubs, upon your friends or business acquaintances, or in social life, and keep only your frowns and criticisms for your family.

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(Special Circular No. 60)

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Hanover Bank Building, New York.
Members N. Y. Stock Exchange.

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

Generally speaking, bonds represent a mortgage divided into several parts, and in most cases the interest is payable semiannually. The denominations are usually \$1,000, although sometimes they are issued in smaller or larger amounts. There are three distinct forms of bonds, as follows:

*Coupon bonds,
Coupon bonds registered as to principal only,
Bonds registered as to both principal and interest.*

It is very important for investors to know just what these different forms signify, notwithstanding that in all cases the issuing companies are responsible for the punctual payment of the principal and interest.

Coupon bonds "pass by delivery," as is usually specified in mortgages. In other words, the principal and the interest are payable to bearer, and are readily convertible into cash. The bond itself recites upon its face the obligation of the issuing company, etc., and has attached thereto small interest certificates, commonly known as "coupons." Assuming that a \$1,000 coupon bond is one of an issue having twenty years to run before the principal becomes payable, and that it bears interest at the rate of five per cent. per annum, payable semiannually, January 1 and July 1, there would be attached to the bond forty coupons of \$25 each. With every January 1 and July 1 the owner detaches from the bond one of these coupons, and, upon presenting the same at the fiscal agency of the issuing company, receives \$25 in cash, representing the interest on the \$1,000 bond for six months. If the holder of the coupon preferred, he could deposit the same at his bank for collection; or a bank or trust company, to whom he were known, might arrange to cash it for him. It frequently happens that investors leave bonds in trust with investment bankers. In this case, if the investor so directs, the banker will detach the coupons upon the interest dates, collect the same, send the client a check for the amount, or place the money to the credit of the client's account. When the final coupon attached to a bond becomes due, the bond itself should also be presented for payment. Based upon a coupon bond of \$1,000 denomination, the holder would receive \$1,000 in cash, representing his principal, in addition to the \$25 in cash for the last coupon. Sometimes the final coupon is not attached to the bond, in which case, when the bond is presented for payment at maturity, the holder receives also the interest for the last six months. Usually coupon bonds may be registered as to principal, and, in some cases, they may be exchanged for bonds registered as to both principal and interest.

Bonds Not Directly Negotiable

Coupon bonds registered as to principal only are a direct obligation of the issuing company to the registered owners. Such bonds are not negotiable, except by the written assignments of the registered owners, whose names appear upon the bonds. The coupons attached to such bonds, however, are payable to bearer in the same manner as those attached to coupon bonds. Bonds registered as to principal only may be released to bearer by the issuing company, or its agents, when accompanied by the written assignments of the registered owners. When so released, they become coupon bonds, and may be sold and delivered as such.

Investors should be very particular not to write their names, nor make notations, upon bonds. When this is done, it is necessary to sell them as "indorsed bonds," which, of course, affects their market value.

Bonds registered as to both principal and interest are a direct obligation of the issuing company to the registered owners. They are usually issued in certificate

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.

form, assignable in writing, and have no coupons attached, checks for the interest being mailed directly to the registered owners. Practically all of the modern mortgages provide for the conversion of such bonds into coupon bonds. When mortgages do not so provide, such bonds usually sell at slightly lower prices than coupon bonds of the same issuing company, owing to the limited demand, and, in the event of sale, it is necessary to assign them in blank, disposing of them specifically as registered bonds.

Safeguards for Bondholders

It is obvious that coupon bonds should be placed in a safe deposit vault, or lodged in some secure quarter. It is a matter of record that a stolen coupon bond, when purchased by an innocent third party, cannot be recovered by the original owner. Further than this, the issuing company, or its fiscal agents, would have to pay the coupons as they became due, and also the par value of the bond at its maturity. This will explain why many investors prefer to leave bonds in trust with their investment bankers. It also explains one of the reasons why experienced and reputable investment bankers will not buy or sell securities for a stranger, until satisfied that he is all he represents himself to be. When a coupon bond is lost, the fiscal agents of the issuing company should be notified promptly, and, if possible, the number of the bond furnished. A communication should also be addressed to the investment banker, who will render the client every possible assistance in the effort to recover the bond. In the case of a lost bond, the issuing company might, in its discretion, arrange to issue a new bond, but only upon the filing of a satisfactory bond of indemnity.

In view of these facts, it seems to be advisable for persons of moderate means, buying bonds solely for investment, to have the same registered as to principal, notwithstanding that the coupons attached to such bonds are payable to bearer, the same as in the case of coupon bonds. The registration of bonds as to principal is, however, a safeguard to the owners, so far as the principal is concerned, and such bonds, when released to bearer, in the manner heretofore stated, become readily negotiable.

Redeemable bonds: In some mortgages the right is reserved by the issuing company to buy all or any part of the outstanding bonds before maturity, usually upon prior notice to holders of from one to six months, by advertisement. This naturally has an effect upon the market for such bonds, and explains why they often sell at lower prices than bonds which are not redeemable, although the redeemable bonds may bear the same rate of interest and possess even greater intrinsic value. To illustrate: if a \$1,000 bond were redeemable at the option of the issuing company at, say, 105 (\$1,050), it would be exceptional for a buyer to be willing to pay in excess of this figure for the same. When such bonds are redeemed, coupon bonds are payable to the bearer at the office of the issuing company, or its agents; and registered bonds, when accompanied by written assignments, are redeemable in the same manner. All bonds cease to bear interest after the date of redemption, or maturity.

Redemption for the Sinking Fund

Some mortgages provide that a certain amount of cash, or a percentage of gross earnings, or so many cents for each ton of coal mined, etc., shall be paid by the issuing company to the trustee, at stated periods, and applied as a sinking fund for the purchase of outstanding bonds, at not exceeding a specified price. It is

\$500,000 Southern Pacific Company 2-5 YEAR 4% BONDS

Due June 1, 1910. Redeemable at par and interest after June 1st, 1907. These bonds are part of an issue of \$30,000,000 of which \$7,253,000 are in the hands of the public, and the remainder in the treasury of the Company. They are secured by deposit of \$12,400,000 par value of various bonds and \$71,918,300 of stocks of companies controlled, including control of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company and Morgan's Louisiana and Texas S. S. Co. and a large interest in Wells, Fargo & Company stock.

As the direct obligation of the Southern Pacific Company, secured largely by bond collateral, we believe these bonds attractive.

PRICE—96 and Interest, to yield nearly 5½%.

Special circular describing this issue.
Write for Circular "S"

**Guaranty Trust Company,
of New York**
28 Nassau Street, New York.
33 Lombard Street, E. C., London.

CHARTERED 1864.
Capital, \$2,000,000.
Surplus, \$5,500,000.
Deposits, \$45,460,879.



6% Bonds

Based on the Ownership of New York Real Estate

If you have accumulated capital which you would like to place in the safest and most profitable form of investment, or if your income will enable you to lay aside and invest a certain amount annually, it will be worth your while to consider the advantages afforded by A-R-E Six's. They combine stability, security, earning power and cash availability. They are strictly non-speculative; as good as gold, principal and interest, from date of issue to date of maturity, issued in either of two forms:

6% COUPON BONDS—For Income Earning.
6% ACCUMULATIVE BONDS—For Income Funding.

THESE Bonds are the direct contract obligations of the oldest corporation engaged in the business of buying and improving New York real estate for income or for sale and are secured by Assets of over \$9,446,000, including Capital and Surplus of over \$1,540,000.

If your money doesn't earn 6 Per Cent it is not because it cannot earn it with perfect safety. Write us and let us tell you how. We will be glad to send you our literature, fully describing A-R-E Six's and our extensive New York real estate holdings, including a map of New York, showing the location of our properties. Write today to

American Real Estate Co.

518 Day and Night Bank Bldg.
5th Ave. and 44th St., New York



FOR Careful Investors 5%

Your funds safely invested, with risks eliminated, upon best class of New York and Suburban Real Estate and earning 5% yearly. Our business established 15 years, conducted under supervision of New York Banking Department. Your money always subject to your control—available when desired and earnings reckoned for each day. Our business appeals to thoughtful investors who desire their Savings placed where they will be free from speculation. Assets \$1,750,000.

Write for particulars.
Industrial Savings & Loan Co.
3 Times Building, Broadway New York



BUY NEW YORK CITY LOTS at Liberty Heights BEFORE SUBWAYS OPEN.

The small investors' opportunity to share the profits of New York City's rapid growth. Elevated and Surface lines now with 6c. fare to City Hall; \$40 and upwards; 10% down and 1½% monthly or discount for cash; cement sidewalks and curbs, trees, water, gas and electricity. Title guaranteed. Bank references. Maps and Booklets. BASTRESS, VOGHT & CO., 350 Fulton St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

customary to provide in such mortgages that the issuing company shall advertise, semiannually, or annually, as the case may be, the amount of money in the hands of the trustee available for the purchase of bonds for the sinking fund. The holders of the outstanding bonds who may so elect, offer them to the trustee at a price at which they would be willing to sell, not exceeding, however, the figure specified in the mortgage. When the bids are opened, the bonds offered at the lowest prices are, of course, accepted. If no offerings are received, the mortgage usually specifies that the trustee may draw by lot a sufficient amount of the outstanding bonds to absorb the sinking fund money, paying the holders the sinking fund price, no more and no less. The issuing company then advertises the numbers of the bonds so drawn, and, as far as the holders are concerned, the principal and interest of such bonds have matured. The holders of the drawn bonds, upon presenting them at the office of the trustee, receive in payment therefor the price specified in the mortgage. In some cases, in lieu of drawing bonds by lot, the trustee may invest and accumulate the sinking fund money. Bonds purchased for the account of the sinking fund must be either cancelled and destroyed, on the one hand; or they must be kept alive and held by the trustee. In the latter case, the bonds continue to draw interest, the same as other outstanding bonds, the interest being applied by the trustee toward the future purchase of bonds for the sinking fund. Generally speaking, the mortgages of coal companies, or companies exhausting a product which can not be replaced, should provide for a sinking fund, making it certain that as the amount of coal, or whatever product it may be, is diminished, the bonded debt of the company will be proportionately decreased.

"Flat" Prices and "And Interest"

It is important to point out that bonds are traded in upon the New York Stock Exchange at what are termed "flat" prices. In such cases, a statement covering the cost of a \$1,000 bond at, say, 98½ (no matter what rate of interest the bond might bear), would be rendered, as follows:

\$1,000 bond at 98½,	\$985.00
½ of one per cent.	
commission for executing the order,	1.25

Cost to the buyer,	\$986.25
--------------------	----------

Buyers of unlisted bonds are not usually charged a commission, although there are exceptions to this rule. Such bonds usually sell at a given price "and interest." This means that the buyer pays the accrued interest from the date of the last paid coupon to the date of the delivery of the bond. To illustrate: Assume that on April 1, a \$1,000 five per cent. bond is delivered to the buyer, at a cost of, say, 98½ and interest, the coupons attached to the bond being payable January 1 and July 1. In this case a statement covering the cost would be rendered, as follows:

\$1,000 5 per cent. bond at 98½,	\$985.00
Accrued interest from Jan. 1 to April 1,	
at the coupon rate,	12.50

Cost to the buyer,	\$997.50
--------------------	----------

On July 1 the owner of the \$1,000 bond would cash the \$25 coupon, and thus be reimbursed the \$12.50 paid as accrued interest from January 1 to April 1. The remaining \$12.50 would represent interest at the coupon rate from April 1 to July 1, during which period the bond was actually owned by the buyer.

Payment and Delivery of Bonds

When purchasing investment securities, so far as the initial transaction is concerned, it is customary for buyers to furnish satisfactory references, preferably a bank reference. It is also the custom, when bonds are purchased by persons residing in other sections of the country, for the investment bankers to receive payment therefor, and make delivery thereof, by one of the three following methods:

1. The bonds may be forwarded to the buyer, either by registered mail or express, after the investment house has received payment therefor. This is the prevailing method when executing orders for the purchase of bonds through New York Stock Exchange firms. In such cases, the buyer should make remittance in funds payable in New York City, the day following the purchase, excepting on Fridays, when payment should be made the following Monday. The reason for this is, that the broker, who acts merely as an agent in the transaction, is required to make payments in this same way and manner, and the buyer should, therefore, be governed accordingly.

2. The bonds may be forwarded to the buyer, accompanied by a draft for the amount of their cost, delivery being made upon payment of the draft.

3. The bonds may be forwarded to any bank designated by the buyer, delivery being made upon payment of the amount due.

In all three cases, it is customary for investment bankers to receive remittances at some bank in the city where they transact their business; otherwise, it is the custom for the buyer to pay the collection charges.

Convertible Bonds

Properly selected investments are based upon safety and income yield combined; in other words, minimum risk of principal and maximum income return.

It is in this respect that the services of experienced Investment Bankers are absolutely essential. With us the subject is one of very careful study, and we make it a specialty to give prompt and satisfactory attention to all communications received from individual investors.

In the third edition of our 6-page circular, entitled "Convertible Bonds," we describe practically all of such investments now upon the market. In addition, we explain why such bonds, when properly selected, are well regarded by conservative investors, and also why they possess every probability of returning exceptionally large profits.

Simply write for Circular No. 71.

Spencer Trask & Co.

William and Pine Sts., New York.

Members of the New York Stock Exchange.

\$500 BONDS

We have for sale
several issues of

Long Time Municipal Bonds

which are direct obligations of cities and school districts in growing sections of the country. We offer these bonds at prices to yield

4.25% to 4.50%

Send for Special Circular

E. H. ROLLINS & SONS

21 Milk Street,
BOSTON, MASS.



**You Don't Tie Your
Money Up Indefinitely
When You Deposit It
With This Company.**

It is withdrawable on demand at any time and is absolutely secure all the time.

This Company has been in business over 13 years and has depositors in all parts of the world.

The interest is 5 per cent.
Write to-day for the booklet.

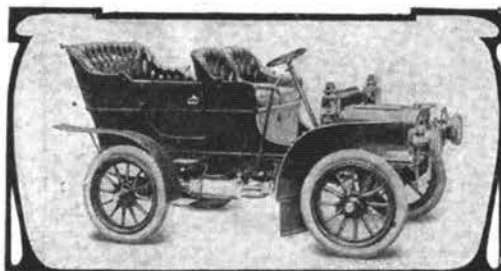
Calvert Mortgage & Deposit Co.
1042 Calvert Building, Baltimore, Md.

6% CERTIFICATES OF DEPOSIT

These Certificates yield a larger net income than the ordinary investment and the holder is absolutely free from any inconveniences connected therewith. Interest paid January and July. Write for booklet "I."

FIRST TRUST & SAVINGS BANK
CAPITAL \$100,000.00 BILLINGS MONT.

SAN DIEGO
Southern California's most delightful city and seaport. Developing rapidly. Offer unusual opportunity in real estate. New railroad now building East. \$10 per month will secure splendid, broad lots near new railway in beautiful Normal Heights. Handsome profits assured. Absolutely safe. Bank references. Illustrated booklet. Malton Realty Co., San Diego, Cal.



MODEL M, \$950 (WITHOUT LAMPS)

Almost any Family
Can Afford to
Own a

CADILLAC

Automobile

You hear many people say that an automobile is a nice thing to have and all that, but costs too much to keep it up.

Maybe that's true—in many cases. But cost of upkeep depends largely on the kind of car.

We have had an opportunity to obtain definite data as to the

Cost of Maintaining a Single-Cylinder Cadillac.

147 owners residing in almost every State who have kept accounts of their expenses covering gasoline, oil and repairs have made affidavits which we have on file, showing that their repairs (not including tires) have averaged

Less than \$2.50 Per Month.

Their cars have been driven from one to four seasons, and as high as 30,000 miles.

The affidavits also show that the averages obtained have been about

19 Miles Per Gallon of Gasoline,

an average of less than one and one-third cents per mile per car or, on the basis of four passengers each, less than

One-third of a Cent Per Mile Per Passenger.

Remember these are not a few special cases, but averages of 147 owners. Furthermore, these records are not of automobiles in general, but single-cylinder CADILLACS only.

Most any make of automobile can show a good performance sometimes, but what interests you is what a car will do "as a rule."

When a dealer makes claims as to low cost of operating the cars he sells, ask him to prove them. We can prove ours.

There are over 15,000 single-cylinder Cadillacs "making good" all over the world.

If economy and efficiency appeal to you, the single-cylinder Cadillac will come nearest meeting your ideals. They will carry you any place any automobile will go, as fast as is safe to ride, and the low average expense of upkeep is not even approached by any other automobile, regardless of price.

Single-cylinder Cadillacs truly afford all there is in motoring—except the troubles.

Prices from \$800 to \$1350.

Dealers are always glad to demonstrate.

Fully described and illustrated in Catalogue "M.A.B." mailed on receipt of request.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR CO., DETROIT, MICH.

Member Association Licensed Automobile Mfrs.

Make a Motor Boat of any Boat in 5 Minutes



Here's a little, 2 h. p. marine motor (40 lbs. complete) that you can attach to the stern post of your boat in 5 minutes without any tools. Drives an 18-ft. row boat 7 miles per hour (runs 8 hours on one gallon gasoline). Can be detached from boat just as quickly and stored in box in which it is carried. Simplest motor made—does not get out of order.

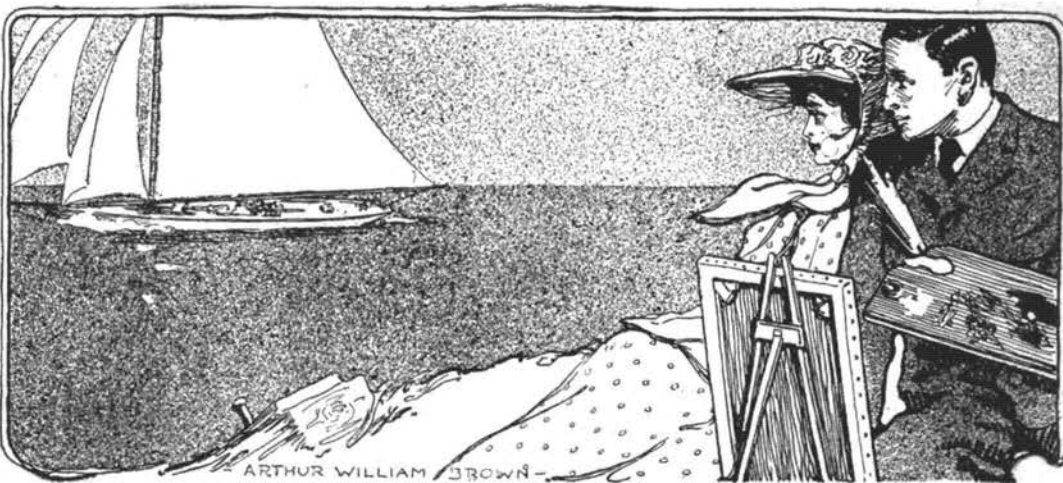
Write for catalog with full description and price.

WATERMAN MARINE MOTOR CO.
1816 Fort St. West, Detroit, Mich.

BANNERMAN'S ARMY AUCTION BARGAINS
FREE ILLUSTRATED CIRCULAR, wholesale-retail prices.
Enormous stock. Francis Bannerman, 501 B'way, N. Y.

Automobile Brokers Times Square Automobile Co.,

New Main Entrance, 1599-1601 Broadway,
Connecting with 215-17 West 48th St., New York
Largest Dealers and Brokers of Automobiles in the World
From 300 to 500 Machines,
all styles and horse power, always on hand. It will pay you,
before buying, to examine our stock. Bargain Sheet No. 124
of new and slightly used cars mailed to any address on request.



ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

Sports and Recreation

Conducted by HARRY PALMER

A Critic, on the Vanderbilt Race

ONE of the most prominent automobile manufacturers in America, a member of the Licensed Association of Automobile Manufacturers, in a recent interview with the editor of this department, made some very pointed and decidedly interesting remarks regarding the Vanderbilt Cup Race as an institution, and the conditions governing the entrance of competing cars in the eliminatory contest.

His name is not given here, for the reason that he is averse to entering into any controversy upon the subject; and the views expressed were simply from his personal view-point. He said:

"The Vanderbilt Cup Race, and likewise the eliminatory contest that precedes it, are distinctly detrimental to the American automobile industry, chiefly because it has been taken advantage of, in not a few instances, by manufacturers who have gone into it as entrants, not with any expectation of winning the event, but simply and solely for the sake of the publicity that would accrue to them and to their product. The inevitable result has been a pitiable showing by American cars, as a national product, in a contest upon which the

eyes of the world are centered annually. For this, the American Automobile Association is entirely responsible. Presumably its racing board is composed of men fully capable of discharging their duties in an efficient manner and with some regard for the prestige and well-fare of the American automobile industry, but instead of saying to the nominator of a car which is manifestly unfit for a place on the American team, 'No sir, you can

not enter that car in this race; it is not fit; it is not up to standard, and you know it,' they passively accept any and every old cluck whose manufacturer is willing to pay in his thousand dollar entrance fee for the publicity he will get out of it—and there you are.

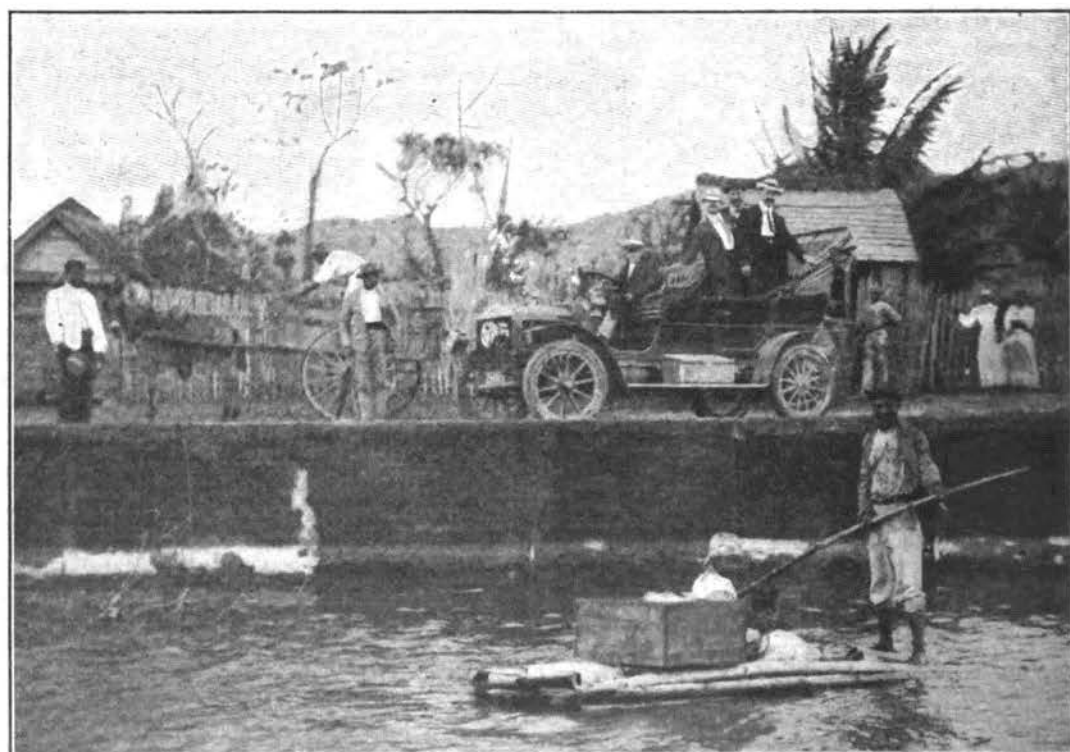
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"Before a car is given a chance for a position on the American team, it should be subjected to a rigid examination by an expert committee with full powers to pass it as fit, or to promptly throw it out, as the committee might determine. Such a policy would be an effective check upon the publicity-seeking maker, for he would then be pretty certain to get 'publicity' of a kind he does not desire.

"Furthermore, the date for closing the entry list for the eliminatory race should be weeks, if not months



June Days



Touring in the Bermudas.—The old way and the new

earlier than it is, and every car nominated should be completed and passed upon by the expert committee prior to that date. This would be an assurance that no car eligible under the rules would come to the starting tape in the disgraceful state of unpreparedness that characterized a majority of the cars in the eliminator event of last year. That was not only disgraceful—it was criminal, in that it jeopardized the lives of the men who drove such cars, and the lives of many spectators as well.

"Another point worthy of condemnation is the weight limit rule. Of course we all know that the existing weight limit was imposed to keep down power—but it does n't do it. Instead, it has resulted in the building up of power at the expense of stability, with the result that great heavy engines are set upon mere shells of frames that no expert would pass as safe. It is beyond my comprehension that any body of men, such as those constituting the Vanderbilt Cup Race management, should have countenanced such a condition of things through a single contest, and yet they propose to hold this year's race under precisely the same rules.

* * *

"We were asked by a prominent motor car owner, who desired to enter for the Cup, to build him a car, and I told him I would consider it; but when our designer learned the minimum horse power that would have to be supplied within the weight limit prescribed by the rules, he said, 'No, it would be deliberate murder,' and we did n't build the car.

"It has been widely argued that the leading makers of cars in this country should persist in their efforts to 'lift' the Vanderbilt Cup, if only 'in the cause of patriotism,' and the argument is reinforced by citing the fact that for years past, in defense of the 'America's' Cup, we have built two-hundred-thousand-dollar yachts and then demolished them. The case is not a parallel one. We long led the world in yacht building, and Gloucester and Plymouth furnished the crews to sail them. In automobile racing, we are asked to show 'patriotism' where we have little or no chance of success. Europeans are ahead of us, in that game at least, and, if we finally win the trophy, it will be with machines copied after those of Europe. That, certainly, would not be to our credit. Some day, Yankee ingenuity may produce a great idea in tires or in transmission. Then, we can talk of patriotism.

"Instead of road races, endurance runs and tours are what we want. They are the kind of contests that demonstrate the points the public and the honest manufacturer are interested in—whether a car of this make or that will finish a grueling run over all sorts of roads in sound and stable condition, whether it is a 'quitter,' or whether it will finish with bent knuckles, wobbly wheels, and transmission dropped out. So, I say, let's hold our patriotism in abeyance for a while, so far as it pertains to automobile road racing, and put our money and time into those tests that are going to bring the industry the most good."

* * *

The Motor Boat Season

WHILE the plans of all the leading power boat and yacht clubs for the coming season have not been perfected, the summer of 1907, from all indications, promises to be an exceedingly active one for all lovers of motor boats. Hugh S. Gamble, secretary of the Motor Boat Club of America, in speaking of the outlook, says:

"In the leading shipyards of New York City and other prominent boat building centers, there has been unusual activity in the building of motor boats. The popular demand seems to be for the larger types, such as the cruising type, but there are not a few boats of the high speed or racing class being completed; and, altogether, there is every reason to look forward to the coming season as probably the greatest motor boat season in the history of the sport.

"Heretofore the racing rules in vogue, while no doubt the best that could be devised at the time, have been the means of keeping out of the sport a large number who might have participated. The feeling that prevailed was against the pleasure type of craft being placed in a class with an out and out racer, partly due, no doubt, to the lack of entries in the respective classes and to the rules as not giving the proper rating or allowances. This year will find new rules in force, one set devised by the Jamestown Race Committee of the Jamestown International Motor Boat Carnival Committee, and the other the American Power Boat Association Rules. While nothing can be said authoritatively as to the merits of either at this time, it remains to be seen by actual test which rules work out the better. However, there is good reason to believe that, with the changes made in the rules, the cruising type, represented by boats ranging from 40 to 75 feet, will be found competing in all of the more important events of the year.

"The advent of the Motor Club of America as a strong and influential factor in the sport will undoubtedly do much to stimulate public interest this season. Although one of the youngest among the fully developed organizations of its kind, it is unquestionably the representative American club, and is so regarded by motor boatmen both at home and abroad. It is but a few weeks ago that the Motor Boat Club received word from the Motor Yacht Club of England, the

Columbia

MOTOR CARS

Contain the following special features which largely account for the great success of this season's models:

Crankshaft.—Sawed-out from solid block of Special Chrome Nickel Steel. Not one of the hundreds of these shafts in actual use has broken or given any trouble whatever.

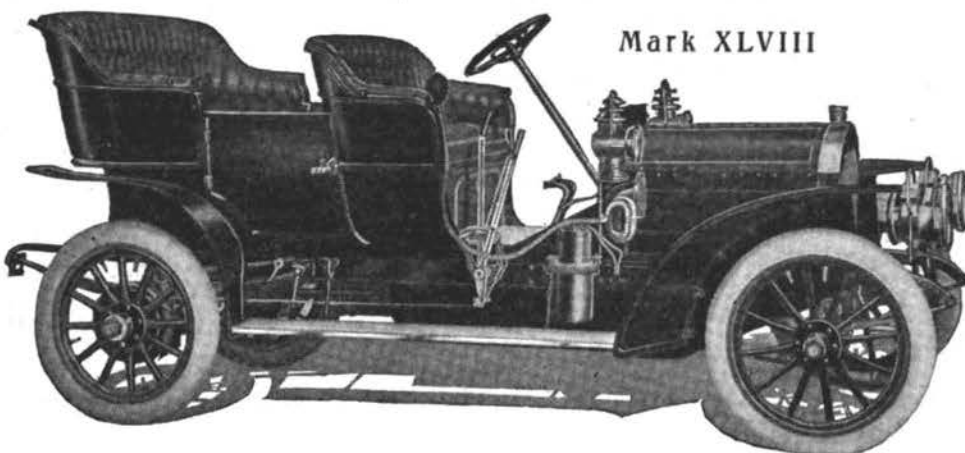
Carburetor.—New Multiple Jet Type giving just the right and most economical mixture for high or low speeds.

I-Beam Front Axles.—Drop forged in one piece without welding. The grain of the metal courses unbroken from wheel pivot to wheel pivot.

Transmission.—Improved type. Entirely does away with the troubles that occur in this member of the mechanism in many makes of cars.

Clutch.—So constructed that it takes hold evenly, gradually and firmly, "savage" engagement being impossible.

With these and other superior mechanical features are supplied bodies that for beauty of design, finish and appointment are unequalled in cars of other makes. This fact is conceded even by our strongest competitors.



Mark XLVIII

Mark XLVIII, 24-28 H. P. Standard Touring Car, \$3000
Limousine, \$4200

Mark XLIX, 40-45 H. P. Standard Touring Car, \$4500
Limousine or Landaulet, \$5500

Separate catalogues of Columbia Gasoline Cars and Electric Carriages on request.

ELECTRIC VEHICLE COMPANY, Hartford, Conn.

NEW YORK BRANCH: Electric Vehicle Company, 134-136-138 West 39th Street.
CHICAGO BRANCH: Electric Vehicle Company, 1332-1334 Michigan Avenue.
BOSTON: The Columbia Motor Vehicle Company, Trinity Place and Stanhope Street.

"THE BEST MADE"—



Nothing you can have will give you more pleasure and recreation during the long months of summer than one of HOPKINS & ALLEN'S small calibre rifles. They are hard shooting, trim and true, weigh little and take down small enough to pack in a trunk or suitcase. Will drive tacks at 60 yards; can be found at any store that handles Hardware or Sporting Goods or secured direct from factory. Make it a point to see them.

\$3.50 Light weight Rifle weighs 8½ lbs., has 18 in. barrel and is 33 inches entire length. Has fine Walnut stock, quick take-down arrangement, safety-locking device and shoots 22 short or long rimfire cartridges. The best little rifle in the world for the money—is an effective workman-like arm. No. 722.

\$4.50 Weight 4 lbs., 20 in. barrel, 35 in. overall. Has American Walnut stock, quick screw key take-down arrangement, and improved safety device. Hammer rebounds after firing and does not rest on cartridge. Shoots 22 short or long rimfire cartridges, and shoots where you aim. Also made in 32 cal. for 32 short. Nos. 822 and 832.

\$5.50 The best all around rifle made—can be had in 22 or 32 calibre. Weighs 4½ lbs., has 22 in. barrel. Stock, best select Walnut. Barrel high power rifle steel. Has rebounding hammer, easy action, best safety arrangement. A real prize at our price. Nos. 922 and 932.

Write for our beautiful "Gun Guide & Catalog" for 1907. It illustrates and describes all these rifles as well as 34 other models of our firearms and gives many points on the care and handling of guns. IT'S FREE to all who write promptly.

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representative body of the motor boat sport in Great Britain, that members of the club while visiting England were to consider themselves honorary members of the Motor Yacht Club, and to enjoy all privileges usually accorded honorary members. These courtesies were formally accepted, and by unanimous vote, like courtesies were extended to the members of the Motor Yacht Club. Thus a relationship has been established between the two clubs heretofore unknown in the history of the motor boat sport. Many of the officers of the Motor Yacht Club are officers of the British navy, greatly interested in the sport, and the opportunity is now given them to visit this country and study the methods pursued in the handling of the season's events. There is no doubt that other foreign countries will follow in establishing like relationship, and thus insure greater interest in the sport from an international standpoint."

The Regatta Committee of the club has selected the dates for the club events for the season of 1907, and the programme consists of a series of club races running through the early part of the season and the late fall, no races being scheduled for July and August. In addition to the Bermuda race for the James Gordon Bennett Cup, which is scheduled for the first week in June, and which will be open to all bona fide cruising boats of from 39 to 60 feet in length, the club will hold its race meet during the week of September 23, and also a series of races open to boats owned by the members of the club only.

The Bermuda race is the longest ocean race ever opened to motor boats, and will be run from the club station on the Hudson River, to a stake boat anchored off Hamilton, Bermuda, a distance of 650 nautical miles. The race is to be not only a test of the boats and their crews, but also of the endurance and seamanship of the crews, and should bring out a type of boat seaworthy and staunch which will be useful to owners aside from being able to participate in this race. The event will establish the reliability of motors for deep-sea work, and will serve to remove any possible doubt held by the timid. Under present conditions the trip is no more arduous or adventurous than that of the first steamer which crossed the Atlantic so many years ago.

When the idea was conceived of making motor boat races one of the principal sport events to be held in connection with the Jamestown Exposition, officers of the Exposition consulted the officers of the Motor Boat Club of America, and the outcome was that the hearty support of the club was pledged. Courses were gone over carefully, and one was finally selected that will give all who attend the Exposition, whether on land or on the water, every opportunity of seeing the events.

In taking up the matter of a cruise, it was decided that the club's cruise for 1907 would be to the Exposition, and in order that it might include all who wished to join, aside from the many boats enrolled in the club, that an invitation should be extended to all yacht clubs throughout the country to participate, as well as to the owners of motor boats not affiliated.

A hearty response has been made, and it is expected that fifty or more boats will join with the Motor Boat Club members, thus not alone making it an event worthy of note, but one that will surpass anything ever before attempted in a motor boat cruise.

All clubs or owners who desire to participate in the cruise may obtain information by addressing the secretary of the Motor Boat Club of America, at 314 Madison Avenue, New York City. The cruise will start from the club station, 112th Street and Hudson River, New York City, on Saturday morning, August 24.

Of Interest to Sportsmen

THE continuance of an open season on deer in Long Island is discreditable alike to the legislature, the State Game Commission and the sportsmen of New York State. Under the law it is permissible to hunt and kill deer in Suffolk County on four specified days during the month of November of each year. On these days Brooklyn and New York City send into the region east of Jamaica a rabble of men and boys, who, in equipment, resemble a body typical of the Paris commune, rather than of the chase. They are armed with guns and revolvers, many of which are deserving of a place in any collection of antiques. Cheap single-barreled shot guns from Belgium, obsolete double-barreled hammer guns of American make, long-barreled, coop hunters' guns, old army muskets, an occasional blunderbuss of the old stagecoaching period, and rifles of all kinds and patterns, even of the muzzle-loading type are carried over the hunter's shoulders while the camp equipment, tin pans and boilers, combine to give the assemblage the appearance of a body of newly arrived immigrants of all nationalities, or a body of revolting citizens in some South American republic.

These "sportsmen" scatter in groups of from two to ten throughout Suffolk County the day before that indicated by the State as open for deer shooting. Unlike automobilists, they do not carry one penny into the county, or, if they do, they are careful to carry it out again; they take their food with them, and sleep in the tents they pack upon their backs. For camp fire fuel,

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they use the farmers' fences, and even pull the weather boards from barns and outbuildings. In most instances they are plentifully supplied with liquor, and camp fire orgies are common sights within a radius of twelve miles of the center of the deer-hunting district. When a deer is shot, there is almost invariably a vicious fight over the carcass between two or more parties who claim the prize; scarcely a season passes in which a dozen or more "hunters" are not either killed or wounded, while the amount of property destroyed far exceeds the value of all the slain deer.

In defense of the open season, it is said, were it not for the annual slaughter, the deer would become so numerous that all crops would be destroyed. On the other hand, such influential organizations as the South Side Gun Club, and others owning large preserves have offered to drive all Long Island deer into these preserves and keep them there through the services of private gamekeepers, thus creating a herd upon which the State might draw annually for restocking other sections and counties in which hunting could be indulged in with less danger to residents and less damage to property.

The time has plainly arrived, when deer hunting should be put a stop to on Long Island. The State game commissioner can not take action in the matter too quickly.

* * *

Violations of the game laws by leading hotels and restaurants will probably be less frequent in future, in view of the action of the Appellate Division of the New York Supreme Court in affirming a judgment against the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel Company, by which fines aggregating \$4,470 are imposed. The hotel management was convicted of serving English pheasants during the closed season, but appealed from a decision on the grounds that the birds were killed in and shipped from New Jersey—a "foreign" State. It was also contended by the defendants that the law prohibiting the possession of the birds was unconstitutional, as it violated the rights of property ownership. The Supreme Court decided that the Legislature was fully empowered to restrict the hunting, killing, and possession of game, and that the exercise of this power could not be reviewed. The law in the case was not affected by the fact that the birds were purchased in a "foreign" State.

* * *

The Motor Cycle

IN the April Number of SUCCESS MAGAZINE attention was called to the growing use of the motor cycle, and the indications that presage its still wider use, as a vehicle for both pleasure and commercial purposes. As a result, we are in receipt of many concurrent opinions from both motor cycle owners and manufacturers. In one of these, the statement is made that in England to-day there are registered a far greater number of motor cycles than automobiles, and that in England, as well as in Germany and France, the motor cycle and the tricycle are rapidly increasing for the rapid and economical transportation of light merchandise. This magazine expects to receive from month to month much interesting information concerning the utility of the motor cycle, and will gladly give to its readers as much of this as our space will permit.

* * *

Connecticut motorists are urging the passage of a bill at Hartford abolishing the existing speed limit, and substituting the following restricting clause:

"No person shall operate a motor vehicle on the public highways of this State recklessly, or at a rate of speed greater than is reasonable or proper, having regard to the width, traffic, and use of the highway, or so as to endanger the property, or the life or limb of any person."

Rhode Island has a "no speed limit" law that seems to be working most satisfactorily to all concerned, and New Jersey is endeavoring to secure a similar enactment.

* * *

HYACINTH AND ONION

By R. K. MUNKITTRICK

THERE was a purple hyacinth
That worried day and night,
Because it had a firm belief
It was an onion white.

And then an onion white, within
That garden's labyrinth,
Most fondly fancied that it was
A purple hyacinth.

The hyacinth that thought itself
An onion was not sad;
The onion that was sure it was
A hyacinth was glad.

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Or are what we are not.

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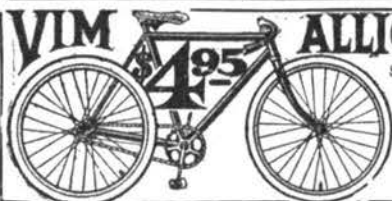
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The Well-Dressed Man

Conducted by **ALFRED STEPHEN BRYAN**

HEADPIECE BY **EDWYN CHAMBERS**

DURING the lazy vacation months, fashion becomes to many men a word of almost odious import. It need not, however. True fashion means simply what is befitting and becoming, and requires nothing that detracts from bodily well-being. It does, to be sure, frown upon dining coatless and with one's sleeves rolled up when women are at the table. This and things like it are pieces of boorishness, pure and simple. But one may dress both fashionably and comfortably, and, indeed, he who does dress with some regard for style is rewarded with the soothing satisfaction of looking and feeling "fit." The consciousness that springs from being well dressed may be likened to the agreeable tingle that follows a morning plunge. It braces and stimulates. One steps out more buoyantly and tilts the chin at a higher angle. Well-cut clothes, spotless linen, and abbreviated underwear impart a sensation of freshness and fragrance, of ease and poise, that are peculiarly grateful in "cooking" weather. After all, fashion is merely applied common sense. There are certain broad rules, of course, to which we all must subscribe for the sake of a desirable uniformity. But, beyond this, a man may follow his own taste and judgment. Indeed, he should do so, if he seeks a clothes personality of his own, rather than a starched and stiff preciseness, which is a mere aping of others.

The double-breasted flannel suit shown here is a new and correct style for summer from a metropolitan tailor of renown. It is, moreover, a very pleasing style, something that can be said for few double-breasted suits. By rounding the bottom corners of the jacket, that square, boxy look, so distasteful to many men, is avoided, and the graceful symmetry of a single-breasted jacket is preserved. It will be noticed, too, that the jacket is wide-stitched along the edges, cuffs, and pockets. This is a feature of all fashionable garments, and it is really surprising what a difference it makes in the "air" of clothes. The jacket lapels are very broad, rounded of notch, softly rolled, and decidedly overlapping. The soft lapel is another characteristic of the correctly cut summer suit, to which attention has already been directed in these columns. The suit illustrated here might well be called a study in curves, the curved collar, lapel notch, bottom corners, cuff, and patched pockets harmonizing in outline and producing a very agreeable effect.

The tendency in all summer clothes is toward softness and lightness. Jacket fronts are unlined and unstiffened, so that they will drape gracefully and naturally when the jacket is thrown open. If the jacket is worn buttoned, the top button is left unfastened. This gives the lapels a softer, longer roll, and shows more of shirt and cravat. Trousers are cut with very wide bottom turn-

ups this season, and, while full over the hips, they are slightly narrower at the knee, and hang straight downward without any noticeable narrowing at the bottom. The buckle on the back of trousers is omitted, as it serves no useful purpose. Side straps may be substituted, though even these can be dispensed with, if the trousers are properly cut. In men's dress the whole leaning now is toward greater simplicity and freedom from flaps, buttons, and buckles. They are always cumbersome, frequently superfluous, and are retained merely from habit. Not so long ago five or six buttons were put upon the jacket. To-day only three or, at best, four are used, and the top one is more an ornament than anything else.

So many inquiries have come to me regarding the standing of the Tuxedo jacket for summer wear, that I will be pardoned for again taking up the subject at length. To begin with, it should be borne in mind that the dinner jacket—or evening jacket, as it should properly be called—is a purely informal garment. It has not and has never had recognition for ceremonious wear. It is the evening lounge or club coat, restricted to such occasions when formality is put aside and men dress for comfort, rather than for convention. Under no circumstances can it take the place of the swallowtail suit, though the swallowtail may be worn anywhere that Tuxedo dress is sanctioned. It is an established law of good form that the Tuxedo shall not be worn in the presence of women. Ordinary courtesies exacts formal dress as a mark of deference to the gentle sex. The single exception is when one dines with one's family or with very intimate friends who, naturally, will overlook a departure from the strict social standards. The fact that a lax spirit has crept into the wearing of Tuxedo clothes is no excuse. There may be two opinions about a question of fashion—there can be only one about a question of good breeding.

At the seaside, among the mountains, and at many of the fashionable watering places, some men fancy that the rules governing the wearing of formal and informal evening dress are relaxed or set aside. They are not. In the country, as in town, these rules are sharply defined, and he who violates them does so on his own responsibility and at the risk of being accounted ignorant of the proprieties. Ceremonious dress is required at dinners, receptions, dances, "hops," and all functions of a public character. Tuxedo dress may be worn if one dines at a country club or in one's own or a friend's cottage. There need not be the slightest confusion about the matter if one will



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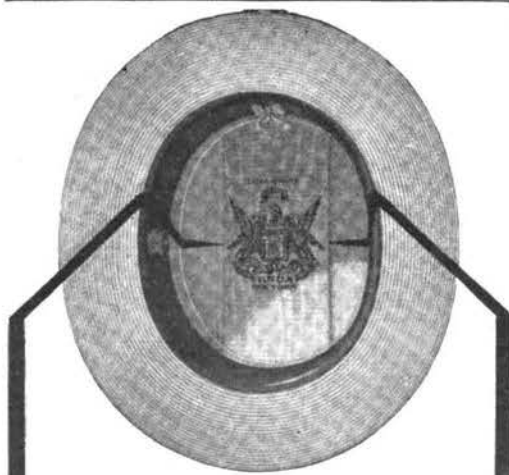


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only remember the difference between a public and a private "affair" and whether or not women are to be met. But one thing can absolve a man from formal evening clothes when they are required, and that is an explicit request from one's host or hostess that Tuxedo dress be worn. If in doubt, it is always wise to assure oneself on this point by asking. This does not betray ignorance or even inexperience, but shows only a natural desire to save oneself from dressing differently from one's fellows.

Whether or not a white waistcoat may properly accompany the Tuxedo is a much debated question. Usage has decided in favor of a gray waistcoat, as drawing a line of demarcation between ceremonious and unceremonious dress. The distinction is not a broad one, but it is nevertheless worth heeding. Calfskin pumps belong with the Tuxedo, and patent-leather pumps go with the swallowtail. No watch fob is worn with either. One may wear a black Alpine or a finely woven split straw hat with the Tuxedo. Only the silk hat—never the "Opera"—is correct with formal evening clothes.

Either the plaited or the plain white shirt may accompany the Tuxedo jacket. Only the plain bosom is proper with the swallowtail. Formal gloves are white and informal gloves are gray. And, finally, the correct tie for ceremonious use is always white. Tuxedo ties may be either black or gray.

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.]

ANDERSON.—Exaggeratedly wide shoe-laces look effeminate, and are approved neither by good form nor good taste. Low-cut calfskin or russet shoes (laced) are generally worn in summer. Pumps are intended only for evening. White duck shoes are for shore, deck and field use altogether—never for town. White kid gloves accompany only the swallowtail suit. It is of no consequence that "they would not know the difference" in your locality. The broad rules of good form apply everywhere and to everybody. If you have no evening clothes, you might wear a black cutaway and gray striped trousers. It is a sort of approach to correctness. The fold collar is preferable to the wing or tab collar in the summer. Either the narrow four-in-hand or the wide bow tie is correct. A "hop" requires formal evening dress, and, of course, a white linen or lawn tie. So-called "peg top" trousers are no longer in fashion. Brown is the favored spring color. You may wear low-cut shoes and a summer suit whenever the weather in your section warrants it. There are no rules about this. Gaiters are not worn with russet shoes. It is not obligatory to wear gloves in summer, save at an evening function, when white kid gloves are proper. The fashionable sack coat this season is about an inch shorter than last year. Trousers are cut with very wide turn-ups, and may show your fancy hose beneath them, if you wish. Colored hat ribbons are a matter of preference, not of propriety. Still, they ought to have some significance, such as displaying the colors of one's club, college, fraternity, or regiment. White duck suits are out of place, except at the seaside or on the water. Silk gloves have been worn in summer for several seasons. They are white, gray, or brown, and fasten with a pearl button.

SWANSON.—It is hard to name "the correct colors in neckwear." Almost any color is correct which is becoming to a man. Brown, green, and red go well with the modish brown lounge suits, and purple is always assured of a certain measure of vogue.

WYCKOFF.—We can not undertake to recommend tailors and haberdashers in these columns, nor, as we have often said, to give an opinion as to relative merits of different brands of manufactured goods.

H. B. B.—At a morning wedding the bridegroom wears a frock coat, white waistcoat, gray striped trousers, white shirt, white or gray Ascot cravat, gray suede gloves, and patent-leather shoes, and carries a silk hat. Only the silk hat can properly accompany the frock coat. The bridegroom usually gives the bride some gold or jeweled trinket for a wedding present, such as a comb, dressing table set, pearl breastpin, and the like.

PERRY.—Shoes should be kept well cleaned, but it is not in good taste to have them brilliantly shined. Wash them once a week with warm, soapy water and wipe with a sponge not too wet, following this with a soft cloth. Let them dry in a draught, not before a fire. Then rub a little oil thoroughly into the leather and have them well, but not glitteringly, polished.

BROSIOUS.—If a man is married in the evening (about or after six o'clock), he wears the swallowtail suit and its accessories. This is always black. The shirt, tie, and gloves are white.

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It's the AutoStop "against the field"—against all "Theory Razors."

Now observe the illustrations:—

—the triple Silver-plated AutoStop Safety Razor—Simple—Complete—Perfect—Built for Service.
—the Plan of Stropping or Cleaning WITHOUT REMOVING BLADE OR ANY PART—Isn't it Simple and Isn't it a Supreme Solution of ALL the Safety Razor trouble.
—the handsome compact little leather case 2½x3 inches including strop and 12 certified blades. An ingenious outfit. Thus the AutoStop is the Simplest of all Safety Razors and plainly the Best of any.

CONVINCE YOURSELF of this and you can do it in five minutes if you read

"Common Sense About Shaving"—FREE

This Book not only states facts but it tells the truth concerning Razors and Shaving also fully explains why you can pin faith always in the AutoStop Safety Razor.

It behooves you to write today if you wish to secure an early copy of this FREE edition. Your name and address on a postal will do if you mail it NOW. Write the postal before you lay this publication aside.

The AutoStop Safety Razor with complete outfit exactly as described in the illustration will be sent you (charges prepaid) if you will remit the price \$5.00. OR, if you prefer to tell us your dealer's name (Cutlery, Drug, Haberdasher or General Store) we will send it through him.

In either event if for any reason you wish to return it after THIRTY DAYS TRIAL—your money will be refunded AT ONCE.

AutoStop Safety Razor Co., Dept. 61
Now at 341 to 347 Fifth Ave., New York City

Opposite Waldorf-Astoria Hotel.

BANK REFERENCE: The Colonial Trust Co. New York.

DEALERS We have a special proposition to offer the first dealer who writes from each section. Direct orders are now coming in by thousands. You should and could be taking your share of profit from these.

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RAZOR—12 Blades and Strop



In Leather Case.

Size 2½x3 in.

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It's a good move to wear Brightons. If you want to know how much comfort can be obtained for a quarter get a pair from your furnisher to-day.

PIONEER SUSPENDER CO.,
Makers of



Patented flat clasp; pure silk web; metal parts are heavy nickel-plated brass. At your dealer's or sent postpaid upon receipt of price. Get a pair on. 718 Market Street, Philadelphia. Pioneer Suspenders.

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Principal and Interest Guaranteed.

The 10 year gold coupon Bonds of the Underwriters Realty & Title Co. are secured by the finest

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They bear 7% interest payable quarterly by coupon at the Second National Bank, N. Y.

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All makes—good as new, biggest bargains ever offered. Machines shipped on approval for trial. We rent all makes at \$3.00 per month and allow rent on price. Remingtons \$20 to \$60, Smith Premiers \$25 to \$50, Oliverts \$35 to \$50, others \$15 to \$30. Send for Catalog, Special Flyer and Terms. ROCKWELL-BARNES CO., 506 Baldwin Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

\$150. MONTHLY PROFIT E. B. Roberts, Berkshire Co., Mass., makes selling Electric Combs, you can make it. DR. S. HULL, 1481 Penn Ave., Pittsburg, Pa.

PATENTS FRANKLIN H. HOUGH, Washington, D. C. No attorney's fee until patent is allowed. Write for Inventor's Guide.

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President Suspenders

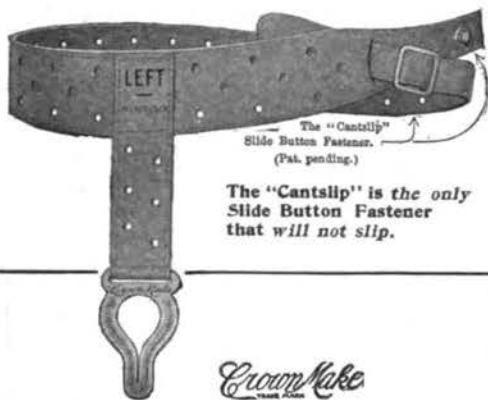
When you asked for PRESIDENTS you probably were side-tracked by some man behind a counter who "knew" what you wanted better than you. It's better late than never. Don't be side-tracked again. Judge for yourself. Put on a pair; you'll know in a minute if PRESIDENTS are all we claim. If you don't like PRESIDENTS take them off and buy others. Any dealer will allow a try-on.



50¢
a pair
None
so
easy

Raise one shoulder, bend, lift or reach & the back slides smoothly & quickly. No strain, no pulling. PRESIDENTS rest so lightly you can't feel them.
PRESIDENTS are the easiest strong & strongest easy suspenders, & every pair bears our guarantee to make right anything that goes wrong.
Light, Medium & Heavy weights. Extra Long for big men. Special size for Youths & Boys.
If you can't get PRESIDENTS in your city, buy of us. After 3 days' wear if unsatisfactory return for your money.

The C. A. Edgarton Mfg. Co., 557 Main St., Shirley, Mass.



The "Cantslip" is the only Slide Button Fastener that will not slip.

Crown Make

Perforated Leather Garters.

(Patented April 23d, 1907.)

are the only Leather Garters that are positively PERSPIRATION AND ODOR-PROOF.

By being perforated the pores of the skin are open to air ventilation. The skin must breathe, otherwise the body cannot be in a healthy condition. Leather absorbs perspiration which leaves a disagreeable odor. Our Leather Garters are

LINED WITH A FABRIC

treated by a special process. This fabric is positively perspiration and odor-proof.

THE "CANTSLIP" SLIDE BUTTON FASTENER gives three inches latitude in adjusting. Garters are easy on and off; made in three sizes: small, medium and large, to retail at 50 Cents and \$1.00 a pair. If your dealer can't supply you, we will, on receipt of price. Measure just below the knee to find size required.

CROWN SUSPENDER COMPANY
848 Broadway NEW YORK
Write for Illustrated and Descriptive Booklet and Folders.

Not a Hole to Darn

We
Guarantee
Your Sox 6 Months

If you find one hole during that time we give you a new pair.

THIS IS TO CERTIFY that we will send you a new pair free for every pair of Washington Guaranteed Sox in which a hole is worn in six months' time. This GUARANTEE is made by the Washington Mail Order Company of Chicago and is therefore as good as a bond. We treat every customer in good faith—ask no questions—do no quibbling—simply send a new pair free. We could not afford to make this offer if we did not feel sure of our Washington Guaranteed Sox. Price, per box of six pair, \$1.50.

In ordering be careful to state size and color wanted. Send money at our risk.

Send for our FREE CATALOGUE, 183 B.

Contains 80 pages handsomely illustrated with 16 color pages, describing every conceivable article of men's wear.



WASHINGTON
MAIL ORDER CO.

Controllers of the Washington
Shirt Co., Complete Outfitters to
His Majesty, The American Citizen.
175 Adams Street, Chicago.

H. J. C.—A straw hat is quite correct with the Tuxedo suit in summer. The braid should be what is called "Split," meaning a light, finely woven straw, instead of "Sennit," meaning a coarse straw.

* * *

Y. M. C. A.—Fancy handkerchiefs are greatly in vogue, especially in colors to harmonize with the shirt. The linen handkerchief is preferred to the silk-and-linen mixture. Silk handkerchiefs are not incorrect with evening clothes, but linen is simpler and less "fussy." The white evening waistcoat may be silk, linen, or cotton, plain or figured.

* * *

TOURIST.—The less baggage you carry, the less trouble you will have. Seasoned travelers take with them the fewest pieces that they can get along with. The baggage problem is the most vexing of all when on a trip, as every man who has tried to sort out and identify his belongings from the staggering pyramids at railway stations and steamship docks will affirm. Minimize your baggage, and you multiply your peace of mind.

* * *

X.—Pumps have gained some measure of vogue among young men to accompany the Tuxedo. They should be of dull calfskin, rather than patent leather, which belongs more properly with ceremonious or dancing clothes. The correct pump is fashioned of a very soft ooze leather, and has a large, flat, silk bow over the instep. Inasmuch as the pump should, above all, feel comfortable, to be of any use at all, it must conform to the shape of the foot. Toothpick pumps are an abomination. Of course, the ordinary low-cut shoe is quite as correct as the pump, which I mention particularly because its vogue for wear with the Tuxedo is recent. High-cut, buttoned, patent-leather shoes should be reserved to go with the "swallowtail."

The derby or the black soft hat is proper with the Tuxedo, never the "Opera." We have frequently pointed out the absurdity of wearing a high hat with a short coat. This practice is somewhat prevalent among many men who should know better. As to gloves, tan cape or gray suede is most countenanced. For my part, I think that a gray silk glove does not go at all ill with the Tuxedo suit, and it is decidedly more appropriate than tan cape, which is a morning glove, gray suede, which is an afternoon glove, and a white kid, which should be reserved for the "swallowtail."

An Uncomfortable Nightgown

SHE had been visiting friends in Baltimore and, never having been to sea, determined to return home to Boston by water.

On the morning of the second day out, a friend observed that, when the indisposed one made her appearance on deck, she presented evidence of great fatigue.

"Did n't you sleep well?" asked the friend, alarmed at the other's appearance. "The sea has been perfectly calm."

"Sleep!" repeated the unhappy sufferer, "I did n't get a wink of sleep! I'm tired out. I shall never travel by water again."

"What causes this excessive fatigue?" asked the friend.

"Why, trying to sleep in that thing. I saw a card in the stateroom telling how to put on the life-preserver and I thought I understood the directions perfectly. But, I suppose I did n't, for I was frightfully conscious of it, all night."

Quieting the Baby

A NEW YORK scientist, the father of a large and growing family, has his troubles. One evening his youngest was holding forth in her best style. The mother could do nothing with the child, so the man of science went to the rescue.

"I think I can quiet little Flora," he said. "There's no use in humming to her in that silly way. What she wants is real music. The fact that I used to sing in the Glee Club at Yale, and sang well, too, may make a difference."

Accordingly, the professor took the child and, striding up and down the room, sang in his best manner. He had not finished the second verse of his song, when a ring was heard. The door was opened, and there stood a girl of fourteen, who said:

"I'm one of the family that's just moved into the flat next to yours. There's a sick person with us, and he says, if it's all the same to you, would you mind letting the baby cry instead of singing to it?"

He Wanted a New Meter

THE following letter was received by a gas company in one of the large cities:

Feb. 18,

Dir Sir Wil you Ples sand Amen tufix thy Gas in 3987 Bushwick av. in star ay nid a niw midar thy midar iz lacin Plis Sand Kwikest iu ken

Werry truly ior atansin.

What your Tailor?

TRADE MARK REGISTERED 1898

Ed. V. Price & Co. operate an establishment employing over a thousand people who makes suits, one at a time, each intended for some particular man.

All operations involved are manual in character, and embody all of the particular care given by individual tailors to single jobs.

When you wear clothes made for you by this organization, you secure all of the benefit made possible by its vast system of saving on cloths bought direct, and saving in workshop economy made possible by situation in one of the world's great labor markets and the use of modern labor-saving devices.

The final result is correct and right fitting clothes representing for from \$25 to \$55 per suit, a value impossible for the individual tailor to produce.

For from \$25 to \$55 we will make you such clothes.

We have a representative in your town, who will show you samples of 500 cloths from the world's best mills.

E. V. Price & Co.

Merchant Tailors, Price Building, Chicago



AT MOUNTAIN OR SHORE

you'll find

"B. & K." STRAW HATS

crowning the heads of the most discriminating dressers.

"B. & K." STRAWS

are the lightest, coolest, classiest and most comfortable Straw Hats ever fashioned.

Ask your dealer for

"The Straw Without a Flaw."

You'll find this die



in crown of Hat.

FREE Sixteen page Booklet A, illustrating and describing the straws of '07, sent on request.

BLUM & KOCH

84-90 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK.

ONE Dollar

will acquaint you with the only modern perfect system of caring for trousers. The Practical Trouser Press solves the problem for all time—a perfect device "so easy to use that it's quicker than carelessness."

Sold in single units of \$1.00 each delivered, express prepaid. Money refunded on request—postal brings illustrated descriptive circular.

PRACTICAL NOVELTY CO.,

423 Walnut Street,

Philadelphia, Pa.

Business established 1893.

PATENTS

PROTECT YOUR IDEAS
66-Page Guide Book Free.
Free search of Pat. Office Records!
E. E. VROOMAN, Box 87, Wash., D. C.

Your Opportunity Confronts You What Will You Do with It?

By
ORISON
SWETT
MARDEN



A CRUCIAL period comes into every normal life, the psychological moment which, if grasped, brings success. It comes to the young surgeon when, perhaps, after long waiting and years of drudgery, studying and experimenting, he is suddenly confronted with his first critical operation. An accident has happened and the great surgeon is absent. Life and death hang in the balance. Will he be equal to the emergency? If his knife slips but the thickness of a sheet of paper, it may cost a precious life. Only a hair's breadth separates life and death in his patient. Are his training and learning sufficient to make him equal to the occasion? If so, his reputation may be made. But if he has dawdled when he should have been studying, if he has idled away his precious hours at college, the opportunity will offer only danger to the patient and ruin to his reputation. Everything depends upon the accuracy of his knowledge.

An opportunity confronts a young lawyer. In a critical case, a fortune or a life may hang upon his skill, upon the faithfulness which he has put into his preparation. Will he be equal to the occasion? Has he laid a solid foundation? Is he well read in similar cases? Does he know all the precedents? Can he convince the jury? Will he drag into his brief and plea the wasted hours which he has put into his preparation, the neglected opportunities in his law study; or will he bring to bear a sharp, keen insight born of earnestness, exactitude, thoroughness, conscientiousness? His opportunity confronts him. What will he do with it?

Sir Astley Cooper, when a lad in England, happened to be present when a helpless crowd was watching an accident to a boy who had been run over by a carriage. No one seemed to know what to do. But young Cooper had been compelled to handle tools at home, to make the things he could not buy, and he was equal to the occasion, for he had developed skill. He took his handkerchief and stopped the flow of blood by pressure above the boy's wound. This led to his becoming the royal surgeon, and was the beginning of his famous career.

Every now and then a critical opportunity confronts a clerk in a store. A member of the firm has died or retired, or the firm changes hands, and they are looking for a partner, manager, or superintendent. This test will bring out what is in the clerk. Has he been watching the clock—stealing the time of his employer—doing dishonest work—putting in short hours of service all these years? Has he been indifferent, impudent, gruff, or curt to his customers, or has he been polite and obliging, kind, deferential, and accommodating? The opportunity confronts him. What will he do with it?

It confronts a reporter on a newspaper. The writer of the leading editorials is sick. Who shall take his place? Will it be the reporter who never gets the thing he is sent for, but brings back only excuses that he could not get at the man, that he was not approachable, or that nobody would tell him anything; or the one who is always "carrying the message to Garcia"?

So, in every avenue of life, great opportunities are constantly confronting us. Who are ready for them? Who will fill the positions? It is the prepared men, those who are equal to the places, who generally get them.

Be sure that your great opportunity will confront you. Are you prepared for it? Will you be equal to it? Have you laid your foundation deep and wide and strong? What will you do with your great opportunity when it comes?

The world is always looking for men, for leaders, for organizers. You may be sure there is a vacancy nearer to you than you dream, if you are ready for it, if you are equal to it. An accident on a railroad, sickness, death—any of the unexpected events of life—may open the door for you. Something is constantly happening to make vacancies. Are you prepared to

Surprisingly Good

for the price. Surprisingly cheap
for so good a revolver. The new

H&R Double Action Revolver

is a thoroughly well made, durable and serviceable arm. Light in weight, only ten ounces, and small in size, it is particularly adapted for those who desire a safe and efficient revolver at a moderate price. An ideal noise maker for the Glorious Fourth. Safe for a boy to handle and has none of the disadvantages of the dangerous toy pistol.

Specifications { 22 Caliber, Seven Shot, Rim Fire, Double Action; \$2.75
2 1/2" barrel, finest nickel finish.....
Also made with 4 1/2" and 6" barrel.

The celebrated H & R Hammerless Revolver..... \$6.50
For Sale by all dealers in Reliable Sporting Goods.

If your dealer does not have it, don't take any other make—we will deliver one on receipt of price.
Write for Catalog of Revolvers and Single Barrel Shot Guns.

HARRINGTON & RICHARDSON ARMS CO., 227 Park Ave., Worcester, Mass.



MODEL
1906

PRICE
\$2.75

H&R
Greatest
Revolver
Value for
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Be Your Own Boss!

MANY MAKE \$2,000.00 A YEAR.

You have the same chance. Start a Mail Order Business at home. We tell you how. Money coming in daily. Very good profits. Everything furnished. Write at once for our "Starter" and Free particulars. E. S. Krueger Co., 155 Washington St., Chicago.

SHORTHAND LEADS TO SUCCESS

Stenographers earn \$600 to \$2000 yearly; so can you. We teach you a practical system by mail at moderate cost. Why not prepare yourself for a good position? Send to-day for free booklet.

Trent Method, 23 Lewis St., Trenton, N. J.

What are You Worth From The NECK UP?

It is estimated that the average man is worth \$2.00 a day from the neck *down*—what is he worth from the neck *up*?

That depends entirely upon training. If you are trained so that you can plan and direct work you are worth ten times as much as the man who can work only under orders.

The International Correspondence Schools go to the man who is struggling along on small pay and say to him, "We will train you for promotion right where you are, or we will qualify you to take up a more congenial line of work at a much higher salary."

What the I. C. S. says it can do, it *will* do. It has already done it for others and will do it for *you*, if you only show the inclination.

Thousands of ambitious men, realizing this fact, have marked the I. C. S. coupon, and multiplied their wages many times.

During March, 403 students voluntarily reported an increase in salary and position as the direct result of I. C. S. training.

In this day of demand for leaders, a young man ought to be ashamed to be satisfied with small wages when he has the I. C. S. ready to qualify him for a higher salary.

Mark the coupon at once and mail it. You need not leave your present work, or your own home, while the I. C. S. prepares you to advance.

Back your *trained hand* with a *trained head*! It pays big. This coupon is for you. *Will you use it?*



International Correspondence Schools,

Box 1173, SCRANTON, PA.

Please explain, without further obligation on my part, how I can qualify for a larger salary in the position before which I have marked X

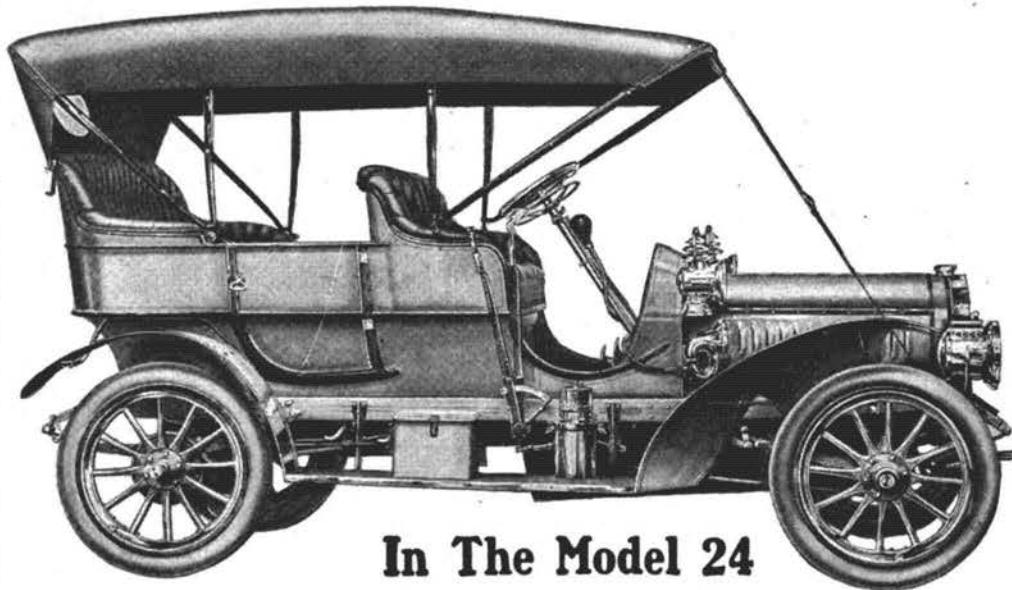
Bookkeeper	Mechanical Draftsman
Stenographer	Telephone Engineer
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Details Make The Car



In The Model 24

Rambler

is every feature that makes mechanical excellence and general attractiveness.

Constructive Details

Motor—four-cylinder verticle, $4\frac{1}{2}$ inch bore, $4\frac{1}{2}$ inch stroke that gives full 25-30 horse power at the road wheels.

Transmission—sliding gear of a special type in which all trouble in shifting gears is absolutely avoided.

Final drive—propeller shaft and bevel gears with floating type rear axle fitted with ball and roller bearings throughout. Wheel base—108 inches, wheels 34 inch with 4 inch tires.

All accessories, such as mechanical sight feed lubricator, circulating pump, ignition timer, etc., are of the latest and most approved types.

Equipment includes full cape top, five lamps, horn, tools, storage battery, etc.

Price, as above, \$2000.

Our catalogue, describing this and five other models—\$950 to \$2500—is at your service.

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Chicago, Milwaukee, Boston, Philadelphia, San Francisco.
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Thomas B. Jeffery & Company

Do You Want to Go to College?

If your answer to this question is "yes," we can help you. Our plan has already enabled hundreds who are willing to do a little work for us to realize their ambition for an education.

Your failure to secure a college training will compel you to go through life burdened with a powerful handicap, so do not let this opportunity pass by. Write us to-day for full information regarding our offer of a free scholarship in any school or college.

Success Bureau of Education, University Building, Washington Square, N. Y.



ROTUNDA, UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA.

grasp your opportunity? If you are not prepared, someone else will be chosen. You may wonder why you were not selected for promotion; but if you analyze your life, you will probably find many a good reason. Somebody in every institution is ready for the opportunity when it comes. Somebody will be equal to the crisis, because he has been fitting himself for it all his life. In writing every letter, in doing every errand, in selling every yard of cloth, in teaching every pupil, in writing every brief, in making every speech, he has had the possible vacancy, the awaited opportunity, in constant view.

It is interesting to note the different attitudes of men when an opportunity confronts them. Some men, who have waited for years for a particular chance, seem to be paralyzed when it appears. They did not expect it to look just that way. They are not quite ready for it. They might be to-morrow, or next week, but not to-day. By that time the opportunity has gone by. It does not look quite as attractive when close to them as it did in the distance, and it will look more attractive to-morrow, when it is beyond reach. Some characters are unnerved when they face their opportunity. Others are in doubt as to whether or not it is the opportunity they have been seeking; and while they are waiting, doubting, it has slipped away from them. Some men are nerved the moment their great opportunity confronts them. It is to them a tonic, a stimulant, which calls out power they did not dream they possessed before, and the greater the obstacles in their way the stronger they feel. The very sight of the chance which they have longed for seems to brace up all their faculties, buttress their ability, and call out all their reserve power, and they go into the battle like giants.

I always feel anxious for a young man when I see him facing the great crisis of his life, a powerful emergency which will make or break him; and I ask myself the questions: what will he do with it—what will he make of it? Will it bring out the man in him? Will it call out his latent forces, backed up by all the energies he can muster? Will he conquer it, or will it conquer him? If it conquers him, if he has not the courage, grit, and persistence to cut his way through it, he will lose something of power, of energy, of ambition; he will never be quite so strong again for another emergency. He will be like an eagle with his wings clipped, conscious of power which he is unable to use. He will have the sense of humiliation at being conquered, and of fearing that it will happen again.

During the month of June, thousands of young men and young women graduates full of ambition and hope, full of expectancy, will go out from the schools, the colleges, and the universities, with their diplomas, to face for the first time the practical world.

On every side it will be dinned into your ears that the great trusts are swallowing up all the good opportunities; that the chances in business for those without capital have gone by. But you must not heed this parrot cry. There never was a time in all history when the call for the man who is prepared was so loud as now. But the call is for a larger, completer man—a man who can do things, a man with a finer training, a man who has not skimped or tried to economize on his foundation.

It does not matter how many great combinations of capital there are; the opportunity is greater than ever before, but the opportunity is for the skilled man, the trained man, the specialist, the man who is king in his line, the man whose mind is so trained and disciplined that he can bring the whole of himself with power and vigor to his life-work.

The world is all gates, all opportunities to him who can make use of them; and power and fortune are all about us, awaiting the eye that can see, the ear that can hear, the hand that can achieve.

Your future, fortunate graduate, like a great block of pure white marble, stands untouched before you. You hold the chisel and mallet—your ability, your education—in your hands. There is something in the block for you, and it lives in your ideal. Shall it be angel or devil? What are your ideals, as you stand tip-toe on the threshold of active life? Will you smite the block and shatter it into an unshapely or hideous piece; or will you call out a statue of usefulness, of grace and beauty, a statue which will tell the unborn generations the story of a noble life?

Worry and fret are fatal to the integrity of nerve and brain. Fear can sting like a scorpion and torment like a scourge.

"No life is successful," says Lillian Whiting, "until it is radiant. A man has no more right to go about unhappy than he has to go about ill-bred."

"Men become false," says Charles Kingsley, "if they live with liars; cynics, if they live with scorners; mean, if they live with the covetors; affected, if they live with the affected. They actually catch the expression of each others faces."

An Overmastering Purpose

By ORISON SWETT MARDEN

[Concluded from page 402]

but he postpones. Finally the images grow dimmer and dimmer, and at last fade away and the vision is lost forever.

There is a reason for all this. Why do we have these strong, vigorous impulses, these divine visions of splendid possibilities? Why do they come to us with such rapidity and vigor, such vividness and suddenness?

It is because it is intended that we should use them while fresh, execute them while the inclination is hot. Our ideas, our visions are like the manna of the wilderness, which the Israelites were obliged to gather fresh every day. If they undertook to hoard it, it became stale, the nourishment evaporated, the life went out of it. They could not use old manna.

There is something about allowing a strong resolution to evaporate without executing it that has a deteriorating influence upon the character. It is the execution of a plan that makes stamina. Almost anybody can resolve to do a great thing.

If we could only make our biggest moments permanent, what splendid things we would do in life, and what magnificent beings we should become; but we let our resolutions cool, our visions fade until it is more convenient to execute them, and they are gone.

There is no easier way in which one can hypnotize or deceive himself than by thinking that because he is always making great resolutions he is doing something worth while or carrying them out.

I know a man who would feel insulted if any one were to intimate that he had not been a hard worker, and had not accomplished a great deal in life, and yet, although he is an able man, his whole life has been spent in jumping out of one thing and into another so quickly that one could scarcely see the change. Yet every time you see him he carries his head high, he is as enthusiastic and optimistic as though his whole life had been one triumphant march. His enthusiasm is intense—but it fades away just as quickly as it came. The very fact that he always lives in the clouds, is always dreaming of the great things he is going to do, seems to convince him that he actually does them. But he never stays at one thing long enough to reach effectiveness. His whole life has been spent in starting things brilliantly and enthusiastically; few men have ever begun so many things as he, or completed so few.

The putting-off habit will kill the strongest initiative. Too much caution and lack of confidence are fatal enemies of initiative. How much easier it is to do a thing when the purpose impels us, when enthusiasm carries us along, than when everything drags in the postponement! One is drudgery, the other delight.

Hungering and striving after knowledge is what makes a scholar; hungering and striving after virtue is what makes a saint; hungering and striving after noble action is what makes a hero and a man. The great successes we see everywhere are but the realization of an intense longing, a concentrated effort. Everybody is gravitating toward his aim just in proportion to the power and intensity of his desire, and his struggle to realize it.

One merely "desires" to do this or that, or "wishes" he could, or "would be glad" if he could. Another knows perfectly well that, if he lives, he is going to do the thing he sets his heart on if it is within the limits of human possibility. We do not hear him whining because nobody will pay his way to college. He does not say he "wishes" he could go. He says, "I am going to prepare myself for a great life-work. I have faith in my future. I have made a vow to myself to succeed, and I am going to do so on a broad-gauge plan. I am not going to start out half equipped, half fitted."

When you find a boy who resolves within himself that, come what will, he is going to do the thing he sets his heart on, and that there are no "ifs" or "buts" or "ands" about it, you may be sure he is made of winning stuff.

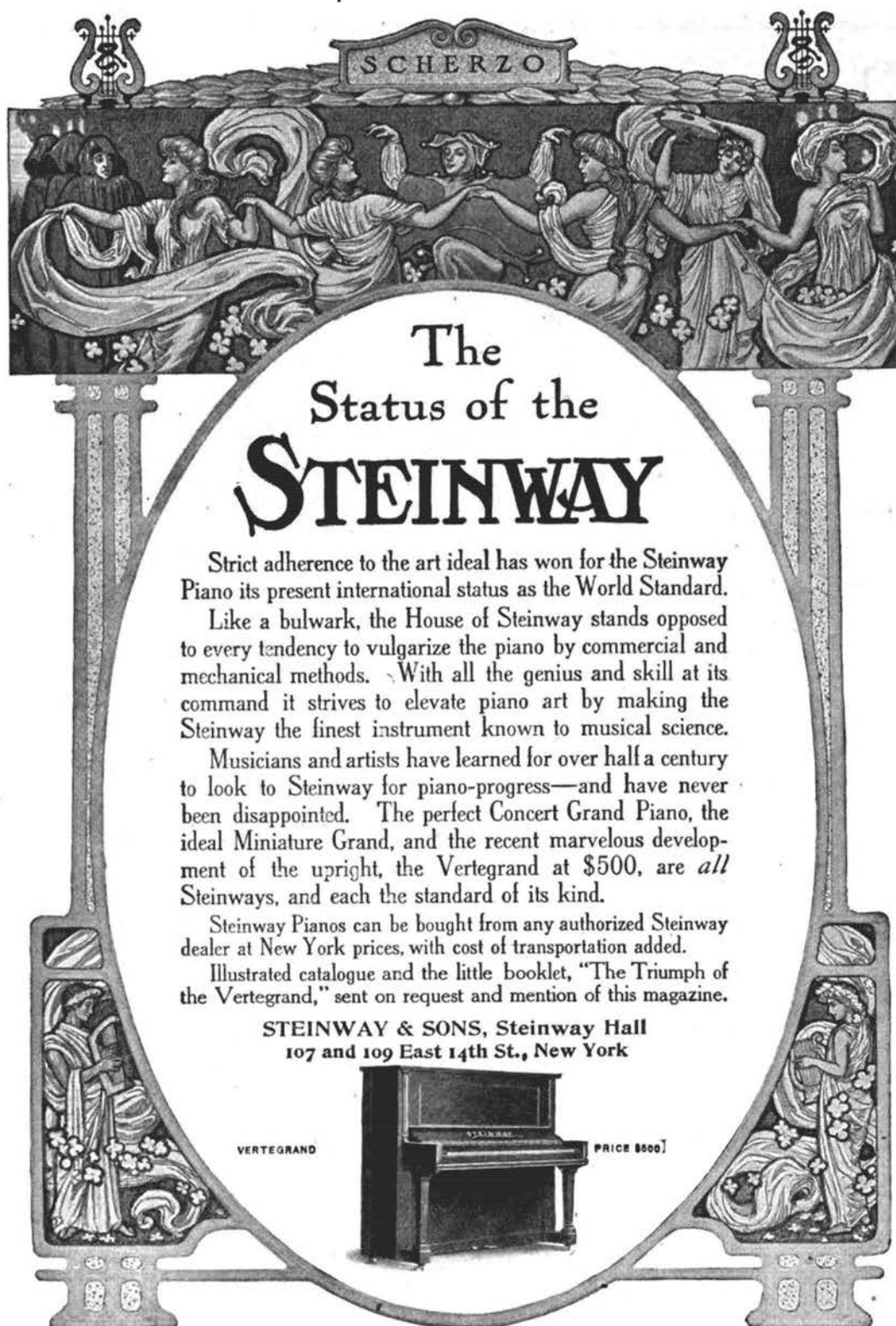
How do you approach a difficulty? Do you hesitate before it, dread it, postpone it, dawdle over it? Are you afraid of it? Do you go to it with an apologetic, doubtful, "Will do it if I can," or "Will try" attitude? Or do you approach it with an unflinching determination, and the consciousness of mastery?

A great aim is a powerful protection to a youth. It frees him from multitudes of temptations which otherwise would be likely to sweep him into the vice current.

A man with an overmastering purpose is a great elevating, energizing power in a community. People know better than to try to waste his time or trifle with him. His projectile force shows them that he is dead in earnest, that he has an object in life, and that he proposes to gain it. His face is set like a flint toward his aim. Obstacles melt before such a purpose.

The power of a mighty purpose to clear up a cloudy, misty life, to scatter the fogs, and to open up a way when there seems to be none, is a daily miracle. We see it illustrated everywhere.

There is something about steadiness of purpose, about sticking to one's aim, and working by a fixed programme, that steadies all the forces of one's character and buttresses the power to achieve.



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The World of Out-the-Window

[Concluded from page 404]

I shall not soon forget the look of amazement in the boy's eyes. This is not the way in which a world, more or less absurdly circumscribed, is wont to treat so portentous a subject as "running away." As for me, I was wondering from what on earth they could have been running away. From a home of luxury I had no doubt, but why? I scanned Pelleas's face, sheathed in the collar of his great fur coat, and drew my sabres about the little maid. From a home of luxury—but why?

It required no small persuading to win their confidence, for they were as chary as Pelleas and I would be of confiding their tissue fancies to a world of sharp-edged facts. But with a little questioning and a little silence we finally had the truth.

"We wanted to go ever so far off, sir," the boy said simply, "and see things."

"Ever so far off?" Pelleas repeated; and he and I changed eyes almost fearfully.

"Don't you know how they tell you that everything splendid happens ever so far off?" the boy went on. "They tell us 'bout woods and soldiers an' castles an' robbers, an' when we say 'But where?' they always say, 'Oh, a long ways off,' an' 'Oh, way over there.' I thought I'd go an' see when I got a good chance. Rosemary—she's a girl, but she kind of wanted to go too. We ran away ever so long ago—right after lunch. Rosemary, she got pretty tired. I guess it's a long way. An' then we found this bird, an' we had to bring it back. Poor little fellow was half froze, an' some big old bird had gone an' hurt its neck."

"Ah, then," I said with a certain breathlessness, "you gave it up—you gave up going 'ever so far off'?"

The boy looked at me with clear, untroubled eyes.

"Oh, no," he said confidently, "we'll go some day. It'll always be there, you know, just the same—won't it?" he asked in some alarm.

"Oh, always and always," Pelleas and I assured him.

The little maid stirred in my arm.

"We wanted to go," she explained, "an' then we wanted to come back—with that birdie."

So they too had sought the land of promise, and had turned back for the more excellent task. They too longed for the land of Far-away. It was almost as if in these two we had met ourselves in the wood. It was almost as if we had chanced upon the secret of many hearts. As for me, I found the eyes of Pelleas for one brief look of our understanding; and then I caught the little maid close to me so that she looked up marveling and, I think, marveled still more at my tears. And then I took the little gray bird and busied myself with that, but I think that I heard Pelleas, his voice in exquisite tenderness, trying to tell our little friends how, though they might have lost the magic of "Ever so far off," they had found a greater magic in their need to care for that little feathered thing. But this we do not think that they can have understood, since I fancy that even the elder world will always find it most difficult.

At the gate of our park we stepped down, and the boy pointed eagerly along the slope of the valley.

"There's home," he told us.

And Pelleas and I saw, austere in the white trees, unblending with the wood, that grim stone house of the northeast, wrapped in its fancied chill and secrecy, toward which we had lately looked in distaste. But now the sun was glittering on its many windows, and touching its towers to meaning, so that it appeared like some house of the Fortunate Islands and of ways delectable and all enchantment. And toward it



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in a cloud of vagrant snow dust glittering in the dying gold the children were caught away in the Coach of Bells.

At dark, Pelleas and I lingered in the library before the window that looked toward the South and West. Pelleas touched open the casement, and the unseen butterflies of the frost came fluttering in our faces, and in the light that streamed from the room the snowdrops faintly sparkled.

"Pelleas," I said, "I don't see the road—our road."

We looked; and whether in the dark of the trees we might not discern it, or whether it was indeed a magic way which had closed with our returning, we could divine no beckoning road.

"It is as well," Pelleas said. "We followed South and West, but our blessing came from North and East, with the children."

"But," I asked lingering—because I liked well the thought—"will there be no land of South and West and Upward and Far-away, Pelleas—where it will all be different and like the very heart of the outdoors to those who find that out?"

"I dare say," he answered, "that to some world of North and East we are the world of South and West and Upward and Far-away." And for us both it was one of those rare moments when the meaning of the outdoors seems to lie within the heart, if only one could read there.

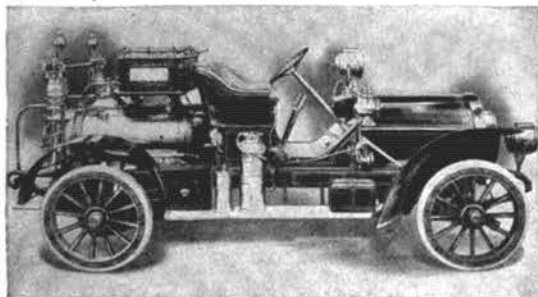
No matter—no matter if the magic road was lost.

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THE possibilities of motor-driven vehicles, as an advantageous substitute for horse-drawn vehicles in the police and fire service of the larger cities of the country, has been a subject of increasing interest, as manufacturers of such types have continued to improve their product. At the recent Chicago Automobile Show, there was exhibited a Knox chemical fire engine that elicited most favorable comment from fire department officials of Chicago and other western cities. The equipment consists of two 35 gallon Halloway style chemical engine tanks of solid copper, with all up-to-date features of operation, and 200 feet of chemical hose, together with all ordinary and auxiliary tools and appliances carried on the horse-drawn engine. Within ten seconds from the dumping of the acid jar, by reversing the lever on the dome, 130 pounds' pressure is generated.



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Christian Science Not a Theory, But a Fact

By WILLIAM G. EWING

[Concluded from page 406]

Christian Scientists are confronted with, almost everywhere, namely: "Why should the prayers of Christian Scientists for the healing of the sick be answered, and the prayers of that countless multitude of other Christian believers apparently fail?" God forbid that I should presume to judge in such a matter. However, a very similar question from an exalted source was once put to the Master. It is recorded that, on one occasion, a certain man took his lunatic son to the disciples of Jesus to be healed, and they could not cure him. The father then appealed to Jesus for help, and the child was immediately made whole. Whereupon the disciples went to Jesus and inquired why they could not accomplish that cure, and were answered: "Because of your *unbelief*: for verily I say unto you, If ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed, ye shall say unto this mountain, Remove hence to yonder place; and it shall remove; and nothing shall be impossible unto you" (St. Matt., xvii., 20). Clearly Jesus in these words refers to belief (as he does everywhere when speaking of it as a saving grace) as *trust*, *reliance*, "For verily I say unto you, If ye have faith," etc. Belief in God that falls short of *reliance* upon God, always fails in the hour of need. Mere intellectual belief in God is, to your *faith* in God, as what you *say* you believe is to what you *really* believe; what you *say* you believe is measured by your simple declaration; what you *really* believe is measured by what you *do*; for what you *really* believe, you do, always do, not as a matter of preference, but per necessity. If you say that you believe that God is the "great physician who heals all our diseases," and go any other where than to God for health and strength, no one in the world will believe your declaration; whereas, if you go confidently to God for relief from all your ills, you may go as noiselessly as the snowflakes fall, go with sealed lips, and you, yourself, and all your neighbors as well, will know that you *really* believe in God, because the act of reliance is proof conclusive of belief.

There is, however, a line of quite human reasoning that may throw some light upon the failure of the old churches to accomplish the whole command of Jesus to preach the gospel *and* heal the sick. It lies in the central idea, the basic principle of their Christian belief, *viz*: their concept of God. Their belief is that sickness, sorrow, and death are within the compass of the divine economy; that, for some wise though inscrutable purpose, sickness, deformity, and death are visitations of the Almighty upon His children; and, therefore, logically they cannot hopefully go to God for relief from afflictions which they believe His own hand hath wrought; because these afflictions in their thought are not the result of any oversight or lack of sight in the Almighty, but are by infinite design, for an infinitely wise purpose, and must continue until the purpose is accomplished.

It seems a little incongruous that persons who believe the ills of humanity are the direct afflictions of God, for a purpose as wise as it is inscrutable, may innocently enter into a compact with learned men and noxious herbs to balk the divine purpose. It is reasonable to say that whoever seeks the ear of God with a petition for help must come as a confiding child to a tender, beneficent father, who loves him and whose love should beget love; and yet, through all the centuries, professed believers in God have charged Him with cruelties and crimes, any one of which no man in Christendom could commit to-day and keep outside of prison walls. The Christian Science concept of God is vastly different, although drawn from the same revelation, the same great Exemplar. The Christian Scientist sees



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God as infinite, spiritual Intelligence; the center and circumference of all life, truth, love; the only Creator, who pronounced good all that he made. The Christian Scientist does not believe that God makes men sick or lame or blind, nor that He comes to your home in the darkness of the night and shuts the eyes and seals the lips of the sweetest and tenderest thing that binds you to earth, and hides it away in the ground; his concept of God is that he is the embodiment of all good whom he may confidently approach, *knowing* that, whatsoever he asks, believing, he shall receive.

In "Miscellaneous Writings," page 365, Mrs. Eddy says: "If Christian Science lacked the proof of its goodness and utility, it would destroy itself; for it rests alone on demonstration. Its genius is right thinking and right acting, physical and moral harmony; and the secret of its success lies in supplying the universal need of better health and better men."

I trust I have in some degree, at least, made it clear that Christian Science is an evangel of good, and, just to the extent I have succeeded in doing so, I have demonstrated that it is the inspiration of God, and has brought to mankind more peace, joy, hope, and love, than the world has known since Jesus went out of it; and this is the gift to humanity of Mrs. Eddy, a great American woman, whose heart is a passion flower, bearing within it the crown of thorns and the cross of Christ.

Modern Flat Renting

THE young man of the careworn look admitted that he had children. The real estate agent frowned and shook his head ominously.

"We are very particular in regard to those apartments," he said, at length, "and if you have children, I'm afraid I cannot let you have the lease."

The young man of the careworn look heaved a sigh. "I am very sorry," he said meekly, "It seems somewhat hard that a man should be made to suffer for what is no fault of his own, but, I suppose, it can't be helped."

The agent looked surprised.

"You see," the young man went on, "I was n't given a fair chance, for I was never told in my younger days that it was wrong to bring up a family, or that there was any penalty attached. I assumed that it was all perfectly natural and proper, but I suppose the enormity of the offense is fully explained in all the schools now."

"Really—" began the agent.

"Then I had a very bad example set me right in my own family," interrupted the young man of the careworn look, "for my parents were in the habit of having children. It seems remarkable, does n't it, but it's a fact. And they were held to be very estimable people, too. I was taught to revere them, and naturally I fell into the error of assuming that there was nothing unlawful or opposed to public policy about it, and so I married, and now find myself in such disrepute that I can't get the kind of apartment I want. And all despite the fact that no less a personage than President Roosevelt himself has declared against 'no children.'"

"I suppose it's all right," he continued, "even if our President says it is n't; but you must admit, my dear sir, that it seems rather hard on a man who has always aimed to be a good citizen."

"Well, you—"

"Now, that I think of it," suddenly broke in the young man of the careworn look, "Your own parents were guilty of the same offense. I do not see how you can successfully deny it. Now, I would like to ask you if you think it is fair for a man to expect his tenants to be more acceptable than his parents?"

"I was about to say, when you interrupted me," returned the agent, when at last he got the opportunity, "that under the extenuating circumstances detailed by you, I am prepared to suspend the rule regarding children, and let you have the flat."

Getting at the Root

WHILE visiting the South, recently, a traveler chanced upon a resident of a sleepy hamlet in Alabama.

"Are you a native of this town?" asked the traveler.

"Am I a what?" languidly asked the one addressed.

"Are you a native of the town?"

"What's that?"

"I asked you whether you were a native of the place?"

At this juncture there appeared at the open door of the cabin the man's wife, tall, sallow, and gaunt. After a careful survey of the questioner, she said:

"Ain't you got no sense, Bill? He means was yo' livin' heah when you was born, or was yo' born before yo' begun livin' heah. Now answer him."

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A Corner for Laughs

Humors of War

DURING the Civil War the commander of a marching detachment looked along his line, scowled at its irregularity, then shouted aloud: "Close up! Close up, you fellows! Why, if the enemy were to fire on us now they could n't hit a d— one of you." Another commander, while a battle was in progress, came upon a straggler, who was running away with tears streaming down his cheeks. "My man, don't be a baby!" the general remonstrated, thinking to shame the renegade. "Boo-hoo! Wisht I was a baby—and a gal-baby at that," was the answer that showed him the case was



hopeless. That is less humanly amusing than the answer of a guileless lieutenant who, with half a company, had been captured and paroled by the ubiquitous John Morgan. Upon reaching Federal territory, the lieutenant made haste to report to the nearest post commander, who, after duly welcoming the newcomer, said: "Tell me how all this happened. Were you surprised?" "Surprised! A heap worse'n that. I tell you, I was plum astonished to see them gray fellers. I was, fer a fact, Colonel," the lieutenant answered, with the air of one who fully covers the case.

Forgetting Something

WHEN the train that conveyed President Roosevelt through Virginia on his last trip south stopped at Charlottesville, a negro approached the President's car and passed aboard a big basket of fine fruit, to which was attached the card of a prominent grower.

In course of time the orchardist received a letter of acknowledgment from the White House expressing the President's appreciation of the gift, and complimenting the donor upon his fruit. The recipient of the letter was, of course, greatly pleased, and feeling sure that his head gardner would be much interested in the letter, he read it to him. The darky who served in the capacity mentioned listened gravely, but his only comment was:

"He doan' say nuthin' 'bout sendin' back de basket, do he?"

Greater than the Nation

THERE is a certain Congressman who, whatever authority he may hold in the councils of state, is of comparatively minor importance in his own household. Indeed, it has been unkindly intimated that his wife is "the whole thing" in their establishment.

Representative and Mrs. Blank had been to Baltimore one afternoon. When they left the train at Washington, on their return, Mrs. Blank discovered that her umbrella, which had been intrusted to the care of her husband, was missing.

"Where's my umbrella?" she demanded.

"I'm afraid I've forgotten it, my dear," meekly answered the Congressman. "It must still be in the train."

"In the train!" snorted the lady. "And to think that the affairs of the nation are intrusted to a man who does n't know enough to take care of a woman's umbrella!"

He Saw the Beginning

A FRIEND of the family had been summoned to testify, much against his will, as to certain domestic disturbances in a Chicago household.

"You saw these blows administered?" asked counsel.

"Yes, sir," replied the witness.

"Did you witness the beginning of the quarrel between Mr. and Mrs. Dash?"

"I did."

"When was it?"

"Six years ago."

"Six years ago! How is that possible?"

"I was a guest at their wedding," said the witness.

Two Aspirants

By ALVAH MILTON KERR

[Continued from page 397]

sad and taciturn, drilled on without noticing him. "Th' banker an' th' shaved heads was too much for him; sure, they upsit th' poor boy's apple-cart. He ought t' have opened a booze shop, as I told him," continued Burns.

"Shut up!" was all that Mason said.

As time dragged on Eric's mind grew venomous. Two things he knew how to do, to make brooms and drill in the quarry. There was no work of the former sort to be had in the region, to go back to the ledges and slave for the benefit of the man who had trampled him down—he would starve first! But there were Inga and the children; not to earn bread for them seemed sheer crime to Eric. He went, finally, to the quarry and asked for work; his old position was occupied, they had not, for the present, need of more men. He returned home and brooded. Winter had begun, and one day a sad exhibition of lunacy got itself written of zestfully in the printshops of Brackford. A herculean Norwegian had entered the Hearthstone Savings Bank, and, thrusting a huge fist through the pay window with such violence as to throw the teller backwards, had grasped two packages of money and made off at a wild pace. Later in the day he had been captured; though unarmed, he had fought like a grizzly, but had been finally beaten into insensibility and hauled to jail. The two packages of bank notes, each containing five hundred dollars, had not been recovered. Obviously the criminal had pushed them under the sidewalk or into a hole somewhere. The desperado had been a quarryman, later he had become bankrupt in attempting to start a farcical little factory in the city. It was learned that the man and his family were in straits; charitably the man's act looked like aberration; nevertheless the crime was a shocking one.

Three months later Eric Stromm found himself in the penitentiary; an armed guard stood over him, and he labored at broom-making for Eaton Hayne, without wages! In stripes and with close-cropped hair, he served the Greater Aspirant! He looked at the walls sealing him in, the stones of which he had helped to quarry, and indeed the situation as a piece of irony seemed deep and damnable. He had been a very large fool, no doubt, but the fact did not help him from bitterness. Six years of incarceration, at the very best, lay before him.

It would hardly be decent writing, or fair to Eric, to chronicle the monstrous reflections that beset him during those slow-moving seasons. When he should go forth from these awful walls a freeman again, the world would speedily miss a very esteemed citizen and financier. If Eaton Hayne would but sometime come near him in the boom department, would ever do more than plant his handsome person in the door and run his searching eyes over the toiling wretches—then the sweep of a broom-knife or the crash of a hammer might even the account. But the prayed-for opportunity never came; Eaton Hayne was busy with his own crimes and charities and acquisitions. If Eric Stromm was mad for revenge, Eaton Hayne was mad for wealth and power.

Inga Stromm, with the children, made her way to Chicago and found work in an overall factory. Her life was little less cruel than Eric's. The husband, while he was yet in the city jail, had tried to tell her where the stolen money might be found. She would have none of it, she told him; his crime filled her with amazement and horror.

To Eric the years were infinitely slow in dying, to the banker of Brackford they went in smiling activity. Wider and deeper he pushed his projects, yet daily and hourly he walked a path above a precipice, always a sword hung above him, held as by a strand of cobweb. Still, he seemed a very prince of urbanity, existence in

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his sumptuous mansion out on Terrace Hill danced as to perpetual music; there his wife and two beautiful daughters "lay in the roses and lilies of life," unaware of the sword and the precipice. In the sixth year after the daft fool thrust his fist through the pay window of the Hearthstone Savings Bank, the cobweb parted and the descending blade laid open the Greater Aspirant's brain to the inspection of mankind. What was seen there shook a righteous world with horror.

At first the "discovery" was mentioned in the prints of Brackford guardedly, then more openly, then flaringly and wildly. Eaton Hayne, the man with a halo, was a monster! The parting of the cobweb consisted in the fact that, at last, the Greater Aspirant had failed to elect himself custodian of the city's school fund. Then the fact was uncovered that during the eighteen years of his dictation and guardianship he had appropriated two hundred and twenty thousand dollars of the public's money, drawn on forged vouchers! Hundreds of teachers without mortal existence had, according to the pay rolls, taught in the Brackford schools during those years. There had always been a school finance committee, but it had, also, always accepted the great man's annual statement without suspicion. Never once, so blinding was the light of his towering respectability, had the treasurer's accounts been audited!

That was the fall of the sword; the precipice yawned and received Eaton Hayne when, by reason of the discovery of his school-fund thefts, he could no longer dazzle and command the loan committee of the Hearthstone Savings Bank. As president of the institution and chairman of the committee on loans—a committee consisting of himself and two of the least independent members of the board of directors—the Greater Aspirant had nursed his aspirations in a fashion prodigal beyond belief. He had taken to himself on forged notes over a million dollars of the depositors' money. Much of this large sum had been lost in recent speculation. The State's bank examiner had, from time to time, looked upon certain packages of spurious notes, proffered by Eaton Hayne, as *bona fide* collateral, the board of directors had accepted without question the great and good president's statements of the bank's condition, the cashier had become criminally involved and unable to do other than Hayne's bidding, while the two weak members of the loan committee had been as oysters for intelligence. The Hearthstone, with three millions of deposits, crashed and fell in ruin—the Great Aspirant fled.

The depositors, thousands of toilers and persons of small means, were as demented wolves, the bank became a focal point in a vortex of indescribable passion; faith had been requited with perfidy, the white structure of a looming reputation had crumbled upon a core of falsehood and crime; all men were outraged, sinners felt resentfully self-conscious and respectability everywhere in the region angrily brushed at the soot that settled upon its lustrous veneer.

Heavy, however, as was the cloud that drove in through the doors and windows of many homes bringing fear and hatred and dismay, it was as a thin shadow beside the black, engulfing sea of shame and horror that rolled over the Hayne mansion, out on Terrace Hill. Three women there, pitifully unfit to cope with even life's common hardships, suddenly saw themselves hideous as lepers, stripped, befouled, and with ten thousand fingers pointing at them, behind every finger human eyes that scorned and accused and disdained. Though they were as innocent as babes, the world straightway crowned them with thorns and gave them of gall to drink. Then, presently, Eaton Hayne was captured, nipped short in his attempt to make a haven of distance, and dragged back to Brackford and incarcerated. Lynching was urged, tongues dripped scaldingly with curses and demands for vengeance, men prowled about the jail at night hating the iron bars that held the offender safe, wisecracks prated of their own astute distrust of human nature and their contempt of the trusting ignorance of the poor, hundreds boasted that they had always known that Eaton Hayne was a rascal. As for the Greater Aspirant himself, only God and his own soul knew how unspeakably he suffered.

The Hearthstone disaster fell in late summer. Out in the penitentiary there was a big, gaunt Norseman whose term of imprisonment was drawing to its close. He was a silent, grim, iron-mouthed man. Because he rarely uttered a word to any one he was avoided even by his fellow prisoners. The guards watched him continually, twice he had attempted escape, the second time receiving a bullet in his shoulder that kept him in the prison hospital for weeks. When he returned to his place at the broom machine he worked on silently as before but with a darker and more dangerous look. He had toiled for Eaton Hayne in the quarry, he had thought to free himself of that slavery by an honorable attempt at self-help, but Eaton Hayne had crushed him back; he had boldly taken money from Eaton Hayne's bank, not, he had felt, as a thief, but as one who snatches that which has been wrrenched from him, then the State had flung him into prison and forced him at the bayonet's point to toil again for Eaton Hayne, now without thanks or wages. He chewed this bitter cud daily, he fell asleep at night in his narrow cell brooding the monstrous thing, he awoke at dawn with its carrion flavor in his very bones. He could not well hope to wreak reprisal on the State, the vast, all-encompassing, pitiless structure of law and power that

gripped him, but with the individual who had wrecked him, who had tripped him into this abysmal gulf—there matters might be evened! Dark, poisonous, saturnine, he waited, suffering the shameful toil and beastly fare in morose silence, his mind fixed on the day when he would kill Eaton Hayne, the man who, he conceived, had ruined him.

In early winter he walked forth from the great gate a free man. His black hair was threaded with gray, his huge frame looked bent and slightly shorter, his cheeks were hollow his big bones stringy with obvious cords, his hands more claw-like even than when he quit the quarry. His eyes, sunken and shadowed with grizzly brows, looked out frostily, hard, soulless, bright with a strange metallic glitter. Two Salvation Army officers were awaiting him, their faces aglow with welcome, their lips speaking words of kindness and interest. He looked at them curiously, as if their tender, eager countenances were something alien and unknown before. They had told him his wife was in Chicago, that she would receive him again, and that his children were alive. He regarded them a moment with apparent detachment of intention, his bitter mouth fashioned the word, "Yes," then the sinister current of his purpose bore onward beyond them and their solicitude, he was again a hybrid mixture of wolf and eagle in human shape, intent upon distinct and particular prey.

They took him to their quarters and replaced his striped garb of shame with decent clothes; they gave him food and talked to him of Christ and forgiveness. He listened, but the iron hardness of his expression remained fixed; suffering and hatred and bitterness were frozen together in him into rigidity of habit; hope of revenge with him had become implacable passion.

He lay down on a bunk in the quarters, but did not sleep. At midnight he arose and stealthily made his way forth into the open air. An hour later he was standing by a wall on Terrace Hill, looking up at the gray mass of Eaton Hayne's house. Rain mingled with snow had fallen during the day, and again rain in the evening, which had frozen, leaving the world as an enormous, fantastic creation of glazed pottery. The sky, rent open to its last height, hung cloudless at the zenith, out of which blazed a full moon, close, intimate, startling. Under its cold glare the icy earth flickered with dull gleamings, the wall in front of the man lifted a coping as of polished metal, shrubbery in the yard beyond the wall stirred in the wind, bristling as with silver-pointed bayonets. Unnatural, awesome, locked in frost and silence, yet unsteady with winking glints and ghostly filmings, the scene spread about him. He took almost no note of it, his big bare hands pressed on the top of the icy wall unfeeling, but his eyes were burningly alive, dwelling upon the house with devouring ferocity.

Drawn shades in the windows of an upper room of the house were faintly pallid with light, below in the first story the windows of a room gave off a slightly deeper glow. The man climbed over the wall and started up the slope but slipped on the icy incline and fell. He muttered gutturally and removed his shoes, placing them upon the wall, then with noiseless footfalls ascended the slope. Near the house he took a heavy hammer from beneath his coat, from inside the bosom of his shirt drew forth a knife, the larger of the two that broom-makers commonly use in their work. Stealthily ascending a broad flight of steps, he passed half way around the house on a long porch, breathing slowly and moving with the silence of a hunting tiger. On the south side of the house and toward the rear he found a window open a few inches as for ventilation. He softly pushed up the sash and entered.

The room in which he found himself was large, a single jet of a massive chandelier was burning low. Beneath it stood a heavy table upon which two or three great dishes of cut glass glimmered, the walls of the room were paneled in dark oak, from one wall the head of a moose looked down startlingly life-like and large, here and there shone dull gleamings as in the icy outer world. The man stood still in the dead hush for a little space, his pulses throbbing heavily, a faint odor as of lilies and roses, mingled with some indistinguishable scent that was sickening, touching his nostrils. Now that he was in the rich man's house, facing its unaccustomed splendors, his peasant blood recoiled, his heart was clutched with cowardice, with a daunting sense that his presence was profanation. He stepped back close to the window and stood trembling and hesitating, then suddenly memory of his years of shameful hardship in the prison swept back upon him, hatred set its burning goad anew in his flesh, he was again aflame with his long-nursed passion for revenge.

Gripping the knife and hammer afresh, he passed silently across the dim room to a curtained door and emerged in a broad hall that gave toward the front of the house. Into the passage, a dozen feet from him, a strong light issued from a door. Toward this he made his way, his unshod feet pressing the heavy carpet as noiselessly as might the padded paws of a panther. At the open door he paused and looked in. The walls of the room were lined with books, pictured faces and the sculptured heads of men looked toward him, wide leathern chairs gaped blackly at him. At a desk sat a young woman with her face fallen in her hands among a disordered mass of papers. She had the quiet of something frozen. He slipped the knife in his pocket, and, with the hammer lifted, stepped toward her, bent, maliferous, animal-eyed. The girl, shuddering with a

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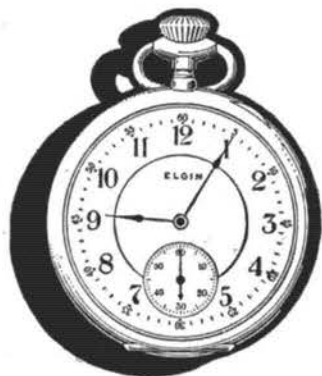
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cold prescience suddenly looked up, and with a great indrawn gasp sprang from the chair and backward against the wall. For a moment she stared in a transport of horror at the gaunt, terrible figure before her, then her lips parted, her neck stretched upward, and her throat swelled in an effort to scream. With the next moment the man's rough hand fell upon her mouth so swiftly, so brutally, it swept her from her feet. For a little space she hung in the hollow of his arm, her eyes fluttering whitely, her bosom bulging and straining for breath. The man lifted the hammer in the air and glared down upon her blanched face, speaking rapidly in a language she could not understand. Suffocating, she tore at his gripping fingers with her white slender ones, writhing and straining her slim body to and fro. Suddenly the man released her and she sank down at the base of the wall, doubling up like a wilted flower stalk and quivering and coughing. The man shook the hammer above her, his sunken eyes gleaming redly, his big pale face wrinkling and working.

"Ay am been Eric Stromm! Ay been ruined by your father! Ay have coome for heem!" he ground from his snapping jaws.

The girl rose slowly to her feet and steadied herself against the wall. She looked at him with a strange light of pity dawning in her face. She ran her trembling fingers over her throat and mouth. "I suppose you lost money through the bank; you were one of the depositors? Others have been here demanding—it is so terrible, so pitiable—" She broke off, swallowing painfully, as if her tongue and throat were parched.

The man glared upon her face without understanding, to him the ruin of the Hearthstone and the fall of the Greater Aspirant were unknown facts.

"If I had anything to give you—if we had anything of our own," the girl went on, chokingly, "but everything we have has been turned over to father's creditors—this house, everything in it—we are only here on sufferance, only for a few days longer—" She broke off again, panting and pressing her fingers upon her eyeballs, as if to shut out the fearful vision of the creature before her.

The man glared upon her still, a curious half-questioning in his eyes, as with an animal that tries to understand, his right hand menacing with the lifted hammer, the fingers of the left hand clutching and opening and clutching again convulsively.

The girl took her hands away from her eyes and looked at him again. "If you take my life, if you take our lives, it surely will not help you," she said. "We did not know—we were not aware—we were crushed with the rest of you. We—"

"Ay—Ay not hort you—Ay not want you—Ay have been, your father! Ay coome for been! Ay kill been, not you! Is he oop the stair, yes?" The man's words came explosively, shaking and hoarse with feeling.

The girl's hands dropped, a great and strange quiet seemed to descend upon her. "You do not know? You have not heard? I am very, very sorry. Come, I will take you to my father," she said. She stepped away from the wall and toward the door, a sudden sad dignity in her mien. "Come," she said again, in a low voice.

The man drew the knife from his pocket and took it in his right hand, transferring the hammer to the left. He seemed suddenly to crouch forward and become more animal, his eyes grew narrower and aflame with a fiercer glitter, and he stepped after her softly and quickly, all his lean body taut and vibrant.

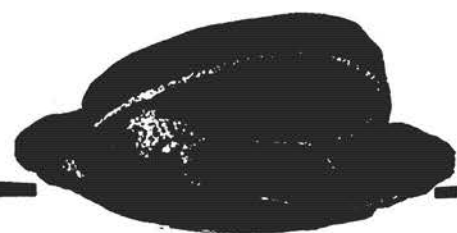
They passed forward along the wide passage toward a splendid stair. The man glanced eagerly up the velvet-carpeted flight when they came to the foot of it, but the girl did not pause or look back. She swept back the rich curtains from a wide-arched door. "My father is here," she said, and entered. The man crouched lower and entered eagerly, his face alight with a look inhuman.

They stood in a long and sumptuously equipped drawing-room. Under a great chandelier, of which a single globe glowed softly, rested a coffin upon black standards; upon the coffin lay wreaths of lilies and roses. The girl turned aside and touched a button and the chandelier burst in a dazzling bloom of light. The man leaped back with a hoarse gasp as from an explosion, then stood quivering and craning his neck like a harpy, his fierce eyes running swiftly about the sumptuous place. The girl stepped softly to the somber object beneath the chandelier, spread back the pall and lifted the glass covering from a marble face there. "This is my father," she said. "Come, look upon him! If he did you wrong, see how helpless he is now, how far beyond your power to do him harm!"

The Lesser Aspirant went wonderingly, and looked down upon the face of the Greater. The hammer and the knife dropped from his fingers, thudding dully on the soft carpet, his jaw fell, and an odd, pitiful whining sound came from his throat; his big crumpled hands came together, picking at each other tremblingly.

"Ay—Ay—Ay did not know—Ay tank Ay not know why Ay coome here," he stammered. "Ay—Ay—" He broke off, staring about the room like one awakening from a fearful dream.

The girl smoothed her fingers across the silvery hair of the dead man and moaned caressingly. "Dear, dear father, he suffered so!" she said, in an agony of commiseration. "When they pronounced sentence upon him, when the judge said he must leave us and go to prison for twelve long years, it killed him, he fell down then and never knew more."



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The avenger stared at the marble countenance before him; there was power expressed in the broad forehead, the aquiline nose, the drooping gray moustache, the chin which was that of both a governor and artist, while upon it all was stamped the awful majesty and pathos of death.

"They told *beem* to go to prison—out there—to work for twelve yare! He was stand before the jodge where Ay been stand, and they told *beem* to go to the prison! Gard!" The avenger's words came in husky half-whispers of amazement. To his peasant mind the thing was unbelievable and monstrous.

"Yes," said the girl, "he was sentenced. He made a great and terrible mistake, but he loved us dearly. It nearly killed mother. She is up stairs very ill; my sister is with her. We have nothing and it seems like we have almost no friends."

The man straightened up, the foul and inhuman distortion of hatred gone from his face. "Ay—Ay tank Ay go now," he said. "Ay—Ay make mistake in coome hare." He started toward the doorway.

"Let me open the front door," said the girl, "you can go out that way."

As he stumbled across the threshold he fumbled his hands together and bowed awkwardly. "Ay—Ay—Ay say good-by," he stammered, and went out.

The girl looked after him a moment through tears as he went down the slope. "Poor man, poor wretched fellow!" she whispered, and softly closed the door.

The Norseman stopped at the wall and, having put on his shoes, clambered over into the street. He turned and looked back at the house. "The jodge sentence *beem* to the prison, to work twelve yare!" he marveled. "And *they* have nothing—*they* been poor now! Ay—Ay get that thousan' dollar Ay stole from heem, Ay get it to-morren from where I hid it, and send it to hees woman and shildren! They have that mooch, anyhow!"

He started down the middle of the street, the icy surface crunching under his big feet. "Ay get that mooney and send it, then Ay tank Ay go and find Inga and the shildren and get a yob, yes," he muttered, and, as he passed onward, he suddenly looked up to the stars and whispered, "Inga! Inga!" hungrily.

Just Like Jim



TWO MEN, walking through a rural cemetery, came upon the grave of a third, known to both of them, and read upon his headstone, underneath the name: "I am not dead but sleeping." Thereat one said angrily: "Ain't that like Jim? He was always contrary as Dick's hat-band that went half way round and tied in a bow knot." The other nodded: "Yes—but what did you expect? Now Jim's dead, you sho'ly did n't think he 'd own it."

A Touch of War

GENERAL Lawton's division was marching back to El Paso, there to take up a new position in the morning. General "Joe" Wheeler, in company with Major Creighton Webb, was standing at the edge of the road, watching the troops file past. Just as dawn was breaking a colored regiment came in sight. It gave evidence of being unusually tired.

Lawton's attention had been attracted to a corporal of the 25th Infantry, a great six-foot negro, who, in addition to a couple of guns and two cartridge belts, loaded full, was carrying a dog. The soldier to whom the other gun belonged was limping beside his comrade.

Lawton halted the men. "Here, corporal," he called to the six-foot negro, "have n't you marched all night?"

"Yes, sir," said the corporal, saluting.

"And fought all day?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then," asked the general, "why are you carrying a dog in addition to your other burdens?"

"General," said the negro, with a grin that showed every one of his thirty-two teeth, "the dog's tired!"

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My Life—So Far

By JOSIAH FLYNT

[Continued from page 394]

and my affairs in this new country—my country, it is true, but to me a country which I knew very little about from the beginner's point of view. That I was a beginner, psychologically and financially, is pretty plain from what I have before said.

I had one consolation. It was a letter from L. F. Loree, then General Manager of the Pennsylvania lines west of Pittsburg, asking me to go to Pittsburg and see him on a matter of business, the nature of which his letter did not reveal. There had been a previous letter from this gentleman, received in Stettin, Germany, just as I was sailing for St. Petersburg, suggesting a meeting in Pittsburg. This was a number of weeks before my final departure from Germany for the United States. At that particular time I did not give the letter its due attention. Russia seemed still to hold out promises which I thought more attractive than those located in other parts of the world.

On arriving in New York City in 1898, with fifty dollars in my pocket and no more in sight, I naturally bethought myself of the letter received from Mr. Loree. I notified him of my modest home-coming, and said that I would be glad to hear more about the business for me that he had in mind. His reply was to the effect that I should meet him in Pittsburg, and would there learn about the matter which he was minded to take up with me. I spent three days in New York City, at the home of a friend. During this time I was "put up" at a certain club by a friend whom I had learned to know through the writing business. At this club I met various editors, writers, and, I suppose, publishers. I was so elated with my sudden elevation into club standing in the writing business in New York City, that I immediately went back from the club to the home of my host, and told him in glee what a fine beginning I had made. Neither he nor his wife seemed to care very much for my sudden rise in the literary world in New York, via the club end of it. I remember that they looked at each other very significantly on my telling them with happiness how I had been so happily received by the writers' craft.

That look made it very pleasant for me to consider other pastures, and the invitation to proceed to Pittsburg was accepted with alacrity. Arriving there, I had a few of my fifty dollars left. But there was no immediate prospect of their remaining in my pocket.

It is not always easy, even though invited to meet him and expecting to meet him, to find the general manager of a railroad. In my case, what happened? I found my man out on the road, seeing to it that certain repairs were made, and that he personally should know that they were made quickly, and that I must wait awhile, perhaps two or three hours, perhaps longer. Pittsburg and its gloom did not make any plainer to me, during this waiting spell, what I was in Pittsburg for. I remember that I went to a hotel, and tried to write an article on that poor miserable creature, the Russian workingman. In the course of a few hours I was notified by telegram that I was to proceed to where the repairs were being made, and there make the general manager's acquaintance. I followed out these instructions, and I learned to know a man to whom I am indebted for my start in life at home after those wonderland years in Europe and Asia. I remember that I met my benefactor in a signal tower where he was patiently waiting for confirmation that his instructions had been carried out. I remember how he looked at me. No chief of police has ever "sized me up" the way that general manager did. He looked into my personality as it is not pleasant to have any one's personality looked into, unless he believes that he is doing the right thing. This is only a small incident in our acquaintance, but I have never forgotten it.

Before long the repairs were completed, the required confirmation of instructions delivered was received, and Mr. Loree and I returned to Pittsburg in his car. On the car not a word was said about the business that he had in mind, and I was careful enough not to disturb a man who had probably attended to ten things to my one during that day.

In Pittsburg, after supper at the club, we went to the theater, and there saw a light play. Naturally, I could not help guessing about the business that the general manager had in mind for me. The play over, we returned to the club, and there, for the first time, I learned what the gentleman wanted.

As I remember his words now, he said to me: "The tramp trouble in the United States has interested me as a railroad man. I take it that it has interested you temperamentally and, perhaps, as a student of economics. "It occurred to me, on taking hold of this railroad property as a general manager, that I would see whether I could not help to eliminate the tramp trouble for the railroad as well as for the public. It was not a question in my mind about the possibility of the tramp being as bad a man as some have painted him, nor was it the question of doing the honest but unfortunate and penniless train rider an injury. The thing I had in mind to do, and have tried to do, was to clear the property entrusted to my hands of that riffraff popula-

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tion which has been infesting American railroads for so many years.

"I feel like this. Taken any way that you like it, a railroad in a State is one of its biggest citizens. My position as general manager did not call upon me to exercise the theoretical notion of a railroad's position as a citizen in a State. Nevertheless, I said to myself: 'If I clean up my property as regards this riffraff population I am possibly contributing to the fulfillment of my citizenship.'"

At these words I looked at my possible employer pretty carefully. I have never had any reason to believe that as a citizen he has not struggled to do what, in his mind, seemed to be the right thing. He then and there made an impression upon me which I shall never forget. Mind you, I had just come over to this country. It was my business to find something that would make money for me as soon as possible. Mind you, I had gone to a man who knew and managed thirty thousand men.

He said to me: "What I wish you would do is to go over the property under my management, and make such a report as you see fit about the tramp conditions."

I said to him: "What do you think that will be worth?"

He said: "Well, what do you think it will be worth?"

I needed the money, there was not much more in sight at that time, whether I went on tramp or not anyhow, and I replied: "Well, I suppose that ten dollars a day would be an even price."

The general manager replied: "I think that's fair. I suppose you know how to proceed?"

"I think that I can get back in the old line without much trouble," I returned.

The general manager said: "Go ahead, and find out whatever you can. Whether the police force that I have instituted has been successful or not in stopping the tramp evil, I do not know. I say that I do not know because I can not possibly be personally on every spot, covering five States, including thirty thousand men. It is pretty hard to keep track of all that you order to be done. I am speaking to you purely from the point of view of a railroad manager. It's pretty hard to run a railroad as you would like to have it run. This tramp business, this riffraff, this slum population that I find on my lines is, of course, a detail in the work that has been set before me.

"In my endeavor to keep my lines as clean as possible, not only as a citizen but also as a railroader, I have tried to build up a railroad police. The States through which my lines run protect me only incidentally. I find that when your friends, the tramps, are arrested by town or village officials they are easily turned loose. I wanted to know how the situation could be changed, and I proceeded to look into the matter. The result was that I made up my mind that the railroad company *must protect itself*. I found that certain men, called detectives, were, at times, endeavoring to keep tramps off trains on our lines. I found, furthermore, that these men, or detectives, were not attending to their duty as I believe it should be attended to.

"Consequently I got to wondering how this matter could be better attended to. I looked over the expense accounts for police purposes, and found that our people were paying what seemed to me an exorbitant sum for very poor service. It seemed to me that police matters on a railroad, on account of the negligence on the part of villages and towns, should be organized and given a standing, which, on account of our lackadaisical procedure against crime in this country, was justified.

"You will find on our property a certain number of qualified policemen. Perhaps I should say 'patrolmen.' We do not use the word detective on this property. They are divided up according to divisions, and the moral department of the different communities in which they are placed. My idea has been to try to police our property just as a city is policed.

"What I should like to have you do is to go over our property and see whether our police force has been successful in ridding our lines, and, to some extent, the communities which they touch, from tramp immigration. How do you feel about the matter?"

Here was a problem which led right back into all that land of *Wanderlust*, which I supposed that I had given up in so far as it applied to tramp life. However, as so many well-known people say: "Beggars cannot be choosers." I undertook the job of finding out for the general manager exactly what the tramps had to say about his lines as protected by his police. Eighteen years before this interview, the general manager's lines, to my own knowledge, were so littered up with tramps, and tramp camps that the Fort Wayne road in particular then was known as an "easy" road to beat between Chicago and Pittsburg. It was as bad as the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, which in those days was called, "The Dope."

These roads were ridden promiscuously by all kinds of men, women, and children, who did not pay fare. When they got into a box car they thought much nonsense. The things that were done and said among all these people at that time would make too scandalizing reading now. If there are slums in our cities, there are no greater slums anywhere in the world, barring no crime, passion, or idiosyncrasy, than were found on the "Dope" and the Fort Wayne roads in my tramp days.

I looked over the general manager's property. Dressed as a tramp, acting as a tramp, living and sleep-

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ing as a tramp, I surrounded his lines until I knew what the tramp world had to say about his railroad police idea. I found wherever I went, in Cleveland, Chicago, Cincinnati, Wheeling, or Pittsburg, that tramps said: "There are easier roads to beat than the Fort Wayne."

It was hard work to go back into tramp life. I had some hard knocks, as regards storms and other misadventures in various places. Yet, with it all, it brought back to me a number of remembrances of earlier tramp days.

At the end of one month on the "Road," I went to the general manager, and told him that I had no desire to ride his trains—that there were so many other trains and roads that were easier. I believed that, in order to complete my investigations, if he cared to have me proceed further, I should have a pass, good on every movable thing that he had on his property. We discussed this matter in some detail. Eventually, the general manager consented to my proposition, and I was given a pass, good over all his lines, and I had with me the moral support of his position.

I tackled the tramp problem from a new point of view. It was my privilege to ride on practically every passenger train, every freight train, and on all engines that it should be my fate to meet. The general manager also gave me a letter instructing his employees to let me pass. I now know that it puzzled the general manager's police force to comprehend my compromising position on the road. The police force said: "Who is this young fellow out here looking us up?"

I was called to order, one night, in Ohio, by a captain of the newly instituted police force, for riding on a caboose of a freight train. I was getting off the caboose to find out about something which was a matter of detail at the time, and had got back to the steps of the caboose, when the captain stepped up to me and said: "What are you doing on this train?" I looked at him. He looked at me. We then and there decided that there was no particular disagreement between us. But I have to say that during the second month of my investigations for the general manager, his police force could not make out why I was on the property with all my credentials, and my confusing diminutive form and face. One of my best friends to-day, who was then at the head of the police, was interested in my proceedings.

As an illustration of how men keep track of each other, he had his men keep track of me. At the same time, I think he must have realized that our superior officer was behind such an errand as I was on. He had the good sense to say to himself: "Well, if that is the Boss's work, I'd better leave it alone." But he kept his men looking out for me, which is only human nature.

One of the experiences that I had during this second month in the interests of railroading, so far as its traffic applies to tramps, occurred in Ohio. During my extraordinary privileges as a railroading tramp, and with all my credentials from the general manager's office, I picked up a freight train going west of Mansfield, Ohio, upon which I nevertheless found myself in difficulties. I saw three tramping negroes on this train. I saw them get on the train—largely a coal train so that one could see from the caboose window exactly what was going on—and went after them, car after car full of coal, until I reached the biggest of the three. The train was going at the rate of about twenty miles an hour. I snatched the hat of the biggest one that I could see and said, with some reminiscences in mind, I must confess: "You have your nerve with you, riding on this road. Hit the gravel."

The negro looked up at me, as if all the majesty of the law had been suddenly invested in my humble person, and said, with a truly pathetic tramp touch: "Cap, the train is going a little too hard." He received back his hat, and he and his two companions were asked by me, in no uncertain terms, to leave the train at a certain siding.

I made up my mind that those three negroes should get no train leaving the siding—a resting place for tramps, and for trains that needed coal and steam to go farther on. I went to the signal tower and telegraphed east and west for an officer to get to the signal tower in question and arrest the trespassers as soon as possible. This may seem a hard thing for a man to do, who had been through what I had. But I was responsible to the general manager of that property. I was also responsible to my own idea of integrity, and I believed in my inmost soul that it was the thing to do.

The negroes wanted to fight me. I was carrying a toothbrush at the time. While at the coaling station the negroes lingered around, and made every effort to catch every freight train that was going out their way. I rode every one of these going in their direction to within about one hundred yards of their waiting place. Finally, the last "run," as they well knew, had gone. As I dropped off the last freight train that they were not swift enough to catch, I walked toward them, and was greeted with these words: "Do you think you run this road? If you do, you'll get a bullet hole through you so soon that you won't know what struck you."

I thought of my toothbrush as the only weapon I had. I thought also of the willingness on the part of those negroes to revenge themselves, and I thought still more closely about the distance between where I stood and the coaling station. It so happened that my bluff went. I said to the negroes: "If there is any shooting to be done here I'll begin it." The negroes left me alone, and I left them alone. I could not, how-

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ever, get over the idea that they had infringed on my territory as investigator, police officer, or anything else that you want to call it. The result of the experience was that the police officer that I had telegraphed for toward the east appeared at the coaling station as soon as he could, and that we rode on together to the next village. There I said to him: "I think we will catch those negroes not very far away from here." He picked up the town marshal and away we went down the track to find those negroes. We found them.

Dusk was just coming on, and they were sitting alongside the track. The policeman from the east drew his revolver, went up to them, and said, much to their surprise: "I place you under arrest." The negroes wilted, and all of us went to the station house of the nearest village. They were given an immediate hearing. They said that they had not been seen on any train, other than a passenger train on which they had paid their fares, during all the years of their existence. The justice said: "Do you suppose that that man is going to come here and tell me that he saw you on a certain freight train when he did not see you on that freight train?"

One of the negroes replied: "I never saw that man before in my life." This was the man whose hat I had taken when I told him to get off the train. The justice gave all three a thirty-day sentence to the Canton Workhouse. The next morning, the negroes were prisoners of the local authorities. By these local authorities they were handcuffed, put on a train, and started for their destination. Foolishly, I not only followed them in Canton, but I went up with them, in the street car, to the workhouse. During that ride I heard all the hard things that can possibly be said about any one.

This experience and my participation in it may not seem so very creditable to one who had himself been a tramp. But what did I learn about those negroes? They had been employees of a circus, had got drunk and into a row, and had left their positions as circus men. So far as I have been able to make out, they had no right to have a free ride anywhere.

This is merely one of the incidents that fell to my lot during the second month. Of course there were many others, which interested me at the time, to think over, but which would not interest the reader.

The main thing I learned to believe in and expect in my general manager was a great efficiency. All through my tramp experiences at his request, I found, even in tramp life, that the great thing is getting there and doing something. My report to him about the general ability of the police force, which he and his subordinates had got together for the purpose of completely ridding the property of the tramp nuisance, was that I thought he had at least got the Fort Wayne road so cleaned up, in that respect, that no "respectable" tramp would ride on it. In making this report I said to the general manager: "They are stealing coal on the Lake Shore Railroad. There is a man who told me that on the Lake Shore Railroad every twentieth train, before it gets forty miles out of Buffalo, gets dug into." On that same expedition for the general manager I ran up against two tramp camps at the end of one of the "Short Lines" at Ashtabula. My interest at that time was not to disturb either camp at all. I went down to the Lake Shore Railroad, toward their coal chutes, and there I found two camps. The fires of these were being bountifully supplied by coal taken from the adjoining railroad company. My position was peculiar. Tramps, and criminals for that matter, do not like to have any one approach what they believe to be their property. I went to one of the camps, and sat down on a railroad tie. Pretty soon a person of unquestionable importance in his own tramp line, said to me: "Have you a match?"

"I think I have. I'll see."

"If you find one, go over and build your own fire." I did so, and was left, more or less, in peace.

[To be continued.]

[When Josiah Flynt passed away last January, he left the manuscript of "My Life—So Far" somewhat disconnected. It will be necessary, therefore, to omit the regular July installment in order to give the editors an opportunity to put it in shape. The autobiography will be continued in our August issue, in which installment Mr. Flynt is in America beginning his career as a prince of the underworld.]

The man of grit carries in his presence a power which spares him the necessity of resenting insult.

It is said that if Napoleon had spent more time at his meals and Alexander the Great had spent less, the life of each could easily have been doubled.

It is said that cavalry horses when their riders have been shot in battle will often come together at the sound of the bugle call and go through their customary drill from the force of habit.

The man who works by proxy is apt to find himself in the position of Miles Standish, who sent his friend John Alden to propose marriage for him to Priscilla, and lost what he was after.



THE EATON PRIZE CONTEST

THE Eaton-Hurlbut Paper Co. takes pleasure in announcing that the judges, S. S. McCURE, of McClure's Magazine; DR. EDWARD EVERETT HALE, of The Woman's Home Companion; F. N. DOUBLEDAY, of World's Work; NORMAN HAPGOOD, of Collier's Weekly, and J. S. PHILLIPS, of the American Magazine, have awarded the \$1,730 in prizes for the best letters written on and about EATON'S HOT-PRESSED VELLUM, as follows:

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THE SIXTH PRIZE..... 25, in cash, to Mrs. J. N. Cutler, Albany, New York.
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A TREMENDOUS SUCCESS

THE total number of letters received was 59,681, of which 30,134 were contestants for the prizes. The extraordinary thing about the contest is not only the large number of letters, but that the standard of excellence is so high. Dr. Hale, one of the judges, says: "I was very sorry that by a mere accident, not knowing what I did, I accepted the commission. I am now very glad that I did so, for this mass of letters which you have sent me has taught me a great deal as to the intelligence and spirit of the women on whom very largely the future of America depends."

It must be a comfort to every woman who competed to find out that she did not know how well she could do until she tried, for the letters all tell this. Those who were unsuccessful have been through a training which will be of great help to them in future contests, which are a part of our plans. Also, every woman who competed must have learned how good a correspondence paper Eaton's Hot-Pressed Vellum is. The idea of this contest was to introduce Eaton's Hot-Pressed Vellum

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THE PRIZE LETTERS

Do You Want to See Them?

The prize letters are so good that they are worth reading for their own sake, apart from the fact that they won the prizes. The first eight letters have been printed in full in "Eaton's" (our little magazine) for June, together with photographs of those writers who gave permission to publish their pictures, and brief descriptions of the writers. The letters are all so long that they can't be printed here, but since everyone who reads this will want to see the winning letters and pictures of the writers, a copy of Eaton's for June will be mailed for two 2-cent stamps. This will make it possible for everyone to read the results of one of the most remarkable contests ever held.

Everyone who competed for these prizes has already received a copy of "Eaton's" for June.

EATON-HURLBUT PAPER CO., 28 Canary St., Pittsfield, Mass.

†Owing to the fact that it was necessary to postpone the closing date, we have awarded additional prizes to letters received after the original closing date, so that no letter received within the time first specified has been displaced by any later letter. 14 additional prizes were awarded.

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"PLAY BALL"

By HENRY BEACH NEEDHAM

[Continued from page 401]

such foolishness. The character and standing of the men who control professional baseball is proof in itself of the integrity of the sport. Those who are not satisfied with this argument, however, may rest assured that pure selfishness would render the voluntary loss of games out of the question. For a winning team means large gate receipts for the home club, and baseball clubs are owned, as a rule, by local stockholders. Certainly there is little syndicate ownership of different clubs.

The American League has been confronted with a situation which proves conclusively that baseball is not a hippodrome. New York is the big baseball town of the country. For four years the National League has had a great team in that city—a team which finished second in the race in 1903, first in both 1904 and 1905, and second in 1906. The American League placed a club in New York in 1903. From that time to this, the younger organization has had an uphill fight for popularity. There is less real sentiment among the Metropolitan fans than among the followers of the game in any other large city. New Yorkers go where they can see the best playing. Not only the owners of the New York Club, but all the team owners in the American League were anxious to see a winning team in the metropolis, for it meant money in the treasury of every club. In Boston, the winners of the American League championship of 1903, had the call. No great need for another pennant there. Yet New York and Boston fought it out to the very last two games of the season of 1904 for the championship, and Boston won! If there had been any hippodrome about professional baseball, it is certain that New York would have squeezed in first.

Likewise, in 1906, the championship race was in doubt to the last fortnight of the season, with New York and Chicago neck and neck. Now Chicago had won two American League pennants, and New York had won none; therefore, the championship ought to have gone to the East. But the Chicagos proved to be the better team, and the better team won.

In 1881, ten players were expelled from the National League for dissipation; so to-day this evil has passed to a great extent. Most club managers will not tolerate bad habits in their players, but the majority of players take good care of themselves. They have to do so, in order to keep in the forefront of the game.

Gambling, crookedness and dissipation—these evils were eradicated largely by President Hulbert, who died in 1882. Of him, Mr. Spalding says: "While Henry Chadwick is called the 'father of baseball,' William A. Hulbert was its savior—God bless his memory—and it is no small honor to have been the savior of a nation's sport."

Professional baseball was in sore need of another "savior" in the late nineties. It was not gambling or crookedness, this time, but rowdiness and umpire baiting. The National League was at the mercy of a Tammany politician, an intimate friend of Richard Croker—"Andy" Freedman, who received a salary of \$10,000 a year, as president of the New York Club, seemingly to ruin the game. Not only did he treat Metropolitan fans niggardly in the quality of baseball he gave his patrons, but he permitted—yes, encouraged open warfare on the umpire, and made his team a refuge for low-bred rowdies. One of his managers was Joyce. "Scrappy Bill," as he was called because of his pugnaciousness, played first and captained the team, which was at the bottom of the ladder. One day, an opponent, in trying to beat out a throw, stepped on Joyce's foot. It must have hurt, for "Scrappy Bill" threw the ball, at a distance of perhaps three feet, and hit the runner in the head! Such was the leader of the New Yorks. Such was the leadership which Freedman upheld. Such were the practices which the National League tolerated. And this was not, by any means, an isolated case. Rowdy incidents were common. Every close decision brought a ring of belligerent players about the umpire, who was the target of vile abuse and often the victim of open assault. Moreover, certain club officials connived at this behavior. In order to cover up the weakness of their teams, they took refuge in the childish cry, "Robbed by the umpire!" No wonder spectators were disgusted. No wonder the national game was falling into ill-repute.

In this crisis, a man appeared who rescued the game from the umpire baiters and gave new life to professional baseball. This was Byron Bancroft Johnson, familiarly known as "Ban." Johnson. A Cincinnati newspaper man, Johnson was elected to the presidency of the Western League in 1893. From the outset he stood for clean, honest sport, and with his unflinching support, the umpires under him showed backbone and nerve in dealing with players. This, in large measure, accounted for the success of the Western League, which speedily became the strongest of the minor organizations.

Johnson saw the state of affairs in the National League—the indifference of the public in the big league cities owing to rowdiness—and in 1900 he inaugurated his expansion policy. The name of his organization was changed to the American League, and a team was placed in Chicago. Thus, direct competition with the National League was begun. Two years later a much bolder move was made, when clubs were organized in

Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington. So successful was the venture that, in 1903, Baltimore was dropped, and an American League Club was organized in New York City. This gave rival teams in New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Chicago, and St. Louis; while the American League controlled the cities of Washington, Cleveland, and Detroit, and the National League held sway in Brooklyn, Cincinnati, and Pittsburg. And so it is to-day.

President Johnson's success was not achieved without a raid on the National League for players. Contracts between clubs and players, then as now, contained what is termed the "reserve clause." This gives the club the right to transfer a player to another club without consulting his wishes in the matter. In the contest with the National League, the American induced players to disregard the reserve rule, and it is not altogether pleasant to dwell on this feature of the war. But it should not be forgotten that William A. Hulbert made a raid for players in organizing the National League, and that Albert G. Spalding, himself, abrogated a clause in his contract in order to save the game. If Hulbert was justified—and he was, considering the good he accomplished—certainly Johnson was justified in the means he employed to restore public confidence in the national game.

Harry C. Pulliam, president of the National League, is generous in the praise he bestows on Johnson for his successful fight to rid baseball of rowdism. To Pulliam's credit be it said that he is just as rigid in penalizing umpire baiting to-day as is President Johnson. Last summer McGraw, manager of the "Giants," with the approval of President Brush, attempted to take baseball law into his own hands and barred a fearless umpire from the Polo Grounds. President Pulliam not only sustained the umpire, who had forfeited the game to Chicago, but saw to it that he umpired the game of the following day. And the National League voted its confidence in the young president by reelecting him to his office.

The relations between players and umpires are not yet what they ought to be. Many thoughtless persons, joining hands with the rowdy element among the spectators, encourage players to protest against the umpire's rulings. To the fair-minded and intelligent of these a few observations are respectfully submitted:

Presidents Johnson and Pulliam endeavor to engage as competent umpires as can be secured. But a good umpire is not easy to find. It is one of the hardest jobs in the world to fill. Men like O'Loughlin, Sheridan, and Connolly of the American League, and O'Day and Johnstone of the National League, are of a rare quality. They deserve the unflinching support of the fans, but they do not always get it. "Silk" O'Loughlin, honest, judicial, and capable, was nearly hit in the head by a shower of bottles because of a close decision at first in the last game of the Chicago-New York series at Chicago.

No matter how fair an umpire tries to be, he is bound to make mistakes. He is not infallible—nobody is, except the local fan who judges balls and strikes from a position back of first base.

The players make errors, and these errors are overlooked because of subsequent good work in the field or with the stick. Why should not the occasional errors of the umpire be condoned also? Considering his "chances," he makes far less errors than any star player in either major league. But he gets no credit for displaying good judgment.

No, partisan fans, your sympathies should be with the down-trodden umpire. When a player makes gesticulatory protest to an umpire he does not say:

"Really, my dear man, you were mistaken in that decision."

Frequently, the player uses language which is not only extremely profane, but is so vile that its character could not even be indicated in print. For the average ball player too often indulges in the speech of a stevedore.

One observation more: the majority of protests are made by players who seek thus to cover up their own shortcomings in the field, at the bat, or on the bases.

"All true lovers of the sport," said President Johnson, "should work to elevate the national game to the highest plane. To accomplish that end, we must surround it with every safeguard and eliminate all rowdism. In all our great football games, we never hear of any wrangling over decisions of the referees or umpires, and the same conditions should exist in baseball. We have struggled for years to eliminate rowdism, and, while we have been successful to an extent, still there is much to do in that line in the future. The work of umpires should never be questioned under any circumstances, by club officials or by players."

This is sound advice to the fan as well as to the players and club owners. But the fan has one grievance. There is no valid reason why every major league game should not be in charge of two umpires, instead of one. If the umpire stands behind the pitcher, in order to be near the play at second base, his judgment on balls and strikes cannot be as accurate as when his position is directly back of the catcher. If he is standing back of the pitcher's box, it is often impossible for him to judge whether a fast drive over third or first base is a fair or a foul ball. He must be on the foul line to render a proper decision. Likewise, if he is back of the plate, a close decision at third, with the baseman between him and the runner, cannot always be accurate. These

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The man selling you cigars on credit, charging you \$5.00 per hundred for a cigar no better than mine at \$1.90, can well afford to have half of his customers "stick him."

These Key West Havana Seconds are by no means handsome cigars. I haven't pasted pretty pictures on the box, nor have I placed bands around each cigar. I don't believe in scenery. They are irregular, but none shorter than 4 1/2 inches, some even longer. They are made from the shorter pieces of tobacco which is used in my finest brands, that's why they are called "Seconds" and only because the pieces of tobacco are too short for "one shapes" can they be sold for less than \$5.00 per hundred.

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natural drawbacks are recognized in the world's championship series, when the double-umpire system is used. And the baseball public should demand it of both of the big leagues throughout the season. It would mean an expense of only about \$12,000 a year to the organization, or \$1,500 a year to each club, which, in the great prosperity of the game, should be cheerfully borne by club owners. The Vice President of the United States visited Chicago last September. He made the journey to lay a corner-stone and incidentally, of course, to "strike a keynote." Being the second citizen in the land, with well-known ambitions to be the first, it was natural that he should expect a "rousing reception." Alas! he was disappointed. The name of Clark Griffith meant more to Chicago that day than did that of Charles Warren Fairbanks. Mr. Griffith had arrived in town, with an aggregation of ball players, who threatened to capture the American League pennant from the Chicagos. Wherefore, several thousand enthusiastic citizens were at the South Side grounds; other thousands, who could not gain admission, hung around the ball park; other thousands were packed about bulletin boards which told the story of the battle by innings; and still other thousands waited impatiently for the sporting extras. A double-header was being played. If Chicago and New York split even, the White Sox would still be tied for first place; but if New York won both games, the Highlanders would take the lead in the race. Of course all Chicago was baseball mad. Of course, the corner-stone business, even with the Vice President of the United States wielding the trowel, was something of a frost.

Now, if the Honorable William H. Taft, Secretary of

War, had been in the place of the Vice President, the result might have been somewhat different. And this is the reason why: the Chicago "Cubs," who had then won the championship in the National League, represent the club which is owned by Charles P. Taft, a brother of Secretary Taft. Mr. Charles Taft is the proprietor of the Cincinnati "Times-Star," and it was the sporting editor of his paper, Charles W. Murphy, who induced him to buy the Chicago Baseball Club. Mr. Murphy is now the president of the club, but the owner is Mr. Taft.

As the American people well know, Brother Charles is now field manager of Brother Will's boom for the Presidency. Secretary Taft, therefore, comes pretty near being the baseball candidate for President of the United States. Brother Will may not own a baseball club, but he is certainly an ardent fan.

For the second time the gong has sounded. Practice is over. Both teams are on their toes, ready for the struggle. So far, there has been nothing but the preliminaries. The game itself—the fine points of play, "inside ball," and the generalship of the great leaders of the profession—that is yet to be shown. But the real story must wait for another article; so also must the description of a Western trip with an Eastern club, taken under the wise guidance of the field manager of the Philadelphia Athletics, Connie Mack, a brainy ball player and a diplomatic handler of men—one of the few great field marshals of the diamond.

[To be continued in July.]

The Wireless Telegraph Bubble

[Concluded from page 389]

\$5,000,000 American De Forest with \$7,500,000 International. The Consolidated, American, New England, Federal and Northwestern wireless companies, using the Dolbear apparatus, had, in the previous year, been merged in the Consolidated Wireless, with \$25,000,000 capital. The Consolidated capital had been reduced to \$7,500,000, by squeezing out a few millions of the water. Then, early in 1903, the Consolidated had become the International. To merge the De Forest and International companies, White formed the \$15,000,000 American De Forest, and the 14,000 disgruntled stockholders in the Gehring company and the 3,000 hopeful stockholders in the De Forest were all made stockholders in the new American De Forest. Before the merger, White "cancelled" \$500,000 of the International stock. He did not neglect the opportunity to offer the International stockholders the "right" to buy more stock in the new company at eight dollars a share. The \$15,000,000 company had \$11,500,000 of common stock and \$3,500,000 of "seven per cent. cumulative and participating preferred stock." Later on, when the company was sadly in need of money, White issued \$500,000 of six per cent. twenty year bonds.

The "parent" De Forest Wireless company, the \$3,000,000 company, suddenly ceased to occupy its "parental" position. White had the \$15,000,000 company "rent" it for \$500 a year. This financial feat, that White found as easy as rolling off a log, disturbed some of his fellow promoters, and one of them, Snyder, the first of the promoters with whom De Forest formed an alliance when he came to New York, asked for a receiver for the American De Forest Company. This suit dragged along in the courts for several years, and was finally patched up a short time ago. White ran things with such a high hand, after the merging of the De Forest and Gehring companies, that his fellow promoters tried to take the control away from him. White seized upon this opportunity to get more publicity, and so raised the cry of "conspiracy." Gehring tried to force White to bring the company's books into court. White retaliated on Gehring by bringing a suit for damages against him and the six other "conspirators." This conspiracy suit was another device of the press agent to get into the newspapers. The whole trouble between White and the seven "conspirators" was that they thought they were not getting their share of the "rake-off." This trouble was patched up, and White settled with the malcontents and forced them out of the company.

In absolute control of the \$15,000,000 company, and with no competitor but the Marconi, White went along swimmingly for a year or more. By making wild promises to investors as to what he was going to do with the De Forest system, he sold a great deal of stock, and used most of the money in publicity. He nearly bankrupted the company in erecting stations throughout the country, one of them at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition. Some of these stations were too remote from each other to send any messages at all, and many others were run at a loss. But they were great object lessons to investors, and were the means of selling more stock—and this was what White wanted. The De Forest system was used by the London "Times," in the war between Japan and Russia, and was adopted by many of the coastwise steamers. The De Forest system was really making much more progress in this country than the Marconi, despite the fact that it was very expensive progress for the company. White spent huge sums in

advertising and in commissions to brokers who sold the stock. Although White confessed to some of his intimate friends that he did not know how the company was ever going to make it pay, he told quite another story to investors. Here are some of the alluring promises he made:

\$100 put into this stock now for children will make them independently rich on reaching their majority.

Stock in the De Forest company is as good a buy now as telephone stocks were in 1877 and 1878, and those who buy now for holding will receive returns little less than marvelous.

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At that time White was selling the preferred stock at \$10 a share, with an equal bonus of common stock. He also had a "special treasury" plan for selling this stock at \$15 a share, with a "2-1/2 per cent. monthly distribution." Investors who could not buy all of this stock they wanted for cash were allowed to buy it on the installment plan—\$2 down and \$2 a month. It was the "greatest opportunity of the twentieth century for enormous profits." The \$15,000,000 company was only a few months old, when White wanted to print more stock. He announced in the newspapers that he was forming the Amalgamated Wireless Securities Company, capital \$10,000,000. The scheme of the Amalgamated was "to relieve the American Company from the expense of extending its work in foreign parts, and, at the same time, contribute large amounts of money for its home work." Some of White's fellow promoters could not see why he wanted to print \$10,000,000 more stock immediately after organizing the \$15,000,000 company, and they entered so vigorous a protest that White gave up his Amalgamated idea.

But he went right on forming more companies. One of these was the Dominion De Forest Wireless Telegraph Company, Ltd., with a capital of \$1,200,000. I want to tell a little story right here about the Dominion De Forest. A young man in Rochester, N. Y., bought thirty shares of this stock for \$180 last August, through the Genesee Valley Securities Company. The shares were guaranteed by E. W. Humphrey, of Montreal, president of the company, to bear seven per cent. interest, payable quarterly, until the company could be on a profitable basis. The first quarterly interest payment was due in September. It was not paid. It was explained that Mr. Humphrey was "getting out a letter to send to the different shareholders, and that he would undoubtedly inclose the interest check at the same time." A letter did follow along from Montreal, sans check, giving the Rochester shareholder the privilege of buying more stock in a new company. This privilege did not appeal to the Rochester man, who made repeated demands for his interest. Mr. Humphrey promised to send it. But he did not. The second interest day was likewise ignored. The Rochester investor finally received a letter from Mr. Humphrey in January, in which the head of the Dominion company wrote:

We desire to say to you that you are making a fool of yourself, as the stock you now hold is absolutely worthless, but we have given you the opportunity to make the exchange, and under no circumstances now will we accept

your shares after the various letters we have received from you. We desire to say to you that, for the purpose of protecting shareholders of the Dominion De Forrest Company, we have personally advanced over \$50,000 to that company for the purpose of paying bills, etc., and we have stood between the company and its creditors for the benefit of its shareholders for just about as long as we desire. Now, you claim that you have certain certificates that bear interest. Possibly you have, and possibly you have not. The shares we represent are absolutely *bona fide*, and are not schemes to defraud, and we wish to inform you that the money you will lose in this transaction will be brought about by yourself, and you have no one to blame but yourself.

The new company, the shares of which Mr. Humphrey wished to sell the Rochester investor instead of sending him his interest checks, is the Northern Commercial Telegraph Company, Ltd., with a capital of £750,000 (\$3,750,000). The officers of this company are Lieutenant Colonel Sir Henry M. Pellatt, of Toronto, chairman; E. W. Humphrey, of Montreal, president; F. Orr Lewis, of Montreal, first vice president; S. H. Ewing, of Montreal, second vice president; D. M. Stewart, of Montreal, treasurer. S. Carsley and Charles Morton, of Montreal, and Lieutenant Colonel Robert Cartwright, of Ottawa, are also directors. From the "confidential preliminary prospectus" of the Northern Commercial Company, I learn that the company proposes to own 200,000 shares of the 240,000 shares of the Dominion De Forest Wireless Telegraph Company, Ltd., and 110,000 shares of the 150,000 shares of the Canadian Radio Telegraph Company, Ltd. The Canadian Radio is an offshoot of an English company, of which Lord Armstrong is the head, and which owns the wireless patents of Daldemar Poulsen. The Northern Commercial, in addition to sending Poulsen messages across the Atlantic, and De Forest messages up and down the Great Lakes, also intends to use the old-fashioned wire method to send telegraph and telephone messages to the uttermost parts of Canada. The Northern Commercial mathematician, although not as proficient in the art as White, does pretty well. Adding up all the various sources of revenue from wire and wireless services on the ocean, the lakes, and the land, the Canadian mathematical shark figures out that the Northern Commercial will earn forty per cent. on its capital.

It was in 1904 that White went to England to float a De Forest company in the home of the South Sea Bubble, where Ernest Terah Hooley and Whittaker Wright had more recently practiced the gentle art of bubble blowing. The De Forest Wireless Telegraph syndicate was formed to operate in the British Isles, with no less a person than Lord Brassey as its chairman. Other well-known Englishmen on the board, dazzled by White's air castles, were Sir Hiram Maxim, Arthur Brand, M. P., Dr. Thomas Cochran and Charles Bright C. E. In the preliminary prospectus, it was stated that £10,000 (\$50,000), was to be paid to the "vendors," as the insiders are politely called in London. Later on, this was raised to £40,000 (\$200,000). The staid old English newspapers pricked up their ears, and began to ask impertinent questions, and the result was that Lord Brassey and his eminent associates withdrew from White's board. But it never bothers White to have a few directors get out. He can always find others. In place of Lord Brassey he got Lord Armstrong. One "lord" is as good as another in a company directorate. Only the other day White made this announcement concerning the English syndicate: "The board of directors is headed by the Right Hon. Lord Armstrong, world-famous shipbuilder, and associated with him are Arthur M. Grenfell, of the firm of Chaplin, Milne, and Grenfell, bankers, J. Nevil Maskelyne, and—Fras, inventor and electrical expert. The English Government has granted a license for the erection of De Forest stations in the British Isles, including a transatlantic station. In addition to commercial stations, orders have been received from the British Government for eleven stations, including three in India." It was announced, a short time ago, that the English syndicate had "closed a contract to pay £160,000 (\$800,000) for the patents of the world, except the United States, of the Poulsen system, and that it agrees to find an additional £100,000 (\$500,000) as working capital." So it appears that the English De Forest company has swallowed the Poulsen system, just as the American De Forest company several years ago swallowed the \$25,000,000 worth of Pike wireless companies. Whether Lord Armstrong's company has paid this \$800,000 in real money for the Poulsen patents I am unable to learn.

[To be continued in July.]

As Mr. Fayant's article goes to press, we are informed that Abraham White has tendered his resignation as president, director, and member of the executive committee of the United Wireless Telegraph Company. Mr. White continues to act as president of the American De Forest Wireless Telegraph Company, and retains his full interest in the Atlantic De Forest Wireless Telegraph Company, the company that has control of the De Forest Marine Service on the Atlantic Coast. This company, which is about the only profitable business that is now being conducted by the De Forest companies, is capitalized at only \$1,000,000, and nearly all the securities of the company are held by Mr. White and his associates. The public has never been offered an opportunity to join this venture.

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After you have written these officials for free information, send 25 cents to the WALTER E. GUNN CO., Winnipeg, for a six months' subscription to "The Canada West," an illustrated Monthly Magazine, containing stories by well-known writers, and authentic current news and data about WESTERN CANADA.

Earning Power the True Basis of Value

FOR the past 9 years the Government of Saskatchewan has compiled for statistical purposes the exact figures on the GRAIN CROPS of the Province. These are the compulsory returns of the threshing machine operators. (Impossible to get such accurate information in any State of the Union.)

MOOSE JAW DISTRICT raised more dollars worth of wheat per acre per year than Iowa, or Illinois have of corn, and raised \$4.50 worth of wheat per acre per year, more than Minnesota for the past 9 years.

9 Year Average, 20.28 bushels for the Province
9 " " 22.06 " " " Moose Jaw District
@ 60 cts. (average price)=\$13.24 Revenue per acre per year. Average prices of lands \$12 to \$20 per acre—Figure the Profits.

Past experience in Iowa, Illinois and Minnesota, has proven that such high income value lands doubled in price in 10 years. Absolute Security—enormous profits, guaranteeing upwards of 10 per cent. per year from increased land values.

We are owners, not agents.—We offer land in all sized parcels at \$12 to \$20 per acre; improved and unimproved in the Cream of the MOOSE JAW DISTRICT and sell on terms to suit.

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Choice Lands sold on Crop Payments
\$2.00 per acre down.

Post Card brings you all information.
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References: Any Chartered Bank, Moose Jaw City.

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The City of Opportunities The Gateway of the Canadian West

Winnipeg offers to the Manufacturer, the Capitalist, and the man of ability the greatest opportunity of the Twentieth Century.

Winnipeg is the capital of the Province of Manitoba, and the commercial and financial center of all that vast area known as **WESTERN CANADA**, and no other point in Western Canada can present the same combined advantages and opportunity to the young man, the manufacturer, jobber, or capitalist that this fast growing city does to-day.

The property valuation has increased during the last six years from \$27,000,000 to \$95,000,000—

Think of It.

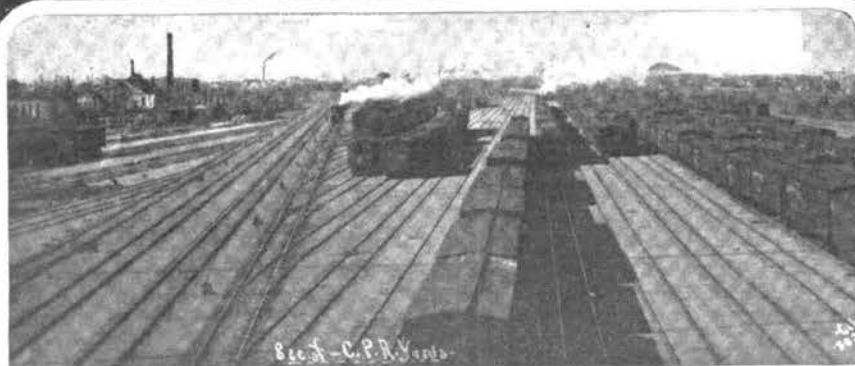
The third largest city in Canada, and the most progressive. Has six different Railway systems, and the largest individual yard of any one Railway in the world. It is the greatest British Grain Market. Leads in Live Stock Exports. Is the Wholesale center of Western Canada. Municipal Ownership in public works. Has best labor conditions in the West. A city of sunshine and health. A home for business and prosperity.

Winnipeg is now seeking an extension of her industries to keep pace with her ever increasing trade that is multiplying yearly, and offers *you* an opportunity to develop the great natural resources of Western Canada, and utilize for your own gain the enormous quantities of by-products that can be profitably turned into dollars by modern methods.

A fixed tax valuation for assessment is given to the manufacturer for a period of years. Write us at once, and let us send you full information.

**Don't Delay—But Act—To-day—At Once.
It Is Your Opportunity—Your Move.**

CHARLES F. ROLAND,
Industrial Commissioner,
Dept. "T"
WINNIPEG, CANADA.



Section of Largest Individual Railway Yard in the World.



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BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER



"OUTDOOR SPORTS"

improve my lady's health, but play havoc with her complexion. And to the man who cares, the skin condition is of vital importance.

Mennen Borated Talcum Toilet Powder

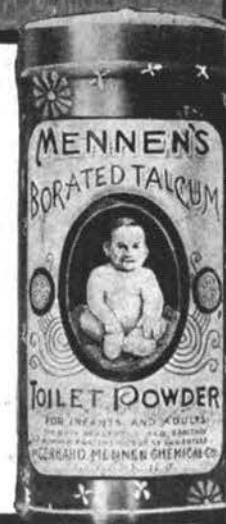
will protect any complexion from the effects of sun, wind, and weather. Gives immediate relief from **Prickly Heat, Chafing, Sunburn**, and all skin troubles of summer. After **bathing** and after **shaving** it is refreshing and delightful.

Put up in **non-refillable** boxes—the "BOX THAT LOX"—for your protection. If **Mennen's** face is on the cover it's **genuine** and a **guarantee of purity**. Guaranteed under the Food and Drug Act, June 30th, 1906. Serial No. 1542. Sold everywhere, or by mail 25 cents.

SAMPLE FREE

GERHARD MENNEN CO., 30 Orange St., Newark, N. J.

Try Mennen's Violet (Borated) Talcum Toilet Powder. It has the scent of fresh cut Parma Violets.



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BY THE PRUDENTIAL IS NOW ANNOUNCED.

All Industrial Policies now in Force under which the Insured have attained age 75, or under which the Insured may attain age 75 during 1907, will be made Free or Paid-up Policies and the

Further Payment of Premiums Will Not Be Required

After the Insured has reached the said age.

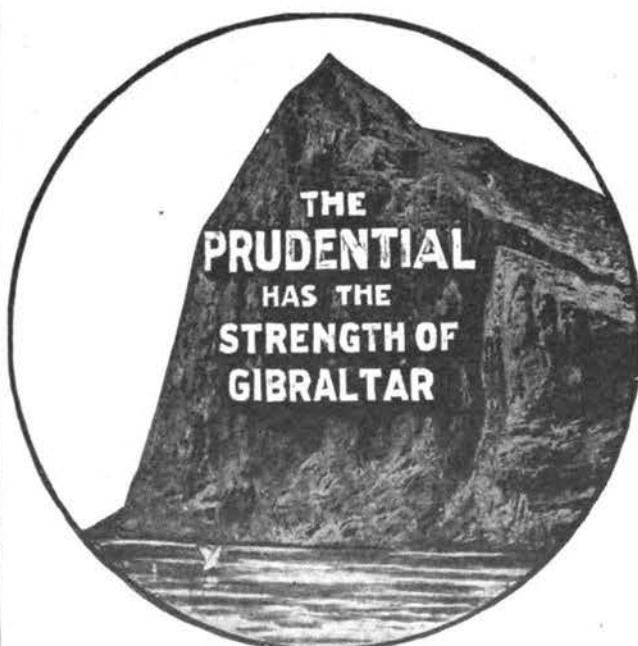
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Three and One-Quarter Million Dollars

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BULLETIN EXTRA!

The Perfect Typewriter. It Has Come at Last!

The climax of typewriter invention—the **perfect typewriter** for whose coming the commercial world has long been watching—has at last been reached in the wonderful new machine known as Oliver No. 5.

The first news of the new Oliver was conveyed by telegraph to the thousands of representatives of The Oliver Typewriter Co. in the following message:

"New Model Oliver No. 5 placed on the market today. A tremendous success. Perfect in principle, flawless in construction, splendidly efficient in operation. The world will never know its equal."

So closely was the news of the coming wonder guarded that not even the Oliver salesmen throughout the world were aware that a new model was being brought out until they received this laconic message. The typewriter world was taken completely by surprise. But makers of old-style machines should have grown accustomed to that, for the Oliver has been a continual surprise during the whole ten years of its existence.

The **Oliver principle**—combining the very extreme of simplicity with amazing efficiency—was the first surprise. That principle has revolutionized the typewriter industry and left the Typewriter Trust with all its millions of capital stranded high and dry on the rocks of Competition.

The **Oliver spirit**—typical of Chicago's pluck and enterprise, which has carried the "Little Giant of the Typewriter World" triumphantly through years of stress and struggle to immeasurable success—was the next great surprise.

The **Oliver sales**—which today far exceed those of any other machine—have been another surprise.

And now, with a name and fame reaching beyond the boundaries of the Western continent—extending to every civilized country on the globe—has come the crowning surprise in the form of the perfect typewriter, Oliver No. 5, King of Typewriters.

New Oliver Typewriter Building

Magnificent Fireproof Structure in the Heart of Chicago, for the Exclusive Use of Oliver General Offices.

THE WORLD'S MODEL OFFICE BUILDING.

On the first of May The Oliver Typewriter Company took possession of its magnificent new office building, 47-55 Dearborn Street, at Randolph, Chicago.

The growth of this great enterprise has few parallels even in that city of Aladdin-like successes. Ten years ago, two small rooms were amply sufficient for its needs. Today, with its vast works at Woodstock, its own office building, its scores of branch offices in different sections of the United States and in various countries of the Old World, and its army of employees numbering many thousands, it occupies a dominant position in the typewriter business.

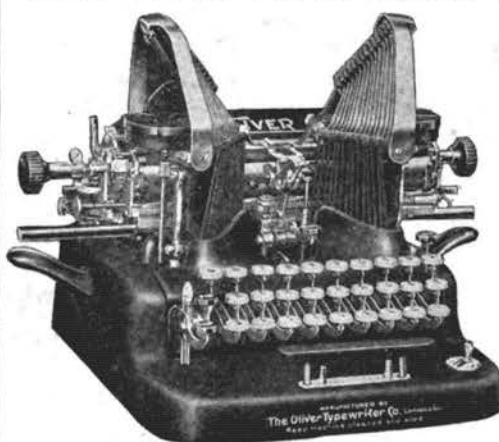
Extra Men Wanted

Oliver Sales Force must be increased at once to take care of new business. Unprecedented demand for the new machine makes immediate addition to the Oliver Sales Force imperative. This condition gives an opportunity for ambitious young men to get into the typewriter business. Good salaries, permanent positions and steady advancement assured to competent men. A course in THE OLIVER SCHOOL OF PRACTICAL SALESMANSHIP FREE. Only practical school of its kind in the world. File applications at once. Give references. Send for free book, "THE RISE OF THE LOCAL AGENT."

OLIVER

New Model No. 5

Tremendous Success!



OLIVER No. 5

A Nugget of Gold from the Mine of Experience

**Wonderful New Model Oliver No. 5
is First to Reach the Goal of
Typewriter Perfection.**

Not by chance did this signal honor fall to the Oliver. The perfect Typewriter—the invincible Oliver No. 5—is the result of inventive genius of the highest order, coupled with an unyielding determination to win, which swept aside all obstacles to the attainment of the desired goal.

Oliver No. 5 is a dream come true—the dream of Thomas Oliver, crystallized into this wonderful mechanism of shining steel that embodies every possible requirement of a perfect writing machine.

It marks a new epoch in the typewriter industry.

The New Oliver is a veritable whirlwind for speed, capable of reeling off an incredible amount of perfect work in a given time with the expenditure of the very minimum of operative effort.

It responds to the touch like a thing of life. The scope of the typewriter's usefulness has been wonderfully widened by the many unique features found only on the New Oliver No. 5.

It is impossible in the limited space of this announcement to adequately describe the new machine. A brief summary of its commanding advantages must suffice.

The Oliver Disappearing Indicator

This ingenious little device indicates the exact printing point. Disappears when type strikes—back again before next stroke. Adds the finishing touch of perfection to the Oliver's visible writing feature.

The Oliver Balance-Shift Mechanism

Oliver shift keys are operated 50 per cent. easier than shift keys of other machines. Entire weight of carriage is sustained by the axis on which it swings. Slightest depression of shift key brings carriage into correct position for writing capitals or figures.

The Oliver Vertical and Horizontal Ruling Device

The only Ruling Device on any typewriter. It makes the Oliver No. 5 a perfect Billing and Invoicing Machine.

The Oliver Non-Vibrating Base

The new Oliver is armor-clad. Its cast steel coat-of-mail serves the double purpose of a Non-Vibrating Base and a Dust-Proof Case for the interior mechanism.

The Oliver Celluloid Key Tops

Bringing resiliency and easy touch.

The Oliver Double Release

Release Key on each side of carriage, within easy reach of either hand.

Oliver Automatic Paper Feed

This simple device permits the use of any desired width of paper. It guarantees the same accurate register afforded by a printing press.

All Typewriter Essentials Centered in Model 5

Visible Writing, Perfect Alignment, Speed, Durability, Versatility, Efficiency—all these and more constitute the unique advantages of Oliver No. 5.

The world moves, and office equipment must keep pace with its requirements. The Oliver Typewriter enjoys a wider popularity and a greater sale than any other typewriter, because it has more than kept abreast of the needs of the business world.



View of the Mammoth Oliver Typewriter Works at Woodstock, Ill., the Greatest Typewriter Plant in the World.

The Oliver Typewriter Co., 41 Dearborn St., Chicago Branches Everywhere



The Kodak Story

Of summer days grows in charm as the months go by—it's always interesting—it's personal—it tells of the places, the people and the incidents *from your point of view*—just as you saw them.

And it's an easy story to record, for the Kodak works at the bidding of the merest novice. There is no dark-room for any part of Kodak work, it's all simple. Press the button—do the rest—or leave it to another—just as you please.

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