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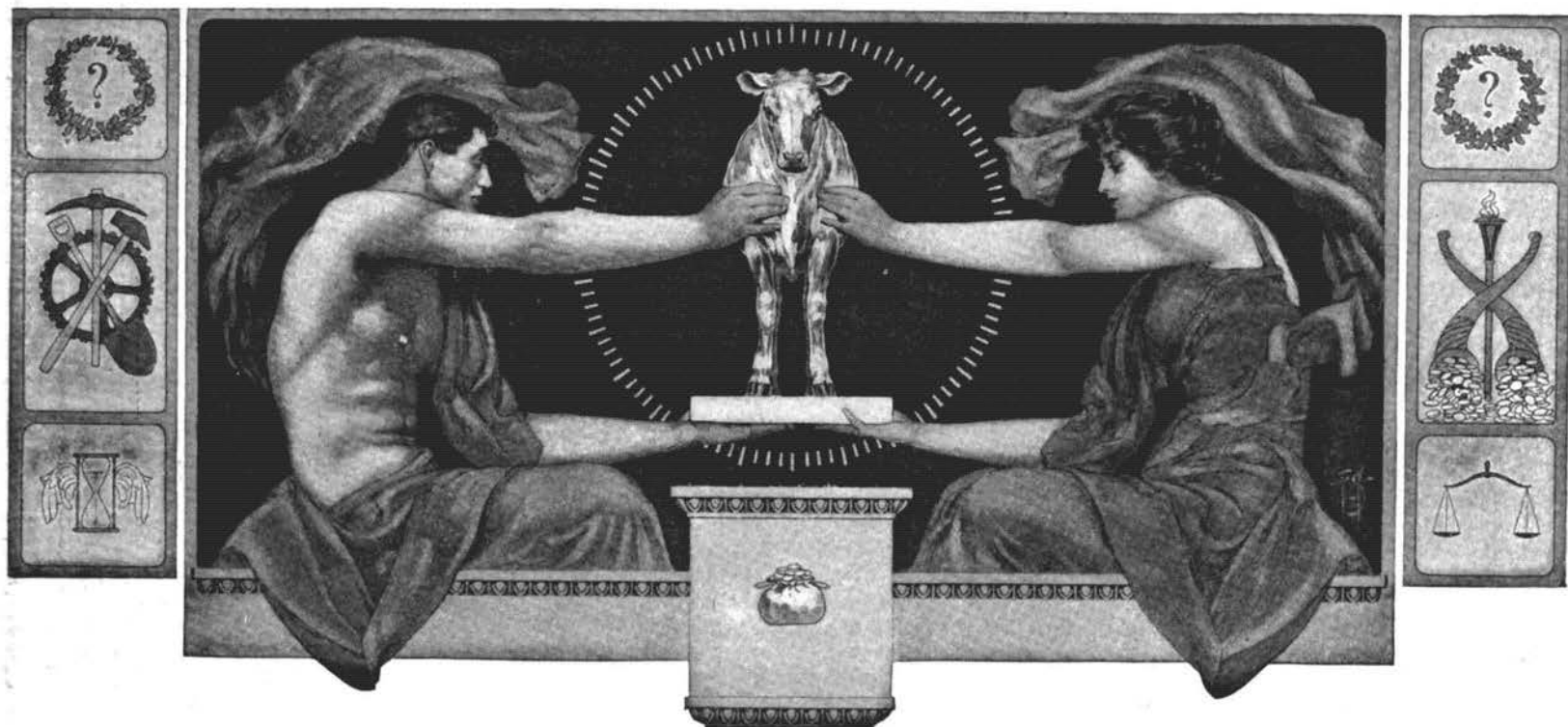
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The Flood of Gold

By FREDERICK UPHAM ADAMS

THROUGH all the centuries of recorded history gold has been the chief standard of value. It is the one institution handed down from savagery which has been adopted and defended by civilization. We have refused to replace it with a scientific and theoretically rational system of measuring values. For ten thousand years, gold has been esteemed a rare metal. It has taken just about so many hours of labor to lure an ounce of gold from the earth, and we have been content to let a considerable portion of our fellows hunt for it in order that the remainder of us might be provided with a medium of exchange. When one stands off and looks at this proposition squarely, its inherent grotesqueness becomes apparent. It is an absurd relic of barbarism. It is laughable to think that we still deem it necessary to send men to the Klondike to dig for a yellow metal which shall stand back of the dollar that we expend for any little necessity or comfort. Equally strange is the theory on which metallic money is based. Until within recent years gold and silver have been the two metals sought for this purpose.

In the Beginning

It has been generally assumed that nature planted a certain amount of these two great metals in the soil, and that it was decreed in advance that a fixed quantity would be discovered each year or age by those who made it their business to provide a "medium of exchange." The writings of the past and even of the present are filled with arguments to prove that God intended these precious metals for use as money, and that He so hid them that about the proper amounts would be produced as needed.

It has always been conceded that, in the event there was any

Headpiece by FERNALD BANKS

The Steady Increase in the Standard Metal—How Its Quantity Is Shattering All Theories—The Danger of Overproduction

marked increase in either or both of these precious metals, their use as money would be impaired. No one has seriously disputed the quantitative theory of money, viz: that any decided increase in the volume of money will be followed by rising prices for every commodity measured by it, and that any decided lessening of the volume of money will be followed by falling prices. This is the inevitable mandate of the law of supply and demand.

For thousands and thousands of years nothing happened to dispute the theory that gold and silver were created for the express purpose of providing mankind with money. During, before, and after the reign of Solomon, the rocks and the soil yielded their grudging quotas of gold and silver, and in all the writings of the ancients I can find no line which breathed a suspicion that nature ever would interfere with this evidently foreordained plan. Mighty conquerors extended their dominion over all the known globe, and at their feet the humbled monarchs laid tributes of gold and silver, yet no Cæsar, Alexander, or Xerxes brought back in his train precious metals equal to the annual income of a Rockefeller or a Carnegie.

Dual Metallic Money

There is every reason to believe that the production of gold and silver was fairly constant through all the ages up to the time that Columbus discovered America. Surely this constituted an argument in favor of metallic money. No banker or king had a disturbing thought that either metal would become less valuable through the luck or activity of its miners. Seemingly it was decreed that through all the ages these two metals should serve man as a dual measure of value.



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JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, who recently said in an interview, "It seems to me that one of the most startling conditions this country must face will be the over-production of gold"



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E. H. HARRIMAN, the prime minister of Wall Street, who tried to force a panic last spring, but who was unable to because of the unexampled prosperity of the country

soon discover that I am not to make any argument in favor of the free coinage of silver.

Gold was the substance for which all the world hungered, and yet when Columbus discovered America there was less than \$250,000,000 of it in all Europe. Surely it had been a difficult substance to find. Centuries had passed, during which this yellow metal had been carefully hoarded, and yet all of Europe held less than a quarter of a billion of it. That was a matter of 415 years ago. Suppose we see in what manner the production of gold has increased since that time.

The Increase Since 1500 Is Over 6500 per cent.

When the great explorer set sail for unknown shores the world was increasing its stock of gold at the rate of less than \$4,000,000 annually. It would therefore take Europe sixty years to duplicate its gold holdings. When another hundred years had passed the output had increased to \$6,000,000 annually. There was nothing startling in such an increase. To bring this about it had been necessary to ransack the treasures of Peru, Mexico, and other new countries. Once more we move the hand of time forward a hundred years until we come to 1700, in which year the average gold production is only \$7,000,000 yearly. Certainly there was no reason to fear an over-production of gold. Another hundred years brings us to 1800, in which comparatively modern time the annual production of gold was only \$12,000,000.

Thus we find that, during the three centuries following the discovery of America, the world's average annual increase in gold was \$26,666. Had this modest ratio been maintained for the next hundred years the total production of gold in 1900 would have been about \$15,000,000. How much do you suppose it actually was? Double that amount? Three times it? Make another guess. It was \$262,220,915!

It was seventeen times the ratio which had been maintained throughout the centuries! It was more than equal to all the gold produced in all the centuries and held in Europe at the time of the discovery of America!

I dislike to use statistical tables, but this is a subject which is illumined by cold facts. Those who think that "nature intended gold to be the medium of exchange" are invited to glance at this short table showing the annual production of that precious metal in the initial years of the last five centuries:

1500.....	\$ 4,000,000
1600.....	6,000,000
1700.....	7,000,000
1800.....	12,000,000
1900.....	262,000,000

The most devoted and hopeful champion of "hard money" will be compelled to admit that, if there be eloquence in figures, the above table contains it. Here is a world which plods along for unnumbered centuries with a fairly steady increase in its accumulations of gold until it reaches 1800. Then a gold deluge!

The above table is startling enough, but the detailed facts are more so. In the period from 1821 to 1840 the average production of gold was only \$11,446,000. In the decade included in the years 1896-1905 the average gold production rose to the staggering amount of \$305,760,000! In the present year we will produce new gold which will sell in the mints for not less than \$425,000,000!

The Force of the Deluge

If these figures prove anything they prove that gold is absolutely worthless as a standard of value. They prove it so conclusively that no defense is possible. If it takes untold centuries for a precious metal to attain an annual production of \$12,000,000 in 1800, how "precious" is it in 1906, when the mines turn out \$400,000,000 of it?

For fully a century the more thoughtful of the great bankers of the world have been awake to the danger which has menaced metallic money. They have not written books about it, neither have they advertised their apprehensions, but they have influenced the governments of the world to take every action which would postpone the breakdown of the standard on which was reared the stupendous edifice of debt and credit. It is natural and instinctive that those who make it their business to manipulate money should aim to hold control of that commodity by controlling and limiting its supply. Every ounce of bullion offered for coinage decreases the purchasing value of every coin which is stamped by the government. The more the productivity of the mines the more precarious the position of the international bankers and money merchants.

Hence the debtor classes—the proletariat, the common people—have, as a rule, favored all policies intended to increase the supply of legal tender money. In all history they have clamored for paper money, "fiat" currency of all kinds, while their rich creditors have denounced such demands as dishonest, and have forced an allegiance to gold or silver. The argument of the bankers has been that nothing is really money unless it has an inherent value equal to the denomination stamped on its face, and they have urged that the rarity of gold makes it the one substance which all the world will accept as a standard.

Until 1816 silver was supposed to possess the same qualities, but in that year the alarmed English bankers persuaded that government to demonetize silver and to adopt the single gold standard. The remainder of the world kept on using both metals until 1854, when little Portugal declared against the white metal. Four years before that time, Holland became so frightened over the discovery of gold in California that she demonetized

gold, but this ban did not long continue. The time was at hand when the banking interests of all the world united in a successful effort to check the oncoming flood of metallic money by discriminating against the one of lesser value. Germany adopted the single gold standard in 1871, the United States in 1873, the Scandinavian States in 1874, Holland in 1875, France and the Latin Union in 1876, Austria-Hungary in 1892, British-India in 1893, Japan in 1898, and Russia in 1899. Since that time practically every nation on the globe, with the exception of China, has thrown silver out of its mints, and China's bonded debts are payable in gold.

When the United States was induced to join other countries in the ban against silver, the total amount of both metals annually produced in all the world did not much exceed \$175,000,000. Please keep that fact in mind.

In 1896 the Democratic Party declared in favor of restoring silver to former coinage use, and, in the light of what has since happened, the arguments and predictions made in that famous campaign seem positively ludicrous. The statesmen and the politicians on both sides had not the slightest conception of the mighty forces which were at work, and their fulminations and warnings were as accurate as if addressed to Mars instead of the United States.

It was the world-old fight between those who wished to curtail the supply of money and those who aimed to inflate it. Both believed in metallic money—or claimed to—and the fight waged over whether silver should have free coinage side by side with gold. Let us see what claims were made by the spokesmen of the respective parties, and then let us see what has happened since.

Making Politics Out of Finance

The "single gold standard" advocates declared that there was plenty of money in circulation. They insisted that an increasing supply of money would bring calamity on the nation. They attempted to prove that more money would work special injury to the workman, by reason of the fact that any decided increase in the total volume of money would result in rising prices. Food, rents, and all comforts and necessities would enhance in price faster than wages. They insisted that there was an over-production of silver. They cited the fact that the silver mines of the world were pouring in a flood of metal which would be worthless as money, if coined. They were right, but they were too blind to see that the same argument applied with more force to gold.

In the period of 1821-40 there was produced an annual average of nine million dollars' worth of silver to eleven and a half million dollars' worth of gold. In the year when Bryan made his great fight for silver there was produced \$98,000,000 of that metal as against \$203,000,000 of gold. In other words, the output of silver had been multiplied by nine, while that of gold had been multiplied by eighteen. For the life of me I cannot understand why the bankers did not conspire to demonetize gold instead of silver, and I will hazard the guess that if they had it to do over again they would attack the yellow metal and deify the white one. Nature has paid the financiers a golden trick.

With these undisputed facts accessible, the "gold-bugs" solemnly or frantically declared that the enormous production of silver made its dollar a "dishonest" one. It was bound to be a depreciating dollar, so they said, according to the immutable law of supply and demand. Why a gold dollar, which multiplied twice as fast, was exempt from this law they did not explain. Gold—so they asserted—was the natural standard of value. It had been designed as such from the beginning of time. The world required a standard of value which would remain *unchanged*. It could and would not tolerate a *fluctuating* standard. Gold filled the bill. Its production was *constant*. There was no possibility of *over-production* of gold. The man who had a thousand dollars of gold bullion could lay it away for years, then have it coined, whereupon he would be able to purchase as much with it as in the year before. Not so if the nation were to permit bimetallism. There would be such a flood of silver that prices would rise to heights unheard-of. Beefsteaks would cost thirty cents a pound. Lumber would be so high that workmen could not build houses. The purchasing price of a man's wages would be cut in half.

When Silver Was "Murdered"

So much for the gold standard prophets. Let us see how accurate their silver opponents were. They charged the banking interests with being back of the conspiracy to "murder" silver. They asserted that, with silver stabbed in the house of its friends, there would be reared a gold monopoly and a money famine. There was not enough gold in the world to serve the purposes of money. The gold mines were exhausted. It was a plot to keep the world in debt. The man with a mortgage on his house would have to pay his creditor in dearer dollars. They asserted that the permanent establishment of a gold standard meant an era of steadily falling prices. Gold would rise at the expense of all else. Wheat would fall to forty cents a bushel. Debts would be doubled, and the bankers who controlled the feeble supplies of gold would rule the world.

Nothing funnier ever happened on a world-wide scale. The gold men won. Silver was dead all the globe over, and yet there was not a day in which the flood of metal money did not increase. The gold men warred against inflation—and proceeded to grow rich in the most marked period of inflation the world has ever known. They warned the people against the evils of rising prices, yet they have survived prices which ever mount higher and higher, and will continue so to do until it is fully realized that

the world is drunk on gold. They were fearful of a dollar with crippled purchasing power, yet they have filled the banks to bursting with dollars which will not buy more than seventy per cent. of as much as when they triumphed over the "dishonest" dollar advocated by the Bryanites.

How about our silver friends? When defeated they prepared for a money famine; in place of it there came a deluge of gold. They did not know it, but the single gold standard was the friend of inflation. I have not the slightest doubt but that the demonetization of silver has been the prime cause in increasing the total of the bullion available for coinage; in other words, I hold that there is more gold produced to-day than there would be of silver and gold were there no legal discrimination against the former.

Values Have Doubled in Ten Years

The gold standard is doomed, and with it there will be cast into history's rubbish pile the absurd expedient of measuring values with a substance dug from the ground. It is almost impossible to name one material more worthless than gold as a "standard of value." The unthinking may imagine that it remains constant by reason of the fact that we cannot see it shrink, but day by day all other commodities and utilities increase in value as compared with it. Look at the prices of silver, iron, copper, zinc, wheat, fabrics, lumber, meats, and everything else which can be named, including speculative and investment stocks, and then answer the question of how gold serves to maintain an honest and constant scale of prices!

We have seen how the production of gold remained almost constant from 1492 to 1840, and how it then rose by leaps and bounds. From less than \$12,000,000 in the period of 1821-40 it rose to more than \$200,000,000 in 1896. There was witnessed the astounding spectacle of a single year producing more than half a century. What shall be said of a substance selected for a "standard of values" which in the latter half of the nineteenth century was produced in quantities nearly ten times as great as in the first half? Not ten per cent. more—which would have been a fair increase—but one thousand per cent. more.

Let us see what has happened since 1896, in which year the "honest" gold men won so signal a victory over the silver inflationists. Silver was defeated for the purpose of keeping out of the mints a metal the admittance of which would result in an "abnormal increase" in the supply of legal tender money. The reports for the past year have not been fully tabulated, but the unofficial estimates prove that they will not fall below the figure I have named.

The medium by which all values are determined has almost doubled in

ten years! I doubt if another commodity can show an equal boom. When the foolish silver men proposed to add that metal to coinage there was produced in all the world only about \$300,000,000 of both gold and silver; when silver was demonetized in 1873 the amount was \$175,000,000, and now, in consequence of their victory for "sound money," the mints are called on to grind out more than \$400,000,000 in gold alone. Conservative estimates place the yield in three years from now at half a billion annually, and there is no reason why the billion figure shall not be reached within ten or twelve years.

But no increase however startling can add to the condemnation of a monetary system based on a substance which doubles its output in ten years. It took three centuries after the age of Columbus to perform that miracle. When the efficiency of modern labor is taken into consideration it is not an exaggeration to claim that the gold dollar of 1907 has less than ten per cent. of the purchasing power of the gold dollar of 1800!

Even as late as 1848, the total amount of gold in Europe and America was only \$2,800,000,000. Beyond the slightest doubt we will duplicate this amount in the next six years! In the past it has been possible to meet the vast increase in metallic money by closing the mints of successive countries to the coinage of silver, but now all the world is overspread with the golden flood. The great bankers and financiers are at the end of their list of expedients. To throw silver out of China would have no more effect on the precious metal market than the closing down on a one-stamp mill.

Twenty years ago I made a trip through Colorado with a gentleman who was interested in mining properties. We came to a plateau fully 12,000 feet above the sea level, and leading from it were gulleys and canyons connecting with valleys below. From an outcropping ledge of rock of peculiar formation my friend detached with his knife a piece of almost pure graphite.

"Here is one of the richest lodes of graphite ore in the country," he said, "but it is worthless."

I asked for an explanation, and was told that there was no way in which to secure power or water. In the valley below a mill was making large profits from inferior ore, but it had the advantage of fuel and water.

Electricity Has Raised Values

To-day the claim which I could have purchased for a few hundred dollars is worth hundreds of thousands. Electricity solved the problem. Miles away the water from a mountain brook drops through a pipe hundreds of feet, revolves a turbine wheel, which in turn runs powerful

[Concluded on pages 558 and 559]

Hinkins's Prudence

By Charlton Lawrence Edholm

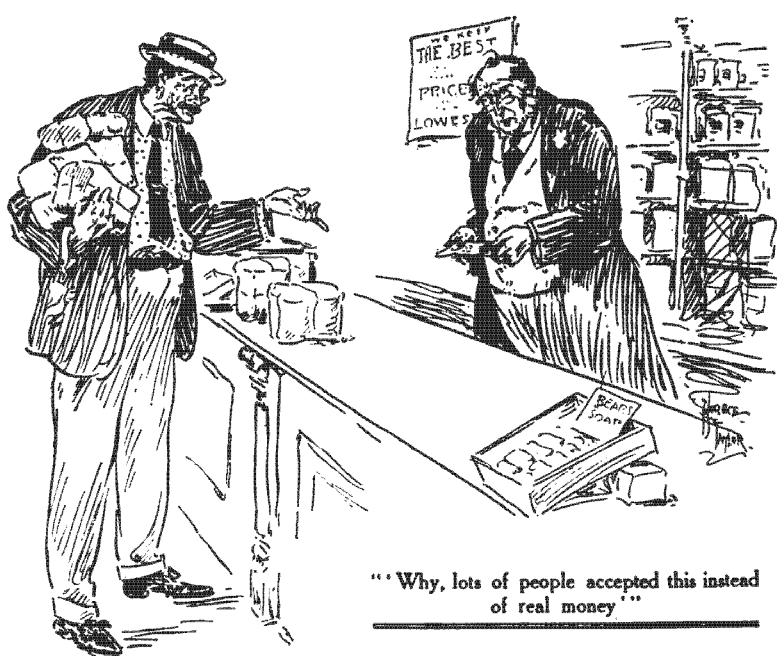
Illustrated by HORACE TAYLOR

WISHING to purchase a collar button, Mr. Subbubs stepped into Hinkins's Emporium, which shared with two competitors the trade of that pleasant suburb known as Carrot Grove.

Hinkins's Emporium was a department store on a small but pretentious scale, with a superabundance of plate glass, gilt signs, and nickle fittings. Its outward appearance rasped Mr. Subbubs's nerves, for it conducted "profit-slashing sales" eight times a week, so that its front was covered with a chronic rash of canvas signs announcing the same. A large pink hand wielding a butcher knife which cut in two a blood-streaming dollar sign was Mr. Hinkins's formula for these sales. However, it was a good enough place to buy a collar button, Mr. Subbubs thought, and an especially good place to pursue his investigations along certain economic lines which had of late years engaged his undivided attention.

"Collar buttons, sir? Yes, sir, this way, sir," answered the affable and obsequious proprietor, bowing his customer to the showcase where the articles sought for were displayed.

Mr. Pennywise Hinkins was an exceedingly near-gentlemanlike individual, whose portly per-



son was adorned with a frock coat and all which thereto appertains. A large Rhine diamond adorned his little finger, a speckled red and yellow carnation adorned his lapel, an oily smile adorned his face when selling goods, a sweeping curl of sleek hair adorned his brow: Miss Polly Pert, of the Society Column, Carrot Grove "Me-

teor," had once referred to him as the "village Adornis."

"We have a large assortment of collar buttons, sir, from bone to solid gold. How would this solid gold-filled one do, at two dollars, Mr. Subbubs?"

"No—no, nothing so expensive. I have just seen the ad. of a very clever patent collar button, Scroogem's Can't-roll. They are advertised at twenty-five cents, and are guaranteed not to roll under the dresser. Cheap at the price, cheap at any price, I should say! Have you got 'em in stock?"

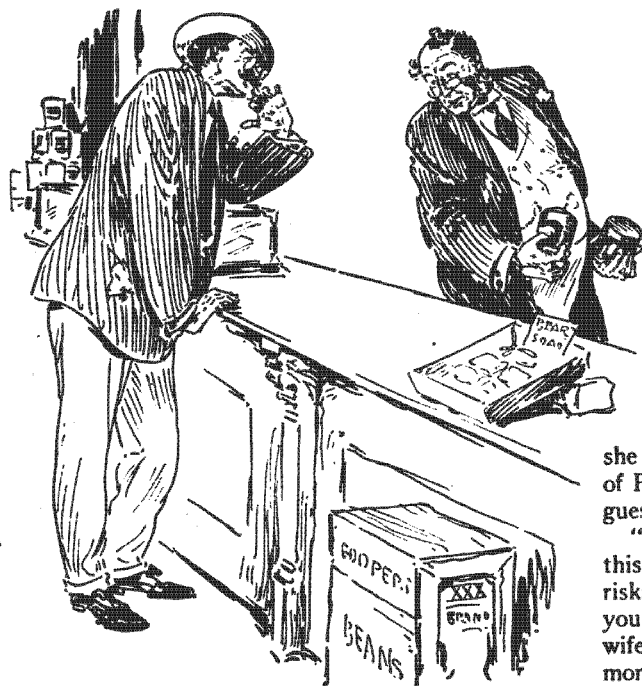
"Well, um—ah, we carry Skookem's Won't-roll Collar Button, a decided improvement on the Scroogem patent, sir, and a little cheaper: you can get the Skookem for only twenty cents."

Mr. Subbubs examined the Skookem button with manifest impatience, grumbled a little under his breath,

and finally decided to take three, realizing that a trip to the city for a genuine Scroogem would be a long way to go for a collar button.

"Anything else, sir?" queried the proprietor of Hinkins's Emporium, handing Mr. Subbubs his little packet with a flourish.

"Well, I was thinking of getting a pair of



"Mr. Subbubs grinned like a Japanese mask"

Imperial Suspenders, the kind that have a little contraption to ease the strain with each movement of the body; I suppose I can buy them here?"

"Why, certainly; this is just what you want," beamed the proprietor, as he took down from a shelf a very gaudy box, marked "The Emperor Suspender, Craxson Elastic Company, Newark."

"Tut, tut, tut! This awful memory of mine!" exclaimed Mr. Subbubs, putting on his glasses to examine the label. "When I saw the description of that suspender in the magazine advertisement, I thought it read 'The Imperial Suspender, Jackson Elastic Company, New York.' Isn't it odd how deceptive a thing is one's memory?"

"Ah, yes, indeed!" sighed Mr. Hinkins. "I had an aunt, once, Miss Agatha Pennywise, after whom I was named, who, just before she died, gave me to understand that she would leave me the snug little sum of five thousand dollars if I would conduct a perfectly straightforward business enterprise. She had a hobby for hair-line honesty—would return a borrowed pin; I've known her to do it. Well, would you believe it?—although she was familiar with the perfectly legitimate methods of the Emporium, she did n't even refer to me in her will. Being in her second childhood, she had forgotten her sacred promise to her confiding nephew—that's me, sir—until the grim reaper cut her down and led her to pastures new in a better land. It was extremely annoying, I assure you."

"Yes—yes, no doubt," assented Mr. Subbubs, curtly. This coupling of failing memory and second childhood was not pleasing to him in view of his recent lapse. "I could have sworn it was the Jackson Company," he muttered, as he took the package. "And now I'll get a few things for the household," he said, clapping his hand to his vest pocket. "I certainly should have forgotten Mrs. S.'s list, if I had n't been reminded of my forgetfulness."

"Beg pardon," said Mr. Hinkins.

"Three cakes Pair's Soap," read Mr. Subbubs from the back of an old envelope.

"Three cakes Bear's Soap, yes, sir," answered the proprietor, filling out his sales slip.

"Two packages Uneedanother Cracker."

"Two packages Ueatanother Cracker;—what else?"

"Six cans Cooper's Beans. Got it?"

"Yes, sir, six of Snooper's Beans."

"Hold on, my friend, you misunderstood me. I said Cooper's, not Snooper's."

"Oh, very well, sir, we have Cooper's, too; they're just the same grade and sell at the same price. Many of our customers take

Snooper's for Cooper's and never know the difference. "Elijah," to the new clerk, "go back and open a case of Cooper's Beans and bring six cans. Anything else, sir?"

"Yes, I'll take a package of Fairy Starch."

"Beg pardon, sir, but Elfin Starch is the only kind we have in stock to-day. It's just as good as the Fairy brand, but not quite so extensively advertised."

"I don't know what Mrs. S. will say," answered Mr. Subbubs, thoughtfully. "She is very particular about her starch. I remember the blessing she gave me when I brought her a package of Fay-Ray Starch instead of Fairy. Well, I guess I'll have to risk it."

"Yes, indeed, we must all take risks in this life," smirked Mr. Hinkins. "I take risks on passing my goods on to you, and you take risks in passing them on to your wife, he-he-he!—What's that, Elijah? No more Cooper's Beans on hand? Well, well, I'm sorry, Mr. Subbubs, but you'll have to take Snooper's or Dooper's or Whooper's Beans; we're all out of Cooper's to-day."

At this announcement a frown which had begun to shade Mr. Subbubs's mild brow, darkened, and it became positively black as the proprietor proffered three yellow cans, each bearing the firm name in similar type, and each having for the trade mark a beanpot with the monogram SB, DB, and WB, respectively.

"Suppose you try two of each, Mr. Subbubs."

"Mr. Hinkins, last month you sold me a can of Gooper's Beans. They came in a yellow can that looked so much like my old favorite brand that I did n't notice the difference until I came to eat them. Do you see this tooth, Mr. Hinkins?"

Mr. Subbubs grinned like a Japanese mask to show a molar capped with a bright gold crown. "Well, sir, that's what your Gooper's Beans (or the gravel adulterated with beans which sells under that label) did for me. You may have profited four cents by selling me Gooper's for Cooper's, but it cost me fourteen dollars in cash, four days in time, and forty thousand dollars in mental anguish and physical agony before the dentist got through with me. And, besides, those Gooper's Beans were tasteless; absolutely unfit for any connoisseur to eat, and I want to tell you that I regard myself as a connoisseur when it comes to beans."

By the time Mr. Subbubs had finished his peroration, his purchases lay before him on the counter, neatly wrapped and tied. Checking with a gesture the deprecatory explanations of the proprietor of the Carrot Grove Emporium, Mr. Subbubs placed a greenback on the counter and began piling the bundles in the crook of his arm.

"I'll pay you for these near-beans of Hooper and Trooper and Stooper," he said angrily, "but that ends my dealing with this store. Hereafter I'll patronize Smith & Jones, or Green & Black across the street, or I'll buy in the city, or, by heck! I'll write to the factories if I can't get what I want over the counter."

The proprietor smoothed out the bill thoughtfully, the uncanny smile smoothing out of his face as he did so till, as he looked up, it was blank with surprise.

"Why, Mr. Subbubs," he gasped, "this is a bogus bill you've given me!"

"No more bogus than your beans," retorted Mr. Subbubs.

"But, my dear sir, it's a Confederate bill. Don't you know there's a law against trying to pass bad money?"

"There ought to be a law against passing bad beans. Snooper's! Gooper's!!—Bah!"

"But, really, Mr. Subbubs, I can't accept that bill. You'll either have to give me another one or return my goods."

"Your goods! Your no-goods, I guess you mean. If you give me Craxon's name on suspenders when I want Jackson's, why should n't you be satisfied with 'Confederate States' on a bill instead of 'United States,' eh?"

"Now please don't get excited, Mr. Subbubs; just take back your bill and give me back my wares, and we'll say no more about the matter."

"Your wares, indeed! Your won't-wears is what you ought to call 'em. Look here, what's the matter with my bill? It's a grade of paper equal to that of a gold certificate almost, and of the same size and shape. It is very nicely engraved. It bears a numeral as large as that on Federal money of equal denomination. Why, lots of people accepted this instead of real money—once upon a time, and did n't know the difference."

Mr. Hinkins was looking nervously toward the telephone by this time, and wondering whether to ring up the police patrol or the emergency ambulance to remove a lunatic.

"I take risks in passing your starch on to Mrs. S.," continued Mr. Subbubs, "so it is reasonable for you to assume risks in passing my money on to your jobber. And think of the extra profit I make on a bill like this!"

"He, he, he! Now I see you're joking, Mr. Subbubs," tittered the proprietor.

"Yes, I'm joking," admitted Mr. Subbubs. "The joke's on you, sir."

"Huh?"

"Well, the truth of the matter is that I represent the Advertisers' Association for the Suppression of Near-likes, which I organized in self-defense after being slimflammed forty-five years, three months, and eight days. It is for the benefit of advertisers who object to imitations of standard goods and for the equal benefit of consumers who want *what* they want, and not what you want them to want at sixty per cent. profit. Our plan is to specify in our local advertisements which firm is morally infirm. We have arranged with editors to publish snappy write-ups,

using the actual conversation between bunco merchants and their victims, so that the townspeople will recognize their stock phrases.—Elijah!"

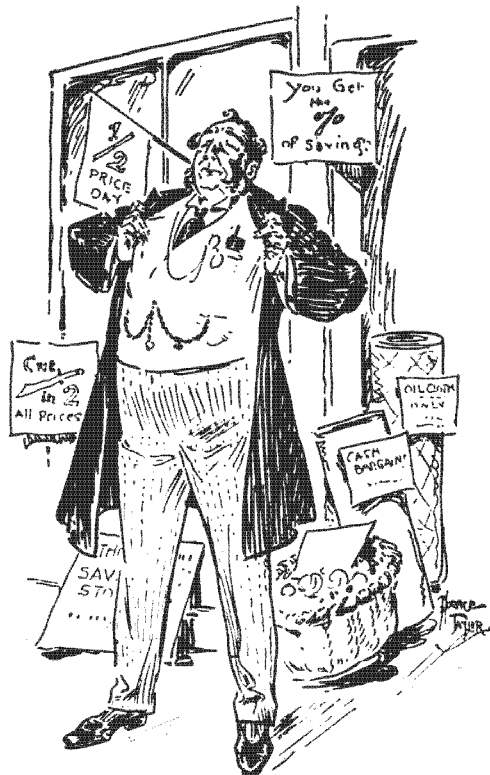
"Yes, Mr. Subbubs."

"You have your stenographic notes and memoranda in shape for Miss Pert, of the 'Meteor'?"

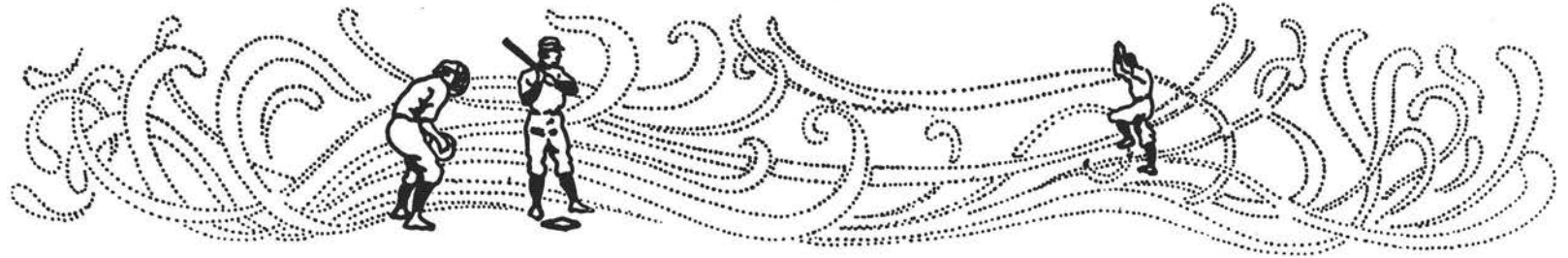
"Yes, sir."

"Very well; you may return to the office with me now. Don't bother Mr. Hinkins for your week's wages."

As Mr. Subbubs reached the door, leaving the proprietor of the Emporium gazing ruefully at the bogus money in his hand and then at the bogus merchandise on the counter, he paused and glanced back to remark, "Good afternoon, Mr. Hinkins. You'll know the feel of my broken tooth when you read your free 'ad' in the 'Meteor' to-morrow."



"The Village Adonis"



"PLAY BALL!"

By HENRY BEACH NEEDHAM

A REAL baseball fan—a "thirty-third degree" fan—to use the vernacular—is a thorough partisan. He is not content to witness an interesting game, cleanly played and earnestly contested. For the space of about two hours he desires, above everything else in life, to see the home club win.

In order to enter the ball park, the fan has deposited at the gate twenty-five, fifty, or seventy-five cents—perhaps one dollar, if he owns a motor car—and in buying an admission ticket he realizes that he is patronizing a money-making enterprise. He knows that the promoters of the national game are not in the business to provide the

The Story of Our National Game. *Third Article*



GEORGE STONE,
Champion batsman,
American League



A. J. REACH,
A veteran baseball
player



JOHN MCGRAW,
Manager, New York
Nationals

of the cleverest and most popular pitchers of the Chicago Americans, calls Washington—a rival city in the American League—his home; there he was raised and there he attended Georgetown University. This makes no difference. The Chicago fan knows that White will do his level best for the White Sox, and that he will pitch just as good ball against Washington as against any other of the seven clubs, even though he hastens home to the capital as soon as the playing season is over.

White keeps faith with the Chicago fan; that is enough. On its part, the Chicago club, in order to secure the fan's patronage, must see to it that White continues to play with the White Sox so long as his services are of value. The Philadelphia fan, on the other hand, desires Plank to remain with the Athletics, and it is wisdom on the part of the Philadelphia club, for the reasons already given, to retain Pitcher Plank. The Chicago club must not seek, therefore, to entice Plank from Philadelphia, and, likewise, the Athletic management must make no covert overtures to Pitcher White. There is a "community of interests" between clubs of a league and between the leagues which, while not interfering with the keen competition on the diamond, respects, above all else, the wishes and demands of the fan. There must be popular support for the national game in order, first, to make clubs pay, and, second, to insure good salaries to the players. In the final working out of the problem of controlling professional baseball, the popularity of the game, including the acclaim accorded the individual players, affords protection to the men who give their services on the diamond and insures them fair play.

But it is a problem. A. G. Spalding, old-time player, manager, and one of the founders of the National League, comments thus tersely—albeit in somewhat mixed metaphor:

"Baseball is a sentiment, and not a business; a sport, and not a commodity; and the great difficulty that the league and club officials have in legislating for the game is in trying to adjust a business harness to this fractious animal." In order to square the method of control of the national game with the American notion of fair play, a knowledge of the development of organized baseball is essential to all who are interested in the game. Attention was called in the

June Number of SUCCESS MAGAZINE, to the history of baseball, but the significance of the several forms of government was not pointed out.

In any outdoor pastime which requires the assembling of teams, the first step, naturally, is for those interested in the particular sport to join together, form an organization, and then enter into agreements with other like organizations

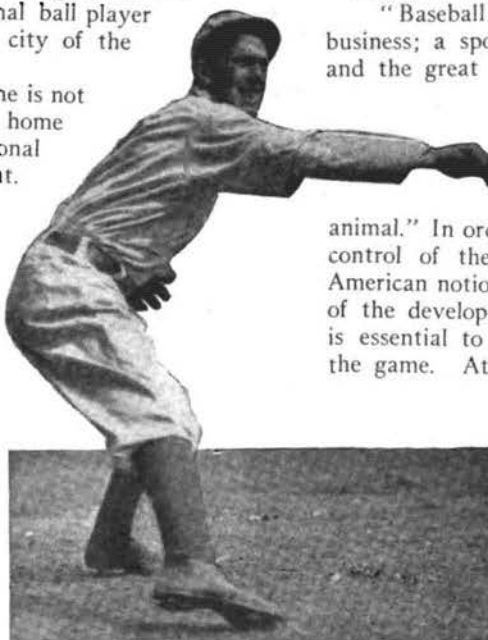


FRED HARRIS,
of the Boston Americans, who
pitched the twenty-four-inning
game won by the Philadelphia
Athletics

public with free amusement; that the player is giving his services—batting and catching, pitching and fielding—in exchange for coin of the realm, and is following baseball to earn a living for himself and his family. The fan does not object to this—*provided* the lady on the dollar is not permitted to enter the grounds, but is detained at the box office. In other words, it must be a square game, honestly and conscientiously contested, with every player striving for the success of his team.

It is a square game. It is honestly played. And the large majority of players, unless suffering from some real or imaginary grievance, do strive for all they are worth. Why should n't they? They are all well paid for their services. They are carefully looked after, and, when traveling, are provided with the best of food and accommodations. Moreover, they love the game, most of them, and they enjoy playing it. To argue that a high-class ball player does not give the best that is in him, because he is paid for his services, is to contend that the regular will not fight valiantly, merely because he is a hired soldier. The regular soldier proved his patriotism in Cuba, and the professional ball player is constantly demonstrating his loyalty in every city of the major and minor leagues.

The fan appreciates this devoted service, and he is not to be blamed when he looks on the players of the home team as the heroic defenders of the city on the national diamond. But these defenders must be constant. In the midst of an exciting pennant race it would never do for the "mainstay in the box" or for the leading batsman to desert to a rival club. Unless restrained by baseball law, the player, being human and having at heart the welfare of his wife and children, might do this very thing if tempted by a larger salary. Such a proceeding would disgust the fan, who would neglect the ball park for his business. Hence, so far as concerned this disgruntled fan's city, the popularity of the game would receive a severe blow.



JOHN COOMBS,
who pitched the twenty-four-inning game for the Athletics



EDWARD WALSH,
Pitcher, Chicago White Sox



HARRY J. DAVIS,
Captain, Philadelphia Athletics

for contests of skill. These organizations, in the nature of things, are first controlled by the contestants themselves. So it was with the pastime destined to become the national game.

Baseball teams existed as early as 1845, but the first league was formed in 1857, when the National Association of Baseball Players was organized. This, as the title implies, was an organization of *players*—in fact, of amateur players. They did not remain true amateurs for long, however, and in 1871 baseball was placed squarely on a professional basis, when there came into existence the National Association of Professional Baseball Players. It will be noted that the *players* still governed the sport, and they continued to do so until 1876. It was in this period that there grew up the great abuses which menaced the very life of baseball, namely, gambling and the buying and selling of games. Of these abuses there was full discussion in an earlier article. Suffice it to say that, in 1876, the players were deposed from the government of professional baseball, and they have never since controlled the game.

How the National League Started

The National League of Professional Baseball Clubs was organized, and from that day to this the dictators of the national game have been club owners—men financially interested in baseball, but shrewd enough, as a rule, to confine the dollar to the box office. In the early nineties, it is true, a great baseball "strike" occurred. Many of the most capable ball players struck, not for higher salaries, but for a division of the gate receipts. These players formed a new league called the Brotherhood. While the National League—the organization of club owners—was driven to the verge of bankruptcy in this bitter fight, the Brotherhood—the players' own league—went to pieces. The "strike" was declared off, and the men returned to the National League, practically acknowledging that they could not play the game and control it as well. This, then, was the only exception to the thirty years of government by club owners.

Save for a struggle with the old American Association, the National League dominated baseball until 1901, when the American League inaugurated the two years' "baseball war." Taking every advantage of its opponent's mistakes—particularly of the rowdy ball and umpire bating permitted in the National League—the new organization forged rapidly to the front and established itself as a major league. At the end of the war the older organization was willing enough to make peace, and the terms were practically dictated by Byron Bancroft Johnson, the man who conceived and built up the American League, and who is the foremost figure in organized baseball to-day.

The present government of the national game represents Mr. Johnson's ideas. The "National Agreement"—the law and regulations of the autocracy of professional baseball—was prepared, at Mr. Johnson's request, by A. J. Flanner, editor of "Sporting News," who, by the way, is not a lawyer. Let us consider the autocratic government of the national game as it now exists.

The dictators of organized baseball are the two major leagues—the National and the American. In five cities—New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Chicago, and St. Louis—both leagues have clubs; while Brooklyn, Cincinnati, and Pittsburg make up the circuit of eight clubs in the National League, and Washington, Detroit, and Cleveland complete the roll in the American League. These two big leagues are doing business under an ironclad agreement which requires one organization to keep its hands off the players of the other, and confines both leagues to the present territory—to the cities already named. All disputes of whatever nature arising between the two leagues, or between clubs of one organization, or between clubs of different leagues, or between players and clubs, are determined absolutely by the National Commission. This body consists of August Herrmann, who is president of the Cincinnati Baseball Club, chairman; Harry C. Pulliam, president of the National League; B. B. Johnson, president of the American League, and John E. Bruce, who is a well-known lawyer, secretary and treasurer.

Two Hundred and Fifty Cities Represented

The minor leagues have a separate organization, known as the National Association of Professional Baseball Leagues, of which P. T. Powers is president and J. H. Farrel, secretary. There are thirty-one leagues in this organization, with clubs representing about 250 cities and towns in the United States and Canada. These leagues are divided into four classes—A, B, C, and D—based principally on the quality of baseball shown by the respective leagues. This organization has its own Board of Arbitration, which settles disputes in the "minors" just as the National Commission arbitrates differences arising in the major leagues.

It is to be particularly noted, however, that players—and only players—in the minor leagues may take an appeal from the Board of Arbitration to the National Commission, which has come to be recognized as the "Supreme Court of Baseball." The minor league players are allowed this appeal because the National Association of Professional Baseball Leagues (minors) is a party to the so-called National Agreement, as are the National and American Leagues (the majors). There is an "open season," when major league clubs may make a selection of minor league players, under certain well-defined regulations, "drafting"

men, as it is called, at the rate of \$1,000 for a player selected from a club in class A, \$750 for a class B player, \$500 for a player in class C, and \$300 for a player of the lowest class. But to understand this bartering in baseball players, one must appreciate what is meant by the expression that a professional club, operating under the National Agreement "owns" its players.

The baseball player is bound to his club by a contract somewhat similar in nature to that which binds an actor to a theatrical company, and, like the actor's contract, it is a very one-sided affair, the club owner having decidedly the "long" side. After providing for the purchase of uniforms by the player, the instrument states that the contract may be terminated by the club on ten days' notice, and also that at the end of this short period there is no obligation on the part of the "magnate" to pay the player a penny.

The "right of reservation," mentioned in the ordinary baseball player's contract, is the right of a club to the services of a player so long as the club cares to retain him, or until the player is "released," as it is expressed. Of course, the club must provide him with employment; that is to say, must offer him a contract. But once he has contracted with a major league club, he must continue to play with that club. After his contract expires, the club can offer him another and at a *lower salary*. He must accept it, or keep out of organized baseball. The same is true of the player signing with a minor league club, except that he may be "drafted" by another club which ranks higher in the autocracy. It is clearly within the law of baseball that a player may sign with a major league club at \$2,000 a year; that the following season he be offered a contract calling for a salary of \$1,500; the following year, \$1,000, and the fourth year \$500. He could "hold out"—refuse to sign—and the club could not, in baseball law, and certainly not in the courts, compel him to join the team. But he would not find another position in a team operating under the National Agreement. That is what this interleague compact is for: to compel players to regard themselves as the "property"

of the club with which they cast their fortunes. It is the fundamental law of organized baseball, and by means of the National Agreement this law is enforced in the autocratic government of the national game.

Operations of the Baseball Trust

It is essential, of course, that the National Agreement should practically cover the entire field of professional baseball, else a player dissatisfied with the treatment accorded him by his club, might "jump" to a club which would not "recognize the right of reservation" of the player's former club. When the American League was in process of organization

and growth, its clubs did not respect the "reserve rule" of the National League, and star players were taken from the older organization by the offer of larger salaries. Last season much trouble was caused by the Tri-State League, which has teams in Pennsylvania, Delaware, and New Jersey. Players who were not content with salaries offered them by leagues operating under the National Agreement, or who, being under contract, were disciplined for bad conduct and for indifferent playing, "jumped" to this "outlaw league," where they were given employment at good wages. The parties to the National Agreement lost no time, however, in bringing the Tri-State League into the "baseball trust." In

accomplishing this result the autocrats showed great wisdom, in that they required players "under reserve" to return to the clubs which they had deserted, and segregated "contract jumpers" in the Tri-State League for their baseball careers, unless reinstated by the National Commission.

A prominent lawyer recently argued a player's case before the National Commission. At the conclusion of his formal argument, and not by way of threat at all, he told the members of the commission that they and their fellow "magnates" could be put in the penitentiary for conspiracy. There is little doubt that the parties to the National Agreement, which blacklists a club for playing a player who is "under reserve," and which can restrain a man from following his chosen occupation, are violators of the conspiracy statutes of many States. It looks very bad and very un-American on its face, and yet it is perhaps the only form of government for organized baseball which will promote the welfare of the game and insure clean sport. Let us see how it works out.

When a player adopts rowdy tactics or indulges in umpire baiting, he is suspended by the president of his league.



EDWARD PLANK,
Leading pitcher, American League



JAMES COLLINS,
Third base, Philadelphia Americans



WILLIAM SULLIVAN,
Catcher, Chicago Americans



ARTHUR DEVLIN,
Third base, New York Nationals

This deprives the club of his services—perhaps at a critical time in the championship race. The club may therefore wish to make him suffer for his own behavior, so a fine is imposed. Frequently the president of the league inflicts a fine, and the club owner may think that the offending player should pay it. Then, players sometimes grow indifferent in their work, or are not alert and keen-minded, or they dissipate. Fines or the loss of pay constitute the best method of bringing such men to time. If a

player who is fined or is laid off without pay, could secure a good berth with another club, he would seize the opportunity to "jump." This would tend to destroy the morale of the team which disciplined him, and thereby the profession would become disorganized.

Before the season opens the club gives its players a month of practice in southern territory, training the men for the season's work. Thus the club has a reasonable claim on the services of the players. Moreover, club owners often give "advance money" to men who have failed to "put by" for the five months of inactivity. These and other reasons may be advanced why one club should observe the "reserve rule" and the contracts of another club.

How do these arbitrary laws actually affect the player? Suppose a player becomes dissatisfied with a club. He may play with just enough "steam" to escape being fined or laid off, and yet be far below his true form. Excuses for such actions are easy to find. The disgruntled player may affect the pace of the whole team, and his indifference may be communicated to the rest of the players. In this event, the club owner is glad enough to be rid of him. Moreover, although he may be a star, the fan, quick to judge of the willful shortcomings of a player, will sanction his "sale." In this way the player may find his way to the club he fancies, while his former "owners" will receive in exchange a large sum of money—the "purchase price." Last season, Seymour, who was playing in the field for Cincinnati, became dissatisfied, and desired to get back to the New York Giants, for which team he was at one time a pitcher. Finally, Cincinnati "sold" him to New York for \$10,000, and his improvement in batting for the Giants was so marked that it proved he had been "soldiering" in the West.

The Players Are Well Treated

As was stated at the outset in this article, the wishes and demands of the fan protect the player. If he be a clever performer and his playing is at "concert pitch," the club owners must deal fairly with him in order to satisfy the fan. Necessarily, there is much "bluffing" on both sides when it comes to fixing salaries, but in the end the players are well treated as a rule. Certainly they are in the major leagues, where the average salary is about \$2,800 a man. This, mark you, is for about seven months' work; and during half that time (the teams play as many games away from home as on their own grounds), the players receive transportation, board, and accommodations. All this is of the best. A major league club travels in a Pullman car reserved for its own use. If the run is a short one—New York to Washington, for example—the players have seats in the chair car. On the road, the clubs stop at the best hotels, and as living is on the "American plan," the players eat all that their strenuous exercise demands.

As for salaries, a few illustrations will convince one that first-class players earn more at baseball than they would at any other employment within their abilities. Chase, the first baseman of the New York Americans, who has just passed his majority, signed with the Highlanders at \$2,500 a year, coming from the Pacific Coast League. He made a great record in 1906—his second season—and "held out" for \$5,000 this year. New York finally agreed to pay him \$3,500 for the season of 1907. "Cy" Young, the oldest of the big league pitchers, entered the American League at \$3,000, and for the last two seasons Boston has been paying him \$4,000 a year. Coughlin started with Washington at \$2,000 a season, and is now receiving \$3,000 as captain of the Detroit Americans. Orth, who pitched for the Philadelphia Nationals at \$2,200 a season, was first given \$2,500 in the American League, and is now receiving \$3,500 from the Highlanders. Keeler, of the same team, has received \$4,000 a year for three seasons, and his present contract is at the same figure. Collins, who is now

with the Athletics, received \$2,400 from the Boston Nationals, was first paid \$3,500 by the Boston Americans, and then advanced to \$8,000. Lajoie received \$2,400 from the Philadelphia Nationals, and signed with the Athletics for \$4,000. He went to Cleveland on a four-year contract calling for a total amount of \$25,000, and he is now paid \$8,000 a year for his services as captain and manager of the team. Surely he ought to win the pennant for that money!

Young, untried players enter the major leagues at from \$1,500 to \$2,200 a year, and, if successful, their salary is advanced until it is perhaps \$4,000. The average, as has been said, is a little under \$3,000 in the major leagues. This, be it remembered, is for only seven months' work.

Public support of the national game enables the clubs to pay these salaries, but those who control the sport will tell you that, without the "reserve rule" and the National Agreement, "there would be no money in baseball." Perhaps not. But the clubs are certainly making money today. The franchise (membership in the league) of the Chicago National League Club was sold to Messrs. Charles P. Taft and Charles W. Murphy for \$105,000. Last season the club earned \$140,000. The Chicago White Sox, champions of the world, made almost as much. It costs from \$90,000 to \$100,000 a year to maintain a major league club, divided about as follows: salaries, \$50,000; transportation, \$10,000; board of players, carriage hire, etc., \$10,000; and rental and maintenance of ball park, \$20,000. Clubs earn from \$25,000 to \$100,000 or more a year.

In view of such earnings, club owners could well afford to construct fireproof stands, provided with ample exits. In Chicago, despite the awful warning of the Iroquois fire, the municipal authorities permit the American League to entertain crowds of from ten to twenty thousand people in rickety wooden stands, which would burn like paper; and as the "grand stand" is high above ground and the exits very inadequate, loss of life would surely result if a fire got well started.

Unfortunately, so far as the curiosity of the public is concerned, no reliable figures are obtainable of the total attendance at league games. The figures formerly published simply go to prove that "liars figure." To illustrate: the New York National League Club, during the season of 1905, on several occasions gave out attendance figures of 35,000 to 40,000. In the world's series with the Philadelphia Athletics, the actual attendance was carefully computed and given out by the National Commission, which was in charge of the games. The big day was October 10, when the Athletics beat the Giants 3 to 0. President Brush of the New York Club said that it was the largest crowd which was ever in the Polo Grounds. It numbered 24,902.

And, Finally, the Profits

The world's series played in Chicago last fall, between the Cubs and the White Sox, and won by the latter, was the climax of the most successful season organized baseball has ever seen. The report of the National Commission on this series of games will

be found instructive to those who are interested in the financial end of our great national game:

FINANCIAL REPORT, WORLD'S SERIES

Played in Chicago on October 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, and 14, 1906.

	ATTENDANCE	RECEIPTS
Game No. 1, National League Park	12,693	\$13,910.00
Game No. 2, American League Park	12,595	13,899.00
Game No. 3, National League Park	13,667	14,056.50
Game No. 4, American League Park	18,384	19,989.50
Game No. 5, National League Park	23,267	23,834.00
Game No. 6, American League Park	19,249	20,861.00
	99,855	\$106,550.00

DISTRIBUTION

National Commission	\$10,655.00
Chicago American League players, voucher 241	25,051.28
Chicago National League players, voucher 242	8,350.42
Chicago American League Club, voucher 249	31,246.65
Chicago National League Club, voucher 248	31,246.65
	\$106,550.00

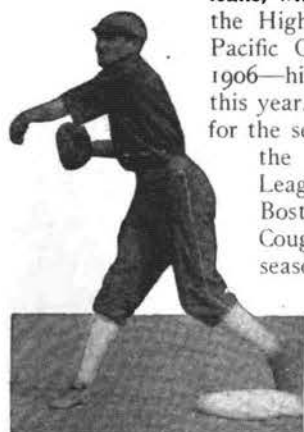
EXPENSES

Hotel and transportation to and from games, vouchers 243, 252	\$724.95
Business Managers, vouchers 244, 247, 251, 255	587.65
Umpires, voucher 245	966.52
Expenses of National Commission and Secretary, voucher 246	1,000.00
Scorers, vouchers 250, 253, and 254	634.50
Balance on hand	6,741.38

Total \$10,655.00

Respectfully submitted, with daily statements and vouchers.

JOHN E. BRUCE, Secretary and Treasurer.



JOHN A. DONOHUE,
First base, Chicago Americans



CATCHER CLARKE,
Cleveland Americans



ELMER FLICK,
Cleveland Americans

The Moonshiners*

CHAPTER IX.

ALL the way along the girl's thoughts were busy rehearsing the details of her coming interview with her lover, in going over her arguments, in fancying his objections all demolished and his complete surrender to her position. So deeply was the reality of this impressed upon her that her visit to the sick woman was the dream—what she herself had said and done she could not have easily told; it had seemed as if another Hagar were sitting there and talking, while she, the real Hagar, had sat invisibly by, occupied with her own thoughts. This feeling of unreality in herself followed her to Mrs. Shipley's, and she woke only to full and painful consciousness when, after the usual conversational preliminaries, she had made her errand known and Mrs. Shipley had said:

"Why, Hagar, Will hain't been started for the Morgans' more'n half an hour ago, an' he 'lowed he would 'n' be back 'fore an hour by sun."

That meant, in country parlance, an hour before sunset, six o'clock at the earliest, and it was now only eleven. She could not wait until then even if her father were well; to sit and talk neighborhood nothings for seven hours with the fire of her mission gradually dying out to smoking embers? She could not, she could not!

She had refused the offer to "take off yer things an' rest awhile" when she first came, alleging that she could not stay, as her father was alone and might need her, for her idea had been to get Will to walk home with her and, in the shadow of the woods, sacred from every eye, to unfold to him her plan. And now this was all naught, and with a feeling as though a dull cloud had suddenly darkened the day she mechanically left her father's message for Will and said good-by, again pleading his being alone as an excuse for her hurry to leave. Mechanically she took the path for home, her eyes on the ground and her thoughts groping for an occasion to see Will. So engrossed was she that she started, screamed, and turned faint when his voice sounded in front of and close to her.

"Penny fer yer thoughts, Hagar! Must be val'able ones when you mos' run'er man and horse down, plumb in er middle er the road!"

Will looked quizzically down at her for a second, and then, noting the white face and swaying form, he sprang from his horse to her side and put his arm firmly around her.

"Why, Hagar! Hagar! What ails yer? Are yer sick?"

The numbness passed off in a second, and Hagar smiled up into Will's face—a rather wan smile—and said brokenly:

"Oh, Will, you did scare me so badly! I was thinking of you so strongly an' believing you far away, an' when you spoke it gave me such a turn, I thought it was your ha'nt!"

"Well, it's shore 'nough me an' no ha'nt at all, an' if 't's no more 'n a scare it's all right. But what was you thinkin' about me as made you plumb deaf an' blind?"

Then—at first in broken and disjointed sentences, and finally, as her thoughts cleared, in more lucid speech—the girl poured out her hopes, her wishes, and her plans. With many endearing expressions, with the love of her whole heart, with the infinite, intuitive tact and tenderness of a single, loving, unselfish nature, she made her plea for what she felt was the happiness of both.

Will listened at first with an amused and tolerant air, which became more serious as he saw how much in earnest Hagar was. As she unfolded her plan his serious look became a vexed and then an angry one, and finally he pushed her from him and said:

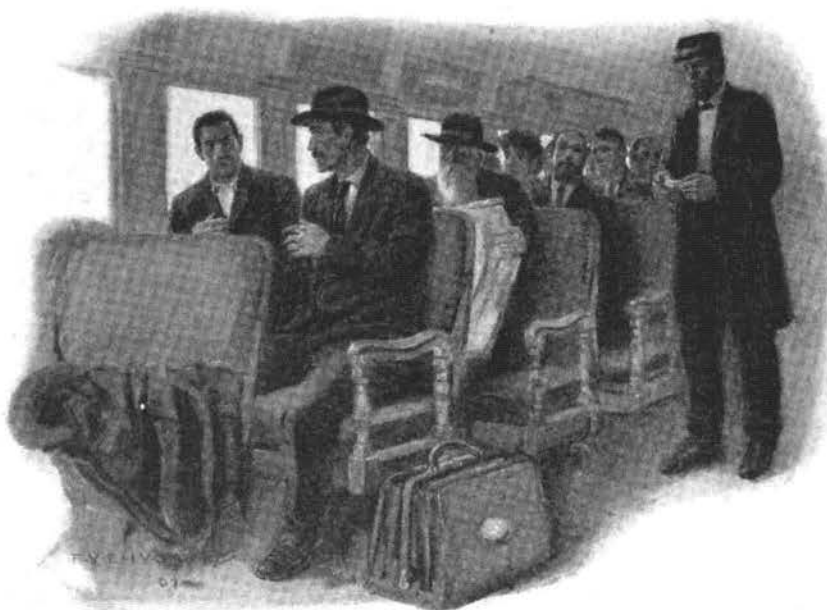
"Now, Hagar, who's been a-puttin all *that* trash in to yer hed? Jes' because an' ol' fool 'f a preacher gets his back up an' rar's around an' paws th' air because a few uv us youngsters cuts up some in'cent didoes, why we're all goin' plumb straight ter hell! An' because I happen ter be in a still with th' Morgan boys and ter drink a little drop now an' then I'm goin' ter join th' Cove an' fill a drunkard's grave! An' because a pack peddler's suspcion'd for a Rev'noor an' gits scared an' runs off, the hull shootin' match is goin' to git raided an' killed! Shucks, Hagar, I thought yer hed sense!"

*This serial was begun in the July Number.

A Romance of the Tennessee Mountaineers

By H. S. Cooper

Illustrated by P. V. E. IVORY



"Better not try it, old man; before you could get that knife in me the top of your head would be blown off"

"Now, Will, dear, you're going to get mad an' worried with me an' not take things as I mean 'em. Indeed, dear, it's more than you think it is. Paw ain't scary about small things, an' he's had a sight more experience than you, Will—he's so much older—and he's dreadful worried about Mr. Howard, an' so 'm I—I know he's a Rev'nuer—I know it! And oh, Will, it has hurt me so to hear the folks talking about Mount Carmel an' blamin' my boy, an' putting him in with the Hallidays an' low-down folks like them! And oh, Will, it is n't needful for you to be in that still business. You've got a nice farm an' a good gristmill, an' paw 'll give us e' ena'most anything we want. Why, he just wants us to live with him; he wants you for a son an' to take the work an' worry of the place off his hands, and you know you said your own self that there wa'n't no nicer or better paying farm in this whole section. Oh, Will, dear, why not just drop the still right away, let the Morgan boys have your share at any price, dear, and we'll be married just when you say, an' I can have my boy with me all the time, an' we'll be happy from 'sun-up to sun-up,' as our paw says?"

Hagar laid her hands on Will's shoulders and looked eagerly and lovingly into his face, her own all glorified with her love and the delight of her prophecy. But Will's face had darkened as she talked, and now he drew back a step and let her hands fall from his shoulders as he said:

"Hagar Peters, if you think I goin' to live off'n your paw and be beholden to him an' maw fer my livin' an' yours, yer surely mistook me! Talk about waitin' fer dead folks' shoes—that *would* be doin' et. Naw, sirree, I ain't that pore-spirited yet—awhiles. You an' all o' you-uns talk about that still 's if 't were some baby trick an' me jest a playin' with et! Why, Hagar, thet still 's makin' more good cash money fer me 'n you to start on then your paw's and my maw's farms rolled together an' th' mill throwed in, an' you ast me to g'in it up 's if 't was an ol' pipe! Besides, what 'd th' Morgan boys hev th' right to say an' think ef I was to drap th' whole thing onto them a'ter all they've done an' on th' first scare uv a raid? Why, Hagar, you'd 'pise me first one fur a-doin' it!"

"Despise you! An' for showing you loved me, for giving up what was wrong an' what you'll know is wrong when you think over it rightly! Despise you for coming an' being a son to paw an' helping him an' your maw! Why, Will Shipley, ain't you ashamed to say that? An' to talk about living off paw an' your maw when you and me are all the children they've got, an' you know how glad an' happy they'd be to have us with 'em—either of 'em. An' 's if I cared for the cash money you'd make on that old still, an' me in dread every minute of a raid an' you getting killed or

'rested! Oh Will, dear, you're just a-fooling to try me, I know you are—ain't you, dear?" and again she went toward him as if to caress him, but Will drew back from her.

He knew in his heart that she was right, that his safety—moral and physical—lay in his dropping the still and its associations. He knew that his happiness, his real, true, lasting happiness, lay with the girl before him and in the life she had pictured. But that very knowledge, the consciousness that she was right in her maidenly love and unselfishness and that he was wrong and selfish in his present attitude, only made him the more obstinate in his pride of maintaining that attitude. Added to that was the moral cowardice or the fear of the sting of giving up the still as if he were scared at the first alarm of danger. He could fancy the veiled contempt of the Morgan boys when he would open the subject, the smiles and innuendoes of the people of the Cove and others when they learned of it, and, above all, she could hear the sarcastic titter of Martha and the remarks she would make about "folks as is tied to a gal's apurn-strings." No—it was foolish of Hagar to think and act as she did about the matter. She surely might trust him and his judgment and not be so willing to accept the opinions of a lot of old people and the tittle-tattle of the neighborhood against him! So, in words almost brutal and made fully so by the constraint of his knowledge of his selfishness and cowardice, he told Hagar his thoughts and his determination, and, like

all who are in the wrong, his knowledge of that fact lashed him into a rage of denunciation of all that opposed him. She, poor loving heart, stood white and trembling as she listened, her heaven tumbling into chaos, her lover transforming himself before her eyes, until at length—hurt to the core by his bitter words, repulsed and silenced when she tried to approach him or speak to him, fearing that she would break down before him—she turned suddenly and ran for home through the woods, not heeding scratches or blows or falls, knowing nothing, caring nothing until she was safe in her room, lying face down on her bed and sobbing in dry, tearless gasps such as come from bitter hurt.

CHAPTER X.

SO she lay there, living over and over again the past few weeks, scrutinizing her own every act, trying to place the beginning of her trouble, searching again for some means to terminate it, for *something* to win and hold Will, *something* that would take him away from the still and the Morgans—male and female—and give him to her; and presently, out of the whirlwind of her thoughts there came to her the overheard wish of her father that the still might be destroyed or raided. Oh! if that could only happen without injury to Will, it would take away every reason for his connection with the Morgans, and would relieve him of all chance of blame or shame in the matter. Nay, more, it would compel him to live closely and circumspectly for a time; it would take away his independent income and make him more dependent on his mother and her property, and it would surely make him willing to marry her at once and settle down to begin the life she had so long planned. But no ordinary injury to the still would make him give it up. The neighbor who had spoken had been right; given any ordinary or even extraordinary injury or loss as regarded their venture, the three boys would instantly bend every energy to replacing it. But a raid, with its total annihilation of still and location, its incriminating suspicion of all connected with it—that alone would deter Will, at any rate, from having anything more to do with "moonshining," at least for a long while, for, if for no other reason, his mother, now supine as to the matter, would be roused to instant negation of any other such venture or of any renewal of this one.

But her father had said something about the risk of bloodshed in a raid—and she shivered as with an ague as she thought of Will dead, and then, for a second, like a hasty glance through a crevice, she saw plainly the body of her lover lying pallid and stark, and her own figure bowed over it—saw it so clearly, so distinctly, so realistic that she gave a stifled cry and sprang from the bed to her feet. The action woke her at once to her condition and surroundings, and hastily

clearing herself of all possible signs of her headlong flight she went out to her work and her father. He, luckily, was engaged in conversation with a neighbor who stayed to dinner and after, and, other visitors coming in later, she was enabled to evade any questioning from him as to Will.

No sleep visited her eyes until early morning; as soon as she was in bed her mind again took up the train of thought. Bloodshed? Why should there be bloodshed if the raiders took them utterly unprepared? She knew, from what had been said in the cave, that they relied absolutely on its hiddenness for immunity, and that, unlike many other stills, no firearms were kept there for defense. While the community was well aware that there was a still on the Morgans' place, few knew its exact location. Only one or two trusted ones knew the secret of its front approach, and only the five who were that day gathered in the cave knew the secret of the rear entrance. This had been an oath-bound compact between the three Morgans and Will, and only Hagar's relation to the latter and his fuddled condition at the time had given her this knowledge. Now if the raiders knew all this, if some one were to give them minute directions as to the cave and the methods and habits and *personnel* of the operators, what so easy, with a sufficient force, as to capture and destroy the still without risk of its defense? What could be easier, if Mr. Howard were a revenue officer—as he surely was—than to write him to the address he had left, tell him clearly and plainly where the still was and how to get to it and at it with absolutely no risk of discovery? But—even if there were no risk of blood being shed, there would be that of the arrest of any one found with it or in incriminating proximity or circumstances. The law took no cognizance of sweethearts or their wishes, and, if Will were taken red-handed, or even were he suspected, he would go to Nashville as a prisoner with the rest. "Suspected!" Of course he would be suspected—Mr. Howard's words to her showed that he more than suspected. Ah! yes—his promise: "Any very dear friend of yours—if he gets into trouble let that man know and he will see him out of it." Yes—she would make it a condition that Will should go free, and "that man"—who but Mr. Howard himself—would arrange it so that he should. No doubt of Howard or of his ability to keep his promise rose in her mind, and with that her resolution was formed.

Of the consequences to the Morgans she took little thought—perhaps there flitted through her mind a lightning picture of Martha behind prison bars; if so, "it was her own fault!" Of the later consequences, of the risk of rescue and reprisal by the whole countryside, she gave no heed—only to have the still wiped out, only to have Will's connection with it and the Morgans permanently dissolved, only to have Will to and for herself forever—that was all she wanted, and woman-in-love as she was, she reckoned nothing and no one if that were accomplished.

So, until early morning, her lamps burned while she wrote page after page and finally directed the bulky envelope with the name and address on the card given her by Howard. The next day, on an excuse that satisfied her father, she went to Sailor's with a neighbor and there posted her letter on the daily mail train that ran through and across the mountains to far-away Nashville.

CHAPTER XI.

TWO MEN sat in an office in Nashville. One, a quiet, impersonal sort of man with a keen gray eye, a set mouth, and a square chin was saying:

"I certainly feel like doing her a good turn, for I thought I had them all pretty well blinded, when her warning fell on me like a clap of thunder. I don't think I gave myself away in any manner—some of the natives must have spotted me, though."

"But, Clark, what put it into you crazy head to go farther up into the mountains and take risks when there was something doing right close to you?"

"Billy, you have your limitations. Do you really think I was going to crawl down the lion's throat and into his stomach? Not much! My little scheme was to start toward Mount Carmel and then get badly lost—or perhaps my pack horse might have strayed off while I was at some house; in either event, you see, I could have been wandering through those sylvan dells for a couple of days and a night with most of the active men folks away at Carmel and a good excuse at hand, and it's ten to one that I would have landed in one of the cornfields I was hunting for."

"Trust you for that; but why didn't you do it, anyway?"

"With that warning given me? My dear fellow, you can be pretty certain that the next morning there was a special convoy awaiting to attend me in a neighborly manner to Carmel and to keep me from getting lost on the way! Those fellows are no fools; rouse their suspicions once and they are as keen as any of us;

if 't were n't so, we'd have wiped out moonshining long ago. But I'd give considerable to know how they spotted me! It spoiled one of the prettiest hunts that I've been on for a long time, and just as the scent was getting hot!"

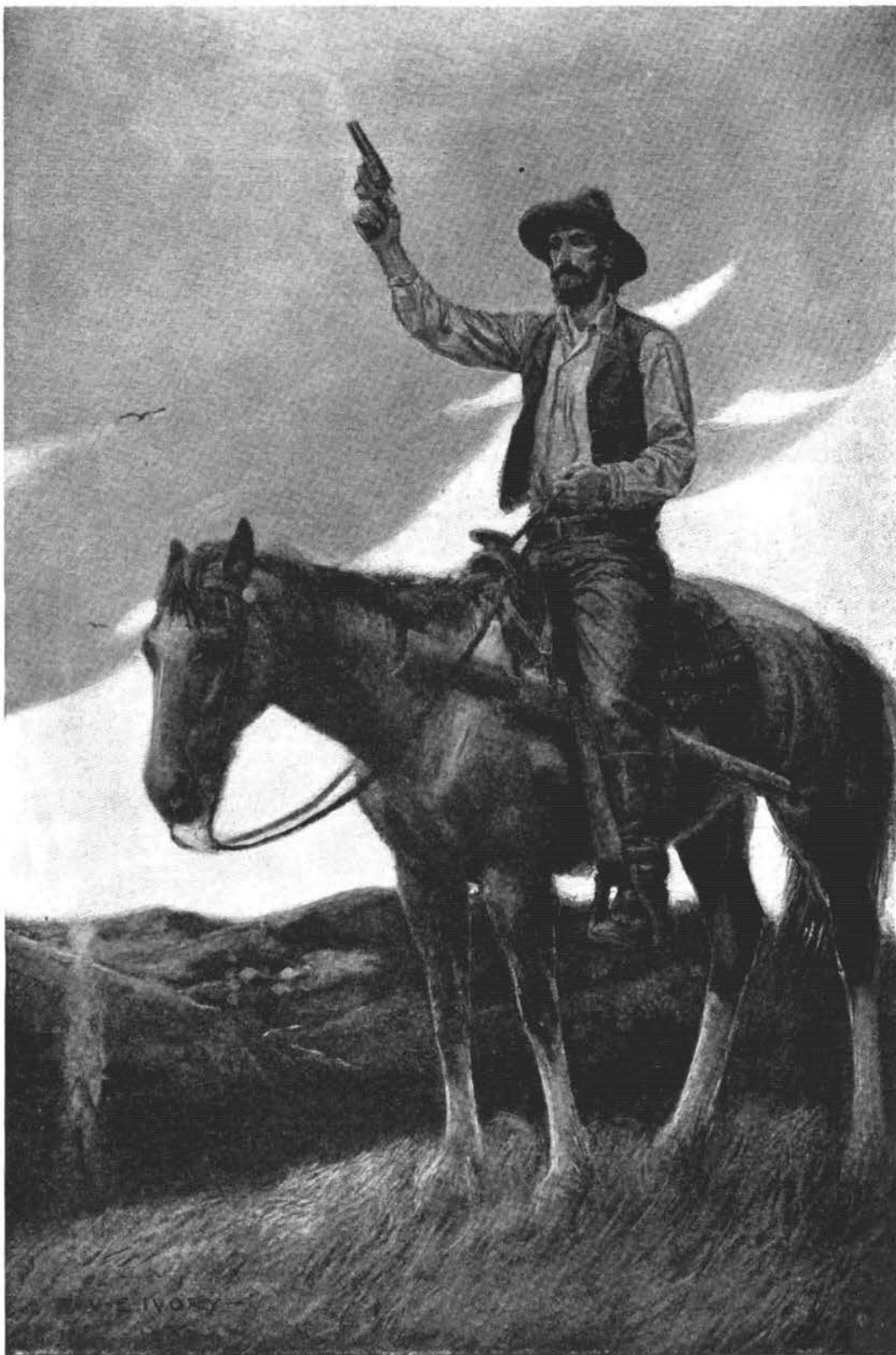
"I reckon they said the same thing up there when they found you'd vamosed."

"I reckon! But I've not done with it yet. If I don't hear from there in a few weeks I'm going to send Smylie up there and let him come in from another direction. He can do the ginseng buyer to perfection, and his face is n't as well known in the Great Smokys

"There never was so good a man but what there came a better," was the reply, interrupted by the entrance of a negro boy with a package of mail matter. Clark took it and handled it over incuriously until his eye caught the writing and postmark on a small, bulky letter. Raising his hand to his companion, he tore it open, read it through hastily, turned back, and read it through carefully, and then handed it to the other, saying:

"Good Lord, Billy, is n't that a coincidence? Read it through."

The other read it, evincing great surprise as he did



"Bang! bang! bang! The danger signal of the mountaineers would go echoing from rock to rock"

as some others of us. Besides, he has us all beat when it comes to working the native. Look at that trip of his two years ago! Located seven stills—we got five of 'em!—and made a clean three hundred dollars on the ginseng he brought in. He's a wonder!"

"Why didn't you send him on this trip instead of going yourself? You're too valuable as a boss, Clark, to go fooling with the men's work. If I were over your head, I'd give you a calling down for taking such risks when you had plenty of men to do it!"

"But I had n't!"

"Well, wait for them. Who's to take your place if some of those moonshiners had made you play 'blind-man's buff' on the edge of one of those ravines, as they did with Leggett?"

so, and when he had finished he handed it back with the remark:

"You certainly are a wizard, old man. So that's what you've been sitting around here waiting for all these weeks?"

"Not just that—but something near to it. I saw and heard enough of what was going on to make me think that between a still and a lover there would n't be much choice. There was trouble in the air, and I felt it would n't be long before it broke out, but I did n't expect this! No, I tell you frankly, I really did not expect this!"

"What are you going to do? Raid, I suppose. Or is this a 'blind'?"

"No, my friend, it's no 'blind,' and you and I and

about ten more are going to be there as quick as steam and horses can get us there. No, it's no blind; it's Gospel truth. But—it's written by a woman that's been hurt to the bone, and if she stays hurt we'll find the still there as she says, but if *some one* has cured her hurt, or if her conscience has twinged too hard since that letter was posted, we'll find an empty cave or an armed fort! Let me look over this letter again. Um—um—well, it's plain directions, and I saw enough of the lay of the country to know that she's given us a pretty straight tip. Let me see—we've got six hours to train time. Wire Smylie at Alden"—and here followed a host of directions.

CHAPTER XII.

TWENTY-FOUR hours later the "accommodation" train pulled out of Alden on its trip across and through the mountains. Two trains a day each way was the extent of the traffic on this branch. One, the "express," that carried the mail, express, baggage, smokers, and negroes in one car, and the ladies and—temporarily—non-smokers in another, and "expressed" itself around the curves and up and down the grades at a rate of nearly thirty miles an hour. The other train was the "accommodation," and consisted of a mixed freight with a single passenger car on the tail-end. The car was divided in the middle into "first" and "second" class; smokers, plain drunks, and "niggers" constituting the latter, while all the rest of the universe was "fuss" class. Baggage—if any—was dumped into the nearest freight car, while of actual express and mail it carried none.

Its scheduled time was twenty-five miles an hour, including stops, which was so preposterous a proposition on the very face of it that no known attempt had ever been made to run on schedule time, which fact gave a charm of uncertainty to "catching it" at any but its starting point. As the general time taken on its run was from twenty-four to thirty-six hours, the whole train "laid over" at Sailor's Depot at night, and all hands—crew and passengers—bunked in the car seats and ate their supper and breakfast at a so-called "rest'rant," whose bill of fare comprised fried chicken, ditto pork, ditto eggs, corn bread, soda biscuit, and boiled coffee.

As the "crew" were paid by the run, and their wages under such a schedule were not very heavy, the tacit consent of the officials and of the "captain" of the train (the conductor) allowed them to engage in a "trading" business and to carry on the train the results of such trading. Therefore there was always a so-called "empty" box car immediately in front of the passenger coach, which "empty" usually reached the terminus pretty well filled with chickens, eggs, some little butter, some dried blackberries and ginseng—and corn whisky in "jugs" carefully nailed up in cracker and soap boxes. None of this car's contents ever appeared on the manifests, and all of it mysteriously disappeared before the yard at the terminus was reached.

The lengthened stops necessitated at the various stations by this commercial enterprise were very conducive to social intercourse and relaxations; local and "along the road" gossip was interchanged, duels of checkers and cards were fought between local champions and train experts, and tradition has asserted that even horse races, weddings, and baseball games had been completely celebrated during "train time," with the train crew as active participants.

So, the arrival of the "commodation" was an event of nearly as much magnitude as that of the express, while the delightful uncertainty of its arrival was an added charm, as it allowed the loungers around the "deepo" that much more time to loaf and swap lies, and furnished a truthful—if invalid—excuse for a late return to their homes—and wives.

To-day, however, the loungers were deeply disappointed and the train crew unutterably furious. The train drew into each station way ahead of the regular time, freight was loaded and unloaded and cars shifted with indecorous celerity, without any recesses for social intercourse and with little chance of commercial traffic, and its departure was as prompt as its arrival. To the wondering inquiry of the astounded loungeer the reply finally stereotyped itself into:

"Durned 'f I know! Orders 'f um headquarters!" And with this the population had to be content, as it shouldered its "projuce" back home, or whittled and spat its hypotheses as the train-smoke lessened in the distance.

The truth was that, just before the train started from Alden, the operator brought to both conductor and engineer an order which read: "Train Number Three will cut out schedule time to Sailor's, making no unnecessary stops or delays in loading, unloading, shifting, or otherwise, and reaching there at earliest possible moment. Also, conductor will personally report arrival immediately at all telegraph stations and ask for

further orders. Receiving none, he will continue as before. Train Number Three is hereby given full right of way on this trip over all opposing trains until this order is superseded or annulled."

This order was signed by the "old man" (the general superintendent of the company) himself. The word "otherwise" was underscored, and the order was much more peremptory and explicit than was usual; so there was no chance of its being disregarded without trouble to all concerned. Blue and sulphurous were the comments of the crew as the train rattled on at unwonted speed, and many conjectures were rife as to the cause of such a cataclysm. The consensus of opinion was divided; the younger ones blamed it onto "them hosses," while the old hands, faithful to a former dynasty, stated firmly and succinctly that it was "some damn fool notion of that new sup'n'tendent!"

The "hosses" referred to occupied a large stock car that had been shifted to the train at Alden after it was "made up," which act in itself was, according to the engineer, a thing reprehensible and subversive of all "proper railroadin'!" Little could be seen of the horses, and the six or eight men, apparently grooms or hostlers, who occupied the open doors of the car, did not give much encouragement to inquirers. "Race horses from Kaintucky, I reckon," was the accepted verdict, "goin' up to some race in th' No'th."

The few passengers seemed about as usual, a few who were apparently "traveling men," a woman with a sick baby, a native or two, and a grinning sample of the universal "nigger." As a rule, the poorer white native of this section travels by rail only when he is compelled to. For general "visitin'," his horse or his legs suffice, besides being much cheaper. Railroad fares, even second class, eat up a great deal of money, and of that the average mountaineer has but little, and is parsimonious with it. If the railroad would only "trade" for its tickets, take ginseng, pelts, beeswax, dried berries, or even "co'n whisky," then travel would receive an impetus; but its motto was inexorably "C. O. D.," and in consequence sickness, death, urgent business, or a "law case" were about the only excuses that were considered valid by the poor native for "takin' a train."



"The troupe of twelve, with rifle at elbow and pistol at belt"

One such native occupied a seat in the second-class compartment, typical in feature and form, but differentiated by a pallor of his sallow complexion, a shortness of his uncombed hair, and a general clean-shaven appearance from the many of his type who lounged up to the car at each stopping place. Instead of at once poking his head and arm out of the window and engaging in instant conversation with an acquaintance or the one nearest him, as is the usual custom, he would look furtively over the crowd as if in search of a familiar face, and seeing none would gradually emerge and converse on general topics; personalities—the usual "an' what might be *your* name, mister?" causing a mumbled and indistinct rejoinder and a withdrawal into the car.

His actions seemed greatly to interest three or four men, apparently strangers to one another, who occupied seats in the first-class compartment and did not venture into the second-class. At every stopping place, one or the other of them, with one exception, would come out by the rear platform and walk up and down beside the car, keeping a furtive but wary eye on the native and all who spoke with him. The exception noted, a quiet, keen-eyed man of middle age, did not go out at all, but, apparently immersed in a book, sat with his back to the second-class compartment and took seemingly no interest in outside affairs. One of the watchers, coming in after the train had started from one of the stations, took a seat back of the quiet man and said, in a low tone:

"All right, so far. He has n't made a move, that I could see. Reckon you must 'a' been mistaken about his recognizin' you."

"No mistake! He saw me and knew me, and my

only hope is that he does n't realize that I know that fact. Know me? Humph! You don't arrest and convict one of these mountaineers but what they and all their kin have you spotted; they're too keen of sight and too good of memory to forget—or forgive, either! I wish I had remembered that his term was up yesterday; I'd've had him detained a day or so. Did he talk with any one?"

"Yes, had a drink out of a 'tickler' with a tall fellow, and passed the time of day and some remarks."

"What sort of a 'tall fellow'?"

"Oh, one o' these regular mountain chaps, tall, thin, long black hair an' beard, has a cock eye an' a big scar down one side of his face."

"Left side? From cheek bone to lip?"

"Yep."

"What! Him? Here? Oh, Lord! Are you *sure* they did n't say something you did n't hear? For God's sake, what *did* they say? Hurry up, man!"

"Say? Why the fellow in 'e car asked about crops an' the tall one said as corn was a good stand, an' t' other one said that was good, but he'd seen lots o' crows around, an' they might tear up th' ears if they was n't scared off—"

"Oh, Lordy!"

"What's 'e matter? Well, the tall fellow laughed an' pulled out a flask with about a drink in it, an' th' fellow 'n the car took it an'—I reckon—drank it all up an' handed it back with a laugh an' said somethin' about its bein' lighter to carry when 't was empty, an' the tall one laughed, too, an' looked into the flask an' smelled it, an' then the train started, an' I got aboard."

"You durn fool!"

"What for, in the name o' sense?"

"For not grabbing that flask—getting hold of it, *somehow*! Didn't you tell me this morning that he was writing in a pass book, and did n't I warn you all that it meant a warning if he could get it into the right hands?"

"Well, but—"

"No 'well but's' about it! When that flask went back to your tall friend it went back with that written warning in it, and you ought to have had sense enough

to have guessed that, after the warning I gave you. All that talk about 'corn' and 'crows' ought to have put you on your guard at once. Long as you've been in this business, you ought to know that with these moonshiners 'corn crop' means whisky and 'crow' means a revenue man. And that tall fellow with the squint and the scar is Hank Jackson, the worst and cleverest moonshiner in the Blue Ridge! Oh, Lord, what a fool I was not to bring that fellow Tyson in here and just gently set him down among us until we got to Sailor's! Why, by this time, Jackson is on a pony, a mile or two up the mountain, and before morning every still in the Five Valleys will be either moved or guarded—and every road and path 'll have an ambuscade! Something's got to be done! Here, boys!" At the word, four other men in the car moved over swiftly, and in a few minutes Clark had informed them what had happened, and a brief council of war was held.

After a few seconds' talk, Clark suddenly said; "Fetch the conductor here."

"Well, captain," as that worthy sauntered in, "what were the orders at Sawyer's?"

"Jus' to keep on until I got others. Gettin' nervous about dinner?"

"No. Say, isn't there a wood platform between Sawyer's and Murphy's?"

"Yep. Why?"

"How soon 'll we get to it?"

"'Bout half an hour, I reckon. Why?"

"Are you going to wood-up there?"

"Reckon not. Wooded-up at Sabine, an' th' engineer allowed 't'd last him over the grade to Campbell's. Why?"

"Well, I wish you'd stop at that platform and let us off!"

The conductor bristled. These drummers were always a bit "fresh," but this stranger was absolutely "brash," asking to be let off at a woodpile when the train was "acting express!"

"Sorry I can't oblige you, mister, but this train is running on orders to-day. Glad to 'commodate' you some other day," and he started to move away, but Clark put out a detaining hand and said, "Well, if it's orders you want, how 'll these do. He pulled out a big wallet, fished among the papers, picked out a sealed envelope and handed it to the conductor, who, taking it with an indulgent smile as if to humor the joke, opened it and read the contents. As he read, the smile stiffened into what is known in the vernacular as "a case o' th' dry grins," and in reply to Clark's, "Is it sufficient?" he promptly answered, "Sure! What are the orders?"

"Stop that stock car opposite that wood platform,

[Concluded on pages 551 to 555]

"The Stars and Stripes Forever"

By ALFRED DAMON RUNYON

A Song of the American Army Instructors in China

DO YOU think we've forgotten the land we love in the scent o' the Heavenly Court?

Us Exiles who work for the Dowager Queen an' rot in a Chinese port?

Do you think that we soldier for love o' the thing or the pay that the Chinaman gives—

(The pay that we're saving by living out here the way that the Chinaman lives?)

Why, the steamers that raft through the Yellow Sea can tell of a wabby band

That plays but a single old rollicking air when the liners are drawing to land.

Yes, the warboats that slide through the Saffron Mist,—and their colors they always dip,—

Can speak o' a band making music so sweet when the drum major yells, "Let 'er rip!"

DO YOU think we've forgotten the land we love, though it seems we've been making a trade?

Why, they play that to welcome the Royal Guard, and they play it on dress parade.

They play it for marching, for flag salute; that swinging, old, ringing old air—

Not playing it, maybe, as Sousa had planned, but the accent is soft as a prayer.

And the Japanese think and the Britishers guess that it isn't the music alone

That caused us to teach to the Dowager's band the air that we love as our own.

It isn't the "Star Spangled Banner," they know, but they've seen our Legation marines

Salute with a cheer to our pigtailed band that's wondering still what it means.

DO YOU think we're forgetting the land we love, in the glare of the Heavenly Court?

Us Exiles who're training the Dowager men and making them think that it's sport?

Don't you think that the tune that our bandmen play—though it's weak and it sounds rather dull—

Is a sort of a crying from out of our hearts—and an echo from out of a soul?

Do you think we're forgetting the flag we love—who are hearing by day and by night

The rip-roaring, blood-stirring Sousa parade that's played us to many a fight?

Why, the Yellow Flag some day will dip and wave with the brasses commencing to roar,

And the pigtailed will swing to the "Stars and the Stripes" as their army goes off to a war!

MY LIFE—SO FAR

By JOSIAH FLYNT

EIGHTH INSTALLMENT.*

Headpiece by G. A. Shipley

Illustrated by I. J. Gould

With he Powers That Prey

IT HAS BEEN my experience, and I suppose that of most men, that the attainment of a purpose is always accompanied by a touch of disappointment, weariness of spirit, even disgust, and such is in proportion to the amount of effort that has been put forth in order to attain. This, by the way, is but one of the penalties that *Wanderlust* imposes on those who listen to and obey its compelling call. I know whereof I speak, you must remember. Time and again when reaching the goal appointed by my vagabond instincts I have had a *mauvais quatre d'heure* of it when trying to overcome this reaction of thought and feeling that was sure to set in and last for a longer or shorter period, according to what lay ahead of, or around me. At such junctures, do what I would, there came the insistent queries: "Well, and what have you gotten in return for it all?"—"Have your efforts brought you a single thing that is of real value to you?"—"How about the time and strength that you have wasted in securing—what?"—"What next and why?"—"How is it all going to end?"—and many more disturbing suggestions of a similar sort. Of course, the spell of the "blues," as I was pleased to call these promptings of conscience or common sense—I think the terms to be interchangeable—would be followed by my taking to the road again, literally or otherwise. But the inquisition of myself by myself was so certain to be waiting for me at the close of the tramp or exploit, that I often half dreaded, rather than welcomed, the termination of the latter.

These things are said because I am reminded that, during all my wanderings, I never felt the "chill of achievement" strike me so sharply as it did on that April afternoon, when the liner on which I had returned to America, left quarantine and began to steam slowly up the bay.

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



Around and ahead were sights that I had been dreaming of and longing for many moons again to feast my eyes on. The Staten Island and Bay Ridge shores, flushed with tender green, slid by us; Liberty lifted a high-beckoning hand of welcome, the Brooklyn warehouses, Governor's Island, New Jersey's fringe of masts and funnels, the fussy tugs, the blunt-nosed, business-like ferryboats, and Manhattan itself, with its line of sky-scrapers like unto jagged teeth, chewing the upper air, were all so familiar and had been so much desired! And yet came a sudden apathy regarding them and a dissatisfaction with them and myself that seemed to sicken and palsy. I actually began to wish that I need not get off the boat at all, but, instead, might stay on her until she turned her nose again toward the lands in which, a week or so before, I had been so utterly discontented. And why? Who can explain the hidden springs of the human mentality? You would hardly believe it, if I were to tell

you, that a like attitude or condition of mind is by no means uncommon in the case of a crook (commonly called a "gun") who has finished a long "bit" or term in prison. Naturally, the man puts most of his time in thinking and planning about what he will

do when the day comes for him to shake hands with the governor and to take train to where he may be going. But the reaction sets in with the hour of release, and there comes a more or less marked distaste for, or dislike of, the very things to which the prisoner has been looking forward, for years perhaps. Sometimes the man has been working out a way by which he can "square it," or live an honest life in the future. I am sorry to say, however, that the "guns" who, having "done their spots," keep on the square thereafter, are few indeed. Usually the thoughts of the "lagged" criminal are directed toward perfecting means and methods of "nicking a swell swag and doing the get-away,"—in other words, of stealing a considerable amount of money or valuables without being arrested. But, as with the rest of us, the "gun" seems to suffer from temporary brain-fag when he comes into physical contact with things and affairs that before had been known to him mentally. So, instead of his plans being put in action, a newspaper item like this not infrequently appears:

John Smith, no address, was arrested last evening at Broadway and Fortieth Street, charged with being drunk and disorderly and assaulting an officer. In court this morning, Policeman Jones said that the prisoner had insulted and annoyed a number of citizens, had kicked over the outside showcases of a tobacconist, and had struck Jones several times before he could be subdued. Smith was recognized in court as "Conkey," otherwise John Richardson, a crook, who was released from State Prison only a few days since at the termination of a four years' sentence for burglary. In view of his record, he was held in default of \$2,000 bail for trial at Special Sessions.

It is well for us, who claim to belong to the respectable classes, that this pruning of intention

in the presence of fact is the rule rather than the exception. The public would be in a pretty pickle if the Powers that Prey invariably gave practical expression to their prison-fed fancies; for these last, as I have reason to know, if they are put in operation, rarely fail to accomplish their purpose. Perhaps seventy-five per cent. of the really big "jobs" that are successfully "pulled off" have their inception in the "stir" or penitentiary, or in State Prison, the details being worked out by the "mob" or gang with which the discharged "gun," the author of the "plant," is affiliated. As the crook who gets a term of years generally gets it on the score of his professional ability, and as there is little or nothing during his "bit" to interfere with his thinking of thoughts, it is no wonder that his schemes seldom miscarry if they ever reach the stage of actual test.

Outside of the criminal, it may be that we ourselves, and our friends, also, are none the worse because our powers of execution are numbed or hindered for a like reason. What an unbearable world this would be, if every man could give expression to the fads and fancies that, to use the phrase of the Underworld, "was eatin' him"! And what a readjustment of social, commercial, and personal affairs would be necessary in order to insure one the bare essentials of existence under the circumstances!

I'll pass over the hour or so of gloom and doubt that was mine before our steamer tied up at her pier, and merely say, that, as soon as I descended the gangway and touched what, under the circumstances, stood for dry land, my depression went by the board and I was my own man again. I found myself eying the awaiting crowd inquisitively, in order to see whether it contained any familiar faces, welcome or the reverse. I may add that, for reasons which it is not necessary to explain, I had not notified any of my friends of my intention to return to the United States. Hence a meeting with acquaintances would be the outcome of chance rather than of design. It was with a mixture of pique, anger, and regret, tempered—if I must confess it—with a touch of amusement, that I realized that my welcome home came in the shape of a broad smile from as clever a crook as ever turned a trick in Wall Street with the aid of a mahogany-fitted suite of offices and—the law itself.

It is a somewhat natural, although, if you come to think it over, rather an unreasonable expectation, that prompts us to look upon those whom we first meet on landing on a foreign, or on our native shore, as representative of the people of the country in general. But, after all, while the longshore population of every land is rather different from the rest of the inhabitants, the former, in Europe at least, exhibit the national earmarks to a degree sufficient to satisfy the average tourist. I need hardly add that such earmarks are, to an extent, of a distinctive and significant nature. The costumes, gestures, manners, and the language of the longshore advance guard, always seem to me to have a due relation each to each, and to those other things that the traveler meets further inland.

Something like these thoughts came to me, as I mechanically returned the smile of the man who was making his way through the crowd, dodging the line of stewards and baggage that was swirling over the ship's side. It was a silly and unpatriotic thought, no doubt, and it was probably parented by a variety of factors in-

cluding my familiarity with the Underworld, but it came to me with cynical force and humor that there was something not entirely inappropriate in the fact that a well-dressed, amiable-looking, and apparently prosperous individual, of devious morals and crooked methods, should be so much in evidence on the threshold of a land, so to speak.

Now, don't misunderstand me. I don't wish to imply by the foregoing that we are a nation of criminals large and small, and that, hence, we were, in this instance, properly represented on the pier head by my smiling friend. But I do earnestly believe that the American public does not, as yet, realize the danger that arises from the big masses becoming accustomed to the current and growing dishonesty of the small classes. I say "accustomed to," meaning thereby that the public apparently accepts the dictum that if a man or corporation steals on a sufficiently big scale, not only is the law paralyzed by the legal lights who are willing to



"I've got stuff for a front-page display"

accept retaining fees from the thieves, but, in addition, our youth are taught to regard such thievery as equivalent to success.

My observation has taught me that crime is like water—it seeps from the top. A nation is, more or less, patterned after its prominent men. If these, when subjected to moral analysis, turn out to be simply "dips" who operate on a large scale, so much the worse for the nation, for, while the example of the men in question may not be followed in degree by the multitude, it surely is in kind. I'll defy any one to disprove this assertion by means of municipal or historic data. On the other hand, I could, if need be, show that, in repeated cases, financial coups—so called—and "deals," and all the rest of the legalized robberies in high places, were followed or accompanied by a rushing business in the magistrates' or criminal courts.

Once upon a time, "Chi"—as Chicago is known to the Underworld—was the headquarters for crooks of all grades and types—including the authors of wheat corners and so forth. But New York is or will be, so I take it, the gathering place for most of the manipula-

tors of the financial world. I venture the prophecy that, when the fact is established that the metropolis is their favorite roosting place, there will be a corresponding activity on the part of the local "guns" of all descriptions, budding or full blown, from the office boy who swipes postage stamps to the up-to-date gopher-man, who cleans out a "peter" or safe with the help of a pocket laboratory and electric drills.*

I do not think that the needs of this story call for the name of the man with the smile. Up to the time of writing, he has kept out of prison, and the Upper World holds him to be a reputable person in consequence—which is the way of the Upper World, which judges a man on the score of results rather than on that of actions. That he and the other members of his mob are not viewing the Hudson scenery through barred windows, is, I believe, due to the fact that one of his pals is an astute and eminently respectable lawyer, who, because he knows his business as thoroughly as he does, can make the law serve the very crooks whom it is supposed to suppress. By this it will be gathered that he was and is one of those sharks known as financial lawyers, who infest the tempestuous seas of the financial district. He is a member of the Union League, and of a Fourth Avenue church, and has been identified with several citizens' movements having to do with the betterment of certain phases of municipal

administration. He is one of the meanest unmugged "guns" that has ever helped to graft pennies from a sick widow's chimney stocking. This is no figure of speech. The enterprises which he and his mob spring on the public are especially designed to appeal to the hopes and fears of those whose knowledge of financial affairs and personal means are equally small. The victims invariably include a goodly percentage of women who, being without advisers, are anxious to invest their scant savings, and having an idea that Wall Street is, somehow or other, a place for making money, hand over fist, stand ready to swallow the mendacious yarns that form the basis of the

printed matter of the corporations or "pools" in question.

All grafting is of course bad from the viewpoint of the Upper World, although the Underworld thinks otherwise. But I honestly believe that the real "dip," "moll-buzzer," "peter-man," "prop-getter," "thimble-toucher," "queer-shover," "slough-worker," "second-story man," or any other form of "gun," looks upon the "paper-pipers," such as my crook of the pier and his associates were, in much the same manner as a bank robber regards an East Side doormat thief.

The last that I heard of the man, and that quite recently, was, that he and his pals were floating a company that allegedly proposed to manufacture and sell a paint "which entered into the substance of the material on which it was used, so became part and parcel of it, and, in consequence, was practically indestructible." I quote from the preliminary pamphlet that was sent to the "suckers" who nibbled at the glittering bait of the concern's newspaper advertisements.

The public would probably fight shy of—(we will call him John Robins, which approximates his trade name) if it knew that he has "done time" in Colorado for burglary, and was run out

* Mr. Flynt's prophecy has been approximately fulfilled. Without subscribing to his suggestion that the majority of our great financiers are "crooks," it is certain that the metropolis is just now, and has been for some time past, suffering from a crime-wave of an almost unparalleled height and vehemence. The pages of the daily newspapers and the admissions of the police authorities furnish proof thereof.

of at least one other Western State for separating people from their money in a manner not recognized by city or mining camp laws. The "gun" fraternity—at least a large part of it—knows the facts in his case, but it is n't in the business of putting "the good guys next to the graft," or, in other words, of telling tales out of school.

The police and the Pinkerton Detective Agency are "wise"; but in these cases again, there is no official reason for action against Robins and his mob, while, on the other hand, there may be, and probably are, very excellent reasons for leaving him alone. I fancy that my readers will understand what I mean.

There was a sort of double end to my knowledge of and acquaintance with the man. Both began with complaints that had been sent to a metropolitan newspaper by a "sucker" whose jaws had gotten tangled up with and pricked by the hook that lay concealed in the Robins literary matter, which, in this instance, had to do with a land deal. For what he thought to be sufficient reasons, the city editor of the newspaper assigned me to investigate.

That same night, and by mere luck, I ran up against an old-time slope crook, "Split" Kelly by name, whom I had once known quite well. I asked him if he could give me any information about Robins, and he then told me that about the promoter which I have related and which, by the way, I later confirmed through other informants.

"How long ago since all this happened?" I asked.

"Fifteen or twenty years, maybe," answered "Split." "Thin 'Th' Tooth'—we called him that because wan uv his teeth in th' front of him was missin', ouin' to it bein' in th' way of the fist of a flatty [policeman]—giv out that he was goin' to square it. This was in 'Frisco, moindye. An' th' squar-in' took th' shape uv turnin' mouthpiece [informant to the police]. An' thin things began comin' agin the mob a-plinty. Big Bill Mur-

ray, I moind, was wan of the first that was hauled before th' Front Office [Police Headquarters] an' framed up fur a whit of a strong-arm job. Likewise, was there 'Sweet' Schneider, a clever dip at thot, an' Jimmy Cole—he was stretched for a fourspot—an' 'Cat' Walters—an'—will, a dozen or more uv purty decint bhoys, the names un all uv which I disrimimber."

"But how about the percentage?" I asked, meaning the money paid to the police by crooks in return for "protection."

"In thim days," explained "Split," "thar was some sort of mix-up in the Front Office; some uv th' pircint bein' hild out by thim as had th' handlin' un it, as it came frish from th' guns. Ye'll onderston', Cig., by thot which soide th' beefin' came from. An' whin this Tooth uv yourn began his tip-off, the Front Office guys thot claimed they had bin done dirt says, 'Ef we ain't in on the game as we should be, why no game goes.' An' they begins to throw it in to us as I've said. 'T was th' owld story, Cig., th' owld story. Whin there's trouble in th' Front Office, 't is worked off on the guns."

"And so, Split," said I, "you too got your bit through Tooth?" I had detected the tone

of personal dislike to "Tooth" in the old fellow's talk, and made a guess at the reason.

"Ye guess roight, me chickin, though how ye guessed, th' divil knows, seein' 's I said nawthing. An' why th' mug put th' rap on me I'm not knowin'. T'ree days before I was jumped into th' sweat-box, I staked him to a tin-spot for I'd touched for a fat leather." And "Split" scowled darkly.

"And what happened next?"

"Split" held an imaginary match between his thumb and forefinger, blew twice, and shook his head. By which I knew that the guns that had been squealed on, or the mob with whom they were associated, had twice tried to take Robins's life or "put his light out," and had failed in so doing.

"And then?"

"Thin," replied the veteran, easily, "me brave bucko framed it up that there was too much free lead floatin' in th' oir in thim parts, an' nixt comes news that he had been pinched for connin' a bunch of Eastern towerists at Manitou. But his fall-money [funds or such emergencies] greased the elbows [bribed the detectives] an' he made th' git away all right, all right, an' th' rest ye know. An' from that



"Ye can sthay your hand, ould pal," says Clivir

time on I nivr seen or hear uv him till wan day, three years since. Thin Clivir Saunders, an old-time 'Frisco gun, tills me that Tooth was gaffin [residing] in way up sthyle on Eighty-sivinth Street, Wist, agin th' Park. I misdoubted, but Clivir was roight, fur I stalled th' crib, an' sure enough me ex-friend comes out an' hops about his big gas-buggy an' away loike a wad uv easy. 'Oh, Ya,' ses I, 'some-thin' doin'.' An' I tips off Clivir, an' th' nixt day whin Tooth's chaw—choof—what th' — is that Frinch name, anyhow, Cig?—whin th' feller with th' goggles sets her spinnin', a husky auto in which was me an' Clivir, slips in th' track uv Tooth an' nivr loses soight uv him 'te we marks him down in wan of thim Hivin-hitting office joints on lower Broadway. But I was dead leary of followin' on below th' Loine [the margin of the financial district in New York City, beyond which it is supposed that no crook can venture owing to the unwritten law of the police]. An' I ses so, to Clivir.

"'Ef 't is safe for him," says he, "'t is sure safe for we,—which was untrue, seein' that at th' toime I had a suspishun that I was bein' rapped by a mouthpiece regardin' a trifle of a book belongin' to th' twintieeth cousin, more or

liss, of somebody at th' Front Office. An' 't is bad, as ye know, Cig., to buck th' Front Office dirict, or troo its twintieeth cousin, fur, if ye do, th' fingers [policemen] 'll get hould uv ye by fair manes or by foul if they can.

"Howsinneder, we plants frind Tooth in his hang-out an' th' nixt day pays him a visit, bein' drissed in our fall-togs [good clothes worn in court when on trial] an' intinding to borrow a thrifle fur th' sake uv th' ould days. His nibs has a sure swell joint with lots of nifty dames hittin' thim typewritin' masheens, an' lots uv rugs, an' brass, an' shiny wood, an' other things that we knowed was glimpsed to catch suckers.

"Well, me and Clivir said we wanted to chin Tooth about a private an' confidenshul investment—thim was Clivir's wurrds—only av coarse we did n't call him Tooth, but 'Misther Robins.' And prisintly a laad with a load uv gilt buttons on his second sthory, escoorts us into th' inside office of Tooth himself. An' an illigant joint uv it, it was at thot.

"Tooth knowed us at wanst as I see, and I see, too, his fingers sthray toward a black tin box on th' disk to his right.

"Ye can sthay your hond, ould pal," says,

Clivir, aisy like, 'we are goin' to act like the gints we look. Guns, the t'ree uv us may be,' says he, 'but thare 'll only be t'ree an' no more on exhibishun in this here palashul joint of yours, onless indade ye insist on a show-down, which is unlikely!' Clivir had a fine lay-out of languidge, so he had.

"'Will,' says Tooth, looking at us with the swate expriession of a fly-cop who's had his leather reefed, 'what th' divil do ye two want?'

"'Me frind,' says Clivir, politely, an' pointin' to me, 'lost his sense uv touch during th' payriod that he spint in th' stir uv a famous Wistirn city, injoying th' grub an' ripoze uv th' same through th' fayvour uv yourself, Tooth. An' bein' in destitoot circumstances ivir since, he is sure come to ask ye to make good for disthroyin' his manes uv turnin' a dishonist pinny.'

"Tooth nivr turned a hair, but I was discomfortable whin I saw th' smoile uv him. He threw his chair a thrifle closer to th' telephone an' thin he says in a voice that was unplisintly quiet:

"'Listen, you mugged guns. You think you kin call th' turn on me an' so want to touch for a few centuries [\$100 bills], an' after that fur a few more, and after that some more yet. Let me till you that you 'll not only not get a red-un out uv me, but, if ivir I see th' mugs uv ye within a half-acre of this joint again, I 'll tip off th' Front Office an' put ye where ye belong. Oh, it's aisy enough fur me to do it, so it is. A wurd to th' Big Man, or th' payple uptown, sayin' that two bustid crooks was thrying to blackmail me—me, th' prisident of a large an' repitable corporashun, to say nothing uv me soshul and personal sthanding—an' where wud ye be? How could th' half uv us in a game like I'm runnin', kape goin', if Mulberry Street an' the Big Man, did n't privint the likes uv you from botherin' thim uv us who've bin a bit mixed up with gun graft in th' past? To privint ye thin from takin' chances this side uv

[Continued on pages 560 and 561]



"J. Harvey Smith had gazed upon the group for an instant, had turned pale, and then—pandemonium!"

Helmstaedter's Piano Home

By William Hamilton Osborne

IT WAS Meyer, of Milwaukee, who was speaking.

"So this is this here Harlem piano place of yours?" he queried.

Helmstaedter nodded. "How you likes it, eh?" he queried in return.

"It ain't so much," said Meyer, generously. His eye lighted on a photograph upon the wall. "Oh," he went on, "this here is but your office. So! That there picture should be your storage warehouse, eh?"

The storage warehouse, judged by its counterfeit presentment, was a substantial building of considerable length, much width, and many floors. Under it hung a printed sign: HELMSTAEDTER'S PIANO STORAGE WAREHOUSE. "It looks good," said Meyer. But Helmstaedter only shook his head. "You are from Milwaukee, Meyer," he said, "and I should explain. That is a beautiful photograph, oh, such a clear one, of what do you think? The rear of this here Custom House on Wall Street. Sure! Not the front. Everybody knows the front. But nobody knows the rear. So! It is good."

"It is not your storage warehouses?" queried Meyer.

"Do I say so?" asked Helmstaedter. "Look, I have a beautiful picture of the rear of the Custom House. So! I also have a beautiful sign of my business. So! There is only one place on the wall to hang signs and pictures. I hang both there. Why not? Why not, friend Meyers of Milwaukee, eh?"

Meyer shook his head. "Such fakes! Everything in this here Borough of Manhattan is such fakes. Out in Milwaukee it was so different, everything. People must be honest there. If I had only faked, now, I should never have gone to pieces in my business. But I was honest, too honest; and I failed. There you are. Meyer, the honest man! All I had went to my creditors. Every cent. Ten per cent. they got, fair and square. I was honest."

Illustrated by ARTHUR G. DOVE

"You still live. You have something like twenty dollars a week for to live upon yet," Helmstaedter protested.

"Sure," answered Meyer, "a man must live. Would it be honest for me to go to the poor-house and make my city of Milwaukee support me all my life? Even in that was I honest. I am proud. I am no pauper. And I came away



"So much for this front, friend Meyer"

to this here city, so that I should fail no more.

But such fakes! Such fakes! So," he protested, "this here store is your only storage warehouse. And yet you told me, Helmstaedter, that you had a regular gold mine of a business. Helmstaedter, did you want me to put my twenty dollars a week into this here, and fail some more? Oh, Helmstaedter, such a fakes! Not one penny, not—"

"You, Meyer, you," roared Helmstaedter, "not one chance should you get—no, nor any other man—not one chance in ten thousand, to invest in this here! Yes, it is fakes, is it? You watch out. Yes, this here store where you now sit is my storage warehouse. Look at it, Meyer, look well. I shall show Meyer of Milwaukee. What a store! See, it is twenty feet wide, is it not? But how long? Ah, it runs from street to street. One hundred and fifty feet long, so should it be. Meyer, of Milwaukee, come with me."

Meyer obeyed. Helmstaedter took him out the door through which Meyer had just entered and pointed to a large gilt sign that hung above it: HELMSTAEDTER'S HOME FOR PIANOS. "So much for this front, friend Meyer," said Helmstaedter; "now, we shall take such a long walk for one hundred and fifty feet through this here store out to the avenue." They suited the action to the word. And at the other front or entrance to the store, Helmstaedter once more raised his hand. There was another sign: HELMSTAEDTER'S PIANOS FOR THE HOME. "You see?" he said.

"Ah," said Meyer, "I see. You sell pianos. You not only store them, as you told me, but you sell. You own pianos and you sell. Fake pianos, too, I should think. So, there is the wonderful profit you have boasted of to me."

Helmstaedter snorted. "No piano do I own," he answered; "no piano do I sell. No. Not much. I take on storage. How many pianos

Meyer, do I have on storage, eh, how many?" Meyer shook his head.

"Three hundred," returned Helmstaedter. "What!" exclaimed Meyer. "And you have no storage warehouses—only this store? You could tell that to some Chicago Meyer, may be, but not to Meyer of Milwaukee."

"So," said Helmstaedter gently, soothingly, "I am not yet finished. I not only store pianos. I also rent pianos. Sure! How many pianos, friend Meyer, do you think I rent?"

Once more Meyer shook his head.

"This end," said Helmstaedter, "is the renting department—pianos for the home—and turning to this here book I find that we have, rented and outstanding, two hundred and seventy-five pianos. Yes. Such a business!"

Meyer held up his hands. "You are a fake!" he exclaimed. "Here you say you have on storage three hundred pianos. You have rented two hundred and seventy-five pianos. That is five hundred and seventy-five. And yet, look, I have just counted all the pianos in this here middle part, this storage warehouse, and there is but twenty-five. That's all. What foolishness!"

Helmstaedter only grinned. "You will come to see things sooner as yet, perhaps, Meyer," he said. "You ought to watch the business. See, here is now a storage customer. We shall see what we shall see."

He was right. A harassed looking gentleman was standing gazing at the rear of the Custom House, waiting, while Helmstaedter and Meyer of Milwaukee slowly waddled toward him.

"Mr. Helmstaedter," said the caller, "I am Carnes—Peter V. Carnes, from around the corner, 689 West 145th Street. You see? Third floor front. Mrs. Carnes and I are going away for the summer. We wanted to store our piano. It's got to be well taken care of. It cost some money, and—I knew you were a specialist in this line." He gazed soulfully still at the rear end of the Custom House.

"A-ha," said Helmstaedter, "a specialist. So should I say."

"What'll it cost me?" ventured Mr. Carnes of the third floor front.

"To take extra good care of it, Mr. Carnes," answered the storage man, "two dollars a month, and cartage fees. Sure! Good care for a good piano."

"Um," said Carnes, "it's pretty stiff, but—you can send around for it right away."

"Storage in advance," murmured Helmstaedter. He got it. Mr. Carnes left. Helmstaedter motioned swiftly to a coterie of burly men on the sidewalk. They jumped into a big wagon, followed Mr. Carnes and disappeared. Inside of twenty minutes the piano of Mr. Carnes of the third floor front was resting quietly before the interested eyes of Meyer of Milwaukee and Helmstaedter of New York.

"She is this here three hundred and first piano on storage now. Business booms," said Helmstaedter.

"She is the twenty-sixth, you mean," sneered Meyer. Helmstaedter only grinned. "We shall see, friend Meyer," he assented.

Fifteen minutes later there was a commotion at the other end of the store. A voluble young lady, and a well-dressed youth had entered the department of pianos for the home. Meyer and Helmstaedter, who had just waddled east, now waddled west.

"Do you rent pianos, or only sell?" queried the young man.

"I only rent," said Meyer.

"You're the man we're looking for," said the young man; "we're bride and groom. I might as well tell you that at the start. I'm a responsible party. I'm a diamond setter down at Carter, Ward & Jaynes's, down in Maiden Lane. I'm making my little fifty a week right along. I'm J. Harvey Smith. This here is Mrs. J. Harvey Smith. We live over in West 142nd Street. There's my card. Now you know all about us. We want to rent a piano, a good one. Now, what have you got to say?"

Helmstaedter nodded his head for joy. "I have *such* a piano for a bride and groom. Such a one! I will show you. Come this way Mister and Missus. Such a piano! Eh, Mr. Meyer?" He led the way in state back to the new piano that had just come in—the piano of Mr. Carnes, of 145th Street.

"Art finish," exclaimed Helmstaedter, rubbing his hand over it, "and such a tone! Like human voices, so it is."

"It's a bit light in color," protested young J. Harvey Smith: "our furniture is all dark—swell mahogany, you know."

"Light," answered Helmstaedter, "of course it is light. All these here peoples with dark pianos are selling them to buy light ones. If you like dark pianos I can give you three hundred for rent. But this here!"

"Suppose you try it, Eliza," said young J. Harvey Smith. "Eloise," corrected Mrs. J. Harvey Smith. "I'll try it myself," said the groom. He sat down upon Mr. Carnes's piano stool and started in, humming his favorite little tune as he touched the keys—the little tune that the Borough of Manhattan had gone crazy over:

Oh, the eyes of
The lies of
The sighs of
Eliz—a,
My size—a,
Eliz—a.



"You are not only a fake. You are a good fake!"

"Gee, it is a corker," he said. He turned to Helmstaedter. "What'll it cost us by the month?" he asked.

Helmstaedter figured on a piece of paper. "Art finish," he murmured, "tone, and—it will cost you, young Mr. Smith, the sum of five dollars a month, and cartage fees."

"Pretty stiff," said Smith.

"Ah," said Helmstaedter, "pretty stiff for some ordinary no-good pianos. But art finish! Tone! Not pretty stiff for that."

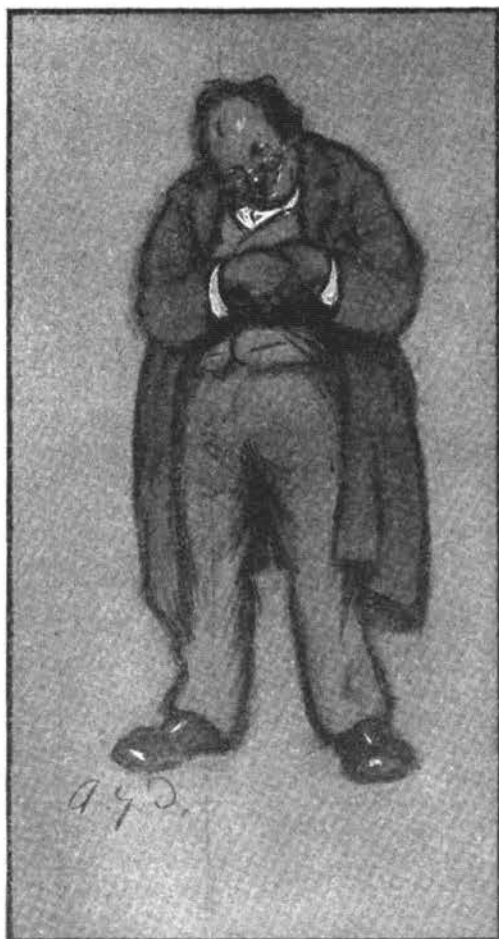
He turned and motioned to a bunch of burly individuals who were clustered about a big wagon at the doorway. He shouted directions to them. They followed the directions, and inside of three-quarters of an hour the piano had been hoisted to the fifth floor of a flat in West 142nd Street, and the tenants of the flat were listening with delight to the tones of their own intermingled voices, accompanied by Helmstaedter's "piano for the home." The rest of the tenants in the flat were also listening, with delight more or less.

Back in Helmstaedter's "Home for Pianos" Meyer was gasping with surprise. "But—but," he sputtered, "that there was not your piano. It was the piano of this here Carnes, of 145th Street, third floor front. So!"

"So!" assented Helmstaedter. "And now for the time being it is the piano of Smith, of 142nd Street, fifth floor front. Why not, eh? I give my pianos all the comforts of home. I give them there special treatment. You see. What worser for a piano than that it should stand still for all these here months in some dark storage place? It needs to be used. It must be used. Beside, friend Meyer, people pay me that it *should* be used. You see? Meyer, Meyer, will you never learn? Look here. Three hundred pianos stored this month, at a dollar a month and upwards. Two hundred and seventy-five pianos rented out this month at four dollars and upwards a month. Not five hundred and seventy-five pianos as you should say. No, only three hundred in all. Twenty-five in this here store and two hundred seventy-five outside getting special treatment by good customers of mine. Meyer, would you not like to rent one of these here twenty-five what I have left? I would make it seven-fifty a month to you. To anybody else it should be but five. *Hein!*"

Meyer gasped again. He began to understand. "But," he still protested, "suppose some man should come in for his piano right away. Eh! Suppose his piano should be smashed by these here tenants and customers of these here pianos. What then?"

"Meyer," said Helmstaedter, "here in New



"You will see things sooner as yet, perhaps!"

York we never cross these here bridges until we come to them. So! You wait and see."

Meyer was anxious to see. He was from Milwaukee and he had to be shown. Every morning, when Helmstaedter, the host of homeless pianos, reached his store, there was Meyer, ahead of him, waiting in front of the locked door. Meyer was going to see the thing out. Complications occurred before he knew it.

Mr. Peter V. Carnes, of 145th Street, rushed in before the week was out. "Helmstaedter," he said, "I've got a revoke on the storage of that piano. Mrs. Carnes has renigged. We were going away this summer, but when we figured things out, she concluded she'd save up for a set of furs next winter, and would stay home this trip. So we'll take the piano back, if you don't mind."

Meyer of Milwaukee had expected to see Helmstaedter drop through the floor. But not so. "Sure," said Helmstaedter, "but, of course, you lose the storage what you paid. This here was a special matter."

"Sure," answered Carnes, "if you say so."

"When, Mr. Carnes, would you like that piano—next week?"

"No," went on Carnes, "that's the point. I want it right away. To-day if possible. To-morrow certain. My wife is going to give a little dinner party to-morrow noon—hen party, you see. And naturally she wants the piano."

This time Meyer thought he saw the floor open. But Helmstaedter never blinked. "Well, of course, dear Mr. Carnes, if necessary, I could get that piano out right away. But this was a special matter. I placed that there piano on the fifth floor"—Mr. Carnes looked at the rear end of the Custom House—"on the fifth floor, behind two hundred and seventy-five other pianos, where it should not be moved about or scratched, being art finishes and good tones. You said it would stay all summer, and for stay all summer did I arrange it so. In one week I could get it without extra trouble, but to-day—"

"I've got to have it, don't you see?" protested Mr. Carnes.

Helmstaedter shrugged his shoulders. "It will cost you something extra, Mr. Carnes," he said; "I should have to hire extra experts to move quickly and quietly them two hundred seventy-five pianos without scratch to finishes or injuries to tones. I can do it, but it will cost you three dollars, Mr. Carnes."

"I'll pay it," said Carnes, cheerfully. "I've simply got to have it." He went out. Meyer turned to Helmstaedter. "What will you do?" he asked, triumphantly, for he had spotted the weak link in the chain. "Send up another piano—the wrong piano, to him?"

"Not at all," returned Helmstaedter. "I shall put this three dollars in my pocket. And you, Meyer, should come along with me."

Together they toddled down to West 142nd Street. They ascended, between puffs, to the fifth floor. There they found young Mrs. J. Harvey Smith and the Carnes piano.

"I have come to take that there piano back again," said Helmstaedter, quite as a matter of course.

"What!" exclaimed young Mrs. Smith. "Why, you rented it to us for the summer. Sure you did. We paid you. You can't have it back again. We like it too much."

"Ach," exclaimed Helmstaedter, "you will not like it when I tell you. I was fooled on that piano. It was sent out from this here big piano factory without no parallelopipedons in it. One hundred pianos were sent out from this factory without parallelopipedons. Think of it! And this here factory people has called in all them pianos. This here is Mr. Meyer, who is the representative of this here big factory. He goes about everywhere, getting these defective non-parallelopipedon pianos back again before the name of this big piano house is ruined."

"Well, of course," said Mrs. Smith, "we don't want—"

"Of course you don't," said Helmstaedter. "Besides, the color of that there wood is too light for this furniture. You need a good dark piano, with better tones, and with parallelopipedons. I shall therefore take this one, and send you one other, worth so much more, so much better, which you get for the same rent just because of this here factory's mistake. You see?"

When Meyer got back to the Home for Pianos, he sank into a chair. "Helmstaedter," he exclaimed, admiringly, "I like you more as ever. You are not only a fake. You are a good fake. You are smart."

"Pooh, pooh, friend Meyer," said Helmstaedter, "this is as nothing. Every day do I have such matters. As nothing is this here. Where is that there piano what came in on storage this here morning? I shall send it now at once to this here Smith. It is not so good as this here Carnes piano, but it will do, it will do—for this here Smith and wife. So! *Jah!*"

Well, it would n't do for Smith and wife. Smith and wife kept it for two-thirds of their allotted time, and then sent it back—came back with it, in fact. "Not that it ain't a good piano, Mr. Helmstaedter," they said.

"Ah," said Helmstaedter, "Good! Not only has it parallelopipedons, but its parallelopipedons is guaranteed. Eh, Mr. Meyer?"

"That is n't it," went on young Diamond-setter Smith; "I been doing pretty good, and I got a thousand dollars. We want to buy. We want a good first rate player-piano, Mr. Helmstaedter. Can't you—"

"Don't say a word," answered Helmstaedter. "I could to rent you a dozen of them there player-pianos. Ten parallelopipedons apiece."

"We want to buy."

Helmstaedter frowned. He shook his head. "I never sell," he answered, "never. My advice to you is—never buy. Never own anything. I never do. You had better rent one. Art finish, tone—such tones! *Jah!* Rent one from me. If you do not you will regret it. But sell—no. I have none for sale. *Nein.*"

"We want to buy," they reiterated. They went elsewhere and bought, and J. Harvey Smith planked down a cool thousand and got his player-piano. Helmstaedter had said he would regret it. He did. So did Mrs. J. Harvey Smith. For, while J. Harvey Smith was pretty good at earning money, Mrs. J. Harvey Smith was *par excellence* at spending it. A player-piano was only one of her desires.

"A woman with a player-piano has got to have a Paris princess gown to go with it," she assured herself. "And—the idea of our having a player-piano, and my going without a sealskin cloak this winter," she complained. It did n't soothe her to have J. Harvey go to the player-piano, and insert his favorite music roll, and start up with, "My size—ah—Eliz-a." Once, when he solaced his soul in that way, she flung a plate at his head. There was a crash. The plate missed its mark; but it left its mark, nevertheless, in the shape of a deep, irregular scar on the polished mahogany surface of the player-piano.

"All right," said J. Harvey Smith; "you complain that I don't spend enough money. I'll go out and spend some right now—on myself." He did so, returning woefully intoxicated in the "wee, sma' hours" of the morning. He planted his boot heel firmly on the unmarked panel of the player-piano. This was only the beginning of the end.

Three months later a young woman stepped into Helmstaedter's Home for Pianos.

"I want to store a player-piano," she said. Helmstaedter nodded. He liked player-pianos; the profit both ways was large.

"What name?" he asked.

"Mrs. Eloise Smith," she said, of "West 142nd Street. You remember me, don't you?"

Helmstaedter shook his head. He did n't. There were so many pianos and so many Smiths. "I'll send for it," he assured her.

That evening, when J. Harvey Smith returned

to his flat, he found both his young wife and his player-piano gone, without clue. "She had a nerve to take that piano," he told himself.

But Mrs. Eloise Smith was of a different mind. "I'll show him," she said to herself, in her little hall bedroom the other side of town. "He'll be good and sorry. Besides that player-piano was mine. He gave it to me. Or, he meant to, at any rate." Also she had the silverware with her, and all the ready cash that he had left in the little silver safe. J. Harvey kept no bank account. "It's just as well he *did* n't spend it all," thought Eliza Smith.

As for J. Harvey Smith, he gave up the flat and moved into bachelor apartments. "By George," he thought to himself, "it's good to be free once more." It did seem good for a while. But there was something missing. What was it?

"I know," he told himself, "it's music. That's what I need—music. I miss that player-piano. I'll have to get another."

He started out to buy one. But they were still high. "I'll rent one," he told himself. He went to Helmstaedter.

"You remember me, may be," he said to Helmstaedter. Helmstaedter did not. Names and faces made but small impression on his mind. He had trouble enough remembering pianos, let alone names and faces.

"I want to rent a player-piano. I'm down at the Benedict," said J. Harvey Smith. "I want a good one. How much?"

"I'll send you a good one—the best one. For ten dollars a month, and cartage fees. *Jah!* Such tones, such rubbers on such pedals! Such back actions! Such parallelopipedons! All for ten dollars a month."

"Send it right away," said Smith, pulling out a roll of bills.

Next evening, when he let himself into his small apartment, the instrument had been installed. "Though, by George," he told himself, "it's all smashed up." Truly, it was well battered, though Helmstaedter had hidden its defects with varnish as much as possible.

"Maybe its music will make up for its appearance," thought Diamond-setter Smith. There was a roll of music already adjusted within it, and Smith sat him down to play. Up and down, and up and down he pumped, and the full, rich tones of the player-piano responded:

Oh, Eliz—a,
Just my size—ah,
E—liz—a,

"Thunderation!" he exclaimed. He stopped playing, examined the scars upon the panels once more, and then leaped for joy.

"Great!" he yelled, "it's my piano—my player-piano. Joy!"

Mr. Meyer walked the whole length of the store one day and tapped Mr. Helmstaedter on the back. "It's one of these here ladies," he explained, "with pianos on storage. She would have it back again."

It was Mrs. Eliza Smith, of the east side. "I'm pretty well settled, Mr. Helmstaedter," she explained, "and I'm lonely; and I need my player back again."

"And," queried Helmstaedter, "have I got it, eh?" He looked it up and found that he had. "Ah," he explained, "it will take some days. It is way up on the elevators in a private rooms. It will take some time, but I will get it for you quite soon."

Mrs. Eliza Smith eyed the rear view of the Custom House. "Where is your storage warehouse, Mr. Helmstaedter?" she inquired. Meyer shivered. He thought the hole in the floor yawned that time sure.

"Do you know where the bachelor apartment house, this here well known Benedict is, on One hundred - and - twenty-fifth Street?" queried Helmstaedter, unmoved.

"I've heard of it," said young Mrs. Eliza Smith.

[Concluded on pages 556 and 557]

DOGS OF SONG

The Life, Habits, and Wonderful Vocal Abilities of the Coyote

By **ERNEST THOMPSON SETON**

ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR

WE WERE lying curled up in our blankets one night on the old Custer trail in the Bad Lands of Dakota. A hard day of fruitless hunting after wolves had made us very ready to sleep, and we were dropping off, when the near darkness gave forth a long—

Yap—yap—yow—w-w-w-w-w—followed by many others—a perfect chorus—the old familiar vesper song of the coyotes.

"Lord, how I jes' love to hear 'em," said an old buffalo hunter near me.

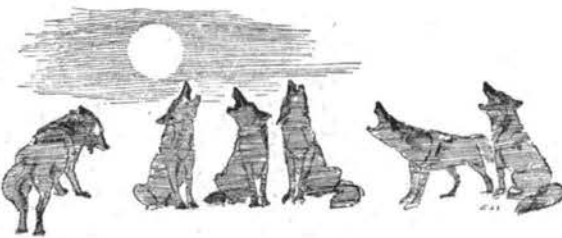
"Why?" I said, not suspecting him of any sentimental weaknesses.

"Cos, in the old days, when the coyotes did n't sing us to sleep, it meant there was some other varmint around us. We was liable to be woke up by a scalping party of reds."

Thus the coyote song was a sure song of peace.

Yes! we all love the coyote as a matter of association, but within the last few years we have come to comprehend him better and respect him for himself. My various notes, recently put together, have helped me to understand much that was conflicting in the accounts of these dogs of the plains.

While we speak broadly of the coyote as though it were one species, we should remember that scientists recognize at least a dozen kinds that are closely akin and yet have their own peculiarities and habitat. But they agree in their gen-



eral character of make-up and style of range; the coyote everywhere is a son of the desert, an Ishmaelite living by his wits. Further, they are alike in their vocal gifts—our Ishmaelite is also a trou-

badour. The first of the coyotes to be discovered was, of course, the one that is farthest east. It happens to be the largest. This is *latrans*, "the barker," so called by Say, because it is the only species of wild dog that habitually barks. Its range, as far as known, is set forth on the map on the following page, though I suspect it goes much farther westward than the lines would indicate.

So much for the range of the species; but the range of the individual is also of interest; for the individual animal has a remarkable fixity in its own region. How large, then, is the home range of a coyote, or, rather, a pair of coyotes? For we should see that this interesting little brute is highly moral as well as clever.

I should think—notwithstanding the popular notion of the coyote as a world-wanderer—that its range is much less than ten miles across. After consulting many hunters and making numerous observations, I conclude that in the summer, a township (six miles square) is more than ample hunting ground for a pair of coyotes. In winter perhaps twice as much is needed in the north, and beyond this they never go of their own free will; outside this limit is foreign country to them.

But they do not occupy the area to the exclusion of their kind. Probably the ranges of at least half a dozen pairs overlap on the same hunting ground, which assumes a general population of ten to the township. These calculations would, if correct, give us a coyote population in Manitoba of 12,000. Or, approaching the question from another view: in 1904 the Manitoba government paid bounties on 4,541 prairie wolves killed in the province. The testimony of all observers is that the wolves are increasing, in spite of this destruction; therefore the annual increase is greater than the annual kill. This would presuppose an original population of at least 10,000; which we may safely accept as a minimum of coyotes in the southwestern half of Manitoba. The northwestern half is outside the range of the coyotes.

That this is a low estimate the following shows: In "Shields's Magazine," for April, 1907, page 215, Jack Comegys describes a recent coyote drive at Evans, Colorado; about twenty square miles (half a township) were included, and some forty coy-



This sketch was made by Mr. Seton, at Jackson's Hole, Wyo.

otes rounded up; that is eighty to the township, or, say, two to the square mile. Further, according to the United States Biological Survey (Lantz, Bull, 20, 1905), the State of Kansas, in the year ending July 1, 1904, paid bounties on 20,000 coyote scalps (70,000 square miles only), but their numbers were not perceptibly diminished; at least as many, probably even double as many, were left, which would make the population about one to the square mile.

If anything like these rates of population prevail over their entire territory, we shall have a total of 150,000 of the large coyotes, and far over a million of all kinds, on the 2,500,000 square miles over which they are found.

The species is but slightly gregarious. The most I have ever seen in one day were eight, and the most at one spot were three. They were gathered around a dead calf, and scattered immediately after their feast. The most I have heard of together were twelve, also attracted by a carcass.

W. R. Hine tells me that he has seen five coyotes together, never more; they were at a dead animal. Three were the most he ever saw traveling in company, and the most he ever met with in one day were a dozen during a sixty-mile drive along Red River in the autumn. Lew Wilmot tells of six coyotes that he saw chasing a deer in the spring of the year at Oroville, Washington. Henry W. Wende, of Sunnyside, Washington, says, that in August, near a drinking place in the Yakima Valley, he once saw eight coyotes together; they may have been a family, but they looked fully grown.

As will be shown later, the coyotes frequently combine their efforts for the common good, although they do not actually go or live in bands.

I should therefore say the species are sociable, but not gregarious.

Intercommunication of ideas is well developed among coyotes. The smell-telephone with the smelling posts is largely used, but they also communicate many ideas by example. Prob-



The relay chase

bly the training of the young is affected chiefly in the latter way. Their remarkable vocal powers are at least as important as any. The principal sounds they utter are described in another paragraph.

It is the opinion of all persons familiar with its habits that this animal is strictly monogamous. Vernon Bailey states that in the spring the Minnesota coyotes are seen in pairs, and the tracks in the snow of late winter also prove that it is the rule for two coyotes to run, hunt, and live together. The six described by Mr. Wilmot were in three pairs. A. S. Barton says that the male aids the female with the young, at least till they are able to leave the den. In autumn male and female are always found together, but he never saw the whole family together at this time. The young may have scattered, or those observed may have been a barren pair; such are frequent.

Nearly every plainsman I have consulted agrees with me that the coyotes are seen singly or in pairs, mostly the latter, the whole year round. From this we may infer that they pair for life. The actual mating season is about the middle or during the last two weeks of February.

The favorite denning place of the coyote pair is dug by themselves in some sunny bank; but they may use an abandoned badger hole. The entrance is about ten by twenty inches, and is commonly concealed in the bushes. The actual nest is sometimes lined with a little grass and fur, and sometimes it is quite bare. Mr. Barton sends the accompanying plan of one which he examined.

Apparently it had been dug by the present owners, and was much the same as the dozen or so others he had investigated. The air hole, located after close search, was, as usual, an old gopher hole, enlarged from below and directly over the nest; he supposes it is made to admit fresh air to the cubs.

I have not seen this ventilator, but may have overlooked it, as I had not heard of such a contrivance when last I examined a coyote's den. It is well known that a family will have several dens, some of which are, as Mr. Barton says, "sleeping places for use during the heat of the day, which is one reason why so many attempts to dig out coyotes' dens often fail of results."

Usually the young are born during the first half of April: April 9 in the New York Zoological Park, and April 20 in Washington Zoo, represent the extreme dates at hand. They number from three to ten, but are usually from five to seven. They are blind and helpless, but covered with close, dark, ash-colored fur.

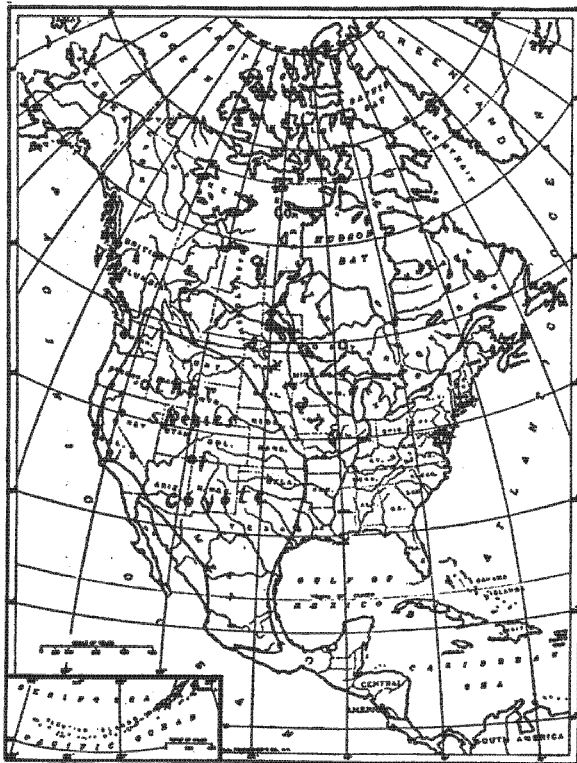
It is generally believed that the father is not permitted to enter the home for some days after their birth, but I have not been able to confirm this belief. However, he is never far away, and his devotion is vouched for by all who know him.

Dr. W. T. Hornaday informs me that the father of the brood born April 9 took a keen interest in the young, and became very officious, even vicious in their defense. Their eyes opened on the eighth and ninth days, variously. When about three weeks old, the mother would carry them out into the sun, or about the yard and back again. At five weeks they were old enough to walk out alone. They were not fed by regurgitation at any time, so far as known.

Mr. Carson, however, assures me that in the Philadelphia Zoo, where the coyotes frequently breed, the

mother disgorges food for them regularly, exactly as does the mother gray wolf. When some six weeks old, both parents begin to bring solid food to the little ones, and the entrance to the den becomes littered with feathers, fur, bones, and other remains of their prey.

The young are so keen to see and welcome father and mother back with the new catch that they make little pathways from the den to all the near points that give a view. Here they will sit and watch, but are ever ready to scurry



Map marked by Mr. Seton to show the wide range of the coyote in North America

home on the slightest alarm. As they get older, Mr. Barton says, the cubs scratch out little pockets leading from the main den. In digging after them, these are frequently covered over and escape notice, so that some of the little ones are never found.

I have a most interesting photograph by Mr. William McFadden, of Denver, showing nine young coyotes playing about the door of the house. This was taken in June. The young were about one-third grown; both parents were seen in attendance on them, and when they found that their home was discovered, they doubtless moved the young ones elsewhere.

This habit is quite general among coyotes. Mr. Barton writes that on May 21, 1905, he found a wolf den in a ravine a mile out of Boissevain, Manitoba. The mother was running around, and the pups were squealing deep in the hole. But when we went back next day to dig them out, the young ones had been moved evidently to a distance, for a careful search in the neighborhood failed to locate them.

In August the young coyotes are half grown. They then begin to run with their parents, and learn the art of hunting. At this season the mother especially guards and trains them carefully. Her warning call of danger is a very distinctive cry—a prolonged, quavering yelp or squall, rising in pitch toward the end.

"I remember," says Mr. Barton, "on one occasion I was hunting a young coyote, when the mother coursed along a neighboring height uttering

this cry. I had two foxhounds in leash, and they went after her, but a few minutes later came racing toward me in terror, closely pursued by the mother. They were so embarrassed by the leash, and she was so active, that she ran around and bit them as often as she chose."

In October the young are as big as the parents, and the family is scattered. Food is still abundant, although the ground squirrels have retired to the winter quarters, and the coyotes are slick and fat; but from this time on, the struggle for life grows hard and deadly.

The only migration that I know of in this species is the casual one in search of shelter or better hunting. In January, 1883, after a three days' blizzard at Carberry, Manitoba, the coyotes were moving all day from the north to the southward. Eight individuals I saw, and the trails in the snow told of many others taking the same course. The wind was southwest. Mr. Barton says that in stormy weather there is a sort of local migration of the species from the Souris Plains to the sheltered region of Turtle Mountain.

The food of the species consists of every kind of fish, flesh, or fowl that it can master alive or discover dead. Ground squirrels, mice, rabbits, frogs, snakes, eggs, and fledgling birds are on its bill of fare, and the hen yards as well as the sheepfolds are levied on in times of need.

Mrs. Mary Austin gives an admirable picture of a prowling coyote in her "Land of Little Rain." "Watch a coyote come out of his lair," she says, "and cast about in his mind where he will go for his daily killing. You cannot very well tell what decides him, but very easily that he has decided. He trots or breaks into short gallops, with very perceptible pauses to look up and about at landmarks, alters his tack a little, looking forward and back to

steer his proper course.

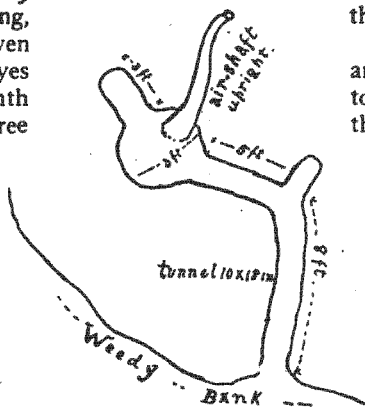
"I am persuaded that the coyotes in my valley, which is narrow and beset with steep, sharp hills, in long passages, steer by the pinnacles of the skyline, going with head cocked to one side to keep to the left or right of such and such a promontory.

"I have tracked a coyote, often, going across country, perhaps to where some slant-winged scavenger hanging in the air signalled prospect of a dinner, and found his track, such as a man, a very intelligent man accustomed to hill country, and a little cautious, would make to the same point. Here a detour to cross a stretch of too little cover, there a pause on the rim of a gully to pick the better way—and it is usually the best way—and making his point with the greatest economy of effort."

The speed of the coyote is doubtless its main hold on life. But there are several creatures yet swifter, that it would gladly capture as food. The prairie hare finds safety in its fleetness, and the wood hare in the brushwood, but the coyote sometimes succeeds by cunning, when all its strength and speed may fail, as the following instances show:

John B. Goff, the hunter, tells me that while freighting between Rifle and Rawlins, Colorado, some years ago, he saw two coyotes chasing an antelope. They worked some distance apart, keeping the antelope running zigzag between them, so that it did four times the running of either. It was nearly exhausted, and ran up to his horses for protection. The coyotes then held off. He was out of meat, and had no gun, but he threw a rope around the antelope's neck, cut its throat, and threw it into the wagon.

In an article on "Coyote Partnership" ("Forest and Stream," February 6, 1897), Dr. George Bird Grinnell, referring to the coyote plan of running an antelope down by relay chasing, says:



Coyote den and dugout. By A. S. Barton

Of course the coyotes do not catch every antelope they start. Sometimes the game runs such a course that it does not pass near any of the waiting wolves, and only the one that starts it has any running to do. In such a case the pursuit is at once abandoned. Sometimes the antelope is so stout and strong that it tires out all its pursuers. Two or three years ago I camped one afternoon near Rock Creek, and as there was very little feed, we turned the horses loose at night to pick among the sagebrush and grease wood. Early in the morning, before sunrise, while the man with me was getting breakfast, I started out to get the horses. They were nowhere to be seen, and I climbed to the top of the hill back of the camp, from which, as it was the only high place anywhere about, I felt sure that I could see the missing animals. Just before I got to the top of the hill, an old doe antelope suddenly came into view, closely followed by a coyote. Both of them seemed to be running as hard as they could, and both had their tongues hanging out as if they had come a long way. Suddenly, almost at the heels of the antelope—much closer to her than the other wolf—appeared a second coyote, which now took up the running, while the one that had been chasing her stopped and sat down and watched. The antelope ran quite a long distance, always bearing a little to the left, and now seeming to run more slowly than when I first saw her. As she kept running, it was evident that she would either run around the hill on which I stood or come back near it. At first I was so interested in watching her that I forgot to look at the wolf that had stopped near me. When I did so, he was no longer at the place where he had stopped, but was trotting over a little ridge that ran down from the hill, and watching the chase that was now so far off. He could easily have run across the cord of the arc and headed the antelope, but he knew too well what she would do to give himself that trouble. After a little it was evident that the antelope would come back pretty near to the hill, but on the other side of it from where she had passed before, and the wolf which I had first seen chasing her trotted out 200 or 300 yards on to the prairie and sat down. The antelope was now coming back almost directly toward him, and I could see that there were two wolves behind her, one close to her heels and the other a good way further back. The first wolf now seemed quite excited. He no longer sat up, but crouched close to the ground, every few moments raising his head very slowly to take a look at the doe, and then lowering it again so that he would be out of sight. Sometimes he crawled on his belly a few feet further from me, evidently trying to put himself directly in the path of the antelope, and this he seemed to have succeeded in doing. As she drew near him I could see that she was staggering, she was so tired, and the wolf behind could at any moment have knocked her down if he had wanted to, but he seemed to be waiting for something. The wolf that was following him was now running faster and catching up.

When the antelope reached the place where the first wolf was lying hidden, he sprang up, and in a jump or two caught her neck and threw her down. At the same moment the two wolves from behind came up, and for a moment there was a scuffle in which yellow and white and gray and waving tails were all mixed up, and then the three wolves were seen standing there tearing away at their breakfast.

In October, 1893, while living in New Mexico, near Clayton, I had an opportunity of watching a joint hunt of prairie dogs by two coyotes, no doubt a pair. Early in the morning I was on a rugged hill overlooking a plain on which was a prairie dog town. One coyote was in an arroyo, or dry water course, hidden from view. The other walked openly and calmly toward a prairie dog that was barking vigorously on its mound. The coyote paid little heed, but walked so as to pass within twenty yards. The prairie dog dodged down. Then coyote No. 1 continued his leisurely walk, while coyote No. 2 rushed forward and hid behind another mound. Very soon the prairie dog began to peep out, and seeing the coyote at a safe distance, he scrambled onto his high outlook to hurl defiant little barks after the foe. But the coyote be-

hind sprang and all but caught him before he scrambled into safety.

In this case the combination failed, but evidently it must oftentimes succeed.

On October 3, 1902, while driving near Meeker, Colorado, I saw a cow defending her newborn calf from a coyote. The calf was able to stand, and two or three steers lent some aid to the cow. The coyote walked about openly and quietly, or sat on his haunches some twenty yards away. The cows and steers went on feeding, but kept an eye on the coyote, and

themselves." Like many others of the family, the coyote has the frugal habit of storing up food for future use; whether it can thus effectually hide it from plunderers, or whether, indeed, it always remembers the spot afterwards, I cannot determine; though I think it unlikely that an animal with its high mentality, its sense of locality and fine nose, could fail going to the spot at will.

The following incident, witnessed by Mr. Barton, is a good illustration of the storage habit:

"I was mowing hay in my *coulée*, when I noticed, some distance away, a coyote carrying something in his mouth. He trotted down the hill, and, with some difficulty, through the long grass, but presently stopped and began to bury his booty in a mole heap, covering it with his nose, as a dog does. On my approach he decamped, and watched my proceedings from the nearest hill. Curious to know what he had been burying, I unearthed his *cache*, and found, to my surprise, a fine turkey gobbler, still warm and uninjured, except that its neck was broken. I had no time and less inclination to advertise for an owner, but accepted 'the goods the gods gave,' and carried my prize home. Our next

Sunday dinner was much appreciated, and we cheerfully drank the health of the purveyor, and of my unknown neighbor, also."

The winter is, of course, the season of peril for all creatures that do not store up a full supply of food, or hibernate. Standing the winter is the crucial test of all northern species. Probably the chief thing that carries the coyote race through is the new supply of food brought in by their enemy—the winter, that is, winter killed sheep and cattle. These are dragged forth from time to time, and at each carcass half-wild dogs contend in nightly feast with coyotes, or both retire while a big gray wolf fills his capacious belly.

There are several disadvantages in this food supply; it affords a certain place for traps and poison to be laid; hundreds of coyotes and not a few dogs are thus destroyed every year. The flesh of horses is credited, also, with giving mange to wolves that over-indulge. Epidemics of mange have been known among the coyotes.

[Concluded on pages 562 and 563]

Photograph by W. R. McFadden

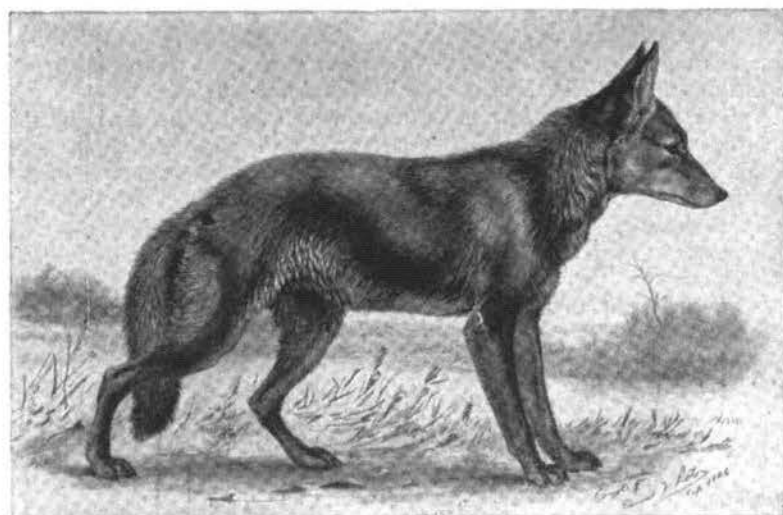


Coyote family of nine pups, photographed thirteen miles from Denver, Colorado

the mother always managed to be between the calf and his foe. Occasionally one of the defenders would throw up his head, shake his horns, snort, and even run a few steps at the coyote, but there was a marked absence of action in the little drama. Doubtless it would continue so, unless the coyote got a chance to rush in and inflict a deadly wound.

Coyotes rarely molest calves or pigs, but they are very troublesome among other live stock. In the summer they kill many turkeys that roam afield far from the protection of a house dog, and sheep are particularly subject to their inroads. They have, indeed, nearly put an end to wool raising in the province of Manitoba. They destroyed all Mr. Barton's sheep, invariably selecting the fattest and best. At first it was found sufficient to put bells on several of the flock. But the coyotes have got so far accustomed to these that the bells now protect only the sheep that wear them; some shepherds aver that these sagacious little wolves will get up at night and listen for the sheep bells, so as to know where an easy supper is awaiting them.

George H. Meacham wrote me from Shoal Lake in December, 1899: "Wolves are on the increase and becoming a regular pest. Many people have abandoned keeping sheep on their account. Although a bounty of \$2 is paid for them, they manage to keep out of danger in a way only equaled by



Sketch of a female coyote in the Philadelphia Zoo. Length from tip of nose to end of tail, three feet, seven inches. Length of body, two feet, six inches. Length of tail, one foot

EDITORIAL CHAT

ORISON SWETT MARDEN

Mental Vacations

I KNOW several people so hemmed in by an iron environment, and so confined to perpetual hard work, that it is almost impossible for them to be long away from their places of business or their professions, and yet, although they are subject to rasping vexations and annoying conditions such as would worry some people to shadows, they always seem to be serene, fresh, and buoyant, because they have acquired the happy art of mental refreshment and change by taking mental vacations. I have interviewed some of these people, and they tell me that, no matter how trying, or how exasperating their work is, or how vexatious or annoying the conditions may be about them, when they get a bit of leisure they can instantly lift themselves out of their troubles into a harmonious and blissful mental condition which nothing material can touch or mar.

They cross oceans and take mental trips into foreign lands which they have once visited. They have so educated their imaginations that they can create new places, new worlds, people them, and live in them. They can see beauty that was never on sea or land, and hear melodies and harmonies that have never touched human ears. Many invalids have acquired this art of refreshment through mental tours, taking trips to beautiful lands that have never been seen by material eyes. They may not be able to go on long vacations into the country, but they are able to take many mental excursions there, and to go back to the old home or farm, and relive their childhood days. Mentally they wade and fish in the brooks, climb the mountains, tramp in the forest, and meander through the meadows.

What a wonderful compensation nature has provided to balance the hard, dry, dreary drudgery of life! The imaginative faculties are wings which enable us to soar away quickly into joys ineffable.

I know a lady who has cultivated to a remarkable degree the art of projecting herself in her imagination into different parts of the world where she has before been, and traveling about the streets, visiting the art galleries and the parks, traveling over the Alps or other mountains, and enjoying again the superb scenery. She says that she becomes so lost in her mental ramblings over the earth that for the time she is scarcely conscious of her present poverty and disagreeable environment.

How little we realize what an inestimable gift we have in the imagination—that ability to fly away at will from our harrassing, embarrassing, poverty-stricken surroundings, from things which discourage, disgust, and annoy, away from a grasping, grinding, sickening drudgery, away from our worries and anxieties, the things that vex us—away from the “blues,” into a paradise of joy, into an ideal world, where harmony and beauty and truth reign!

What luxuries this power enables the poor to enjoy! It helps the prisoner to fly out of his cell, revisit his home and friends, and go where he will unmolested. It is said that many prisoners become almost totally unconscious of their confinement for many hours at a time. People who have written a great deal in prison, such as histories and stories, for months at a time, have not found their confinement very irksome. Iron bars and a cell are powerless to imprison the mind. What a wonderful world Bunyan really lived in while he was in jail! Few people who have had their liberty have had such wonderful experiences.

Nature has provided through the imagination a wonderful means of escape for the invalids and the shut-ins.

Some people never seem to tire. Their minds are always fresh, responsive, resourceful, creative, because they have this faculty of orienting the mind, freshening it by beautiful mental pictures.

One of the great secrets of those who surprise everybody by the enormous amount of work they accomplish is their ability to take frequent mental recesses, or little vacations, their ability to shut all the doors through which little vexations and worries enter the mind, and waft themselves off on little excursions in the imagination, recalling the pleasant memories and reliving the scenes which have once made them happy.

It does not take long to freshen a jaded mind if one knows the secret art.

The Enemies in Our Vocabulary

“IN THE dictionary of fools we find ‘I can’t’ very often, plenty of ‘ifs,’ lots of words like ‘luck’ and ‘destiny,’ and phrases like ‘If I only had time or a chance like other people!’”

Did you ever think that many of the words and phrases which you constantly use are your real enemies, that they leave their hideous pictures and black shadows in your mind?

How many times have you been kept from doing a good deed by

such phrases as: “Oh, I can’t do that;” “I am afraid that that will not turn out well;” “Oh, I know I can’t do that;” “Somebody else can do that a great deal better;” “I am afraid to try;” “I have n’t the courage;” “I fear I shall take cold or catch some disease if I do this or that?”

I believe that those two words “I can’t” have ruined more prospects, and have kept more ability doing the work of mediocrity than any other two words in our language.

“I am afraid of this or that” is a terrible hinderer, a terrible blighter of ambition, a cooler of enthusiasm.

All achievement and all efficiency depend upon initiative; and that is easily killed by the fear words, the words which express doubt and uncertainty.

“By thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned.”

Every person indicates his strength or his weakness by the preponderance of strong or weak words in his habitual vocabulary.

Negative, weak words, words of doubt, uncertainty, or hesitation, predominate in the vocabulary of a negative man; while the positive, plus, creative, vigorous, progressive words, which indicate mental dominion, prevail in the vocabulary of a positive, vigorous, progressive character, as they did in Webster’s vocabulary.

The man who never wants to give a decided opinion, who always wants to reserve his judgment, or who says he does n’t know, or that he is afraid, the man who does not dare to begin things, who shrinks from responsibility, or who always thinks he cannot do this or that, is not the man to undertake great things, is not the man for great responsibility.

But the man who says, “I can do the thing,” the man who believes in himself and in his ability to carry through what he undertakes, the man who feels his strength, is the masterful man—the one who will do things, not dream about them.

Make the Children Happy

A LITTLE while ago, I was a guest in the home of a large family where the mother was of the nervous, fretful, trouble-borrowing kind of women, who neither enjoys herself nor will let others enjoy themselves. There was scarcely five minutes during my stay that she was not correcting, repressing, scolding, or nagging one of the children. It did not seem to make any difference what they were doing, she would tell them not to do it. If a child stood in an open doorway or near an open window, she was sure he would “get his death of cold.” He must not eat this, he must not make a noise, he must not play, he must not do this, and he must not do that.

She kept on repressing her children in this manner throughout the evening, until they were very nervous and fretful. The result of this constant repression is that there is not a really normal child in the family. There is a sort of hungry, unsatisfied look in the faces of every one of them. They give one the impression that they long to get away from their mother and to let themselves out in laughter and play to their heart’s content.

It is worse than cruel, it is a crime to crush the childhood out of any life, to suppress the fun-loving instinct, which is as natural as breathing, for no wealth or luxuries in later life can compensate for the loss of one’s childhood.

We have all seen children who have had no childhood. The fun-loving element has been crushed out of them. They have been repressed and forbidden to do this and that so long that they have lost the faculty of having a good time. We see these little old men and women everywhere.

Children should be kept children just as long as possible. What has responsibility, seriousness, or sadness to do with childhood? We always feel indignant, as well as sad, when we see evidences of maturity, over-seriousness, care, or anxiety, in a child’s face, for we know some one has sinned somewhere.

The little ones should be kept strangers to anxious care, reflective thoughts, and subjective moods. Their lives should be kept light, bright, buoyant, cheerful, full of sunshine, joy, and gladness. They should be encouraged to laugh and to play and to romp to their heart’s content. The serious side of life will come only too quickly, do what we may to prolong childhood.

One of the most unfortunate things I know of is the home that is not illuminated by at least one cheerful, bright, sunny young face, that does not ring with the persistent laughter and merry voice of a child.

No man or woman is perfectly normal who is distressed or vexed by the playing of children. There was something wrong in your bringing up if it annoys you to see children romping, playing, and having a good time.

If there is a pitiable sight in the world, it is that of parents always

suppressing their children, telling them not to laugh, or not to do this or that, until the little things actually lose the power of natural expression. Joy will go out of the life when continually suppressed.

The first duty we owe a child is to teach it to express itself, to fling out its inborn gladness and joy with as much freedom as the bobolink when it makes the whole meadow glad with its song. Laughter, absolute abandon, freedom, and happiness are essential to its health and success. These are a part of its nature. It cannot be normal without them.

Suppression of the fun-loving nature of a child means the suppression of its mental faculties. The mind will not develop normally under abnormal conditions. There is every evidence in a child's nature that play is as necessary to its normal, complete development as food, and if the fun-loving faculties are suppressed, the whole nature will be strangled, its expression stifled. Play is as necessary to the perfect development of a child as sunshine is to the perfect development of a plant. The childhood that has no budding and flowering, or only a partial unfolding of its petals, will have nothing but gnarled and pinched fruitage. The necessity for play in the very beginning of a child's development is shown by the fact that the instinct to play is so strong in all young life, including the entire animal kingdom.

"Love Is King"

I RECENTLY received a very artistic catalogue from a Virginia military academy, which has had quite a remarkable career due to the high ideals and great push of the young commandant in charge, on the cover of which I found these words, "Love is King."

Love is the great disciplinarian, the supreme harmonizer, the true peacemaker. It is the great balm for all that blights happiness or breeds discontent. It is a sovereign panacea for malice, revenge, and all the brutal propensities. As cruelty melts before kindness, so the evil passions find their antidote in sweet charity, and loving sympathy.

The sun encourages and calls out qualities in the tender germ and young plant which the storm and the frost would destroy. Kindness, encouragement, praise, will call out of a bad boy or a dull pupil and stimulate qualities which scolding and rebuffing and repression would blight and ruin.

Pupils will do anything for a teacher who is always kind and considerate; but a cross, fractious, nagging teacher so arouses their antagonism that it often proves a bar to their progress. There must be no obstructions, no ill feeling between the teacher and the pupil, if the best results are to be reached.

I never was more ashamed of myself in my life than once when I rushed into the presence of a lady who, I thought, had injured me, and she, without raising her voice, in a gentle, calm tone, and with a sweet, ineffable smile and an expression of infinite tenderness in her face, convinced me that there was no cause for the tempest in my soul. My hot temper cooled in an instant, and I felt so ashamed of my weakness that I could not look her in the face.

She knew the secret of applying the antidote to my rage. Had she met my anger with more anger, had she tried to put out the fire of my hot temper with more anger fuel, I should have added to my disgrace.

Love is a healer, a life giver. All through the Bible are passages which show the power of love as a health tonic and life lengthener. "With long life will I satisfy him," said the Psalmist, "because he hath set his love upon me."

Many a mother's love for her children has undoubtedly stayed the ravages of some fatal disease. Her conviction that she was necessary to them, and her great love for them, have braced her, and have enabled her to successfully cope with the enemies of her life for a long time.

One mother I know seems to have the magical art of curing nearly all the ills of her children by love. If any member of the family has any disagreeable experience, is injured or pained, hurt or unhappy, he immediately goes to the mother for the universal balm, which seems to heal all troubles.

This mother has a way of drawing the troubled child into the zone of perpetual harmony. If it is swayed by jealousy, hatred, or anger, she applies the love solvent, the natural antidote for these passion poisons. She knows that scolding a child, when it is already suffering more than it can bear, is like trying to put out a fire with kerosene. What it needs is an antidote for the flames, not more fuel.

Many parents are very much distressed by the waywardness of their children; but this waywardness is often more imaginary than real. A large part of their pranks and their mischief is merely the result of exuberant youthful spirits. They are so full of energy, and so buoyant with life that they cannot keep still. Love is the only power that will control them.

Do not try to make men of your boys or women of your girls. It is not natural. Love them. Make home just as happy a place as possible, and give them rein, freedom. Encourage them in their play. They are in their fun age. Many parents ruin the larger, completer, fuller development of their children by repressing them, by destroying their childhood, their play days, by trying to make them adults.

Not long ago there was on exhibition in New York a

young horse which could do the most marvelous things; and yet his trainer says that only four years ago he had a very bad disposition. He was fractious, vicious, would kick and bite, and did all sorts of bad things. But four years of kindness have completely transformed the vicious yearling colt into one of the kindest and most affectionate animals in the world. Instead of displaying his former stubbornness he is obedient, tractable, and affectionate. He can readily count and reckon up figures, and he spells many words, and knows what they mean. In fact, he seems to be capable of learning almost anything, and his whole transformation has been due to kindness and love. His trainer says that in all the four years he has never touched him with a whip but once. He is very responsive to kindness, but one can do nothing with him by whipping or scolding him. This is a remarkable example of the transforming power of love and kindness.

Children are little animals, sometimes selfish, often cruel. Their moral faculties are undeveloped and, of course, they will do mischievous things; but it is a fatal mistake to be always suppressing their animal spirits. They must give out their surplus energy in some way. Encourage them to romp. Play with them. It will keep you young, and will link them to you with hooks of steel. Do not be afraid of losing your dignity. If you make home the happiest, most cheerful place on earth for your children, if you love them enough, there is little danger of their becoming bad.

Thousands of parents drive their children away from home, and make them secretive and deceitful instead of open and transparent, by being so severe with them, scolding and criticising them, and crushing their childhood.

A man ought to look back upon the home of his childhood as the Eden of his life, where love reigned, instead of as a place where long-faced severity ruled, and he was suppressed and his fun-loving spirits snuffed out.

I know a mother who has brought up a large family of children, who has never punished or spoken a cross word to one of them in her life. When her first child was born people said she was too good-natured to bring up children, that she would spoil them, as she would not correct or discipline them, and would do nothing but love them. But this love has proved the great magnet which has held the family together in a marvelous way. Not one member of that large family of children has gone astray. They have all grown up to be manly and womanly, and love has been developed in their natures. Their own affection responded to the mother's love and has become their strongest motive. To-day all her children look upon her as the greatest figure in the world. She has brought out the best in them. The worst did not need correcting or repressing, because the best overpowered it. The expulsive power of a stronger affection drove out of the nature, or discouraged the development of all vicious tendencies which, in the absence of a great love, might have become dominant.

Many a man has been kept from performing a disgraceful criminal act by the thought that somebody loved him, believed in him, trusted him.

Good-by to Business Cares and Worries

DO NOT look upon your vacation in a purely cold, commercial way, and think that you are just going away to accumulate as much force as possible to coin into dollars later. Regard it as a great recuperator, restorer, and rejuvenator. Think of it as a great opportunity to add to your knowledge, to your self-culture. Think of it as a great, joyous, happy occasion.

Say to yourself, "Now, good-by to care, to all business. I am going out into the country to see the great miracle play which is being wrought in the opening buds, in the ravishing flowers, in the gorgeous landscape for the stage setting, which no human artist could ever paint. I am going to unbend from this strain of the strenuous life and just enjoy a perpetual mental and soul feast in God's paradise."

Throw off all restraint, unbend, relax, let go of everything which vexes and troubles you, open every avenue to your soul, and drink in the beauty and the joy, the mysteries and the great lessons in God's beautiful nature kindergarten. Give yourself up completely, so that you will be receptive to the great reviving, refreshing influence of nature, and be made over into a new man with a new, fresh, more optimistic outlook upon life. This is the way to gain health, joy, strength, and power.

There are business men who go on their vacations in the severe, cold, calculating, planning way that they would make and carry out a programme for a great business undertaking.

In fact, foreigners who meet Americans at our great resorts say that they look and act as though they were right in the midst of their active vocations. They cannot seem to discharge the expressions of seriousness and of great responsibility from their faces. Their brows are knit. They are thinking, thinking, planning, planning, just about the same as though they were in their offices, factories, or stores.

Now, this is not the way to enter upon a vacation. There is everything in starting out with the determination to get the most possible good out of a vacation, and that good should be health and joyousness.

[Concluded on page 550]

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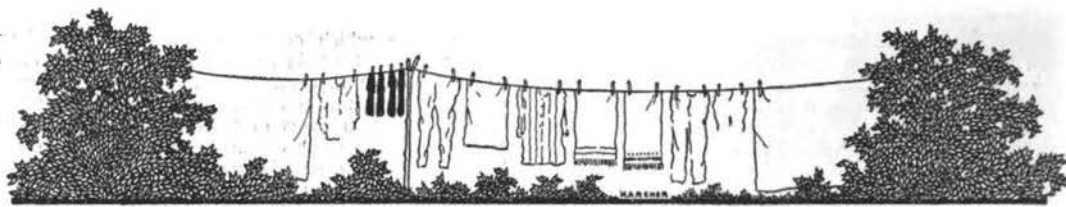
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The Sanitary Home

Third Article. A Plea for Better Laundries

By CLAUDIA QUIGLEY MURPHY

THERE is no problem in housekeeping more vexing than the washing and ironing, and, on the other hand, there is no work that produces as much satisfaction, if well done. There is a keen satisfaction and enjoyment in perfectly laundered clothes. The problem how to wash and how to iron is important not only to those who do such work for themselves, but also to those who must direct others. Perhaps as good a way as any other is, at least theoretically, to do a washing, and after that to do an ironing.

Common custom in this country suggests that we at least change body clothing on Sunday, and bed clothing on Saturday, for Monday is the prevailing wash-day in the United States. All clothes should be gathered and ready for the washing early Monday morning. Considerable labor can be saved if each person in the family will have a laundry bag for their own use in their room, where all their soiled clothing can be kept. It is a very simple matter to go from room to room, and collect the laundry bags. In addition to the personal laundry bags, a covered hamper will be found very useful in the cellar, or wherever else convenient, to store soiled towels and pillowcases, bed linen, and such things. A separate bag should be kept for soiled table linen and napkins, and should be hung high in a dry, clean place to protect the linen from mice, who have most keen scent and quickly discover the presence of crumbs in soiled clothes. If the soiled table linen is stored with the bed linen in the common hamper, mice will soon find their way and damage the contents.

The Boiler and the Water

Having gathered the clothes, the first work is to fill a boiler with clear soft water, and put it on a stove to heat, bringing it to a good, hot temperature. If the water is hard use borax or washing soda to soften it. Wash the tubs out with hot water and a little soap, rinse them so that all dust that may have accumulated during the week may be thoroughly eliminated.

While the water is heating is the time to sort the clothes. After the laundry bags and the hamper are emptied onto a good receptacle (a sheet on the floor makes a very good place to empty them), sort the table linen, fine waists, aprons, fine petticoats, and the finer starched clothes into one pile, these to be washed first and to fill the first boiler. The bedding, handkerchiefs, towels, both hand towels and bath towels, the wash clothes, and the coarse underwear go into the next pile. In the final pile go the colored clothes, hosiery, and odds and ends that come in all family washing.

When purchasing a boiler try to secure one that will not require any care in polishing and, on the other hand, that will not rust. The enameled wash boiler, made of strong steel and enameled white inside and a good suitable color on the outside, is the ideal one. It will be found most convenient to have the boiler fitted with a faucet, for it will save much lifting and possibly scalding, for there is nothing so cumbersome and difficult to lift as a boilerful of very hot water. A boiler of this sort is a most useful utensil in any family and with care should last for years.

Just as soon as the water is heated sufficiently to put in the tubs, the boiler should be filled again, in order that it may be ready when the clothes are ready to be boiled. Where the washing is done by hand a good washboard is necessary—one with a back sufficiently high, so that the water will not slop over and keep the laundress constantly wet. But, in most families, the actual washing of the clothes is done with a machine.

Washing Machines

The family washing machines that are most commonly used are the rotary or those that turn the clothes in the tub by means of prongs. The clothes are turned this way, then that, and then the machine is reversed. There is one disadvantage of this method; it stands to reason that there must be great wear and a tendency to tear the fine sheer goods, because of the constant reversing of

the machine. Turning the clothes one way necessarily gives a certain momentum which is added thereto by the water. When you suddenly stop and reverse the goods in the opposite direction, the prongs, if they happen to be in contact with a delicate waist or a fine piece of linen, will naturally put a great strain on the piece.

Some washing machines are made to hold the clothes in a stationary position and agitate the water with another action, by squeezing the goods on every half turn of the tub, on the principle of a clothes pounder. These machines are very popular and are quite easy to operate, but the best principle of washing machines is the cylinder, and that is what is commonly used in the large laundries, but which now can be secured at a moderate price for use in the home.

This consists of an inner cylinder, in which the clothes are placed. The outer shell contains the water. The washing is done by means of the agitation of the revolving cylinder. This method has the least tendency to wear the clothes and has the greatest possible efficiency in cleansing them evenly, for every part of the clothes is affected in like manner.

The rotary machines and other forms have a tendency to wash them on the outside where the agitation or motion is greatest, and toward the center where the agitation is not so great the dirt will not, of course, be so readily removed.

But all kinds of washing machines, whether rotary, squeezing, or cylinder, are far better than the laborious, back-breaking rubbing up and down over a corrugated board, which is a relic of barbarism. As a matter of fact, there is not a poor washing machine on the market to-day. Any kind can be selected and excellent work produced with it.

The routine of washing clothes is very similar to the routine of sorting them, the first tub containing the table linen, fine waists, etc., first, then additional fresh water and the bedding, handkerchiefs, towels, etc., then clean water for the colored clothes, hosiery, etc.

After the clothes are washed put them into the boiler, where the water should be a little over lukewarm, let them just come to a boil, and put in the water a small solution of good laundry soap or washing powder.

After the clothes have come to a boil lift them out with a good strong clothes stick into a tub, pour cold water over them and give them another slight rub, looking them over carefully to see that there are no spots or dirt or stains left in them. Wring them out of this water into cold water and rinse all soap thoroughly out of them, then they are ready to be rung into the blue water, shaken out, and hung on the lines.

In regard to the final wringing: if the table linen is wrung by hand, it will be much easier to iron, as the wringer leaves marks on the fine linen threads of the table linen and makes creases which are hard to iron out.

The Wringer

The next item of equipment for the laundry is the wringer. There are a great number of these on the market made by reputable concerns, of all grades and prices. A good wringer is worth from \$5 to \$7. The main cost in a wringer are the rubber rollers, the cheaper machines have rollers made of a composition and therefore will not squeeze the water out of the clothes as well as a good wringer with solid rubber ones, and will not last as long. A wringer that can be bought for

\$1.50 to \$2 is expensive, for it will not last long enough to justify its purchase.

Unless the starch is a success the washing is a failure and the test of a successful laundress is her preparation of starch. Mix common lump starch with a small quantity of cold water to a creamy consistency, add a little more cold water, and then the desired amount of absolutely boiling water, stirring constantly. Put the starch over the fire and boil it for several minutes, to insure complete cooking, and stir it all the time it is cooking. Cool or dilute for use. If oil, borax,

For Better Housekeeping

I extend a cordial invitation to every reader of SUCCESS MAGAZINE to send to this department inquiries on any matter pertaining to housekeeping, with the exception of matters relating to food and its preparation. Careful consideration will be given to each inquiry, and the letter and answer will be published in due time, if of interest to other readers; but all letters will receive a prompt reply personally, if a stamp and a self-addressed envelope are inclosed.

Where information is desired concerning sanitary conditions of a house, its walls, floors, or woodwork, it would be better to send a plan of the house, however roughly drawn. Suggestions will be made for better materials and better appliances. There will be no charge for any advice given in this department, either direct or through SUCCESS MAGAZINE.

Address all inquiries:
CLAUDIA QUIGLEY MURPHY,
Editorial Dept., SUCCESS MAGAZINE, New York City.

or wax is used, it should be cooked with the starch, but bluing is added later. The proportions for cooked starch are one measurement of starch to eight of boiling water, for thick starch; and one measurement of starch to sixteen of boiling water, for thin starch.

Cooked Starch

Uncooked or partly cooked starch will stick and make trouble for the ironer. The amount of starch needed is regulated by the number of clothes to be starched. Starch can be made thinner by adding water, and it always grows thinner with use. Starched clothes must never be stiff enough to rattle.

After the starch is made and while it is hot, rub the starch thoroughly into the garments you desire to starch. If the whole garment is to be starched, immerse it all, squeeze it and rub it so that the starch is thoroughly incorporated into the fabric, then rub it again, for unless the starch is evenly distributed throughout the texture the garment will not iron evenly.

There are various methods of drying clothes, but the ideal method is out in the air, on a soft velvety and grassy lawn in the bright sunshine.

On the Lines

A clothesline should never be put in a yard until the clothes are ready for hanging, and as soon as the clothes are dry it should be taken in, wrapped in a clean cloth, and put carefully away. The clothes dryer, where this is used, should be folded up and put in the laundry and kept thoroughly clean.

Orderly arrangement of clothes on a line is important. Hang sheets together, towels together, plain white clothes in the sun, and colored clothes in the shade.

Have the clothespins perfectly clean, keep them in a bag so they will not get dusty, give the laundress an apron with big pockets in it so she can carry a supply of clothespins around with her, and, both in putting the clothes on the line and in taking them off, she will have a receptacle for them.

It will be found much more satisfactory to fold the clothes neatly, as they are taken from the line, shaking out the wrinkles and putting the corners of the sheets together, and to put them in the clothes press, than to throw them in a disorderly, unshapen mass.

Ready for Ironing

As clothes are very much easier to iron when damp, and also when they have been sprinkled over night, it will be found a good plan, as soon as they are taken down, to sprinkle them carefully and evenly with clear, cold water, and to roll them tightly in a roll.

There are ironing machines, mangles, and flatirons. Cold mangles are practical ironing machines which simply flatten out clothes, and smooth them by pressure, but not by heat.

I am sufficiently old-fashioned to believe that heating is necessary for proper ironing and proper smoothing of flat clothes, and this belief is also shared by the best laundries in this country.

Unfortunately the demand for the home ironing machine has not been sufficient to induce manufacturers until recently to put a moderate price ironing machine on the market. There are such available now, and they will certainly prove a most useful addition to the laundry in any family. There has been too much slavery to ironing in the past, and when a machine can be found that will iron all the flat clothes perfectly, it surely should be added to the equipment of the family laundry. Such a machine, in union with the electric flatiron, makes an ideal equipment for the home laundry. The ideal method of ironing starched clothes is made possible by the electric heated flatiron. This iron is always hot, always at correct temperature, does not stick, rarely becomes soiled, and then only through carelessness by running it into sticky starch, and it overcomes the necessity of the incessant walking from the iron table or ironing board to the stove and back again, in search of freshly heated irons. The ironing can be done with an electric heated flatiron in a fraction of the time required by a stove heated flatiron.

Helps for the Laundress

But the greatest help to the laundress in these days of shirt-waists and fine dainty wash dresses is the little egg-shaped puff iron for tops of sleeves, fine tucks, hand embroidery, and difficult places that require ironing. It is attached to a rod and the cloth is passed over it, instead of passing the iron over the cloth. It may be heated either by gas, coal, or electricity.

In many homes it is impossible to secure electricity, and, when wood, coal, or gas must be used, the next best thing to iron with is the asbestos flatiron.

However, the old-fashioned flatiron that is heated on a range is still the most common implement in every-day ironing, and it has never been surpassed in the excellence of the work produced.

In order to have a flatiron in perfect condition it must be scrubbed regularly and kept thoroughly dry when not in use. Neither must it be used for cracking nuts or hammering nails.

After the clothes are ironed they should be spread on a good drying frame, so as to allow the air to circulate freely through them, and to thoroughly dry them out. Damp, half-aided clothes are frequently the cause of much discomfort and of many of the colds that exist among the members of the family.

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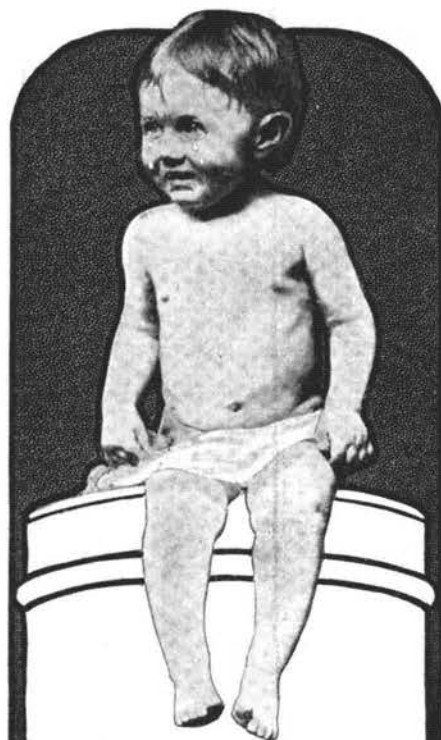
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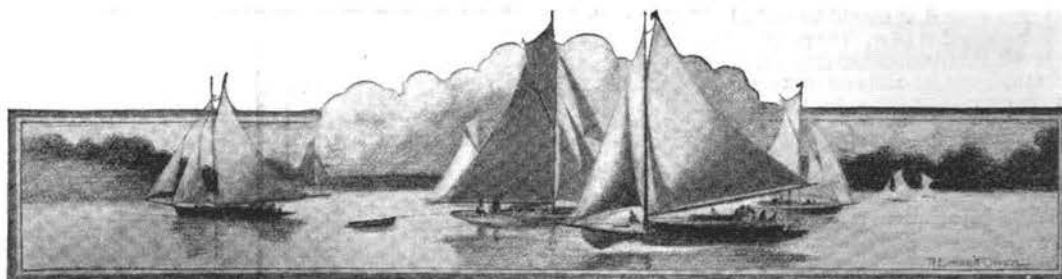
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Sports and Recreation

Conducted by HARRY PALMER

THE uncertainty as to whether or not the Vanderbilt Cup Race will be held this fall is causing a degree of anxious inquiry and discussion that proves the widespread interest in which this classic racing event is held. It is, of course, a generally accepted fact that the private Long Island course cannot now be completed to admit of the race being held this year. The question most frequently asked, however, is "Why not hold it over the public highway, as heretofore?" Those familiar with Mr. Vanderbilt's views have little hope that anything of the kind will be done. He was greatly impressed at the last race with the possibilities for serious accident, or, indeed, loss of life, through the reckless and foolhardy practice of spectators in crowding upon the course whenever a competing car approached. While the race was in progress he was in his car, speeding from one dangerous point to another begging the crowd to keep back out of danger. Perhaps no other man in attendance at the race was under greater nervous strain. When he learned of the fatality at Krug's Corner, in which Mr. Shepherd was concerned, he is said to have declared that never again would he consent to the race being held over a public highway. In this sentiment he has the hearty support of his associates in the management.

It is rumored that in the event of a final decision not to hold the race in the East this year, Chicago automobilists will make a formal proposal to the cup commission to conduct the race somewhere in the vicinity of the western metropolis, with assurances that the safety of both contestants and spectators will be amply provided for. No question seems to be entertained by the Chicagoans that an acceptable course could be arranged for with the full cooperation of the highway authorities. They hold that the occurrence of the race in Chicago would be an excellent thing for both the sport and the industry throughout the Middle West, and a treat to tens of thousands of people in that section.

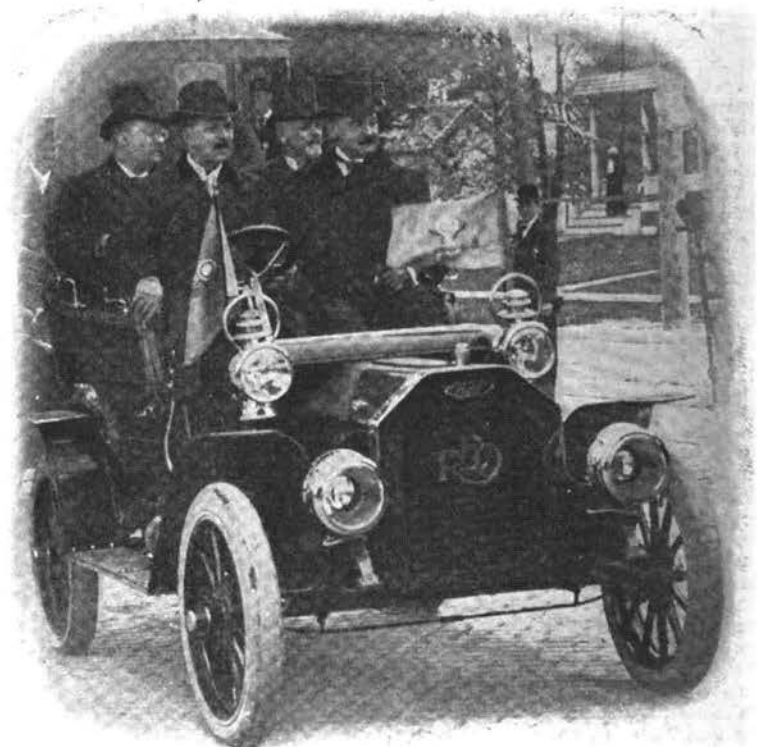
The Next Glidden Tour

The third annual Glidden Tour is in progress, with an entry list large enough to make it impressive and interesting. The route this year, some 1,500 miles in length, is longer by nearly 500 miles than that covered in 1906, starting at Cleveland and ending at New York, via Toledo, South Bend, Chicago, Indianapolis, Columbus, Pittsburg, Baltimore, and Philadelphia. The roads vary as to condition, with some stretches over the mountains of Pennsylvania that will no doubt prove a Waterloo for more than one car in the contest. Whatever the difficulties, however, the journey will surely be a memorable one for the great majority of those who participate. No man who has not a Glidden Tour experience to his credit can fully appreciate how delightful it is. There may be dust and heat and discomfort at times, and one is sure to have occasion for remorse when a tire collapses, or a spring snaps, and a lay-up for repairs on the roadside follows; but the experienced motorist has long since learned to accept such happenings philosophically.

A Remarkable Showing

Perhaps the most remarkable contest of any yet designed to demonstrate the degree of mechanical perfection attained in motor-car construction—particularly

in cars of American build, was the recent "sealed bonnet" contest held under the auspices of the Automobile Club of America, over selected routes in the vicinity of New York City. The bonnet, or hood, of each car was securely fastened and sealed under the supervision of a contest committee before the car was pronounced eligible to start. This rendered any repairs to the engines impossible from the time the car started until it had finished the competition or until it had withdrawn. The contest consisted of a series of runs, one run each day for four consecutive days. Of the 47 cars that started but six failed to finish, the 41 remaining cars complying with all of the conditions imposed. As a test of comparative merit the competition was a failure, but it was a success in demonstrating the mechanical perfection of many leading makes of American cars. Of the four Locomobiles entered, all finished with perfect scores; of the Berliet, White, Lozier, American Mors, Matheson, Pope, Knox, and Maxwell there were two entries each, and these came



President Roosevelt at the fiftieth anniversary of the Lansing, Michigan, Agricultural College. R. E. Olds is driving the President to the college grounds

through with clean records, as did the three Corbin cars. Of the three Stoddard-Daytons to compete, two finished without a flinch, and the Thomas, Pierce, Royal Tourist, Studebaker, Rolls Royce, Elmore, Tourist, Aerocar, Continental, Oldsmobile, Haynes, Deere-Clarke, and Jackson, as solitary representatives of their respective makes, each came through with flying colors. As a result the Automobile Club will be called upon for forty-one silver cups—a much larger number than it had anticipated awarding.

The President in Michigan

President Roosevelt's visit to Lansing, Michigan, in honor of the Fiftieth Anniversary of the Michigan State Agricultural College, was marked by an automobile ride through the city to the college grounds. An old admirer of the Chief Executive, knowing the latter's marked preference for horses despite the blandishments of the "horseless carriage," remarked, as the car passed him, "Well, I swan! I never thought Teddy would ride in one o' them things, but this time I've caught him with the goods on him." The accompanying photograph is one of the few in which Mr. Roosevelt

MEAT OR CEREALS

A Question of Interest to All Careful Persons.

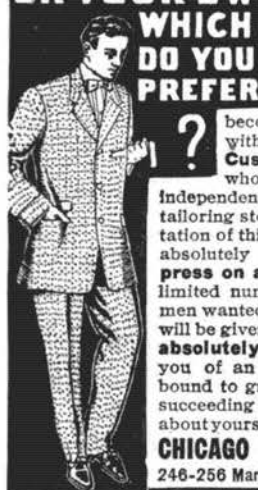
Arguments on food are interesting. Many persons adopt a vegetarian diet on the ground that they do not like to feel that life has been taken to feed them, nor do they fancy the thought of eating dead meat.

On the other hand, too great consumption of partly cooked, starchy oats and wheat or white bread, pastry, etc., produces serious bowel troubles, because the bowel digestive organs, (where starch is digested), are overtaxed and the food ferments, producing gas, and microbes generate in the decayed food, frequently bringing on peritonitis and appendicitis.

Starchy food is absolutely essential to the human body. Its best form is shown in the food "Grape-Nuts," where the starch is changed into a form of sugar during the process of its manufacture. In this way, the required food is presented to the system in a pre-digested form and is immediately made into blood and tissue, without taxing the digestive organs.

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has been pictured as an occupant of an automobile. With him is the president of the State College and Secretary Loeb, with R. E. Olds, one of the pioneer American manufacturers of motor cars, at the wheel.

America's 200,000 Trap Shooters

In no other country has the sport of trap shooting attained the degree of popularity that it enjoys to-day in the United States. It is practiced to some extent in England and the annual winter tournament at Monte Carlo, in which the titled trap shots of Europe participate, of course enjoys a world-wide reputation as a leading fixture in competitions with the shotgun. The Monte Carlo Tournament, however, is what is known among sportsmen as a "live bird" event—that is, the shooting is at pigeons, released from ground traps on signal, and the birds, as they soar swiftly in the air and take rapid flight in varying directions, tax the skill of the marksmen to a point that makes a perfect score in a twenty-five or fifty bird contest an accomplishment rarely achieved. In the United States, however, public sentiment has prohibited by law the shooting of pigeons from traps, and, while it is still permissible in a few States, it is practiced to but little extent.

As a substitute for the pigeon, the artificial or "Blue Rock" target has come into vogue, and the saucer-shaped projectiles, formed of pitch tar and thrown from spring traps at about the flight that a covey of quail would take when flushed, test the skill of the shooter to almost as great a degree.

It is estimated that there are, in the United States and Canada, approximately 200,000 trap shooters, and this number is being increased rapidly from year to year. The majority of these are members of organized gun clubs which own or lease their shooting grounds, and which hold club shoots regularly from March to December of each year. As each of these shooters owns one or more shotguns, and fires from 300 to 2,500 shots a season, each shot being fired at a target thrown from a trap, it can readily be understood that they are no mean factors on the prosperity of the gun and ammunition trade of the country. A single manufacturer of targets last year furnished 21,000,000 targets to the gun clubs and sportsmen's supply dealers.

Like other branches of sport, trap shooting has its premier event which occurs annually at some city designated by the Interstate Association, the governing body in trap-shooting affairs. This event, the Grand American Handicap, is a 100-target event and attracts trap shooters from many States. The Handicap this year was held in June, on the grounds of the Chicago Gun Club at Chicago, and commanded the largest entry ever recorded at a trap-shooting event, nearly 500 shooters participating. As the main event on Thursday was preceded by three days of preliminary events, and was followed by a "Consolation" event on Friday, it required nearly 250,000 targets, with a corresponding consumption of shells, to meet the requirements of the tournament.

Out O'-door Stories Wanted

SUCCESS MAGAZINE would like to receive from its readers just as many short stories, recounting their personal experiences and observations in the field of sport, as they may care to forward to the editor of this department. All that are acceptable, will be published and paid for. Automobiling, motor-boat cruising, yachting, cycling, camping, hunting, fishing, and golf, tennis, athletics, and kindred outdoor sports are essentially rich in incident, and offer almost unlimited material for just such stories as we desire. Contributions need not necessarily be confined to occurrences. Timely comment or practical suggestions of value to others engaged in the sport referred to will be equally acceptable. Good photographs made by amateurs in any recognized field of sport are also desired. Manuscripts submitted should not exceed 400 words to each story, and should be addressed: Editor, Sports and Recreation, SUCCESS MAGAZINE, Washington Square, New York.

A Correction

In the June issue of SUCCESS MAGAZINE, Frank Fayant, in his article, "The Wireless Telegraph Bubble," spoke of the "Western Electrician" as "the journal of the Western Electric Company." W. A. Kreidler, the president of the "Western Electrician," writes us to deny this statement. An inadvertent injustice having been done him and his paper, we take pleasure in retracting the statement.

It Drove Him Out

DEMING, N. M., June 28, 1907.

Editor, SUCCESS MAGAZINE,
Dear Sir:—The June Number, with Mr. Fayant's article, "The Wireless Telegraph Bubble," reached Deming most opportunely.

The gentleman whose card is inclosed had been in town for several days in behalf of his company. He had sowed a good deal of seed, and, confident of a good crop, left for Silver City to plant another crop. In the meanwhile, SUCCESS MAGAZINE arrived. The copies were eagerly read. The gentleman returned, but the harvest could not have been up to expectations, for he did not tarry long. The mention of SUCCESS MAGAZINE was enough to cause him to shut off the hot air, fold up his books and pamphlets, and, like the Arabs, silently steal away.

H. D. G.

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For Insomnia
Peaceful, refreshing sleep is one of the essentials to perfect health. Without it the system is soon run down and the nerves shattered. Yet many a woman, after a day of trials in the household, school or office, is robbed of this much needed rest, while many a man, retiring to sleep, finds himself grinding over and over the business of the day, and slumber, although aggravatingly striven for, becomes an impossibility. This is what is termed insomnia—business cares, fatigue or excitement keep the brain in a whirl, but no matter what the cause, speedy relief can be found in

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being a rich, nourishing, predigested food that is ready for assimilation by the blood as soon as taken into the stomach, brings relief and cure to the nervous, strengthens the convalescent, builds up the anaemic and overworked, restores lacking energy and is a boon to nursing mothers.

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Hints to Investors



THE correspondence which this department is receiving indicates, conclusively, that our readers are realizing, more and more, the very great distinction between speculative and investment securities.

This is especially gratifying to us, for the reason that we inaugurated this department in the firm belief that the result would be along these lines, and that the articles would therefore have their greatest value in the average home. Otherwise, this department could never have had its place in SUCCESS MAGAZINE.

In view of the work which has gone before, we feel this to be an opportune time to bring to the notice of our readers some specific form of investment. As a matter of fact, the letters we are receiving lead us to believe that such an article will be of very great interest to a large percentage of our readers. At the same time, it is due both our readers and ourselves that we emphasize that, in articles of this character, we place before them simply the facts, in a wholesome and understandable manner, and each individual must decide for himself with respect to the investments best suited for his particular requirements. In other words, we feel it to be the function of a magazine, in connection with a subject such as this, simply to use every means at its command to furnish to its readers accurate and reliable advices, as the basis upon which they may for themselves arrive at satisfactory and intelligent conclusions.

Short-Term Notes

We learn from authoritative sources that conservative institutions and individuals, both in this country and in Europe, are large buyers of short-term notes. This form of investment represents a temporary method of corporate financing, as is implied by its title. Its existence is due chiefly to the urgent demands for money, resulting largely from the great prosperity in the general business world. At such times it is essential that a large amount of working capital, or ready cash, be available for the manufacture, distribution, and transportation of all kinds and degrees of commodities. This does not apply only to the needs of large corporations, but also to firms and individual business men. It is a time when a dollar is worth a high rate of interest, and institutions with surplus funds, as well as individuals, are afforded very unusual and attractive investment opportunities. It will be found that banks, or trust companies, located in almost any of the cities in which many of our readers reside, have invested some part of their surplus money in short-term notes. Insurance companies are also buyers of this form of investment.

It is readily understood that, when money rates are high, corporations, as well as firms and individual business men, are averse to borrowing large sums of money for long periods. The wise method is to borrow for only a short time such money as seems really necessary for immediate business needs. Business men adopt this policy at such times in order to be in a position to benefit by the cheaper rates for money when they become available. From this it will be seen that successful business men must be just as careful to display good judgment in borrowing money as in determining the amount of surplus stock they may be willing to carry, the extent of the line of credit to be given customers, or any other matter having a direct bearing upon profits.

From a Corporation's View-point

Corporations are simply a number of business men acting as a unit, with officers and directors responsible to security holders for the conduct of any specific line of business. The capital with which corporations carry on their business is derived from the sale of their bonds and stocks. Under the high rates for money now in vogue, corporations find it quite impossible to sell even high grade long-term bonds, excepting at ridiculously low prices, so that directors authorize the sale of temporary loans, known as "short-term notes." The result is expected to be that these notes will be replaced at maturity by the sale of long-term bonds, at considerably higher prices than those now ruling for such investments. In other words, while directors are willing to issue securities to yield, say, six per cent. for from two to five years, they regard it as poor judgment to burden their corporations with this high rate of

interest through the sale of long-term bonds, running from, say, twenty-five to fifty years.

It is important to emphasize that for this very reason some of the best judges of investments contend

that now is the time for investors to purchase long-term bonds, which are selling at comparatively low prices. The argument is, that when many of these short-term note issues mature, or are paid off, the holders will have to re-invest their money at the higher prices at which bonds are then expected to sell. In other words, during periods of reaction in general business there is usually a plentiful supply of money, for the reason that less money is required in business circles, and capital is loath to venture upon new enterprises. At the same time, surplus money must be made to earn interest, or income, for its owners. No person can afford, or would deem it other than most unwise, to permit money to remain idle. A large portion would doubtless be absorbed through the purchase of investment securities, resulting in a heavy demand and high prices. Under such conditions, the directors of corporations would sell long-term bonds, and the issuance of short-term notes would probably be reduced to a minimum.

However, the fact remains that at this writing a large percentage of well-informed investors are placing their money in short-term notes, although in many instances the money is divided; a portion being invested in short-term notes and the balance in long-term bonds. This policy is doubtless to be commended, and we bring it to the notice of our readers as one of the timely suggestions which they should have upon the subject of investments.

How the Notes Are Issued

Short-term notes are usually issued in coupon form, \$1,000 each. In most cases the notes may be registered as to principal in the names of the owners, in the same manner as bonds. (These terms, and others with which our readers should be familiar, were explained, in detail, in our June Number, pages 422 and 423.) Unlike bonds, however, short-term notes are not usually secured by a mortgage upon property. On the other hand, they are sometimes secured by pledge of collateral; that is, there is deposited with a trustee (usually a well-known and responsible trust company), bonds or stocks, or both, owned by the company issuing the notes. These bonds and stocks are pledged by the company as security for the holders of the notes until the entire issue is redeemed or paid off. As related to the desirable issues, the amount of bonds and stocks pledged as collateral should have a market value equal to, at least, the par value of the entire issue of notes. In some cases the amount of the collateral pledged as security is from ten to twenty-five per cent. in excess of the par value of the notes. From the viewpoint of the noteholders, the chief value of the collateral is to be determined by the price it would command if it had to be sold for their protection. Short-term note issues not secured by pledge of collateral are often regarded as just as safe and conservative investments as secured notes. Whether short-term notes are secured or unsecured, their safety and desirability as investments are determined, almost exclusively, by the financial strength and credit of the issuing companies. The financial strength of a company is dependent upon its assets, and the margin of surplus earnings beyond fixed charges. Fixed charges are obligatory payments, and include taxes, rentals, interest on bonds, etc. Thus, if a corporation cannot pay its fixed charges, it forfeits, in much the same manner as a family would forfeit the right to live in a house if the landlord did not receive his rent. Stock dividends are not fixed charges; in other words, their payment is discretionary with directors, and not compulsory.

Cases at Issue

As a concrete example, to illustrate just what short-term notes are, we will refer specifically to the Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago, and St. Louis Railway four year five per cent. notes, dated June 1, 1907, and payable June 1, 1911, entire issue, \$5,000,000. The interest upon these notes is payable semiannually, June and December first. They are to be had in coupon form, \$1,000 each, and in registered denominations of

\$5,000 and \$10,000 each. These notes are not secured by pledge of collateral, being merely a direct obligation of the Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago, and St. Louis Railway. This road is a part of the "Vanderbilt" system, being controlled by the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railway, through ownership of a large portion of its stock. In common with all railroads, the Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago, and St. Louis Railway issues for its stockholders an annual report in pamphlet form, the one to latest date covering the calendar year ending December 31, 1906. We find that this annual report contains the following Income Account:

Gross earnings.....	\$24,594,915
Operating expenses.....	18,432,713
Net earnings.....	\$6,162,202
Other income.....	208,569
Gross income.....	\$6,370,771
Fixed charges.....	4,306,040
Surplus after fixed charges.....	\$2,064,731
Five per cent. dividends on preferred stock and four per cent. dividends on common stock...	2,011,679
Surplus.....	\$53,052

What the Items Mean

In connection with this Income Account, our readers will doubtless be interested in the following explanations:

Gross earnings are derived from passengers carried, freight and express traffic, transportation of mails, rentals, and miscellaneous sources.

Operating expenses represent the money spent to keep tracks, bridges, etc., in good condition, the cost of carrying passengers, freight, etc., and office expenses.

Other income, sometimes termed "income from investments," represents dividends and interest received by the company on stocks and bonds which it owns, as also interest on loans, etc.

Fixed charges include taxes, rentals, interest on bonds, and miscellaneous items. These are obligatory payments, and must be provided from earnings.

We now find that after payment of fixed charges the surplus earnings of the company for the year 1906 were \$2,064,731, equal to over eight times the \$250,000 annual interest requirement upon the \$5,000,000 four-year, five per cent. notes.

In addition, we learn that the preferred stock has received annual dividends at the rate of five per cent. from 1891 to the present time, excepting in 1897, when two and one half per cent. was paid. The common stock received annual dividends at the rate of three per cent. from 1891 to 1893, inclusive, no dividends from 1894 to 1899, inclusive, three per cent. in 1900, three and one half per cent. in 1901, and four per cent. each year since that time. The outstanding preferred stock amounts to \$10,000,000 and is entitled to annual dividends at the rate of five per cent. The common stock outstanding at this time is \$50,000,000.

A Profitable Investment

In speaking with a woman client concerning a somewhat similar short-term note issue, a man connected with one of the large investment houses said:

"While it is true that these notes are unsecured, the interest upon them would be paid regularly even if it were necessary to discontinue the payment of stock dividends. Further than this, if the company failed to pay the principal at maturity, it is obvious that its credit and financial standing would be forfeited."

The Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago, and St. Louis notes were offered to the public, originally, at 96½ and interest, or \$965 for each \$1,000 note. At this price the return to buyers is about six per cent., if held till maturity, June 1, 1911. In other words, during the four years, holders receive interest on \$1,000 at the rate of five per cent. per annum, and \$1,000 for each note at the expiration of that period. This latter amount is \$35 in excess of the original offering price of 96½ and interest. At this writing, these notes are selling at about 97¼ and interest.

It is not unusual for the short-term note issue of a corporation to be sold before the engraved notes are ready for delivery to the buyers. In such cases delivery of "temporary certificates" is made. Then, when the engraved notes are ready, buyers are notified, and they surrender the temporary certificates for the engraved notes. Most clients prefer to leave the temporary certificates in trust with their investment bankers, pending the delivery of the engraved notes, but this is discretionary with buyers.

As in the case of some bond issues, corporations sometimes reserve the right to redeem, or pay off, their entire note issues before maturity, upon giving the holders due notice as specified in the engraved notes. When notes are redeemed, holders receive at the rate of \$1,000 and accrued interest for each \$1,000 note, upon surrendering the same to the company or its fiscal agency at the time specified. In some cases redeemable notes cannot be paid off unless the corporations give the holders a premium of from one per cent. to two and one-half per cent., as the case may be; that is, at the rate of from \$1,010 to \$1,025 and accrued interest for each \$1,000 note. As explained in one of our previous articles, "accrued interest" is the amount which has ac-

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Missouri, Kansas & Texas R'y Co.

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Dated January 1, 1906. Due January 1, 1936. Interest payable January and July 1st. In coupon form, \$1,000 each. Bonds may be registered as to principal. Authorized issue, \$20,000,000. Outstanding, \$10,000,000.

Listed upon the New York and London Stock Exchanges.

The Missouri, Kansas & Texas R'y operates about 3,043 miles of railroad. The total bonded debt, inclusive of the above bonds, is \$104,234,000.

Following is statement of Income Account for the TEN MONTHS ending April 30th:

	1907.	1906.
Gross Earnings.....	\$21,798,955	\$17,851,922
Operating Expenses and Taxes.....	14,612,307	13,033,058
Net Earnings.....	\$7,186,648	\$4,818,864
Interest on Bonds and Rentals.....	4,155,304	3,734,319
Surplus.....	\$3,031,344	\$1,084,545

The \$13,000,000 preferred stock of the Company receives regular dividends at the rate of 4% per annum. There is also outstanding \$63,300,000 common stock.

Price and circular furnished upon application.

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accumulated since the time of the last paid coupon, or interest date. For instance, if the last paid coupon or interest date were, say, July 1, and the notes were called for payment, say, October 1, there would be paid to the holders three months' accrued interest at the coupon rate.

The market for short-term notes exists among reliable bond dealers, and the notes are handled upon a very small margin of profit. There is an excellent market for the desirable issues, and they can be sold as quickly as active securities listed upon the New York Stock Exchange.

We give below a list of practically all of the short-term note issues of well-known corporations maturing August 1, 1908, and thereafter, as designated.

Wheeling & Lake Erie R. R. 5s.	Aug. 1, 1908
Mexican Central Ry. 5s.	Sept. 1, 1908
St. Louis & San Francisco R. R. 4½s.	Dec. 1, 1908
Union Elec. Light & Pow. Co., St. Louis, 5s.	Jan. 15, 1909
Knickerbocker Ice Co., Chicago, 5s.	Feb. 1, 1909
Detroit United Ry., Detroit, 5s.	Mar. 1, 1909
Lackawanna Steel Co. 5s.	Mar. 1, 1909
Chicago & Milwaukee Electric R. R. 6s.	Mar. 1, 1909
Fairmont Coal Co. 5s.	Mar. 15, 1909
Southern Railway 5s.	April 1, 1909
New Orleans Terminal Co. 6s.	Apr. 10, 1909
Central Crosstown R. R., N. Y. City, 5s.	May 1, 1909
Wabash Railroad 5s.	May 10, 1909
Western Telephone & Telegraph Co. 5s.	May 1, 1909
Nipe Bay Company 6s.	June 1, 1909
Chicago Great Western Ry. 5s.	Aug. 1, 1909
Buffalo, Rochester & Pittsburgh 4½s.	Aug. 1, 1909
Public Service Corp. of New Jersey 5s.	Nov. 1, 1909
American Telegraph & Telephone Co. 5s.	Jan. 1, 1910
New York, New Haven & Hartford 5s.	Jan. 9, 1910
N. Y. Central & Hudson River R. R. 5s.	Feb. 1, 1910
Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Ry. 5s.	Feb. 1, 1910
Michigan Central Railroad 5s.	Feb. 1, 1910
Southern Railway 5s.	Feb. 1, 1910
Chicago & Western Indiana R. R. 5s.	Feb. 1, 1910
Detroit United Ry., Detroit, 5s.	Feb. 15, 1910
Interborough Rapid Transit Co. 5s.	Mar. 1, 1910
American Beet Sugar Co. 6s.	Mar. 1, 1910
Lackawanna Steel Co. 5s.	Mar. 1, 1910
Keystone Telephone Co. 6s.	Mar. 1, 1910
Wood Worsted Mills Corp. 4½s.	Mar. 1, 1910-1911
Louisville & Nashville R. R. 5s.	Mar. 1, 1910
Atlantic Coast Line R. R. 5s.	Mar. 1, 1910
Chicago Edison Co. 5s.	Mar. 1, 1910
Pennsylvania Railroad Co. 5s.	Mar. 15, 1910
Atlanta, Birmingham & Atlantic R. R. 5s.	May 1, 1910
Wabash Railroad 4½s.	May 1, 1910
Chesapeake & Ohio Ry. 5s.	July 1, 1910
Massachusetts Electric Companies 4½s.	July 1, 1910
Mexican Central Ry. 5s.	July 1, 1910
St. Louis & San Francisco R. R. 5s.	Jan. 1, 1911
New York, New Haven & Hartford 5s.	Jan. 9, 1911
Minneapolis & St. Louis R. R. 5s.	Feb. 1, 1911
American Cigar Co., Series "A," 4s.	Mar. 15, 1911
Cleveland, Cin., Chicago & St. Louis 5s.	June 1, 1911
Chicago & Alton R. R. 5s.	Jan. 1, 1912
New York, New Haven & Hartford 5s.	Jan. 9, 1912
Arkansas Valley & Western 4½s.	Feb. 1, 1912
American Cigar Co., Series "B," 4s.	Mar. 15, 1912
Kansas City Southern Ry. 5s.	April 1, 1912
North American Co. 5s.	May 1, 1912

At this writing, these notes are selling at prices to yield to buyers from about four and one-half per cent. to about seven per cent., as the case may be. It will therefore be apparent to our readers that they represent various degrees of safety and desirability as investments. For this reason, if for no other, we caution our readers to get the facts relating to them from reliable investment bankers.

Unscrupulous Dealers

We will, here, point out the necessity for this: We have in our possession a letter from a firm of so-called "investment bankers," in New York City, in which they offer to a man at 95 (\$950) and interest some of the notes of a corporation not included in the list given in this article. On the day following the receipt of the letter, these same notes were offered among bond dealers at about 75 (\$750) and interest; a cash difference of about \$200 on each \$1,000 note.

We placed this particular letter before a member of a highly esteemed and old-line firm, who said:

"An ugly term can properly be applied to houses adopting such deceitful methods in endeavoring to sell securities to innocent buyers. It is perhaps more true of the investment business than any other that confidence is its cornerstone, and the underhand work of a few unscrupulous dealers creates a false impression, far-reaching in its harmful effect. Most unfortunately, the reliable firms have no control over such dealers; but I firmly believe that the vicious element will be driven out of business by the unwelcome publicity which they certainly should and doubtless will receive. Experienced investors refuse to transact business with firms other than those of the highest standing and integrity, and every individual who may be considering the purchase of securities should throw the same safeguards around his money."

How It Hits Us

This will serve to explain why we will not, knowingly, permit any except the very best investment houses to advertise in our magazine. Until we have satisfied ourselves of the good reputation of a firm, and have exercised every possible precaution for the benefit of our readers, we will not allow this magazine to become the medium through which the homes reached by us are placed at a disadvantage in the investment of money. Further than this, we will not hesitate to expose, under any circumstances, the unscrupulous methods of the dishonest dealers, whether it be those who operate under the guise of investment bankers, so called, or pure and simple fake promoters.

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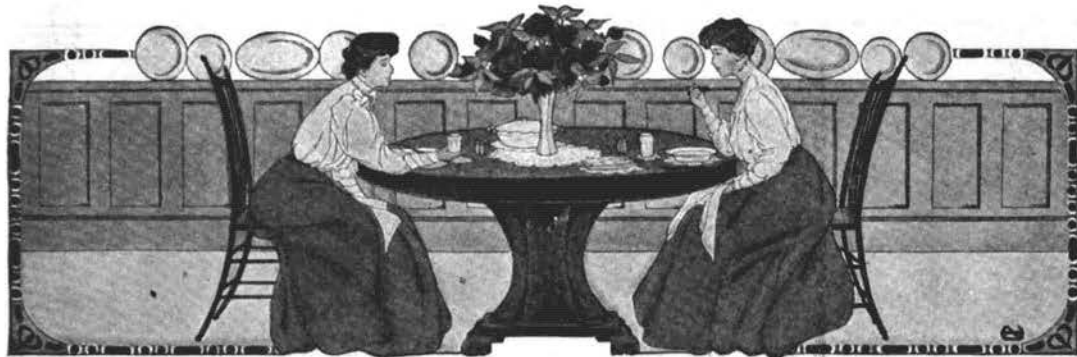
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PIN MONEY PAPERS

CONDUCTED BY OUR READERS

WHEN RENOVATING THE BATH ROOM and the kitchen, if you wish the floors darker than the walls without buying two shades of paint, get lead-color paint. After the walls are painted, add to the paint powdered burnt umber, mixing it well. Five cents' worth of burnt umber will darken more than a quart of lead-color paint.—A. V. F.

THE EASIEST AND BEST WAY TO PRESS TROUSERS is to put them on an ironing board with the inside of the leg facing up. Lay a damp cloth over it and press with a hot iron until dry, leaving about an inch at the bottom of the leg unpressed, so that it will be round, to fit the heel. A crease in the hem at the heel looks bad and makes the cloth wear out quickly.—G. S. Y.

DURING THE SUMMER, when flies abound, the housewife thinks she has stopped every crevice through which they could crawl, yet they come in. Who would think of flies coming down the chimney, and that while a brisk fire burns in the grate? They will!—and especially if the chimney carries odors from the kitchen, that in itself attracts swarms of flies. To prevent this, fit into the mouth of the chimney, above the grate, a screen made of wire netting such as is used in the windows.—H. J. PORTER.

WHEN I HAVE REPAIRED OLD FURNITURE, I have found that filling depressions, worn places, and cracks with glue, before painting it, will make things look almost as good as new.—Mrs. M. K. B.

A GOOD WAY TO GET EARLY DANDELIONS is to water them well late in the fall and very early in the spring. Then they grow rapidly, and are tender in February. We like them cold with any kind of salad dressing.—Mrs. M. K. B.

IN OUR VILLAGE, the president of the Deaconess Aid Society receives cast-off clothing, magazines, and books, then, once or twice a year, she packs and sends a barrel to our Deaconess Home in Chicago. It is a much better way to dispose of things than leaving them around to gather moths and dust.—D. BROWN.

WHEN SPRING COMES the housewife is sometimes dismayed to find, that, through some oversight, such as in not having removed buckles or pins, the dainty white clothes, packed away during the winter, have iron-rust spots on them. The most satisfactory way to remove these stains is to place the spot over the steam of a kettle, sprinkle freely with powdered alum and salt, then leave for a few minutes. Place in the sun until the rust entirely disappears.—Mrs. L. A. D.

TO KEEP GOWNS of white silk, wool, or crêpe clean, rub them over after each wearing with magnesia, and hang away for a day or so. Then take down, and clean carefully with a soft, thick brush, which will take away with the magnesia all dust and grime.—TESIA BUTRAURZ.

I GOT TIRED of ripping off and sewing on laundered sofa-pillow covers every time they were washed, so I left an opening at one end and sewed an under facing along each of the two edges of it, blind stitching the lower edge of the facings. Along the upper edge of one facing I sewed small buttons and along the corresponding inside edge of the other, made buttonholes.—A. B. S.

WHEN I AM GOING TO MAKE any article from yarn, I always wrap it in a white cloth and lay it in a steamer over boiling water for an hour. This will shrink the yarn as much as required. After it is dry it may be wound and used, and the garment made of it will not shrink in the least.—G. M. S.

I HAVE JUST FINISHED MAKING a scrapbook, which contains jokes, funny pictures, and poems—really good ones which we have all laughed over. It is very little

Although, as I announced in the July Number, the contributions to Pin Money Papers have been unusually large, I shall be glad to receive any items sent in by SUCCESS MAGAZINE readers. All that are available will be paid for at the rate of one cent a word. In no case, however, can manuscripts be returned. ISABEL GORDON CURTIS.

trouble, when scissors and mucilage are kept handy, to complete such a book, and it may be loaned to cheer a sick neighbor.—A. S. H.

THE BUSY HOUSEWIFE must dress quickly in the morning. It takes time to don a shirt-waist and its accessories; yet, to appear without collar and belt at breakfast means a lack of neatness. I make the collars of my working gowns of the material, and stitch them in place; they are always there. I make the waist of even length and finish it to be worn outside the skirt instead of inside, having a belt of the goods stitched in place across the back. I have eyes at the back to attach to hooks on the skirt band. It is a garment which can be put on or taken off in a jiffy.—J. M. F.

IF A PETTICOAT catches on your heels and tears, turn the hem up and stitch down outside, instead of on the inside.—C. E. K.

TO ECONOMIZE ROOM, nail any left-over piece of wall molding about three inches from the back of the pantry shelves. Stand platters and large dishes with their edges resting against this molding. It answers the same purpose as the grooves in a plate rack. Not only are the dishes in plain sight when wanted, but considerable space is saved on the shelves.—Mrs. L. C.

WHEN MY BIRTHDAY CAME, I had been absent less than a year from my old home. That morning the expressman brought me a bright yellow, satin-finished box. I hurriedly undid the wrappings. In the center of the cover was lettered in bold black letters (they looked so pretty on the yellow cover!) "BIRTHDAY BOX, from 8 a. m. to 6 p. m." On taking off the cover I found a smooth piece of pasteboard fitted carefully over the top and, peeping out of slits made for the purpose, were cards with words or rhymes to suggest the contents, with the name of the giver. "When your feelings are hurt," adorned a case of courtplaster. "If you wish to do right," was a handsome box of paper. "When in doubt lead trumps," was a box of cards. Each package had the hour when it was to be opened written on it. I never enjoyed a birthday more, even though I was among strangers. The same idea could be carried out with presents for Christmas or for an invalid.—G. M. S.

WHEN "PUMPS" DEVELOP the uncomfortable habit of slipping off the heels at every step, sew a piece of chamois inside the heels. It may be sewed to the lining.—M. HOGLE.

MAKE A BAND OF GARTER ELASTIC the size and color of your waist, finishing the ends with a strong hook and eye. Place this over the shirt-waist, like a belt, it will keep the waist in place.—M. E. H.

PUT A LITTLE FLOUR into gasoline when cleaning with it. Dip the article up and down in the mixture. When dry, brush the flour off, then all the dirt will have disappeared.—A. M. McD.

GLASSWARE CAN BE WASHED in the hottest water, without danger of cracking or breaking it, if care is taken first to put the water on the outside (or concave side) of the piece to be washed.—M. H.

DEEP, NARROW-NECKED FLOWER VASES, rose bowls, or carafes, can be cleaned perfectly with a little baking soda dissolved in enough cold water to cover some potato parings. Put this into the glasses to be cleaned, let stand a few minutes, then shake well. Wash afterwards and wipe in the usual way.—M. H.

THE WATER WE ARE COMPELLED TO USE is surface water (from a river); it is neither pure nor clear. By filling two large buckets from the hydrant at night—and dropping a small piece of charcoal in each bucket—the water is clear and sweet before morning. If water is very foul, it should then be boiled.—B. H.

TAKE A RECORD

See How Many Friends Are Hurt by Coffee.

It would be just as reasonable for a temperance advocate to drink a little diluted whisky as to drink coffee, for one is as truly an intoxicant as the other, and persistence in the use of coffee brings on a variety of chronic diseases, notorious among which are dyspepsia, heart palpitation (ultimately heart failure), frequently constipation, kidney troubles, many cases of weak eyes and trembling condition of the nerves.

These are only a few of the great variety of diseases which come from an unbalanced nervous system, caused by the persistent daily use of the drug, caffeine, which is the active principle of coffee. Another bit of *prima facie* evidence about coffee is that the victims to the habit find great difficulty in giving it up.

They will solemnly pledge to themselves day after day that they will abandon the use of it when they know that it is shortening their days, but morning after morning they fail, until they grow to despise themselves for their lack of self control.

Any one interested in this subject would be greatly surprised to make a systematic inquiry among prominent brain workers. There are hundreds of thousands of our most prominent people who have abandoned coffee altogether and are using Postum Food Coffee in its place, and for the most excellent reasons in the world. Many of them testify that ill health, nervous prostration, and consequent inability to work, has in times past, pushed them back and out of their proper standing in life, which they have been able to regain by the use of good health, strong nerves, and great vitality, since coffee has been thrown out and Postum put in its place. "There's a Reason." Read, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs., it has been called "a health classic," by some physicians.



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EDITORIAL CHAT

[Concluded from page 541]

Very serious people who are always at work and who rarely take a vacation, who look upon life as a very grave proposition, and go about as though they were carrying all the responsibilities they could stagger under, do not get the most out of life, nor do they accomplish as much as the great workers and the great players.

There are just as many people who do not play enough as there are people who play too much. Play is a very important part of our existence. Perpetual seriousness has a depressing, repressing influence upon the mind, so that it does not get complete relaxation. There is always a mental strain. A bow that is always bent loses its tension. Perpetual seriousness is not normal; it is an indication of an abnormal mental condition. Play is natural to all living creatures.

Too much seriousness injures the character after awhile. It tends to make people morose and sad. It often leads to melancholy, and sometimes to insanity. The great thing is always to keep the mind fresh, vigorous, and happy. A happy mind is a normal one.

Many people seem to look upon life as such a serious proposition that they think that it is almost a sin to be happy, or to spend very much time in recreation or play. They seem to say in their manner that life is short, with no time to throw away—"We must work while the day lasts, for the night cometh when no man can work."

Look out for yourself when you find you are becoming too serious. You need complete relaxation and change.

Be Your Own Engineer

It is a rare thing to find a man who insists on being his own engineer, on running his own machine. The majority of people are managed largely by others.

Yet the man who surrenders his judgment to others never develops independence, stamina, stability, or self-reliance. It is infinitely better to make mistakes than never to act on your own judgment. People who are always deferring to others, always asking advice, never amount to much.

What makes a man a real man is the standing for something in himself, something definite, something particular. A man may be very good, and yet not stand for anything, not carry any weight in his community.

It is just as important to the building of a strong character to be self-reliant as it is to be honest, because honesty without independence or stamina is a sort of negative quality.

Resolve at the very outset of your career that, whether you are at the head of a large business or a little one, whether you work for yourself or for somebody else, you will be yourself, that you will do your own thinking, and follow your own judgment, that you will respect yourself, not because you are good, but because you are strong, self-reliant, independent.

A man cannot respect himself when he is the tool of other people and allows himself to be swayed like a reed, this way and that, by the last influence that happens to touch him. Such a man is not trusted, because everybody knows that he is weak, that he is liable to belong to the man who had the last word with him, whether on political or financial matters.

Self-reliance not only helps us to respect ourselves, but it also makes others respect us. We instinctively admire a man who stands for something, who has backbone and stamina enough to follow his own judgment. Weak-kneed, backboneless people, no matter how good they may be, never develop any strength of character, because they do not trust their faculties; they do not exercise their independent qualities, and, of course, they are never developed.

There are plenty of good men with splendid educations who have many good qualities, but who are weaklings, mere children in their self-reliance. I know a business man who is such a complete slave to other people's judgment that he feels absolutely lost the moment he is obliged to take the initiative in anything. He is "all at sea" when he cannot find somebody to advise him before he is obliged to act, even on unimportant matters.

The development of good judgment is one of the greatest human achievements.

If in the past you have been depending upon others for your opinions, just try the experiment of trusting yourself, hereafter. Knock the props you have been leaning upon from under you. Stand on your own feet. Do not lean. You will be surprised to find how much more you will think of yourself, how much more confidence you will have in your ability, and how much more other people will respect you. In a short time you will find your effectiveness in everything very much increased.

Education turns the wild sweetbrier into the queenly rose.

A vigorous initiative and strong self-faith make up the man of power.

Be sure that the honors you are striving for are not really dishonors.

What men get and do not earn is often a curse instead of a blessing.



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The Moonshiners

By H. S. COOPER

[Concluded from page 530]

have your men help mine in unloading those horses, and then come back here. I've got a job specially for you. You understand?"

"Oh," said the conductor, sullenly, "I understand. A raid on some poor devil's still. Orders go, though. Is that all?"

"That's all until you get back—only see that things move quick. Every minute counts now."

As the conductor passed forward into the second-class compartment, Clark followed him, and seating himself beside the native, said:

"Howdy, Tyson, going home?"

There was no surprise on Tyson's face as he answered:

"Howdy, Mr. Clark! Yes, I 'lowed I would. An' where mout you be agoin'?"

"To Peters Valley."

"Goin' as far 's Sailor's with me then?"

"No, my friend! Your little note to Jackson in that empty tickler makes me think it'll be wiser to start from the wood platform up here an' head Jackson off at Lawrence's Gap! What do you think?"

Tyson was perceptibly disturbed by this information. He could feel the train slowing up for a stop and his right hand stole toward his breast. Clark instantly put up a warning hand:

"Better not try it, old man. Before you could get that knife into me the top of your head 'd be blown off. You did n't suppose I'd come in here an' sit down and talk to you this way without a purpose and without something in my right hand—did you?"

"You cert'n'y are a plumb born devil!"

"Only as far as duty goes, my friend—you know that. Now listen. I could put you right back where you've just come from for that little trick you've just played me, and I ought to do it—for besides a still an' some mash tubs being smashed, there's a chance of some heads being broken also, just through your deviltry. But—nature's nature, I suppose—an' I'm going to let you go, if you'll promise me one thing."

"What's that?"

"That you stay in this car until it gets you home—Pineboro—and that you give no more warnings, that you have nothing to do with me or mine this trip—coming or going—let or hinder."

"S'posin' I won't promise?"

"Man, there ain't any 'supposin's.' You can't do any good except revenge, and that won't help the wife an' babies you're going home to—and they're well and hearty, to my knowledge. Drop this foolishness, Tyson, and give me that promise! Quick, there's no time for fooling!"

The mountaineer turned slowly and looked Clark straight in the eyes for a few seconds, and then, as slowly, said: "All right, I promise!"

Clark rose at once, held out his hand and said:

"Thanks. Good-by and better luck."

Tyson shook his head:

"No, Mr. Clark, I can't shake han's yet-a-whilst. I gotter see the woman an' the kids an' do some thinkin' 'fore I shake han's with you."

"As you will—only if you want any help you know where to find me. So long!" And Clark passed out of the door as the train came to a clattering stop.

He overtook the conductor on his way up the platform and said:

"I reckon I won't need to trouble you back there in the car, captain. As soon as you get the horses out you can start."

The conductor grinned knowingly. "Managed to pacify Tyson without a rumpus, did you?" was his retort.

Clark stopped and looked at him sharply for a second, and then, rapping on the door of the still empty box car in front of the coach, said:

"Won't be quite so much moonshine liquor go down to the Junction in that car this trip, as usual, will there? You know like Blodgett—ran the 'commodation from Tyrrell's Gap?"

"Y-e-e-s."

"Just got two years for running moonshine in free on his train."

"Good Lord, Mr. Clark, you don't mean to say—"

"See here, captain, I've got time to say but little, and that's to the point. There's a record in my office that'd put a certain conductor that you and I know alongside Blodgett—who was warned, also. Now, if I have your word that this sort of thing (you know what I mean!) stops an' stays stopped, that record don't see daylight. Is it a bargain?"

"But see here, Mr. Clark, I'm not going to—"

"But see here, Mr. Conductor," and Clark faced him angrily, "you *are* going to; give me that promise or you'll be going to the 'Pen.' Is that plain speaking enough for you? If not, I'll tell you this: I checked up thirty gallons of moonshine that went free in this car about three weeks ago, on your down trip. Your old brakeman, Peterson, sold it to Conway's saloon and paid you half the profit, and I've got his affidavit and the liquor. Do you suppose Peterson was put in here by me for nothing? Now, what have you got to

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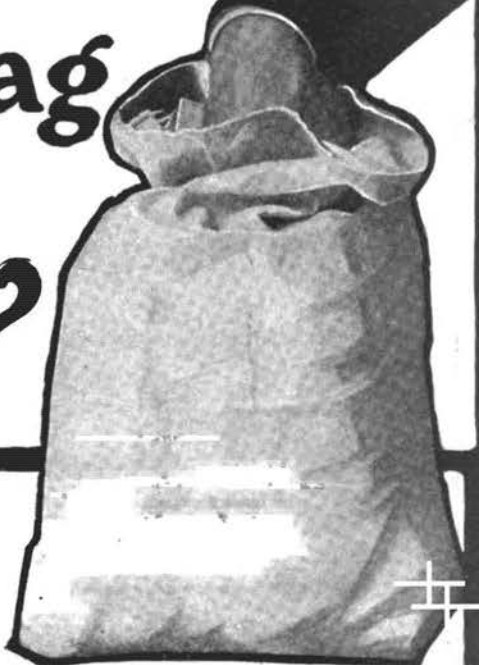
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say? Oh, I'm not going to arrest you—I was after bigger game than you, and I got them, thanks to you and your free route! But it's got to stop—it's got to stop on every train on this road, and you pass that word along, d'ye hear?"

The conductor—a very meek and humble conductor by now—moistened his lips with his tongue and said:

"Yes, Mr. Clark, I'll see that there ain't a drop goes on this train if I know it—indeed, I did n't suppose—"

"Nobody asked you to," interrupted Clark, brusquely; "you keep your promise and I'll do the supposing. Now let's get on, now that's settled. I see the boys have most got the horses out."

The business of unloading the horses was soon accomplished; saddles, rifles, and various implements were quickly brought out from the cars, and the troop of twelve, with rifle at elbow and pistol in belt, were headed toward the mountains at a quick trot, almost before the passenger coach, with a pale-faced conductor and a sardonically grinning native had passed on.

CHAPTER XIII.

TWELVE miles away, and with a good five-mile start, a black-haired man with a heavy scar across his cheek was "loping" along on a small, tough-looking, mountain-bred horse, and pushing the animal to the utmost through the woods and by dim footpaths. Ever his face was turned in one direction, but at certain points he turned off to some "clearin'" in the woods to stop a minute in front of the cabin therein and say a few hurried words. And from such cabins there straight went out other tall, lanky men or youths, or perhaps a sunbonneted woman or girl, or even a little child or a hobbling old man, who carried the news or the message to stills or other cabins. At other places, from some high elevation, or at the mouth of some deep and overhanging ravine, he would stop, unslinging the big revolver from his holster, and "bang!—bang-bang!" the danger signal of the moonshiners would go echoing from rock to rock, and lounging figures by mash tub and still would spring to sudden alertness, fires would be quenched, paths blocked and hidden and all signs obliterated, while all would disperse to homes to learn the cause of the alarm. The three staccato reports reached the ears of hunters, of fishermen, of ginseng gatherers, of many abroad in the country, and to one and all they called a halt of every occupation and a swift return home. But the man with the scar had turned his horse's head once more toward the setting sun and was pushing harder and harder toward Peters Valley. The shadows lengthened and dusk fell, and the horse showed signs of fatigue, but the man still urged him forward by reins and heel. The flickering dark of the hills closed around them and rendered a straight course seemingly impossible, but the mountain-bred instinct of locality and direction kept them true to their destination. A watery moon rose and made misleading shadows which took strange forms, giving unaccustomed features to familiar objects; four-footed and furtive night prowlers glared at the pair from in and behind safe retreats. No more visits were made to cabins, no further warning shots startled the air, for the horse showed signs of desperate distress and Lawrence's Gap was near—the only pass into the Five Valleys, the only place where he could be headed off by those so swiftly following. It was now near midnight, and another two hours would make all safe. "Git up, Baldy, ol' boy!" and as he spoke, mounting a narrow path in the rocky hillside, a loose stone turned under the foot of the tired horse, he stumbled, slipped, fell, and rolled down the side of the hill, throwing his rider heavily as he did so. Jackson lay still a few seconds and then rose with a groan, clutching his left arm, which swung away from him like a rope when he let go of it. He turned for a second and looked down at the fallen animal kicking and thrashing around, then muttering, "I ain't got time to pester along o' you now, Baldy, po're ol' cuss!" he dragged himself up the hill, groaning softly as his arm was struck or jarred by bushes and trees.

At the top of the hill was the mouth of the Gap, a crooked gash in the mountain, steep-walled, narrow, and, despite the moon, in deep gloom. Running into this mouth was the "big road," bare, rocky, boulder-strewn and water-washed, and on this road Jackson limped back some distance until he came to a place where the rock was covered with soil washed down from a neighboring bank. This place he examined with great care, lighting and furtively concealing match after match, until he had satisfied himself that no body of horsemen had lately passed that way. Not till he was fully satisfied of this did he pay any further attention to his arm, but then he ripped off the sleeve with his knife, and by aid of his teeth and other hand, hastily fashioned a rude sling. This done, he slung his rifle over his shoulder and disappeared at a stumbling jog-trot into the darkness of the Gap.

A half-hour of silence and a gray fox trotted along the edge of the road, and, as he came opposite the first match, he stopped and stiffened at the fresh blood smell, and his brush went down between his legs as he nosed from match to match, anon throwing up his head with nostrils open and ears wide-pointed. All at once, for no perceptible reason and with no apparent effort, he sprang like a bent spring into the bushes and disappeared, and a second or two afterwards a bob-tailed, hairy pointed wild cat, the "lynx" of the

Southern mountaineer, dropped softly in the same spot, arched his back, and uttered a soft "r-r-r-r" as he scented the man-smell, and then crouched and listened. Minutes passed before there came any strange sound audible to human ears, and then it was the strike of horse hoof on stone—far distant, dying away and rising again with the wind and the turns of the road, but steadily increasing at each break until there was mingled also the creak and rustle of saddle and cloth, and the wild cat sidled into and became one with the darkness of the bushes, as a dozen men in single file rode silently up and halted.

"The mouth o' the Gap's only about a hundred feet further on, just around this little bend," was the whispered comment of the leader as they drew together. "Billy, you're best at tracking, suppose you slip down and see if you can find any traces of our friend between here or at the Gap. Don't go far nor stop long, and have your gun ready!"

A long five minutes elapsed, broken by no sound but the labored breathing of the horses, while the gray fox from a safe hillside and the cat from the bushes on the other watched the horses stamp the telltale match ends and the imprint of knee and gunstock into the dirt.

Soon Billy appeared spectrally out of the shadows and reported, "Not a sign of any kind." The leader heaved a sigh of relief as he said:

"Well, I guess we've beat him so far, and now it's an even race in. I was going to leave a couple of you here to hold him up, but I reckon it is n't needful, and I may need you all. Now, a little slow and careful, for it's as dark as a pocket in the Gap, and it's full of loose rock. Ready?"

Three miles ahead of them a man with ashen face, gritted teeth and shortened breath, holding a broken arm close to his side to keep it from swinging, stumbled up the steps of a cabin and knocked and pounded with his back to the door while he kicked weakly at one or two dogs who threatened him. A few minutes afterward a bright-faced youth swung out of the lane and into the road, riding bareback on a lively little mare, and with a shining rifle in his hands. As he went, like streamers from a skyrocket, branching and branching in every direction, went others, started by him, until the whole Five Valleys was awake and astir. And along deep ravines, in sheltered wooded hollows, underneath sawmills and little water-turned gristmills were men—and sometimes women and children—putting out fires, dismantling and hiding stills, scuttling mash tubs, or, more sinister still, putting up timbers and planks with loopholes in them—and one and all had rifles which they kept close beside them. For the "pheeall!" of a raid was in the air—a great raid, many "Rev'noors"—some said fifty!—and the Five Valleys, long immune from such, harked back many years to the last one, when there was death and absence in many homes—the older ones with bitter memories of loss and destruction, the younger ones fired with the idea of revenge and reprisal or looking at it as a frolic. And all from the letter of a jealous woman!

CHAPTER XIV.



HAGAR was awakened that night by a hasty footstep on the porch and an opening of the front door (for no one in the hills ever locks a door unless there is a feud on—and not always then) while a fresh young voice called out, "Unc' Joyce! Unc' Joyce! Anybody here but you 'n Cousin Hagar? It's me—Cousin Lem!" and when Joyce had risen and struck a light and asked a question, the voice continued:

"It's a raid—Rev'noors' raid. Mr. Jackson, he's been chased by 'em all the way f'om Sawyer's Station—'bout twenty-five of 'em—an' he's all shot up, one er's arms all broke an' his ribs, an' he says they'll be here 'n a minute, an' pap he sent me out to warn Will Shipley an' rouse up Cousin Abe Stricklan' an' Josh Bates an' tell 'em to 'pass the word erlong'—a's what he said—'pass the word erlong,' an' I'm goin' straight over to Cousin Mary Shipley's right now; but I thought you-all 'd like to hear tell o' the news. An' I brung my rifle along unbeknownst to pap—maybe I'll get a chance to pop a Rev'noor!"

"Will's staying over to the Morgans' to-night," came a voice from Hagar's room. "Cousin Mary was over this evening an' said so."

"That's hunkey!" replied the lad. "I'm glad you spoke, Cousin Hagar, 'cause I'd been shore put out to 'a gone clean 'roun' by Cousin Mary's an' los' all that time. Now I'll jes' about make a bee line for the Morgan clearin' an' save a hull mile. I know that path well; been on many a coon hunt up thar! See y' all later," and, with a bound, the boy was out of the door and on horseback and away before Hagar and her father could catch their breath.

Hagar soon came into Joyce's room fully dressed. She found her father crouching over the fire and quickly hustled him to bed, scolding him—as if he were a child—about the risks he was taking with his "rheumatiz," made him a hot drink, tucked him warmly in, and saying, "I'm goin' to catch forty winks more, and so do you, paw," went out into the "cook room." A few words only had passed between them as to the startling news brought to them, and those from her father had not been reassuring. Was Mr. Howard doing this in answer to her letter, or was it from some other place? Why had he brought so many men, and why had they "shot up" Jackson? Would her cousin get to the Morgans in time to warn them and let them

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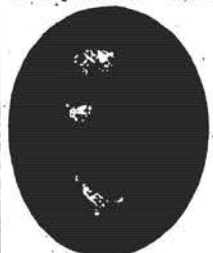
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escape? Would they escape, even if the warning came in time? Her father groaned: "There'll be bloodshed shore, honey, if they tackle Will's still! Cousin Mary Shipley says as how the Marthy Morgan 'lows she'll take er gun an' fight Rev'nors herself, if the men won't, an' Cousin Mary says as she b'lieves as Marthy'd plumb well do et! An' them boys'd never let a woman dare 'em that-a-way an' hol' back 'emselves—yo' know they would n't. There'll be bloodshed, honey, shore, 'nless somebody'd be there that they'd mind. Wish't I 'as well enough to go; I'd see as there wa'n't no shootin' scrapes."

Martha Morgan egging Will on to fight! Perhaps leading him on and fighting with him! The blood surged to Hagar's head at the thought. If there must be fighting, she, herself, was the one to be at Will's side, and if he would "mind" any one in such a crisis, it would be her. Her place was beside Will in any event—so, without further thought, without a word to her father, she put on a "bunnet," tied a shawl over her shoulders and across her bosom, and started on a run toward the Morgan clearing. As she struck the woods and turned into the path her mind turned toward the time—oh, how long ago it seemed!—when she had gone over the same path with Will, and she remembered his warning words as he then showed her the "way marks"—"So's in case you ever have to come by this path again, you'll not get lost." Like a flash every turn and twist of the dim, rocky trail stood out distinctly in her mind, and, all unconscious of everything but her thoughts, her feet sped on without falter or turn until the clearing and the house appeared. No lights showed within, and she was about to rush up to it, when a horseman appeared around a corner, silhouetted against the lightening eastern sky. Something in the horse, the posture, or the clothing of the rider told Hagar instinctively that he was not a mountain man, and she crouched instantly and crawled back among the trees. So the raiders had beaten her after all! What had happened? They were guarding the house—were Will and the others there? She knew that, in any event, there would be some one at the cave; even if they had been captured, the revenue men would be there and she could see Mr. "Howard"—and if not, she could warn whoever was there—it might be Will; perhaps that was what he had stayed for—to take a night turn—and at the thought she stole silently through the trees and down to the front of the cave. There, she remembered the signal, but she was unable to give it, and to make any other demonstration might defeat her object, so, with a sense of losing vital time, she turned and cautiously and slowly ascended the hill to the back entrance—cautiously, for she felt as if surrounded by watchful eyes and ears; slowly, for a curious numbness was in her limbs, a peculiar breathlessness seemed to take all her power away, and she had to cling to trees and rocks as she climbed the steep hill.

As she rested for a second, footsteps sounded above her and the forms of a woman and a man were outlined against the sky. Something familiar in the figure and walk of the woman instantly suggested Martha, and Hagar almost held her breath until they were out of hearing, as Martha was the last person she wanted to see. The man with her did not look like Will, and their coming away from the cave in such an open manner evidently showed that there was nothing wrong there; but that strange man watching the house—oh, she must get into the cave and warn them, and she compelled her faltering limbs and shortened breath to drag her up the hill. There, the semi-darkness of the woods and her ignorance of its exact locality made her miss the "hollow chestnut tree," and she quested back and forth like a hound, growing more frenzied and desperate as the minutes went by, stumbling and falling over rocks and logs, cutting and bruising herself and feeling nothing but her growing weakness and the urgent need of her warning. Suddenly she stumbled on it; the warm, smoky air rising from the hollow in it showed her that it was the tree, and dazed and weak she rested for a moment against it before she tried to descend.

As she stood there, some one dashed out of the hollow, struck against her, and both fell. Hands were on her throat in an instant, only to be as suddenly taken away as a boy's voice exclaimed:

"Oh, my Lord, it's a woman! Is it you, Marthy? Oh, come away up to th' house. Quick! Come! You can't do any good down thar. Oh, my Lordy!"

"Oh, Cousin Lem, 't ain't Marthy—it's me—Cousin Hagar. Tell me, quick—what's the trouble down there?"

"You! You? Hagar Peters—you here? Oh, Lord, this's is awful! Oh, come away, come away—fer the dear Lord's sake, come away!"

"Oh, Lem, what is the trouble? Is Will hurt?"

"No. Leas'ways not much. Do come away, Hagar—you can't do no good—you leas' of all!"

But almost at his first words about Will, Hagar had wrenched herself away from him, jumped into the hollow, and sliding, groping, stumbling, crawling, she fought her way foot by foot along the narrow, crooked, rocky passage until she reached the still room in the cave.

Lem had been right when he had boasted that he would soon reach the still; his little mare, quick and sure-footed as a goat, had carried him straight and swift, and he lost no time in arousing the house. Lew, the



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younger brother, was "tendin' th' still," it being his "night on" at that continuous performance, so all, including Martha and Mrs. Morgan, adjourned at once to the vicinity of the cave, where Lew was called out and a hasty council of war was held. Martha was for open warfare, but Lew silenced her.

"Don't be a blame fool, Marthy. What 'd us four do agin' twenty-five or thirty Rev'noors? Jes' pink one er two an' likely get hit us selves, or 'rested an' sent to Nashville. No sir, ef 's *thet* many, we mout's well close up 'e cave an' make things snug an' all go home an' go t' bed. Ain't th' leas' might o' chanc't er them findin' th' cave theyselves, ef ther' wus a hundred on 'em. They cayn't more 'n suspicion it, an' ef thet man Howard's 't th' bottom o' this, I know f' shore *he* cayn't locate it. I say 't stands 't reason it's jes' nat'lly impossible fer 'em to fin' it, 'ceptin' someun's blabbed, an' there ain't no one's knows particular about it, as *would* blab."

"Well," said Will, "I don't like ter run an' hide more 'n 'e rest, but what Lew says's good sense, an' I vote we put out 'e fires an' make all snug 's he says, an' go up to th' house an' put out 'e lights an' wait. Cayn't 'rest us fer bein' asleep this time o' night."

"I think you-all is fools," broke in Martha. "Cor-din' to Lem here, Hank Jackson ain't seem them Rev'noors sence they lef' Sawyer's, an', shot up 'r no shot up, he'd 'a beat 'em to th' Gap by 'n hour 'n take et easy! How d' you-all know as this gang's atter *this* still? Jes' 'cause you suspicion thet man Howard o' bein' a Rev'noor? Mout be a preacher, too, fer all you-all know. Did n' look like nothin' special ter me, an' I talked with him fer 'n hour. An' s'posin' he was—like Lew says, he did n't hev no chanc't nosin' roun' here ter fin' out nothin' 'bout *this* still. 'Spicion? Lord! Er man 'th any nose onto him could n't set 's foot inside 'e Five Valleys an' *not* 'spicion er still some'eres; th' air fairly reeks 'th sour mash! An' 'ith more 'n twenty stills 'n 'e Five Valleys an' half 's many more 'tween th' Gap an' Sailor's you-all get a blue funk an' wantin' gin up an' go to bed first news yo' hear o' a gang o' Rev'noors. *You-all* c'n go to bed 'f yer wantin'; I'm goin' to sit aroun' here an' hear th' news, I am."

"Ther's some sense 'n what Marthy says," remarked John, critically, "even ef she does droun'd et in a gal-lon er twaddle. But all 'e same, we cayn't lose much by doin' 's Lew says, an' we *mout* lose a heap by *not* a-doin' et. So I'm a-goin' to quench them fires an' turn th' branch water 'n block th' tree an' go home, an' Marthy an' maw an' 'e rest o' you'd better git up to th' house 'n be a-makin' up my bed so 's I c'n drap asleep quick."

"May n't I come with you, John?" pleaded the boy Lem; "I ain't never seen a still. Pap won't never leave me; say 's 'eres time enough fer that. Please do, John—you know I won't blab."

John looked inquiringly at the rest, and Martha nodded, but Lew and Will shook their heads.

"I reckon it's better not, jes' at this time, Lem. Less yer know, less yo' 'll ha' to lie about 'f th' Rev'noors catch yer an' ast yer questions. But, sonny, you go roun' 'ith Will an' John to th' back door an' you c'n help us close *thet*—jes' t' show we ain't suspicion'n' on yer 'cause we don't let you in an' see the still. How 'll thet do?"

So Will, Lew, and the boy climbed over the hill to the hollow tree, Martha and her mother preferring to await their return instead of going to the house. John quickly put out the fires, turned the water so that part of it ran out of the mouth of the cave, and he quickly emerged at the hollow tree, where it took the united strength of all four to move a heavy slab of stone that lay near, propped up on a bowlder, and adjust it in a natural manner over the hole. They had scarcely done this when a sharp "his-s-s!" startled them, and Martha stood among them, breathless and eager.

"Rev'noors! Ten or twelve 'f 'em! Passed me an' maw mos' clos't 'nough ter tech 'em. Went an' looked at 'e front an' gin it up atter a confab, an' they 're comin' over th' hill—makin' fer here, I reckon. Got a paper tells 'em all erbout it, lit er match an' looked at it twic't! Listen! Here they be! Reckon we'd better get up behin' th' rocks an' strike th' path fer home quick, 'f you-all wantin' get any beauty sleep!" and she grinned maliciously.

Quietly they climbed toward a pile of slabs and bowlders about a hundred feet away, by which ran a good, plain path to the house, it being a short cut to Will's gristmill. Here they felt in comparative safety, as they could, with their knowledge of the path, reach the house long before any strange pursuers could discover them. Fascinated, they awaited developments, and in a minute they heard the trampling of horses, then the dismounting of men and the rustling of their footsteps. Then there was an instant's silence; a match flame broke the checkered gloom of the moonlight and showed two men's faces bending over a paper—one of which was instantly recognized as Mr. "Howard's" by Will, Martha, and Lew. Almost instantly a rifle cracked in their midst, the match went out, a man's voice uttered a cry of surprise and pain, and almost as quickly a volley of lead spattered around them and the trampling of men's feet started in their direction.

[To be concluded in September.]

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Helmstaedter's Piano Home

By William Hamilton Osborne

[Concluded from page 536]

"Ah," said Helmstaedter, with a wave of his hand toward the Custom House, "it is down just by that there Benedict. Not quite so far as that. But just a little farther. Don't you see?"

That day Helmstaedter called on J. Harvey Smith. "With apologies," he explained, "I sent you this here piano. It should be all scratched up. I never noticed it, not in my store. But I remembered. See those there panels are a disgrace. I send you another one to-morrow, a good fifteen hundred dollar one. You see?"

"Not much you don't," said J. Harvey Smith; "this piano belongs to me. You understand! You must have bought it from a thief. It was mine. It was stole from me. I keep it. You got stuck. You bought it from a thief."

"I did not buy it from a thief," truthfully responded Helmstaedter.

"Then you rented it from one."

"Not so," returned Helmstaedter; "but," he added, "I may have rented it to one, eh?"

"So you claim this piano, eh, Mr. Smith?" he finally remarked.

"It's mine, I tell you," returned Smith.

"All right, then, if it is yours, well and good. You have paid in advance the rent, and I have no fault to find. If it is yours then it can not belong to this here other party. I shall see. I shall investigate. I shall examine into matters. And I shall report."

"You're in a fix now, friend Helmstaedter," said Meyer, later, when they were alone. "What can you say to this here lady what stored this here?"

Helmstaedter waved his hand. "What can I say? What is there for me to say? What do I care? If she is a thief, then it is up to her. If he is a thief, then so much the worse for him. I cross no bridges until I come to them. Call her up on this here 'phone in that there boarding house. We'll see."

They saw. Mrs. Eliza Smith saw to it that they saw. She stormed into Helmstaedter's half an hour later. Helmstaedter listened until she was exhausted.

"Young madam," he explained, "up on the elevator, stored down by this here Benedict, what you have heard of, is this here player-piano. Well and good. This here claimant, he has replevined this here as his own property. What do I care? Is it yours or is it his? Whose should it be? I do not care. You have paid storage in advance, which is good. As for the rest, I shall investigate. I shall examine. In fact, if you like, you shall also examine. This very evening I shall go with you to this here, and we can have police officers and sheriffs and district attorneys, anything you like, so that you pay the expenses of this here. Come on."

That evening they went, Mrs. Eliza Smith, Helmstaedter, and Meyer as a bodyguard.

"It is this here J. Harvey Smith's apartments we would go to," Helmstaedter explained to the elevator boy. Mrs. Eliza Smith gave a little scream. "J. Harvey Smith!" she exclaimed.

"He is the thief," said Helmstaedter, "he or you. We shall see what we shall see."

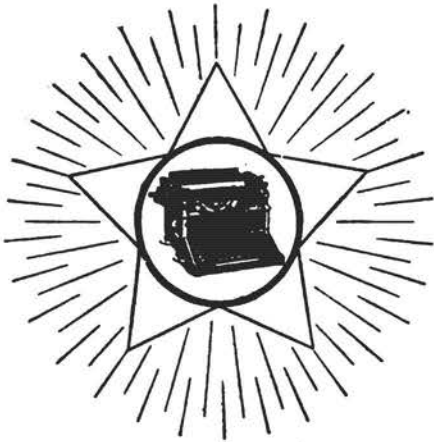
They saw. He and Meyer saw. For J. Harvey Smith had gazed upon the group for one instant, had turned pale, and then—pandemonium! Mrs. Eliza Smith had rushed. J. Harvey Smith had rushed. There had been a frantic embrace, a volley of kisses, a gripping of strangleholds—

"Harvey—it's all—my fault. I've been so—lonely. And I'll never, never, never—"

"Neither will I," cried Harvey, in ecstasy. "And it was n't music that I wanted. It was you—you—you."

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It was ten minutes that Helmstaedter and Meyer stood there rubbing their eyes. Then Mrs. Eliza remembered their presence and recalled her errand. "The old piano-player!" she exclaimed.

"Listen, birdie," said J. Harvey Smith. He sat down, and tremulously moved his patent leathers. He sang. The player-piano exulted,—

E—liz—a,
My size—ah,
E—liz—a—a—a— — —a.

"You're not going to play it alone," pouted young Mrs. Smith. She took her place on the seat at his side, and then, cheek to cheek, jowl to jowl, he with his right foot and she with her left one, they floated off in a delirium of delightful melody.

Helmstaedter broke up the delirium. "Excuse me," he said, "but before I go—there was a little item of—varnish—of polish—of expert elbow grease, in taking them there scratches off. When that player-piano came in, it was like kindling wood. Now, look at it. It is as new as anythings. I did it, and—"

"How much, Helmstaedter?" said Smith, his face beaming. Helmstaedter liked beaming faces.

"Twenty-five dollars—such expensive elbow grease," he murmured. Smith paid it joyfully, and grabbed his Eliza about the waist and kissed her, all unabashed.

"It is all that I can stand, Helmstaedter," groaned Meyer. "I should say we go."

"Come on then," said Helmstaedter, dragging him away. "And by the way, Meyer, it was you who cleaned up that there scratched piano. You should be paid. It is worth five dollars, I should think."

"Sure," said Meyer.

"Therefore," went on Helmstaedter, "being worth five dollars, I shall give you two dollars and a half. So."

Meyer gasped, but came to the surface. "You have a good business, Helmstaedter," he conceded; "I have seen all sides of it. I like it. Maybe I could to buy a portion of it with some of my twenty thousand dollars that I have."

Helmstaedter shook his head. "Meyer," he answered, "I sell nothings. I only store and I only rent. If you like to store some of your twenty thousand with me, well and good. I take it in and I rent out. But, sell—you may sell the sub-treasury—you may sell the Custom House, but Helmstaedter's Home for Pianos, never—never, friend Meyer."

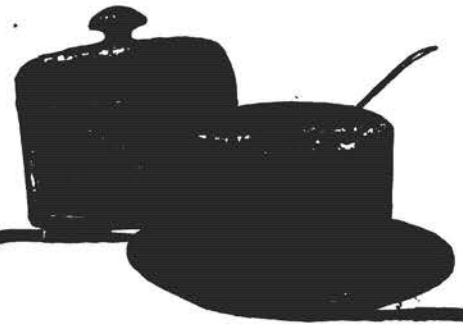
"Helmstaedter," said Meyer, "I thought sure the floor would open this time, in this here Smith mix up, and let you through. But it didn't, did it? *Hein!*"

"Nowadays," responded Helmstaedter, as they stood in the hallway of the Benedict, waiting for the elevator, "there is holes in all floors. Some peoples always plunges through them holes head first. But not Helmstaedter. Going down!" he yelled. "Not Helmstaedter. He never falls. He only takes the elevator. And this here elevator, she lets this here Helmstaedter down easy all the time. Up in my place, though, I am on the ground floor, where there are no more holes below. On the ground floor, eh?"

"And you won't let me and my twenty thousand in?" wailed Meyer.

"Not," replied Helmstaedter, of Helmstaedter's Pianos for the Home.

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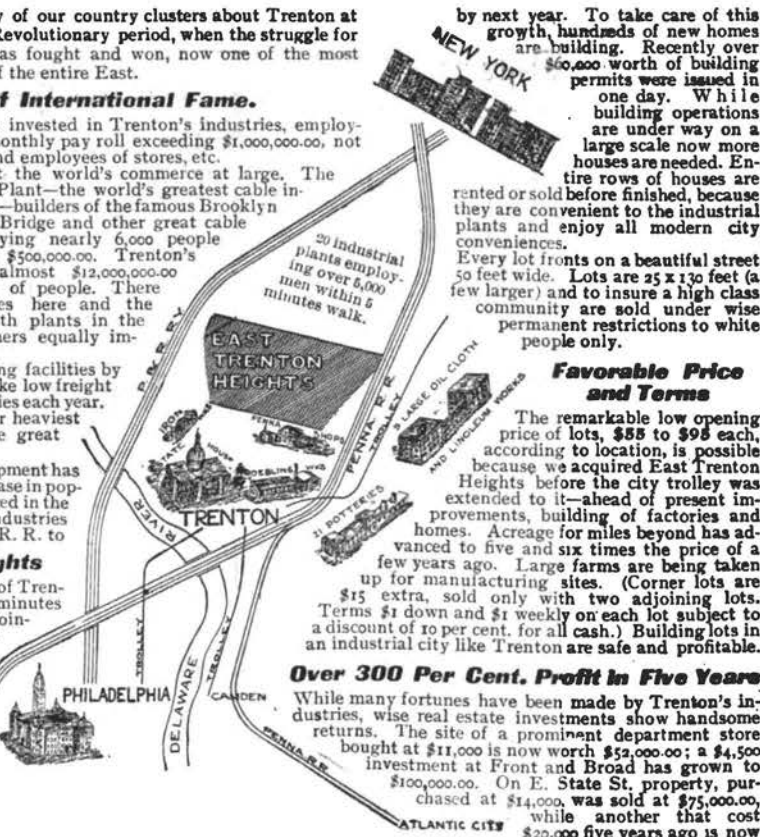
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The Flood of Gold

By FREDERICK UPHAM ADAMS

[Concluded from page 523]

dynamo, and through the wires comes the power which has extracted wealth from a source which otherwise would have remained barren for all time.

The turbine wheel and the electric wire have added hundreds of millions to the gold supply, and their mission is hardly begun. The melting snows from some mountain height are held back by a dam. Through a strong pipe the water is dropped a thousand or two thousand feet, and its terrific pressure is capable of generating from five to fifty thousand horse-power of electric current, depending, of course, on the height and volume of the released water. The tiny mountain brook is bequeathed the strength of a giant, and slender copper wires carry its energy hundreds of miles. Thus every square foot of mountain space is at the command of the gold seekers.

The time has come when gold is an article of manufacture. There are practically exhaustless tracts of rock and soil in which gold is being produced in enormous quantities with absolute elimination of risk. I shall briefly consider two typical instances of "gold manufacture," either one of which is sufficient to doom gold as a medium of exchange.

In 1884 the discovery of the greatest deposits of gold in all history was made known. This was in the Witwatersrand district of the Transvaal of South Africa. Compared with it the famous Comstock Mines were nothing. Not until recent years has it been possible to go ahead in the extraction of the billions in gold which are scattered through the rocks and soil of the Witwatersrand. It required new processes, but science and invention supplied them. Here is a gold-bearing reef, forty miles in length, twenty miles in width, and in which borings to the depth of 3,500 feet show gold in undiminished quantities! How much gold is there in the Witwatersrand? Hundreds, probably thousands of billions of dollars of it! The late Joseph Medill, of the Chicago "Tribune," estimated that the discovered ledges of the Transvaal contained enough gold to supply every human being on the earth with \$30,000 of it. When that time comes iron will be far more precious than gold.

The Witwatersrand conglomerate carries only the insignificant amount of ten pennyweights of gold to the ton, but it runs uniform, therefore it is only a question of machinery and labor to determine the yield. Money supplies the machinery, and China the labor. The annual production of the Transvaal gold factories now exceeds \$100,000,000, and the record is broken every month. If labor can be had, there is no reason why the output should not reach half a billion a year, and the rock can be worked for centuries without making a serious impression on its vast extent. Imagine forty Manhattan Islands saturated with gold to the depth of three-quarters of a mile, and you will have a faint conception of the possibilities of the 'Rand.

There is no more risk than there is of securing a harvest of sand along a seashore. To produce gold in that country is as prosaic and certain as cranberry raising in Connecticut. There are no prospectors, no wonderful discoveries; in their place are stupendous mills and an army of poorly paid Coolies, and from this simple combination there rolls forth an ever-increasing flood of gold which the world is compelled to absorb.

One more picture of modern gold manufacturing. Not many years ago it was discovered that all of the soil in the Sacramento and San Joaquin Valleys of California was filled with gold. We will consider what is being done in the Sacramento. For hundreds of miles this river runs through a broad valley of a width varying from twenty to more than one hundred miles. When it became known that gold was scattered through the soil of this 20,000 square miles of valley, Capital called on Science and Invention for assistance. The distant mountains were made to furnish water power for electricity. Then there was built a floating gold factory at a cost of \$250,000. It took a position near a bank of the river, and with its dredging appliances began to eat its way into the soil. The mud and dirt were carried over the huge scow, the gold extracted, the tailings being dumped in the rear. Thus was witnessed the strange sight of a factory crawling slowly overland toward the distant foothills. It rested in a canal of its own making; it was run with electrical power generated by a mountain brook; it worked twenty-four hours a day with three shifts of men; the amount of gold extracted was as uniform as the thrust of its motors; its mine was an ocean of mud, there was no more romance about its operation than there is about a brickkiln, and yet that \$250,000 gold factory made a net profit of \$300,000 the first year!

There are thirty of these floating gold dredgers at work cutting their ways from the river out into the open country. They are grinding farms, orchards, and meadows into gold. There will be one hundred of them in commission inside of a year, and at the lowest estimate they will add \$25,000,000 annually to the gold supply. The dredging capitalists lease the land from the farm owners and divide the profits on such a basis as may be agreed upon.

Such are the modern methods of producing gold.

The element of risk is absent, and it has become merely a matter of capital and labor. New processes have multiplied by a thousand times the amount of ore which can profitably be handled. It is not necessary to discover new sources of gold. Now and then the hardy prospector will uncover strata in which the yellow metal will glisten before his eyes, but he will become no richer than the capitalist who pays men so much a day to jam a gold-making dredge through the valleys of the Sacramento or the San Joaquin, and he may rest assured that his claim will be exhausted centuries before the Coolies are through with the hundreds of cubic miles of gold ore which lies in Africa.

Science, Invention, and the Machine have conspired to demolish the gold standard. It was based on man's inefficiency to cope with nature. The values of gold and silver were safe when savages and machineless races inhabited the earth. Had the ancient Romans known of the location of the billions of tons of gold-bearing rock in the Witwatersrand they would not have added a pound of gold to the world's stock.

The Machine has made gold a common metal. If it were possible to maintain so stupid a theory as the gold standard of value the Machine would grind the Rocky Mountains to dust and extract from it millions or billions of gold, but it will not be necessary. Gold is about to step down from the throne and take his proper place as servant.

But how will this be done? What will be the effect upon prices and on prosperity in the interim before the world fully realizes that its measuring stick is ruined? Will there be great losses, and, if so, who will sustain them? Is it possible to check by law the production of gold? What will be the attitude of the great bankers? What will be the future standard of value?

These are questions which the near future will have to answer, and it will be worth living in a time when the greatest issues which ever faced mankind demand solution.

Have You Been Faked?

If So, Write and Tell Us When and How

SO FAR-REACHING in their value to the general public have been the articles entitled "Fools and Their Money," by Frank Fayant, that we have decided to start a new series, which will require the assistance of all our readers. Mr. Fayant's series, as you all know, dealt with Wall Street fakirs and wild-cat promoters, whose shady methods filch millions of hard-earned dollars from a gullible public. The new series will deal with the astrologers, fortune tellers, auctioneers, and all manner of charlatans who advertise what they know they cannot deliver.

New York City is alive with this class of parasites. You have only to turn to the advertising pages of a big Sunday newspaper to find a horde of "catch" "ads." which offer everything from fortune telling to the administering of a massage treatment that will cure all ailments, from an earache to housemaid's knee. These people operate in every other large city as well as in New York. Then there is the great army of quacks that infest the country districts, with their myriad of gold-brick schemes. We heard of one who was selling an appliance to put axle grease on farm wagons without removing the wheels! Another claimed that he could put in window panes that would not break!

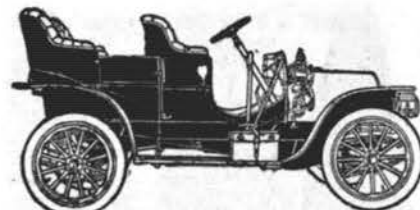
Now, we want all our readers who have been flimflammed in any way, shape, or manner to write us the full particulars. Tell us every detail of the occurrence; the name of the person, his or her description, the amount of money involved, and the scheme proposed; and if you have any pictures or circulars that will illustrate the matter in any way, let us have them. All of this material will be turned over to a competent journalist, who will sift it over and prepare a series of articles, which we feel will be second to none in benefiting the country and in ridding it of an army of swindlers and bunco steers. This work will be largely done by our readers. If you care to take a part in doing a public service, let us hear from you. All communications will be treated as absolutely confidential when so stated. Address, Associate Editor, SUCCESS MAGAZINE, New York.

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Light Touring-Car \$1850

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Franklin principles and the Franklin record.

High power and light weight is the Franklin foundation principle: Power obtained not from a big heavy engine requiring heavy water-apparatus to cool it, and a heavy frame to support it; but from a thoroughly-refined light-weight engine which transforms the largest possible proportion of its heat into actual working-force, and in a machine whose perfect strength comes not from mere bulk, weight and antiquated "be-on-the-safe-side" guess-work construction; but from absolutely the highest-grade material and workmanship known in motor-car building, tested and calculated with scientific accuracy and positively known effect.

Into every Franklin model is built the net ability of a powerful, perfectly-air-cooled, multi-cylinder motor and the superlatively strong, light-weight, non-

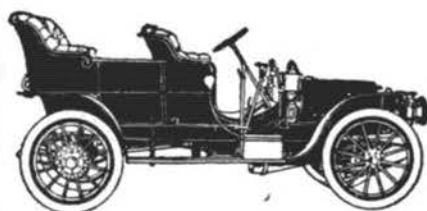
jarring, Franklin construction. Full, constant, driving energy always at the rear wheels; free from the handicap of unscientific, useless, dangerous, money-wasting weight. But with the safety and comfortable riding-quality that make power usable and worth having.

This high-power-and-light-weight principle has developed Franklins from the first little 7 horse-power runabout of 1902 into the splendid, luxurious, powerful four-and six-cylinder types of to-day. It won and still holds the world's efficiency record, the world's long-distance touring and endurance records, and the Chicago-to-New York Record. It has pushed the value of Franklin sales in five years up to second among all American motor-cars. And its daily results in Franklin models make other touring-car standards look tame by comparison.

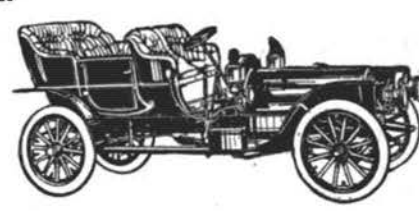
If you are open to conviction, see a Franklin dealer, and write for the book.

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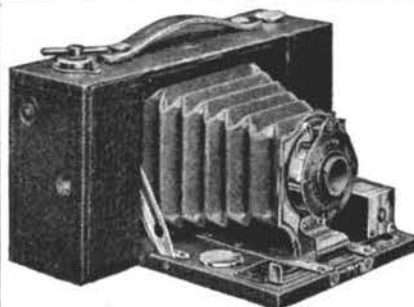
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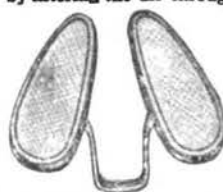
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The cigar I manufacture is named "REGNO," a strictly LONG FILLER cigar made entirely BY HAND, and contains absolutely nothing but PURE NATURALLY CURED TOBACCO.

The filler is GENUINE HAVANA (not American or Key West Havana—nor Havana Seed), but HAVANA that was grown and cured on the Island of CUBA, and the wrapper is GENUINE IMPORTED SUMATRA—a combination par-excellence.

REGNO CIGARS are really MADE TO ORDER because I make only enough each day to fill my orders, thus insuring you cigars in the most perfect condition.

I manufacture these cigars in a town where expenses are much lower than in a large city.

I sell for cash only, saving thereby a force of clerks and book-keeping, and give you this saving in the quality of the cigar.

I am satisfied with a reasonable profit because I want permanent customers rather than a big profit on a single order.

I make the cigars a plain straight shape because it is less expensive to so make them and they smoke equally as well, if not better, than a fancy shape.

I am selling my REGNO CIGARS direct from the factory to the smoker—no middleman's profit to be paid. They are put up in boxes of 50 CIGARS for \$2.00. I pay all carriage charges and I positively guarantee that if they are not as represented I will refund your money. In ordering state shade desired—Light, Dark, or Medium.

JOSEPH H. RUGG

Successor to Chas. Rugg & Son

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Exact Size and Shape

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I have a number of exceptionally choice industrial sites located in the Pittsburgh District and enjoying every possible advantage in the way of Low freight rates—Unexcelled shipping facilities—Cheap coal and natural gas—Electric power—plenty of room for expansion. I want to get into touch with industrial establishments contemplating a change of location—And am willing to pay

A Liberal Commission

for information that will lead to the locating of desirable manufacturing on any of my properties. If YOU are connected with, or know of any establishment that might be interested in a very attractive proposition for a factory site, write me to-day. It will be no trouble to you and it may mean a substantial sum of money.

All correspondence will be treated as absolutely confidential.

Arthur Reiche

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\$513.00 Clear Profit in 51 Days

from an investment of \$135.00 is the result of the operation of one of our Box Ball Alloys in Sullivan, Indiana.

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Here is your opportunity to start a big paying business with small capital. BOX BALL is the NEW BOWLING GAME. Not a gambling device. It is for amusement, physical exercise and liberally patronized by lawyers, bankers, merchants, clerks, teachers, in fact all classes of both sexes play Box Ball. More than 5,000 alloys 1.30 to 48 feet long. Portable. No pin boy needed. Can be installed in 2 hours. Best to start it in your town. Booklet FREE. Write for it.

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My Life—So Far

By JOSIAH FLYNT

[Continued from page 533]

th' Loine in th' future, I give it to ye straight thot we're so will looked afther by thim who can do it—an' do mind ye—thot th' touch uv this button or th' touch of this wan would mane a couple of husky fly cops who'd shake th' shell off ye, before ye got th' framin' up thot would make ye sick uv York fur th' rist of yer days. An' now git, th' pair of yez."

"An', Cig., we got, feelin' like th' sneak who foinds he's swiped a jar uv moldy pickles."

"I thought I knowed th' whole uv th' graft game," said Clivir, whin we'd got clear uv the joint, 'by theory, anyhow,' sez he, 'but, Split, take it from me, th' only people who's really on to it, an' knows th' size uv it, an' th' shape uv it, an' th' spread uv it, an' where it begins an' how it inds, an' what's in it, is th' Front Office an' th' guys behint it."

"Which words was thure, Cig.—they was sure thure."

The next day, I called on Robins with the letter from the alleged victim of the land deal enterprise, asking him what he had to say about it.

He opened a desk, produced a box of cigars, passed them to me, and, looking me straight in the eyes, said with a smile: "And what sort of answer do you want, anyhow?"

Whereupon I felt and saw that I was up against a cool, clever confidence man who had chosen to "work" in the Wall Street district instead of amid the environments of the usual sort.

Now you may or may not know it, but the confidence man of tip-top attainments cultivates the control and expression of his features with as much care as does the professional beauty—this for the reason that his looks are among his most valuable assets. For the first stage in "turning a trick," whether this be done in a Broadway Hotel or a down-town office building, is for the operator to get a hold on the confidence of his victim by impressing him with his, the former's, frankness and honesty through the medium of his steady gaze, cheery smile, and sincerity of expression in general. But "wise" people are not taken in by these things. Apart from all else, those who have had much to do with criminals—whether mugged or unmugged—will tell you that there is such a thing as the "crook eye," which invariably gives its owner away. It is, as I once heard a clever detective put it, "an eye behind the eye,"—a something sinister peeping out from the bland and child-like gaze which the "con" turns on his prospective gull.

Robins's eyes were big and blue and clear, and almost infantile in their expression. Nevertheless, as he faced me smiling, I saw the "crook's eye" sizing me up, and I knew that old "Split's" story was more or less true. And, on the impulse of the moment, I began "throwing it into him" in the "patter" of the Underworld.

Robins's eyes narrowed for an instant, but that was all. His command of his countenance was simply lovely. And I, as a connoisseur of things having to do with gundom, could not but sit and admire. Then he smiled, not quite so nice a smile as those he had been giving me. Mr. Robins realized that the need for professional effort had passed.

"Well," he said, after a meditative pause, "I see that you're on or think you are. And now what?" The laugh with which he finished the sentence was so unmistakably real that I at once became wary.

"I guess you know enough of reporters," I said, rather lamely, "to understand that I'm here to ask whether the complaints in this letter are founded on fact or otherwise."

"Fact in one sense," he replied, cheerily, "but that won't do this squealer any good, because we're protected on that score, as I'll show you."

He produced one of the agreements that were in force between his concern and its patrons—or "suckers"—and pointed out a "joker" in it which legally, but certainly not morally, rendered invalid the charge of swindling on the part of the letter writer.

"You must have a mighty clever lawyer behind you," I could n't help saying.

"Yes," replied Robins, complacently, "he knows his business and he's one of us. We have to be prepared for kicks of this sort, because our business breeds 'em. They come our way all the time."

He spoke with cynical frankness.

"I'm going to use that remark of yours in my story," I said.

"See here, cull," he retorted, dropping into the vernacular of the Underworld, and wheeling his chair suddenly so as directly to face me, "I don't know who you are outside of your card; but, as I said before, you're on, so it seems, and I don't want to treat a good guy like you on the cross. It's no use your wasting my time or me wasting yours in jolly. But you can't get a line in your newspaper that's going to queer me. See? And in no other paper in this little burg. Understand? I guess you know all about reporting down to the ground. But there's some sides of the newspaper business that you ain't next to yet. This is one of them. You may as well quit right here as far



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SASKATCHEWAN.

The average wheat yield in the four years of settlement of the Last Mountain Valley has been 25 bushels to the acre. Last year the district shipped 1,000,000 bushels of grain. This year the railways expect to carry out 1,500,000 bushels. Ample rainfall. Abundant water. Most fertile soil. Splendid railway facilities. Thriving trading centres. Churches and good schools. Healthful climate. Proceeds of single crop often pays for farm on which it was grown.

Buy these lands. Twice as productive as American wheat lands—at one half the price. Both for farming and investment they offer the best opportunity in the world to-day. We own over 100,000 acres, and sell on five and six years payments. Cash payments from \$2.00 to \$4.00 per acre. Price of lands \$10.00 to \$20.00 per acre.

Write us for our beautiful booklet, "The Lake and the Land of the Last Mountain Valley," free upon request.

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as I am concerned, for nixy a line of roast goes that you push out about me."

"And that too goes in my story," I replied, rather hotly.

He smiled indulgently, yawned, and rose. "Come and have lunch with me some day," he said. "You seem a spry boy, and I may throw something in your way."

"I've got stuff for a front-page display," I reported to the city editor half an hour later.

"I—ah—don't think we need it," replied the little man with the tired eyes whom I addressed. "You can put in a bill for your time, but—you need n't write it. Orders from the old man."

I knew that the advertising end of the newspaper had once more been wagging the editorial tail, and that, once again, it had been decided that it was better to protect a rogue rather than lose his half-page "ad." in the Sunday Edition, to say nothing of his quarter pages during the balance of the week!

Robins knew whereof he spoke when he assured me that there was "nothing doing" in regard to himself. When I left his office, he simply telephoned his advertising agent, explaining the situation. The latter, in turn, telephoned the business department of the newspaper, and—there you are.

Curiously enough, Robins seemed to take a fancy to me, for some reason or other. On more than one occasion, he made me an enticing offer to enter his employ as publicity man, or press agent. But I could n't swallow my prejudice against his "plants" in the first place, and I had other and sufficiently lucrative affairs in hand, in the second. Still we ran into each other at times, and he never failed to jolly me on the score of my failure to show him up.

To return to our meeting on the pier head: after an apparently hearty greeting from him, he asked if I had seen "Peck" Chalmers on board. He explained that Chalmers was to have returned to America on the steamer on which I had crossed, but apparently had n't. "Of course," said Robins, "Peck would have come under a moncher [alias], so I was n't sure if he was on the passenger list or not."

I knew the fellow he spoke of, a quiet, elderly, well-mannered and cleanly shaven man of forty-five or so, who looked like a minister in mufti, but who, in reality, was a clever gambler and "con gun"; one of Robins's own profession.

Robins went on to explain that Peck had gone abroad to see if the "wire-tapping" game or its equivalent could be worked in Great Britain.

"He went broke over—what do you think?—the give-away of an up-State fly cop with caterpillars in his whiskers and grass seed in his hair. Think of it—Peck, one of the best men in the business, busted by a bumble bee, fresh off the dogwood! It happened this way: the State cop [State detective] looked as if he had come to see what was going on at Yard's Town Hall, but he really was a sharp lad who had mixed it up with a lot of good people, as we later found out. Well, Peck's mob picked him up as easy, and he toted them along till they almost hated to take the three thousand that he wrote home for. To show how much in earnest he was, he let Peck himself mail the letter to the Savings Bank at Gehhaw Corners, ordering the cashier to sent the oof to Peck direct, to be placed on a horse that the innocent was to be tipped off to, day after to-morrow."

"So that day, the jay was allowed to win a hundred and fifty and had a joyous time of it with the mob. At about midnight, Peck and the whole bunch were pinched, and think how they felt when the country cop threw back his coat and flushed a State detective badge! It cost the mob down to their shirt buttons to get out of the mess."

"How is the wire game in New York?" I queried. "Never better, pal!" was the instant reply. "Everything is smooth with the Front Office, and the suckers are so thick that we can't attend to 'em."

"We?" I said. Robins laughed. "I'm saying nothing. I'm a respectable business man with offices—Here's my card."

With that we parted. You can find a moral in all this—and you're welcome to it.

[To be concluded in September.]

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A farmer added this postscript to a letter to SUCCESS MAGAZINE: "Remember the fireside; there is the flag."

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DOGS OF SONG By Ernest Thompson Seton [Concluded from page 539]

The popular view is that they come from over feeding on dead horses. I do not know the evidence for this explanation or against it. The mange speedily ruins an animal's coat, and in a Manitoba winter, of course this means death.

At Carberry, in 1892, Thomas Kerr told me that coyotes were quite common still, although the foxes were growing scarce. He usually shot a few each winter in the barnyard, and has seen as many as seventy or eighty skins hanging in Carberry at the same time, and has known the price for the primest drop from \$1.50 to 75 cents. He said that one winter a prairie wolf without any hair on it hid itself under his straw stack, and, although driven away by his dog, it returned and encircled itself under the granary, where he shot it. It had some disease which had robbed it entirely of its hair, excepting a little patch on the shoulders, and it was trembling with cold.

Another instance which shows how hard pressed the coyote is at times by hunger was related to me by Robert McCullough.

At Carberry, one winter morning, he went with a boiler in his hand to get some feed from the driving shed. The door was a little open, and he saw, as he approached, an animal which dashed about in the gloom of the shed. Its actions showed it to be a wild creature. He ran to the door just in time to prevent its escape. Barring the passage with the boiler, he rushed to the stable and came back with a fork. The creature, a wolf, took refuge under a reaper, and there he speared him, but the fork only pierced the loose skin of his belly, and he turned on his enemy, who held the fork to the ground with all his strength, and was just barely out of the reach of the wolf's jaws, for the handle was short. He dared not withdraw the fork to strike again, and had nothing to finish the animal with, so it was a deadlock. After a struggle, however, the man got the end of the handle fixed under a beam, and rushed off to get a club. On returning, the wolf was gone, apparently for good, but the next morning he was found within a few yards of the same place, quite dead, for the fork had pierced his bowels. But why should he return to the shed?

The prairie wolf is mentally a compound of fox and wolf. While gifted with a good deal of cunning that is shown in its avoidance of traps and its method of taking its prey, it is also a desperate fighter when at all evenly matched.

I have more than once seen a coyote run across an open stretch of black, plowed land, then on a piece of dry, yellow grass sink into concealment. He matched it perfectly in color, but was probably actuated by the idea that it was cover.

The coyote is less shy and cunning than the gray wolf. I find the following characteristic note in my New Mexico journal:

CLAYTON, December 14, 1893.—This morning I found that a small gray wolf had run my drag till he came to the first trap; there he turned aside, passing three cheese baits. A second very large gray wolf struck the drag just before the second traps. He passed them unhurt, came to a cheese bait, and left the drag altogether. A coyote that was following him on the chance of pickings, came on the bait and was kept from it by the treatment the wolf had given it, but went on a mile and a half, picked up a poisoned cheese bait, and then half a mile farther got caught in the next trap, where I found him stark and dead.

It takes a wonderfully good dog to kill a wolf. Yet I knew a collie, "Old Frank," the property of my neighbor, Mr. John Thompson, of Carberry, Manitoba, that had several times run down and killed coyotes single handed. I saw him actually perform this feat in November, 1882. The wolf faced him again and again, but the collie managed each time to escape serious injury from its jaws, and when the wolf turned to fly he would snap at his rear. On skinning the wolf I found that the dog's teeth had sunk deep into the wolf's flesh each time, so that its hind legs were disabled. The wolf, however, died fighting gamely.

In my early days I caught a great many wolves in traps—many scores, if not hundreds—and I found great diversity of behavior among them at this trying time. Some were utterly cowed, and submitted to the death sentence in sullen silence; others struggled to escape; some yelled defiance, and not a few barked and growled savagely, trying to reach me, raging and defiant to the end.

I have often known a coyote to tempt a dog to chase him, then at a safe distance from the dog's human backers, turn on him and drive him back with noisy demonstrations that looked like a wild, practical joke.

On March 18, 1883, I had an experience that shows somewhat of the mind of the prairie wolf.

I was leaving the barnyard with team and sleigh to get a load of wood. As I rounded the stable I came into full view of a dead calf that was lying on the open prairie seventy-five yards away. A wolf was tearing at the calf; he saw me plainly, but went on with his eating. Of course, I had no gun; I knew that if I stopped now to get a gun the wolf would run. So I kept straight on. I passed within thirty yards of him; he watched me, but kept on eating. After I was 300 yards away I turned back by another road, intending to go cautiously to the house and get the gun, but the moment I left the beaten road that watchful wolf

seemed to divine my purpose, and ran as though already the lead was flying after him.

The speed of the coyote is great, and has often been the subject of admiring comment, but I think it has been overrated. After collecting data of various kinds, such as actual known records of dogs and horses, also the comparative records of dogs and hares, or horses and foxes, wolves and hounds, hounds and automobiles, I have attempted a scale of comparative speeds:

Blooded race horse covers a mile in about 1 m. 40 s.	
Pronghorned antelope	1 " 50
First-class greyhound	2 " 0
Jack rabbit	2 " 10
Common fox	2 " 30
Northern coyote	2 " 30
Foxhound	2 " 40
American gray wolf	3 " 0

Many hunters would set the kit fox or swift yet above the greyhound, especially for a short race, but I have had no personal experience with the species in a chase. The little prairie cottontail, can, I believe, get away from the swift in a hundred-yard dash; they cannot keep it up for long, but their initial velocity is incredible, and baffles the eye. Not a leg, not a rabbit is to be seen; nothing but a white streak across the prairie, till it promptly disappears in some burrow.

What actually counts in the race is, as usual, the *trifle more* speed that each animal can command.

For example, the gray wolf makes 650 yards to the minute, and the coyote about 700. But that 50 yards makes all the difference between living and dying. That 50 yards margin is probably the foothold on which the whole coyote race has been built up.

These rates, it will be seen, trench on the especial realm of birds: small birds make only 25 to 30 miles an hour.

It is a well-known principle that the special development of an animal is its most variable part. Thus the peculiar bell in the throat of a moose varies enormously; the bill of the long-billed curlew, the neck feather of the ruff, the spots of the ocelot, the white bands of the skunk, the horns of the elk, are so varied that rarely two are found just alike. Speed is one of the peculiarities of the coyote as it is of the greyhound, and we must, therefore, look for great variations of rate. I have selected an average for my calculation, but there are occasional individuals, coyotes of rare gifts, whose speed and endurance would put them very near the top of our scale.

Mr. Barton relates a curious instance of a crippled coyote living for the last two years near Boissevain. It is known as the "three-legged terror." One of its front legs is missing. Probably he lost it in a trap, but in spite of this he can outrun an ordinary dog. Greyhounds or very fast dogs easily outstrip him, whereupon he finds a place to protect his rear, and presents such a desperate front that he has hitherto escaped.

I suspect that this is a female, which might partly account for its immunity.

The winter is, of course, the chief enemy of the coyote. The shutting off of many food supplies, the severe weather, the exposure to view of the hunters, poisoned baits, which in summer would be scorned, but which are now swallowed in desperation, all unite to make havoc in the numbers, and those that are left by the end of February are the strongest and wariest. Next after winter, the worst enemy of the coyote is man; next to this, dogs; next, disease and parasites; then probably the gray wolf, the eagle, and the horned owl.

It is improbable that these birds would attack a grown coyote, or that the gray wolf would catch one, but the very young would fall an easy prey.

The elk and deer are to be reckoned in this list. They have a well-founded hatred of all wolves, and never fail to strike one when they can. One blow from the foot of an elk or deer, or even an antelope, may disable a coyote, and give the hoofed avenger a chance to finish his work. Man is the only living foe on which the coyote does not habitually retaliate. I have never heard of a sane coyote attacking man.

The following adventure with a mad coyote was recorded by Malcolm Little, of Provo, Utah, and sent me by Mrs. S. Young Gates, of the same city.

"The summers of 1891 and 1892 were extremely dry and hot in Northern Mexico. A two years' drought had left the extensive valleys barren. The grass was crisp and bleached, the dust heavy and rose in clouds, and the Casas Grandes River was dry, save for a few deep, stagnant pools. This being the only water within many miles, all the animals of the immediate vicinity came there to drink. As a result, on each side of the river for a great distance, hardly a spear of grass could be found.

"The coyotes were very numerous. They seemed to have been drawn from all the surrounding country to these watering places. So numerous were they, in fact, that, in a few hours, a man sitting in a tree near one of the pools shot thirteen that came to drink. They roamed about in droves of from eight to twelve in search of food. They were gaunt and hungry-eyed, and their fur was long and shaggy. They appeared to have lost nearly all the sense of fear of man, for they would hardly move out of the way of a horseman. They came into the town, and several were killed in the yards of the dwellings. One, I remember hearing of, walked into the parlor at the front door, and while yet inside

was killed with a garden hoe by the lady of the house. These many little encounters, however, were considered only as matters of pleasant gossip, and no one thought of any possible danger coming from them.

"Late in June, 1892, three men camped for the night midway between the village of Ascension and the Boca Grande, near one of the watering places on the river. They were on the range in search of cattle, and, as is common with cowboys, after the horses were hobbled out and supper over, they spread their blankets on the ground. A wide bed was made, and about nine o'clock they lay down to sleep. Mr. Derby Johnson occupying one side and the Jacobson brothers the other two places.

"One of the Jacobsons was anxious about the horses, and did not sleep soundly. In a few hours he was startled from a state of semi-wakefulness by a muffled sound, and seeing Derby sitting up in bed, and thinking something might be wrong with the animals, he sat up also. As he did so he saw what appeared to be the tail of a coyote moving to and fro. He sprang to his feet. The animal, with his teeth fastened on the right jaw of his friend, just to the right of the chin, was clinging with the tenacity of madness; while Derby, apparently frozen by awful sensations, sat clasping the coyote by the neck with both hands, one on each side. It was clear the only way the animal could be removed was by prying open its mouth. The brothers were strong men. Unconscious of the danger to themselves, or disregarding it, they took hold of the fastened jaws and broke them apart, the lower one being entirely wrenched from its place. They threw the coyote to one side, but with its lower jaw dangling downward and with menacing growls, it came toward them again. The young man, Derby, now freed, took his knife from his pocket, cut the animal's throat, and then fainted.

"One of the brothers remained with him while the other went for the horses. About eleven o'clock that night they started toward home—a distance of fifteen miles. Mr. Derby could ride only a few hundred yards without having to stop to rest; and very frequently the journey was stopped by his fainting.

"They reached home early in the morning. Examination showed the coyote had left a bad wound under his chin where the teeth had penetrated, while in the upper part were only holes of the canines.

"In a few days the patient was around, apparently well, and doing his work.

"After the biting, the coyote was examined, and only dry cottonwood leaves were found in its stomach. From all appearances it had had the rabies.

"About a month after the occurrence the young man was riding with his companions gathering cattle from out a lake. The water was shallow, hardly knee-deep to the horses, and the cattle had gone there to feed on the rushes. All day this work continued, and while splashing through the lake he felt the first symptom of hydrophobia—a strong aversion for water. This feeling later was aggravated by some of his friends offering him their canteens from which to drink.

"He returned home immediately, and for a while was delirious. These spells continued intermittently. He grew worse for two or three days, constantly developing a stronger dislike for all liquids, and he was able to swallow but very little. Toward the last, his ravings became maniacal, and several men were required to hold him. A viscid secretion came from his mouth, the color of his skin became purple, and his ravings were very loud. The latter, however, had nothing like barking about them, contrary to the common belief in cases of hydrophobia. During the last hour of his life, he was quiet, and he died peacefully."

The voice of the coyote is one of its most remarkable gifts. Barking is supposed to be limited to the dog and coyote. This is not strictly true, for wolves, foxes, and jackals bark at times, but it is true that the coyote is the only wild animal that habitually barks. The most peculiar of its noises is the evening song, uttered soon after sunset, close to camp. This is a series of short barks, increasing in power and pitch till it changes into a long squall. One coyote begins, and immediately two or more join in, making so much noise that newcomers think there must be a hundred wolves out there. It is kept up for perhaps a minute or two, then ceases till some new impulse seizes them. On August 27, 1904, in Mr. White's menagerie at Winnipeg, I saw a coyote pup, which, though little bigger than a house cat and less than three months old, had a fully developed voice, and, much to the amusement of numerous bystanders, joined in the yapping chorus as lustily as his grown-up relatives.

Another note I have heard them utter toward dawn is a long, smooth sound, of truly musical quality. I have mistaken it for the flutey call of a loon to his mate.

Mr. Barton describes the sound the old one utters when the young are in danger, as a loud, short, rough squall. In their vespers he notes an interesting habit. Two or three coyotes will meet each night on a certain elevated place to sing. They have several of these recognized choir lofts, but they never use the same on two nights in succession. Sometimes in the Turtle Mountains, in dead, calm moonlit nights, each coyote gets up on his singing perch and pours out his loudest and finest song. This is passed on from one point to another, till the whole mountain seems ringing with the weird music, and from its very wildness and the vast stretch of the country that is concerned, the effect is truly impressive.

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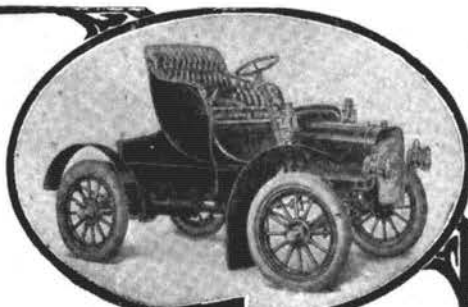
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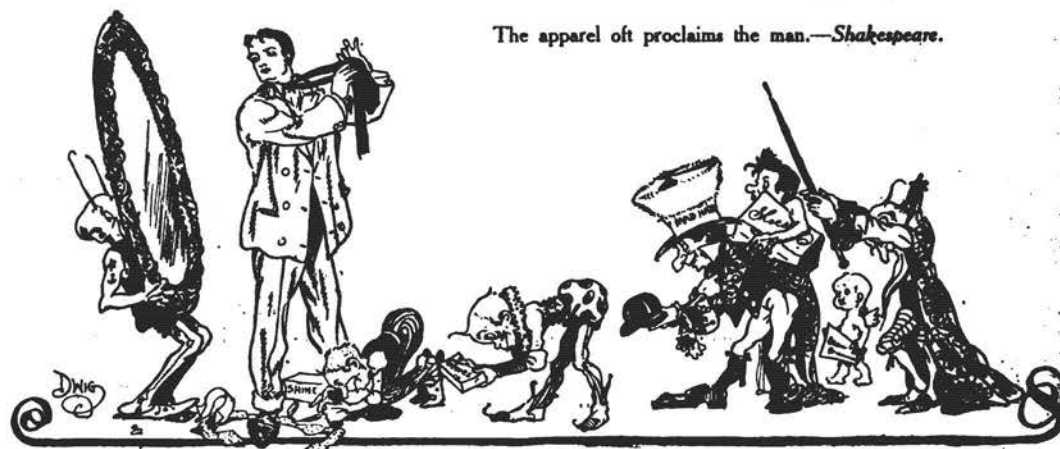
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Headpiece by Clare V. Diggins

TRIPS by water and rail require some consideration of dress, if one is to wrest the fullest measure of comfort from traveling. Even many a seasoned tourist has not learned just what things to take with him and—not less important—what things to leave behind. Most of us clutter ourselves with needless *impedimenta* in both clothes and baggage. We bring along articles that we cannot possibly use, such as overcoats and wraps, when bound for a torrid country. We are prone to overlook the fact that climatic conditions may be totally different from those at home, and that varying degrees of temperature are to be encountered *en route*. A little forethought about dress saves a great deal of after annoyance.

The traveler who knows what he's about tries to keep his baggage within the smallest practical compass. It is a good idea to sort out everything that one believes to be needed, and then, by a process of intelligent elimination, reduce the list about one-half. For example, two overcoats, a thick and a light one, may be very desirable, but they are heavy to carry and take up precious space. It is better, therefore, to choose one medium-weight overcoat that will serve the purpose of both a thick and a light one. Then, if the weather is very cold, one may dress more warmly beneath, and if it is mild, one may dispense with thick underwear and a waistcoat. In packing a trunk, articles like shoes should be put at the bottom and the lighter articles at the top. Combs, hairbrush, toothbrush, and clothesbrush should be left until the last, as they are most needed, and nothing is more vexatious than to have to turn a trunk, bag, or suit case topsy-turvy to get at a small article far down, that might just as well have been put within handy reach.

Shoes should be "treed" (straightened on wooden forms) and each pair wrapped in soft paper to prevent them from soiling the other contents of trunk or bag. Patent-leather shoes should be encased in tissue paper to avoid scratching; or, better yet, slipped into little flannel bags holding two shoes. These may be bought at any dry goods shop or cut out at home. A new and very convenient receptacle for rubbers is made of gossamer cloth, which can be rolled up and tied with a string. "Treeing" shoes keeps them from wrinkling, and the admirable articles sold for this purpose save their cost many times in prolonging the life and improving the appearance of shoes.

After the shoes, snugly tucked away at the bottom, come underwear, bath robe, bath slippers, hose, collars, cravats, gloves, and everything that one need not fear musing. Shirts follow, and they should be very carefully laid away with tails covering the bosoms to prevent them from crumpling and soiling. Next, trousers are patted into their creases and doubled once at the knees. Waistcoats are turned inside out, flattened, and folded in the back. Now the trunk tray goes on. Into this we put coats, and, by the way, the proper folding of a

coat is an important item in saving a tailor's bill at the journey's end. Spread the coat out flat, turn the collar up, fold the garment lengthwise down the back, and bring the two sleeves together snug and flat.

As to hats, they should, if feasible, be carried in a box of their own. Besides the usual sole leather hat box holding one hat, there are others holding two hats, and a luxurious square box, resembling a diminutive trunk, holding four hats—silk, "opera," derby, and straw. If a man has the means to indulge his taste for luxury, there are a multiplicity of special receptacles designed to smooth the traveler's pathway. Let us begin with the "fitted" suit case. It is made of sole leather, and contains military hairbrushes, comb, hat-brush, clothesbrush, shaving mirror, razor strop, razor case, and glass bottles for soap, tooth powder, shaving soap, shaving brush, toilet water, tooth and nail brushes. Most men, though, prefer to buy their bag and fittings separately, so as to avoid having needless articles that take up room.

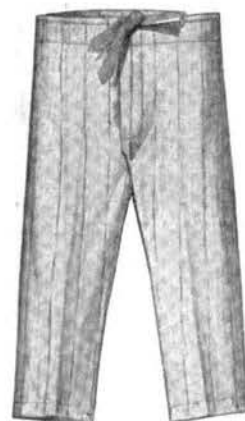
Leather razor rolls are made of soft pigskin or walrus, reindeer lined, and accommodates from two to seven razors. Collar boxes come in pigskin or bridle leather, and hold from nine to twenty-four collars. A combination collar, cravat, handkerchief, button, and pin box is fashioned of red or green morocco or light pigskin. Velvet-lined jewel and button boxes of light-colored pigskin are serviceable, if a bit showy. I might go on at length describing the various small articles for travelers shown at the "smart" leather shops, but those mentioned will suffice to indicate the wide range of things that a luxurious taste, seconded by a long purse, can command.

The so-called "English kit bag" is far preferable to a dress suit case for any extended trip. It holds nearly, if not quite, as much as a small trunk. The kit bag is usually made of grained cowhide with a linen or leather lining, end straps, drop handles, and a massive brass lock. Next comes the "Carlton" bag, also of grained cowhide. On an ocean crossing or a coasting trip, cabin bags, (to fit under the berth) will be found very useful. They are fashioned of solid sole leather with a linen check lining, tray, straps all around, and capped corners. Dress suit cases and traveling bags, adapted to week-end visits and short trips over night, need not be more than mentioned. Tastes and requirements differ so completely that each traveler must be guided in choosing by his own special need and preference.

The athletic pajamas illustrated this month are an outgrowth of the wide vogue of athletic underwear. They are cut with abbreviated sleeves and "knicker" legs. Inasmuch, however, as the purpose of pajamas is to make the wearer presentable in an emergency, it is to be doubted if the athletic feature is desirable. Still, these pajamas are undeniably cool, and that was the aim of their introducer. Summer bath gowns are naturally made of lighter fabrics than winter gowns, and the garment portrayed here



Short sleeve pajama jacket



Knee length pajama drawers



Summer bath gown

is cool, slightly, and becoming. A new and rather "smart" morning waistcoat of "tubable" flannel is also shown.

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.]

X. Y. Z.—If your invitation to the reception explicitly states that it is to be informal, you may wear the Tuxedo suit. Except for this, ceremonious evening dress would be absolutely required. The mere fact however, that somebody in charge of the reception says that it is unnecessary to wear the swallowtail is not enough. That the function is informal must be expressly stated on the invitation or generally agreed upon in advance by the guests-to-be. In view of the fact that women are to be present, and that the reception is to be held (presumably) in the college, we do not understand how it can be "informal," unless for some special reason which is not apparent to an outsider.

DARTMOUTH.—Wear white gloves of light-weight kid with evening clothes at a hotel "hop." You can't go gloveless, unless you don't mind soiling your partner's frock by the imprint of moist fingers. Some men wind a handkerchief around their right hand, but this is too suggestive of the rustic barn dance to be acceptable.

RACQUET.—Tennis dress should be light and cool. As a player must be very agile and sure-footed to keep the ball skimming, he should be dressed very lightly and comfortably. An ideal garment for tennis consists of shirt and drawers made in one piece. The shirt has half sleeves and the drawers come to the knee. The special advantage of this shirt is that it cannot creep up and crumple in front, thus keeping the wearer acutely uncomfortable and forever tugging at his waistband. This tennis shirt is made of white linen or madras. Flannel trousers are best suited to the game; white duck is no longer worn, as it belongs more properly to yachting, and, besides, is prone to become stiff and harsh. The shoes are white buck or canvas with rubber soles. White lisle socks are correct, and indeed white should be used in the costume as much as possible, as there is no color more cool and grateful to the eye. The belt accompanying the trousers is made of white buckskin or silk webbing, or, if one wishes a picturesque touch, a silk handkerchief may be passed through the belt loops and utilized as a belt. Hats are generally not worn, as they hinder more than they help.



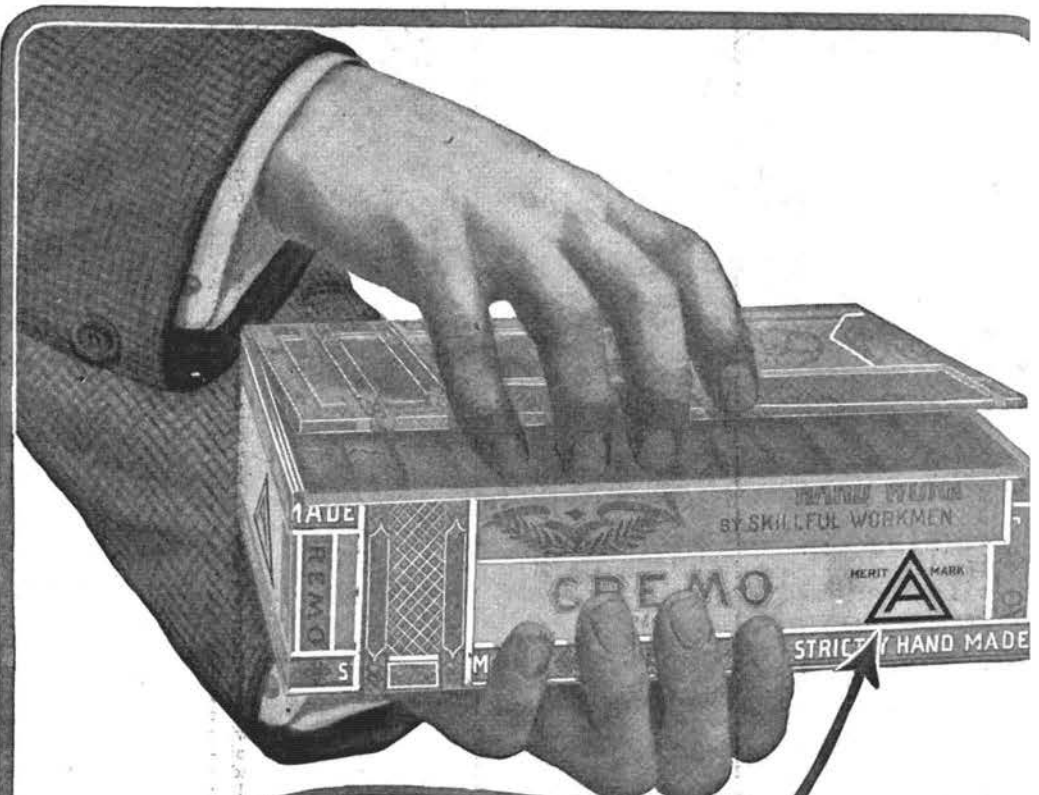
Flannel morning waistcoat

HILLSIDE MANOR.—When the Tuxedo jacket was introduced, it was intended altogether for club use. Manifestly, it was impossible to lounge comfortably in a tailed coat and stiff collar, so the Tuxedo was designed in response to the widespread demand for a free and easy garment. Some men not blessed with a sense of the fitness of things misused the Tuxedo, with the result that there is to-day a decided reaction against it. Purely and primarily a lounging jacket, it should never be worn at any ceremonious affair at which women are to be met. The only exceptions to this are family dinners and gatherings, which are marked by an intimate and very informal spirit. The whole question is simply one of good taste, and good taste requires that a man show both by his manner and dress a nice deference to the gentle sex. A simple evening call or a little evening at cards, such as you mention, does not call for special evening dress at all. On the contrary, one may wear the cutaway with perfect propriety. It is only the avowedly formal affair which necessitates the swallowtail coat and its accessories.

The Importance of Dress

"Neither virtue nor ability will make you appear like a gentleman, if your dress is slovenly and improper."

"WHAT can you do?" asked a prosperous merchant, while his keen glance took in every detail of the appearance of a shabbily dressed, slovenly young man who had applied to him for a position. "Most anything, sir," was the reply. "Can you do odd jobs, such as dusting?" "Yes, sir." "Then why don't you begin on your hat?" The fellow twirled his hat



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The New Cremo	Buck	Continental (10c. and 4 for 25c.)	Royal Bengals (Little Cigars 10 for 15c.)
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are soft and flexible, and as no mending is necessary, your feet are always comfortable.

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"We guarantee to any purchaser of Holeproof Sox or Stockings that they will need no darning for Six Months. If they should, we agree to replace them with new ones, provided they are returned to us within six months from date of sale to wearer."

BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES.

Insist upon getting the *original* Holeproof goods. Dishonest manufacturers are offering imitations under names as near like Holeproof Hosiery as they dare. Look for our trade mark stamped on every pair. If your dealer can't furnish you, or offers a substitute, we will supply you direct with the *genuine* Holeproof Hosiery, and prepay all shipping charges. State size, style and color wanted, enclosing purchase price. Write for free booklet.

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A retail clothier can pick from his stock of sizes a suit that has your breast and waist measure, but he may have to cut off the legs, lengthen the sleeves and "alter" the coat across the shoulders before the suit will look as if it belonged to you.

In doing all this the original proportions are destroyed and then its lack of proper shape and style will always bother you.

When your clothes are made for you, you are measured thoroughly before the cloth is cut, your tastes in style are consulted, and the garments built for you right from the beginning. In this way only do you get positive fit, irreproachable style and long wear from clothes.

We make suits and overcoats to order for \$25 to \$40—about the price of ready-made clothing, and two suits cost about the same price the little local tailor must charge for one.

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in his dirty hands, and remained silent. "Can you clean leather goods?" "Yes, I can do anything in that line." "Then it is sheer carelessness on your part that your shoes are not clean. Can you scrub?" persisted the merchant. "Yes." "Then I can give you something to do. Go out and try your strength on that collar you have on. But don't come back."

The applicant for work turned away, and it is to be hoped profited by the lesson so harshly administered. Shabby clothes are often the badge of necessity rather than of slovenliness, and when this is the case one can have only sympathy for the wearer. In this instance, however, it was clearly the slovenliness of the young man, not his shabbiness that prejudiced the merchant against him. He may not have been able to afford better clothing, but there could have been no excuse for his soiled linen, muddy shoes, dust-covered hat and coat, and general untidiness.

Neatness is a current coin in business, and the young man or young woman who is regardless of it makes a fatal mistake. Every one carries about with him, in his personal appearance, a letter of recommendation or the reverse, which has far more value than any written testimony he may present.

THE SCARE-HEAD

By Norman H. Crowell

WHEN you're tired of verse and fiction
And such stuff to win you bread—
Also tested jokes and squib-work
That nobody ever read,
Do not falter in your calling,
For, when all is done and said,
There's success and wealth appalling
For the man who writes the "head."

It's so easy: "Stabs His Mother!"
Or, "Has Rogers Lost His Voice?"
"Fifty Boodlers Caught Red Handed!"
"Who Will Be The People's Choice?"
"Panama Canal Board Fired!"
"Roosevelt Breaks His Arm at Play!"
"Strike In Pittsburg—Hard Coal Higher!"
That's the sort that goes to-day.

Put it up in big, black letters,
Where the people all can see—
Here you go: "He Stole a Million!"
"Thaw Depends On Sympathy!"
"Forty Lives Lost In Collision!"
"Teddy Takes a Punch At Graft!"
"Suicide!—He Loved Another!"
"Hip! Hooray! For Big Bill Taft!"

Then, again: "White Sox Are Slaughtered!"
"Gautemala In The Throes!"
"War! The Japanese Are Seething!"
"Muggsy Treads On Waddell's Toes!"
"Unconstitutional, Say Railroads!"
"Can You Tell How Old Is Ann?"
"Crops Are Ruined—Famine Threatened!"
"Never Touched Me!"—Harriman!"

It's a snap to get up scare-heads—
Nothing like it anywhere—
"Death Discloses Masquerader!"
"Actress Steals a Millionaire!"
"Big Bank Busts—Cashier Embezzled!"
"Fairbanks Nips Another Plum!"
"Daring Plot To Rob Chicago!"
And—well, that is going some.

Not a Profession

REPRESENTATIVE Lorimer, of Chicago, who is a great walker, was recently out for a tramp along the conduit road leading from Washington, when, after going a few miles, he sat down to rest.

"Want a lift, mister?" asked a good-natured Maryland farmer driving that way.

"Thank you," responded Mr. Lorimer, "I will avail myself of your kind offer."

The two rode in silence for a while. Presently the teamster asked: "Professional man?"

"Yes," answered Lorimer, who was thinking of a bill he had pending before the House.

After another long pause, the farmer observed: "Say, you ain't a lawyer or you'd be talkin'; you ain't a doctor 'cause you ain't got no satchel, and you shore ain't a preacher, from the looks of you. What is your profession, anyhow?"

"I am a politician," replied Lorimer.

The Marylander gave a snort of disgust. "Politics ain't no profession; politics is a disorder."

Beat Him One Way

AS MARK TWAIN and a friend were chatting at the summer home of the humorist, Quarry Farm, near Elmira, New York, the conversation turned to the wealth of John D. Rockefeller.

"Just think of it Sam," said the guest, "he has more dollars than there are hairs in that vigorous old thatch of yours."

"That's nothing," replied Mr. Clemens, "I have more dollars than he has hairs in his head."

Prize Contest Winners

SUCCESS MAGAZINE publishes herewith the names of the winners of the prize contests announced in its March issue. The editors thank the contestants for their great patience in awaiting this verdict. Had the number of manuscripts received been of lesser volume the results would have been known much earlier.

"Has a Rich Man the Right to Spend His Money as He Chooses?"

First prize, \$25. MILTON B. IGNATIUS, Troy, N. Y.

Second Prize, \$15. JOHN CORBETT, East Hebron, New Hampshire.

Third Prize, \$5. Mrs. F. M. HOWARD, 439 Second Ave., Clinton, Iowa.

"How Have You Made Up Late in Life for the Lack of an Early Education?"

First Prize, \$25. Mrs. JESSIE BARNT LUCAS, Logan, Kansas.

Second Prize, \$15. JOHN CROWTHER, Fall River, Massachusetts.

Third Prize, \$5. E. J. PERLEY, Leland Stanford, Jr., University, California.

"Is It Honest for Young Men to Use Government Positions as Stepping Stones for Their Own Elevation?"

First Prize, \$25. C. O. McKAY, United States Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

Second Prize, \$15. W. T. HARRIS, Waverly, N. Y.

Third Prize, \$5. HENRY M. WILTSE, Chattanooga, Tennessee.

LINES TO A COMMUTER

By Earle Hooker Eaton

TWIXT dawn and dark twice dost thou madly ride,
Mazeppa-like, by circumstances tied
Fast to an iron horse,
And o'er a road which thou art sure
Is quite the worst that men endure,
Sans conscience and remorse.
(Save on occasions, now and then,
When this same road is jeered by men
Who use another line.
At times like these thy voice is heard—
"The snailroad? Say, the road's a bird!
De-light-ed that it's mine!")

At dawn the mooing cow and crowing cock
Impel thy drowsy eyes to seek the clock,
Whose hands drag thee from bed.
'T is always late—no time to spare—
The hungry furnace needs thy care,
The chickens must be fed.
Ere long thy soft-boiled egg is hard as nails,
And early trains clank cityward along the rails.
Thy coffee substitute
And breakfast food thou boltest, watch in fist,
Then for the cars and twenty miles of whist,
The neighbors watch thee scoot.

Mid roar of wheels and whistle's piercing scream,
'T is on—thy daily loop the loop by steam
O'er river, hill, and dale;
And when thy townward journey's done,
Thou strikest earth upon the run
Like fleet-alighting quail.
All day thou toiled hard for meat and bread,
That coal and gas and icemen may be fed,
And servants richer grow.
A human bee thou art, and much alive—
From golden city flower to country hive
With honey dost thou go.

At close of day, with all thy might and main
Thou sprintest, hurdling skids, to catch thy train,
Attended by a ham,
An anxious scowl upon thy patient face,
A chicken plump inside thy dress suit case,
Mayhap a leg of lamb.
Three hundred days each year the rush is made,
That ruthless rural plumbers may be paid,
That grocers may not doubt.
What wonder that thy child would change the plan:
"Why don't my poppah write an' tell the man
To send the money out?"

One Glean of Sunshine

HIS play is a rank failure.
It is a frost and a fizzle—and he knows it.
The dramatist bows his head upon his hands and refuses to be comforted, for it is his first flunk.
One by one, his friends try to say something that will console him, but to no avail.
Finally his trusting wife finds one sunny gleam in the clouds.
"Anyway," she says, "you did n't have to go through the ordeal of making a speech before the curtain, and you know you always said you would be thankful beyond words if you could escape that."

The Editors' Outlook

AT the time of this writing, Samuel Merwin, who was sent to the Orient by *SUCCESS MAGAZINE* almost five months ago, is in London, on his return journey, and he will shortly be back again in America. He has had a most wonderful and extraordinary trip, the story of which, in its unusual and most interesting details of the "mechanics" of travel in the remote regions of China and India, will be the first of Mr. Merwin's great series of articles on "The Drugging of a Nation," and will appear in the September Number.

THE work upon which Mr. Merwin has been engaged, and which will be given to the world through *SUCCESS MAGAZINE* next fall and winter, is, we believe, a magazine enterprise of more importance to both civilized and uncivilized countries of the globe than was that of Henry M. Stanley, whom the New York "Herald" sent into the heart of Africa to find Livingstone; or of George Kennan, whom the "Century" sent to describe the convict life of Siberia. Letters just received from Mr. Merwin indicate a condition of demoralization of the business and social structure of China, due to the ever-increasing use of opium forced upon that country by British traders, that is hardly believable—that will shock the civilized world. The conscience of Christendom must be aroused to prevent such a vicious and demoralizing trade. The growth of the poppy must be absolutely prohibited—except, under strict regulations, for medicinal purposes. It is evident that the only way to prevent the terrible results of the use of the insidious drug is to strike at the root of the evil. When a country cannot protect itself against foreign interference with its domestic affairs, when opium is openly sold in a section of a Chinese city controlled by a foreign power, while, at the same time, in all other portions of the city its sale is forbidden by local authorities, it is time to act and to find out why a great, powerful, and humane nation abuses its power in this way.

MR. MERWIN is one of a bare half dozen journalists who can be intrusted with a mission of this kind. He became associated with *SUCCESS MAGAZINE* some three years ago, and in his work for us was the first to discover and present to the public the atrocious conditions of "Bubbly Creek" in the stock yards of Chicago; his articles on private car iniquities were recognized by the Interstate Commerce Commissioners as of much benefit in their investigations; and, as one of the prime movers and organizers of the "People's Lobby," Mr. Merwin has done a great work for the purification of American politics. He is absolutely careful of his facts, and we have never known a statement once made by him, in manuscript or printed page, to be successfully challenged. He is a searcher after truth, and, as such, avoids sensationalism as if it were a plague.

WE desire to urge upon our readers, one and all, the importance of taking such a personal interest in the public questions of the day, whether national or local, as to lead them to at least write a letter to their representatives in Congress, in State Legislatures, and in City Governments, whenever they feel that there is danger that a greater or lesser wrong to the people may be perpetrated. The effect upon his vote of even a few letters received by a legislator from his constituents, is often underestimated, but is a very real thing. If any man will put himself in the position of a legislator at Washington and will consider what would be the

effect upon himself of receiving in his morning's mail twenty-five or fifty letters urging him to vote or not to vote upon some measure—and in the next morning's mail twenty-five or fifty more, and so on for the week, he will see that such a series of letters, if all tending one way, could not but give him the impression that his constituents were aroused to the situation and would hold him strictly accountable for his vote. A Senator at Washington may be one of the two representatives of three million people, and yet five hundred letters only, from constituents, if all in one direction, will have more weight with him than could possibly be imagined by any one of the five hundred writers. We all—such of us as are good citizens—are apt to think, "Well, I ought to write to Senator Blank about this, but I don't suppose it will do any good." It will do good, and one of the most striking evidences of how much good can be done by such letters is shown in the way in which the Senators and Representatives of New York State are "eating out of the hand" of Governor Hughes. They "heard from the people," and heard from them in no uncertain manner when the people were once aroused to knowing the kind of struggle that was going on between an honest governor and the politicians.

THE first really great magazine cover produced by J. C. Leyendecker was that which he painted for *SUCCESS MAGAZINE* in December, 1900—a cover which we used for a second time six years later because of the great beauty and wonderfully elevating influence of its design and execution. Since this first work of Mr. Leyendecker, and, in part, because of it, his reputation has grown steadily with advancing skill and experience in artistic execution, until to-day he is perhaps the foremost magazine-cover designer of America. It is, therefore, with a double sense of satisfaction that we announce the fact that we have arranged with Mr. Leyendecker to secure six cover paintings from him during the coming year. This will require so large a portion of Mr. Leyendecker's time that his work will rarely be seen in other magazines, especially as he is devoting much of his attention to other branches of art.

NEW YORKERS have ever with them "Tammany Hall," and Tammany Hall is a power in American politics second to no political organization that ever existed; in fact, some would place it third among the really powerful and influential organized bodies of all kinds in the world; the first being the Roman Catholic Church and the second the German Army. Tammany Hall has a past, a present, and a future. Its past is odorous, its present odious, and its future—well, "hope is not yet taxed." In a series of articles now being written for *SUCCESS MAGAZINE* by Frederick Upham Adams, will be told how Tammany Hall originated, how it has grown, something about the men it has made and the men it has ruined, and more about those who are now the powers behind the throne in the management of the machinery. It will be of absorbing interest and illustrated with reproductions of many interesting documents.

LEROY M. SCOTT, the author of that deep, penetrating novel, "The Walking Delegate," has been abroad for some time investigating the sources of immigration to the United States. We have arranged with him to furnish us with a series of narrative articles which will tell how America digests its ever-growing volume of human beings.

Success Magazine

A Periodical of American Life

Edited by ORISON SWETT MARDEN

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Expirations and Renewals

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



Subscriptions to commence with this issue should be received by August 5th. Subscriptions to commence with the September issue should be received by September 5th. The regular editions of *SUCCESS MAGAZINE* are usually exhausted within ten days after publication.

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 readers will confer a favor upon us by mentioning *SUCCESS MAGAZINE* when writing to advertisers.

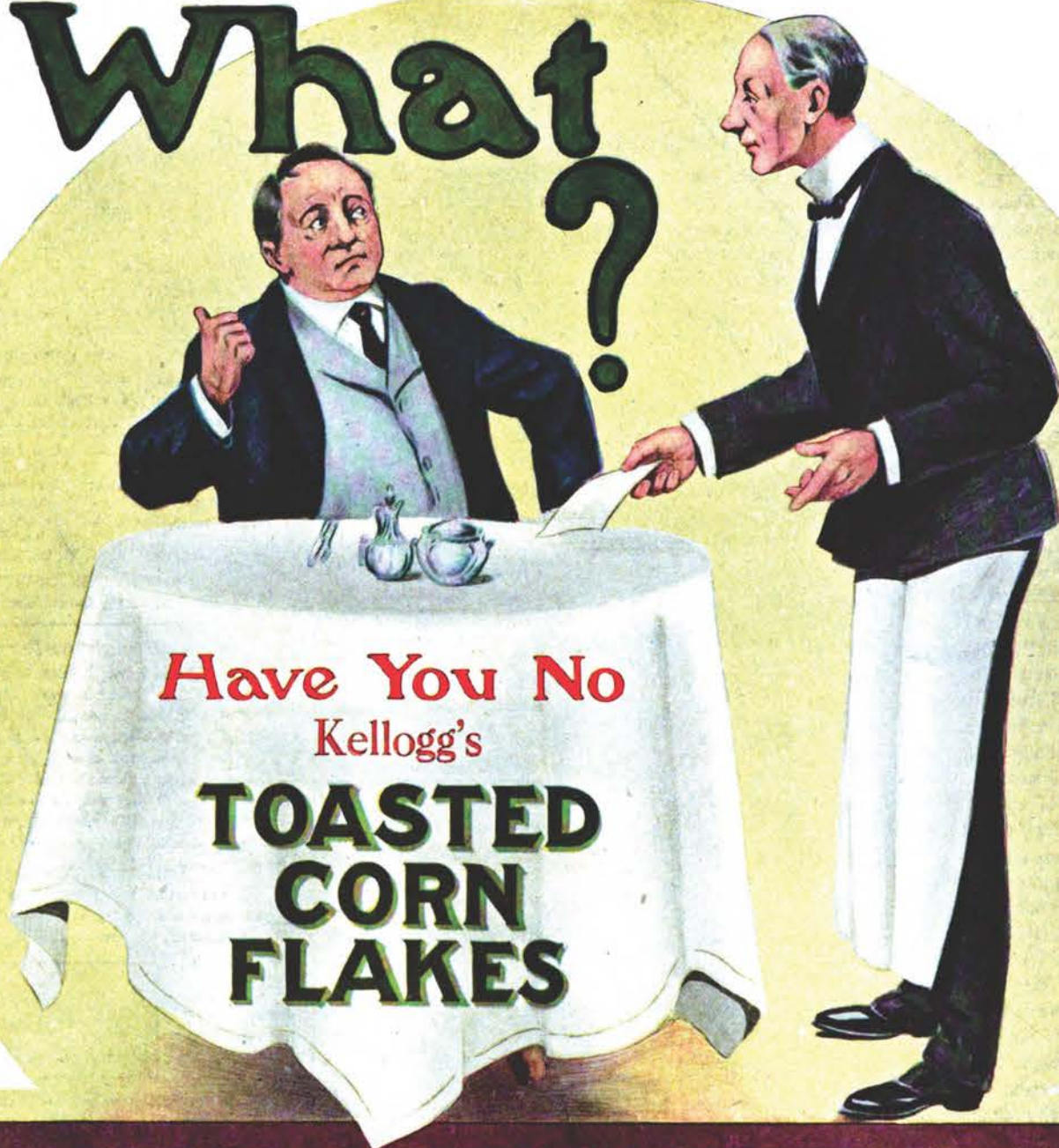
Our Agents

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 actually presenting these regular cards.

What?



Have You No
Kellogg's
**TOASTED
CORN
FLAKES**

Then Bring My Hat and Coat— I don't want any of your Substitutes

That expresses the general sentiment of everyone who has tasted the genuine Toasted Corn Flakes. Nothing else in the breakfast food line can then take its place.

Because nothing else is so generously delicious in flavor—so delightfully crisp and tender—so satisfying to both the taste and appetite.

But remember it **MUST** be Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes. Ask your Grocer for it—say "KELLOGG'S," and to make doubly sure that you get the genuine, always

LOOK ON THE PACKAGE FOR THE SIGNATURE OF

W. K. Kellogg

TOASTED CORN FLAKE CO.,
BATTLE CREEK, MICH.



Canadian trade supplied exclusively by Battle Creek Toasted Corn Flake Co., Ltd., London, Ont.