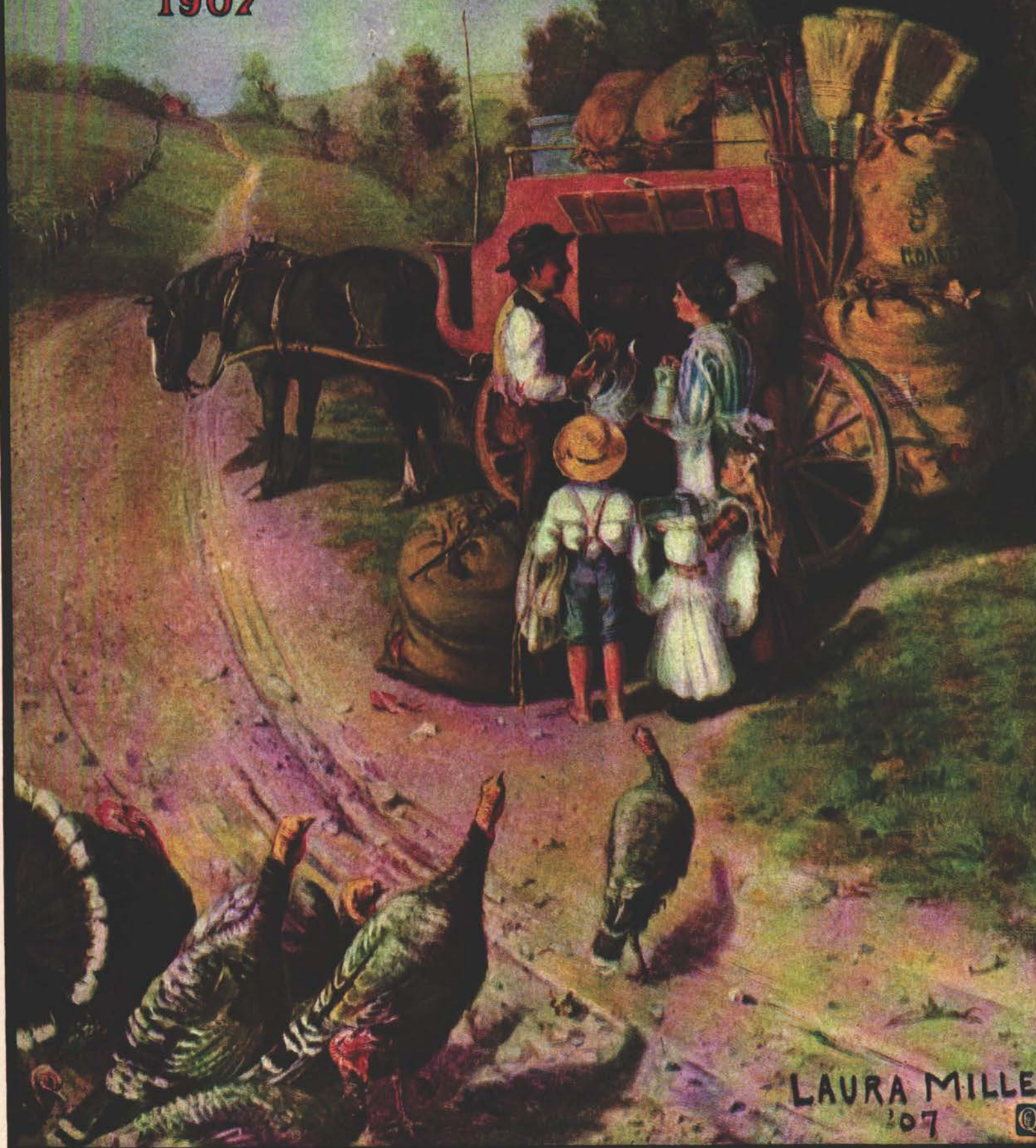


SUCCESS MAGAZINE

SEPTEMBER
1907



THE SUCCESS COMPANY, NEW YORK

A Delightful Sensation of New Life

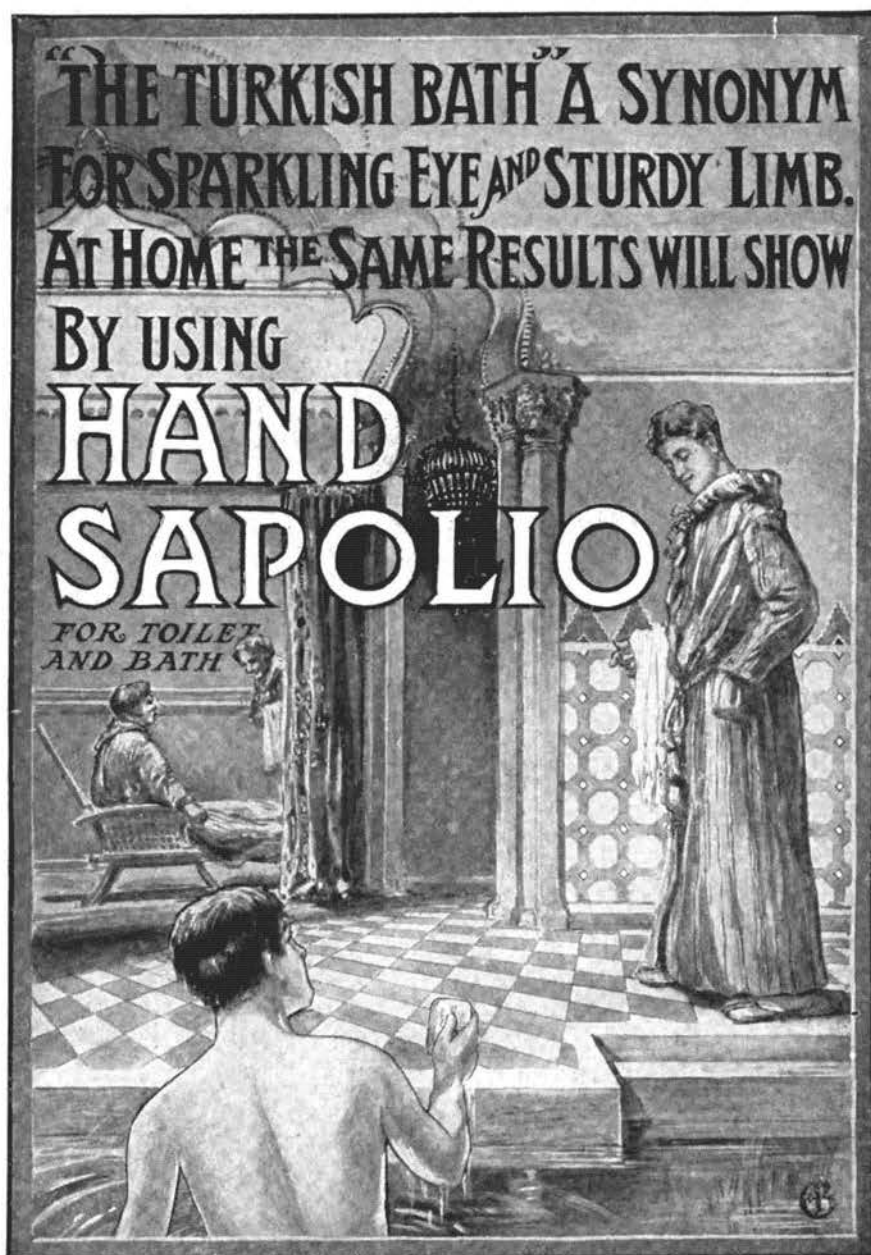
every nerve and muscle and vein responding, every pore open, the whole body aglow with healthy circulation, and the feeling that "life's worth living." That's the HAND SAPOLIO bath. It's the only soap that lifts a bath above a commonplace cleansing process and makes it a delight. Try it.

HAND SAPOLIO is a delicate preparation of the purest ingredients, soothing and healing to the most tender skin. It opens the pores and by a method of its own clears them thoroughly without chemically dissolving their health-giving oils.

GOLFING
AUTOMOBILING
FISHING.

All great fun, but all necessitate a visit to the tub. Make the bath a pleasure by using HAND SAPOLIO, the soap that has a method of its own. Try it.

ATHLETES, to keep in good trim, must look well to the condition of the skin. To this end, HAND SAPOLIO should be used in their daily baths. It liberates the activities of the pores and so promotes healthy circulation. Test it yourself.



THE FIRST STEP away from self-respect is lack of care in personal cleanliness; the first move in building up a proper pride in man, woman, or child, is a visit to the bath-tub. You can't be healthy, or pretty, or even good, unless you are clean. USE HAND SAPOLIO. It pleases every one.

HAND SAPOLIO CLEANSSES stained fingers absolutely, removing not only every suggestion of dirt, but also any dried, half-dead skin that disfigures the hands, and this in so gentle, wholesome a way as to materially benefit the remaining cuticle.

HAND SAPOLIO is

SO PURE that it can be freely used on a new-born baby or the skin of the most delicate beauty.

SO SIMPLE that it can be a part of the invalid's supply with beneficial results.

SO EFFICACIOUS as to bring the small boy almost into a state of "surgical cleanliness" and keep him there.



One Throne Less

IMPRESSIONS BY "DWIG"



A Yankee in King
Edward's Court



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Editor and Founder

ROBERT MACKAY,
Associate Editor

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Success Magazine

A Periodical of American Life

Published Monthly by

THE SUCCESS COMPANY

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

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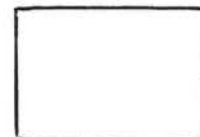
Life Subscriptions.—Any reader permanently a resident of the United States desiring to subscribe for SUCCESS MAGAZINE for life may do so by the payment of \$10.00 in advance.

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

Single Copies.—SUCCESS MAGAZINE is on sale at bookstores and on news-stands throughout the United States and Canada. Price 10 cents per copy in the United States and 15 cents per copy in Canada. If your newsdealer does not carry it, write to us and we will see that he is supplied.

Expirations and Renewals

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



Subscriptions to commence with this issue should be received by September 5th. Subscriptions to commence with the October issue should be received by October 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.

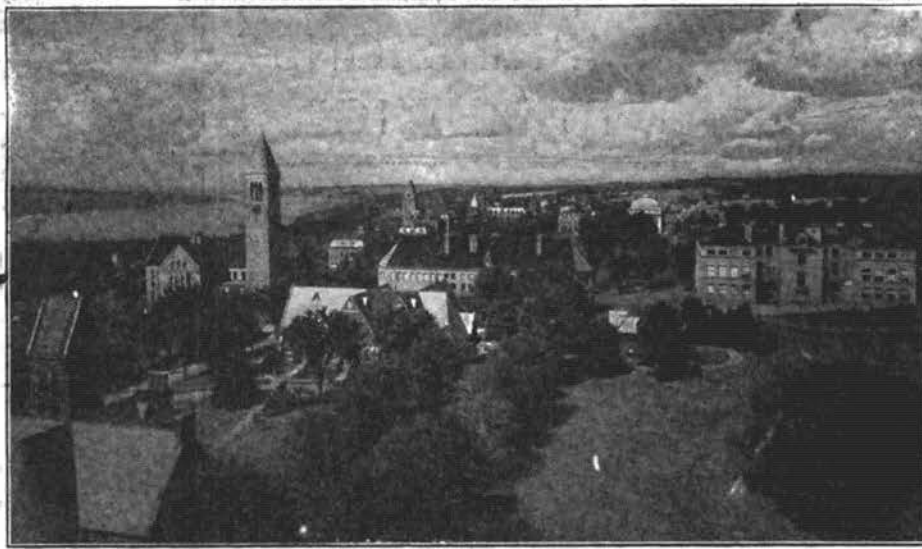
Our readers will confer a favor upon us by mentioning SUCCESS MAGAZINE when writing to advertisers.

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.



A GREAT AMERICAN UNIVERSITY

Grand Educational Prize Contest

To Our Readers

AT THIS, the beginning of an active business year which will prove—so it is generally believed—to be one of the most prosperous which the American nation has ever known, the publishers of SUCCESS MAGAZINE, have perfected far-reaching plans which we desire to bring to your attention in the strongest possible way.

For several years past, we have been looking forward to the time when we could hope to accomplish four things:

First.—To build the SUCCESS MAGAZINE editorial structure upon a deep, broad, strong, honest, sincere and wholly intelligent plan—to the end of bringing to the American home, in every issue, something of new and unusual value for each member of that home. Some magazines are made for men, some for women, some for the boy and girl, and many for the mere fiction reader of both sexes and all ages. We dare to dream that we can make SUCCESS MAGAZINE so indispensable in the home to all, that whenever is discussed the question, "What magazines shall we order next year?" the first answer made by *each member of the family* shall be, "Well, we must have SUCCESS MAGAZINE, anyway."

Second.—To increase the influence of SUCCESS MAGAZINE by doubling and, in the course of time, trebling or even quadrupling our present three hundred thousand circulation.

Third.—To secure in some way the earnest coöperation and good will of the readers of SUCCESS MAGAZINE in bringing about this increase of influence and of circulation.

Fourth, and finally, to greatly enlarge the value and usefulness of our lusty and most helpful child, THE SUCCESS BUREAU OF EDUCATION, to the end that, by its means, there shall be put within the reach of every young man or woman, boy and girl, the chance of educating himself or herself, without expense to the parents.

That the time is now ripe for the accomplishment of all of these four great dreams is our profound belief; and we earnestly ask attention to the important and extraordinary announcements

Success Magazine

offers to its subscribers and readers the opportunity of taking part in a prize contest of a character wholly unique and unprecedented, both in the dignity and importance of the work to be done and in the extraordinary value of the prizes offered, which include

A Four Years' Course at College

An Art Education in Paris

A Musical Education in Berlin

A Three Months' Trip to Europe

A Trip to Japan, and Philippines

A Trip to Egypt and Holy Land

A 200 Volume Reference Library

Together with trips to Niagara Falls, Yellowstone National Park, and other American resorts, and nearly one hundred other great educational and travel prizes, the winning of which will do much to equip the hundred successful contestants for a life-work, useful and valuable to the world far beyond the ordinary.

The contest commences September 1, 1907, and ends May 31, 1908.

Readers desiring to take part in it should *immediately* apply for full information to

SUCCESS BUREAU OF EDUCATION
University Building, Washington Square, New York

which we are making on this and the following pages.

Our Editorial Plans

FIRST of all, let us tell you something of our editorial plans for the coming year. It would not be possible or wise for us to announce too far in advance the really important "Public Service" investigations and fundamental editorial features upon which we are constantly engaged two or three years, in many cases, before they produce results for publication. But the work instituted two, or three, or four years ago—work which has cost us many thousand dollars of investment—is now coming into fruition for early publication and may safely be mentioned.

Perhaps the most expensive and important undertaking made in recent years by any American magazine is that which will result in Mr. Merwin's series of articles commencing in this number under the title "Drugging a Race." We believe that by these articles the conscience of the Christian world will be aroused to swift and sudden action in compelling the abandonment, or, at all events, the severe restriction of the growth and sale of the opium poppy in India which—in spite of a formidable parliamentary "whitewash" report—is really sapping the brain power and strength of our great Oriental neighbors, and is even extending its poisonous feelers to and through our own country. This one series of articles will cost SUCCESS MAGAZINE nearly, or quite, ten thousand dollars, as its preparation has necessitated sending Mr. Merwin on a special trip to Japan, China, India, and other Oriental countries, for the purpose of gathering material first hand,

and studying on the ground the evidences of mental, moral and physical deterioration of a great opium-using race.

Among other more or less important investigations upon which we have been engaged, and the results of which will shortly appear in SUCCESS MAGAZINE, may be mentioned one upon "The True Inwardness of Thomas W. Lawson," in which the endeavor will be made to ascertain and present to you evidence bearing

The World Makes Way for a Determined Man



IN THE SWISS MOUNTAINS



You Are Eligible for This Contest

Success Magazine

upon his trustworthiness as a guide in financial affairs; and another upon Tammany Hall and its influence in American politics.

Apart from these "Public Service" articles, and its serial and short stories, the real life of SUCCESS MAGAZINE as a home publication will be found in its department work, and in the various information bureaus which it supports for your practically free use by a staff of over twenty well-known specialists of national reputation.

Our "Investors' Department," established less than a year ago, has saved more than \$500,000 to our readers by giving information and advice on the subject of proposed investments. From the immense volume of letters received from our women readers on subjects brought out in the departments on "The Sanitary Home," "The Kitchen Stove," "Home Decoration," "Fancy Work," and "Pin Money Papers," it is evident that Mrs. Curtis, Mrs. Murphy, Mrs. Williams and Miss Macdonald are producing material which is of the utmost value to "the women folks."

Mr. Palmer's department of "Sports and Recreation," Mr. Bryan's "The Well-Dressed Man," Mr. Du Bois's occasional articles on "Child Study and Culture," Mr. Markham's "Home Study and Reading," and Mr. Mackay's "The Pulse of the World," have proven exceedingly popular and valuable; while it has been evident, by thousands upon thousands of letters received during the past year, that Dr. Marden's editorials and the department, "The Editor's Chat," form, perhaps, the greatest and most inspirational single features of every issue.

Finally, a word about SUCCESS MAGAZINE stories. In these days, when the best work of the leading authors of Great Britain and America is devoted to magazine fiction, it is impossible to build a popular magazine for the home without devoting a substantial part of the space to fiction; and the short stories and serials of SUCCESS MAGAZINE have been noted for their interest, power, and virility. More of them are coming, and better ones. Every story is carefully selected and nearly all are written by authors of international reputation.

offers these magnificent prizes to those who are willing to co-operate with the publishers in extending its influence to widening circles of readers and friends. They will be awarded to the one hundred representatives of THE SUCCESS BUREAU OF EDUCATION who secure the hundred largest lists of "points" in the contest, *regardless of whether these lists are large or small.* This contest is absolutely without precedent in the publishing world, and it is quite possible that a very few subscriptions will obtain one of the leading prizes, because there may not be enough to enter the contest to make the competition keen. Nevertheless, the prizes will be just as readily and cheerfully given, if this should prove to be the case, as if the number should be large—if the winner of the first prize secures 50 or 100 points only, instead of the much larger number which we hope for, we shall send him (or her) to college or to Europe with perfect good will.

Full information about the rules governing the contest may be had from

SUCCESS BUREAU OF EDUCATION,
University Building, Washington Square, New York

Those whose work will appear in our pages during the coming year are:

Jack London	Charles Battell Loomis
F. Hopkinson Smith	Florence Morse Kingsley
Joseph C. Lincoln	Chauncey Thomas
William Hamilton Osborne	James W. Foley
Zona Gale	W. C. Morrow

Special Editorial Announcement

The Editors beg to announce that beginning with the next (October) issue they will publish a new romantic novel, entitled:

LENTALA

By W. C. MORROW

Author of "A Man: His Mark," "Breaking Through," etc.

FOR OVER a year, ever since David Graham Phillips's great novel, "The Second Generation," was published in SUCCESS MAGAZINE, we have been searching for a new novel of surpassing merit to give to our readers.

Over fifty have been read and rejected. At last the right one has been found, and we esteem ourselves especially fortunate in being able to secure for immediate publication (commencing with the October number) one of the most charming and fascinating romances since "The Prisoner of Zenda."

It is entitled "Lentala" and is written by W. C. Morrow, one of the greatest of the new story writers of America. He is from San Francisco, the city which gave to American literature Bret Harte, Jack London, Edwin Markham, Joaquin Miller, Gertrude Atherton and Wallace Irwin.

In "Lentala," Mr. Morrow's fine creative work is seen in its best. It is a dashing narrative of romance and adventure which will appeal to the old and young alike. Our editors

and manuscript readers have all been unable to leave it until they finished it—in many cases, late at night.

In many respects, it is equal to Stevenson's "Treasure Island," but with it is interwoven a most beautiful love story which forms the *motif* of the entire tale. It is a clear, vigorous story, full of manliness and womanliness, and while a romance of the most romantic order, it is vividly true to life in its real, underlying essence.

The Sleeping Fox Catches No Poultry



THE COLLEGE CAMPUS

Four Years at Harvard Free

Our Magazine Clubbing Offers

SEVEN years ago the publishers of SUCCESS MAGAZINE conceived and created what is now known as the "Modern System of Magazine Clubbing Offers." This system means, in effect, that the publishers of the leading American magazines grant to SUCCESS MAGAZINE greatly reduced rates upon annual subscriptions to their own publications, in consideration of heavy guarantees of results. With such arrangements and a large volume of subscriptions from us assured, they do not need to advertise or circularize so heavily as would otherwise be the case, and their savings in advertising expenses are given to you through us, in the form of *low prices* on SUCCESS MAGAZINE Clubbing Offers. You and your friends receive the benefit of this system, and its advantages only need to be explained to secure approval and orders. The SUCCESS MAGAZINE Clubbing Offers will be continued during the coming fall, winter and spring, and all representatives of SUCCESS MAGAZINE and the SUCCESS BUREAU OF EDUCATION will have the right to offer them to their neighbors, relatives, and friends.

The Success Magazine Book Offers

WHAT has been said about the SUCCESS MAGAZINE CLUBBING OFFERS is true to an almost equal extent of the Book Offers made by the SUCCESS MAGAZINE in combination with annual subscriptions.

It is our custom to arrange each year for the production of one or more sets of books in large editions and at manufacturing costs such as to make it possible for you to obtain the best literature at extremely low rates in connection with SUCCESS MAGAZINE.

We are especially glad to announce in this issue (second page following), one of our Book Offers for the coming fall and winter, because we believe that never before, except by ourselves, have such extraordinary values been given for so low a price. The representatives of SUCCESS MAGAZINE and the SUCCESS BUREAU OF

Success Magazine

offers to the winner of the largest number of "points" in the contest a complete four years' course in any one of the great American universities or colleges chosen by him or her, including

Harvard University	Vassar College
Yale University	Radcliffe College
Massachusetts Institute of Technology	
Princeton University	Barnard College
Columbia University	Smith College
New England Conservatory of Music	
Cornell University	Wellesley College
Stanford University	Mt. Holyoke College

SUCCESS MAGAZINE will pay all the winner's expenses for tuition, and, in addition, will make a liberal allowance for books and instruments necessary for the courses chosen. We will, furthermore, suggest and, if desired, provide employment during the summer months of each year, which employment, with proper industry, should pay the entire board and lodging expenses, thus making it unnecessary to call upon parents or friends for any expenditures whatever. We will regard the winner of this prize as our *protege*, and will give him or her all the assistance possible during the college course.

For detailed description of many other most valuable educational prizes address:

SUCCESS BUREAU OF EDUCATION,
University Building, Washington Square, New York

EDUCATION will also have the privilege of making these offers and such orders will count heavily in our EDUCATIONAL PRIZE CONTEST.

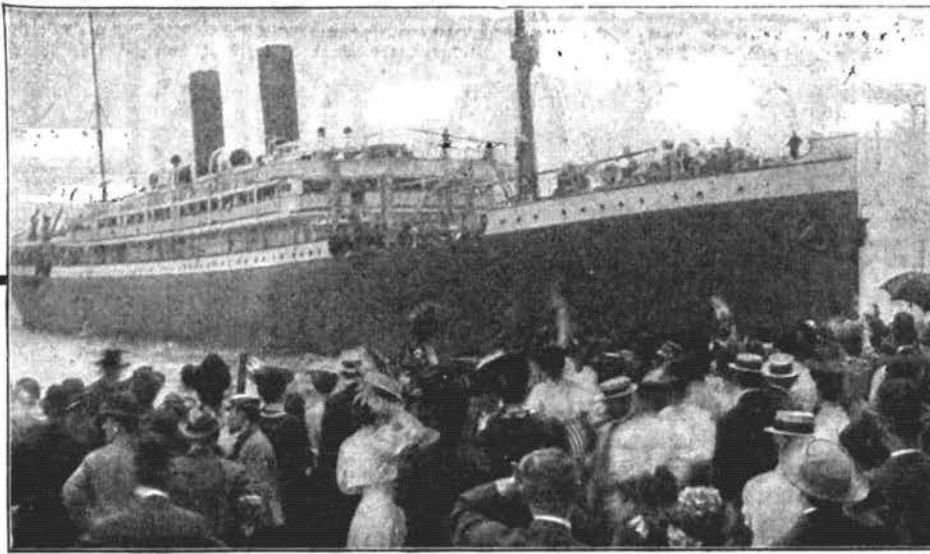
Neighborhood Work

EVERY reader of SUCCESS MAGAZINE has *neighbors, relatives, and friends*. Every one of your neighbors, relatives, and friends are magazine readers and buyers. Practically all of them subscribe for many of their magazines in the fall and winter, and have them come regularly to their homes. Sometimes they subscribe direct to the different publishers, paying full, regular prices; sometimes they subscribe through subscription agencies at regular or clubbing rates; and sometimes they forget to subscribe, but buy from month to month on the news stands.

It is a simple matter for you to ask your neighbors, relatives, and friends, personally, or by letter, to place orders for all their family magazines through *you* for the coming year. In practically every case they will be glad indeed to do it if they know that you will be benefited, and a good sized family magazine order of this kind may easily mean to you from 25 to 100 "points" toward our GRAND EDUCATIONAL PRIZES on the system which we will explain to you by letter. Your own personal friends will, therefore, be the nucleus, and a very valuable one, of your efforts toward our prizes. It is probable, however, that they will form *only* the nucleus; for, unless one's acquaintance is very extended, the results will hardly be large enough to win one of our leading educational or travel prizes. The next step for you to take, therefore, will be to explain personally to a wider circle of your town and county neighbors the advantages of subscrib-

ing through you for their family magazines. This involves soliciting, but soliciting of a very dignified and worthy character which will be instantly recognized as such by all upon whom you call, particularly when you present your card of authorization showing that you represent the SUCCESS BUREAU OF EDUCATION. And, furthermore, in securing orders from this wider circle, there will be developed in you valuable personal character-

Opportunity is Yours—Stretch Out Your Hand and Seize it



OFF FOR EUROPE



Three Months in Europe Free

istics—the ability to meet people on their own ground, and the acquisition of the art of salesmanship—all of which will be of great service to you through life. You should not fail to acquire, early in your career, these elements of independence—these qualities which make a successful salesman—and one of the best results of the system of Prize Contests now inaugurated by SUCCESS MAGAZINE will be found in the *character-building* of those who enter the contest.

Our Grand Prizes

OUR prizes for neighborhood work of the character already explained are divided into two classes:

- 1.—Educational Prizes.
- 2.—Travel Prizes.

On these pages a very few only of the one hundred prizes which are offered by us for neighborhood work are mentioned, and this for the purpose of showing the enormous values that we are offering to you. Further announcements will be made from time to time in SUCCESS MAGAZINE pages, but if you desire to enter this contest you should send immediately for full descriptive list of all the prizes, together with information about the system of awards.

You should enroll on forms provided for the purpose. Upon acceptance of your application, an engraved card authorizing you to represent SUCCESS MAGAZINE and THE SUCCESS BUREAU OF EDUCATION will be issued.

You must obtain your subscriptions by your own personal efforts. Your relatives or friends may assist you by sending their own orders, or the

Success Magazine

offers to the winner of the largest number of "points" in the contest the option of substituting for the Four Year College Course a

3 Months' Trip to Europe

including more or less extended sojourns in

Naples (Pompeii, Vesuvius, etc.)

Rome, Florence and Venice

The Swiss Lakes (two weeks)

Heidelberg, Frankfort and The Rhine

Amsterdam and The Hague

Antwerp and Brussels

Paris and London (one week each)

Oxford and Stratford-on-Avon

Warwick Castle and the English Lakes

Devonshire and the "Lorna Doone" Country

All traveling expenses by first-class vessels, trains and carriages, and all hotel expenses at first-class hotels, will be paid by SUCCESS MAGAZINE from day of leaving the winner's home (in any part of the United States) to day of return. Every effort will be made to give the winner an ever memorable trip.

For detailed description of many other extraordinary travel trip prizes, address

SUCCESS BUREAU OF EDUCATION,

University Building, Washington Square, New York

orders of *their* friends and neighbors, provided that such assistance is rendered purely as a matter of good will, and not because of any money interest in the prizes.

No pooling of the "points" of any two contestants in order to secure higher prizes will be permitted, and no points secured by any one contestant will count in the list of another; nor may they be sent in the name of another contestant.

Wholesale subscription agencies, publishers, and all others having exceptional facilities for obtaining subscriptions are debarred from this prize competition. No agent issuing a subscription catalogue will be eligible to compete.

The greatest care will be taken to have an absolutely fair prize contest in every way, in which your interests and the interests of each contestant, small as well as large, will be thoroughly protected.

To Those Who May Not Win Prizes

SUCCESS MAGAZINE absolutely guarantees that each contestant who does not win one of the hundred principal prizes, shall receive, at his option, either a special prize or a substantial cash payment for the work which he has done in the contest.

We do not wish, and shall never ask, any person to work for us for nothing, or to take all the chances of winning prizes—losing everything if he fails. Full information as to our guarantee of compensation will be sent to all applicants.

Do It Now!

Send This Coupon.

SUCCESS MAGAZINE,

University Bldg., Washington Sq., New York.

Gentlemen: Please give me full information about SUCCESS MAGAZINE'S GRAND EDUCATIONAL PRIZE CONTEST, with the understanding that I am not obligating myself in any way by signing and sending to you this coupon.

Name _____

City or Town _____

Occupation _____

County and State _____

190__

Masterpieces of English Fiction

SUCCESS MAGAZINE offers at Nominal Cost a Library of the Greatest Short Stories in the English Language

It is with much gratification that we announce to our readers the consummation of an arrangement with Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons whereby we are enabled to present, in connection with SUCCESS MAGAZINE, the greatest collection of short fiction by English authors ever gathered together in a single set of books. The set comprises ten volumes, each volume containing from five to seven complete stories. (See Table of Contents below.) We have always been strong advocates of good literature, and the purchase of good literature for the home. Such stories as "A Dog of Flanders," by Ouida; "Markheim," and "A Lodging for the Night," by Stevenson, and "The Man Who Would Be King," by Kipling, have gone far to give these authors their prominent and enduring place in the field of English letters. We have named this collection of Masterpieces the

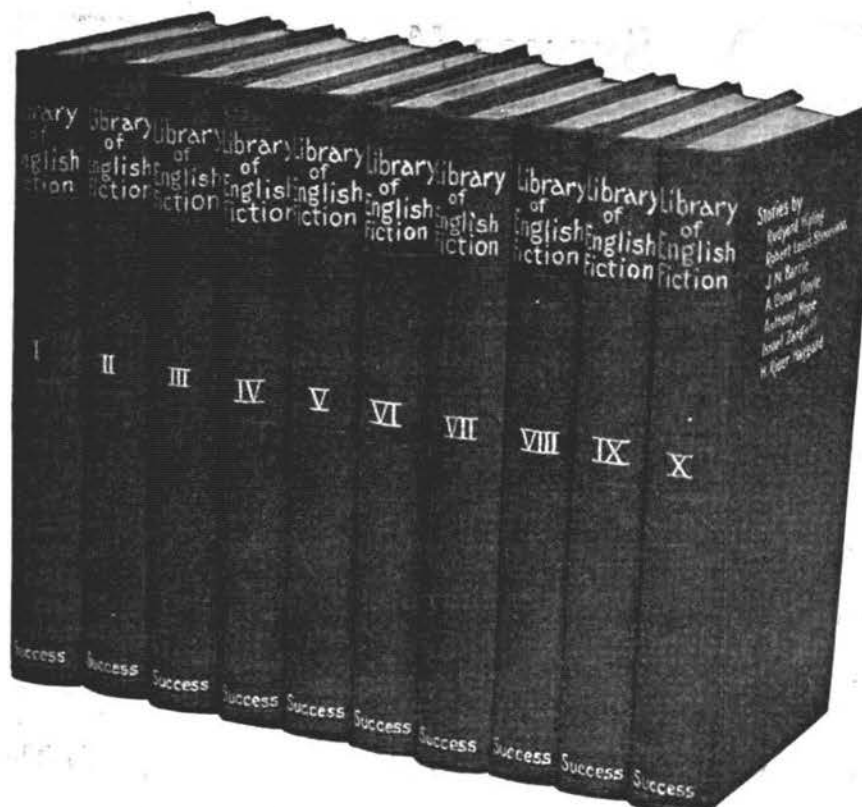
Library of English Fiction

10 Volumes—Richly Bound—16mo—Nearly 2,000 Pages

Library of
English
Fiction
(10 Volumes)
SUCCESS
Magazine
One Year

Our Price
Only
\$2.95
For Both
WE PAY
EXPRESS

You may also order the Library of English Fiction (10 volumes) with any SUCCESS MAGAZINE CLUB by adding \$1.95 to the club price provided the order is sent direct to SUCCESS MAGAZINE, or is given to any SUCCESS MAGAZINE agent presenting proper credentials.



Library of
English
Fiction
(10 Volumes)
SUCCESS
Magazine
Two Years
(To One Address)

Our Price
Only
\$3.45
For Both
WE PAY
EXPRESS

You may also order the Library of English Fiction (10 volumes) with any SUCCESS MAGAZINE CLUB by adding \$1.95 to the club price provided the order is sent direct to SUCCESS MAGAZINE, or is given to any SUCCESS MAGAZINE agent presenting proper credentials.

THE BOOKS AND THEIR CONTENTS

FROM a bookmaking standpoint the "Library of English Fiction" is a triumph of the binder's art. The type is large and the books are exquisitely printed on a fine quality of toned paper specially chosen for this work. Each volume is strongly and richly bound in watered cloth of a tasteful shade of red. This cloth has the appearance of fine silk. The set comprises about 2,000 pages of text. Within its covers are about sixty stories, which are, indeed, the greatest ever produced by the most notable English writers of the modern school. Every story is complete in itself, not fragmentary, as in many so-called "libraries."

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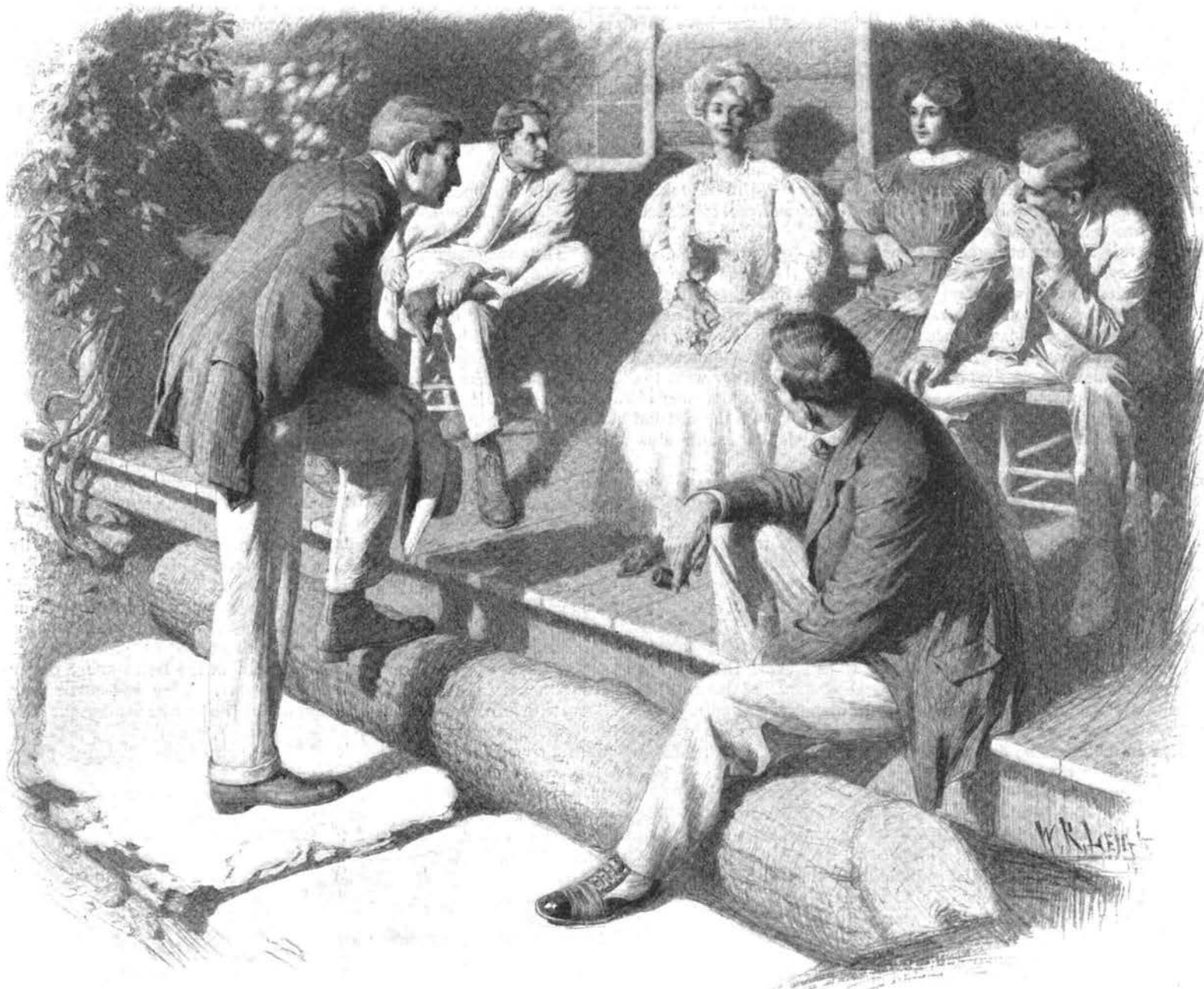


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"To save him he could not remember one single line of poetry"

A Syndicate Wooing By George Randolph Chester

Illustrated by W. R. LEIGH

"EGGS" DILLINGHAM, so called because of the invariable nature of the breakfasts he demanded, had been selected by lot to go for the new boat, and he was not particularly delighted with the prospect of the fifteen mile walk to the railroad, through hot weather and roads heavy with sand.

"I'm not disposed to be a carping critic," he glumly observed, "but whoever had this matter in charge ought to have made arrangements to have it sent out."

A unanimous shout reminded him that he was the chairman of the committee on supplies, and "Quarter-limit" Adams told him to carp all he liked, but that he would have to go.

"I'll have a square meal, anyhow," Dillingham consoled himself, walking down to the

dilapidated flat boat which was serving them at present, and eying it with huge disfavor. It leaked, its bottom timbers were nearly rotted through, and it could scarcely be rowed against even a mild head wind. "And I want to tell you another thing," he admonished them darkly, as he took his seat and picked up the clumsy oars, "I'm not coming back till that boat arrives if it takes a week!"

He shoved off savagely from the shore.

"Hold on!" called Bruce Howard. "Suppose we want to use that boat while you're gone?"

"Swim!" replied Dillingham, and bent to his unwelcome task, leaving the five young men, advance scouts of the "Off-The-Earth" camp, marooned on an island in the middle of an out-

of-the-way lake, fifteen miles from any human habitation.

With great satisfaction in his discomfort the quintette saw "Eggs'n'ham" tie up the flat boat on the far shore and disappear into the woods, in his stout brogans and his blue overalls and his gingham jumper and his broad slouch panama, then they lazily set about "policing" camp for the reception of the sisters and the mothers and the aunts, the fathers and the uncles and the cousins—of every one but Dillingham, whose "folks" were abroad—that were to join them the following week. It was about an hour later that Jimmy Chandler, sent down to the beach to get a pail of scrubbing water, came running back to the cabin with: "Oh, look who's here! Where's my safety razor?"

Will Vanderhyde was the first one out, and at the door the others saw him hastily strike a pose of languid ease on the beach. Knowing Vanderhyde this was enough, and in one minute more all five of them were ranged up, each one in his most effective attitude. Out in the lake, slowly approaching them, was the despised "scow," and at the clumsy oars was a girl in a pale blue dress! In the other end of the boat, sitting in a prim and precise posture of infinite protest, was another figure, in black. Will Vanderhyde dashed back to the camp and exchanged his panama for an outing cap; Quarter-limit Adams buttoned his jacket; Bruce Howard tied the shoe laces that had been flopping all morning; Jimmy Chandler took off his hat and ran his fingers through his nice, wavy hair; Hal Peyson was the only one with a cravat, and the knot of this adornment he adjusted with great complacency.

The excitement grew intense! Undoubtedly the strangers were coming straight to their landing. The oarswoman glanced back from time to time to make sure of her course, and the reception committee of five began to edge forward to greet them. At about ten feet from shore, however, the boat suddenly swerved from its course and the girl, looking straight through them at the woods beyond, bent again to her oars, and zero weather settled upon the island. It was evidently her intention merely to skirt their domain and enjoy its picturesqueness.

Suddenly the girl stopped rowing and, hastily stooping over, began to use a tin can to bale out the water. In doing so she pressed her weight upon one of the rotten bottom planks and it gave way. At last the often expected had come to pass. A hole had been made in the bottom of the flat-boat, as an instantaneous twin scream attested!

Instantly five manly forms splashed into the water. It was less than shoulder deep out there, and there was no difficulty in rescuing all souls alive from the wreck; indeed, by the time the life-savers arrived the girl was on her feet in the water and was supporting the lady in black under the shoulders. It was a shame that they could not swim out with the two; it was a shame that they could all walk ashore, as they did, with a brave young man at each arm of each lady. Will Vanderhyde was the unplaced fifth man, and in great dejection he splashed and waded around and around trying to find a logical place to catch hold of somebody; but as they all neared the shore sudden cheerfulness came to him and he hurried on dry land to greet them.

"How lucky that 'Sis' made me bring a lot of her traps along ahead," he observed. "She's got an accordion suit case about the size of a trunk in the cabin, and I'm quite sure that you ladies can find some garments that will do until your own are dry."

"Thank you!" said the elder lady primly, and at the sound of that primness every man felt uneasy.

They turned toward the younger lady. She was all dripping and clingy and uncomfortable, but no amount of mere wetness could conceal the cream of her brow, the pink of her cheeks, the yellow gold of her hair, the blue of her eyes, nor the pearly whiteness of her teeth as she laughed good naturedly over their upsetting.

"You do offer us a welcome boon," she said; "better than we deserve after our merited punishment for my curiosity. I just could n't resist rowing out here in that funny boat to see this beautiful island, though, and now I suppose as a further penalty some one will ride off in our runabout, for it's right over there in plain sight among the trees."

"There is n't a soul to bother it," Jimmy Chandler assured her. "The only human beings within fifteen miles of us are at the Triple Lakes Hotel."

"Really?" laughed the girl. "We did n't see any of them except the proprietor and his ser-

vants, so this morning we rode out into the country where it seemed so much less lonely."

She glanced longingly at the cabin as she spoke, and Vanderhyde once more came into the limelight.

"You won't need a key for the suit case," he observed. "Those things never lock anyhow. All you have to do is to loosen the clasps and push the plate sideways and put your weight on the case just below the lock—or wait a minute; I'll go to the cabin with you and open it."

He was gone an unconscionable length of time, and his four fellows greeted him with nothing short of actual rudeness when he rejoined them at the cook shanty.

"Did it take you an hour to open that suit case?" demanded Quarter-limit Adams.

"Well, no," replied Vanderhyde, with aggravating complacency. "The young lady and I were merely chatting awhile. It seems that through some misunderstanding of dates they arrived at the Triple Lakes ahead of their party, and, in fact, ahead of everybody else's party. Moreover, she has met my sister; in fact, they went to school together. She is Miss Cooke, daughter of Admiral Cooke. My father knows the admiral quite well. The other lady is her aunt, also Miss Cooke, the admiral's sister."

"I suppose your mother knows *her*!" ironically suggested Hal Peyson.

"Didn't you pause any place, or did you learn the names of her cousins and of the people who live across the street, and what they call the canary?" Adams wanted to know.

"Not yet," responded Vanderhyde, calmly, "but I'll find out this afternoon if you would like to know. I have made arrangements to show the ladies about the island after dinner while you chaps are getting the boat out of the water and repairing it," and with great calmness he walked over to the tarpaulin where their luggage was covered until they should get up the tents. Selecting his own suit case he calmly went into a small, windowless log hut in which articles that were left in camp throughout the winter season were safely locked.

"That's Van for you; adding injury to insult," complained Bruce Howard.

"He shall have plenty of time to dress," declared Jimmy Chandler, and Vanderhyde had no more than closed the door after him than Jimmy was there to clamp the hasp over the staple and slip the padlock through it.

The prisoner was still engaged in an earnest effort to kick the door down or break the hasp, and the others were saying comforting things to him through the chinks in the logs, when the ladies emerged from the cabin. It seemed that though Miss Vanderhyde's suit case was full to overflowing, it had only contained two outer suits, one of white and one of flaming red, and, as the young lady with the blue eyes and the yellow hair found it utterly impossible to wear this latter gown, the elder Miss Cooke had been forced to put it on, with rather startling effect.

The waiting quartette hastened to the cabin porch to greet them, and they eyed prim Aunt Tabitha with mixed emotions. The red dress seemed suddenly to have infused a new element into the study of her.

"What are you going to have for lunch?" was that lady's totally unexpected question.

"Ham," chorused the four.

"Where do you do your cooking?" she next asked.

Quarter-limit Adams pointed out the cook shed. Aunt Tabitha stepped down from the porch.

"Come on," she commanded briefly, and led the way.

The four boys turned tentative glances to Miss Cooke, who was vainly looking about for the fifth member of the camp.

"Where is Mr. Vanderhyde?" she asked.

"He ought to be here to introduce me."

There was a resounding whack on the door of

the lockup, but nobody took any notice of it.

"Oh, we'll introduce ourselves," said Jimmy Chandler. "Vanderhyde's busy," and, gravely making himself known, he presented all the others.

By the time they had reached the cook shed they were all well acquainted with her. She was a girl of most engaging frankness, she was a girl of most engaging appearance, she was a girl of most engaging voice, she was a girl of most engaging conversation, and anyhow, as in any other case of supply and demand, her value was greatly enhanced by the fact that there was only one of her. The boys were in the gayest of spirits until they drew under the cook shed and acknowledged introductions to Aunt Tabitha, of whom they still stood in awe.

"And now," asked Aunt Tabitha, "who is to help?"

With one accord three voices informed her that it was Quarter-limit Adams's day to cook.

"Very well, then," she directed. "If you will, you three others might go down and raise that boat while we get dinner. Mr. Adams, can you find me an apron and a ham?"

Quarter-limit Adams looked dolefully after the trio as with the girl they walked down to the beach, but nevertheless he obediently produced an apron for Aunt Tabitha and one for himself. Ten minutes later the boys heard him laughing, and every time he came out of the cook shed on an errand he was chuckling, while Aunt Tabitha, with never a smile, worked deftly on and on. The three in the water were not laughing. It is no light task to raise a sunken flat boat when three men must stoop under water simultaneously to get their hands upon it, and only the fact that the girl was watching them kept them at the task through one futile effort after another. They had just succeeded in raising it to the surface when Aunt Tabitha called for "Helen" to come, and she ran to the cook shed. Quarter-limit Adams met her outside.

"Your aunt is the pleasantest surprise I have had since your boat sank," he said, enthusiastically. "She has told me six funny stories since we started parboiling that ham."

"Funny stories!" exclaimed the girl, looking in at her aunt with incredulous surprise. "Funny stories! I wonder if it's the red dress—or is this an enchanted island? It's pretty enough to be."

Quarter-limit Adams fumbled for the words, but they would not come. It was a pity, too, for here was such a gaudy chance to convey a graceful hint that since she had arrived the place was of course enchanted; but gracefulness and he were strangers, and, while he was still groping and feeling red about it, Aunt Tabitha came out to his rescue.

"Don't we want some flowers for the table, Helen?" she said.

This was better; it was practical, and Adams could handle practical affairs.

"I know where there are some beauties," he said eagerly; "just over in the woods apiece, past those three oaks. I'll show you the way."

"Mr. Adams belongs to me, at present," Aunt Tabitha smilingly interposed, "and it is time to set the table."

Miss Cooke laughed.

"Always wear red, Auntie," she said. "I see that I shall be compelled to find the flowers by myself, Mr. Adams," and she walked away.

It was not necessary to have gone past the lock-up to reach the triple oaks, but certain sounds that had been coming intermittently from that direction were most interesting. As she paused on the warped and noisy boards in front of the door, a mighty kick shook the wood dust from its cracks.

"No fair!" protested a voice. "Say, Bruce; Jimmy; Hal; Adams; whoever it is outside there, let me out and I'll promise not to go walking with the girl!"

Miss Cooke, quietly lifted the unclasped pad-

lock from the hasp and opened the door. Just within it stood Vanderhyde, his face red, and with perspiration beaded on his brow. But he was dressed immaculately in a freshly pressed suit of outing flannels; he had on his tennis shoes, and a white canvas hat was instantly lifted from his head as he saw in the demure Miss Cooke his deliverer. Explanations froze on his tongue as he remembered what he had said, but she spared him all embarrassment.

"If you don't mind, Mr. Vanderhyde," she said sweetly, "I'd like you to show me where I may gather some flowers for the table."

"With pleasure," Mr. Vanderhyde hastily replied, and stepped into the broad free sunlight.

Down on the beach the three toilers were landing the broken flat boat. Just inside the cook shed was Quarter-limit Adams, an apron tied around him and a pile of dishes on his arm. Not one of the four were looking. Mr. Vanderhyde put two fingers in his mouth and emitted a shrill whistle. When they all looked up, Mr. Vanderhyde's back was turned to them, and the two in cool white were sauntering slowly back into the woods. Bruce Howard jumped into the bottom of the boat and broke the rest of the plank.

"I knew it would n't hold," he said with hypocritical repentance. "I would n't want to trust our guest—our guests, I mean—in such a trap as this."

"I think," said Peyson, examining the boat critically, "that we shall not have to hurt our consciences about the delay. A nail won't hold in this rotten lumber."

They turned the boat over and to their great joy saw that Peyson's estimate was correct. They would all have a chance, now, so with great vigor they tried honestly to repair the damage, knowing that this could not be done; and while they worked they discussed ways and means of bringing just retribution upon the selfish Vanderhyde.

When Aunt Tabitha called them to dinner they were able authoritatively to announce that their visitors would be compelled to stay on the island until their missing member got back with the new boat, which could not possibly be until to-morrow, and might not be until a day or so after. Aunt Tabitha walked down to the beach to inspect the boat and make sure of it; then she looked speculatively across at the other shore.

"Very well," she concluded, "if we have to stay we will make the best of it. There's nobody to worry about us, and I like this island. It makes me feel so young, somehow. Will some one kindly go after Helen?"

There were four volunteers, but Bruce Howard alone was chosen.

"Only one at a time," Aunt Tabitha insisted, and then she laughed, actually laughed, heartily and with twinkles about her eyes. If it was not the red gown, surely there was enchantment hovering over the island. "I don't like to eat alone," she confessed, "and I don't like to have hot food get cold, so we four will just sit down to luncheon. That's the best camp rule I know."

At the table their already growing admiration changed to ecstasy as they saluted the first real cooking they had seen in three days, and before the homely but delicious meal was half through those three boys had taken Aunt Tabitha into the warmest recesses of their hearts.

In the meantime Mr. Vanderhyde and Miss Cooke were taking their time about it, sauntering wherever sweet fancy prompted, and gathering long-stemmed, nodding yellow flowers that, as she carried them at her shoulder, enhanced the golden sheen of her hair. The near approach of lunch time did not bother Mr. Vanderhyde at all. He had a good voice and he liked to use it. He talked of all their personal acquaintances, he talked of music, books and art, he talked of earth and sky and sea, and finally, by gradual transition, he came to subjects touching rather near the sacred emotions of the human heart. When they were at last located he was reciting poetry to her in a round sonorous voice:

"To him who in the love of nature holds
Communion with her varied sources."

Bruce came running to them with an elaborate appearance of breathlessness.



"I say, Van!" he cried. "You're wanted back at camp right away!"

"I say, Van!" he cried. "You're wanted back at camp right away!"

Holding a bunch of flowers in one hand and his hat in the other, Mr. Vanderhyde stopped in the middle of "Thanatopsis" with a frown:

"Who wants me?" he asked suspiciously.

"Miss Cooke."

"All right," he assented slowly. "I guess we have about all the flowers we want, anyhow."

Miss Helen, sitting on a grassy knoll, held out the bouquet she had been building, and inspected it critically.

"Really, I think it needs a little more green. I ought to have some ferns to put among it."

"I'll get the ferns for you," cheerfully offered Mr. Howard. "I know where there are some dandy ferns."

"Thank you," replied Miss Cooke, as he

reached down his hand to assist her in rising.

As soon as Mr. Vanderhyde had gloomily disappeared among the trees, Mr. Howard led the way in quite another direction, passing most luxuriant ferns at every step. The finest ones were to be found at the other end of the island, and, moreover, he did not want to be near that spot when Van came back, if he should do so. Mr. Howard was quite a different type from Mr. Vanderhyde. He did not talk about art or the drama, about the weather or the elements, about science or the news of the day, nor did he make many gentle gradations. He plunged almost at once into subjects very nearly approaching the sacred emotions of the human heart, and from that very quickly drifted into acute personalities.

"By George!" he exclaimed, surveying her with huge and genuine admiration. "How those flowers do match your hair! Perfectly exquisite!"

"What lovely ferns!" replied Miss Cooke, and stepped aside to gather them. "Really, I don't believe we could find any more beautiful ones on all the island than these. There are quite enough of them, too, for our bouquet."

She was still stooping when Mr. Howard plucked a particularly delicate frond of fern and deftly placed it in her hair.

"Green and gold!" he exclaimed. "Really, Miss Cooke, you ought to see that combination."

Miss Cooke reached up her white tapering fingers and fastened the fern in her hair more firmly in place.

"Do you know, I'm awfully hungry," she observed. "Let's go back to the camp," and she calmly led the way, while Bruce, the precipitate, mumbled to himself that it was his clothes.

On the way back she was just as nice to him as she could be, except that she very decisively steered the conversation away from all approaches toward the sacred sentiments of the human heart, and, convinced that outing flannels made a difference, he dropped in at the lock-up himself as soon as they got back, emerging arrayed as for a garden party, to the snarling envy of all the others. However, Jimmy Chandler and Hal Peyson had Miss Cooke between them at the table, and they stayed there

until she was through. Vanderhyde waited in smiling ease until the meal was finished and she arose.

"Now," he said, "just as soon as you are ready I shall show you about the island as we had planned."

"I declare for strict equality," put in Aunt Tabitha. "It is Helen's turn to work. Mr. Vanderhyde may show me over the island, but my niece should stay here and wash the dishes," and taking the arm of the inwardly discomfited but outwardly delighted Vanderhyde, she marched away.

"I'll help you," Quarter-limit Adams was quick to announce to Miss Helen.

"There's no equality in that, Adams," objected Jimmy Chandler. "It would be imposing on you. You helped get the dinner, you know; I'll help wash the dishes."

[Concluded on pages 619 to 621]

The Love Sonnets of a Car Conductor

FIRST TRIP

By WALLACE IRWIN

Illustrated by Horace Taylor



"The zing from Pansy's orb"

I.

Am I in bad? upon the tick of nine
To-day the Pansy got aboard my ship
And sprang the Trans-suburban for a trip.
Say, she's the shapely ticket pretty fine!
Next to her pattern Anna Held looks shine
And Lilly Russell does n't know the grip.
But oh! she's got a deep and growing tip
That she must shy at honks like yours and mine.

I says to her, "Fare, please!" out loud like that,
But she pipes, "Fade, Bill, fade! you pinched my fare."
That get-back tripped your Oswald to the mat,
And yet I yelled, "Cough up here, Golden Hair!"
Eh, What? I got the zing from Pansy's orb
Which says, "Dry up now, Shorty—please absorb!"

II.

A True McGlook once handed this to me:
"When Little Bright Eyes cuts the cake for you
Count twenty ere you eat the honey-goo
Which leads to love and matrimony—see?
A small-change bunk what's bats on spending free
Can't four-flush when he's paying rent for two.
The pin to flash on Cupid is 'Skidoo!'
The call for Sweet Sixteen is '231'"

But say! Life looks goshawful on the stretch
Without a Ray of Sunshine in my flat,
With no one there to call me, "Handsome wretch,"
And dust the fuzz and mildew off my hat.
If she was waiting at the church to-night
You'd find me there with marriage-bells all right!



"Ere you eat the honey-goo"

III.

Pansy got on at Sixteenth Street last night,
And some one flipped a handspring in my heart.
She snickered once, "Oh, look, here's Mr. Smart!"
Was I there Henry Miller? guess you're right!
I did the homerun monologue as bright
As any scrub that ever learned the art.
I plum forgot the signals, "Stop!" and "Start!"
And almost wrecked the car once—guess I might!

I took one Mike six blocks beyond the place
He flagged to stop. He got as red as ham
And yodelled through his apopleptic face,
"I think you're dips!" I says, "I know I am—
When Pansy starts to send a wireless wave
She simply just can't make her eyes behave!"



"He flagged to stop"

IV.

On every car there's always one fat coot
What goes to sleep and dreams he's paid his fare.
And when you squeak he gets the Roosevelt glare,
And hoots "I won't be dickied with—I'll shoot!"
Then all the passengers get in and root.
Loud cheers of "Put him off!" and "Make him square!"
Till Mr. Holdfast with an injured air
Pungles his nick and ends the bum dispute.

It's ever thus on this here rolling ball—
You've got to pop your coin to ride so far.
The yap that kicks and rings a deadhead call
Must either spend or else get off the car.
On Life's Street Railway wealth may cut the cheese,
But Death rings up and says, "Step lively, please!"



"Gets the Roosevelt glare"

VIII.

Forsooth that was a pretty lusty clout
That chopped me off with Pansy—don't you fret!
There's quite a blaze inside my garret yet,
And all the Dipper Corps can't put it out.
Gilly the Grip's a pretty ricky tout—
Under the old rag-rug for him, you bet,
When I put on my Navajo and get
One license to unloose my soul and shout.

Perhaps he thinks I'm old Molasses Freight
Sidetracked at Pokey Pond and filled with prunes
Waiting for Congress to appropriate
The nuggets draped around me in festoons.
Wait till I ticket Pansy, then I guess
Slow Freight will switch to Honeymoon Express!



"Ouch! I'm stung"

V.

"There'll be some fancy steps at Car Barn Hall,"
Gilly the Gripman pipes me off to-day,
"This won't be any gabberfest—for say!
Nix but the candy goes to this here ball.
You've got to flash your union card, that's all,
To circulate the maze with Tessie May,
And all the Newport push out Harlem way
Will slip on wax till sunrise—do you call?"

I told him that I pulled the gong for that!
If Pansy would be there 't was Me for It.
I'd burnish up my buttons, mop my hat,
Polish my pumps and blow in for a hit.
"All to the Fritz," says Gill, "if you get jolly
Around the curves—you're apt to slip your trolley!"

VI.

The lemon-wagon rumbled by to-day
And dropped me off a sour one—are you on?
I went and gave the boss a cooney con
About the Car Barn Kick—what did he say?
"Back to your platform, Clarence light and gay,
Jingle the jocund fares, nor think upon
The larks of Harry Lehr or Bath House John,
For they are It and you are still on pay."

So I have been sky-prancing all night long
A-dragging car-conductors and their queens
Clad in their laughing-robos to join the throng
That makes the Car Barn function all the beans.
And say! I had a brainstorm just last trip
When I took Pansy's fare from Gill the Grip.



"The lemon-wagon rumbled by"

VII.

At midnight when I got a gasp for lunch
I mused it for the Car Barns just to lamp
And see the Creamy Charlies do the Vamp
And swing their Fancy Floras in the crunch.
I piped my Pansy in among the bunch
And asked her would she mix it with the Champ,
"Would n't she like to join me in a stamp?
She saw me first and stopped me with a punch."

I saw her hook a loop with Gill the Grip,
With Pinky Smith and Handsome Hank she heeled;
With all the dossy bunks she took a skip
Each time the German tune-professor spied.
But nix with me the lightsome toe she sprung—
As Caesar said to Cassius, "Ouch! I'm stung!"



"The Honeymoon Express"

[To be continued next month.]



Getting ready a tiger-hunting elephant—tightening the howdah, or cinch

Hunting "Mr. Stripes"

"Mr. Stripes," the Bengal Tiger of India, is the most bloodthirsty beast in the world. It is estimated that over 20,000 people lose their lives annually to satisfy his voracious appetite

By W. G. Fitz-Gerald

IT was a stifling night in May, with the glass at 94°, in the Forest Bungalow at Sonaripur. I was sitting on the veranda. Drowsily I heard the hum of insect myriads, the sharp bark of the spotted deer, a jackal's wail, the strangely sinister scream of peacocks on a ruined tomb.

A tiger had been on the warpath. Curious, that in spite of government bounties these brutes killed 21,000 of India's people last year! And Mr. Stripes is no respecter of persons; one season it may be the lieutenant-governor of a province, carried off with as little ceremony as the half-starved ryot from cane brake or rice field. Villages are deserted one by one because of the Yellow Terror. His victim is, to-day, an old woman gathering sticks amongst the parched brush; to-morrow, it is a baby daringly snatched from the village street; the next day, a veteran shikaree falls before the monster, whom he hoped to vanquish with clumsy flintlock and spear.

I sprang out of a doze; my *punka* boy was telling how Rambah Das had come in with news of the man-eater ten miles off. Two lads had been driving home some cattle a mile from the village, when the colossal cat sprang upon one and dragged him off, screaming and pray-

ing, leaving his stupefied companion to bring in the news. Clearly, a terrified mob was outside my bungalow. I heard wailing now, and blessings upon the *sahib's* head—"heroic scion of a lion-hearted race."

"Tell Nasri Khan I shall want my elephant at three o'clock in the morning," I said to my *punka* boy. Nasri was my Afghan *maboul*. "And mind he gives Shan Khuli two extra pounds of raw sugar." I wanted my big mount in a good temper for the hunt.

Every one within and without the house was delighted at what was going forward. I got ready my double .450 Express and a 12-bore, and my ammunition—cartridges of 3½ drams of powder, and some specially deadly shells charged with sulphate of antimony and chlorate of potash. I also prepared my *machan*, a sort of hammock of bamboo and string, which is fixed up in a tree by the white tiger hunter of India while waiting for his prey. Nor did I forget some rugs and a waterproof against the drenching dews which descend like rain.

At three o'clock, sharp, I heard Shan Khuli's pads shuffling before the veranda, and, going out, I saw her swinging her trunk with the glee

of satiation. Already the east was tinged faintly with orange and rose, and the jungle began to wake with strange, feeble cries and calls.

The village headman was without, turbaned, but half nude, grave of face, with the memory of a dozen gruesome tragedies upon him. His faith in me was pathetic. He was full of gossip; could talk of nothing but Mr. Stripes's most fearsome deeds; and, truth to tell, they were terrible. Immunity had made the brute amazingly bold; he had even begun to tear flimsy hut doors to one side and enter, with long belly trailing and muscular shoulders high, his huge green eyes alight with the lust of blood. Strange how childlike and helpless are India's village millions in the face of this terrible curse!

The blood-red sun was high when old Bahadur had finished his tale of terror, rhetorically—even poetically—embellished. I called upon the district police officer, Richard Howard, and asked him to come along. A keen sportsman, this Howard, although he looked a bit sick. It turned out he'd been after Stripes the previous day, without saying a word to me. His position gave him first news of tragedies and maul-



A tiger-hunting camp, with camp followers, beaters, elephants, and baggage train

ings, and he wanted the skin himself. I saw that he carried a double 16-bore pinfire, a horrible weapon, with the trajectory of a siege-train howitzer—a pretty serious defect in tiger shooting, and one that has cost many a better shot than Howard his life.

"And, Bahadur," said I, as my little caravan set off, mounted and on foot, "bring along a few reliable men, including the chap who was with the last victim."

But there was another tiresome delay. Just as we were fairly on our way, a weird apparition

wood. Sure enough, the track of tiger and victim showed in a wide swathe cut in the green, waving rice. Mr. Stripes had probably prowled about for hours in the course of a *nullab* (a dry river bed), waiting for human prey, that was so much easier than the shy and swift-footed sambhur deer.

My boy guide indicated the precise spot whence the tiger sprang at his comrade. The spoor showed clearly in the sand. I found that trailing him by following the spoor was pretty jumpy work. The jungle was of coarse tiger-grass, fifteen feet high, with the ground fearfully rough and stony. The temperature was oppressively hot, with not a breath of air stirring.

We reached another rice field, in a low swamp. On the village side was a high bank. I suggested that we should stand on this vantage ground while the villagers drove up the tiger from the dense cover. They refused, however. "We have had enough and more than enough of this monster," they wailed in chorus. "Your honors must go into the rice and shoot him." Clearly, there was nothing else to do but wade into the swamp through the dense crop, more than ankle deep in slimy puddle. It was no ground for a fast sprint in the event of an accident, and I did n't half fancy it.

Suddenly Howard stooped and picked up the neckcloth of the dead boy, right in the track of the drag through the rice. It had evidently caught on the knot of a fallen sal tree. A couple of minutes later we came upon the partly eaten body, lying face downwards and half covered with grass, in the artful way that Mr. Stripes understands so well.

None of the natives would touch the corpse. I fixed my hammock some twenty feet up in a tree, just in front of a small opening leading directly into the tangled jungle's heart. Then Howard and I used my elephant as a stepping-stone to the high perch, and dismissed all the natives, well knowing the exasperating cough wherewith they are troubled on these ticklish occasions.

And Mr. Stripes? Well, I knew he was lording it until sundown in some cool lair by a water-hole, sure of his gruesome dinner when all the jungle sounds were hushed and the blazing moon

came up from the neighboring sal-grown hills.

I took care to ask Nasri Khan before he left with my elephant to wait for me on the road home until such time as he heard two blank cartridges fired in rapid succession. The sun sank in an ocean of blood and fire, the moon rose coldly over the forest trees, and with a series of weird barks a herd of cheetahs dashed by us, shying gracefully at the sinister form of the inert corpse. Their noises had scarcely died away when I heard quite close the loud "purr-r-r, purr-r-r, purr-r-r" of the tiger—a creepy sound. Howard's hand pressed my arm excitedly, and, as he did so, the huge brute, now fully before us—long and lithe, yellow-banded, with great bunches of muscles showing on his chest and shoulders—uttered a piercing, appalling roar, a truly terrifying intrusion upon the deathly night silence of an Indian jungle. The very tree-frogs ceased to hum at a sound that appeared to fill the world with savage defiance.

The stealthy tread and the loud purr were resumed. Just under our *machan* the great creature paused, manifestly uneasy, every exquisite sense alert. But he passed on to the prostrate body and squatted down. His powerful jaws were soon crunching the bones. I saw his great massive head twisted on one side, and the moon-rays lighting his striped fur.

I picked a spot just behind his shoulder, and pulled. High above the explosion I heard his maddened roar. He was desperately hurt. But when the moonlit smoke had cleared away he



The fallen monster

tion darted out of a thorn thicket, with shrill screams of despair. An aged crone it was, tearing her scant gray hair, beating her withered breast, howling like a fiend. She was the mother of the boy who had been carried off.

"Old woman," I cried in my best Telugu, "I go to avenge the death of thy loved one. Thou shalt yet spit upon the carcass of the monster who made cold thy mother's heart."

But it was no use, and so I put three rupees in her clawlike fist, and the effect was better than that of my loftiest flight of eloquence. She asked me to bring back the body for decent burial, and then fled with my little tip.

In two hours we reached the village of the tragedy, where I dismounted. All the people had turned out to meet us by a field of ripening corn. Even the hut roofs were covered with women and children jabbering shrilly, waving bare, brown arms, and invoking curses unthinkable upon Mr. Stripes.

Only the previous night the huge brute had returned and struck down a man gathering fire-



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"Mr. Stripes" in captivity

This is a photograph of the famous man-eater now in captivity at Calcutta, India, where he was captured after a terrific fight, having devoured 200 human beings during his career. This is one of the finest Bengal tigers ever captured. For years he was the nightmare of a large country region. Not only human beings, but also cows, bullocks, and pigs were lost beyond count to satisfy his voracity. A single blow from one of his great, muscular paws was sufficient to transform the heaviest bullock or the most agile man into a helpless mass of flesh and bone.



Driving the elephants into the heavy jungle

was gone! We tumbled down the smooth tree-trunk, picked up the unmistakable, blood-spotted trail, and followed.

Presently my companion caught the glint of a tawny head and ear through the rice-tops, and blazed with his crazy pinfire. We saw the great beast leap up into the air, much as a child jumps to look over a wall, then he disappeared again. I felt this sort of thing was mere folly, now that our first shots had not killed. Having cleared the rice, Mr. Stripes reached a little pond, beyond which was a dense thicket of bracken and undergrowth, with a solitary tree that overhung the water. We saw him make a superb light spring, but he fell short and splashed into the pool. When we reached the spot, hoping to find him dead, he was gone again, evidently into the jungle patch beyond.

The task before us was more dangerous than ever. We had to force our way through the dense growth and be ready for the instantaneous charge for which a wounded tiger is notorious. With my rifle ready and a finger on each trigger I pushed on, resolved to pull at the slightest provocation.

What followed was never quite clear in my mind. Howard was a little to the right of me. I heard a barking roar, heard the coarse grasses and bamboos part with a crash, and saw the tiger spring. To my horror he went straight at my companion and brought him down by a blow on the left side of his head. Fortunately he was biting him only from the left shoulder downwards. I could hear the angry crunches of his great fangs. I ran up and discharged both barrels into the fighting creature's flanks. I shall never forget his expression as he looked from one to the other of us, growling fiercely, with his huge eyes gleaming green, his vicious ears laid back, and his fangs and gums dripping with blood.

I did not notice the redoubtable Bahadur at my side with Howard's famous pinfire in his sinewy hand. As I paused a moment, fascinated, the old fellow dashed up full in the tiger's face, fired a shot, and then hurled the rifle at our common enemy. But the tiger's jaws closed upon his hand with a snap so strong that the fangs passed through and buried themselves in the hard wood of the stock.

Next moment tiger and Bahadur went over, rolling, fighting, and struggling, while I was trying tremblingly to get another of those horrible pinfire cartridges into the breach. This done, I ran up close to try and pick out of the struggling mass a piece of something which

I could know was neither of my good friends.

The animal suddenly rose and sprang at me with a vicious growl. I had barely time to jump to one side, but in passing he struck out at me, catching me on the knee and giving me the worst fall I have ever had. There I lay on my face in the mud, with the feeling that the monster was standing over me, licking his lips while picking out a place in my anatomy on which to begin his meal! Nothing happened, however, and presently I raised my face from the mud, looked up, and beheld the great tiger walking very slowly past me toward a patch of undergrowth. He was seeking cover in which to die.

I hardly noticed that Howard and our friend, the village headman, were on their legs, somewhat gory, but alive. We conversed in whis-

pers, picked up our guns, cleaned the sand and mud from barrels and breaches, and then reloaded. Advancing cautiously, I came upon the tiger lying half in and half out of a cane-brake. Instinctively I raised my rifle, but he was dead, and we three hauled him out triumphantly by the tail. I now fired my two blank cartridges as a signal, and presently Nasri Khan appeared on my elephant, with a crowd of natives who thronged round and belabored the great silent tiger with their sticks.

Howard was pretty badly mauled on the left shoulder, side, and arm. Poor Bahadur had a couple of bad wounds in his right hand, and I had a bruised and badly clawed knee. Mr. Stripes, measured ten feet and two inches from the tip of his nose to the tip of his tail.



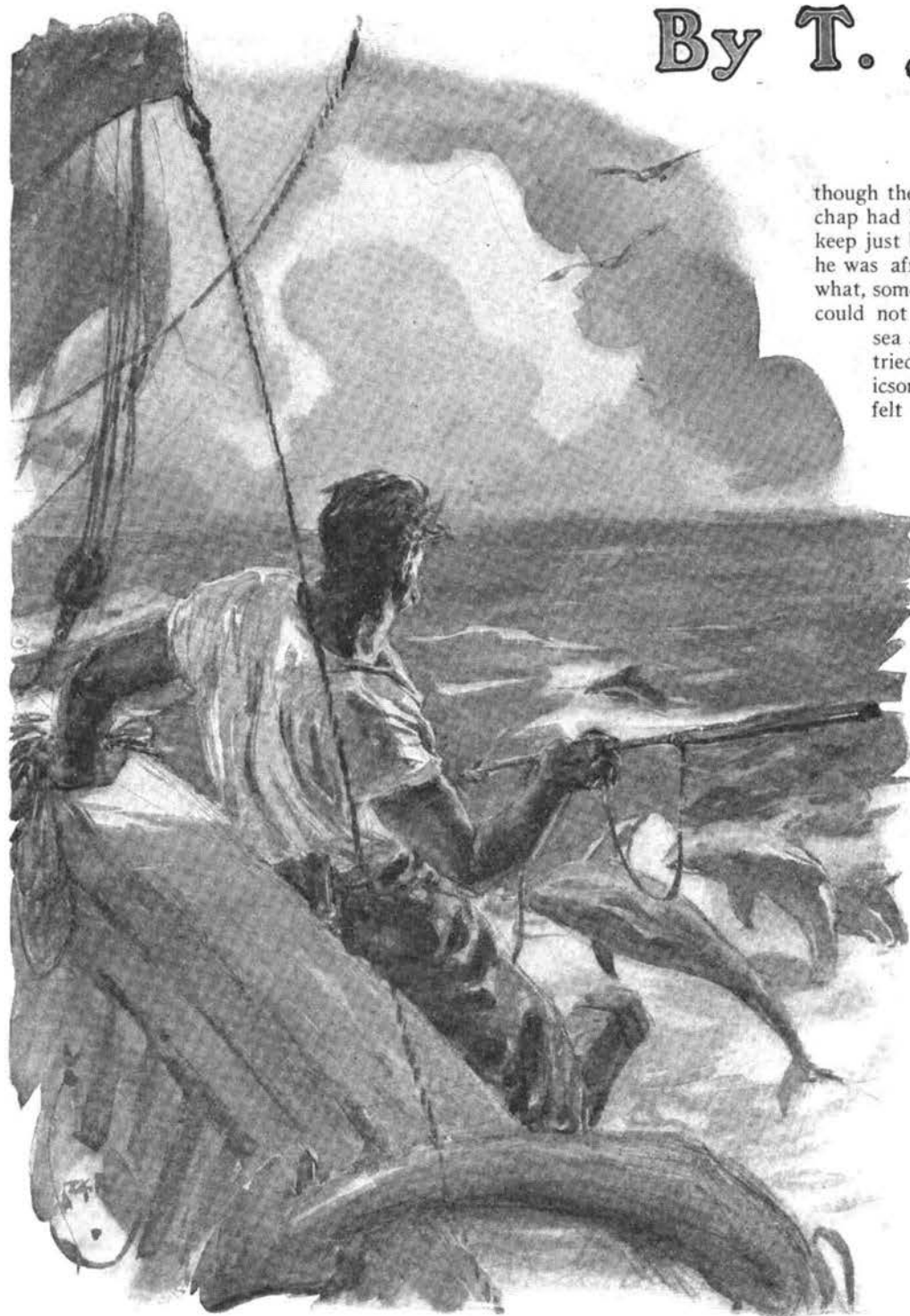
Coming home in triumph

King of the Condor Bank

By T. Jenkins Hains

Author of "The Wind-Jammers"

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES SARKA



"A man on the bows held a whale iron"

though the cares of a mother were very light indeed. The little chap had hard work at first to follow. It was all he could do to keep just behind the fin, swimming with all his little might. But he was afraid to be left behind, afraid of something, he knew not what, something instinctive which told of a hovering danger. He could not understand many things he saw in the bright blue sea about him, but he watched with bright little eyes and tried to understand the best he could. Whenever the frolicsome mother whirled away after some visiting sister, he felt that strange feeling of loneliness, of helplessness, and with frantic flukes he would follow the maternal form until she would allow him to catch up again. She was fond of the young pup, fonder of him than her actions would attest, for at the first intimation of real danger she would nestle him close under her fin and work quickly toward the bull leader of the school. The old "man" of the school would like waiting for the challenge, were it some warm-blooded fellow of his own kind, or would sail right in if it were a cold-blooded scavenger from the deep-sea caves below.

Furious and short would be the struggle. Sinuous form and lashing flukes blended in a whirl of foam, while the long, sharp, canine teeth chopped wickedly for the intruder's vitals. The awaiting horde, who looked on placidly and without concern, quickly dashed in at the finish, to prevent any waste of material, for there is little extraneous matter left floating upon the warm seas. A slight discoloration and some minute particles which would sink slowly down to the smaller fry below would be all that was left to show the existence of a voracious fish but a short time before. Complete disintegration was the order, a complete change of cells into other forms of life. The ferment was always there, life the cheapest thing possible, but the individual was never considered. It changed, and only the instinctive race feeling prevented total chaos, a quick absorption of the weaker by the stronger.

The little porpoise felt his danger, felt the continual menace of the unknown as a human child feels the menace of the dark. He stuck close to his mother, and was not unhappy in his strenuous surroundings. The mother, full of life and vigor, played with her offspring, often teasing the little fellow by going off at full speed, which was as fast as a train of cars, plunging and diving deep below the surface where the pressure prevented the delicate lungs from following. Then when he was almost distracted with fear she would come rushing back, and away they would go together. Always she gave him plenty of food, killing slower and smaller fish hourly, and their attachment was devoted.

The Condor Bank was almost in the track of ships, but, being deeply submerged, it was never dangerous. Several hundred feet of blue water lay above the sharp pinnacles of the sunken volcanoes, and their ragged sides forming the sea-floor were too deep to endanger even the heaviest keel. Sometimes the huge liners of twenty thousand tons would come rushing along a few miles distant, their giant hulls vibrating with the throw of the mighty engines, causing the sea to sound with their coming long before they rose above the rim of the horizon miles away. The sportive sea-pigs would rush to meet them, dashing, lifting high in the air to see, and plunging headlong with a pitch-pole dive to continue their mad race and see which would get first

WHERE the eternal blue rim—dark, heaving, and ragged—meets the sky; where the unending sunshine, the snow-white, flaky foam comes and vanishes through countless ages—there he first saw the light of the tropic sun. Whelped upon the mighty bosom of the Atlantic, a pup of the deep sea, the little plunger hung above the deep-blue abyss beneath and below the deeper blue abyss above. He was a surface denizen, an animal of the sea. Warm-blooded, full, vigorous with the life of countless generations of roving ancestors, he rolled into place behind the side fluke of his mother, a full-grown porpoise, a sea-pig of the great Southern Ocean.

The mother, having given birth to the youngster, lay weak and almost helpless, a tempting prey to a roving forager of the deep. But her many relatives sported and plunged above the submerged peaks of the Condor Reef, and they were a menace to any shark or other predatory rover who might chance to hunt in that locality. The father, a giant porpoise bull, took a careful survey of the surrounding ocean at intervals of every half hour or so, lifting high in the air,

plunging with a furious haste, and then rising again to repeat the performance, until tiring of the sport, and finally lying supine and restful a few hundred fathoms above the pinnacles. Woe to any shark who might tempt the strong bull! A sudden dash and his many relatives would plunge to the rescue—leaping, springing clear of the sea in their furious rush, and when their long jaws struck they were like bulldogs for tenacity of purpose. The mother lay perfectly safe for the time, and the little fellow rolled and wallowed just in the wake of her side fluke, finding no difficulty in keeping close to the maternal protection of the fin-like arm. The hot sunshine warmed him, invigorated him, and as he drew his nourishment he felt the glow of an intense life surging through his small body.

Day after day the sea-pigs lay and played, plunged and swam over the peaks of the Condor Bank, feeding upon the plentiful small fish, the cold-blooded and slow-swimming denizens of the blue water. The mother of the little fellow just born gradually regained her usual vigor and sported with the rest, racing and diving as

place under the ship's cutwater to feel the spray-shower. The racing liner caused them not the slightest feeling of concern, they lay under the storming fore-foot with no thought of getting run down, swerving, rising, and plunging in high glee, finding that they could easily keep the pace for a short time. The giant bulk tearing through the foam could not touch them, and they would lie upon their sides and gaze up with wondering eyes at the forms of the passengers and crew who often looked down at them from their high perch upon the fore-castle head, and all the time they would be driving ahead full speed.

The men looking down from above would notice the sleek mother with her little son, both tearing along at a great rate, the young one just behind her side fluke, or fin, holding his position there by some seeming miracle, for the pace was not only terrific, but the mother would also plunge, lift high into the air, clearing the sea by six or seven feet, swerve to right or left, and always, no matter what, the small figure of the young one was in its place. He appeared to be fixed about six inches distant from his mother's side, held by some unseen force just behind the protecting fluke, yet there was nothing connect-

quick sense of location, seeing well and having a peculiar sense of hearing, or something akin to it. He was not a fish. He was an animal, warm-blooded, breathing the pure sea air at short intervals, never remaining more than an hour or two below the surface. His coating of fat covered him, and kept the cold from the changing depths and shifting currents from affecting him, keeping him warm and making his muscular body smooth and sleek. Not a line, not a wrinkle showed upon his sides, which sloped gracefully back to his powerful tail. The flukes were horizontal, spreading forth from the sides to enable him to rise quickly to the surface, and so sinuous and graceful were the motions of this propeller, that a person looking down at him aloft could scarcely see that he made any movement at all while he drove ahead with the rapidity of a railroad train. When he rose clear of the sea he could blow and breathe in a new fill of air like his giant cousin, the sperm whale, and the sound of his blowing could be heard at a great distance when the weather was calm. As he developed, his vitality called

safe to do so. It is Nature's way of getting rid of thousands of fairly good ones, weeding out the weak quickly and getting into the better class, where only the superior ones can hope to survive for any time. The fights for leadership are short and terrific, and the victor owns the spoils, although he shares them with the rest if they do not molest him.

Our young porpoise had been chased by many of his kind stronger than himself, but as he grew he ran less and less, turning to fight when the opportunity offered. He was too gregarious to keep away from the school long, and as his strength increased he kept well into the front with the sturdy young of his race, taking part in the fights and joining in the hunts as befitted a perfect specimen of his kind.

As the season advanced the school started westward, and for days they swam and chased each other over the surface of the sunny blue water, feeding upon whatever straying denizens they could catch. One morning the ragged peaks of Porto Bello rose above the western horizon, and the school sprang forward with

"They whirled over the sea,
straining and threshing it
with their flukes"



ing them, for the clear blue water showed always between. It took some practice to accomplish this maneuver, and our young one was growing rapidly.

He developed alarmingly, and at times showed his playfulness by biting his mother's fluke so hard that she would side-swipe him with her powerful tail flukes, knocking him over and over until he would be glad to get away. Gradually he grew more and more independent of her protection. He no longer feared the surrounding denizens, and once when a wandering shark, the ever-present danger of the sea children, came swimming over the Bank, he made for the intruder and drove him ignominiously to sea, biting him severely. After this, he felt a peculiar sense of power, a sense of dependence upon his own weapons of defense, those long, pointed canine teeth and thin, powerful jaws.

Living upon the sea surface he developed a

for action. He was a born fighter, a cruiser of the sea. His growing muscles wanted strenuous use, and as he went his way, gradually seeing his mother less and less, he felt the desire for the struggle for existence.

In the vast herds, or schools, of the sea-pigs there are always a few males who take charge. These fellows are usually older porpoises who have been tried out in many a hard-fought battle, and have come off victorious and almost unscathed. To be badly hurt in a fracas at sea is to meet death, for there are always many watchers who are waiting for a sign of weakening to make a sudden attack. A continual appetite, never quite satisfied and always gnawing, is a stimulant which even the weaker cannot withstand. Unless a fighter is very slightly hurt, he has to stand off the crowd of sycophants who, like parasites, hang upon the stronger, ready ever to destroy him whenever it is considered

fresh energy. Along the coast the herring tribes would come working northward, and the oily, bony fish, traveling in vast multitudes, offered the easiest kind of hunting. The schooling hordes were so solidly massed that by rounding up the flanks they could catch them by the thousand without the inner ones knowing of the slaughter. For weeks they chased them, feeding hugely and waxing so fat that they could hardly clear the sea without great exertion. Their sleek sides became more distended, and a scratch upon the brown dull backs, or white under bodies, opened into greasy breaks from the sheer pressure of the blubber. A porpoise has no skin, proper, and a vendor of porpoise leather would have laughed at the falsity of his claim had he but seen the layers of pure fat covered with the thinnest of cuticles.

With the incessant gorging came the increased vitality in already well-nourished bodies, and

the desire to expend it took possession of the more sullen males. In the wake of the herring schools came the inevitable bonita, the voracious albicore, the lightning-like dolphin, and the skulking shark, all bent upon glutting their insatiable appetites upon the small fry which, helpless partly by mere numbers, worked slowly northward, leaving a trail of oil and blood behind.

Many were the encounters between these savage fighters, the sharks even becoming gregarious enough to form a resistance to the phalanxes of the sea-pigs. While the huge killers of the black-fish type held first place, giants measuring thirty feet at times and weighing many tons, the porpoise herd, by great activity and weight of numbers, drove in a close second, scattering the solitary hunters right and left, and breaking up the marauding bands of the mackerel tribe. It was a fierce game while it lasted, and, when the remnant of the herring schools broke and fled and the bands split up to chase them to the shallows, our young porpoise was heavy with accumulated fat from the long-continued orgy.

One morning he found himself lazily floating upon the sea deserted by the still hunting band of his relatives, and, with lazy flukes, he sought the quiet solitudes of the far-off ocean, the wider sea, miles away from land.

For many months he wandered over the blue surface, joining different bands or schools of porpoises and leaving them again, the instinct of companionship dying away and the sullen loneliness of the bull-animal taking its place. This period was the preceding one to the desire for company which seems to fill the lives of all warm-blooded males at some time during their youth. It corresponded to that of the young man who goes forth to seek his fortune. And it always ends by the gregarious instinct returning with renewed vigor at the end of a certain period, just as it does in the human.

He was now a large, strong, sea animal, his sleek flanks were stretched away to a length of seven feet and more, and his pointed teeth, like those canine tusks of the dog or wolf, were sharp and white. He had what is known as "the long, punishing jaw," the thin, pointed snout that allowed him to seize hold and set his grip with astonishing power. His fat gave him the name of sea-pig, but it was a natural fat, meant to cover his iron-hard muscles, and was not the fat spread through his tissues, the fat of degeneration.

Wandering about he fell in with a school of bonita, and he charged the line regardless of their ferocity. A desperate encounter ensued in which he slew many, but was forced to finally flee, receiving a long, deep slash upon his side which gaped open deep into the blubber. He made his escape by dint of strenuous swimming, the countless thousands of bonita chasing him fifty miles to the eastward before being left behind.

This affair made him more morose and sullen, and the wound in his side pricked him, causing him to be in a furious temper at the slightest annoyance. He gave battle to everything he met, and spent weeks charging or fleeing as he met antagonists, who were either inferior or superior to him. The wound in his side healed, finally, but left a long white scar, a streak an inch wide and two feet long which extended almost clear across his back. He skirted the

African coast, went up the island sea as far as Suez, and crossed again to the South American coast, following the shore clear to Labrador until the cold drove him southward again. He cruised up the Plate River, fishing the muddy waters of that giant stream, and then coasted as far down as the Falklands. Always alone he traveled, and gradually the feeling of the unmated came over him, and his memory turned again to the pinnacles of Condor Reef. Back he traveled, back northward into the tropical seas where fishing was easy and where he knew



"He could swim faster and leap higher than all the rest"

his mother and companions of the school to which he belonged lived and held sway.

He was now a porpoise in the full strength of his powers. He feared nothing living, either upon the surface or beneath it, for he had gone into many seas and had held his own. He possessed that sense of confidence which comes to the strong who have met the dangers of the world and conquered them. As he reached familiar waters, he met members of his band, young porpoises who had gone forth on the first hunt with him, and he noticed that he was larger and stronger than they. Also they appeared more sportive, more playful, and frolicked foolishly about. He held along strangely quiet until he came to the Bank—to the very place, in fact, where he was born. Silly surface fish flaunted themselves before him, tempting him for a strike, but he scorned to molest them, swimming straight into the big school, his native herd.

All the natural combativeness of the single male was surging within him. He was looking for trouble, seeking the leader of the vast school, instinctively wanting to have a personal encounter with that fellow, even though he should happen to be his own father. His mother was with young again, and he found she had little thought for him, being entirely taken up with nursing her new offspring. In fact, everywhere there appeared to be no strife, no fighting, but a peaceful existence, hunting and playing and cruising about, with little to annoy.

The lack of heroic struggle, the placid evenness of the life upon the great Bank, at first failed to attract him. He was full of life, full of vigor, and he wished to feel his superiority, to prove it over others, but everywhere he found them willing to follow him, willing to recognize him as a leader, and it gradually dawned upon him that he was superior, could swim faster, leap higher, see and hear better, than all the rest. A feeling of friendliness took the place of his latent ferocity, and, when he had been in the company of a splendid young female, he found this feeling of friendliness was exhibited by the stranger, also. It drew

him toward her, and gradually they seemed to come together all the time by accident, for he found that wherever he hunted she happened to be in the vicinity, and something always drew him to her, made him feel that she was interested in his life and occupations, even to the catching of silly little surface fish. They finally mated and swam together all the time, and even the leader of the school, who had supplanted his father, seemed to approve, for he followed our hero and refused to fight him or dispute his way.

Had this sort of existence continued, the life upon the blue surface of the far-off ocean would have been one of lazy, indolent ease, an ease which might have ended in the final degeneration of the species. Nature finds ways of developing species which allows no lingering, no peace, no enjoyment of gains. There is always the steady effort, the developing strife which is necessary. And among the sea-folk the strife is not of the commercial order, neither is it a strife of speech; it invariably is a struggle to the death. The ferment is continued to the last; the individual must remain superior to the class he leads or go down into oblivion in the effort to conquer. It is the law.

One sunny morning when the wind whisked briskly over the blue sea surface,

our big porpoise was aware of the presence of a stranger from the south, a long, thin sea-pig, with two white hands running well up on his back, the mark of the fighter of the south seas. The stranger swam swiftly and with apparent ease among the school, seeming to notice none, but bent upon an errand which he showed some persistency to achieve. He came to the mate of the leader, and stopped.

Whatever it was, about the long, thin, finely shaped fellow, that made him seem attractive to our leader's partner, would be hard to define. That she was attracted there was no doubt, for she appeared willing enough to go with him, and followed whither he went, leaving the school and hastening westward in the stranger's company. It was nearly an hour before the bull porpoise knew she had gone. Then he followed swiftly, the repressed fury of many months surging to his brain, and inflaming him to a perfect demon of the sea, which tore along through the sparkling water, leaving a foaming wake behind. He was in full pursuit.

As the morning wore on he caught a glimpse of the runaways, who plunged and breached far ahead in apparent joy. The sight roused him to greater fury, and he drew upon them. Finally they sighted him. Then the long, thin fellow slowed his pace and rested for the fracas he knew would be forthcoming. He felt no sense of danger, for he was one of the best fighters of the southern ocean, a fellow who feared nothing at all. It would be an action of the usual sort, with its usual sordid ending, but it was not to be helped. He had run in vain.

The big porpoise, seeing that the pair had stopped, slowed his pace, to arrive fresh and able for the fray, and he came slowly up to the runaway pair about noon, the sun being right overhead in the cloudless blue, giving the contestants each a perfect chance to view the movements of his adversary. The mate of the leader lay listless upon the sea surface, viewing the pair of bulls with little concern. She seemed to care very little indeed which should win in the coming battle, for it was manifest that she must go

[Concluded on pages 629 and 630]

Will Roosevelt Run?

By David Graham Phillips

Will Roosevelt run in 1908?

That is the question most often put to the Sphinx nowadays, as she sits reading the future with unreadable eyes. In the throng of eager questioners are not only Presidential possibilities and their heelers and rooters, but also politicians of all ranks, parties, and factions; not only men, but also women; not only men and women, but also boys and girls, almost down to infants barely able to toddle. Never before in this country was there such intense, universal interest in a matter of personal practical politics. And, in the guessing throng before the Sphinx, stands conspicuous Roosevelt himself. He would probably, quite honestly, deny he is there with the same question in his heart that is on the lips of every one else. But there he is, protesting but perplexed, denying but doubting, reiterating but reflecting.

Will Roosevelt run in 1908?

B. O. Flower carries as the motto of his magazine, the "Arena," this sentence from Heine, which expresses precisely the present political situation—and what is that situation but Roosevelt?—

"We do not take possession of our ideas, but are possessed by them. They master us and force us into the arena, where, like gladiators, we must fight for them."

Mr. Roosevelt is an example in point; and to understand and appreciate that fact is to understand and appreciate the present political situation. Mr. Roosevelt, as soon as it was definitely settled in 1904 that he was elected, announced, without any ambiguity, that he would in no circumstances accept a renomination in 1908. He has reannounced it again and again at intervals since. And, that the people and he might have no possible chance to forget, the Wall Street organs have from time to time quoted his words of renunciation, have dwelt upon their peculiarly positive significance, their absolute freedom from equivocation, have said that Mr. Roosevelt has so put himself on record that if he were to run in 1908 he would "frankly stultify and dishonor himself."

But—"We do not take possession of our ideas, but are possessed by them. They master us and force us into the arena, where, like gladiators, we must fight for them." Not only does man, as Shakespeare

The Presidential Problem of 1908

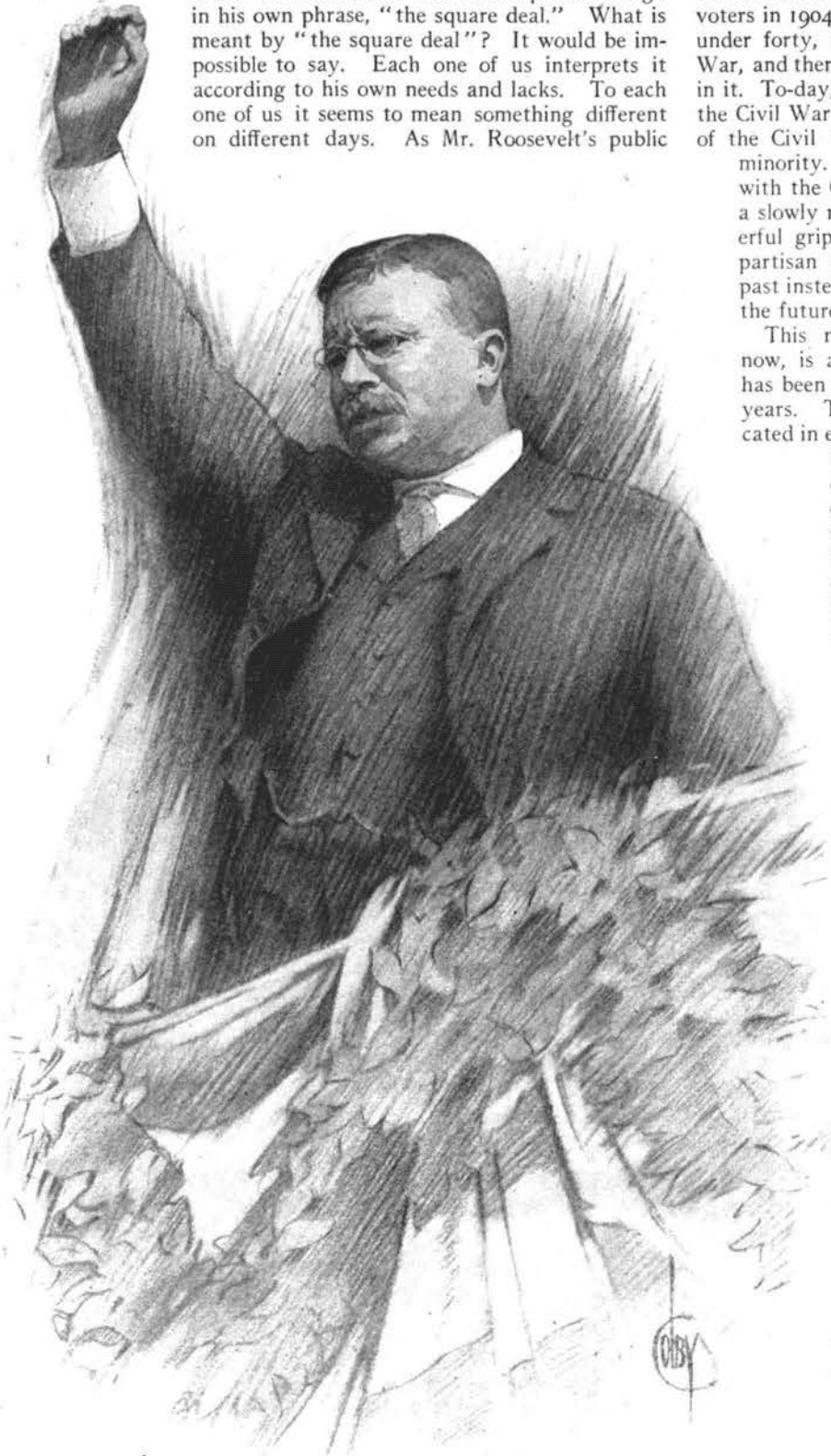
says, play at various times in his life various parts; also, he at any given time plays several parts. Mr. Roosevelt is become something more than a politician, a political leader, a President. He is now, in the popular mind—and in the popular will, the embodiment of a movement—the movement that sums up well enough in his own phrase, "the square deal." What is meant by "the square deal"? It would be impossible to say. Each one of us interprets it according to his own needs and lacks. To each one of us it seems to mean something different on different days. As Mr. Roosevelt's public

utterances show, he himself has varying views of it, some of them contradictory. But

it is by no means a vague or meaningless phrase. Its variations come merely from the fact that it is the expression of a policy of opportunism, and so varies according to what seems at any given moment most feasible or most pressing.

"The square deal!" Whence has come the demand for it? Of the thirteen and a half million voters in 1904, a considerable majority were men under forty, that is, men born since the Civil War, and therefore taking only a historic interest in it. To-day, the majority of voters born since the Civil War is overwhelming; by 1908 voters of the Civil War period will be a negligible minority. That is, we are about through with the Civil War generation, which has had a slowly relaxing but, until 1904, very powerful grip upon our politics, making them partisan along lines drawn from the dead past instead of along lines of the present and the future.

This new electorate, in the ascendant now, is a vast improvement. The world has been progressing rapidly the past forty years. The new generations are better educated in every way; especially are they expert in present-day conditions, vastly different from those with which our fathers wrestled. They understand the exact and, to them, highly important meaning of such words as franchise, high finance, campaign fund contribution, corporation judge, corporation senator, creature of "the interests." They grin at "Joe" Cannon's old-fashioned flapdoodle and note his labors for the Beef Trust. They listen respectfully, but with mental reservation of dissent, when splendid, honest old Justice Brewer says, from the mental atmosphere of a bygone day: "We have millionaires to-day, billionaires to-morrow. Perhaps we shall have trillionaires next. Let us have them. I do not view with alarm the accumulation of wealth." They have broadened out into the philosophy of the great philosophers. They believe, with Solomon, that he that hasteth to be rich cannot be innocent. They hold Jesus's own doctrines of equality and brotherhood. They demand that all shall have opportunity, and that none shall have power, since, as Lincoln said, no man is good enough to have control of another. They see that all political questions are economic, that all economic questions are social, touch the very vitals of the intimate relations of men—concern income and love and friendship and progress. And they want "the square deal," what-



PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT DELIVERING AN ADDRESS

This excellent likeness was drawn expressly for SUCCESS MAGAZINE, by Homer W. Colby from a stereograph copyrighted by Underwood & Underwood, New York

ever "the square deal" may involve. Furthermore, they purpose to have it.

Child labor, robber tariffs, swindling products for food and clothing, overcapitalizations that burden industry with onerous fixed charges and that cut cruelly into wages and moderate incomes, the misuse of the machinery of production and distribution so that the rewards of the labors of millions of hands and brains are diverted to a few sly tricksters of high finance—all these, and similar evils that threaten our development as a people by assailing individual independence and individual opportunity for comfort and education, must and shall abate. And the day is about past when the whangdoodling politician, by shouting out the totals of our national wealth, can divert the voter from fumbling in his own sparsely lined pocket and wondering why those dazzling totals divide up so queerly. The day is about past when truckling parsons, by quoting "The poor always ye have with you," can silence inquiries into the causes of plethora of riches on the one hand and pinch and poverty on the other. A new day is dawning, and for the new tasks the awakening people seek new leaders. And they will find what they seek!

Boasts He Is a "Regular" Republican

"Your majesty," said Wilkes to George III., "I never was much of a Wilkesite." It is possible Mr. Roosevelt is far less of a Rooseveltite than many who shout for him. It is easy to see in his speeches, occasionally, that he is himself uneasy upon the wave that is sweeping him on and on—whither? He shrinks from many of these "ideas" that "take possession" of him and "force him into the arena to fight for them." In fact, Mr. Roosevelt, beginning his political career twenty-six years ago, under the tutelage of Civil War politicians, has never quite got over the partisan spirit in which he was bred. He still fancies and boasts himself a "regular" Republican, still, on occasions, draws the fetish of party from its concealment in his bosom and mumbles over it with a devoutness as sincere as it is incongruous. He is much stronger in speech than in action, more formidable in shout than in shot. He lets Root, the believer in the right of might and the might of wealth, the scoffer at democracy, edit him in action, though apparently he has latterly almost dispensed with him as an editor of speech—almost, not altogether.

But what does this matter? Is the wave stronger, or the man on its crest? Is the idea stronger, or the man it selects and bids fight? If Mr. Roosevelt is n't what the popular fancy has made of him, he would do well to bestir himself and become so. And he is valiantly striving so to do. The Roosevelt who entered the White House in the fall of 1901 is not the same as he who lives there to-day; the Roosevelt who let Knox bring the fizzling fiasco of a suit against the Morgan-Hill merger is not the Roosevelt who is prosecuting the Standard Oil blackjacks.

The Reason for Roosevelt's Popularity

A destiny greater and stronger than his somewhat sycophantic New York inheritance, stronger than his Wild Western suspicion of peace and its works, stronger than his fealty to the party that was once Lincoln's but is now the instrument of Aldrich and Root and Rockefeller and Morgan and Harriman, has laid hold of him and is driving him on and on, to do its will. Every day the breach grows wider between him and the rotten "safe and sane" smug-gery of Wall Street, demanding the stability that means merely extension of license to parasites on prosperity to continue absorbing prosperity. Day by day the voice that uses him as a mouthpiece makes his occasional relapses into the language and manner of what the plutocracy calls conservatism seem more out of character, makes his reluctance to put rich thieves of high social position in stripes and in jail seem more preposterous and unendurable. In spite of himself, he keeps on stirring up trouble—or, rather, taking cognizance of the trouble which the impatient people are everywhere making for the system of thuggery and footpaddery and graft which has come to fancy itself necessary and respectable. No wonder the rich thieves refuse to be quieted by the reflection that thus far he has done "mostly talking." They scent, not him, but upon him the wind of destiny that is sweeping him along. Where their folly comes in is in not realizing that, if Mr. Roosevelt failed the movement that has commandeered him, it would sweep on just the same; the loss would be personal to him, not at all to the movement. For, all that "Theodore Roosevelt" means is the movement

for "the square deal"; but the movement for "the square deal" does not mean merely Roosevelt, or any other man. He dare not abandon in practice the ideals he preaches. And if he should abandon them, should refuse to follow wherever they may lead, if he should even slack step and widen the already noticeably wide distance between him and them, he knows what his fate would be. He must advance or perish.

When Mr. Roosevelt ran in 1904, it was not his popularity that elected him. He had caught the imaginations of a certain part of the people, of the part that makes a great deal of noise and loves flamboyance. But he was by no means the embodiment of what the determining masses of the people wanted. The figures of the vote show it. The total of the popular vote was nearly half a million under what it had been four years before; the vote cast for Mr. Roosevelt was at least a hundred thousand under what would have been the normal Republican increase. What gave him his triumph was the unpopularity of Parker and the ring of corporation thieves and corporation legal panders around him. All the popular eagerness and enthusiasm went into shouting, "We don't want Parker!"

But to-day Mr. Roosevelt is popular in his own right—popular for what he has said, popular for what he has begun to do, popular for what the people believe he will do and are determined he shall do. They will listen to nothing against him that does not bear directly upon his fitness or unfitness for the task to which they have appointed him. They

are absolutely deaf to the ravings of those whose enmity is a title to popular love and esteem; they will not be diverted to side issues, to questions of whether he was right or wrong in his controversies with Storers on diplomatic etiquette or with Longs on animal lore, or with Harrimans on past senatorial deals. They laugh at Wall Street's threats to check prosperity unless they give him up.

They know the multimillionaires who hate Roosevelt must have the big incomes that buy and maintain palaces, yachts, retinues of servants, trains of automobiles and carriages, wardrobes and jewel cases stuffed with costly, showy finery, tables laden with flowers and fruits and vegetables out of season. They know that whatever checks prosperity would curtail those incomes and would reduce plutocracy toward the misery of the simple life. Indeed, it is a question whether a period of genuine hard times, resulting, as those periods always do, from such purely natural causes as crop failures, would not whip up into anger, into fury, even, the popular demand for the cessation of plutocratic plundering.

The people seem ominously near to grasping at last the obvious yet singularly neglected fact that *prosperity is not bred, but bled, by the parasites upon it*. Hard times make a meek people meeker, make a proud people fiercer. Cut down a worm's rations and it curls up resignedly. Cut down the customary allowance of elephant or lion, and you get fury incarnate. Kansas's wild political debauch raged when Kansas was in the hardest kind of hard luck; peace did not return until the people had been placated by prosperity. The plutocracy should not be too confident that a dose of lean years would bring the people tamely to its feet, fawning and licking its hand; such notions are born of hope, not of history.

Will Roosevelt run in 1908?

He can have the nomination; that goes without saying. He need not ask for it; he need not even withdraw his full and final renunciation. As the tide blows now, he will be nominated over his own protest and reëlected practically unopposed. Why? Because no other man in our public life has ever caused such a flutter in the vulture roosts of the plutocracy. It is upon these vulture roosts that the people have fixed their eyes. The people are grate-

ful to him for what he has done; and, as gratitude is "thanks in advance for expected future favors," the people's gratitude means that they want him to stay where he can keep on at the vultures. Roosevelt could lose his popularity only by specifically and publicly recanting, by openly joining hands with the plutocrats. The Harriman letters were a test. Why did they make small public impression, injure Mr. Roosevelt's popularity not at all? Because the people are shrewd and patient and practical. They felt that, whatever the Roosevelt of 1904 might have been to the Harrimans and their ilk, the Roosevelt of 1907 was hated by them; that the plutocracy was so acting toward him that he would be still further from it every day he lived and it plotted. They felt, and feel, that even if he wished to be friends with the plutocrats secretly, they would not



have him because they could not trust him. And it is not often that the people get the chance to take up a man whose only refuge and hope is in them, a man who not only would not join the enemy if he could, but also could not if he would.

There is no other man whom the people do thus trust, do regard as at once hating plutocracy and hated of it. Fairbanks? His candidacy is a pitiful joke. The plutocracy have been using him in a general sort of way as a nucleus around which to gather delegates for the convention which it hopes to trick away from Roosevelt. Taft? A nice, amiable fellow, but not in the least feared by the plutocracy; full of agreeable, worthy platitudes about being good boys, but with no fire in him, no passion for justice; no ability to utter the protest of flaming indignation against injustice or to launch its thunderbolt. Bryan? He talks well, and means well; but the people are asking why the plutocracy is saying "Better Bryan than Teddy." Knox? An old and able servant of the plutocracy, in the Senate by command of Frick and Cassatt, a "Republican" and a "Democrat." The people have not forgotten how he, when Attorney-General, was rebuked from the Supreme Court bench for having brought a civil instead of a criminal action against the Northern Securities ringsters, because a civil action insured them immunity, though convicted, while a criminal action might have sent them to jail. Some plausible understudy and pattern of Roosevelt? Not when Roosevelt himself is available. "Beware of imitations. None but the genuine. Name and trade-mark blown in the bottle." Others might do; but Roosevelt has done.

Suppose that Roosevelt does not run in 1908. He will retire from the Presidency at the early age of fifty. It is inconceivable that he, the incurably restless, should remain in private life for the rest of his days. The theory of his friendly advisers against reelection in 1908 has been that he should let some friend of his, in sympathy with his ideas, some Taft or Beveridge, take the next term; that he should concentrate on having himself nominated and elected in 1912 and again in 1916. They have reasoned that, if he accepted a second term now, he would at the end of it be compelled by the precedent to retire to private life permanently in 1912, whereas, if he skipped a term, he could evade precedent, or, rather, amend it, and take two terms in succession then.

This is plausible; it could not but appeal to Mr. Roosevelt, the man of incessant and strenuous action, and no more attracted by the idea of becoming a has-been at the nowadays early age of fifty-four than a healthy boy is attracted by the idea of sitting quietly in the house on a bright summer day. But would the project work out?

Can Mr. Roosevelt control the Republican National Convention? The Republican machine throughout the country is thoroughly organized and in admirable condition, is the same efficient and eager instrument of corruption that it has been for more than twenty years. Its virility and aims were shown last winter in Roosevelt's struggles with the Senate and the House, with Aldrich and Cannon. It obeys its expert, astute leaders as an automobile the steering-wheel. And those leaders are such men as Aldrich and Cannon, Dick and Elkins, and Knox and Fairbanks, and Allison, multimillionaires almost all, representatives of the big corporate campaign fund contributors, men with the closest Wall Street affiliations. They are enemies of Roosevelt, plotting and working against him. They accepted him in 1904 because they did not dare reject him. They would accept him in 1908 for the same excellent reason. But is it likely that they would accept a candidate of his selecting—*unless* that candidate were satisfactory to them, to "the interests" they represent? If Mr. Roosevelt did not take the nomination himself, is it not probable to the verge of certainty that they would nominate some man who has, simply for policy, pretended acquiescence in or enthusiasm for the Roosevelt policies?

Further, supposing that Mr. Roosevelt did succeed in selecting the candidate, and he were elected, what would happen if this "temporary tenant" should be a popular success? Would not the people give him a second term? Would they not look to him to indicate as his successor some man he had himself groomed for the place? If, on the other hand, the temporary tenant were a failure, would not the popular favor sweep entirely away from the Republican Party and all its adherents—would it not be likely to lift up and put into the Presidency some promising man of the opposition? A realignment of the parties is imminent; the impossibility of finding a rational answer to the fundamental ques-

tion, "What is a Democrat and what a Republican?" is becoming ridiculous and intolerable. Realignment can hardly be delayed more than two or three years longer. In this realignment, what would become of Roosevelt, in private life, sidetracked, remembered only as "a pretty good one in and for his day"?

If Mr. Roosevelt's ambition were to listen to counsels of a four years' delay in the hope of gaining an eight years' tenancy, it would be taking a long, long chance. A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush. Also, when he has just got his policies fairly under way, and when there is not among all the Republican Presidency-seekers a single man both fit and willing to carry on these policies as they must be carried on, if they are to be a success, what a risk it would be to "side-step"!

His Work Would Be Half Finished

Suppose Mr. Roosevelt were to bring about the nomination of a Taft or a Beveridge; suppose the people, in alarm at the spectacle of the plutocracy promptly acquiescing, were to wheel round and elect Mr. Bryan—what then? Why, if Mr. Bryan were to carry out Mr. Roosevelt's policies, policies which he himself has been advocating since 1896, Mr. Roosevelt would have no place in history at all! Mr. Bryan would be the great figure. History would write down the Roosevelt period as a mere attempt to stem the anti-plutocratic tide by adopting or pretending to adopt part of Bryan's policies—an attempt which had ended in failure.

Mr. Roosevelt's conscience must counsel his running again in 1908, that the policies he proclaims and professes to hold dear may not be jeopardized. Mr. Roosevelt's ambition must counter-sign the advice of conscience; for, if he does not run in 1908, he puts his future and his place in history in the gravest jeopardy.

Will Roosevelt run in 1908?

There are only three factors to a negative answer. The first is that skipping a term might give him two terms more, and congenial occupation for the best years of his life. But, as has been shown above, that involves a grave risk; the world moves rapidly, the wise man gives it no chance, especially no such chance as four busy, whirling years, to forget him. The second factor is that, if Mr. Roosevelt does run next year, the plutocracy will foment a nasty Wall Street panic to frighten the voters into defeating him. Probably the plutocracy will; but Mr. Roosevelt is too expert a politician to fear the event of such an attack. Besides, he knows that the plutocracy will be as bitter against him in 1912 as in 1908, and that the time for him

to join battle is not in 1912, when he will be out of office, out of power, but in 1908, when his personal strength of public admiration and public confidence is greatest, and when his power over patronage can control the Republican machine despite its secret love for and alliance with the plutocracy. The third and only remaining factor against his running in 1908 is his public pledge not to do so.

The Plutocracy Had Better Go Slow

Plutocracy's organs consider that important; but a man has no right to swear he will not obey his country's call; the man who persisted in such an oath would not earn the respect, but the contempt of mankind, if his country commanded him to absolve himself. Mr. Roosevelt's pledge did credit to his modesty, to his respect for tradition about the Presidential office.

But the people did not pledge themselves to acquiesce in it; such is the view taken of the matter by the overwhelming majority of State Legislatures after State Legislatures.

Will Roosevelt run in 1908?

Perhaps he will not run. But, as the cards lie now, he will *be* run. He may protest, he may decline, he may hide in his tent. But who is he that dares forbid the American

people to vote for whom they will? Not even a Theodore Roosevelt. Mr. Roosevelt has said he would decline if nominated. He has not said that, if run in spite of himself and elected, he would refuse to serve. And he will not say it.

Behind the cover of the fake candidacies of Fairbanks and Knox the plutocracy is plotting to spring and nominate some secret, not widely unpopular servant of theirs whom Mr. Roosevelt, in a moment of ebullient enthusiasm has given a hearty, undeserved bill of health. It is a shrewd scheme. If the plutocracy has any wisdom, it will let politics alone just now. Unless it is very discreet it may compass the election of a radical President under whom it will look back upon the days of Roosevelt as the subjects of King Stork looked back upon the days of King Log.



DRUGGING A RACE

A Foreword to the new series by Samuel Merwin

The scenes illustrating this article were photographed by Mr. Merwin



A close view of the mule litter, the principal means of travel used by Mr. Merwin during his journey through China



Rear view of one of Mr. Merwin's baggage carts



Mr. Merwin's room at the inn at Tai-Yuan-Fu, Shansi Province

THE drugging of a race, the scourge of China and the shame of England, the debauchery of pagans by Christians—this, in brief, is the basis of "Drugging a Race," a new series of articles by Samuel Merwin, which will begin in the October issue of SUCCESS MAGAZINE.

There have been a few real journalistic features in late years. We do not mean the clever newsgathering feats of clever reporters, but epoch-making instances where journalists have turned the affairs of the world. Henry M. Stanley accomplished such a feat when he was sent into the heart of Africa to find the lost Livingstone. So did George Kennan when he exposed the black oppression of Siberia, and so did Josiah Flynt and Lincoln Steffens when they struck the first blows for civic reform. We are bold enough to believe that Samuel Merwin will add a great chapter to the world's history when he lets in the light through these columns on the most deadly menace known to the civilized world, and reveals the fact that China is to-day engaged in a life and death struggle with her master-vice, opium. Perhaps she will conquer, perhaps not. The greatest human drama of modern times, the greatest tragedy, it may be, of any time, is being acted out where all the world can see.

It was the Christian trader who taught the Chinese to smoke opium. It is almost wholly within the past half century that the growth and production of the most insidious of drugs has swept over the Chinese Empire, until now the poppy is grown in every province. China's steady and, at times, desperate resistance to the aggressions of the opium traders forms the one consistent thread in the inexplicable tangle of Chinese diplomacy. But the Christian trade, backed by Christian cannon, was irresistible; the Indian drug was forced in; the development of the native drug followed, until to-day the Imperial Chinese Government estimates the number of confirmed opium smokers within the empire at three tenths to four tenths of the total population. China, like the Congo, has fallen helpless before Christian greed.

One day, last winter, Mr. Merwin said to us, "Why not let us go into the great opium traffic of China? Let us show how one of the great nations of the world was drugged at the

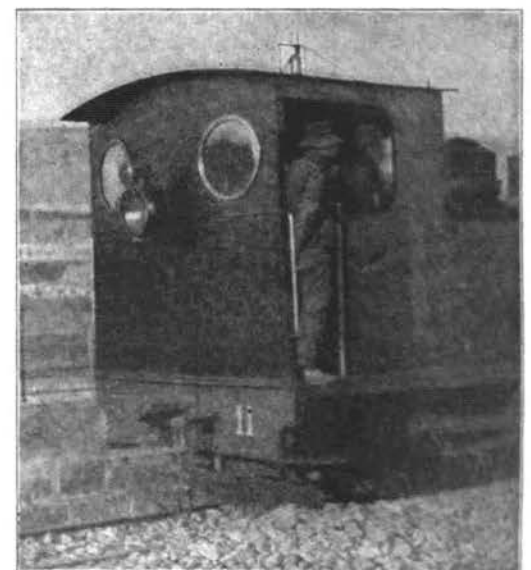
point of the British bayonet, and how this insidious menace has even penetrated our own country."

Big ideas do not take long to take hold. Instantly, almost, we had set aside every other editorial matter under discussion, and, on the same day, the first steps toward sending Mr. Merwin on his long tour of investigation in China had been taken. The modern journalist

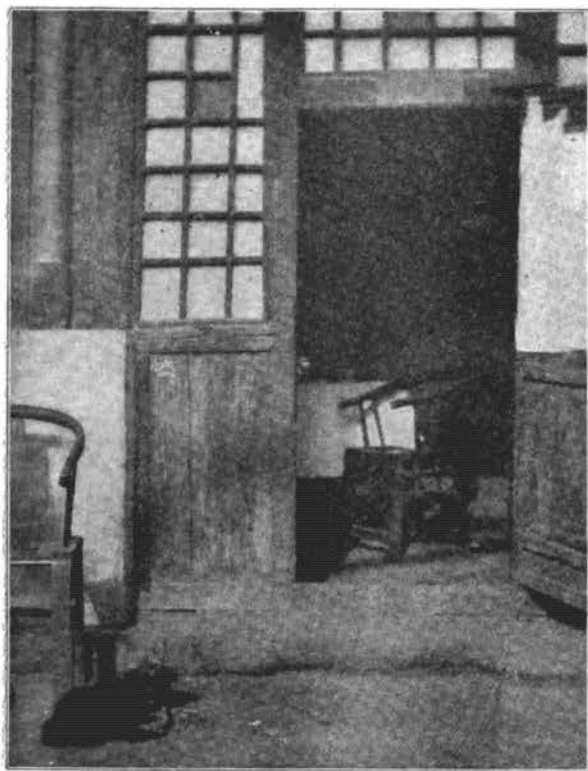


Mr. Merwin's soldier escort in Shansi Province

does not have to be plied with instructions when he sets out on such a bewildering task as this. His natural initiative and his skill in dealing with facts and figures are the basis of his work. He is a vehicle unto himself. While his editors are responsible for what they print of his writings, it is he who builds up the



At the jumping-off place, Ping-Ting, Shansi, where Mr. Merwin left the railroad



Another room at the inn, Tai-Yuan-Fu, Shansi Province

MR. MERWIN'S FIRST PRIMITIVE OUTFIT
He was three days in a springless cart in Shansi Province

A Northern China freight train

Mr. Merwin on the deck of a steamer
on the Yang-tse-Kiang

literary structure that will give the world a new subject on which to think.

We backed Mr. Merwin in this venture; that

is to say, we backed him financially. We saw that he was well supplied with everything a man needs to successfully perform so important a mission. He landed at Shanghai and was soon on his long journey through nine of the eighteen provinces of China. Hearing that Shansi, a province in the northwestern interior, had been practically ruined by the "foreign dirt," he went out there to see it for himself, accompanied by guides, a cook, John, his faithful interpreter, and a soldier escort on Chinese ponies. He found anti-foreign sentiment running high in Shansi, and recalled that in that province nearly two hundred whites—men, women, and children—were butchered by the Boxers only seven years ago. He was arrested by native police, and went through some unpleasant experiences with ill-tempered city crowds. But he stood by his task, and, under the protection of enlightened provincial officials, he was able to carry through his work.

The casual observer may think that the opium traffic—smuggling opium, smoking opium, and eating opium—is a minor trade, and indulged in by only a few reckless *habitues* who want to be wafted to other worlds. This is not so. The stamina and

the character of the entire Chinese race have already been so sapped by this drug that the resulting demoralization has frightened even the degraded victims of the habit. To-day,

China, drugged, debauched, frightened at her own desperate condition, is grappling with the vice that has her by the throat. No such heroic effort at moral reform has ever before been made by a human government. And the Christians who debauched her are looking on, skeptically, questioning China's "sincerity." At Tien-tsin, where the Chinese officials had closed all the opium dens in the native city, Mr. Merwin found the dens in the foreign concessions, licensed for revenue by the foreign consuls, running wide open. In vain the Chinese officials protested that this laxity completely nullified the effect of their own prohibition. The consuls could not see their way clear to give up the revenue. Truly, it is an extraordinary story.

The most conservative official estimate of the opium-smoking population in China is 100,000,000—only 16,000,000 more than the entire population of the United States. Many officials and foreign observers who

have become acquainted with the situation are willing to place the list of opium smokers at

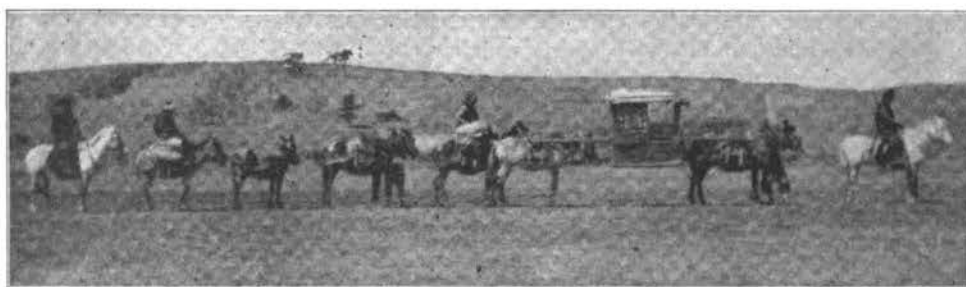
150,000,000. But even the first figure is staggering.

British India still gets the cream of the traffic, for, even now that the Chinese everywhere produce the drug for themselves, their opium cannot compete in quality with the high-grade opium of the Ganges Valley, in India. One of the many extraordinary and appalling things Mr. Merwin will tell our readers is the part played by the British Indian Government in the Indo-China opium trade. The production and manufacture of opium in India is wholly in the hands of the government. This supervision and control is officially styled "The Government Opium Monopoly," and most of the opium thus manufactured in Indian government factories is, to-day, specially prepared to suit the Chinese taste. Last year, 654,928 acres of the rich Ganges Valley were cultivated with the poppy. The total opium revenue of the Indian government for the fiscal year was over \$30,000,000. Four fifths of the opium exported from India goes to China. The other fifth finds its way into other regions, including the United States and other Christian nations, where the first influences of the terrible drug have already shown their potent and insidious dangers. It began in San Francisco when

[Concluded on page 627]



"John," Mr. Merwin's interpreter, on the left, and the nameless cook

MR. MERWIN'S PACK TRAIN IN SHANSI PROVINCE
The front and rear riders, on white horses, are provincial soldiers



"It vouched for the industrious imagination of the professional guide"

MY LIFE—SO FAR

[CONCLUSION]

By JOSIAH FLYNT

Illustrated by J. J. GOULD

An Explanation of the So-called "Honor Among Thieves"

I HAVE often wondered whence and wherefore that queer—what shall I call it, satisfaction, pride?—which I think a good many of us feel at being on nodding or talking terms with notorious characters. Please remember that I am now speaking as Josiah Flynt, the respectable citizen, and not as Josiah Flynt, the man of the Underworld.

My capacity "for to see and to admire," as Mr. Kipling says, was fairly active in the most depressing days of my speckled past. The "seeing and admiring" is the privilege of the spectator who, because he is such, may be near the crowd and not of it. So, in a sense, I stood aloof, my insatiable curiosity often prompting me simply to observe where otherwise I might have freely partaken. This curiosity was one of my few saving graces, although it is only recently that I have become aware of its being so.

But this—may I call it philosophic?—habit of observation, and the making of many incidental and disreputable friendships, is or was, a totally distinct thing from the prideful zest with which John Brown, father, taxpayer, and pew-renter turns to James Jones, ditto, ditto, and ditto, and says:

"Notice that chap who nodded to me? That's 'Corky Bunch' who fought and nearly killed Jimmy Upcut out in Colorado last year. He rents his flat from us."

Or it may be that James Jones will say something like this:

"That's Billy the Biff' who just said 'morning' to me. You know—leader of the Redfire gang. Said to have killed nine men. But they can't send him to the chair because he does all the

thug work round election time for Barney O'Brill, the 'teenth ward boss. Ain't such a bad looker, is he? Swell dresser, too. Buys his shirts at our store." And Jones, who is as law-abiding a citizen as ever lived, turns to his friend a face which is pink with satisfaction.

Again—not long after my last return to New York, I made the acquaintance of a nice old gentleman who is the senior partner of a wholesale stationery concern, father of a fine family, deacon of a Harlem church, member of a citizens' committee, and much more of that sort of thing. Likewise, and for certain reasons which are not important enough to explain, I was introduced to him under another name than my own. He had been to New York's Chinatown once or twice in tow of a professional guide, who, knowing what was expected of him, had filled his patron with amazing stories of the quarter and its residents. The guide had, furthermore, introduced his charge to the fake opium joints, the fan-tan games and alleged highbinder clubs which are in turn arranged for the reception and the mulcting of visitors. Therefore the old fellow felt fully capable of playing leader himself the next time a collection of country cousins visited town, and I was invited to join the party.

"You needn't hesitate to come along," gurgled the ancient, cheerfully. "When you are with any one that knows Chinatown as well as I do, there isn't a bit of danger, believe me. It's

only strangers to the place that are likely to get into trouble."

And this to me!

However I went, and the large glee with which he pointed out, as hatchet-men and gamblers and lottery keepers and opium-joint proprietors and members of various

tongs and of this society and that guild, inoffensive Chinese, who were in reality shopkeepers or laundrymen who had come down to Pell or Mott Streets in order to have a night off, was a sight to see. It vouched for the industrious imagination of the professional guide, and when it was all over, and we were on our way uptown again, he beamingly remarked that unless people mixed with all sorts and conditions of folk they—the people—were likely to get very narrow. In other words, you could only round out your life by rubbing shoulders with disreputables.

I have already offered or rather suggested one explanation of this social phenomenon, and now another occurs to me. Haven't you, when a youngster, thrust your toes out under the blankets on a winter's morning for the express purpose of accentuating the comfort of the bed when you drew them back again? I guess you have. And so, I think, respectable people like to emphasize their respectability by bringing it into close if temporary contact with its antithesis. A shudderful joy results, no small part of which arises from the conviction that we are not like unto the other men.

Something like that which I have just set down came to me on the second day of my return to New York, while riding down-town on a Sixth Avenue car. It was Monday morning, and three fourths of the passengers were bargain-hunting women, judging by their conversation.

On the rear platform were two "moll-buzzers" or pickpockets who make a specialty of robbing the fair sex, and sitting near the front door was a stylish, "well-groomed," reserved woman, whom I at once recognized as "Angeles Sal" or Sarah Danby, one of the cleverest women who ever stole a purse. There came to me a thrill of the feeling of which I have been speaking. I felt a pleasant glow of superiority in that I, alone, of all the people in the car, was so well versed in the affairs of the Underworld that I knew that some of the dwellers therein were on board. I awaited the things which I felt sure were soon to happen.

They came somewhat more quickly than I had imagined.

At Herald Square the car stopped to let a half dozen of the women alight. Besides the "moll-buzzers," there were two or three other men on the rear platform which was, in consequence, somewhat crowded. This was precisely as the pickpockets desired. Scarcely had the last woman gotten into the street when there came a loud shriek from one of them.

She turned, grabbed the handrail of the car that by this time had begun to move, and yelling, "I've been robbed!" ran along with it without loosening her grip. Naturally every remaining passenger jumped to his feet and I saw "Angeles Sal" press into a group that were clustered at the windows.

Events followed with surprising celerity. The car halted with a jerk, one of the "moll-buzzers"—the "stall" by the way—opened the rear platform gate, jumped into the roadway, and disappeared as completely as if the earth had swallowed him. The other seemed to vanish into thin air and simultaneously a police officer appeared at both front and rear doors.

Instinctively my eyes sought Sal. She was in the act of getting out from among the others and by a single swift movement stood in front of me. Then she made a scarcely audible sound with her lips—something like the ghost of a kiss—and as her right hand passed to the left, apparently for the purpose of opening a hand-bag which was hanging from her left wrist, I felt something drop into the folds of a newspaper which I was carrying in an upright fashion between my hands, its lower edges resting on my knee. The woman had recognized me as of the Underworld, had given me the thief's call for help and caution, and had planted her "swag" on me without further parley. Indeed, there was n't time for talk, only time for action. The next instant, the excited little woman who had been "touched," burst into the car, accompanied by a third policeman.

"Now, madam," said the detective, brusquely, "is there anybody here whom you think lifted your purse? If so, pick the person out and we will go to the station house." The women hesitated, glancing from face to face.

"This is infamous," said Sal, in a tone of well-bred anger to a lady who was standing by her side. "We are all of us, so it seems, practically accused of theft." And she moved toward the front door.

"You will excuse me, lady," said the officer on guard, "but you will please stop in the car until this party has said her say out."

Sal flushed indignantly, and drew herself up with magnificent haughtiness. Then she pulled out her cardcase.

"If you don't know me, my

good man," she remarked, quietly, "I suppose you have heard of my husband?" And she passed him a pasteboard.

The detective simply wilted as he glanced at the card.

"I beg your pardon, madam," he said. "No offense meant; line of duty, you know, madam." And, mumbling more apologies, he helped her off the car and made way for her through the crowd that had gathered.

Later I learned that Sal had "sized up" the detective as unknown to her. She had the audacity to make it appear—on her cards—that she was the wife of a certain member of the judiciary who was the owner of an international reputation.

It should be added that the cards stood her in good stead on several occasions. But when the shining light of the bench began to get polite notes from department stores in which he was requested to be good enough to asked his wife to be somewhat more discreet in her methods of "obtaining expensive goods, inasmuch as some of our assistants to whom Mrs. — is not known may cause her inconvenience," he began to investigate. These communications meant that she had been caught shoplifting and had only squeezed out of the scrapes by her *grande dame* manner and her visiting cards.

In the meantime I have been sitting with Sal's swag "fiddled" or concealed in my newspaper and expecting a squeal from the "touched" one every instant.

The squeal did n't come off, however. Neither did the excited little woman identify her despoiler. So the police departed and the car went on. I took an early opportunity of disembarking, and in a convenient place examined that which the newspaper contained—I don't mean the news.

Sal's graft proved to be a small gold or gilt purse, which contained a few bills and a couple of valuable rings, which were evidently on their way to a jeweler's for repairs. One was a cluster ring of diamonds and rubies that had had its hoop broken. The other had two big, white stones, set gypsy fashion—it was a man's ring, or rather the stones were so set. But one of the diamonds having loosened had been removed

and sewed up in a bit of muslin which, in turn, was secured to the ring itself. The purse evidently belonged to a woman.

Now you would have thought that the moment that the cry of "thief" was raised, the owner of the rings would have assured herself that the valuables were all right, and would remain so. That thought by the same token would mark you as a denizen of the Over instead of the Underworld.

Angeles Sal was not only an expert with her hands but also a student of human nature. For that matter most "guns" are those whose graft is somewhat out of the ordinary. So, when the "squeal" was put up, she kept a keen eye on the women passengers and saw most of them slap their hands on that part of their persons where their valuables were hidden. The action was involuntary, as it always is, in such cases. It told Sal all she wanted to know.

She selected to "touch" a woman who was carrying a suede hand bag, the fastenings of which were of the dumb-bell order. This woman had, when the outcry was raised, spasmodically touched the lower part of the bag, felt it a moment, and, satisfied, turned her attention to the crowd outside. This was Sal's cue, and it was an easy matter for her to "tease" the bag open, extract the purse, and re-shut the former. Her knowledge of everyday people's nature had taught her that if the idea of the rings being safe was once fixed in their owner's mind the latter would, in consequence, be safer to "touch" than she would be under ordinary circumstances.

This reminds me that a good many of the successful "getaways" of the Powers that Prey are due to an insight into the workings of the human mentality rather than to agile fingers or elaborate kits of tools. If you know what the other man is going to do next, he is yours, or rather his belongings are. This is an aphorism that is always in order in the Underworld. So it is that "guns" are always studying the art of forecasting. So well are most "plants" arranged, in consequence, that, for the most part, when they fail it is on account of the interposition of the unexpected rather than from any defects in the plan of campaign.

If the foregoing story interests you at all it will probably be on the score of its being an illustration of the so-called "honor among thieves." In other words, you will have come to the conclusion that Sal, thinking that she recognized in me a member of the Underworld, threw herself and her "swag" on my presumed "honor," trusting to luck for us to meet again and "divvy" on the usual terms that exist between pal and pal; for, in all cases of a "touch," the parties to it share alike. Now, as a matter of fact, Sal's motive was of an entirely different kind. She knew that she was in a tight place, saw one chance of saving her booty, and took it. That was all that it amounted to, and, from her point of view, she did perfectly right. Newspapers and cheap novels are responsible for a whole lot of romantic humbug in regard to pickpockets and their doings, from the time of Robin Hood down, including the "thieves' honor" proposition.

It is proper for me to add that I advertised the purse and the rings as being "found," and they were, in due time, restored to their owner.

I have often been asked as to whether "honor among thieves" is fact or fiction. The question is not easy to answer. In the first

The Song of a Happy Spirit

By HERMAN SCHEFFAUER

I.

I fold my shining wings
Close to my panting sides;
I lure the quivering lark that sings
Through heaven's thrilling tides.
O'er mottled clouds I climb,
And lash the molten air;
Sole lord am I of task and time—
Over human care.
What is human care?
Is it the voice of bells that chime
O'er all the hills, or cities' grime?
Or Life that is there?

II.

From dawn till dusk I float
Where spear the solar rays;
On the squat-swell moon I gloat,
And whirr across her ways.
I thrid the tops of trees,
And press the mountains bare,
But still the pulse within the breeze
Throbs with human care.
What is human care?
The snoring winds across the seas
Are tremulous with litanies
Rolling to their lair.

III.

I dart, I flash, I wheel
From flower unto flower;
I hunt the dragon-fly and steal
Through sparry mine and bower.
Along the foam I skip
Where blanching billows flare,

And flaunt the flags of many a ship
Freight with human care.
What is human care?
Lives it on every mortal lip?
Is it a plague, a scourge, a whip?
Of fire, smoke, or snare?

IV.

O! swift I dance and glide
Over lake, over wold!
On rusted weather vanes I ride
And crosses warm with gold.
Of love and joy I sing,
Or shape a happy prayer,
But are those evil winds that bring
Mortals human care?
What is human care?
For there is no imagining
Could shape for me the thought or thing—
Whether foul or fair.

V.

In silences that brood,
Where sun-stained eagles fly
Above the storms, my brotherhood
Are happy; they and I
Know not what lies below
Our blue dominions fair;
Below the shadows, naught we know—
Naught of human care.
What is human care?
Some punishment men undergo?
Some payment of a debt they owe
Which we cannot share?

place, honor is a relative term, its interpretation, so it seems to me, depending on place, person, and circumstance. Those casuists of the cynical sort who affirm that all human motive is based on selfishness will hardly except the attribute in question from their generalization.

However open to criticism this same generalization is, so far as it applies to the average citizen, I am certainly inclined to accept it where the crook is concerned. The business of attaching to yourself things that don't belong to you is plainly of a very selfish nature. It has its inception as well as its execution in a desire to get as much possible pleasure with as little possible trouble as may be, and that, too, while ignoring the incidental rights of anybody and everybody. This statement, as I take it, is a pretty fair definition of selfishness of any and every description. As most motives take color from the acts from which they spring or to which they relate, it follows that the "honor" which we are pleased to think of as existing between rogues, is in reality a something which is prompted by a due regard for the persons or the purses of the selfsame individuals. This distinguishes the honor that obtains in the Underworld from that which is mostly in evidence in the Overworld. In the latter instance, the factor of one's good name or character is involved; it is absent in the former. From this characterization you will infer, as indeed I intend that you shall, that the "honor" of the Powers that Prey is but a poor sort of thing after all and is, as I have intimated, but personal interest, more or less thinly disguised.

Still, sometimes the disguise is so clever that it looks like the real thing—to the outsider; but "wise" people rarely fail in tracing the reasons which prompt a rogue to refuse to give away a pal, even when his doing so means a long term in prison as against immunity if he would only use his tongue to the other's undoing. In such cases the newspapers, so I've noticed, are apt to give the mum one a species of glorification *which is never deserved*. I want the words set up in italics; they deserve that distinction. Let me repeat; the crook who cannot be got to "flash" on his gang, either by the third degree at the "front office"—the often brutal inquisition at police headquarters—the prison chaplain, or the district attorney's staff, is never dumb because his "honor" prompts him to remain so. It is his self-interest that bids him keep his mouth shut.

Some seven years ago, a bank in a little New Jersey town, about fifty miles due west of New York, was one night "done up" in good shape. The "petermen," of which there were four, secured something like eighteen thousand dollars in greenbacks, to say nothing of a bunch of negotiable paper and a couple of small jewel safes weighing about a hundred pounds each. The rich residents of the locality used to store their sunbursts, tiaras, and rings in these safes, which by the way were kept in the main safe of the bank. This was known to the gang who turned the trick, and, the big safe proving easy, the little ones "fell" in consequence.

The "guns" who were on the job hailed from the West and had been working together for some years. They were all "good people," as the detective phrase is for clever crooks. There was "Bandy" Schwartz, an old-timer, who had seen the inside of every "Stir and Jug" west of the Missouri; "Ike" Mindin, otherwise "Beak," an expert with the drills and levers; "Sandy" Hope, a notorious cracksman of Chicago birth and criminal reputation who, at the time of the New Jersey "plant," was wanted in Kansas City in connection with the shooting of a watchman of a dry-goods store; and another man who shall be nameless, so far as I am concerned. I may add, however, that at this writing, he is living in New York, and has a fairly pros-

perous undertaking business (of all things!) having "squared it" for a half dozen or more years. If he should happen to read this, he will know that the small, weazen-faced chap, who used to be about a good deal with Pete Dolby's gang in the old days in Chicago, is n't ungrateful. Following the breaking up of Dolby's crowd through the stool pigeon, "Dutch Joe," I would many a time have had to "carry the banner" or walk the streets all night if it had n't been for this man, who was always ready to give up a bed and a cup of coffee.

As I've said before, the "getaway"—that is, the method of escaping with the "swag"—is always carefully worked out by the framers of a "plant" or proposed robbery. In this case it was of a rather elaborate sort. The safe was to be drilled and jimmied instead of being blown, because of the proximity of houses to the bank. Then the plunder was to be loaded into a buggy, the wheels of which were rubber tired, while the horse's hoofs were wrapped in cloth to



"But the unexpected happened"

deaden their sound. The buggy was then to be driven to an appointed spot near South Amboy where a cat-boat in charge of Sandy would be in waiting, and to which the articles were to be transferred. Then the craft was to be rowed off to a fishing ground where the day was to be spent and, as night fell, was to head for Gravesend Bay, where it was believed that the valuables could be gotten on shore without suspicion, either as fish or as the outfit of a fishing party.

But the unexpected happened. The "getaway" was begun all right, but, a couple of miles from the bank, the buggy broke down under the weight of the two safes. This was about 4:30 A.M., and in June. Now it so happened that the cashier of the bank was to take his vacation during the following week and, in consequence, he was getting his work ahead of time and, on this particular morning, reached the bank at 5:30 o'clock. Fifteen minutes later, the local police and population were scouring the surrounding country, the "front offices" of New York, Philadelphia, and other big cities were being notified,

and a net, so to speak, was drawn right around the scene of the "touch" from which there was no escape. It all ended by Bandy and Mindin being caught while trying to "cache" the safes in a wood near to the scene of the breakdown. The third man had disappeared with the currency. Mindin tried to scare the Jerseymen by shooting, but got filled with buckshot in consequence.

Bandy absolutely refused to "peach" on his pals. He was bullied, coaxed, threatened, prayed over, offered immunity, and in other ways tempted to tell. It turned out afterwards that the cause of all this effort on the part of the police was, that somehow or other they had got a hint that Sandy Hope was mixed up with the job and they wanted him the worst way on account of the Kansas City affair. In other words, they were willing to let a "peterman" go for the sake of getting a man-killer. Bandy stood it out, though, and finally was sentenced to seven years in prison.

Not long before I last left for Europe, I happened into a prosperous, hybrid sort of store in a pretty town about an hour's run from New York. It was one of those shops where you can buy nearly everything, from stationery to Japanese ware, with tobacco, toys, candy, and dress goods in between. Behind the counter, with a blue apron covering his comfortable paunch and the capital O legs, from which he got his "monacker," was Bandy himself.

Now, the etiquette of the Underworld does n't permit of one pal even recognizing another in the everyday world, unless the "office" is given and such a recognition is desired—or safe. Hence, while I knew that Bandy knew me, and that he knew that I knew it, I gave no sign of that fact. Yet, as he passed me the pack of cigarettes for which I asked, my forefinger tapped the back of his hand twice, which in the sign-language of the Underworld is equivalent to "I want to chin with you." Bandy coughed a slight guttural cough, and gave a hardly noticeable jerk of his head toward the rear of the store. He had replied that he was willing to "chin" and that the room at the back was all right for that purpose. Thither we went when the other customer in the place had been served and had departed.

I need n't tell about the reminiscences we exchanged. I will come direct to that part of our conversation which had to do with his exhibition of crook "honor" on the lines related.

"You certainly would n't 'beef,'" I said, tentatively. "Many a man fixed like you were would have let his clapper loose all right. And the newspapers did you proud. 'Twas a fine front you put up, and the gang ought to be proud of you."

"Proud, nothing!" replied the reformed crook, impatiently. "And, seems to me, Cig., that you've caught the patter of those nutty newspaper guys who is always stringing the dear public about guns who never go back on pals because they're built that way and all the rest of such guff." He stopped disgustedly. "Here's the straight of it. Up to the time that we frisked a joint in Chi. that happened to be owned by the brother of a cop, we—the four of us—was doing well and had a lot of fall-money (large reserve sum for use in case of emergencies). Well, the gang agreed that, if one of us was copped-out, the others would look out for his piece of fall-money, and, what was more, while he was put away, he would get a share of one eighth of all touches, which same could be sent to his wife or kids, as the case might be. That was good enough, warn't it?"

I nodded, and Bandy went on.

"That was one reason why I did n't turn mouthpiece. Another was," he smiled grimly,

[Concluded on page 622]

The Moonshiners

A Romance of the Tennessee Mountaineers

THIRD INSTALLMENT

By H. S. Cooper

Illustrated by P. V. E. IVORY



"Mr. Ashe came out first, with the 'flag o' truce'"

"Who fired that rifle?" was Lew's first fierce whispered inquiry, as they pushed themselves into a compact mass among the bushes. There was an instant's silence, and then Lem whispered back, "I did, Lew. Th' instant thet match lit I thought what a beauty shot it 'd make—an' it mus' a' been magic-like—but jes' thet instant Marthy whispers 'n my ear, 'Betcher cayn't snuff thet match out!' an' 'fore I thought I 'd fired an' done it. Reckon f'om the way thet feller squawked I mus' a' hit more'n e' match!" and the irrepressible youngster snickered to himself. But the others did not view it in any ridiculous light.

"Yes, an' a nice fuss you an' Marthy ha' raised between yer. I 'll wear yer t' a frazzle with a hick'ry, soon's I get a chanc't, an' learn yer some sense," whispered John. "Mout 'a' known thet 'a' been trouble with a woman an' a boy in th' crowd! What th' devil put thet fool notion in yer head, Marthy? You d'serve a lickin' more'n th' boy!"

There was no answer, and the whisper was angrily repeated with like effect.

"Why don't you answer?" came hissing from John. "Yo're gen'ly pooty quick at it, Marthy."

"Marthy ain't over here," came Will's voice. "An' she ain't here," said Lem. "I don't believe she's here 't all, an' I 'd e'namost swear she ran down th' hill with us all."

There was instantly a stir among the bushes, but Lew's quick whisper silenced it.

"Lay still, will yer! D'yer want'er bring them raiders down on yer? Leave Marthy alone, she won't come to no harm. She's got some more devilment up an' we cayn't stop her. Lettin' alone she's a woman, an' no man 'd harm her, she's got more brains' an' all 'f us—on'y they's mos'ly up to meanness," he concluded. So they all crouched quiet, with only a whisper or two as to their mother's whereabouts—of which matter Lew disposed quickly.

"Maw's got a bed o' leaves behin' some log, an' she's a squattin' in et like a pa'tridge. Don't you worry 'bout Maw, she ain't worrin' 'bout we all. She's b'en 'n many a raid afore!"

So they listened intently to the noise above them which had drifted off toward the house, when, right in their midst, came Martha's soft "hiss-s," and they all sprang to their feet to find her close to them and hear her say:

"You all got to get where we c'n get a light. I got somethin' here I want you all to read, 'specially Will," and she waved something in her hand, which showed white, and rustled.

"Won't th' moon do?" queried Lew.

"No! 'T won't!" was the answer. "I want a good light fer this, an' no other kin' won't do! Cayn't we go down the branch to th' ol' cave? I tell you them raiders won't leave this spot 'f they hev ter camp here f'r a week, an' this 'll bear me out!" and her voice had a triumphant tone as she again shook the paper in her hand. So they all carefully and quietly picked their way along the little "branch" that ran from the spring until they reached a high bank. Parting some bushes here, John crawled into a narrow shelving opening, then squeezed through a narrow passage, and, striking a light, showed another cave about twelve feet

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters

Hagar Peters, in the hope of dissuading her fiancé, Will Shipley, from continuing in the unlawful production of whisky, climbs the mountain with him and visits the illicit still. There Will drinks to excess, and Hagar is strengthened in her resolution that the influence of his partners, the Morgan brothers, must be destroyed, together with that of their sister, Martha Morgan, who has a curious fascination for him. The stranger whom Hagar finds at her father's house, when she returns, proves to be a revenue official in disguise. In return for her warning that his mission is suspected by the mountaineers, he promises immunity for her friend if there ever is a raid. When Will Shipley again refuses her appeal that he give up the still, she writes to the revenue officer, disclosing the hiding place of the Morgan-Shipley distillery, and asking for the promised immunity for Will. Clark, the revenue officer, comes, bringing twelve horsemen, and the whole valley is aroused to the defense.

square, apparently formed by the tossing together of big rocks and slabs. That it had some other connection with the outer air was evinced by the draft of wind that swept through it. The roof was blackened with smoke, and plenty of dry wood lay around, as this had been the first place in which the Morgans' father—an old and experienced moonshiner—had "set up" a still. A bright and smokeless fire was soon burning, and was constantly fed by small shavings whittled by the men.

"Now, Marthy, let's see yo' paper," said Lew.

"You 'll see it soon 'nough," was the answer; "you 'll hear it fust! Move over thar an' let me set by th' fire. Now, listen—the'r ain't no address: 'The still in the Five Valleys that you were looking for is located,'" and the paper went on to give all particulars as to its location, and accurate instructions as to how to reach it and get into it without discovery or opposition. It mentioned no names of the owners or operators, and the reading stopped abruptly in the middle of a sentence.

"Well—go on!" was the cry as the reader halted and began to fold up the paper.

"That's all 'ere is on 't. Reckon th' other part must 'a' biown off an' I di'n't ha' time nor chanc't to fin' it. I were jus' boun' to hev' thet paper after I seen them readin' out 'n it ev'ry step they took, an' 't came into my min' 'at when Lem split thet match-light fer 'em an' they got woke up so suddent as they mout 'a' drapped et right there, so, while's you all sc'ambled down here I marched up ther's large's life, makin' all th' noise I could, an' fust thing I saw was these papers, an' jes' grabbed 'em an' sneaked off down here."

Part of this was a lie. She had found the whole letter and, on her way down, in a bright patch of moonlight, had glanced hurriedly at the beginning and then—woman-like—had turned to the last page where Hagar had reminded Mr. "Howard" of his promise, and pleaded for Will's release in case he should be brought into it in any way. This sheet Martha had detached and put hastily into the bosom of her dress and had then joined the others. While she had been reading the letter and while she spoke there had been a

dead silence, but when she finished, John reached out his hand and said, hoarsely—

"Le' me see that letter!"

"Not jes' yet, John," was the reply, as she put her hand behind her back. "What 'd you all do 'f yo' caught th' one as wrote it?"

"I 'd cut his heart out!" John replied, fiercely.

"Do you 'spicion anybody, Marthy?"

"What 'd you all do ef 't want no man—ef 't was a woman?"

There was an instant's silence, and then Will said—

"What yer hintin' at, Marthy? Spit it out 'f you knows anythin'."

"Then look at that, Will Shipley—look at it good! Whose han'writin' is that? I knowed it's quick's I set eyes on it," and she sprang to her feet and pushed the letter into his hand. "You tell us who wrote that, you tell who th' informer is!"

Will gazed wondering at the letter for a second and then dropped on his knee at the fire and looked closely at it. After his first glance he hurriedly turned over the leaves, and when he reached the last one he sprang to his feet and almost shouted:

"It's a lie, Marthy Morgan; it's some dirty trick o' yours. Hagar Peters never 'd do such a thing! It's a lie on 'e face o' 't. Boys," and he turned to the others, "you all cayn't believe it? It's some trick o' Marthy's or that d—rev'noor, Howard—or whatever his cussed name is!"

"Believe what, Will?" answered Lew. "What 're you 'n' Marthy talkin' about, an' what's Hagar Peters's name doin' in it?"

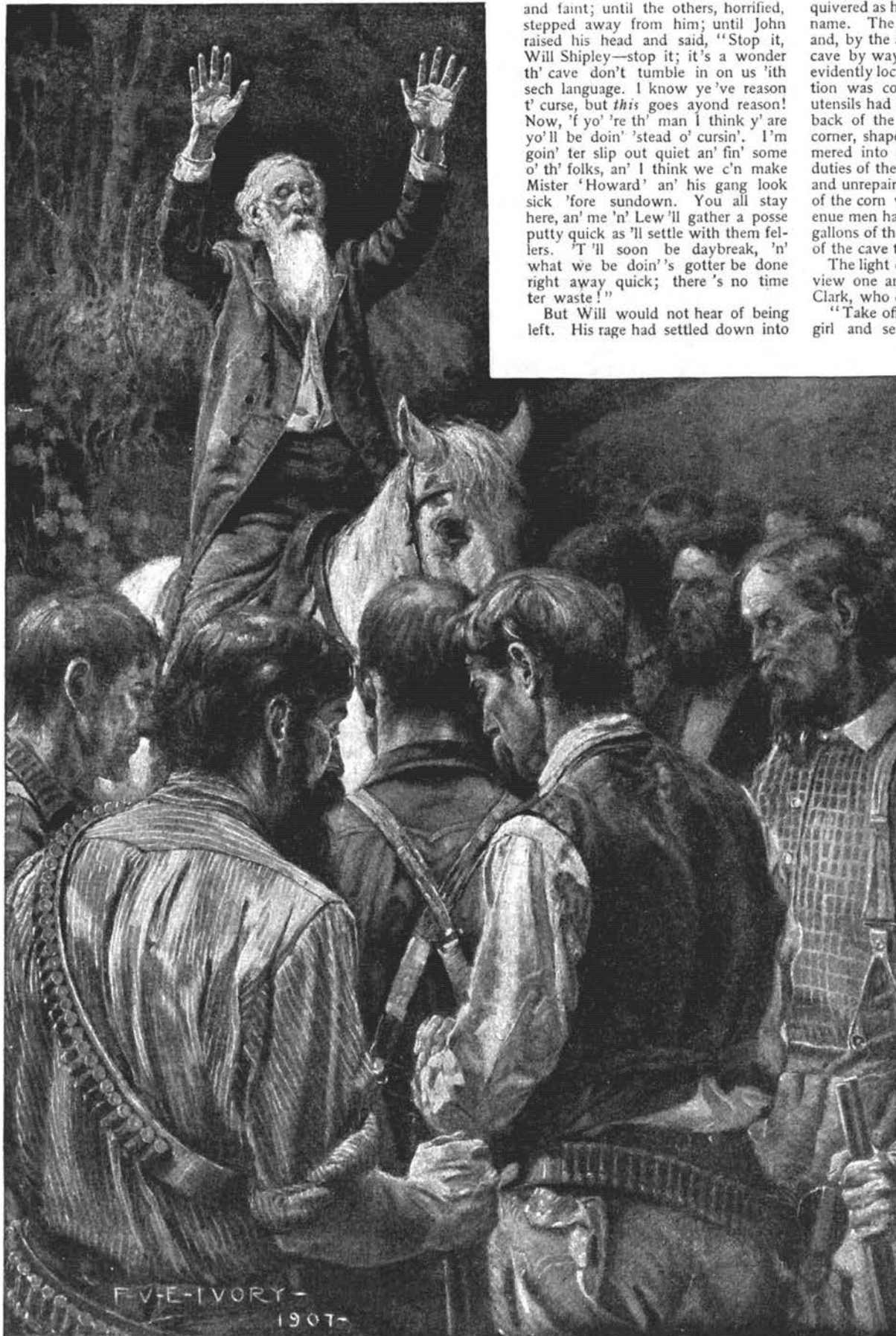
"She says Hagar writ this letter, an' it's a lie; I don't care who says it. Hagar 'd cut off 'er right han' fore she's think o' doin' a thing like that!"

Before any one else could reply, Martha's voice cut in, cool and contemptuous.

"Will Shipley, I want ter ast yer—hev I spoken Hagar Peters's name? Who named her name fust? You did, 'cause you know's well's I do thet thet's her han'writin', an' thet 't ain't no trick o' mine nur thet rev'noor man. An', what's more, you know now who warned him and helped him get away! Not more'n a week ago you tol' me y'eself as you 'd ast her about him, an' tol' her about Lew's suspicionin' him, an' that night he skipped! Trick? Yes—trick o' that putty-faced thing 'at come up here 'ith her 'cad'my airs an' graces an' made out she's too nice t' see folks drink liquor, an' all th' time she was car'n' on 'ith that rev'noor an' makin' you all think she 'as a saint. Nice saint she was, an' this's th' outcomin's of it, warnin' her lover when things got too hot, an' helpin' him ter come up here'n catch you stillin'! It's two years 'n th' penitentiary 't th' least, an' she 'd hev two years o' freedom with her lover—"

"Shet up, Marthy—shet up now, I say; I won't hear no more sech talk! Shet up an' hush yer mouth 'r I 'll do yer harm! Take shame to yo'self fer talkin' thet way!" and Martha "shut up" instantly, for she knew that when easy-going John was fully aroused every one and everything "stood f'om under." "Le' me see thet letter, Will."

Will, who had stood silent and apparently listless and unhearing during Martha's tirade, mechanically



"Vengeance is mine; I will repay," saith the Lord God of Hosts"

handed the letter to John, who replenished the fire and, by its light, read the letter carefully, Lew looking over his shoulder. When he had finished he handed it back to Will, and said:

"Will, this's a matter's teches us all, elsewise I'd say nothin'—'ev'ry man his own trouble,' as th' sayin' is. Now, no matter what Marthy says, 'f you say there's nothin' in this, *that* ends it fer good an' all, an' fore we go out o' this cave," with a glance at Martha and Lem, "we'll see as it is ended. How is it, Will?"

"Good Gawd, John! Don't put it onto me, don't!"

"Why? D' ye mean ter say *you* think that *that* letter's Hagar Peters's?"

"Don't ast me, John—fer Gawd's sake, don't ast me!"

"But I am a askin' you, Will. 'T's *gott* be settled, an' you's th' on'y one c'n do 't with me. I ast yer again—an' I want an answer. Is that letter thar Hagar Peters's, shore 'nuff?"

"Well—ef yo' *mus* know, it *is*! Curse him, curse him!" and Will fairly shrieked as he cursed "Howard" and vowed to do him ill—cursed until he turned sick

quiet while John had been speaking, but it had not lessened toward its object. "I'm goin' to shoot th' cur. I'm goin' ter do it, John, ef 't to' th' last act. 'F you all leave me here, I'll crawl out's soon's yo' gone, an' I'll kill him on sight! Jes' gi' me th' chance 't him; jes' th' one chanc't, 'at's all I want—jes' th' one chanc't!"

Martha also, although a much sobered Martha, utterly refused to stay.

"I'm goin' out to hunt up Maw while's you all gets yo' men. I *won't* stay here!"

Lem also begged to go. So, extinguishing the fire, they all sidled through the passage, and John leading, slid and scuffled down the rocky incline to the little beach of the creek, only to be seized, handcuffed, and gagged with a celerity and promptness that gave them no chance to resist successfully, and that showed great experience on the part of their captors.

"That's the whole bunch—five of 'em, Mr. Clark," said a voice out of the gloom.

"All right, bring them up to the cave," and Will

quivered as he recognized "Howard's" voice under that name. The group of captives were soon led up the hill and, by the aid of torches, they were brought into the cave by way of the tree which the revenue men had evidently located at last. In the still-room the destruction was complete—mash-tubs, cooling-tub, and all utensils had disappeared, evidently into the hole at the back of the cave, and the still and worm-lay in one corner, shapeless bundles of copper—hacked and hammered into uselessness by axes—for one of the first duties of the raiders is to render the apparatus unusable and unrepairable. The cave was full of the acrid odor of the corn whisky, for the thorough search of the revenue men had discovered the storing place, and many gallons of the liquor had been emptied out of the mouth of the cave to mingle with the waters of the spring.

The light of the torches gave both parties a chance to view one another. The raiders were grouped around Clark, who cast a look over the five and said:

"Take off the gags; and take the handcuffs off the girl and search the men for weapons. Come, act quickly!"

This was done, and Clark continued:

"I'm sorry to have caused you inconvenience, Miss Martha, but your own acts were the cause, so you can hardly blame me. Your mother is up at the house with one of my men, and you will go there now under escort and will please stay there until you receive permission to leave. My man will give you every attention. You understand?"

Martha's independent spirit was not proof against the calm authority and unruffled speech of the man, so with an upward flirt of her head she said:

"I 'spose I'll have ter, bein's there's no choice."

"Thank you. Tom, see Miss Morgan to the house, and then come back here," and Martha departed.

"Now, gentlemen," and Clark turned toward the four, and his voice grew sterner, "with you, I am sorry to say, I must take a different course. Mr. Shipley I know, and you two are the Morgan brothers. Which one is Lew?"

There was no answer, but one of his men stepped up and said:

"The middle one, with the mustache, Mr. Clark; he's the young fellow that we shadowed in Atlanta, three years ago; he was trying for a still, don't you remember?"

"Ah, yes, I remember now. So this is the young gentleman to whom 'Mr. Howard' owes his recognition, is it? Let me congratulate you on your memory of faces, Mr. Lew. And *you*, young man!" turning to Lem, "what are you doing in this matter? You're entirely too young to be mixed up in a thing of this kind."

Lem, boy-like, emulated the example of his elder companions and gave no answer, and Clark continued:

"Silence will do you no good, but *may* do you harm. If you can explain your presence with these men, I can let you go; otherwise you may have to go to prison with them."

Still Lem made no answer, and, after a second or two, John Morgan said:

"Th' boy ain't had nothin' ter do with the still, ef *that's* what yer aimin' at, mister. His paw sont late, he stayed with us and went a-huntin' with us."

"Yes? I can guess the 'message,' and also what you were hunting," answered Clark, with a smile, "but we won't look too closely into the matter with this boy. Take off his handcuffs, Mellon, and keep a watch on him."

The man stepped forward and unlocked the handcuffs, and as he did so they fell clattering to the floor, and he stooped to pick them up. Will, who stood just a little back of Lem, had felt that his own handcuffs were not very tightly adjusted, and, as his hands were quite slender, he had been able, by pulling and twisting, to release the left one. Now, as the man Mellon stooped to the floor, the pistol on his hip was exposed, and in a second Will had seized it and fired point-blank at Clark, cursing him foully as he did so. The swinging handcuff on his right hand caught in his coat as he fired, and the bullet went wide. "Before he could fire again, the man "Billy," who stood close beside Clark, had fired, and Will fell.

There was a hubbub in an instant. Clark sprang toward Will and said: "Lights this way, quick!" and the men holding the torches rushed forward. Lem, with quick wit, took one horrified glance at Will, lying prostrate, and then, stooping behind the others, gained the passage and was lost. A quick examination of Will showed a bullet wound in the chest, and his heavy breathing and the blood-tinged foam that flecked his lips showed the deadliness of his hurt. One of the men who had some knowledge of surgery examined him quickly, and then, glancing at Clark, said, in a low voice, "It's only a question of minutes, sir." Clark glanced at him and was about to reply, when a stumbling, sobbing figure broke into the group, and, with a shriek, threw herself down by Will, moaning and grieving and calling him inarticulately.

This roused him, and, opening his eyes, they met those of Hagar. A shudder of repulsion went over him, and, struggling, he raised himself on his elbow and essayed to speak, but his clogged lips refused. Ready hands put water to his mouth, and he drank eagerly, pushed the cup away, and turned on Hagar, kneeling beside him.

"Curse yer, Hagar Peters—curse yer fer—fer a traitor! Get away f'm me—'f I'd on'y hed th' chanc't—jes' th' one more chanc't, you'd a' been kneelin' by him 'stead o' me! Curse ye both—don't tech me—y' ain't fit ter tech—ter tech"—and he sank back, but, by a supreme effort of will he rose again on his elbow and, with the blood bursting from his lips, almost screamed, "Curse ye both!" and fell back—dead.

There was a horrified silence for a second, and some men sprang forward, but they were met by Hagar, who stood suddenly up and pushed them away, saying, calmly and quietly, "Let him alone—he's mine!" and then, kneeling down beside him, pale, haggard, with bruised and bleeding face and disheveled hair, but as if they two were alone, and in the same even, clear voice, but in tones full of love, she said:

"Will, darling, you did n't mean it—you know better now, dearest, don't you? Oh, my boy, my poor, loving, mistaken boy—if we were only together now you'd take it all back, would n't you, Will? If we were only together!" and she bent and kissed him, and then, suddenly springing to her feet, she held up her hands and raised her face.

"Oh, Will, my dear, dear boy!" she said, and fell heavily across his body. The men, who had stood like statues during her pitiful appeal, with tears trickling down their cheeks, now rushed forward, but Clark waved them back.

"Give her air, men," he commanded; "bring water and some whisky, quick! It's only a faint!" But the man who had examined Will pushed Clark to one side, felt her pulse, put his head to her bosom and listened, ran his hand into her dress over her heart, while a deathlike silence prevailed. A minute, two minutes passed, as he felt and listened; then, raising his face to Clark, he said, in faltering tones:

"You're mistaken, Mr. Clark—they're—they're 'together,'" and then broke down and cried like a child, as did many of them, while Clark, with tears rolling down his cheeks, knelt down beside her and stroked her hair, saying, softly, "Poor little faithful heart—poor little Hagar!"

A few minutes passed, and then the serious aspect of their position asserted itself. Clark rose and spoke in a low tone.

"Billy, go up to the house and bring those two women here. Tell them there's serious work for them, but tell them these two," and he pointed to Lew and John, who were crouched down beside Will and Hagar, the very picture of anguish—"are unhurt. And bring Job back with you, and, if you meet Tom coming back, hurry him here. Where's that boy?"

Instant search was made everywhere, but no trace of Lem could be found.

"Escaped while we was all engaged, I reckon, Mr. Clark," said one of the men, at length.

"Too bad, too bad! That complicates matters. He'll have spread the news of this far and wide, or I misjudge him, and we'll have a hornet's nest about our ears in a few hours. We must get out of this, quick. Why, what does this mean?"—for Billy and the two other men entered the cave at this minute, accompanied by Martha and Mrs. Morgan, both of whom fell on their knees beside the two bodies and wept and wailed.

"It's the message you sent by that boy," said the man called Tom. "I met him just as I was coming back, and he told me that two of the men had been shot, that me and Buck was to get back here at once and bring the women folks, an' he was to ride for a doctor, and he was on that little mare of his and off like a shot—an' here we are."

"The cunning young devil!" was Clark's comment. "Well, I'm afraid we're in for it, unless we get a good start. But first take some boards and lay them on those trestles and lift the bodies up on them and lay them out

—poor young things! My, but it's hard luck! Here, four of you, look to those prisoners; see that there's no more slipping of bracelets; take them out and put them on two of the horses; and two of you get your horses and ride up to the house quick and bring away all the horses that are there—saddled and bridled. Now, hustle! Every minute counts. Gently, boys, very gently with the girl—poor little woman!" and the usually imperturbable "chief" wiped his eyes unreservedly as he looked at the pallid young faces laid side by side and already acquiring the sweet peacefulness of death, as if, in answer to Hagar's prayer, they were again united and the terrible misunderstanding had passed away. His reverie was broken by the clattering return of the men he had sent out.

"Too late, Mr. Clark! There's a force of mountaineers out there; they've got the horses and Hank and Weband, and they're fixing to blockade us pretty sudden."

"So? Well, we can't stay here; they'd smoke us out and shoot us like rats, or starve us, and that'd amount to the same thing. We must make a break for that pile of rocks on top of the hill. Get your arms and ammunition, take those two prisoners with you, and get in among the rocks, quick. I'll come in a minute. If there's any shooting at you, put the prisoners in front and tell them so."

There was a hurried scramble; Lew and John tried to resist, but were quickly carried and dragged away. Clark stopped to see that all was clear; then, turning to the women, who were kneeling, sobbing, beside the dead, he said:

"We can't stay to do anything more. Your men folks will soon be down here to help you."

Martha looked at him with glazed and unseeing eyes, but the old woman turned fiercely toward him and answered:

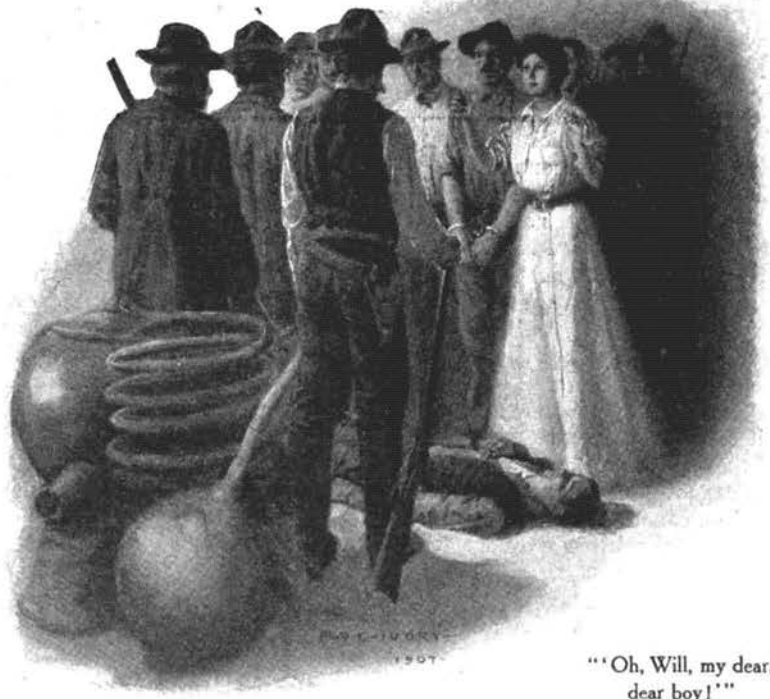
"Ter help put you lot o' murderin' scalawags where these two is, that's what they all 'll help, bless God!" and she turned back to the dead, while Clark followed the last man out and emerged in time to hear John's deep voice crying out:

"Don't shoot, boys! Don't shoot! Me and Lew's here!" and to hear him add, as a malicious afterthought, "Thar ain't no hurry; yo' got all 'e week; they cayn't get away ef you all do your part;" and he smiled grimly into Clark's face as he said it.

"Pretty much o' truth in that," said Billy, as he tramped over the rocks beside Clark. "They don't much mind where we go; they've pretty well got us where they want us."

"Pretty tight place, Billy, I'll agree, but we're none of us dead yet, and with those two Morgan fellows as hostages I think I can make terms."

"For all but yourself, old man, I'm afraid. That letter of that poor dead girl's has certainly done its share of harm, and I'm afraid the harm isn't ended."



"Oh, Will, my dear, dear boy!"

"By all that's strange, I forgot the letter! Where'd you suppose it is?"

For answer, Billy put his hand into his pocket and pulled it out and handed it to Clark.

"That part fell out of the dead boy's coat when I took it off to put it under his head, and that last sheet I took out of Miss Martha's bosom when I was gagging her. I'd seen her tuck it in there when I tracked her back to the spring. My, how she did squirm when she found out what I was after! She's the bird that did all the mischief. Wonder how she likes her work? Well, these are cozy quarters, ain't they? Nice, soft rocks to fit any form."

The place they had selected capped the hill and consisted of a mass of slabs and boulders making a sort of natural amphitheater about ten yards across. It was the highest ground for many hundred feet around, and was, therefore, safe from any enemy above, while its curious conformation made it easy to defend. A few stunted oaks and chestnuts gave promise of shade, while, under one of the slabs, in a big hollow in a rock, lay a pool of water, clear and cool, and containing many gallons. The outlook, therefore was not so bad as at first sight; all were more or less used to living and sleeping in the open air, their guns were with them, their belts full of cartridges, and accustomed, as they all were, to taking their lives in their hands in affairs like this, they soon regained their spirits and began to plan for their release. The two prisoners were handcuffed to two stout saplings a little distance apart, with a man to watch them. Pickets were set, and the rest lay down on "rocks to fit any form." The rising sun found over half of them asleep.

Little could be seen of the men below, as rocks and trees intervened between them and the opening to the cave. Presently, however, a tall man approached, waving a white rag on a stick. Clark went out to meet him, and the man said:

"Be you the boss?"

"My name is Clark, and I command here."

"Wal, Mr. Clark, my name's Ashe—Jeff Ashe, an' we all'd like to take them bodies up 't the house, an' this here's th' only likely path to do it decent, an—"

"Come right by here; my men will not make a move unless you folks do, and we'll keep out of sight entirely, on condition that you will not try to play tricks."

"We all won't play no tricks, leas'ways not whiles we're goin' with them bodies; I ain't a-promisin' later," he added, pointedly.

"I understand," replied Clark. "You can bring your dead by here in all safety and with respect from us. We've got feelings, and no one is more grieved over what has happened than we are."

"I reckon!" answered the man, dryly. "All 'e same, I'm 'bliged to yer, mister. 'T'd a' been awful work to 'd got them two bodies out 'n the cave th' other way. Good mornin'."

As he spoke, there was a "crack, crack" of rifles, a sudden shouting, and two men were seen running toward them, dodging behind trees and zigzagging as they ran. Behind them came several of the countrymen, and as soon as Ashe saw them he yelled:

"What 'n Sam Hill you fellows doin'? Stop where y' are. Firin' tow'rs a flag of truce? Look a-yander," and he pointed toward the pile of rocks, out of which were streaming the revenue men, rifles in hand; "s'posin' them men hed fired 'thout axin' questions, where'd I a' been?"

"But them two fellows was escapin'!"

"Well, what on it? Mr. Clark here'd made 'em go back, bein' as they escaped under a flag o' truce," replied this mountain judge-advocate, "an' now you've ben an' knocked all that 'n 'e head by firin' on 'em. I reckon 't would n't be fair ter ax yer ter sen' 'em back now, would it?" he continued, turning to Clark.

"I would n't be hardly according to the rules of war," responded Clark, gravely, although his lips twitched and the temptation to smile was very great.

"Thar, now, hear that?" said Ashe. "Hones', I ought ter cou't-martial you all. Fust away yo' let them pris'ners escape, an' nex' thing yo' vi'late a flag o' truce."

"Cou'se he'd say that," retorted one of the pursuers. "He's on they all's side, an' he'd say anythin' ter git 'em back."

Ashe turned and looked Clark over, and replied: "Don' believe he would. Looks honest, even if he is a rev'noo!" Then, turning again to Clark, as coolly as if he had not uttered these words, he asked: "Yo' reckon yo' cayn't see yer way clear to sen' them men back?"

"I hardly see how I could, consistently," was the still grave reply.

"Wal, I thought I'd be askin'; mebbe you'd 'a' thought o' some way. Well, reckon I'll be movin'."

"Wait a second," said Clark. He thought a minute and then added, "wait here a minute—I'll be right back." He returned to the rocks, ordered the men to their places and then

taking the two escaped men out of hearing of the Morgans, he asked them some rapid questions. The replies seemed to confirm him in a resolve for he walked over to the two Morgans and said, gravely:

"Young men, the two men that your people captured with the horses have escaped during a truce. Your people fired on them and directly on the two parties, Mr. Ashe and myself, under the flag, so, as I see it, I am under no obligations to return them. However, as the case stands, I am willing to do this—if you two will give me your word to take no part in any hostilities against us and to come with me as my

[Concluded on pages 623 to 626]

The Spirit In Which You Work

ORISON SWETT MARDEN

It ought not to be necessary to ask a man if he likes his work. The radiance of his face should tell that. His very buoyancy and pride in his work, the spirit of unbounded enthusiasm and zest, ought to show that. He ought to be so in love with his work that he would find his greatest delight in it; and this inward joy should light up his whole being.

A test of the quality of the individual is the spirit in which he does his work. If he goes to it grudgingly, like a slave under the lash; if he feels the drudgery in it, if his enthusiasm and love for it do not lift it out of commonness and make it a delight instead of a bore, he will never make a very great place for himself in the world.

Man-building

More Than

Living Getting

The man who feels his life-yoke galling him, who does not understand why the bread-and-butter question could not have been solved by one great creative act, instead of every man's being obliged to wrench everything he gets from nature through hard work, the man who does not see a great beneficent design and a superb necessity in the principle that every one should earn his own living—has gotten a wrong view of life, and will never get the splendid results out of his vocation which were intended for him.

The man who does not look upon his vocation as a great unfolding, enlarging, cultivating, educative, elevating process—the results of which could come in no other possible way—has made a very poor guess at life's riddle.

Multitudes of people do not half respect their work. They look upon it as a disagreeable necessity for providing bread and butter, clothing and shelter—as unavoidable drudgery, instead of as a great man builder, a great life university for the development of manhood and womanhood. They do not see the divinity in the spur of necessity which compels man to develop the best thing in him, to unfold his possibilities by his struggle to attain his ambition, to conquer the enemies of his prosperity and his happiness. They cannot see the curse in the unearned dollar, which takes the spur out of the motive. Work to them is sheer drudgery—an unmitigated evil. They cannot understand why the Creator did not put bread ready-made on trees. They cannot see that the best thing in man has ever been developed by the necessity of labor. They do not see the stamina, the grit, the nobility, and the manhood in being forced to conquer what they get. No one can make a real success of his life when he is all the time grumbling or apologizing for what he is doing. It is a confession of weakness.

The Curse

in the

Unearned Dollar

What a pitiable sight to see one of God's noblemen, made to hold up his head and to be a king, to be cheerful and happy, and to radiate power, going about whining and complaining of his work, apologizing for what he is doing, and deploring the fact that he should have to work at all!

It is demoralizing to allow yourself to do a thing which does not get your approval, if you do it in a half-hearted, grudging manner.

There is a great adaptive power in human nature. The mind is wonderfully adjustable to different conditions; but you will not get the best results until your mind is settled, until you are resolved not only to like your work, but also to do it in the spirit of a master and not in that of a slave. Resolve that, whatever you do, you will like it; that you will bring the whole man to it; that you will sling the whole weight of your being into it; and that you will do it in the spirit of a conqueror, and so get the lesson and power out of it which come only to the conqueror.

Put the right spirit into your work. Treat your calling as divine—as a call from principle. If the thing itself be not important, the spirit in which you take hold of it makes all the difference in the world to you. It can make or mar the man. You cannot afford grumbling service or botched work in your life's record. You cannot afford to form a habit of half doing things, or of doing them in the spirit of a drudge, for this will drag its slimy trail through all your subsequent career, always humiliating you at the most unexpected times. Let other people do the poor jobs, the botched work, if they will. Keep your standards up, your ideals high.

The attitude with which a man approaches his task has everything to do with the quality and efficiency of his work, and with its influence upon his character. What a man does is a part of himself. It is the self-expression of what he stands for. Our life-work is an outpicturing of our ambition, our ideals, our real selves. If you see a man's work you see the man.

A Call

from Principle

No one can respect himself, or have that sublime faith in himself, which is essential to all high achievement, when he puts mean, half-hearted, slipshod service into what he does. He cannot get his highest self-approval until he does his level best. No man can do his best, or call out the highest thing in him, while he regards his occupation as drudgery or a bore.

Under no circumstances allow yourself to do anything as a drudge. Nothing is more demoralizing. No matter if circumstances force you to do something which is distasteful, compel yourself to find something interesting and instructive in it. Everything that is necessary to be done is full of interest. It is all a question of the attitude of mind in which we go to our task.

If your occupation is distasteful, every rebellious thought, every feeling of disgust only surrounds you with a failure atmosphere, which is sure to attract more failure. The magnet that brings success and happiness must be charged with a positive, optimistic, enthusiastic force.

The man who has not learned the secret of *taking the drudgery out of his task by loving it*, by flinging his whole soul into it, has not learned the first principles of success or happiness. It is perfectly possible to so exalt the most ordinary business, by bringing to it the spirit of a master, as to make of it a dignified vocation.

The trouble with us is that we drop into a humdrum existence and do our work mechanically, with no heart, no vim, and no purpose. We do not learn the fine art of living for growth, for mind and soul expansion. We just exist.

It was not intended that any necessary employment should be merely commonplace. There is a great, deep meaning in it all—a glory in it. Our possibilities, our destiny are in it, and the good of the world.

Why is it that most people think that the glory of life does not belong to the ordinary vocations—that this belongs to the artist, to the musician, to the writer, or to some one of the more gentle and what they call "dignified" professions? There is as much dignity and grandeur and glory in agriculture as in statesmanship or authorship.

The Glory of

Life in Common

Tasks

Some people never see any beauty anywhere. They have no soul for the beautiful. Others see it everywhere. Farming to one man is a humdrum existence, an unbearable vocation, a monotonous routine; while another sees the glory and the dignity in it, and takes infinite pleasure in mixing brains with the soil and in working with the Creator to produce grander results.

I knew a cobbler in a little village who took infinitely more pride in his vocation than did the lawyer, or even the clergyman, of that town. I know a farmer who takes more pride in his crops than any other person in his community takes in his vocation. He walks over his farm as proudly as a monarch might travel through his kingdom. This true master farmer will introduce his visitor to his horses and cows and other animals, as though they were important personages. That is the kind of enthusiasm that takes the drudgery out of the farm and makes a joy out of a life which, to many, is so dull and commonplace.

I have known a stenographer on small pay who put a higher quality of effort into her work than the proprietor of the great establishment she worked for, and she got more out of life. I knew a school-teacher in a little district twenty-five miles from a railroad, in a schoolhouse right in the forest, who took more pride in her work and in the progress of her pupils than some presidents of colleges whom I have known appeared to take in their work.

A girl who declared that she never would do housework; that she never would cook, no matter what misfortunes might come to her, married a man who lost his money, and she was forced to part with her servants and to do the cooking herself for the family. She thought she never could do it, but she determined to make breadmaking an art; and that she would try to elevate cooking and make it a science in her home; and she succeeded.

No matter how humble your work may seem, do it in the spirit of an artist, of a master. In this way you lift it out of commonness and rob it of what would otherwise be drudgery.

How to Take

Drudgery Out of

Farming

You will find that learning to thoroughly respect everything you do, and not to let it go out of your hands until it has the stamp of your approval upon it as a trade mark will have a wonderful effect upon your whole character.

The quality of your work will have a great deal to do with the quality of your life. If your work quality is down, your character will be down, your standards down, your ideals down.

The habit of insisting upon the best of which you are capable, and of always demanding of yourself the highest, never accepting the lowest, will make all the difference between mediocrity, or failure, and a successful career.

If you bring to your work the spirit of an artist, instead of an artisan—if you bring a burning zeal, an all-absorbing enthusiasm—if you determine to put the best there is in you in everything you do, no matter what it is, you will not long be troubled with a sense of drudgery. Everything depends on the spirit we bring to the task. The right spirit makes an artist in the humblest task, while the wrong spirit makes an

artisan in any calling, no matter how high that calling may be.

There is a dignity, an indescribable quality of superiority, in everything we do which we thoroughly and honestly respect. There is nothing belittling or menial which has to be done for the welfare of the race. You cannot afford to give the mere dregs, the mere leavings of your energies, to your work. The best in you is none too good for it.

It is only when we do our best, when we put joy, energy, enthusiasm and zeal into our work, that we really grow; and this is the only way we can keep our highest self-respect.

Insist on We cannot think much of ourselves when we are not honest in our work—when we are not doing our level best.

Your Best There is nothing which will compensate you for a loss of faith in yourself, for the knowledge of your capacity for doing bungling, dishonest work.

You have something infinitely higher in you to satisfy than to make a mere living, to get through your day's work as easily as possible. That is, your sense of the right, the demand in you to do your level best to call out the best thing in you, to be a man, to do the square thing; this should speak so loudly in you that the mere bread-and-butter question, the money-making question, should be absolutely insignificant in comparison.

Start out with the tacit understanding with yourself that you will be a man at all hazards; that your work shall express the highest and the best things in you, and that you cannot afford to debase or demoralize yourself, by appealing to the lowest, the most despicable, mean side of yourself by deteriorating, by botching your work.

How often we see people working along without purpose, half committed to their aim, only intending to pursue their vocation until they strike snags! They intend to keep at it as long as it is tolerable, or until they find something better. This is a cowardly way to face a life work which determines our destiny.

A man ought to approach his life task, however humble, with the high ideals that characterize a great master as he approaches the canvas, upon which he is going to put his masterpiece—with a resolution to make no false moves that will mar the model that lives in his ideal.

A sacred thing, this, approaching the uncut marble of life. We cannot afford to strike any false blows which might mar the angel that sleeps in the stone; for the image we produce must represent our life work. Whether it is beautiful or hideous, divine or brutal, it must stand as an expression of ourselves, as representing our ideals.

The Model of Your Ideal It always pains me to see a young person approaching his life work with carelessness and indifference, as though it did not make much difference to him how he did his work if he only got through with it and got his pay for it. How little the average youth realizes the sacredness, the dignity, the divinity of his calling!

The part of our life-work which gives us a living, which provides the bread and butter and clothes and houses and shelter, is merely incidental to the great disciplinary, educative phase of it—the self-unfoldment. It is a question of how large and how grand a man or woman you can bring out of your vocation, not how much money there is in it.

Your life-work is your statue. You cannot get away from it. It is beautiful or hideous, lovely or ugly, inspiring or debasing, as you make it. It will elevate or degrade. You can no more get away from it than you can, of your own volition, rise from the earth.

Every errand you do, every letter you write, every piece of merchandise you sell, every conversation, every thought of yours—everything you do or think is a blow of the chisel which mars or beautifies the statue.

The attitude of mind with which we perform our life-work colors the whole career and determines the quality of the destiny.

It is the lofty ideal that redeems the life from the curse of commonness, and imparts a touch of nobility to every calling. But a low, sordid aim will take the dignity out of any occupation.

Every little while I meet young men who dislike to tell me what their vocation is. They seem ashamed of what they are doing. One young man I met some time ago, very reluctantly told me that he was a bartender in a large saloon. I asked him how long he had been there, and he said about six years.

When a Man Grows He said he hated the business; it was degrading; but that he was making pretty good money, and just as soon as he could get enough laid up, so that he could afford it, he was going to quit and go into something else. Now, this young man had been deceiving himself for years by thinking that he was doing pretty well, and that he would soon leave the business.

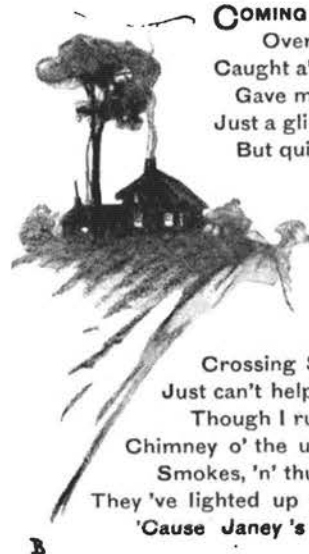
There is something very demoralizing to the whole nature in doing that against which the better self protests. An effort to reconcile the ideal with that which we cannot respect is fatal to all growth. This is the reason why men shrivel and shrink, instead of expanding, when they are out of place.

A man does not grow when a large part of him is entering its protest against his work. A volunteer makes a better soldier than a drafted man.

JANEY'S GOT A BEAU!

By Edith Minter

Illustrated by Gerrit A. Beneker



COMING 'long the turnpike,
Over Hunting Hill,
Caught a' sight o' something,
Gave my heart a thrill;
Just a glint o' candlelight,
But quite enough to show
Doings up at Weth-
erbee's—
Where Janey's
got a beau!

Coming 'long the
turnpike,
Crossing Six-Mile Brook,
Just can't help a' gopping,
Though I ruther would n't look;
Chimney o' the upright part
Smokes, 'n' thus I know
They've lighted up the air-tight,
'Cause Janey's got a beau!

Coming 'long the turnpike,
Passing Lover's Lane,
I can't help a' listening,
Though it goes against the grain;
How gently in that keeping-room
"Sweet Afton's" told to flow;
They've tuned up the melodeon,
For Janey's got a beau!



"They've tuned up the melodeon"

Coming 'long the turnpike,
Under Hangman's Tree,
I can't help a' thinking
Of a life that's wild and free;
Guess I'll get a logging job,
Say good-by and go;
Nothing much to keep me here—
Now Janey's got a beau!

Senator Allison's Long Loan

WHETHER Ohio be the "Mother of Presidents" or not, that State can boast of something equally unique—a citizen who believes in returning borrowed books. And thereby hangs a tale:

Senator Allison was busy in the private room of the Senate Appropriations Committee when it was announced that a gentleman was in the outer room, who desired to see him.

The Senator appeared at once, to meet the outstretched hand of an entire stranger, a good looking young man from Ohio, the Senator's native State.

"What can I do for you?" said the Senator perfunctorily, but with the usual kindly manner that makes a man think he has not intruded so very much after all.

"I have merely called to pay my respects, as I am making my first visit to Washington," the young man replied, then added, "and to return some of your property," taking from his pocket, at the same time, a very ancient and well-thumbed, but nicely preserved volume, and handing it to Mr. Allison.

It was a copy of the poems of Robert Burns, which the Senator could not remember to have possessed. But, nevertheless, on a fly-leaf, written in a boyish hand which betrayed some of the characteristics of his present chirography, was that most potent autograph:

"W. B. Allison."

"I do not remember this copy of Burns. But this is my name," assented the Senator.

"When you and my grandfather were boys together, you loaned this book to him," explained the visitor; and then added, with a twinkle in his eye: "I thought it was time that even a book that had been so kindly loaned, should be returned."

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(5 lbs. more than regular), hand laid filling, built, not stuffed, bound edges, square corners, beautifully made, and daintily covered with any ticking you desire.

(We illustrate three patterns above.)

A. C. A. wide or narrow stripe; Gray and White Dust-proof Satin Finish Ticking striped in linen effect; Blue and White Herring-bone; or Mercerized Art Twills in fancy stripe with floral effects of Blue, Pink, Yellow, Green or Lavender, all at the

Regular Price	Bargain Price,	Saves
\$23.00	\$15.00 ONE PART	You \$8.00
	(or \$15.50 if made in two parts)	

Terms of Sale, Cash with Order.
None sent C. O. D.

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AMONG the JEWELS



RUBIFOAM

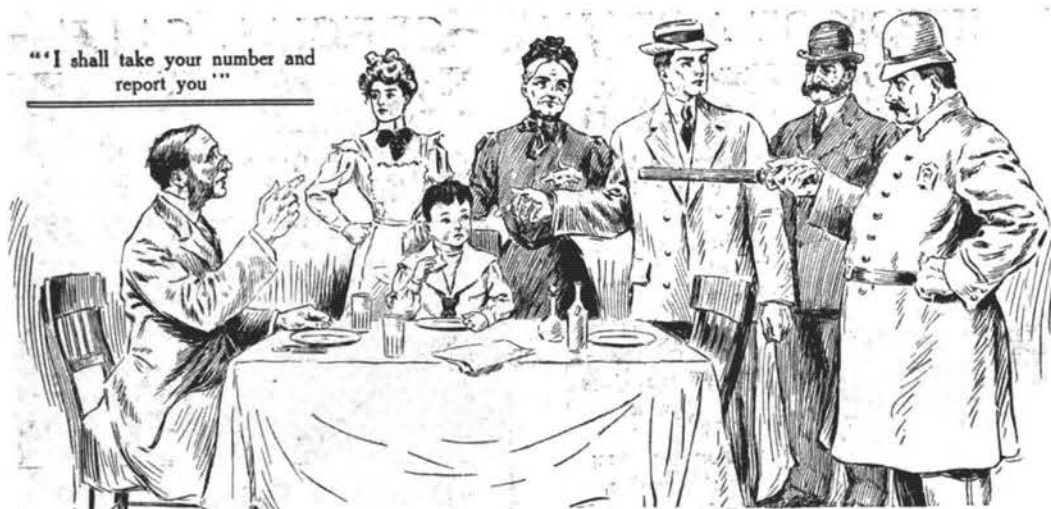
takes pre-eminence for its true worth and beauty imparting qualities.

Tested by time and use this charming liquid preparation is pronounced A PERFECT GEM of dentifrices.

It fragrantly purifies the breath, and gives ruby-like endurance and pearl-like lustre to the teeth.

The wise and the fair alike declare
"IT IS WISE TO USE RUBIFOAM"

25 CENTS AT DRUGGISTS - SAMPLE FREE
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Robert Gallahue Todd

MR. TODD had consented to take little Robert Gallahue Todd down to his grandmother's to stay over Sunday. Mrs. Todd thought the visit would be pleasant for both father and son, as Mr. Todd had been saying for several weeks that he really ought to go and see his mother, and his mother had mentioned in every letter that she wished she could see little Robert Gallahue.

It was necessary that they change cars on the trip, and Mr. Todd had spurned his wife's offer to put them up a package of lunch.

"If you think I'm going to open a shoe box full of sandwiches and truck and eat like an emigrant, you've got a wrong impression of your husband," he said with dignity. "Robert and I will get us a bite to eat in the railway station at Moore City. There is a first-class depot restaurant there. Blamed if I'm going to scatter crumbs all over the car or the depot platform, and make myself look like a picknicker who has got off the trail."

So Mrs. Todd had said nothing more about the lunch, being a wise woman, and knowing the ways and moods of her husband.

When Mr. Todd and Robert arrived at Moore City, he led the lad into the depot restaurant and secured a table. A neatly dressed waitress hovered over them and presented the bill of fare.

"What do you want to eat, Robert?" Mr. Todd asked the boy, who had been provided with a high chair. The waitress had wanted to tie a large napkin around his neck bib-fashion, but Mr. Todd stopped that with:

"Let him spread it in his lap. It is time he learned to eat like other people. Bibs are nonsense, anyhow. They encourage a child to slobber his milk and spatter himself with food. I don't see why any one ever wanted to aid and abet a child in being slovenly, by tucking him up in a bib."

He frowned so severely at the waitress that she apologized and fluttered helplessly around the table, rearranging the salts and peppers.

"Now, Robert, tell me what you want to eat. You may as well understand right now, though, that you can't have any ice cream."

"But, Papa, I—"

"No buts, or ifs, or ands about this, young man. You are under my care to-day, and my word goes. You can't have any ice cream."

"Well, Papa, I—"

"That ends it now. No argument, my son. You can't have ice cream. You have been pampered and petted until you think if you want to eat tacks or shoe strings all you need to do is to pucker up your lips and whimper a time or two and your mamma will give them to you. I'm running things to-day, though, and I know what is good for you. You can have a bowl of bread and milk, or a soft-boiled egg, or both, but no ice cream or cake."

"I don't want any—"

"There, Robert! None of that. Papa knows what is good for you. This thing of your eating nothing but trash is going to stop right now."

"I don't want—"

"Of course you don't want bread and milk, or anything you should eat. You have been humored and petted and spoiled until you think you should

PART III.—His Dietetic Troubles

By WILBUR NESBIT

Illustrated by W. C. COOKE

eat nothing but candy and peanuts and ice cream and such truck. You'll never have any color in your cheeks if

I don't take hold with a firm hand. Here you are as pale as a ghost, and you hardly sleep at all of nights, and when you do sleep you mutter and mumble and jerk and jump—just because you are permitted to indulge every fool whim. Now, don't let me hear another word about this ice-cream business. You can't have a bite of such stuff."

A white-haired, motherly old woman at the next table had been listening quietly to this, and she now arose and came over to Mr. Todd.

"Is n't the little boy hungry?" she asked.

"Yes, he is hungry—for ice cream, madam. I am just telling him that he can't have it."

"But I don't—" Robert said.

"Not a word, young man. You see, madam, the result of making a pet of a child! All his life his mother and his two grandmothers have yielded to his every wish. I verily believe that if he wanted to eat rat poison, and would whimper and whine long enough for it, they would say to let him have it, that what little he would eat would n't hurt him."

"He seems to be a nice little boy, though," the motherly old lady observed.

"Yes, he is, when he wants to be. Since I took hold of him, and began training him as a boy should be trained, there has been a great improvement in him. Of course, he tries to play baby once in a while, but firmness is the secret, madam. Firmness is the secret."

The old lady patted Robert on the back and said he was a dear.

"Pardon me, madam," Mr. Todd said. "I would rather you would n't coddle him. Coddling and petting makes softies of boys and fools of girls. The earlier in life a child is made to realize that he stands on his own feet, the better it is for him."

The motherly old lady stiffened up and said: "Well, I never!" under her breath. Then she asked Mr. Todd how many children he had.

"This is our only one."

Just then a man with red side whiskers strolled to the table. He was picking his teeth, and seemed at peace with the world.

"Youngster sick?" he asked, stopping.

"No. There's nothing the matter with him. Just a foolish idea that he wants ice cream, instead of something that will stick to his ribs."

"I believe in giving a child anything it wants," said the man, with the red side whiskers.

"Yes, I've noticed that people who have no children are either telling others how to raise them, or writing books about them."

The motherly lady patted Robert's head sympathetically, and the red side-whiskered man replied smilingly:

"I've got eight kids—one set of twins in the bunch, colonel, and they get anything they want, you bet. I believe childhood is the happiest time of life, and I'm going to see that my children have something to look back upon."



"You've got a wrong impression of your husband"

The motherly lady gave the red side-whiskered man a look of approbation, and the waitress meekly inquired if Mr. Todd would order.

"Papa, I'm hungry," Robert said, "but I don't want—"

"Now, you make up your mind this minute about the bread and milk—no ice cream goes, Robert. And we'll have to hurry or we'll miss our train."

A young man, who looked as though he might be a new drummer, stopped to pet Robert's head and ask:

"Your boy?"

"Yes," Mr. Todd said.

"Fine little codger. Going to fill him up, eh?"

"I am, if he can get over the idea that because a lot of his foolish relations have made a pet of him he can have all the rubbish he wants to eat."

"Shucks! Children thrive on rubbish. I've got a girl two years old, and she eats everything from matches up."

"Yes, and some day you will be wondering why she is rickety or anæmic."

"Guess not. She weighs seventy-five pounds, nearly, now."

"Well, I want some corned-beef hash, a cup of coffee, and a piece of mince pie. Robert, when you can make up your mind what you want, I'll order for you."

Robert's lips began to quiver, and the kind old lady said, "There, there, dear!" The red-whiskered man looked around to see if he could find some peppermint stick candy that he might buy and slip to Robert surreptitiously, and the young man frowned at Mr. Todd. "Corned-beef hash and mince pie are n't any better for you than ice cream is for him," he ventured.

Mr. Todd slammed his glass down so hard that he spilled half the water.

"I know my own digestion," he said stiffly.

"You ought to; you ought to know it for two or three weeks at a time, if you load up on canned corned beef and restaurant mince-meat."

"That is beside the point, sir. I am responsible for my own eating, while this child is not yet responsible."

Two or three more people had edged up to the table by this time and were peering curiously at the little group. This formed a nucleus, and soon every one who was leaving the restaurant halted and listened to the young man and Mr. Todd as they argued. Robert had been forgotten, and was munching a piece of bread and butter the motherly old lady had smuggled to him, while in his greasy fingers were clutched two pennies from the man with the red side whiskers.

The policeman on duty in the station came over to see what was the trouble.

"What's wrong here?" he demanded.

"This man—" began the motherly lady.

"Kidnapin'?" demanded the officer, grasping his club and frowning portentously at Mr. Todd.

"No, sir!" Mr. Todd exclaimed. "I am simply trying to give my child what he should have to eat. Instead of being permitted to do so, a lot of idle people, with nothing better to do than meddle in the affairs of others, have had the nerve to try to tell me what I ought to do. I know my own business, and it is none of yours, officer. I'll thank you all to look after your own affairs."

"The boy wants some ice cream and his father won't get it for him," offered the waitress.

"Huh!" the officer said. "What harm is a dish of ice cream likely to do a kid! I've got nine of them, an' they can eat a whole freezer full at one sittin'. There's a lot of fool theories nowadays."

"I shall take your number and report you, sir," declared Mr. Todd.

"Do it, an' welcome," answered the policeman. "Here's me number. Wan hundred an' sixteen. It 'ud be twenty-t'ree for you, if you wasn't in care of that fine-lookin' little boy."

"And serve him right," murmured several daring spirits in the crowd.

There is no telling what might have happened, had not the train caller stampeded the crowd with the bellowing announcement that the next train would leave in one minute. Mr. Todd seized Robert by the hand, rushed to the lunch counter, bought three ham sandwiches and a paper bag of doughnuts and dragged him toward the train.

Once aboard, he handed Robert a mustard-loaded sandwich, and while the boy ate it Mr. Todd looked out of the window and muttered about how many fools there were in the world.

"Papa," Robert said, reaching into the bag for a doughnut, "I wanted to tell you something at the table, but you would n't let me."

"What was it, Robert?"

"I was trying to tell you that I did n't want any ice cream."

[THE END]

It took twelve years to sell five hundred copies of Emerson's "Nature," one of the best things he ever wrote.

Some people can only be aroused by a brass band with fifty pieces playing a ragtime; others are touched to tears by the ripple of melody from a bird's throat.



THE HOME DOCTOR

ALTHOUGH every one realizes that a cold is infectious, many seem unaware of the fact that one may re-infect one's self if care is not exercised in regard to handkerchiefs. Never use a handkerchief which has become moist until it has been washed and *boiled*. In the early stages of influenza this may mean a fresh handkerchief every few minutes, but the result justifies the precaution.—S. K. H.

TWELVE drops of pure carbolic acid added to one ounce of vaseline makes a reliable simple remedy for burns, chapped hands, cold sores, chilblains itching of the skin, or any sore.—M. B.

NICE stoles or coats for children's sore fingers can be made of chamois leather. They are easily washed and may be used several times.—MRS. W. M. CAMERON.

AN INGROWN toe nail seems too small a thing to talk about, but any one who has suffered from one knows it can cause pain, inconvenience, and also loss of time and money out of all proportion to its size. The man of the house had one and hobbled about, with nerves at the limit of irritation, for days at a time, until our old-fashioned family doctor, who loves homely remedies, suggested charcoal. The cure was magical, and whenever the nail seems to be growing down again, cutting and a fresh application staved off the danger. A sulphur match should be burned and the charred portion powdered. Press the powder down around the nail. It seems to work its way under the ingrown part and raise it up.—M. K. D.

HERE is the simplest of home remedies for earache, still one recommended by a physician. Invariably it brings relief and soothing sleep to a nerve-racked sufferer of any age. Heat a teaspoonful of olive oil slightly in a spoon. Holding the spoon over the spout of the tea kettle for a minute usually brings it to the right temperature. Drop the oil gently and gradually into the ear. Then plug it with a small wad of antiseptic cotton laid lightly in the outer ear. Persistent earache which is not relieved by this treatment should have the immediate attention of a specialist. Usually earache indicates merely a neuralgic condition due to exposure to wet or cold, though occasionally it is the forerunner of serious brain trouble.—M. K. D.

I LEARNED from an old German this simple cure. If you have neuralgia on the right side of your jaw put your left hand in water as hot as you can stand it. If it is on the left jaw put your right hand in hot water. The effect of the hot water takes the chill out of the nerves.—GRACE WEHLE.

NOTHING else rests tired, hot feet so effectually as a bath of warm witch-hazel. It takes down the swelling, and the soreness soon disappears.—J. E. STEWART.

THE sick room must be cleaned quietly, so that the patient is not disturbed. The best way is to use a mop, wrung as dry as possible from warm water, which has a spoonful of ammonia in it. This takes up much of the loose dirt. A broom sweeps out what is left without raising any dust.—M. B.

BESIDE a little medicine cabinet hangs my "Emergency Book," in which is written remedies covering all known accidents and mistakes. It has hung there fifteen years—ever since the day when I almost allowed my husband to bleed to death, mistaking a severed vein for an artery, thereby placing my compress above instead of below the wound. "I thought everybody knew the blood is thrown out in jets from a severed artery," commented the doctor, as he changed the compress. "I was too excited to think," I admitted, but after he left I made a note of the difference between the symptoms and remedies to be applied in the two cases. When the patient fainted I made my second mistake by piling pillows under his head, adding to the weak heart a further effort to supply the brain with life-blood. My items are typewritten after this style:

I. IN FAINT: Face pale—lower head—loosen clothing—open windows.
II. SUNSTROKE: Face flushed—raise head—apply ice—send for doctor.

To this I added notes for other emergencies: bites of snakes, mad dogs, spiders, etc., each with its remedy; various poisons, with the proper antidotes; accidents by water, fire, electricity, freezing, firearms, edged tools, everything, in fact, calling for action, "till the doctor comes." As the years have passed, additions have been made until the book is worth its weight in gold, having been the means of easing suffering on many occasions, and of saving the life of more than one victim.—MRS. B. V. CHISHOLM.



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The Editor's Chat

Diet-Cranks

It is a wonder some people ever have any health at all.

The way to get the most out of one's ability is to trust it, to believe in it, to have confidence in it; but some people seem to think that the best way to get the best results out of the digestive apparatus is to constantly distrust it, pity it. They swallow a mouthful of fear and dyspepsia with every mouthful of food, and then wonder why the stomach does not take care of it.

Before the child can even speak plainly it is taught to talk about its "poor 'tittle tummy," and this nonsense is kept up through life.

We often hear men talking about taking the best care of their health when they are really doing the worst thing possible for it. They are the worst possible enemies of their stomachs when they are always talking about their digestion and expressing a fear that they cannot eat this and they cannot eat that, when they are thinking all the time about how many bites they must take of every mouthful of food, and how long they must masticate it before they swallow it.

What do you mean by taking good care of your body? Just to bathe it, and to weigh and measure your food with the same precision that a druggist would dangerous drugs, concentrating your mind upon what you eat and thinking about what will hurt you—that is not taking good care of your body.

Do you wonder that your stomach aches, that it is inflamed, when you are all the time thinking about it, worrying about it, and expecting that everything you eat is going to hurt you?

The stomach is very sensitive to all the mental processes. The attitude you hold toward your stomach will have a great deal to do with its powers of digestion. It has been scientifically established that a consecutive concentration of the thought upon any organ of the body tends to create inflammation and disorder there by causing congestion.

We have a good illustration of the instantaneous power of thought in the process of blushing. Think of the mechanical power that would be required to cause such a sudden rush of blood to the face as to distend all the blood vessels instantly almost to bursting! This is only a thought.

If then, it is well established in medical science that inflammation in any part of the body can be seriously aggravated by congestion caused by mental concentration upon that organ or portion of the body, how can people expect to have absolutely healthy digestive organs when their minds are everlastingly focused upon their stomachs?

The greatest enemy the body has is fear. It is fatal to every function, and to every secretion and physical process. It demoralizes everything it touches. If you got a telegram telling you that your wife or child had been horribly mangled in a railroad wreck, no matter how hungry you might have been the moment before, after you received it you could not swallow a mouthful of food; and if you did manage to worry it down, it would remain for hours absolutely undigested—the result of only a thought.

Some people keep fear concentrated upon the stomach or liver or some other internal organ all the time, and yet wonder why they are never well.

What then shall we say of people who take such splendid care of their health that they absolutely ruin it? Think of a man, born to dominate all the forces of the universe, picking over delicate viands to find something he can eat without hurting him, wondering whether he can eat this or that! It is certainly a pitiable sight to see a great man, upon whose judgment and efficiency a whole community or nation may be depending, examining a piece of meat, a vegetable, or any article of diet to see whether he dare eat it. Think of a man who has the courage to walk up to an open cannon without a tremor, standing terror-stricken before a piece of meat or some other article of food!

Where did this sickly superstition, this nonsense about what we eat, come from? Was there ever so much foolishness about any one thing in the world as about what we shall eat and drink? There is not a single article of diet or drink that is not advocated by somebody. There are advocates of vegetables, of raw food, of nuts, of cereals, of spring water, of cold water, and of hot water. In fact, there is not an article of food or drink that does not have its devotees who bow down to it with reverence.

I never knew a person who was always thinking and talking about what he should eat, or the things that hurt him—a diet-crank—who was not a sufferer from all sorts of ills both imagined and real.

The Power to Please

If you wear a bulldog expression, if you go about looking sour and disagreeable, you must not wonder that you are not popular with your employees. Everybody likes pleasant faces. We are always looking for the sunshine, and we want to get away from the clouds and gloom.

If you want to be popular, you must assume a popular attitude, and, above all, you must be interesting. If people are not interested in you, they will avoid you. But if you can be so sunny, and cheerful, helpful and kind, if you can fling sunshine about you in every direction, so that people will cross the street to meet you, instead of trying to avoid you, you will have no difficulty in becoming popular.

The great thing to draw people to you is to make them feel that you are interested in them. You must not do this for effect. You must be really interested in them, or they will detect the deception.

Nothing else will win the heart of a young person to you so quickly as making him feel that you take a genuine interest in what he is doing, and especially in what he is going to do in the future.

If you avoid people, you must expect them to avoid you; and if you always talk about yourself you will find that people will move away from you. You do not please them. They want you to talk about them, to be interested in them.

The power to please is a great success asset. It will do for you what money will not do. It will often give you capital which your financial assets alone would not warrant. People are governed by their likes and dislikes. We are powerfully influenced by a pleasing, charming personality. A persuasive manner is often irresistible. Even judges on the bench feel its fascination.

Have You Leased Your Ability?

ONE of the most demoralizing things a person can do is to lease his ability, all his ingenuity, his inventiveness, his resourcefulness, his ambition, his prospects, everything for a salary in work which does not meet his approval.

Think of a young man, for example, with superb mental endowment leasing out his brain for a term of years for a certain amount of salary, his ability to be used to deceive his fellow men, in telling all manner of falsehoods in the most forceful, fascinating, alluring language, in writing advertisements calculated to deceive, and which would inevitably mislead and take advantage of thousands of poor people with less brains and less ability than the writer!

Chasing Rainbows

HOW MANY people go through life deluded with the conviction that if they could only get a little more money, get into a little more comfortable position, own a little better home, or if they could only get over the particular trouble that is annoying them at the time, they would be happy!

I know a man who had a very hard boyhood, suffered great poverty, who is now fifty years old, and he has always honestly believed that, if he could only get the particular thing he was after, or get over the particular difficulty that was annoying him at the moment he would be perfectly happy; but he is the same anxious, restless, expectant spirit to-day as when a youth. He has been quite successful, and has done some very remarkable things, but he is invariably in hot water. There is always something that nettles him, or destroys his happiness, and, although he is a well-meaning man, he has made his family, his employees, and everybody about him very unhappy, because he is always fretting and worrying, always borrowing trouble.

Boldness as a Success Factor

THERE is something about boldness which sometimes borders on audacity that commands respect, if it is based upon real self-confidence, a consciousness of power, and not upon egotism. There is something sublime about a strong man who can neither be cajoled, rattled, nor stamped.

This quality is very valuable to an animal tamer. He must not wince. He must put up a bold front.

The moment his eye wavers, or that he shows doubt or fear, he is conquered by his brute creatures.

Many a man succeeds in establishing a business by sheer force of character, by his



boldness, or self-faith. It is natural for us to step aside for a determined man; a man with an iron will and a bold self-confidence. Assurance itself is a great power. We naturally give way to the show of power or force wherever it appears.

There is always an element of boldness in a born leader. He dares because he is conscious of the possession of strength to back him.

What to a timid man means boldness, even to audacity, seems the most natural thing in the world to a leader, because he knows he is master of the situation. He is equal to the occasion, and boldness is becoming to him. It is but a natural expression of power.

Doing Just Well Enough

If you are not able to develop some originality and individuality in your way of doing things, you must not expect to rise out of mediocrity.

One of the most unfortunate things that can happen to a boy is to work for years in a position without advancement, because he fills his position just well enough to keep him from being dropped, but not well enough to be advanced, until he forms the habits of mediocrity so strongly, until the common, ordinary way of doing things has become so imbedded in his life, that it is almost impossible to break away, and he finds himself doomed to perpetual mediocrity.

It takes originality, push, progress, and thought to get away from commonness. There must be something distinctive in the service of the boy who would get on. If he does not display any marked ability, if he just works in a treadmill, determined that his employer shall not get the best end of the bargain, he must expect to remain a nobody, a perpetual clerk or an ordinary workman.

It is superiority that wins. The world is full of mediocrity—people who just do what they are told in the most ordinary way.

How Health Affects Ambition

I know a young lady who has very marked ability, and when she is in good health, when her spirits are up, she accomplishes wonders; but much of the time she is in poor health, and then her ambition is down, she is discouraged. The result is that she will probably never be able to bring out ten per cent. of her real ability, or to express more than a tithe of the best thing in her.

Everywhere we see people doing little things, living mediocre lives, when they have the ability to do great things, to live grand lives, if they only could keep their health up to standard.

Vigorous, robust health doubles and quadruples the efficiency and power of every faculty and function. It tones up the human economy; it clears the cobwebs from the brain, brushes off the brain-ash, improves the judgment, sharpens every faculty, increases the energy, refreshes the cells in every tissue of the body.

The ambition partakes of the quality and the vigor of the mental faculties; and a brain that is fed by poisoned blood due to vitiated air, to overeating or bad eating, or to dissipation, or a lack of vigorous outdoor exercise, can never do great things. It is pure blood that makes pure thought, and pure blood can only come from a clean life, strong, vigorous outdoor exercise, a great variety of mental food, and an abundance of sound sleep.

We all know the advantage the man has who can radiate vigor, who has a robust physique. Great achievement is the child of a strong vitality. It can never come from a weak constitution or vitiated blood.

Overcoming an Unfavorable Impression

It is one of the most difficult things in the world to change our first impression of a person, whether good or bad. We do not realize how rapidly the mind works when we meet a person for the first time. We are all eyes and all ears; our mind is busy weighing the person upon the scales of our judgment. We are all alert, watching for earmarks of strength or weakness. Every word, every act, the manner, the voice,—the mind takes in everything very rapidly, and our judgment is not only formed quickly, but also firmly, so that it is very difficult to get this first picture of the person out of our mind.

Careless, tactless people are often obliged to spend a great deal of time in trying to overcome the bad first impressions they make. They apologize and explain in letters. But apology and explanation usually have very little effect, because they are so much weaker than the strong picture of the first impression which frequently persists in spite of all efforts to change it. Hence it is of the utmost importance for a youth who is trying to establish himself to be very careful of the impression he makes. A bad first impression may be the means of barring him from credit and depreciating his worth at the very outset of his career.

If you can leave the impression that you are a man first, that your manhood stands high up above everything else, that your integrity and your nobility are the most salient things about you and tower high above your other qualities, if people can see a real man behind everything else you exhibit, you will get the world's confidence.



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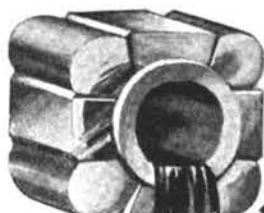
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The Sanitary Home



By CLAUDIA QUIGLEY MURPHY

THERE is no period of the housekeeping year more taxing to a family than March, for March is full of disagreeable weather and much more disagreeable duties. Chief among its bugbears is the annual spring house cleaning. The family would fain put off the evil day, but precedent says sternly, "Now is the accepted time." What matter if it be too early to take down stoves, store the warm underwear, scrub the floors, and clean the walls, you must not defy an ancient custom!

There is, to-day, more vigorous protest than ever before, against the spring house cleaning. The graveyards are full of victims of untimely taxing of the flagging energies. Nature protests against this upheaval in the spring. Every woman admits that she is "run down" in the spring, weakened by the constant indoor life. Why overtax her system?

Fortunately we are arriving at better days and achieving more sensible methods. Spring house cleaning is becoming a very simple affair, and the heavy work is put off until fall, until we are fresh after the summer's vacation and free to take up the work of renovating with vigor and decision. Then, too, there is such a deep satisfaction in beginning the winter, in entering the long shut-in season, with fresh paint, clean walls, spotless hangings, and dustless rugs and carpets that we wonder why we ever cleaned our homes at any other period. The ultimate aim of good housekeeping should be to add to happiness, to subtract from work, to multiply pleasure, and to so divide our responsibilities that they will not become irksome.

The annual cleaning, especially to the young housekeeper, seems such a huge task that she is puzzled where to begin, how to plan. Perhaps the outlining of a good system may be of benefit.

The first thing to be done is to look after the walls and plan their decoration. Always insist upon simple decorations, for this means clean, wholesome, artistic walls. The rooms that must be decorated are best tinted in solid colors with a good material, as a foundation for future redecoration. The tinted effects make the most desirable walls; the heavy tones for the side wall and the light tones for the ceiling, which should be freshly gone over every year. Sometimes after the wall is tinted there is a perplexing question concerning the quality of the work. What is a good job of tinting, anyway? It is one that is perfectly smooth to the hand. There must be a rich, velvety, soft color that is uniform over the wall. If there are little lines like small cracks showing through the coating, the material is wrong; if there are brush streaks, the decorator is to blame. Some tinting materials sag on the wall, that is, they run down to the lower part of the brush, lap, and set there. Again, the cause is poor material. Occasionally the tinting streaks, evidently because of too much suction in a wall. It is better to size it with a varnish or hard oil size (never glue size), and with this treatment any wall, whether smooth or rough, can be successfully tinted and you can decide upon the success of the work at once.

The easiest way to clean wall paper on a wall is to take a loaf of fresh bread and rub it over the paper. As soon as the bread which comes in contact with the paper is soiled, cut it off and begin afresh. A loaf of fresh bread is an excellent detergent.

Now the problem is where to begin, what room to select for the initial operation. Take the remote corner of the attic, dig everything out, take stock of your holdings and belongings, throw away or give away or

A Plan for Fall House Cleaning

sell all that you do not need and cannot use, then scrub, dust, and arrange.

You are then ready for the bedrooms. Begin with the closets. Take everything out of them; put all the wearing apparel out to sun and air; clean every drawer and shelf, and wipe the woodwork with a dry cloth. A dry cloth is much preferable to a wet one, which simply smears the water from one place to another, there to dry and again become dust. The summer clothes should be folded up neatly in a newspaper and laid away for another year, having first been thoroughly washed and the starch removed, so that the texture will not become yellow. Summer hats are best done up in newspapers before being put away for the winter.

Take the wall paper off the closets by all means, for back of this wall paper may be unexpected nests of moths and other vermin. The closet floor should be thoroughly washed with very hot water, ammonia, and soap.

The first work to do in a bedroom is to remove the summer draperies from the bed, the chintz covers from the chairs, and the cotton hangings from the windows. Take them down, and have them thoroughly washed and ironed. Take the bedding out, shake and beat it, give it a sun bath—and then give it another. Take the

mattress off the bed, but by no means beat it with a wire beater, for that tears a mattress. A good whip is the best thing. Wipe the springs with a cloth, wet in a solution of ammonia and water; or, if the springs are of the woven wire kind, turn the hose on them. Let them stand out in the sun to dry. If your bed is a wooden one, wash every portion of it with a light solution of ammonia or washing soda and tepid water. Do not use soap on your bed, for it will spoil the finish on the outside and leave a disagreeable soapy odor. If it is a metal bed, wipe it thoroughly with a slightly damp cloth—side-

boards, headboards, footboards, and all.

The next thing to do is to take down the pictures. Go over them with a chamois wet with tepid water and they will look like new. Wipe the back of the pictures as well as the front. Go over the bric-a-brac and every belonging in the bedroom in the same way.

In the meantime have your carpet taken up or your rugs put out and thoroughly shaken. If you have matting on your floor and do not care to take it up, go over it with a cloth wrung out of tepid water. If your floor is a hardwood floor, with a wax finish, wash it over with gasoline early in the morning. This will take the dirt from the floor. Use the gasoline just the same as you would water; wring your cloth out of it, and go over the floor lightly, but be sure after you have finished to have the windows open, and be sure, too, that no one comes in with a lighted match or lamp until the room is thoroughly ventilated. After the waxed surface is cleaned you can polish it without the addition of more wax, by going over it with a weighted waxed broom. If the floor has been varnished, wash it with tepid water and it will be as good as new.

Your room clean, all then to be done is to set up the bed, rearrange the furniture, make the bed, with fresh sheets and clean pillow slips, hang up clean linen curtains, and the bedroom is ready for the winter's service.

The cleaning of the bath room requires a good acid for the tub, to remove the slightest discolorations from its surface. Muratic acid is commonly used on porcelain tubs. Five cents' worth on a soft swab of cotton,

lightly brushed over the tub, will thoroughly clean it. Polish the metal work of the faucets and pipes with a good cleanser. When you reach the medicine chest, throw away any unused or discarded medications, replenish the toilet bottles, the ammonia, and detergent preparations. Examine the shelves carefully for bug holes, and wash them with good strong soap and hot water. Wash up the toilet stand and clean out the closet. Get the best available devices; they save plumber bills in the long run and doctor bills in the meantime. Give the floor a thorough cleansing, and scrub it if possible, even though you sacrifice its finish, for floors must be clean and the finish can be added later.

The stairs need careful, thorough treatment; if carpeted, the carpet, as well as the lining pads under it, must be taken up and thoroughly cleaned, the steps washed, and the banister polished.

The cleaning of the house downstairs is a repetition of the methods upstairs, adapted to each room.

If you can afford a pneumatic cleaning machine half your labor will be saved. Two men with an air-pressure sweeper can clean your rugs, furniture, carpets and bedding better in one day than you can in a week. No matter what they charge, get them, for the money is well invested. This method not only saves time, it also saves your furnishings and your strength.

Now a word or two about the kitchen. Wait till you are a bit rested, until you have your second breath, then go at it with vim and vigor. Clean out the pantry first, recoat the walls, scrub the shelves, wash the kitchen ware; scrub or mop the floor last of all. Watch the standing woodwork, especially baseboards and sills, for water bugs and ants; if there are large crevices for them to enter, plug them up with a paste made from your tinting material; this will effectually prevent further intrusions.

After this wash all the windows in the house, inside and out, and then you are ready to rearrange the curtains and draperies and to give the last touch to a very clean house.

The Ideal Closet

The model closet is the one that is most easily cleaned, in which clothing can be procured most readily, which furnishes the poorest lodging for bugs, moths, or dust, and which is dry, airy, and clean.

When choosing the fittings of your new home or arranging for the remodeling of your old one, be wise in your plans for closets, do not be lured into seemingly cute little pigeonholes of cupboards, all neatly boxed up for the towels, sheets, and pillow slips. They are delusions to good housekeeping, for the little pigeonholes persist in filling up with dust and bugs. Big ample shelves are best, because they can be watched continually and their very openness will overcome many difficulties. Things can be gotten at easily, they can be washed readily, and the walls back of them can be frequently recoated.

It is just as important to have special closets, as to have special places in the closets. Take the linen closet, for example: never permit any one to persuade you to have it open from the bath room, because there is too much steam from the tub, and linens absorb moisture readily. The best place for the linen closet is off a hall way. Have open spaces for towels, sheets, pillow slips, and bedding; then you can see at a glance what you have and what its condition is. If it is convenient have a hamper for soiled clothes in the linen closet, but empty it frequently.

A desirable addition to the home is a dark closet for storing winter clothes and a strong wooden pole fitted with hangers. Of course it must be watched for moths, but an occasional sulphur fumigation will kill moths and leave the clothes unharmed.

A good many housekeepers have constant trouble with moths and bedbugs, sometimes even with spiders, and occasionally with ants. The origin of the trouble is frequently in the closet; and the model closet should be arranged so that the wall can be recoated with a material made from an antiseptic base at least once a year, for the unwelcome bugs find desirable places to deposit their eggs in the crevices of wall paper as well as back of it.

If the closet is small and every unit of space must be utilized, it will be found exceedingly good to put an inch and a half pole across the end of the closet from one side wall to the other, on which section hangers can be hung for coats, suits, and skirts. A good pole hung across in this manner will carry twice as much as hooks along the side walls.

Every closet should also contain at least two sets of patent skirt or trouser hangers, which will keep the clothing in good shape and also serve to economize space.


Laundry bags should also have a place in every well-kept closet. It is wiser to have one large general laundry bag, a small one for the steam laundry, and a still smaller one for fine laces and handkerchiefs. By using three bags in this way much assorting of clothes is avoided and much labor saved in the laundry.

A little raised platform for shoes will be found most convenient, as it will save the floor from dust and mud and keep shoes in a better condition. The floor of the closet should be covered with linoleum or thoroughly varnished, so that it can easily be cleaned every week and gone over with a solution of carbolic acid or some other good antiseptic at least once a month.

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Sports and Recreation

Conducted by HARRY PALMER

The Season's Golf Championships

COMPETITIVE golf is not always ideal golf—indeed, to many the only perfect game is the friendly, scoreless, prizeless round—but none may deny the high class of the play in the season's championships. In both the West and the East the supremacy of the younger favorites has been firmly established in competitions that have brought out the best skill of the older set; the newcomers have won not by lucky chances, but by overcoming the vigorous defenses of the former Champions. In the amateur championship at Cleveland, the 20-year-old New Yorker, Jerome D. Travers, followed up his second victory in the Metropolitan Golf Association championship by winning from Archibald Graham. Both played from New Jersey clubs, respectively Montclair and North Jersey. Mr. Travers is also the New Jersey State Champion, the title Graham held in 1899 and 1906. Graham in his day was a young phenomenon, and his style is still very good, his one fault being to drive every green, a temptation which is common to mighty drivers.

Travers formed his game at the Nassau Country Club under the watchful eyes of Aleck Smith. It is a singularly free and exact swing, whether with wood or iron, and in the amateur championship he always had the mastery of the field in putting. His crucial match was with Warren K. Wood, a Chicagoan, who plays in the same easy style. Both were out in the par of 35, yet Travers was then 2 up. Such a result would have taken the edge off the game of one of the older guard, but Wood kept on with unabated energies, and after making the match all square, lost finally by one hole. Wood's score was 73 to Travers's 74. Decidedly, the younger set have gained a mastery of their nerves as well as of "every shot in the bag."

E. M. Byers, the deposed champion, and Travis, were not disgraced. They are still to be reckoned with when potential champions are being counted up. Travis led the qualifying round with 75, 71—146. It is the fifth time he has won the low score prize in amateur championships. W. T. West, the Princeton junior, was second with 76, 71—147. The former amateur record for the Euclid course had been 75 for years. West should be a dangerous factor in the inter-collegiate championship next month at Nassau. W. E. Clow, Jr., of Yale, who beat Dwight Partridge in the final last year at Garden City, has done nothing as brilliant since.

The Boston women regained the Griscom Cup very neatly in the matches with the Philadelphia and Metropolitan teams at Atlantic City. Miss M. B. Adams defeated her sister Bostonian, Miss F. Osgood, at the same tournament for the championship of the Women's Eastern Golf Association. It was a notable contest. At eighteen holes Miss Osgood and Miss G. Bishop, champion of the Women's Metropolitan Golf Association, were tied at 94. Miss Adams and Miss Osgood tied at 189 for thirty-six holes. Playing off for the title at another eighteen holes, they tied again at 94. The following day, in a rain-storm, they tied once more at 102. Miss Adams won on the second extra hole, the seventy-fourth of their contest.

International Yacht Racing

THE recent visit of William Fife to this country was not only for the purpose of watching the "Crusader" compete for the Canada Cup, but also to enable him to look over the development of yachts

under the present rule of measurement. Mr. Fife designed the Shamrocks I. and III., and he has now in hand a yacht that will probably be seen here next year in a series of races for the "America's" Cup. He admitted that much, but he is a man of few words, and, while hinting that the new yacht was "Shamrock IV.," would not say for whom it was being built.

To arrange a race for next season, a challenge must be accepted by the New York Yacht Club not later than November, and it is certain that the challenge will not be sent until the last moment. It will be for a race under the present rule of measurement, and as that rule was framed for the development of a wholesome type of yacht, the day of the spectacular freak seems to have passed away. Unless the New York Yacht Club wishes to keep the Cup on a shelf or stored away in a strongbox, it will accept the challenge. It is certain that there will never be another race under the old rule.

There are some members of the Club who maintain that the "America's" Cup stands for speed on a given water-line length, and they will do all they can to prevent a challenge being accepted under the present rules. Lewis Cass Ledyard, an ex-commodore of the Club, is the leader of this contingent, but there are many fair-minded members who want a race arranged, and want the yachts that will sail for the cup to be more than racing machines, and these men are supported in their views by precedent. The cup has always been sailed for under the rules of the club, and since the "America's" victory in 1851 the rules have been changed several times. They have been changed since the "Reliance" defeated the "Shamrock III," and it is under these new rules that a challenge will be made.

Mr. Fife designed the "Crusader" to meet the "Seneca," a Herreshoff boat. The new rules of measurement governed these boats, so that Mr. Fife has had some experience with the rule. His new cutter, "White Heather," built under the British rule, which is similar to the American rule, is said to be the fastest cutter ever built, and it is the success of this boat that has given encouragement to the British yachtsmen who want to regain the America's Cup.

The Tennis Tourneys

THERE will be a so-called international match at lawn tennis in September at Cincinnati, if the plans of the promoters of the tri-state tournament are carried out. It is proposed to have Miss May G. Sutton, the All-England and Wales singles champion, meet Miss Evelyn Sears, the American champion. Very likely Miss Sears is the only woman player in this country who has a halfway chance to defeat Miss Sutton, but it must be confessed that Miss Sears's chances are not very good. Of course, a match between Miss Sutton and Miss Sears would have no bearing on the world's championship in women's singles. The proper place to contest for the American championship is Philadelphia, and that is where Miss Sears won it. Anybody who desires to do so, may regard Miss Sutton as a world's champion if she beats Miss Sears at Cincinnati, but talk about a world's championship struggle for young women amateur players is rather too much like professional baseball, and therefore is rather out of place.

Miss Sutton, despite her thrice-won Welsh championship, her two victories in the All-England championships, and her triumph in the Kent singles, deserves a



JEROME D. TRAVERS,
Amateur golf champion

bit of sympathy. She is prevented by conflicting dates from taking part in the American championship. She has for the past three years deliberately passed up the easier opportunity of the American tournament to go abroad and meet players the rank and file of whom are better than our best. Miss Sutton would have the American title at her mercy. She won it once, in 1904, when she was about sixteen years old, and she naturally would have little trouble now. Her deliberate choice of the harder competition is very creditable.

Recent Motoring

THE recent action of Germany in forbidding motor-car racing over public roads is significant of the wave of public sentiment which is gaining volume in Europe, and which, in all probability, has put the Vanderbilt Cup contest "on the shelf" this year. France alone, of all nations, is holding out for practically unrestricted road racing, despite a long, gruesome list of catastrophes. Since the Paris-Madrid race of five years ago, perhaps the most disastrous event in the history of automobile road racing, each succeeding racing season has added its quota of frightful accidents and sudden deaths. The chief sources of danger in a motor-car race over public roads is the inevitable crowding of the course by thousands of excited spectators, the sharp turns and grade imperfections, road intersections, and railway crossings. Country roads are in no way adapted to motor-car racing, with the competing cars frequently attaining a speed of from seventy-five to one hundred miles an hour. In America, where road building and maintenance is in a primitive state, the danger is much greater than in Europe, where the condition of the public highways is almost ideal. The unfitness of American roads, not only for road racing, but even for organized "tours" and so-called endurance or efficiency contests, where any considerable speed is maintained, has been demonstrated with sad results during the past few months. Not a contest of any importance has occurred in which one or more of the participants has not met death at an unguarded railway crossing, through overturning cars, as the result of skidding into trolley or telegraph poles, or from collisions with other vehicles. In view of these facts, should not motor vehicle contests over public roads, in which speed is a factor, be prohibited by law, and, in the interests of automobilism, should they not be frowned upon by both motor-car organizations and the automobile industry as well?

The Glidden Tour seems to have developed little of practical value to the motorist or the manufacturer, except, perhaps, as one of the tourists facetiously puts it, "how difficult it is to smash an American-built automobile, and the weakness of the American Automobile Association as the organizer of what should be a great national event." If the publicity given the shameful state of our public highways results in an awakening of legislatures to the importance of better road construction and maintenance, the Glidden Tour of 1907 will not have been wholly in vain. As a contest designed to demonstrate the comparative merit of American-built cars, the tour has been a disappointment, as heretofore. Under the ridiculous conditions imposed, and the method adopted of penalizing the contesting cars, it was impossible for it to prove otherwise. Now that the American Automobile Association has conclusively shown its unfitness to conduct such an event, the cup donor should seek the cooperation of some automobile organization which can devise rules and conditions that will make the tour one of practical value.

Connecticut, without serious opposition, has abolished its speed-limit law, and motorists will be permitted to travel its highways free from the annoying traps and trickery of grafting country constables and bicycle policemen. Every motor-car driver, however, will be held strictly accountable for accidents and injuries to persons and property that may result from the reckless operation of his machine, and in such instances the penalties imposed will quite certainly be severe. If the "no-speed-limit" experiment works as well in Connecticut as it has in Rhode Island, the motorists of other states wherein the motor-car registry is heaviest will very likely take steps for the adoption of a similar measure.

Send in Your Stories

Not a few good stories of camp life, together with suggestions of value to this department, have been received in response to the invitation extended our readers to let us know what they are doing in the realm of out-of-doors. Personal experiences in the woods, on the ranch, and in camp, reflect the spirit of sportsmanship most faithfully, and SUCCESS MAGAZINE wants as many such contributions as it can obtain. We may not have room to publish them all, but we will find room to publish the best. Do not hesitate to send in your experience because you are "not a writer." The best contributions are frequently from the pens of those who have never written a line for publication. When practicable, your manuscript should be accompanied by photographs.

Contributions will be paid for at our regular rates. Address: Editor, Sports and Recreation Department, SUCCESS MAGAZINE, Washington Square, New York.



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WHEN the U. S. S. Tacoma was sent as a part of the fleet to Paris to bring to this country the body of Admiral John Paul Jones, one of the members of its crew was George N. Mecham, who had enlisted in the Navy and was assigned as yeoman to that ship. During his spare moments aboard, he studied shorthand by correspondence, with the object of becoming an expert court reporter. Although at the time he was pursuing his studies the school with which he had enrolled was located in Chicago, he experienced no trouble in receiving his lessons, notwithstanding that some of them were forwarded to him to Gibraltar, Algiers, Cherbourg, and other foreign ports. In February of this year he received his discharge from the Navy, and today is a court reporter in the city of Chicago, with offices in the First National Bank and Stock Exchange buildings in that city.



GEORGE N. MECHAM

Such, in brief, is the work of George N. Mecham. Because he devoted his spare moments on board ship to study, he is now embarked in a business which pays from \$3,000 to \$6,000 a year. His investment of time, which otherwise would be lost, has yielded him a good income, and a successful future is assured. His work and success is an illustration of the efficiency of the correspondence course taught by the Success Shorthand School, of Chicago and New York—even though it was necessary in this case to frequently send lessons half way around the world.

There are many others who have done and are doing as good work as Mr. Mecham, through the aid of the Success Shorthand School. They include private secretaries to prominent people, court reporters, and successful stenographers in every line of work. George P. Mundy is private secretary to Governor Swanson, of Virginia; Louis C. Drapeau is private secretary to U. S. Senator Perkins, of California; C. W. Pitts is official reporter of the Fourth Judicial District of Iowa; the investigation of U. S. Senator Bailey of Texas was reported by Reporters Pickle, Lord, Kent, and Smith, and of these Messrs. Pickle, Kent and Lord were graduates of the Success Shorthand School. These are but a few of the many experts whom this school has graduated.

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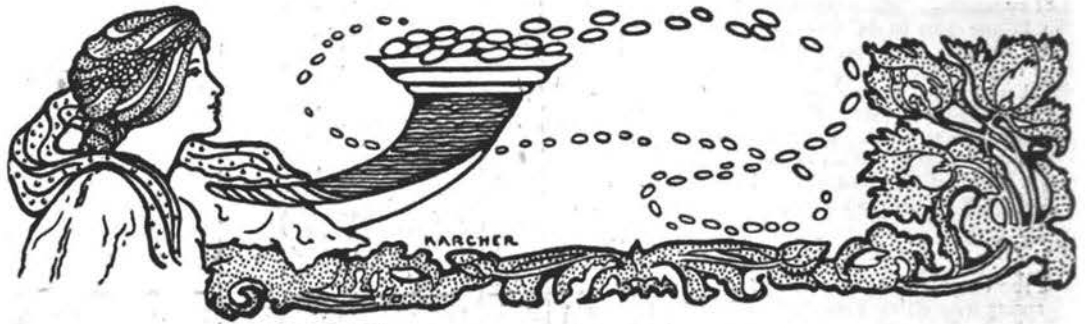
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PIN MONEY PAPERS

DID YOU EVER THINK of the

pleasure you could give to poor children in institutions, by simply saving and utilizing stuff you don't need? There are little pieces of silk, ribbons, and laces that collect during the year, also trinkets and fancy articles that people do not know what to do with. I put into what I call my "Happy Thought Box" everything I think I can make use of in any way. About a month before Christmas I take this box out, make pincushions, button bags, spool bags, sachet bags, and marble bags, or I dress little dolls. Then I fill these bags with what they call for. Other articles in the box I freshen, making them look as bright as possible. I wrap them in tissue paper and tie with bright baby ribbon. I save candy boxes that are perfect and fill them with home-made candy. I save all the pennies that I get for old bottles, papers, and rags for this purpose; so you see I utilize for this small charity things which might otherwise be thrown away.—E. H. C.

MECHANICS, WHO MAKE A BUSINESS of hanging shades, roll them tight, fasten them into the sockets, and draw them down full length; then they repeat the process, until the spring is as strong as desired. Try this, or try a still easier way, if your shades won't pull up. Do not take them down at all, but roll the shade over the roller while it remains firmly in place.—Mrs. L. C. M.

IN THE LITTLE SHOPS where I buy old gold and silverware, and solid silver articles, both useful and ornamental, some things exquisitely engraved, including knives, forks, and spoons, may be bought for the price of the actual weight of the silver, not counting anything for workmanship. The articles are often black and worthless looking, but see them when polished! Silverware may be beautifully cleaned by boiling it for a few minutes in a strong solution of washing soda and water, which penetrates all the crevices in fine engraving. Finally, it must be polished with white flannel. A jeweler can erase initials from solid silver, but not from plated ware. I have seen articles from these places used for Christmas and wedding presents, which had once belonged to some rich families, who had been obliged to dispose of them at a great sacrifice.—L. G.

ROLL AND TIE TWINE about a newspaper. Put the ends of the roll in the armhole of a shirt-waist sleeve; close the top button and hang by a loop on the end of twine. Several waists may be hung on one hook, without musing. Infants' dresses may be hung in the same way, only the roll must be shortened to fit into the armholes of the dress. Skirts may be closed and pinned onto the roll. This will hold two skirts—one on either side of the roll.—Mrs. R. B.

WE ARE FIVE YOUNG WOMEN who live in the same apartment house, and are all fond of card playing. We decided to have a little club and meet once a week, but as we belong to other clubs, we wanted the "Home Club" to tax our pin money as little as possible. It was decided that each hostess serve only one dish, so we sometimes have candy, dates, figs, or salted nuts. In this way we do not spoil our taste for dinner. The game always closes before five o'clock. Each hostess gives a ten-cent prize, and much of the pleasure of the afternoon is afforded by the ingenuity or originality of the hostess who has contrived to find or make some clever little article for the allotted ten cents. A dime seems so little, yet we always have some pretty trifle, for we all watch the "sales" in the shops, and often find useful as well as ornamental things for the house or for personal adornment. Such things as a piece of white baby ribbon, a ream of tissue paper, a pretty wax taper, or a new magazine are always available and acceptable. We play five-handed five hundred.—H. L. E.

A GIRL WHO LIVES IN A SEMINARY TOWN earned considerable money one winter by making tiny pennants and flags from odds and ends of material left over from larger banners. The school colors were navy blue and white. She made some flags of one color and some of the other, fastening on letters of the contrasting color

CONDUCTED BY OUR READERS

Although 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.

with glue. They were in different shapes and from three to four and five inches long. When she had made about thirty, she arranged them attractively on a large card and took them to the drug store, where they were displayed in the window and sold at ten cents apiece. The druggist retained a small commission. They sold like hot cakes and orders were quickly received for more.—M. R.

AFTER THE NEWNESS HAS WORN from overshoes, they have a rusty look. For years I tried different dressings, but none improved the shoes in appearance. One day, after washing and drying my overshoes, I applied a paste polish. I then rubbed them briskly and was pleasantly surprised with the result. Any paste sold for leather will do nicely.—Mrs. K. BELL.

IF YOU WANT INEXPENSIVE and handsome score or dinner cards, buy a yard of floral wall paper. I find the carnation very effective. Paste the wall paper smoothly on water-color paper, that costs five cents a sheet. When the paste is thoroughly dry, cut into odd shapes, so that a flower is on each card. Attach pencil, if needed for score cards, and letter with a small brush. No one would ever suspect that they were not hand painted.—B. H.

IF YOU HAVE THIN HAIR part it from the front—right on down the back. Then do each side in a loose knot on top of the head, fasten these securely together with hair pins, to appear like one knot, and you will find the hair seems twice as thick. The style is becoming to most faces.—B. H.

I ALWAYS MAKE PREPARATIONS for house cleaning as for any other "picnic." I boil ham, bake beans, pies, bread, and cake, so that when I find mealtime is near, and I am tired, I can quickly get a good meal.—Mrs. P. D. M.

A RECENT SUGGESTION IN PIN MONEY PAPERS about mending gloves is splendid when applied with a little variation to mending hosiery. After cutting away the worn-out heels and toes far enough to reach strong material, take wool or cotton of suitable weight, and crochet round the edge, putting the hook right through the material. Continue round and round, narrowing to give the proper shape, until the opening is closed, and the result is practically a new pair of stockings, neat appearing, and easy on the feet.—E.

BROKEN CHINA AND GLASSWARE can be mended with white lead. Have the edges of the article clean and dry, and apply, fitting the edges neatly together. The overflow of paint can be taken up with a knife. Leave it for several days until thoroughly dry. If articles will not hold together while mending, tie the parts together. I mended a glass dish with white lead where the bowl was broken from the stem, and we used it a long time afterwards for preserves.—A. V. F.

SOME WOMEN PIN THEIR FAITH to a hairpin, but give me the homely toothpick. I use it to clean combs, it makes a good skewer for meat, and I always use toothpicks to pin a chicken together, instead of sewing it. I color them various colors and give them to the children for jack straws. When half a dozen bits of soap accumulate, too small to use, I string them on toothpicks solidly and use them up in this way. When cleaning windows, toothpicks will remove the dirt from the corners. When making molasses candy, I roll little balls of it, stick it on the end of toothpicks, and the children can eat this dainty without getting the fingers mused and sticky.—G. M. S.

AS A "PICK-ME-UP," I know of nothing more nourishing than the white of a fresh egg beaten to a froth, slightly sweetened, and blended with the juice of a sweet orange. Take one of these each night, and you will find it the best complexion beautifier you can use. The yolks can be dropped into cold water and kept in the refrigerator until needed for omelets.—G. W. G.

IF THE SOIL around an asparagus fern is moistened with a teaspoonful of castor oil once in two or three months, it will promote its growth.—Mrs. B.

TALCUM AND PREPARED SOAP POWDER, for removing stains from the hands, are put up in tin boxes, with perforated covers. When they are empty, save them for the small boy or his father to use for bait boxes.—Mrs. W. O. CHASE.

WHEN THE BACKS OF YOUR MUSIC BOOKS get torn down the middle, the best remedy is to open the cover, lay it flat on the table, take a strip of paper one-half inch wide and paste the two covers together. Then run a hot flatiron over it to insure sticking, and your music is as good as new. Paste the strip of paper inside the cover.—SADIE T. STEEVES.

AN EASY WAY to hold sweet-pea strings firmly in the ground is to have a quantity of wire hairpins, putting one over a string and pressing it well down. Then carry the string up and down again for another pin. Don't have the string very tight; you must allow for shrinkage from rain. The pins will rust and remain firmly in the soil.—Mrs. K. WARE.

WHITE AND COLORED KID GLOVES may be nicely cleaned in fine cornmeal. Put the gloves on the hands and rub them thoroughly with the meal, as though you were washing your hands. Undressed kid may be cleaned perfectly in this way.—Mrs. F. TINKHAM.

ALWAYS MOISTEN THE WRONG SIDE of buttonholes, which have been starched, in such articles as collars, cuffs, and shirts, before buttoning them. In this way the buttonholes will not easily tear out.—Mrs. F. TINKHAM.

I USE WHITE TABLE OILCLOTH to cover my pantry shelves. It is cut to fit and pasted down tight. In this way the shelves are easily washed. Oilcloth will last for years, while paper covering has to be frequently changed.—Mrs. M. CAMPBELL.

IF A FISH BONE lodges in the throat, eat a marshmallow; the bone becomes imbedded in the sticky substance, and is safely carried down.—TEXAS HOUSEKEEPER.

INSTEAD OF CARRYING POTTED FERNS through winter after winter, so that they get worn out, give them an occasional rest. Cut them down close, and you will be surprised to see how they will reward you in the spring, by leafing out with renewed vigor.—TEXAS HOUSEKEEPER.

ONE SPRING I NEGLECTED attending to my furs till quite late, and found the moths had taken possession of them. How the fur did fly! I thought they were ruined, but I sprinkled them with benzine, wrapped them in paper, and put them away in a box for a week. Then I whipped out the loose fur, aired them, and put them away. I had no more trouble with them. Benzine should be used out of doors, as it is inflammable stuff.—Mrs. E. R. HART.

DURING THE SUMMER, when I am serving iced drinks and no straws are on hand, I use ordinary macaroni, broken into proper lengths. Medicines that injure the teeth can also be taken in this way without any discoloration.—P. M.

A LONG, LOOSE APRON, of dark calico, with a high neck, long sleeves, and a hood attached, is a convenient garment for the woman who does her own house cleaning. It protects the clothes, while the hood keeps one's hair free from dust.—MAMIE SQUIER.

WHEN PREPARING A POT OF EARTH for a plant, heat the earth to kill any worms.—J. C.

MY NEIGHBOR HAS A BABY AND A CAT. On wash days she ties the baby in his high chair, then dips the cat in a bucket of water and seats him in front of the baby. While the baby watches the cat shaking and licking himself dry, the mother does the washing.—Mrs. E. R. HART.

AN EASILY MADE GATE to keep baby in a room is an ordinary sliding window screen, put in the door (at the bottom) the same as we put them in a window.—R. F. L.

KID GLOVES THAT ARE WORN THIN may be reinforced with a piece of court-plaster, moistened and stuck on the wrong side. Cut off the corners of the plaster and score the edges with several cuts to make it fit the place you plan to mend.—Mrs. CHARLES M.

WHEN CLEANING A SILK DRESS or petticoat to free it from dust use a roll of velvet. This keeps the silk from cracking.—CARRIE M.

WHERE A FILLING FOR PORCH CUSHIONS is a scarce article, wash old pieces of wool ingrain carpet perfectly clean, then ravel it out. Use the ravelings for a cushion filling.—Mrs. J. H. WHALES.

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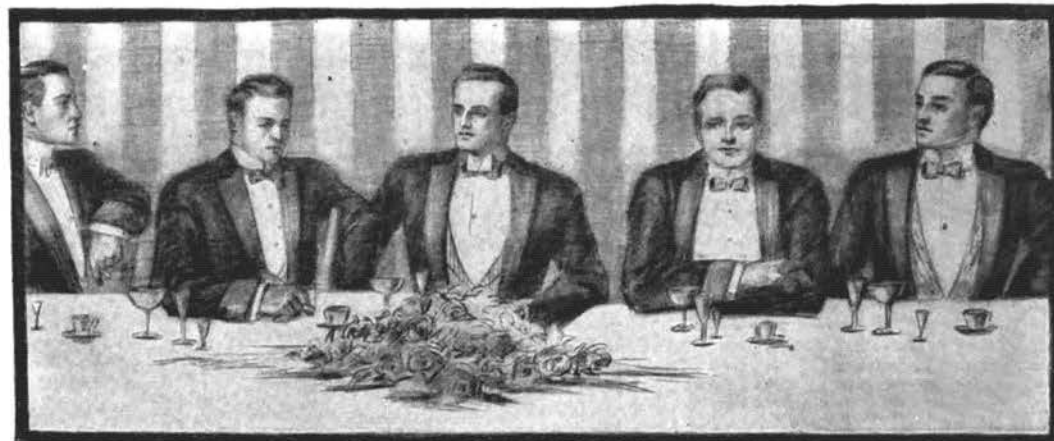
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The Well-Dressed Man

Conducted by ALFRED STEPHEN BRYAN

FASHION writers are fond of launching into a description of the new season's modes with the reassuring statement that there is "really no change," and then executing an unwitting face-about by piling up a very pyramid of changes. The present writer boldly sets

tradition askew in declaring that there are many autumn changes, but he hastens to add, "in the details of dress." The essential features which mark spring clothes are preserved. Time was, and not so long ago, when each fresh season meant almost a revolution in fashion. The styles of its predecessor might have been thoroughly acceptable and very becoming, but fashion was held to be false to its function if it did not bring a long train of changes, big and little. We have outgrown that rather childish idea. "Exclusiveness" in dress today is a good deal of a pose. One hears much about the "classy set," the "varsity clique" and other mysterious brotherhoods whose names sound well but mean nothing. They fall trippingly from the pens of scribblers for haberdashers' journals and they are designed to awe the untutored reader into believing that there exists a rarefied social atmosphere, which he, base plebeian that he is, can never hope to breathe. All this is extremely silly. There is no aristocracy in this country save the aristocracy of good breeding, and there is no aristocracy in dress, save the aristocracy of good taste. He who affects an extreme style that nobody else does, may be "exclusive," but it is an exclusiveness not at all desirable. True fashion, as I have steadfastly maintained, springs from fineness of fabric, symmetry of proportion, perfection of fit, and becomingness to the individual. The style that is bursting to express itself in "the very latest thing," regardless of its suitability to the wearer, is a mockery.



Waistcoat of Flannel

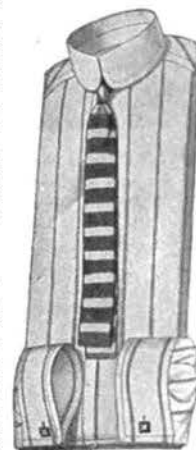
also in shirts, cravats, and hose. The London hatters have even gone to the extreme of making green derbies to carry out the one-color scheme, though that is hardly within the safe boundary of good taste. Brown was much approved a year ago and since then, perhaps, has become a little too "popular." Nevertheless, it is still indorsed in dark weaves set off with red, green, or blue stripes. Blue and gray are always fashionable, and he who seeks service rather than style, will find these colors best adapted to his purposes.

The cut of the correct sack coat is well depicted in the accompanying sketch. The cloth is dark-green chevriot with a pattern formed by white "chalk" stripes about an inch apart. The collar is broad with a small notch, the lapel is high and softly rolled, and the sleeve is narrow at the cuff, as well as cut shorter than hitherto to display plenty of the shirt. The cuff has three buttons which fasten through. It will be seen that this garment does not differ appreciably in style from that of last spring, except that the lapels are not as low lying. The cuff provided with mock buttons and buttonholes, and the various forms of welted and turn-back cuffs have lost caste, because they have been so widely reproduced in low-cost garments. Still, it would be untrue to say that they are incorrect. Much that is declared by some fashion

writers with a "that-settles-it" air to be "the thing" is purely a matter of personal choice. Fashion should be regarded as a guide, rather than a dictator. To obey it slavishly is fatal to that individuality which underlies true taste in dress.

Trousers are cut extremely short and, as before, hang straight from the knee downward. They are moderately full at hip and knee and taper little, if at all, over the instep. The waistcoat opening this season is level with that of the coat. If the waistcoat is of the same material as the coat, it is "smart" to wear white waistcoat edging. This lends a crisp touch of color. The edging is not recommended to accompany a fancy waistcoat. It leads to a clash of colors. Fancy waistcoats are still good form with the sack suit, though the more inconspicuous the design, the better the effect. Soft flannels and mercerized fabrics are most countenanced and there are many very pretty greens and browns in stripes and plaids to harmonize with the favored autumn colors in lounge clothes. If a man cannot quite trust his sense of color in fancy waistcoats, it is better for him to let them alone.

The young man's ideal in dress is the college youth and he is a capital model to follow—within limitations. He has a keen eye for the picturesque, leans toward dashing effects, and is the introducer of most latter-day fads. And yet, how many of us can dress like a college man without looking wholly out of place? What is appropriate enough on college grounds or courts may, and usually is, incongruous in town and downright absurd on men beyond the age when they



The New Fall Style in Shirt



The Autumn "Wing" Collar and Four-in-Hand

The favored autumn weaves are soft-finished fabrics. These drape better than hard-surface cloths and it is much easier to imbue them with enduring style. Moreover, the mode decrees ease and "lounginess" in the cut of sack suits and, no matter how skillfully a hard-finished material may be cut, it remains stiff and unyielding. Make sure, then, that you choose a fabric soft enough to prove susceptible to the manipulation of a good tailor and to adjust itself readily to the figure. While the color of the sack suit is largely a question of personal preference, novel shades are introduced each season which, by their uncommonness, commend themselves to those of punctilious taste. Green is such a color and, in less degree, brown is also. The average man shrinks from green as a "loud" color, though it need not be. Of course, grass-green would be an abomination, but the very deep greens, shading into black, are slightly and becoming both as ground colors and in conjunction with other agreeably harmonizing or contrasting hues. The vogue of green is very marked this season, not only in suitings, but

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can safely take up with fads. "Slouches" with brims tilted at a rakish angle, brightly colored hose, and gayly beribboned hats should not be attempted by anybody whose general appearance does not carry out the idea of youth and sprightliness which this mode of dress conveys. It is just as though a matron should essay to dress like a school miss. The result is amusing, when it isn't painful.

One sees men who, as some wag puts it, have reached the age when their chief possessions are "a tummy and a temper," wearing the loudest of colors which direct stentorian attention to their abundance of flesh. Or, one meets lean and sallow-complexioned men who wear scarlet ties and suits of vociferous "checks." Again, there is the undersized man who delights in frock coats and high hats, and the extremely tall one whose striped suit makes him resemble an animated barber's pole. The trouble seems to be that there is too much so-called "fashion" and too little common sense in



The Autumn Sack Coat

dress. If a thing is out of reason, it is out of fashion, no matter what the united style arbiters of New York, London, Paris, and What-Not-Town say or don't say. I have studied and discussed men's fashions as much, perhaps more, than any other living writer on the subject, and I never tire of emphasizing the fact that true style is simply the expression of personal refinement. It should be as characteristic of a man as his good manners and as individual as his voice or expression. Just as schools of good-form cannot teach a man to be a gentleman unless he possesses the instincts of one, so fashion cannot teach a man to dress well unless he has a modicum of innate good taste to distinguish between what is false and what is true.

If a man will grasp the fact that fashion is not a petty thing of inches and seams, button and braid, but infinitely broader and deeper in purpose, he has taken the first step toward correct dress.

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.]

R. H. L.—The fashions for autumn are described in a general way this month. We will discuss them at greater length in the October SUCCESS MAGAZINE. The sack coat will be half-an-inch shorter and may be ventless or have a small center vent. Side vents have been discarded. What we say in the preceding article about the dress of college boys may be of interest to you.

WARRINGTON.—For general evening wear the high patent leather with buttoned tops is the preferred shoe. One may, however, wear low-cut shoes (laced), or pumps, with perfect propriety. The low-cut button shoe is never good form. It has a decapitated appearance that makes it look absurd. Pumps are not only used for dancing nowadays, but also for the street. Unlike the old dancing pumps with paper-thin soles, they are made much more substantial, and have higher and broader heels.

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Music Lessons at Home

By CYNTHIA WESTOVER ALDEN

Illustrated by Albert de Ford Pitney



"Her singing will be accurate but painful"

MUSIC is an art, a science, and a language all in one. There is no field of human activity where girls make more egregious mistakes without knowing it.

In the first place, it was a grotesque and malicious witch who set abroad in the world the idea that every girl child is a born singer and born piano player. I'm sure, many of you would like to pull her hair good and hard, if you could get at her, and had no fear of consequences. She is responsible for hours and days and weeks and months of drudgery, as heart-breaking as ever a galley oar was, and a hundred per cent. more annoying to the sufferer's fellow human beings.

I know of few more pitiful spectacles than a girl's long battle with the piano keys—I mean a girl who has no ear for music. She has no vanity about the matter. Her mamma wants her to learn to play. She loves her mamma. Therefore she will learn if she can. She is a cheerful, ruddy-faced creature, with a genius for mathematics, and a talent for pie making. Pity her, from the bottom of your heart, even if, like Dr. Holmes's organ grinders:

"Her discords sting through Burns and Moore
Like hedgehogs dressed in lace."

Yes, pity her, I say, though she lives in a crowded city and in apartments just above your own. And pity her mamma, too, for they are both victims of the wicked witch aforesaid.

As a matter of fact, as many boys as girls are born with the musical instinct. But the world realizes that boys must have practical training, must look forward to becoming money-makers, and even the cleverest witch could not convince either mamma or papa that Jack ought to be as anxious as Mary to learn the piano, and ought to spend as many hours practicing. "Nonsense! If he is going to be musical, he will find it out for himself, and will make a recreation of it!" So Jack escapes, and Mary lifts her tired fingers from the keys, wishes she were a boy and runs gleefully out to the kitchen to find a welcome relief in washing dishes, stoning raisins, or any other household occupation in which she can feel that she is accomplishing something.

By and by Mary will have learned the pianoforte. She is a plucky little thing, and love is the mainspring of her energy and natural disadvantages will not block her way. Finger dexterity can almost always be acquired by practice and the brain that struggles with Euclid will master the exercise book. Music, as a written language, is open to any person of average intelligence who will give time enough to the process of acquiring it. Perhaps you think Mary will then have taken one step toward becoming "accomplished." Her accomplishment will be as unpractical as that of Lowell's young lady,—

"Who spoke ancient Mexican
And assisted her father in making a
lexicon."

Mary will have to be asked to play when she goes out in society. A proud mamma will attend to that. And Mary will play, with faithful accuracy, something from Chopin or Beethoven or Mendelssohn, and the young people will watch her chubby fingers thoughtfully and wonder when the selection will come to an end. They will applaud, too, when the end is reached, for that is good manners, and everybody likes Mary, anyhow. And then,—well, Lucy Smith, who has never taken lessons, will rollick up to the piano and begin a "coon song," hands and feet will beat time all over the room, half the listeners will hum the refrain; everybody will see the difference between the piano as a penance and as a pleasure, and only Mary's mamma will make unpleasant side remarks about the degeneracy of popular taste in music.

The same sort of result may be anticipated if Mary has made a specialty of learning to sing. Her singing, like her playing, will be accurate but painful. I may ask, should anything be called an accomplishment that bores people?

But, I anticipate your criticism. You say: "All girls are not without the musical ear, the musical instinct. Some, surely, may hope to make a living out of singing or playing. What would you do with these?"

The proper question is, really, What will they do with themselves? To them, music will be the chief pleasure in life, practicing will not be drudgery, and vocal culture will be their greatest delight. Are you one of them? Then make the most of your opportunities, and make the opportunities if they are not at hand.

Live, if need be in one little room. Eat bread and milk. Work with that blessed little tuning fork, which is good and reliable. You may wear out, but the tuning fork will not. It is the best friend, yes, the best friend you have on earth, if you are learning to sing.

Lessons are good, too, if you find a conscientious, earnest teacher. In this matter, names, even well-known names, count for little. In music, as in medicine, charlatany is everywhere. The doctor who gives you bread pills and relies on a faith cure has hundreds of imitators among the instructors in music and singing. If you have little money, you will be less likely to be swindled, but you will not be exempt, for, even then, you may be led to waste your valuable time. A very dear girl of my acquaintance, whose high notes would fill a twenty-foot parlor, whose height was barely four feet, whose features were pretty but doll like, one day, came to me, in a flutter of excitement; "Oh, I'm going to be an opera star!" she exclaimed. "I've just seen Professor So-and-so; he has tried my voice, and he says that six months with him will fit me for the stage. He is so enthusiastic, that he will not charge me a cent, and I am to go to him every day!"

"What is his method?" I inquired. "You are backward in reading, how are you to learn that alone in six months?"

The answer came quickly: "Professor So-and-so says that does n't matter at all. I'm not going to bother with reading music. I'm just going to develop and train my voice! And, when I'm making a hundred dollars a week in the Metropolitan Opera House you will come and hear me, and I'll invite you to supper afterwards. I'm so happy!"

Of course, I wanted to denounce the professor then and there. But the girl would not have heeded me, and so I held my peace. In face, figure, and voice, she was an operatic impossibility. It turned out, as I had suspected, that she was not to have any special hour for her lessons, but was to come each day at a time set for her the day before. In other words, she was to perform the function of a "filler in," just to give pay pupils an impression that the teacher's time was all taken up. It would have been too much trouble to insist on her learning to read, and so that difficulty had been gotten rid of in a single breath. More than one ambitious young woman has been played with in the same way.

To be sure, if you are known to have much money to pay for



"To find a welcome relief
in stoning raisins"

lessons, even greater caution is needed. There are many honest music teachers, and honest singing teachers. They are not rarer than the doctors, who will sacrifice their own interest by telling you you do not need their services when you think you do. But most of the teachers, consciously or unconsciously, are apt to exaggerate your musical possibilities, to make as much as they can out of you. They can always salve their consciences by thinking of the rare cases, where the ugliest of little ducks has grown to be a noble swan in the musical pond. Consciences are the easiest things in the world to salve, anyhow.

I had no money, and little ear for music. My folks all laughed at the idea of my singing. Teacher after teacher told me it was hopeless. Still I wanted to sing. I shall never forget going to Boston to get the judgment of a famously honest professor in the Boston Conservatory. He asked me to sing something, and the good woman who had introduced me, herself well known in the musical world, was shocked beyond expression, when I began the only thing I knew, that ancient ditty with the refrain of "Susan Jane":

"Oh, Susan, quit your fooling, and give your love to me."

I've forgotten the rest of it now. That was ages and ages ago. What I remember is the face of the professor



"Will have to be asked to play when she goes out into society"

as he listened; and the criticism he offered, using my friend as the transmitter:

"Tell that girl to go straight ahead. Her voice is as bad as anything I ever heard, but any one who could have the sublime audacity to sing 'Susan Jane' before me, will get along some way."

Oh, how I worked! But I was making a good salary as a church choir soprano when I gave up singing. That was n't scoring a failure, now, was it?

If you are learning to play the piano, never forget that there are other people besides yourself on this little earth. Be considerate always. Do not make such a religion of practicing, that worrying the sick and troubling the dying is but an incident of your devotion. If possible, use a noiseless keyboard in acquiring dexterity of the fingers. It will do just as well. And, if you get no pleasure out of the piano, be sure that you were never intended to be a player.

If you enjoy singing, and desire to do it well, learn first to read music. You can sing, in a fashion, without it, just as another girl can daub color on a plaque and have it fired, without ever learning to draw. But it never pays to do anything at all in slipshod style.

One thing should be remembered, as calculated to temper your hope of earning money from music or singing. That is, that merely mediocre attainments will be valueless. Something more is required. The number of women employed for money as church choir singers grows less from year to year. The tendency is all in the direction of boy choirs. Yet there is always room at the top in singing, and the few big opera prizes grow more and more valuable. Some one will get them. If you have genius, you can and must face competition.

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The Pulse of the World



*Editorial Opinion
on the
Leading Events
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Oriental Trouble Makers

THE Emperor of Corea has carelessly lost his crown.

Thus does his country pay the penalty of her crime of being the subject of a dispute between two powerful nations. A weak nation with natural resources should carefully avoid being quarreled about, so often does it happen that one of the disputants wins. Even in the unlikely event of a tie, the unfortunate country may expect nothing better than the fate of the Persian child with two alleged mothers—an equitable but painful division into two parts. If Corea expected to have her integrity and independence left after the war was over, she showed a most childlike simplicity. If she made the mistake of supposing that Russia and Japan were fighting for a cold, wet section of the Pacific Ocean, she should not be spiteful and rebellious about it now that Japan has taken away her imperial bauble. Both Great Britain and France have given their consent to Japan's preponderance in the Korean peninsula. For Corea willfully to insist upon having some voice in her own disposition is anarchy. Why have war at all, if people are going to act that way? An obstreperous exaction is as great an enemy to stability as a voter who will not stay bought.

We are told that the Emperor of Corea guessed wrong, that he staked his crown upon a Russian victory. If he had won his bet, Corea might now be under the benevolent rule of the Czar; perhaps the Emperor might have been allowed to wear his crown on pleasant Thursday afternoons. But he lost, and for him to complain is unsportsmanlike. For his people to say anything about it is the height of presumption.



Reaction in Russia

Dispatches from Russia indicate a profound indifference on the part of the masses of the people toward the elections for the third Duma. At the expiration of the period for registration of intention to take part in the next election, it was found that a very small portion of the qualified voters had recorded their names. In Odessa, for example, only forty-eight out of twenty thousand eligible voters had registered; Moscow and St. Petersburg had such a light registration that the term was extended officially for a fortnight. Land owners do not have to register, so their intentions are not known, but it would seem to the casual observer that Russia's third attempt at representative government is foredoomed to failure.

Reaction seems to be complete. All the guarantees of liberty promised in the decree of October, 1905, have vanished. Political offenders are being executed in great numbers, after farcical trials by military courts. Universities which show any tendency toward the discussion of political subjects are summarily closed. Friends of Russian freedom are not, however, without hope. In the case of the two previous assemblies, all the government's attempts to prevent the election of progressive men and thus to emasculate the Duma were without success. On both occasions the majority of the representatives came to St. Petersburg determined to bring about constitutional government, reform in the distribution of the land, amnesty for political offenders, and the rights of progressive civilized people. Twice they failed in their purpose and were dissolved for the expression of so-called radical opinions.

The friends of freedom believe that there will be another progressive Duma, and, if necessary, another and another, until the Czar is forced to grant permanent constitutional rights to his people. Thus far the government has been able to get loans by making promises of internal reform, promises which it has never kept. Some day it will be no longer possible to get money

from civilized nations, and then Russia's autocracy is doomed. Bankruptcy will bring about what the arguments of the constitutional democrats and the bombs of the terrorists have been unable to accomplish.

"All the World's a Stage"

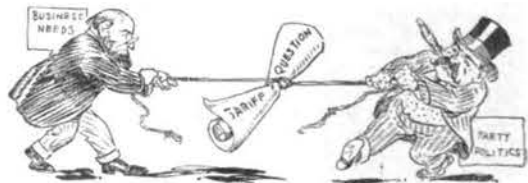
There may be a great deal of newspaper "enterprise" in the assertion that Messrs. Klaw and Erlanger are to be at the head of a \$100,000,000 world theater trust. But the news, true or false, that the theatrical interests of America, Germany, Austria, France, and England are to be combined need not cause consternation in our trust-ridden land. We have nothing to lose by the transaction. Already Klaw and Erlanger are said to book ninety per cent. of the high-class theaters in this country, and to be rapidly acquiring a strangle-hold upon the other ten. It is inconceivable that the new arrangement can result in any worse plays than the trust is giving us now. There are some things that money cannot buy. Neither is it likely that more dollars can be extracted from the pockets of the playgoer, or fewer put into the pocket of the actor.

In America, therefore, any changes at all must be hailed with joy. But across the water they have different ideas. There they still cling to the old notion that acting is art, that the stage is as important a part of a theater as the box office. The way of the great actor leads to knighthood or the Legion of Honor. Imagine Paris submitting to dictation from a Broadway magnate as to what she shall see and how long she should see it! Was the fall of the Bastille in vain? Wherefore the Commune? Our enterprising citizens would be wise if they confined their activities to London.

Waterproof Stocks

Edward M. Shepard, the eminent New York lawyer, has advanced an interesting plan for preventing overcapitalization in corporations. The practice of issuing stock in excess of the actual value of the property, whether it is for the purpose of stock manipulation or whether it is designed to conceal excessive profits, is one of the greatest abuses of our modern system. This evil, Mr. Shepard said, in a recent speech, can be done away with by eliminating the dollar mark from the stock certificate. Each share would then represent, not \$100, but a certain proportion of the company's stock. The nominal money capitalization of business corporations would thus be abolished. Under the present scheme, corporations are able to certify, without liability, for their shares of stock, money values which the stocks do not possess and which only the ignorant can suppose they possess.

To the layman, Mr. Shepard's suggestion seems to be in the right direction. It is incredible that such a device would do away with stock juggling schemes. The proposal to put manipulators behind bars along with more humble criminals would seem more to the point. But any restraint upon the doubtful public benefactor who makes two stock certificates grow where only one grew before should be looked upon with favor.



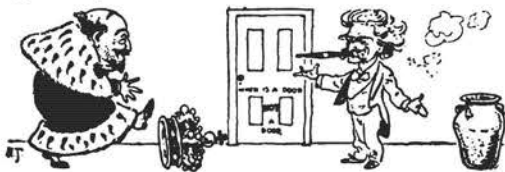
Wiping Out Corporate Influence

The National Association of Manufacturers, which includes in its organization all the leading industries of the country, has declared in unmistakable terms for a revision of the tariff. It has started a vigorous campaign for the creation of a non-partisan tariff commission, and a bill for this purpose will doubtless be introduced in the next Congress. This proposed commission is to have semi-judicial authority similar to that

of the Interstate Commerce Commission. Its duty will be first to revise the existing tariff and then to act as a permanent commission for the readjustment of tariff schedules as the needs of the country may demand.

The chances for such a departure were never better. The tariff question has ceased to be an important issue in our national campaigns, and, with the dropping of the heated political discussions, there has come a cooler, saner, and more businesslike view of the whole question. Men of both parties have come to see that our tariff laws are bad, that they must be revised, and that, on the whole, the rates must be lowered. With the exception of a few "stand pat" Republicans still worshipping blindly at the altar of a high protective tariff, everybody has come to this view of the situation. The creation of such a commission is the logical outcome of this change of opinion, and would be a decided step in the right direction.

It is too much to hope that such a commission would be free from the great corporate influences which, to so great an extent, control the policies of the United States Senate. It will take more than the creation of commissions to wipe out the influence of the big corporations in the affairs of the Government. If, however, the proposed commission should do no more than bring about the explosion of the absurd theory that the tariff question is an issue over which Democrats and Republicans should contend forever, its creation would be amply justified. If it brings about tariff schedules based upon business needs and not upon politics, it will be of immense benefit to a long-suffering country.



Mark Twain at Play

America's envoy extraordinary to Great Britain this summer was Samuel L. Clemens, better known and more loved as "Mark Twain." The object of the humorist's visit was to cement the friendship existing between the two nations, and to investigate the rumor that our insular cousins are learning to distinguish between a joke and an essay on immortality. For cementing purposes we could not have chosen a better representative. Not only in England, but also all over Europe, Mark Twain's name provokes a smile. The Mississippi River is famous because of "Tom Sawyer," and the "Jumping Frog" tale is told in languages which sound like the breaking up of the summer cold.

England received our ambassador royally. She plied him with indigestible dinners and murderous black cigars. He had the time of his long and happy life. He nibbled at the aristocracy of Britain's blue blood, but his stalwart Americanism was not affected.

Now that they have returned him safely, we are glad he went. We are the better friends with Great Britain for it, and we know now that Britishers have a sense of humor. They smiled continuously. There is a malicious whisper that they are still laughing at the jokes of Twain's youth. It is unworthy of us—that thought; it is a libel against a great and friendly power. If it is ever explained there will be war and desolation.

Hope Springs Eternal

The career of New York's new Public Service Commission will be watched with interest by strap-hangers and gas company victims the country over. This commission is the result of the Public Utilities Bill, the most important of the measures which Governor Hughes forced last spring from a reluctant Legislature. To regulate the various public service corporations of the State is the purpose of this new commission. It has the power to investigate any act of a public service corporation, ordering changes in service or rates, and compelling obedience.

This is Father Knickerbocker's last desperate effort to have a thing well done without doing it himself. The old gentleman is happy about it. In his dreams he sees himself leading the Metropolitan-Interborough Street Railway Company about by a bridle. He has visions of the law-defying gas company tamed and eating out of his hand. May he not have a bad fall and a rude awakening.

If Governor Hughes's new commission can deliver New York from the hands of her enemies, it will be a great step toward municipal freedom everywhere.



North Carolina Defiant

North Carolina passed a law making the maximum railway passenger rate two and one fourth cents a mile, and arrested the officers of the Southern Railway who violated the law. United States Circuit Judge Pritchard—once attorney for the Southern Railway—

declared the penalty clause unconstitutional, and ordered the release of the men. Believing it his duty to enforce the laws of his State until they are declared unconstitutional by the United States Supreme Court, Governor Glenn refused to abide by the decision of Judge Pritchard, and promised armed protection to the State officials if they were interfered with. He threatened an act to annul the railroad's charter if the law was not obeyed. The compromise finally effected was virtually a victory for the State.

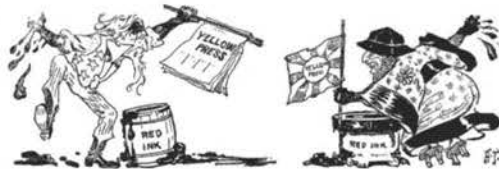
It is not likely that any but a Southern state would have defied the Federal Government so openly on states' rights grounds. On the other hand, it is equally doubtful whether the capitalist newspapers of the country would have cried "nullification" and clamored for another Andrew Jackson if the sacred right of the railways to override the law had not been interfered with. Careful search fails to show any nullification here. Nullification is the setting aside of federal enactment by a state. The governor seems to be clearly within his moral, if not his legal rights.

The Muse in Politics

The reign of music is over in San Francisco; the age of poesy has come. Eugene Schmitz, the fiddler, is in jail on charges of corruption; Edward R. Taylor, the poet, has been appointed to fill his place. Charles Bostox, who is neither a musician nor a maker of rhymes, occupied the mayor's chair in the interim, certain revelations regarding the taking of bribes standing between him and a permanent appointment. After the refusal of the labor unions and the commercial organizations to get together and choose a mayor, the supervisors turned to Dr. Taylor as the Moses who would lead them out of the wilderness of graft and corruption. He has taken the oath of office, pledging himself to use all his available powers to secure and maintain order.

Dr. Taylor is a man who has had a varied and interesting career, having been in turn a printer, doctor, lawyer, educator, head of a library, and writer of poems. In the latter capacity he is somewhat well known, having published several volumes of verse. Public affairs have always demanded a considerable share of his attention. He was one of the committee to draft San Francisco's new charter, and he is regarded as one of the city's most public-spirited citizens.

A high-minded, scholarly man of absolutely unimpeachable character, it only remains to be seen whether or not he has sufficient practical ability to cope successfully with the army of grafters that besieges his city.



The "Red Ink" War

Lovers of peace may find much to encourage them in the conduct of the recent "war" between the United States and Japan. This contest marks the downfall, let us hope forever, of the old, slow, dangerous style of warfare. It presages the glad time when cannon shall be beaten into printing presses and swords into editors' shears. Indeed, it has prefaced the deliberations of The Hague!

The conflict was as brief as it was bloodless. Some time was wasted, it is true, in determining the cause of the war, it being argued that tons of pink paper should not be sacrificed and barrels of red ink shed without good reason. But when, at last, some one hit upon "The Supremacy of the Pacific" as an excellent excuse for a war, the Oriental brush wielders and the Occidental pencil pushers sprang into the fray. Duplex long-distance presses were run day and night, and strong-armed patriots manned the rapid-fire typewriters. The enemy was besieged with thirteen-inch headlines. Yet no one was hurt. Soldiers were not called upon to brave the unknown dangers of canned beef, battleships faced only batteries of cameras.

The dogs of war have lost their teeth. You can trust them now with the children.

The Haywood Trial

The trial of William D. Haywood failed to prove the conspiracy alleged by the State, or the conspiracy counterclaimed by the defense. In the minds of those who have followed the case, however, there can be no doubt that both conspiracies existed—that in the long, desperate war between the mine owners and the Western Federation of Miners neither has hesitated at any species of violence. There has been a carnival of destruction and abduction and murder. Some day capital will find that it is more respectable to make the law than to break it—that a state prison is cheaper than a bull pen. Labor will learn to abandon the bomb for the more peaceful strike and the boycott and the ragged brick.

Meanwhile, Haywood has had a fair trial, which is just what the Socialists said he could not get; he was given an acquittal, which was just what the capitalists said he must not have. The result must be a disappointment to those who hoped to profit by his martyrdom and to those who judged him before he was tried.



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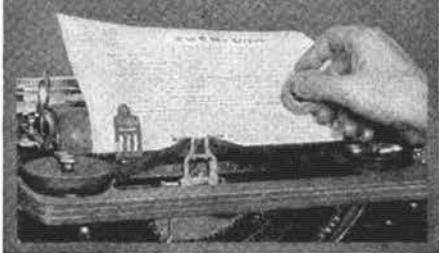
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Youthful Criminals

By THOMAS SPEED MOSBY

Missouri State Pardon Attorney

TWO THIRDS of the convicts in America's greatest prison are men without trade or profession. Look into any State penitentiary, and you will ordinarily find that at least one third of the convicts there confined are young men, ranging in age from eighteen to twenty-five years, and that nearly all of these came into prison absolutely without the knowledge of any useful and gainful occupation. According to the United States census, considerably more than half of those convicted of crime are ignorant of any kind of trade.

In these statistics two facts are boldly prominent, viz: the alarming proportion of youthful criminals, and the exceedingly high ratio of criminality among those unskilled in any trade or profession.

Comparatively few of the younger class of felons are illiterate. In my own experience, I have never met one who could not read and write, and very many (by far the greater number, I should say,) are possessed of no small degree of intelligence. But, however stupid or however precocious, they are found to be, scarcely without exception, young men who have not applied themselves to useful, honest work. This is true of both the poor and the well-to-do. There is no warrant for saying that the tendency toward criminality is naturally greater among the idle poor than among the idle rich. One frequently meets, behind the prison walls, young men of good parentage, young men, too, who could not plead poverty as an excuse for crime. Why are they there? The answer is given by Gustave Marx, one of the Chicago "car-barn" bandits, who recently died upon the gallows.

"It was n't drink that caused my downfall," he said; "not cigarettes, nor bad companions, either. It was just idleness. Idleness led me first to cigarettes, then to drink, then to bad companions—then to the gallows. And I blame my folks. If they had made me remain at work, work would have kept me too busy to have planned robbery and murder."

This is the story that fits them all. First, idleness; then cigarettes and drink, to blunt the moral sense and destroy the will; then living beyond one's means; then indulging the riotous excesses that spell debauchery and make for ruin. And may they not rightly blame their "folks," as did Gustave Marx?

Not once, but many, many times has the typical gray-haired father stood before me pleading for the pardon of his wayward boy. The story has always been and still is the same:

"He had a good home, and a Christian mother. I gave him a fair education. There is not a drop of criminal blood in his entire family. He is the first of his name to wear the prison stripes. He is not a criminal at heart—it is not in him; it was cigarettes drink, bad habits, bad women, bad companions," etc., etc.

Ah, how often have I heard that plea! True? Yes, every word of it. But it was not *all* the truth. The boy had never learned to work. He had not learned the meaning of work. He may have "had a job." He may have worked in a shop, or clerked in a store or in a bank. But he had two masters. He loved the one and hated the other. His heart was not enlisted with his hand and brain; his soul was not in his labor, and therefore he knew not work. There was no joy in his task. Therefore he did not work; he only half-worked.

A boy does not always work when he swings a hammer or balances a set of books. If he finds no joy in his task, if he looks upon his employer merely as a "boss," and upon the day's duties as a period of slavery, from which "relief" comes only after business hours—he does not work, he *shirks*. To such a boy the wine cup will be a temptation. He will seek his "relief" in dissipation, and will soon be found, with others of his kind, evolving schemes for getting rich quickly and without the usual drudgery. He may gamble, he may play the races, or what not. He is deeply imbued with the impression that the world owes him a living; and the more he ponders the subject, the less scrupulous he may become as to how he gets that living. He does not think of what he owes to the world. He may end in forgery or embezzlement—if in nothing worse; but whatever the route he takes, the general tendency is downward, and the penitentiary is yawning for him.

"Tell me," said an old church deacon, his voice quivering with grief as he discussed the case of his own

convicted son—"tell me why it is that the sons of preachers and deacons always turn out so badly!"

They do not always turn out so badly, I advised him, but they are not exempt from the operation of those laws which govern human nature. A boy may be well schooled in creed and dogma, and still fall. In all such cases, there is the same vital defect in the boy's education.

The joy, the beauty, the utility, the glory of honest work, and the disgrace of indolence, even in the smallest things—these should be among the first lessons impressed upon the youthful mind, and the father who so instructs his son at home may save the State the trouble of attempting to do so later. The boy who is taught to love his work for its own sake, who learns to excel in it as a matter of pride, and who thinks more of what he owes to the world than of what the world owes to him, will not long be without an honorable, useful, and profitable occupation. The prisons are not made for him, and you will not find him there. Teach the child to love his work, and he will understand it. Once he understands that meaning in its fullness and grandeur, once he realizes the sweetness and glory of a well-loved task, the boy is safe; you need feel no concern as to his future; you have saved the boy from crime.

Criminality seems to be now increasing in the United States. One great jurist has attributed it to a defect in our appellate court procedure. Ah, no, no; that is not the thing that is filling our prisons with young men—far from it, indeed. Go to the prisons, and find them there, and talk with them, as I have talked with hundreds. The young man in prison garb is the one who knew not his work. Here is recorded the failure of church and school and home, for they taught him not the simple truth implied in the ancient Persian maxim: "He who sows the ground with care and diligence attains a greater merit than he could gain by the repetition of ten thousand prayers." For honest work is worship, and "faith without works is dead." The old saying that an idle brain is the devil's workshop is literally true, as shown by the prison records. Close the devil's workshop, and you will close the prison doors to the great majority of young men who are daily donning the felon's garb. This is the "closed shop" that will close the principal avenue to crime.

Let the child be taught that idleness itself is crime. The boy who dreads his task, who shirks useful service, is developing the germ of criminality. It is no answer to this, to say that such is the disposition of most boys. Perhaps it is. But it is also true, most fortunately, that most boys overcome it; and woe be unto those who do not. Indolence, procrastination, shirking, half-work—through these a boy first learns to steal, for indolence is itself essentially dishonest. It is the taproot of crime. The boy who habitually steals time from his employer is in a fair way to steal something of more tangible value. He covets that which he does not earn. He does not recognize his obligation to give to his work the best that is in him; to give to the world service for service—and to give it first. In short, he has not learned work. He is not interested in the task before him, in the business immediately at hand. His mind is elsewhere, in dreams, perhaps—but beyond the dream, though he cannot see it, there lies the shadow of the iron bars.

In the Language of Pork

THE friends of a certain young fellow at the head of a pork packing establishment in Omaha are telling a good story at his expense.

Not long ago a new baby arrived in his family, and the young father evinced the greatest pride in the matter. While several friends were congratulating him in his office, one of them asked:

"By the way, old man, how much did the cherub weigh?"

"Twelve pounds, dressed!" exclaimed the delighted parent.

It is not necessary to be serious in order to be earnest. Very cheerful, humorous people are often dead in earnest. Cheerful earnestness is very much more effective than too serious earnestness. People are afraid of a long, sad, serious face. It is not a sign of sanity. Cheerfulness is always sane.

A Syndicate Wooing

By George Randolph Chester

[Continued from page 581]

"I'm camp cook for the day," insisted Adams, "and I intend to maintain my rights."

"You boys are delightful," Miss Cooke complimented them. "I never saw every one so willing to do the camp drudgery, and I'm going to do my full share. As it only takes two to wash and dry dishes, however, I shall do something else."

"We might put up a hammock," Peyson hastily suggested, while the two others were gulping. "You know we chaps are supposed to get the camp in readiness for the crowd next week, and they'll want hammocks first of all."

There is a great deal of fun to be extracted from the simple putting up of a hammock, and the task is not such a brief one if a fellow knows how to go about it. First of all, two trees must be found of just the right distance apart, and then you must stand together between them and see if the view is a pretty one, if there will be a proper amount of shade throughout the day, and decide various other weighty considerations, until the choice is narrowed down to two or three possible locations. Then comes the putting up of the hammock itself, and then, once in place, it must be carefully tested for two. Bruce Howard, while the other two boys were glumly washing dishes, made slightly veiled offers of his own valuable services and experience in such matters, but, without being rude at all, Hal gave him distinctly to understand that it was a sheer waste of energy for three people to put up a hammock.

Taking the hint painfully, Bruce wandered disconsolately back to the cook shed, where the boys made him haul out one of the tents and get it in readiness to set up, and while he was at it they put on their own flannels, to the mortification of Peyson, who, finding himself now the only roughly clad one in the party, felt himself at such decided disadvantage that he was forced to quit testing the hammock for a while. He disliked to do it, too, for he had just brought the conversation in the general direction of the sacred emotions of the human heart. He was at the age where he had begun to have quite serious intentions, his income being ample to allow him to think of such things, as he took pains to intimate. Miss Cooke had seemed to prefer talking about the beauties of lake and woods and clear blue sky; but Hal was a persistent soul, and he was just reciting some fervid gems from the "Rubaiyat," when he noticed that Adams and Chandler had on their formal attire, and the situation became unbearable, especially when in declaiming: "A loaf of bread, a jug of wine and thou," he happened to look down at his soiled overalls and his muddy brogans.

When he came back from the lock-up in his own pin-stripes, Jimmy Chandler was sitting in the hammock with her, and as Hal enviously passed behind them, Jimmy, looking out over the lake with soulful eyes, was murmuring poetry! Poetry! It seemed to be in the air that day, and it was perfectly silly. For himself it might do, but for Jimmy, who had been credited with a mania for little else but dogs and horses, to be murmuring sonnets, was absurd.

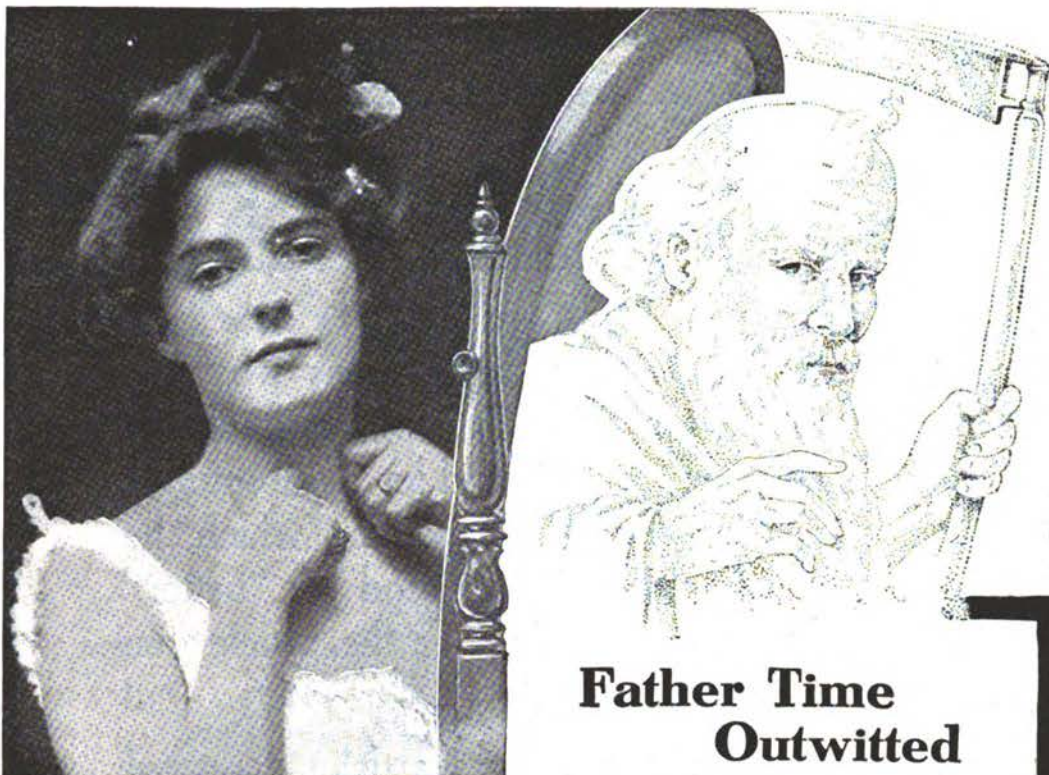
Perhaps there was some subtle miasma that, upon this enchanted island, implanted the germs of the gentle fever within the souls of its dwellers, for by nightfall every young man on the island felt himself head over heels in love with Helen Cooke, particularly after they had sat on the cabin porch, clustered about the two ladies under the glorious moonlight, and had sung songs full of melting minor chords. And this was Quarter-limit Adams's first opportunity of the day. For once in his life he was glad that he did not sing, as it gave him opportunity for conversation that he would not otherwise have had. He felt himself sadly deficient in other things, however. At the end of half an hour he was doing his stumbling best to approach topics akin to the sacred emotions of the human heart, but to save him he could not remember one single line of poetry. The best he could do in this direction was to remark that this was a ripping fine moonlight, and that its track upon the gently rippling waters of the lake looked like a tangle of silver thread. He considered this so good that he said it twice, and then he froze up. He was perhaps the worst hit of the lot when they finally left the cabin, and taking Jimmy Chandler by the arm he walked him down to the beach.

"What a lucky accident that was," he declared with a deep sigh.

Jimmy did not ask what accident. There had never been but one accident in the lives of any of them that was worth remembering since the sinking of the flat boat, the moment when the magic spell, which the moonlight now increased to madness, had descended upon the island.

"Was n't it!" agreed Jimmy with fervor. "Honestly, old chap, since this girl has come into my life—"

"Into your life! Say, look here, Jimmy, I don't like to hear you talk that way. It is too flippant. With me, now, it is a serious matter, and that's just what I wanted to talk with you about. I've been thinking for a long time, nearly all day in fact, that when a chap gets my age and has a good income and



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all that sort of thing, you know, it is about time he settled down."

"It is," agreed Jimmy. "I have been thinking that way myself, and as soon as Helen will let me speak of it—"

"Helen! Are you aware, Jimmy, that you are taking quite a liberty? I would not call her so myself—just yet, anyhow—even though before she leaves this island I am going to ask her to become Mrs. Adams."

Jimmy stopped and surveyed his friend sternly in the moonlight.

"Not much she won't!" he declared. "If I have anything to do with it she's going to be Mrs. Chandler. I know I'm not good enough for her—we are neither one of us that—but I'm going in to win. I'm—I'm deuced sorry for one of us, Adams."

At almost the same moment Bruce Howard, now hopelessly in the grip of the universal spell, was confiding to Hal Peyson that: "Honestly, a fellow don't like to talk about these things very much, but I—I—I just feel all choked up when I think of that little girl over there. She's the dearest and the sweetest—"

"I can't listen to this, Bruce," Hal interrupted him, and in about two minutes it transpired that Miss Cooke would have the opportunity of becoming either Mrs. Howard or Mrs. Peyson, as she chose.

Vanderhyde confided in no one, but he sat in the hammock with deep lines drawn in his brow, struggling to force out a sonnet beginning: "Eyes of blue and hair of gold." To rhyme with gold there were bold, cold, doled, fold, hold, mold, old, rolled, sold, told, and wold. If he switched it around and made it "Hair of gold and eyes of blue," there were more: brew, crew, clue, drew, few, flew, grew, hew or hue, Jew, knew, lieu, mew, new, rue, sue, stew, true, too, view, woo and you. Or he could transpose the line, making it end on "hair" or "eyes," in which case such entirely new ranges of possibilities opened up that they gave him a headache. At dawn he was wringing wet with dew. He had gone to sleep in the hammock, and he never did finish that verse.

It was worse the second day. No man among them would permit another to have undisturbed possession of the field for longer than five minutes at a time, and those who were not with Her moped around in lonely gloom, so that by nightfall they all hated each other intensely; so much so, in fact, that the quartette was entirely out of harmony and abandoned its feeble attempts quite early. They did not leave the cabin porch, however, until after midnight, for every man there wanted to stay behind for a more intimate word or two after the rest had departed, and it became necessary, in common decency, for them all to go "home." They went, but it had been a most unsatisfactory day, and every man was cross. They were snappy with each other and almost at the dueling point when Quarter-limit Adams had an inspiration.

"Look here, fellows," he said. "We're all crazy, but we can still be a little practical. Not one of us is going to accomplish anything by constantly getting in the other's way, so I propose that we number five slips of paper and drop them in a hat. The chap who draws number one shall have his chance from breakfast time until ten o'clock, number two from ten to twelve, number three from two until four, number four from four to six, number five from eight to ten. How's that?"

That simple proposition cleared the atmosphere immediately. It assured each man of an uninterrupted opportunity, and within his secret soul each man felt that, given his opportunity, he could certainly make headway; not that Miss Cooke had encouraged any one of them in any way—she could scarcely be expected to do that so quickly—but merely because hope springs eternal in the human breast, and no man thinks himself entirely without qualities and attributes which must certainly appeal to any woman.

Thus inspired, they greeted the next morning's sun with calculating trepidation, but during Will Vanderhyde's watch, the second of the morning, the boys at work putting up the family tents groaned in unison as they saw on the opposite shore a big wagon with a bright new boat upon it. Dillingham had arrived, and conventions would compel Miss Cooke to leave them immediately after luncheon!

It was the beginning of the end. Vanderhyde and the ladies were wandering about somewhere on the interior when this blow fell, and the others did hope that Will would keep Her there for another hour, for in that time they might persuade Dillingham to take the boat back across the lake and hide it. It was with considerable anxiety, therefore, that they watched the launching of the boat.

But what was that queer-looking thing upon it? A sort of top-heavy cabin had apparently been built along its entire length, but it seemed to be slatted. Whatever it was, it made the boat useless for this trip at least, for they saw Dillingham remove his shoes and jumper and hat and put them in the end of the boat, then take to the water, pushing the craft ahead of him. It was half way across before Jimmy Chandler made it out.

"By George!" he exclaimed. "If it is n't a chicken coop!"

"Mighty thoughtful of Dilly," decided Adams, moistening his lips unconsciously. "Chicken will taste good."

"Chicken!" interposed Peyson. "Don't you believe he intends us to eat chicken! He's got about four dozen hens there that he intends to turn loose on the island, so that he may have his eggs for breakfast until he leaves us week after next."

Their joy at this discovery, however, was marred by the appearance of Vanderhyde and Miss Cooke. The nefarious plot upon which they had been incubating would never hatch! Vanderhyde realized with sudden sinking of the heart just what this meant to him and to the rest; but for the present he was the man in possession, and the leading idea blurted out of him before he had time to arrange it nicely.

"Miss Cooke," he said, detaining her, while his heart thumps began to play a sudden tattoo, "of course you will be going away, and I—you know, Miss Cooke, I wanted to say—that is, don't you know, I—I wanted to ask you—hang it all—you know, of course, what I'm driving at! I want, well, don't you know, I'm thinking of settling down in life, and to do that there must be a—well, in short, a Mrs. Vanderhyde, and I wanted to tell—that is—I wanted to ask you, don't you know—if you would n't—"

"Don't, Mr. Vanderhyde," protested Miss Cooke in a shocked little tone, while her face went pale. "I'm so sorry that I let you say it. I could n't think of it, really. I thank you from the bottom of my heart for the high honor you have paid me, but please don't let's say any more about it," and she shook hands with him most earnestly.

Mr. Vanderhyde swallowed his Adam's apple three or four times and stumbly followed down to the beach. The boat was nearing shore, with its splashing motive power almost invisible behind the crate of protesting hens. It touched upon the sand before Dillingham emerged from behind it and stood up, spluttering and blowing, to press the water from his hair and face. The moment he opened his eyes, however, he made a dash for the bank.

"Why, Helen!" he exclaimed. "How on earth did you ever come here? I did n't expect you at the Triple Lake House until week after next, when I was coming over to invite you and the family to camp as a sort of unexpected treat," and he took both her hands in his.

They stood off and beamed at each other, still holding hands in their delighted surprise, and five other gentlemen began to feel foolish on the inside.

"By George, boys!" said Dillingham, turning to them. "This is pleasant! Of course you all know Miss Cooke now, but I must introduce her again, this time as my fiancée."

Prince Edward of Wales and Roosevelt

YOUNG PRINCE EDWARD, eldest son of the Prince and Princess of Wales, and destined King of England, has frequently startled his royal parents and his tutors by his democratic tendencies and utterances. The following anecdote, told by one of the prince's tutors, shows how the "boy prince" estimates royal genius.

In the royal library at Windsor, in the center of the magazine table, a large album is placed. In this album can be seen the pictures of many eminent and popular men and women of the day. This book is divided into sections—a section for each calling or profession. Recently, the young prince, who was staying with King Edward at the castle, in looking through the book, came across the pages devoted to the pictures of the rulers of the various nations. Prominently placed among these was a large photograph of President Roosevelt.

"Grand-dad," asked Prince Edward, placing his finger on the President's picture, "President Roosevelt is a very clever man, isn't he? I know you think an awful lot of him."

"Yes, child," answered King Edward with a smile. "President Roosevelt is a great and good man. In some respects I look upon him as a genius. Some day, I will give you a book telling you all about him, and what he has done for his great country. I want you to read it and take a lesson from his useful life."

A few days later, King Edward, casually glancing through the album, noticed that President Roosevelt's photograph had been removed and placed in the section devoted to "Men and Women of the Time." On asking the prince whether he had removed the picture, he solemnly replied: "Yes, Sir. You told me the other day that you thought President Roosevelt a genius, so I took him away from the kings and emperors and put him among the famous people."

Did n't Interest Him

A PROMINENT Bostonian recently "put up" at his club a Chicago man bearing letters of introduction from a common friend.

After dining, the two were lounging in the club library when the Bostonian chanced to ask:

"By the way, what do you think of the 'Origin of Species'?"

"Never read it," was the reply of the man from Chicago. "In fact, old man, I am not in the least interested in financial subjects."

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My Life—So Far

[Continued from page 596]

"that it was quite clear understood that any one of us who opened his mouth to the police *once*, would n't do so *twice*. Sandy Hope, I mind me, was fond of announcing this fact in a kind of casual way. Not that we mistrusted each other, but it was well for everybody to know that the man who tried any stalling off, would have his light put out just as soon as it could be arranged."

"But," I said, "supposing that the crowd did n't keep its word—got away with the fall-money and the percentage on the touches while you were in jail?"

"In that case," answered Bandy, without a moment's hesitation, "all bets would be off. The gentleman in custody would make a cry that would be heard in every detective bureau in America. There would be an immediate decrease in the population of crooks. Why, I know enough about Sandy to get his neck—" he stopped suddenly.

"And was this, too, understood by the gang?"

Bandy shifted uneasily on his seat.

"You make me weary—honest you do, Cig. What's the matter with you? You know just as well as I do that every gang of crooks knows just what I've been telling you. If it were n't true, *what's to keep them from squealing every time they get arrested?*"

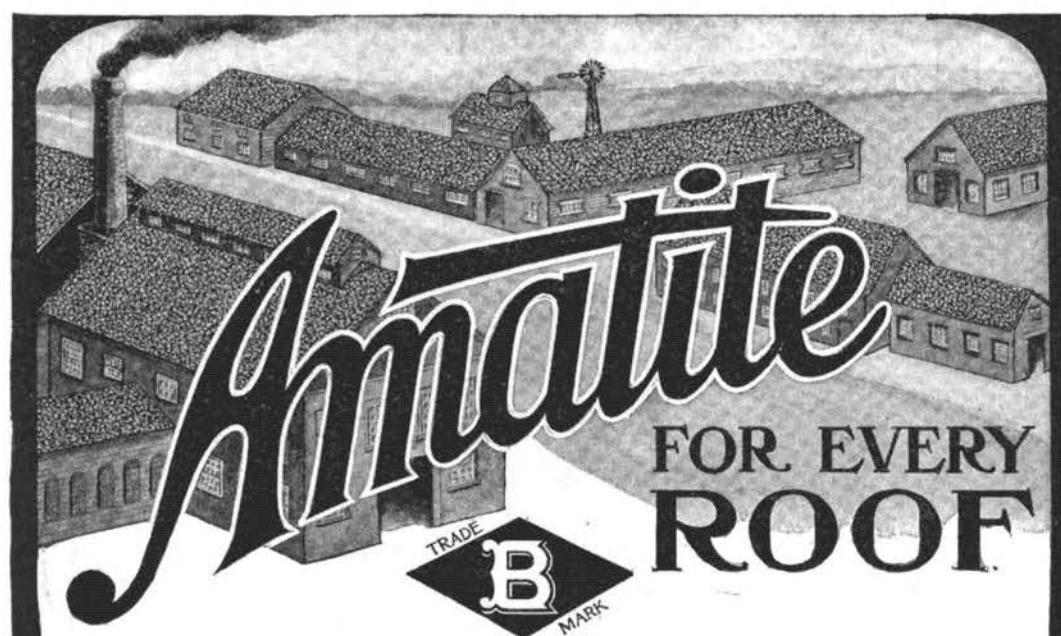
In this last sentence Bandy summed up the whole question of honor among thieves, and for this reason I have told the foregoing at some length. The repentance of a thief rarely, if ever, includes restitution. This statement anyhow applies to the veterans. With the younger men it is somewhat otherwise, and then usually through the administrations of the prison chaplain. But after having served a prison term for the first time the young crook adopts the sophistry and cynicism of his oldsters in crime. The only time that a thief feels regret for his misdeeds is when the latter has been fruitless, or when the proceeds have been lost to him.

What I have said about crooks not peaching on each other does not apply to the professional stool pigeon, or "mouthpiece," who, by the way, is part and parcel of every police force in every city and town in this country and abroad. But these fellows can hardly be classed as genuine crooks, at least in the great majority of instances. They are rather the Pariahs of the Underworld—hated, despised, and tolerated for precisely the same reason that curs are allowed to roam through the streets.

It goes without saying that as long as the "mouthpiece" forms an integral part of the police system of civilization, so long will there be a real, although not admitted, alliance between the Powers that Prey and the Powers that Rule, with an incidental weakening and demoralization of the latter.

Finally, there are times and seasons in which the Underworld of its own volition gives up an offender. But these occasions are rare, and only when it is felt that the individual must be sacrificed for the good of the community. Usually there is a political pact in these rare happenings.

[Here Josiah Flynt's manuscript comes abruptly to an end. It was probably the last that he wrote just before he died, on January 21, of this year. He had told us that the last chapters of his autobiography would contain a good deal that might seem offending to public taste, but that, in his effort to lead up to an explanation of the better life, as he saw it after his years of association with criminals of all classes, he would be obliged to stick closely to truth. We regret that he did not live to finish his great work, which was to have proved conclusively that the upright life is the greatest requirement of this world, and that such a thing as "honor among thieves" and all other phases of unlawful existence are but the merest shams.—The Editors.]



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The Moonshiners

By H. S. COOPER

[Concluded from page 590]

prisoners when I leave here. I would like to release you and let you go to your friends and aid them and your mother and sister with—with young Shipley and Miss Hagar."

Lew's eyes lighted at these words, but John said, very soberly—

"Thank yo', but there'll be plenty to help Maw an' Sis an' take care o' them two as is dead. I reckon 't won't be long 'fore we're with 'em 'thout any promises."

Clark's face darkened as he replied, very sternly:

"Take two thoughts about that, my friend. You are our prisoners, the prisoners of the Government, and we *never* give up prisoners. If the worst comes to the worst you two will die before the last one of us does."

"Yo'd kill us in col' blood?" asked Lew.

"Blood would hardly likely to be cold by that time," answered Clark, "but if it came to the point where I knew we were fighting to a finish I myself would most certainly put a bullet through both of your heads or see it done. If you are thinking of escaping or being rescued alive, put the idea out of your heads if you elect not to take advantage of my offer."

John looked at him keenly for a minute and Clark returned the gaze quietly.

"We ain't to do nothin' ag'in yo'," John asked finally, "an' we're to go with yo' when you leave these parts?"

"That's it."

"Well 's yo' ain't likely to leave here very soon—I reckon me an' Lew promises; don't we Lew?"

"Yep."

"All right," said Clark, taking no notice of the threat in John's words. "Bob, take the bracelets off these gentlemen. Now come with me," and he led them to where Ashe was still waving and twirling his "flag o' truce."

"Mr. Ashe, I could not grant your request for the return of my two men, but, as a courtesy to yourself I have released my two prisoners on return parole, and they go with you."

This was a phase of military matters that was evidently beyond Ashe, as he stood for a second evidently not knowing what he was expected to say or do. Finally he waived his hand toward the camp of his party and said:

"John, you an' Lew go down 'n th' cave an' help yo' Maw an' Marthy an' th' boys bring them two corpses up. An' Mr. Clark, I'm 'bliged to yo', sir, fo' yo' courtesy. Good morning, sir," and he stalked off."

On Clark's return, "Billy," who seemed to be—and was—somewhat privileged, being second in command, assailed him at once.

"What Quixotic thing is this you've done, Clark? Why, with our two men escaped and back with us and these two fellows as hostages, we were in positions to make terms with them—and now—"

"And now, Billy, I suppose there's nothing left for us but to fight and most certainly be pretty well wiped out, is that it?"

"That's about it, old man. What in Heaven's name was your reason for it?"

"Billy, Hank and Web tell me that those fellows down there are about twenty strong, all armed and fighters—what is known around here as the 'Cov-ers'—a pretty rough and desperate lot. They're led by that character Jeff Ashe, who, despite his bombast, is no fool or he would not have got his men together so quickly nor have caught Hank and Web so nicely—because they are pretty alert men. Now, with that gang alone we'd stand a poor chance to fight out free and unharmed and they mean fight to the finish since that sad matter in the cave, unless we surrender unconditionally, something not to be thought of, of course. But the worst is, that that young devil of a boy that they call 'Lem' has gone into Peters Valley with the news of those deaths and when Shipley's mother and Old Man Peters get here with all their neighbors and the scenes commence I am afraid it will be fight *at once*, for these mountain folks are all related in these communities, they're as clannish as Scots and as unforgiving as red Indians—an injury to one, especially by their natural enemies the 'rev'noors' is an unforgivable injury to all. Follow me so far?"

"Yes, but—"

"Now wait until I'm through. Now, whether it was to tie our hands for a while, to test us, or as a matter in perfect good faith, I don't know, but this request of Ashe's in regard to passing us here with the bodies put us in a hole. They're sensitive in a peculiar way, as to their dead, and if I'd refused their request they would have attacked us at once or it would have given them even more bitter feelings against us. We lost something by the delay, but I believe we've gained more. See?"

"Yes."

"Now, as to those Morgan boys. Hank tells me that, from the discussion he overheard after he was captured, these fellows felt that we wouldn't dare to hurt or injure them; they also felt that our retention of them with us would clog and hinder us to a degree, and therefore they had determined *not* to exchange prisoners with us in case we would have made the offer, nor in any way

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to let our prisoners be a help to us. Hank says that this Ashe summed up the matter about like this—'John Morgan would be ready to start a feud with me if we let these rev'nors go free on his account, and Lew'll do as John says, and I don't blame him, I'd do the same myself. They won't come to any harm unless some of us shoot them by mistake and if the rev'nors try to escape they'll leave the boys, as they'll only be a hindrance to them.'—Summed up pretty cleverly, did n't he?"

"I guess he's no fool!"

"Not a bit of it. So, I put it to the Morgans straight, put the 'fear of God' and of the Government into them with a little speech, took their word for their having no hand in any further trouble with us, and bound them to come with us when we leave."

"Think they'll do it?"

"John will—he's that kind, and if Lew didn't or would n't, John would tie him on a horse and bring him along. He's what these people would call the 'nat'l spi't an' image' of his father and the old man was just that kind, also, and the smartest and most desperate moonshiner in the whole ridge. So you see it was a case to think quick, and with all this, that I've told you, before you—what would you have done?"

"Some as you did, old man, only not so well and so quickly!"

"You're a fraud, Billy—but hush! I think they're coming now. Boys—all get to cover on the far side, don't show a hair until they get past and out of sight. Come, Billy, we'll efface ourselves also."

Mr. Ash came first with the "flag o' truce," which he planted solemnly in a crevice of the rocks as he passed, and then slowly and with hat and rifle in one hand came a dozen of the natives carrying the bodies on a rude stretcher made of saplings and limbs of trees and supporting Mrs. Morgan and Martha were John and Lew. Neither head nor eye was turned as they passed where their enemies lay hidden, but slowly and carefully over the rocky and uneven footpath they carried their dead.

At the road leading to the house there was a halt and angry disputation. Above the commotion Ashe's clear, high nasal voice was heard to say:

"—and by Grany I put a flag o' truce up thar an' 'e man as teches it or e'er a one of them, has me an' my boys ter fight along with 'em. I'll help yer wipe 'em out fas' enough when 'e time comes, but you all gotter fight fair an' 'cordin' to rules 'er war, an' thar ain't no fightin' goin' ter be done 'ntil I go up thar an' get the flag o' truce!"

This seemed to settle immediate action on the part of the newcomers, there was immediately another conference and finally Ashe mounted the hill alone and called for Clark. As soon as he appeared, Ashe said:

"Mr. Clark, in the name o' all those folks down yander, I demand th' uncondition'l su'rend o' you all, an' all yer arms an' am'nition."

Clark looked him firmly in the face for a minute and said, loudly enough to be heard by those below—

"And if I refuse, what then, Mr. Ashe?"

"Then yo' blood be on yo' head, Mr. Clark, fer we all's goin' to wipe yer out—root an' limb—fer what lies on them trustles down thar!" was the reply.

Clark touched him on the arm and moved some distance down the hill where he could be distinctly heard by those below. The crying of the women was quieted by those near them, and all waited in dead silence as he stopped and turning to Ashe said, "Mr. Ashe, I and my men represent the Government of the United States of which you are a part, and the Government does not 'surrender' to a handful of its people, as some of your folks learned about thirty-five years ago, and your very demand is treason! I have told you that I regret the death of the young man, and I do—we all do—but he met that death in an unprovoked attack on me when he was a prisoner, and the poor girl's death was caused by that act—by no fault of ours. I and my men are here in the sworn discharge of our duty to stop an illegal practice against the Government you are sworn to support. You have already made yourselves all liable to the law by opposing me in it, but this I will overlook. As to 'surrenderin' I call on you to disperse or surrender, and I call for my two prisoners to come with me now, for I shall move over to my horses at once, and God help these valleys within the next few months if we are hindered or hurt! That is my answer, Mr. Ashe, and you'd better remove your dead, your women, and your flag of truce at once, as I propose to act as soon as you have had time to do so!"—and he saluted Ashe and turned and walked quietly up the hill to where his men were clustered and where he was received by Billy with,

"It was a grand bluff, old man, and I envy you your nerve, but I'm afraid it won't go."

"I'm afraid so too, Billy, but it was our only chance—it's split them up already—listen!"

During Clark's speech there had been a dead and sullen silence, but its conclusion had brought pandemonium. Ashe ran quickly down the hill, seized his rifle, and, with several of his men, backed up against a tree.

"Th' man as makes a move up thet hill," he yelled, cocking his gun, "I'll remove thet flag o' truce hes me ter deal with. I gi'en him my word an' it stan's," and his voice showed his earnestness.

"Oh, ter — with you an' yer flag o' truce!" truculently replied a voice out of the other crowd, "I say le's wipe 'em out the right away an' learn 'em a less'n ter come a killin' our boys an' gals this-a-way!"

and a gigantic mountaineer forced his way to the front — and halted as Ashe slowly raised his rifle and "took

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a bead on him." There was a lot of talking and arguing going on and, as Clark had said, they were "Split up" by his words and actions. Finally the tall mountaineer and his followers seemed to have the best of it, as the women and the bodies were surrounded by a few and taken off toward the house while the others proceeded to move warily from tree to tree up the hill, Ashe and his men and, from appearances, Joyce Peters, being overpowered.

At this instant a pony dashed past Clark and his men and down the hill, carrying a small man, with a long flowing beard, who halted abruptly when he reached the crowd below and, in a voice, rotund and clear beyond any comparison to the small and slender form it came from, shouted!

"Stop! What are all you doin' here?"

"It's th' Elder—P'sidin' Elder Starrett—I wish he'd a' kep' away," said a voice behind Clark, who turned quickly to see John Morgan behind him. To his look of surprise, John answered—

"Yo' called me an' Lew on our words, didn't ye?"

Clark made no answer except a nod, for he felt that the arrival of the little, long-bearded man below might mean much to him and his men, and he strained his ears to listen.

There was a confused murmur of answers to the Elder's question, and suddenly his voice boomed out again.

"Bring them bodies an' them women here to this clearin' and you men come here—here, I say, whar I c'n see y' all face ter face. No slinkin' ahint' me 's if you all was doin' things as yo' was 'shamed on! Sister Shipley an' Brother Peters yo' not o' my flock, but we're all foll'ers er th' Lord, an' yo' know what the Good Book says: 'Th' Lord heth giv'n 'nd th' Lord heth tak'n away! Blessed be th' name o' th' Lord! A-men!'"

The white-bearded figure on horseback raised its hand and closed its eyes as it intoned these words in a curious sing-song, while the group around him stood with bowed heads as he spoke. Then more alertly he looked around and scanned the faces of the crowd, and finally said—

"You, Jim Dowling, an' you, Jeff Ashe, come here to me. Whar's John Morgan?"

The big mountaineer and Ashe went up to him and said a few words and his voice came rolling up the hill.

"John Morgan, tell them men to let yo' an' Lew come down here t' me. I'll be r'sponsible fer yer, me, Eben Starrett, P'sidin' Elder fur this deestrick," and the title and the tone showed that the "spons'bil'ty" assumed was fully guaranteed by the speaker.

John looked at Clark, who nodded, and the two boys wended their way down the hill to where the Elder sat, between whom and themselves, Jeff Ashe and Jim Dowling, there was an animated and evidently inharmonious colloquy. Once the huge mountaineer broke away from the group and was recalled by the Elder, and again he left them, this time with Lew and two thirds of the men following him. They heard John call out "Lew," but Lew kept steadily on; again he called, and when his call produced no effect he snatched a rifle from the nearest man and, raising it to his shoulder, cried—

"Lew, come back 'yer 'r I'll shoot!"

Lew and those with him wheeled at the word, and the Elder said sharply,

"Put down that gun, John Morgan—take shame to yer, an' he yer brother!"

"No brother o' mine; an' he breaks the word me an' him gi'n that rev'nor. None but a whelp'd think o' asking him to do it," was the reply, but the gun was lowered nevertheless. At the word "whelp," which evidently referred to him, Lew had sprung forward with his gun raised, but the Elder pushed his horse in between him and John and, in a voice like the roar of a lion, he exclaimed,

"Back! Git back both o' ye! Take shame to yo'se'ves fer actin' this-a-way befo' th' dead an' th'r mo'ners. Ain't it bad'nough ter be harberin' murd'rous thoughts again strangers 'thout turnin' yo' weepens on yo' frien's an' yo' kin? What are yer, men or ravenin' beasts? Come 'roun' yer an' listen to me, fer I've that to say t' yer that yer must hear. Th' message o' th' Lord hes come to me to d'liver to yer—yo'll not listen to me, but yo' shall listen to the voice o' Jehovah!"

and the last word boomed out until the woods around rang, and from some distant rock an echo returned the name clearly and with little diminution in volume, and the crowd around him started at the sound and then stood as though turned to stone.

"Let us pray," and the Elder took off his hat, raised his head to the sky, closed his eyes, and lifted his right hand in appeal, while the rippling masses of his long white hair fell around his face. It was a weird and imposing scene that Clark and his men looked down on, the white-haired, white-bearded figure in its impressive attitude of supplication, around it the slouchy and unkempt figures and faces of the natives, standing now with bowed and uncovered heads, but each with his gun in his hand, while close behind them lay the two still figures on their rough biers with the women and a few older men standing bowed beside them.

The Elder commenced his prayer in a tone as low and soft as a woman's, his voice fell at once into the peculiar "sing-song," the soft rising and falling cadences of the old-time "circuit-rider" of the South. As he progressed his tones rose fuller and clearer, until at last in tones so deep and full and resonant that they sounded like the murmurous roll of kettledrums came the words,

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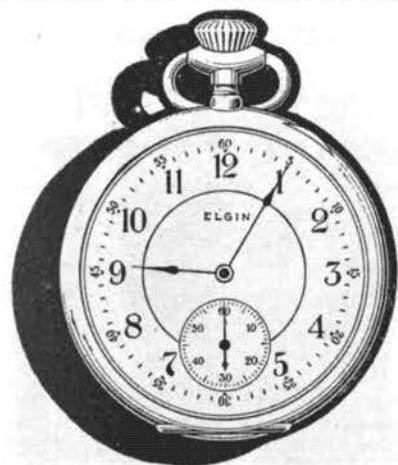
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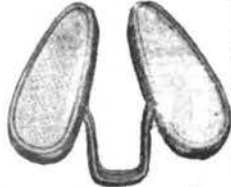
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"'Vengeance is mine—I will repay,' saith the Lord God of Hosts!"

The prayer was in the pure, archaic English of the Bible. Then, with a sudden change of voice and tone, he pointed his finger at the men and spoke to them in their own tongue. In impassioned tones he denounced the curse that had brought ruin and desolation to the valley, the whisky still, for which they were about to murder. Sternly he ordered the men to stack their arms and bear away the bodies to their homes.

"Sun Reeves," he said, "you stay 'n' watch 'em an' th' hosses."

The men sheepishly and reluctantly obeyed this behest and grouped themselves around the biers, prepared to move as ordered, when the Elder raised his hand.

"Stay a minute, an' I go weth yer! Jeff Ashe, how many men have ye?"

"Reckon about twenty, Elder—ten on 'em's up weth th' hosses."

"Sen' a man up an' tell 'em to come here an' bring all 'er hosses, an' you go up yan'er an' bring them rev'nnoors 'yer!"

Ashe obeyed wondering, for the spell of the Elder was on him also. He sent off his messenger, and then slowly mounted the hill himself.

Clark had closely watched the proceedings and had rapidly formed his conclusions as to the Elder's intentions, and as rapidly communicated them and instructions to his men.

"And you'll give up those two and be marched out of the valley?" queried Billy, as he finished.

"Very gladly, Billy!" was the reply. "We get away with whole skins from the tightest place I've been in for a long time, and a place where I expected to leave my own bones and perhaps some of you fellows'. The Morgans have been rescued, and by a force we're powerless to oppose—that little preacher I mean. And I'm inclined to think it's the best day's work the Department's done for a long time."

"Why?"

"Why? Well I sort of think that the Elder's only just begun on this whisky business, and that he'll close more stills in the next week or two than we'd close in a year. By Jove, he's a corker—does n't he know just how to handle these people! But hush—here comes our 'flag o' truce' friend."

Ashe approached, solemnly went up to his beloved flag, took it out of the rock, and with it on his shoulder approached Clark and said:

"Mr. Clark, th' Elder's orders is fer you all ter foller me down ter him."

"The Elder is in command, Mr. Ashe?"

"Yes—sir."

"All right. Lead the way."

With the flag still on his shoulder and an imperturbable look of responsibility on his face Ashe headed the group as they descended the hill. The Elder met them, and quickly selecting Clark, said—

"Yo're in command o' these men?"

"Yes, sir."

"Hev 'em han' over the' weepens ter Mr. Ashe an' his men yer!"

There was an instant's hesitation on the part of some of Clark's men, but there was none in the look and command of Clark himself, and in a minute Ashe and his men had another rifle and a pistol or two extra apiece. The Elder spoke again:

"Jeff Ashe, you and yo' men'll gyard these men back safely to Sailor's, an' you'll be r'sponsible fer 'em reachin' thar 'n safety. You'll gi' 'em then th'r weepens when yer leave 'em thar." Turning again to Clark he said:

"John an' Lew Morgan stay's here."

"I understand that, sir, and agree to it."

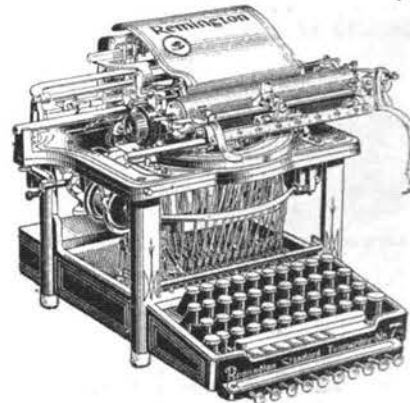
"Here come yer hosses—mount and light out, an' I pray God I may never see yer faces 'n these pa'ts again 'n any sech errant." He turned his horse and walked it toward the other group, who, seeing him coming, took up their sorrowful burdens and walked slowly away through the woods. Clark and his men stood bareheaded as they passed, neither party looking at the other.

Ashe spoke a few hurried orders to the men who came with the horses, and the revenue men's weapons were strapped to the saddles of their escorts. At a word from Ashe the whole party swung into their saddles, and, with the revenue men in the center, the cavalcade swung into a trot across the clearing and into the "big road." At a spot a few miles farther on, the road rose over the point of a high ridge, and here Clark said a word or two to Ashe, who rode beside him. Ashe halted his men, and they watched for a minute, and then, across a clear spot in the woods below them, a mile or two away, they saw the sad little procession of dead and mourners pass slowly and disappear. As they passed out of sight, Clark hastily brushed some tears from his cheek and saying, brokenly, "Poor little girl—poor little Hagar," gave the rein to his horse. The others followed, and the cavalcade disappeared in a turn of the road.

[THE END]

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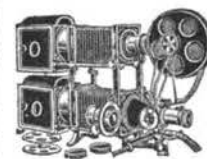
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Louisiana Purchase Exposition, St. Louis, Mo., 1904

Drugging a Race

[Concluded from page 593]

the Chinese first made their homes in that city, and, as they have wandered slowly toward the East, they have left a trail of opium dens wherever they have located. In China itself, to-day, seven of the provinces are almost wholly given over to the raising of opium.

Of Yunnan province, Colonel Manifold, of the British Indian Medical Service, says: "I saw practically the whole population give over to this abuse. The ravages it is making in men, women, and children are deplorable." Recent reports from many provinces show an alarming spread of the habit among the farmers and the simple folk of the country villages, and

there is strong reason to believe that the last prop of the empire—the tiller of the soil—is being absorbed by the terrible vice which is sweeping over the empire and the race. Opium can be manufactured even in a farmer's kitchen, by a simple process of repeated boilings, strainings, and kneadings, from the poppies grown on the place. Shansi is a stricken region, with ruined villages and swarms of beggars, whose seamed and hopeless faces look with mute appeal at the travelers who journey through the place. They have a common way there of answering you when you ask about the opium smokers. "Eleven out of every ten Shansi men are smokers," they say. Mr.

垂盼不既 確知是荷敬請

洋務局

The fac-simile of a letter written by a Chinese chief of police wishing to know Mr. Merwin's business

敬稟者通介 何到此蒙 貴局 詢問因

Merwin traveled through the stricken region, and saw for himself the typical conditions which he will describe.

We have given only a few of the facts that we have gathered from our conversations with Mr. Merwin since his return. He tells us that among all classes of Chinese people, and in every grade of society, the drug has its hold. It is more than a tragedy: it is a crime. If China had brought the plague upon herself, the world could only deplore. It could only say, "What can you expect from a heathen people?" But opium is not indigenous to China. It came there on the point of the bayonet. British merchants prepared the dose, and the British government forced it down the throats of the reluctant Chinese. When their government protested, the British army landed, forced the emperor to admit opium, because of its value to trade, and incidentally, most incidentally, took possession of Hong-kong. There are many stories extant of British agents actually traveling about China, in the earlier days of the trade, teaching the natives how to smoke opium.

"Educational" methods did not originate with the modern trust. Twice China has suffered war with England because of protests against this infamous traffic. Last September the Emperor of China issued a decree that the use of opium should cease within ten years. This is the final desperate effort of the realm to save the Chinese people. And apparently public opinion all over China, among all classes, supports the decree. It is China's last stand. The curtain has risen on the biggest drama in the world—the drama which may yet turn into the most appalling tragedy in history. All these things Mr. Merwin will describe in SUCCESS MAGAZINE.

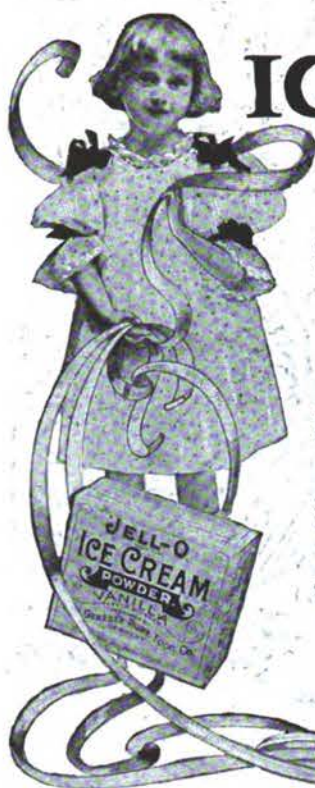
America can be unselfishly concerned in the cause of justice, but here her own interests also are at stake. The Chinese have brought their habits with them to America. Already the use of opium has made alarming progress here. Of perhaps even graver importance is the fact that the United States shares with England the distrust of the Oriental for the English-speaking people—a distrust which originated in the opium wars, and which will end no one knows where.

Readers of SUCCESS MAGAZINE know that Samuel Merwin can be relied upon to give them these facts

蜜

文

Mr. Merwin's card
Merwin, in Chinese, is pronounced "Mi Wen"



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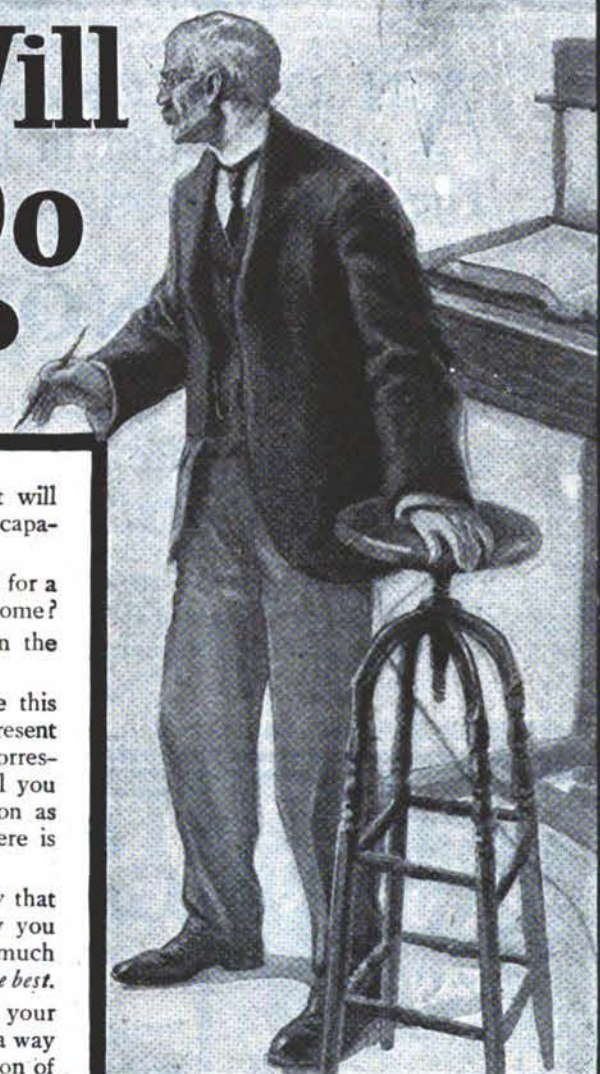
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accurately, fearlessly, and interestingly. His exposure in *Success Magazine* of the Bubbly Creek scandal in the Chicago stock yards (the first of the Packingtown disclosures), his report on the iniquitous private car system, and his articles describing the People's Lobby, of which he was one of the organizers, are ample proof of his ability to go to the bottom of things. His special articles on life in the Canadian Northwest, "Crossing the Ocean in a Palace," and "The Great Speed Trains of America," show his power for graphic and brilliant description.

In fact, Mr. Merwin's whole life and experience have been such as to fit him for such a mission as this. Since he left the Northwestern University he has given up all his time to journalistic and literary pursuits. "Calumet K.," and "The Short Line War," written in collaboration with Henry Kitchell Webster, are two remarkable American business romances. He is also the author of "The Road to Frontenac," "His Little World," "The Merry Anne," "The Road Builders," and "The Whip Hand," which latter novel was published serially in *Success Magazine*.

This is the man who has gone around the world to investigate the heedless ruin of one great nation by another, and that by dastardly, underhand means, more deadly than fire and sword. It is the greatest crime of the age. It is the triumph of the balance sheet over morality, over decency, over common humanity. Russia's treatment of the Siberian exiles. Belgium's exploitation of the Congo, Turkey's atrocities in Armenia seem trivial by comparison. Mr. Merwin will give us the whole story, and he will spare the feelings of no one.—THE EDITORS.

Have You Been Faked?

Write and Tell Us About It

IN the August Number we announced that we needed the assistance of our readers in gathering material for a new series of articles to expose the swindlers and fakers that are preying on the public. Mr. Fayant's series dealt with the Wall Street variety of bunco steers—wild-cat promoters, the aristocrats of the world of graft. Now we propose to deal with the smaller fry—astrologers and other varieties of professional lookers-into-the-future, fraudulent auctioneers, and street fakers. We plan an investigation of all the quick and painless methods by which gullible people are separated from their loose change. This is often a humble and modest form of robbery (the manipulator is not too proud to take your money in small amounts), but it is a form which touches the people very closely. It was for the purpose of throwing stumbling-blocks in the way of these resourceful gentlemen and of forcing them into the disagreeable way of honest toil that we asked the assistance of our readers.

The response to our request was gratifying. From every part of the country the letters have come in, recounting many and devious varieties of "flim-flam." We are really astounded at the number of ways there are of turning a dishonest penny.

But we want more letters, we want the help of all our readers in this undertaking. We believe that there are few of us who, at some time or other, have not been imposed upon by swindlers. Let us compare notes and profit by each other's experiences. Tell us about it. Your communication will be treated as confidential, if you desire, but we want all the facts, names and descriptions, the amount of money involved, and the exact details of the scheme. We will sift the material and prepare the articles.

If our readers continue to help us, we will have an array of facts which will go far toward ridding the country of fakers and charlatans. Address, ASSOCIATE EDITOR, *SUCCESS MAGAZINE*, WASHINGTON SQUARE, NEW YORK CITY.



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Correspondence Institute of America, Box 607, Scranton, Pa.



King of the Condor Bank

By T. JENKINS HAINS

[Concluded from page 588]

with the victor or share the fate of the victim. The bulls would permit of no change of sentiment upon her part.

The two warriors of the sea came together head on and stopped nose to nose. There was a moment's pause, as though the leader wished to review the case thoroughly before action. Then he launched himself, like a bolt of lightning, upon the long, thin, striped fighter from the south.

Quick, so quick the eye could hardly follow the movement, the long, thin despoiler swerved to one side and gripped his foe with his teeth, cutting a frightful gash and letting go to back away. The big leader closed again and fastened his jaws upon the other's side fluke close to the body, biting clear down through the hard tissue, the long canine teeth meeting and locking fast like the teeth of a bulldog. Then he held on.

The sea boiled and foamed. The flukes and fins whirled the spray in showers over the surface. A glistening spot of snowy whiteness was all that showed the whereabouts of the contestants. And all the time the big leader fought for his mate, fought steadily, holding with a mighty grip the stranger who had dared to trespass upon his affairs. For half an hour the battle continued, and never a loosening of that deadly grip. Then the fin cut away and the bones broke under the strain, the member becoming useless. Quick as a flash the leader leaped away, letting go his hold and leaving the long fighter with one side useless, one side open to attack. The striped bull knew his weakness, knew his danger from the awful hurt, and he leaped furiously forward to close before the big one could take advantage of the opportunity to get in upon his rear. He gripped the bull leader, seizing him by the under jaw, preventing the deadly hold from behind which would certainly cost him his life.

But the defender of his rights closed down upon the other's jaw, the two locking their teeth together, biting to smash the bones and muscles of their only weapons of assault. Gripped thus, teeth locked and jaws fast, they whirled over the sea, straining and threshing with their flukes to either twist or crush the other to submission. Hordes of denizens, attracted by the fury of the fracas, came and watched the affair with hungry eyes, waiting for the inevitable to happen that they might feast.

But the two fighters were tried bulls of the sea. They were about evenly matched and what one had over the other in weight the other had in length and rapidity of movement. The struggle continued all day and toward dark they still held on, neither daring to loosen for an instant that grip which meant life or death.

Just as the sun was setting, the long, thin fellow began to show signs of weariness. He had swum many miles in the run and had fought for many hours without cessation. He was beginning to feel the strain and his movements lacked the vigor of the early morning. The defender of his mate felt the slackening, felt the giving under the strain, and he redoubled his efforts, shaking, whirling, rolling over and over, twisting furiously to crush down the failing grip. The sea was dyed purple now with the blood of the affray, for the teeth had penetrated to the veins and arteries, cutting them and letting forth the vital fluid. Suddenly the striped one relaxed his grip. Instantly the big leader did likewise, but as he did so he plunged below and circled swiftly. Before the exhausted one could turn the defender of his mate had fastened his grip upon his flukes, gripping fast upon that thin part of the tail where it joins the body, and chewing, biting, and tearing until the tendons gave way.

The long, thin fellow still fought on, but it was clear that his time had come. He was very weak and could offer no effectual resistance to the tearing teeth which cut into his vital part. In half an hour more the leader backed off and desisted from further fighting. The long, thin, striped fellow rolled slowly upon his side, and as he did so several sharks who had been watching anxiously for the finish, rushed in and began their evening meal.

The savior of his home came slowly over to his mate, nozzled her a moment, and then started swimming slowly for the Condor Reef, while she followed obediently in his wake.

Those were the days of youth and joy of living. The mated pair fished and cruised, sported and joined in the wanton races always together. There was a warm-blooded union, the union of two perfect warm-blooded animals, and gave growth to a feeling of peace and supreme animal happiness. The sullenness of the lonely male disappeared and, in its place, came a feeling of kindness for all his race. He led them, and they followed him, content that his superior strength and wisdom should be their guide. His was indeed a happy life, a life of natural conditions, performing some vast function he knew not what, but something which fitted in the universal order of things.

The birth of their firstborn called forth all that is sentimental, all that is best in the animal life, for even his instinctive selfishness, bred from a million genera-

Looking for Work



What a world of meaning is contained in that one little phrase! If you ever have been thrown absolutely on your own resources, with no prospect of immediate employment, nothing will stir you so deeply as the above photograph. If you have ever known what it means to haunt the offices of the big daily papers, awaiting the extra editions containing the daily "help wanted ads" in order that you might be the first applicant for a position, you can readily understand the hope and discouragement, that animates the individuals in this picture. This is a scene that is enacted daily in front of The Chicago Daily News offices. From 200 to 500 men, women and children assemble there every day waiting for the papers to appear with their long columns of "help wanted ads."

How easily any one in this crowd could put himself forever above such a quest for insignificant poorly paid positions. The only reason that it is necessary to race with hundreds of others to apply for such a position is that almost any one is qualified to fill it and the first applicant will doubtless secure it. It is only positions that require special training, special skill, special knowledge that must and do seek the man. Hundreds of such positions are advertised day after day and still cannot be satisfactorily filled. Why not put yourself above the mediocre and qualify yourself for a position of responsibility and trust where your earnings are gauged by what you know and not by the time you spend at your daily task.

The American School of Correspondence is constantly fitting thousands of young men to start life in positions where there is an assured future for a man of ambition and brains. It is taking older men from poorly paid uncongenial work and placing them where they can secure better pay, better future, better hours and better work for the rest of their working days.

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tions of ocean foragers, could not resist the appeal of the sleek little fellow who swam just a few inches behind his mate's side fluke and sported so cunningly with his mother. He hunted for the two of them, and killed more surface fish than they could eat, but the very joy of life was now surging in his blood, the joy of the gregarious, warm-blooded male who is happily mated.

But as this mated existence of the warm-blooded is the acme of existence, the instinctive goal to which all warm-blooded creatures turn, so also does it pass, fulfilling its mission in the great eternal evolution of things. For years our leader led the herd, the school of seapigs, porpoises of the open ocean, and he led them well; for the school increased exceedingly, and they were fat and sleek. One day a strange sailing craft came slowly brushing along over the surface of the ocean, her square bows foaming and her high wooden sides hung with small boats. She was a sperm-whaler, a seeker after oil, and her crew had eaten nothing in the way of fresh meat for nearly a year. The porpoises of the Condor Bank rushed gayly forth to sport under her bluff cut-water, springing and plunging as was their wont. A man upon the bows held a whale iron and watched them with feverish eye, noting the great fellow who led them, and who had a long seam of a scar across his side. The irons were carefully poised, the man braced his feet, and, with a yell, sent it downward with terrific force.

It struck our hero fairly upon the back, passing clear through him and toggling beneath his belly. With a mighty spasmodic rush he threw himself clear of the sea and plunged for the depths. But the whalers were old hands at the game. They passed the line through a block at the bowsprit end, and in a few moments the giant was on deck. "He'll weigh four hundred if a pound," said a Yankee sailor, viewing the sleek sides of the leader. "Cook, Doctor," he called—"you can get to work, fer there'll be fresh beef aboard here fer a week to come."

Embers from a Burned Manuscript

By LLEWELLYN REES

War is a mere side show that distracts our attention from the real amphitheater.

Truth asks for only one favor—that we will simply listen.

Man must be in plumb with man before the edifice of nationality can be raised.

The trouble with "divine right" is that it is generally engaged in some diabolical wrong.

The Russian revolution is the first moral resolution that nation has taken.

A moment of joy is worth a night of pleasure.

Trifles are the steps on that stairway named perfection.

Some of our Cæsars reject crowns because of their swelled heads.

There is nothing so radical as the dead certainty and purblindness of conservatism.

The eye is rendered beautiful by what it looks upon.

The crown of thorns bravely worn is transfigured into a halo.

If whatever is is best, whatever is new is better.

Jump into life and life will jump into you.

Interest in things is our title deed to life, and lack of interest is Death's first capture of the outer forts.

People don't like solitude because they hate to meet their worst enemy there.

There is but one political issue—prolong life and increase happiness.

There will be government ownership when the people own the government.

The Best They Could Get

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN tells a good story, at his own expense, of a time when he was not as well known as he is now.

A widely admired campaign speaker in Nebraska, who had been billed to make the principal address at a political gathering in Lincoln, was obliged, at the last moment, on account of illness, to send word that he could not keep the appointment. It chanced that Mr. Bryan was selected to fill his place. Naturally, Mr. Bryan felt some nervousness, knowing that he was to act as substitute for an older and much better known speaker, and his apprehension was not lessened when he heard himself thus announced by the chairman:

"Feller citizens, this here's the substitute for our gallant an' admired leader, unfortunately sick. I don't know what this gent can do; but time was short an' we had to take what we could git."

Alfred's Inference

"I see that a man in Kansas has applied for a patent on a spanking machine he has invented," chuckles Mr. Flithers, looking up from his paper.

"Did he have to invent one, papa," asks little Alfred, "because there are n't any more women like mamma?"



SPINNING YARNS

They Don't Know

A MASSACHUSETTS Congressman was recently conversing with a colleague who entertains more or less socialistic notions, expressed in a more or less vague way. "You fellows don't know exactly what you do want," said the Massachusetts man, "You remind me of a school teacher who once had a mutinous class of pupils on his hands."

"That portion of the school who attempted this miniature rebellion, sent a committee to state their grievance, in the name of the rest."

"But the principal would have no words with them. He simply locked them in his room and went down to parley with the rank and file."

"Well," said he, "and what is it you want?"

"We want the same as the other boys up-stairs."

"What is that?"

"We don't know."

Bound To Stop Then

IN a suit lately tried in a Maryland court, the plaintiff had testified that his financial position had always been a good one. The opposing counsel took him in hand for cross-examination and undertook to break down his testimony upon this point.

"Have you ever been bankrupt?" asked counsel.

"I have not."

"Now, be careful," admonished the lawyer, with raised finger. "Did you ever stop payment?"

"Yes."

"Ah, I thought we should get at the truth," observed counsel, with an unpleasant smile. "When did this suspension of payment occur?"

"When I had paid all I owed," was the naïve reply of the plaintiff.

Fame in Certain Quarters

EDWIN MARKHAM was one of the guests of honor at a reception given by a wealthy New York woman whose admiration for literary and artistic people is far greater than her intimate acquaintance with their books or pictures. During a conversation she said:

"My dear Mr. Markham, I've wanted for years to meet you and tell you how I just love that adorable picture of yours—the one with the man hoeing, you know—and he taking off his cap, and that poor wife of his—at least I suppose it's his wife—bowing her head, and they both look so tired, poor things. I have a copy of it in my own den, and the children have another in their playroom and it's—it's—simply exquisite."

"The Angelus," I presume you mean?" replied the poet, gravely.

"Yes," doubtfully, "but we always call it 'The Hoe Man'!"

"I am glad you like it, madam," said Mr. Markham, and he took an early opportunity of escaping from his sincere but mistaken admirer.

He Was Sitting Down

THE late James A. Bailey, famous as the successor of P. T. Barnum, once accepted an invitation to a dinner tendered to a bride and groom among the "freaks" of his circus. He was late in arriving and found the company politely awaiting him. There were living skeletons, dwarfs, Circassians, snake charmers, the "girl that spoke seven languages and had two heads which made fourteen languages in all," the "dog-faced boy" and others. Beaming upon them with paternal air, the happy manager acknowledge the genial "Hello, pop," that went around the festal board.

"I am sorry I kept you waiting," he said, taking his place at the table. "I believe there are several new additions to the company. Is this the groom?"

"No," replied a deep voice from the full beard addressed, "I am the bride."

"I beg your pardon," said Mr. Bailey, "I did not recognize the bearded lady. But, tell me, which is the groom?"

"I am," proclaimed a very thin voice.

In astonishment Mr. Bailey glanced up at the figure towering near his elbow.

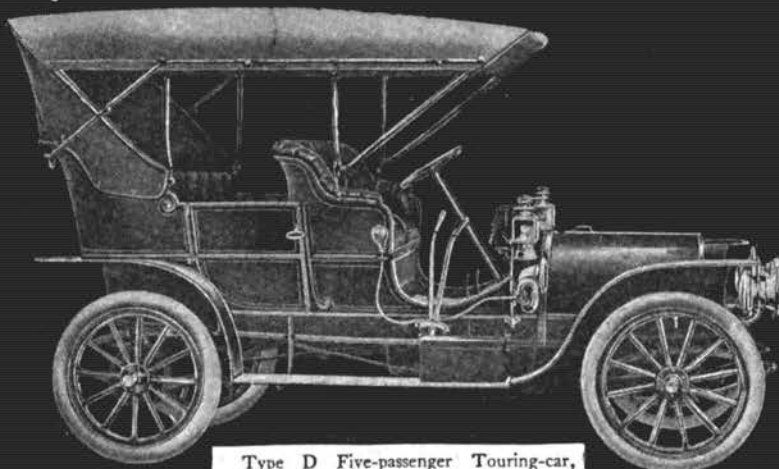
"I congratulate you, my man," said the manager. "Sit down, let us on with the feast—sit down."

The guest addressed at once began to ascend seemingly until his head was in the neighborhood of the canvass roof from which height he looked down and said:—

"I was sittin' down, pop—I was sittin' down!"

BEECHER said, "Cheerful men move through life as a band of music moves down the street, flinging out pleasure on either side through the air to every one far and near that can listen."

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Hints to Investors

STOCK SPECULATION, or the buying and selling of stocks on margin, is as far removed from legitimate investment as is the north pole from the equator. As applied to stock speculation, the term "margin" is the amount of cash deposited by the customer to protect the stock at a certain price, and, when that price is about to be reached, the broker closes the account, unless the customer deposits additional margin.

A Typical Speculation

For instance: assume that the broker receives an order from the customer to buy one hundred shares of stock at par, or \$100 per share. The total cost of the one hundred shares, including the commission of one eighth of one per cent., based upon the par value, which must be charged by New York Stock Exchange brokers, is \$10,012.50. The broker does not demand of the customer full payment, but accepts \$1,000 in cash, or ten per cent. of the par value of the one hundred shares of stock. From this we find that, including the commission charge, the customer owes the broker a balance of \$9,012.50, as follows:

Cost of one hundred shares at par.....	\$10,000.00
Add 1/8 of 1 per cent. for buying.....	12.50
Total cost to buyer.....	\$10,012.50
Cash margin by customer.....	1,000.00
Balance due the broker.....	\$9,012.50

Upon this balance (\$9,012.00), which is, in effect, a loan by the broker to the customer, the latter must pay interest, the broker retaining the certificate as collateral, with the right to negotiate a loan against it in the market. The interest to be paid by the customer is based upon the cost of money to the broker, plus a slight commission. The broker thus not only makes his commission for executing the order, but also an additional profit between the rate of interest which he pays and the charge to the customer.

Now, if the market for the one hundred shares of stock advances to, say 110, or \$110 per share, and the customer orders the stock sold at that figure, the amount realized is, of course, \$11,000, less one eighth of one per cent. commission to be paid the broker for effecting the sale, or \$10,987.50. This gives us the following result:

Sale of one hundred shares at 110.....	\$11,000.00
Less 1/8 of 1 per cent. for selling.....	12.50
Amount due broker, not including interest.....	\$10,987.50
Amount due customer before deducting interest.....	9,012.50
Amount due customer before deducting interest.....	\$1,975.00

From this we find that the customer has made a profit of \$975 over and above the \$1,000 which he originally put up as margin. This profit of \$975, however, would be reduced by the interest charge to be paid the broker for the loan of the \$9,012.50. The amount of this interest would depend, of course, upon the rate, and the elapsed period between the purchase and sale of the stock.

The Losing Side

This is, however, only the winning side. Suppose, on the other hand, that the market for the stock declines, say, to 95, or \$95 per share. The account would then show as follows:

Cost of one hundred shares at par, including commission.....	\$10,012.50
Cash margin by customer.....	1,000.00
Balance due the broker.....	\$9,012.50

Market value of 100 shares at 95.....	\$9,500.00
Difference between amount due broker and market value.....	\$487.50
Deduct 1/8 of 1 per cent. commission if stock were then sold.....	12.50
Amount due customer before deducting interest.....	\$475.00

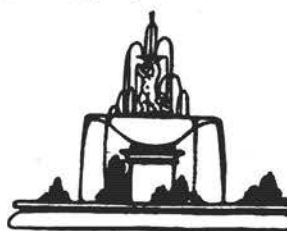
In this transaction the customer has lost the difference between the original margin of \$1,000 and \$475, or \$525, before deducting the interest due the broker upon the loan of \$9,012.50. When the account reached this state, the broker would notify the customer that he must furnish enough additional cash to maintain his margin at the required ten per cent. of the par value of the stock. This would call for additional cash from the customer of about \$500. If the amount were not forthcoming the account would be watched very closely, and if the market showed signs of rapid decline, the broker would sell the stock for his own protection, remitting to the customer any balance which might remain to the credit of his account, after deducting commissions and interest. If the broker should for any reason neglect to sell the stock before reaching the margin limit, the customer would have to pay him the difference between the margin limit and the proceeds of the sale.

In every broker's office there is a clerk whose duty it is to see that the customers' margins are always maintained at or near the requisite ten per cent. This man is commonly known as the "margin clerk." Some brokers carry stocks upon a lower rate of margin than ten per cent., but the reliable New York Stock Exchange brokers fix ten per cent. of the par value as the minimum for desirable stocks of active market. On the other hand, for certain classes of industrial stocks, which usually fluctuate in price to a very great extent, the minimum amount of margin is often as high as from twenty to twenty-five per cent. of the par value.

Speculation Injurious to Business

In connection with stock speculation, there are "short sales," or the selling of stocks which a man does not own, with the hope of buying in and making delivery when the market declines, and many other technical and intricate terms, which have no place in a series of educational articles upon the subject of investments. Newspaper readers interested in the financial pages are familiar with these terms, as all of the newspapers of the important cities devote a certain amount of space to each day's happenings in the stock market. Unfortunately, however, the newspapers, except in very rare cases, allot very little space to instructive articles of an elementary character in regard to investment bonds and other high-grade securities. It will be interesting to know which will be the greater power for good in the long run; the newspaper, catering, in the main, to the speculative element; or the magazine, educating and informing the reader upon the elementary principles of investments.

The only reason that we touch upon the subject of stock speculation at all is to give our readers an idea of this feature of "Wall Street," which undoubtedly seriously hampers and retards the extensive market that could be built up in this country for the sale to the average individual of legitimate investment securities. The harm done the investment business through stock speculation is of a reflex nature, for the reason that the average individual has served up to him, through the medium of the daily newspapers and otherwise, columns upon columns of reading matter relating to stock speculation, and practically no helpful and upbuilding suggestions upon the subject of investments.



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In other words, the articles are usually devoid of interest to practically all readers not directly interested in stock markets.

Perhaps none of us fully appreciates the vast number of people who are interested in reliable articles, characterized by simplicity and accuracy, upon the subject of investments; investments having every reasonable promise of affording safe protection for surplus money, and yielding income compatible with the rates paid by those in charge of honestly conducted and conservatively managed business enterprises. It does not, therefore, seem unreasonable to contend that to discourage speculation, and encourage legitimate investment, will prove healthful and upbuilding to the sound business interests of this country.

It has been stated by persons who are recognized as competent judges, that over ninety-five per cent. of the people who speculate in stocks upon margin lose money; some, only a little; others, practically all of the money they have in the world. And yet, crafty stock market manipulators are usually successful in securing a considerable following. Why, even persons of childlike faith and simplicity must know, if they will only stop to think, that no manipulator of the market is in business for his health!

Stock market manipulators usually confine their operations to some two or three specific stock issues, and then endeavor, by advertisements and otherwise, to get the public interested in those particular stocks. Speaking very generally, the manipulator aims to sell his stocks at advantageous prices, and, when this is accomplished and his support is withdrawn, the innocent purchaser, who may have big paper profits, sees them dwindle rapidly away. Stock speculation and market manipulation are old, old stories; but, sooner or later, the speculator finds that he has been playing a losing game, and even the manipulator is sometimes forced to the wall.

Legitimate Investment

On the other hand, it would be misleading not to point out that the outright purchase of stocks is a perfectly legitimate business proposition. This is borne out by the fact that when there is a panic in the stock market, many genuine investors, who purchase, pay for outright, and lock up their certificates, are heavy buyers of stocks, in the aggregate. Under such conditions, those having a reasonable amount of knowledge upon the subject usually purchase, at prices far below intrinsic values, desirable investment stocks, having behind them a long series of years of regular and continuous dividend payments. Stocks purchased at such times are usually retained by the holders until the market reaches a point where they look to be relatively high. This may take weeks, months, or even years; but it has been proven to be a profitable proposition by any number of investors. We may rest assured that such people do not follow market manipulators, and they have the common sense and strength of character to leave severely alone the purchase of stocks upon margin.

Excepting as to high-grade stocks and sound guaranteed stocks, persons dependent upon income should place their money in good investment bonds. It is somewhat different with business men, and others, who are perhaps not dependent upon the income to be derived from their money, and can therefore afford to purchase, outright, stocks which they believe to be selling at prices considerably below intrinsic values, even if a certain percentage of risk is entailed.

Entirely aside from past, existing, or future prices, we will say to those of our readers who are business men, that qualified experts regard as desirable stocks those of the character of Great Northern preferred, Chicago and Northwestern, Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul, Southern Pacific preferred, Baltimore and Ohio preferred, Union Pacific preferred, Pennsylvania, New York Central, United States Steel preferred, American Car and Foundry preferred, etc. There are many preferred stock issues of public utility corporations which are regarded as suitable investments for business men.

Business men should confine their purchases of stocks to those having a broad market. This is illustrated by the experience of a business man who took some of the stock of his own corporation (a splendid dividend paying investment, but held almost exclusively by the owners of the corporation and their friends) to his bank to get a temporary loan. The president of the bank happened to know that the stock was an excellent investment. Yet he refused to make the loan. "Why," said the business man, "I have many stocks, but I brought this stock to you because I thought it the best of all that I own!" The president replied, "I do not question the value of your stock, but I cannot loan the funds of this bank upon securities held by only a few individuals, and which cannot be readily sold."

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demanding another change in the disposition of bond issues—that of issuing them in smaller denominations. Bonds issued by large corporations, as well as schools and municipalities, are issued in most cases in denominations of \$1,000, some few in amounts of \$500, but seldom, if ever, can a good bond with even a reasonable market be purchased in a smaller denomination. We have had many inquiries concerning the customs of those who have the manufacturing of bonds in hand, and have interviewed some of the large banking institutions on the question. It is being keenly discussed in all of the large financial centers, and it would seem that before a great while the small investor will have an opportunity to send in his hundred dollars and get in return a bond from some of the great bond issues for which there is a market at all times.

In case this change should be brought about, it would seem reasonable to suppose that our industrial and commercial interests would be put upon a more substantial basis, that the fake promoter would meet with considerable difficulty in disposing of his worthless wares. We have estimated that there is some \$750,000,000 invested in worthless securities by what is known as the "individual investor." This money is doing little or no good for the legitimate manufacturing interests of the country. Bonds of small denomination would at least be a step in the right direction in accomplishing the desire of all honest men to put our financial system on a much higher plane. The fakir gets the money of the small investor because he makes it easy for him to respond, and his whole scheme is based on getting a little out of every man and woman who "bites." His gross returns are in most cases enormous and his profits proportionately large.

We are very anxious to have an expression from our readers concerning this vital question, and would appreciate their views. Would you be interested in a security with intrinsic value behind it, sold by a reputable banking institution, at a price that would yield between 4½ and 6 per cent. and issued in denominations of one hundred dollars each, or a security that could not be found to have the same amount of protection, with a promise of anywhere from 10 to 40 per cent? In other words, are you willing to take chances with your money for the possibility of large returns?

We believe the answers to these questions from the American people will be decisive with those who have the issuing of good bonds.

A Manly Bearing

EVERYBODY admires the manly man, the one who carries himself with an air of assurance and confidence. It is easy to believe in such a man. But the man who crawls into your presence like a Uriah Heep, apologizing for imposing himself upon you and taking your time and asking a favor, almost always gets turned down. The sneak, the fawner, the apologetic creates an unfavorable impression immediately, and the busy man wants to get rid of him just as soon as possible.

You cannot make a good impression upon another unless you are manly and courageous yourself.

When you go to a man for a position or a favor or an order look him in the eye and tell him what you want. Approach him fearlessly, with confidence and assurance, with a consciousness of ability and strength, and you will be much more likely to get the thing you desire. Your own moods are contagious, and the man you approach will feel your confidence or lack of it very quickly. People are all the time "queering" their own interests by communicating their doubts to others. It is a very difficult thing to clinch a bargain with a great big doubt in your own mind. To convince another, you must be convinced yourself. Doubt cannot bring conviction.

I know a solicitor who says that he averages nine orders from every ten people he calls on. He goes into offices which are barred to most solicitors. But he says he never crawls into a man's presence expecting to be kicked. He goes in like a man, with all the assurance in the world, and yet without appearing cheeky. He approaches people as though he had good news for them—as though he were showing them a favor. He makes them feel that they will be really better off if they have the article he is canvassing for. He says that a great many of the men most difficult of approach not only buy what he has to sell, but shake hands with him heartily when he leaves, and wish him success.

"Whatever you do, do not sneak; do not apologize, do not go around underestimating your self and trying to efface yourself."

It is natural to believe in men who show that they believe in themselves, and who are enthusiastic. Dead-in-earnestness is a tremendous asset. If you want to get a man's attention and to interest him, look him straight in the eye with a firm and cheerful face, with assurance, and tell him what you want in the briefest, most forcible and manly way. This will make a good impression. But if you flounder about as if you are not quite certain of yourself, and do not quite believe in the story you are telling or the thing you are selling, you will not carry conviction. You must first interest a man and then convince him. If you do not interest him no matter how strong your arguments, you will not convince him.

What a splendid success asset there is in a noble, manly bearing! It is a letter of credit in itself. What confidence it carries!—O S M



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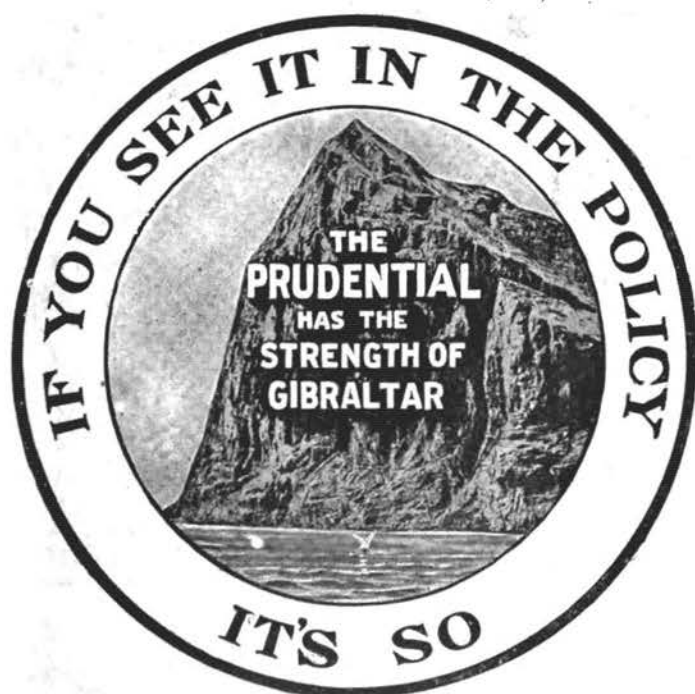
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