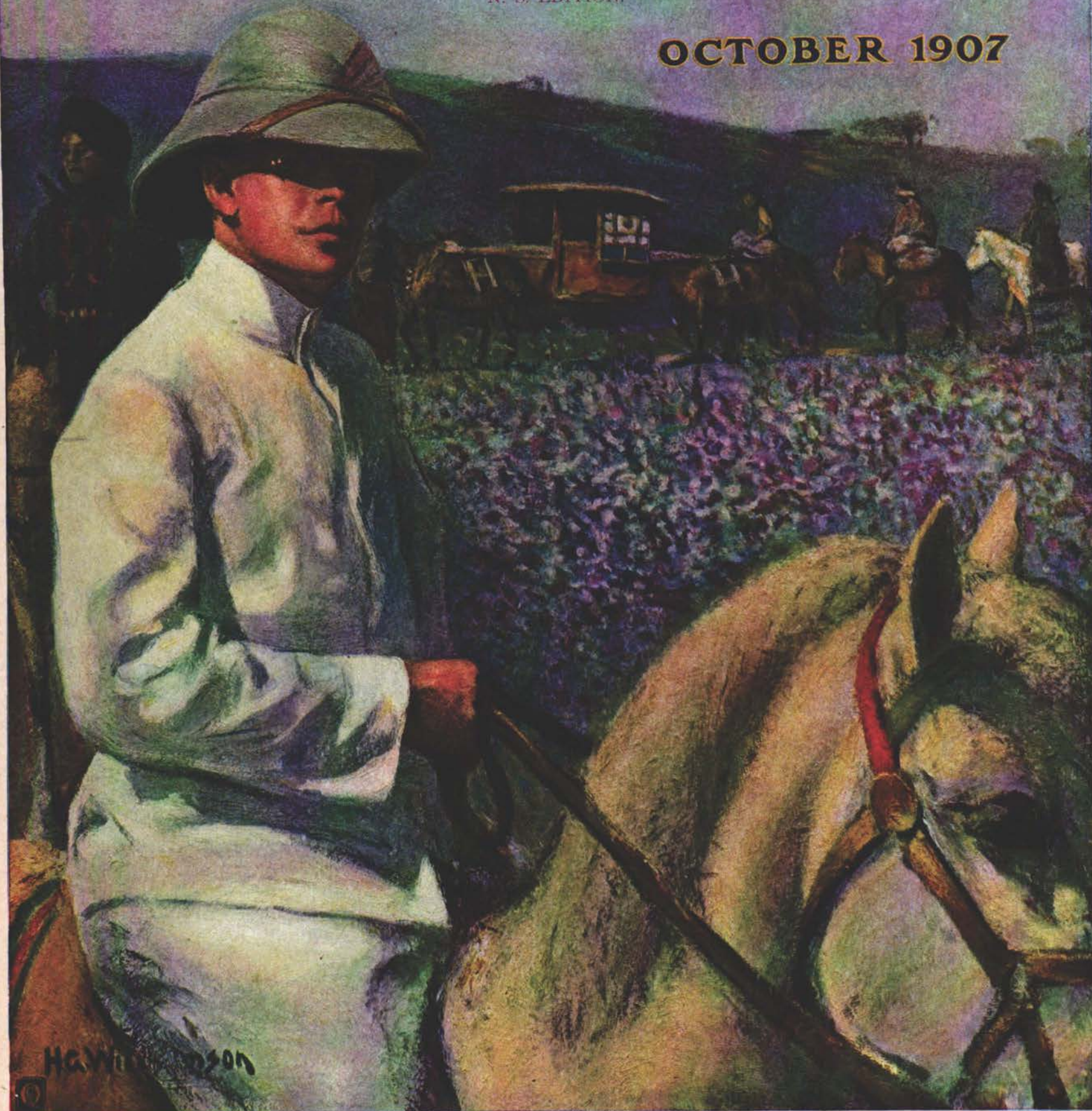


BEGINNING THREE GREAT FEATURES
DRUGGING A RACE—THE REAL LAWSON—"LENTALA"

SUCCESS MAGAZINE

N. S. EDITION.

OCTOBER 1907



SAMUEL MERWIN IN CHINA

THE SUCCESS COMPANY, NEW YORK.

PRICE TEN CENTS

THE NAME "FAIRBANK" MEANS SOAP SURETY



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SUCCESS MAGAZINE

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Associate Editor

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Expirations and Renewals

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



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

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

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

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

The Editors' Outlook

THE READERS OF *SUCCESS MAGAZINE* are continually asking us questions. In order to answer them we employ a staff of letter writers, each supplied with an expert stenographer, and with a large reference library at hand, so that each letter may be answered in the fullest way and in the best possible manner. Many of our readers will probably write us that the poppies which Mr. Williamson has used as the background of his cover design on this issue should be red. The English poppy—the poppy which grows on our own fertile fields, is a beautiful, warm red, but the poppy of the Asiatic countries, which produces the most insidious drug known to the world, is first a delicate white, and, as it ripens, turns to the rich mauve that is found on our cover.

IN NEARLY every mail we receive letters scolding us because we have not acknowledged this manuscript or that item for Pin Money Papers, or some other bit of work that has been sent for our consideration. Most of these scolding letters, we are sorry to say, come from women. And in many cases it is the writer, alone, who is at fault. For instance, we have on our desk three letters from the same writer, asking about some household items, which we never received, and asking us to return them. As she gives no address, how are we expected to know where she lives? Her letters are nicely and neatly written, but there is absolutely nothing to indicate the residence. The chances are she directed her manuscript incorrectly. Any letter addressed to *SUCCESS MAGAZINE*, New York City, will reach us, but it will surprise you to know that we frequently receive mail addressed to "Success, London, Canada;" "Success Pub. Co., Philadelphia;" "Suc. Magazine, Chicago;" and in countless other mistaken ways. We have even received letters from people who have sent in a dollar for a subscription for the magazine and have accused us of all sorts of chicanery because their dollar did not reach us. They have even imagined that we stole it! A little care will obviate such mistakes and put us in a happier frame of mind.

WE WANT to hear from you regarding our home departments. Mrs. Isabel Gordon Curtis, who conducts these departments with Mrs. Claudia Quigley Murphy, Miss Elspeth MacDonald, and other members of the home department staff, have been busy all summer creating new features for our fall and winter numbers. You who appreciate the value of this work should keep in close correspondence with these ladies. They are prepared to answer your letters, accept your suggestions whenever valuable, and give you such assistance in your household duties as no other magazine can furnish.

A NEW DEPARTURE in our Sports and Recreation department is inaugurated this month. It is composed largely of articles supplied by our readers; little stories of camp life, adventures in the forest, auto-

mobiling, motor-boating, swimming, and walking, all of which are taken up nowadays by both sexes in a manner that would make our forefathers stare with wonderment. We were not a little surprised, after publishing our first call for these personal articles, to receive, within ten days, nearly 1,000 manuscripts, fully half of them written by young women. We go through these manuscripts with a very fine comb, so to speak, for only the best will be published, and those that are published will be paid for. Mr. Harry Palmer, who conducts this department, will be pleased to receive any out-o'-door stories that our readers may think of interest. Of course, it is necessary to be brief. Brevity, besides being the soul of wit, is the first qualification of good composition, and greatly enhances the value of a contribution.

LOOKING OVER the schedules of our Thanksgiving and Christmas Numbers, which our mechanical

departments are now turning out, we find a big quota of good things. The Public Service features will be continued. "The History of Tammany Hall" will be started. This is the series on which Frederick Upham Adams has been working for six months. Then we have an article of great importance to young women, "Should Opera Singers Study Abroad?" by Mme. Melba, the leader of the world's greatest prima donnas, who has written but one other article for publication. The manner in which young American women are presented at the Court of St. James will also be published with

an array of the most attractive photographs that have ever come to our office. We are also bringing out another adventure story by William G. Fitz-Gerald, similar to his tiger-hunting narrative. It will tell of this interesting author's experiences with the wild elephants of Africa.

THEN WE WILL START the new series "Have You Been Faked?" We called upon our readers in our August and September Numbers for material to build these articles. What a whirl of letters we have received since that August issue appeared! What a variety of schemes to dupe the American public have been unearthed by this correspondence! We thought that the fake mining schemes which we exposed in "Fools and Their Money" were about the limit of iniquitous dealing, but the fake medicines, fake stove blackings, fake picture frames, fake jewelry, and heaven knows what not that we will bring to light in this new series is remarkable beyond measure. But we want all the evidence we can get. If you have not written about your own personal case there is still time.

OUR COVER DESIGNS this year have attracted even more attention than those of 1906. Frank X. Leyendecker has painted the Thanksgiving cover—a rich autumnal design warm with the latent tints of the maple—which you will want to keep. Walter Tittle has painted the Christmas cover and we are sure it will appeal to every heart.



FRANK FAYANT,
Author of "The Real Lawson"



JAMES W. FOLEY,
Author of "Poor John"

ONE OF THE MOST IMPORTANT series to begin in our winter numbers will tell of the manner in which Uncle Sam digests the thousands of immigrants that pour into his domain every year. It is by Leroy Scott, one of the younger authors of the country, but already well placed by his two novels, "The Walking Delegate" and "To Him That Hath." Mr. Scott was born in the author-producing belt of Indiana. He got his first training in the newspaper atmosphere of Chicago, where Vance Thompson, George Ade, Booth Tarkington, Alfred Henry Lewis, and Peter Finley Dunne were launched on the sea of literature. Mr. Scott's new series will be written in narrative form. That is, they will not be of the dry-as-dust essay order, but stories, incidents, and personalities will be used to present them in popular form. Truly, how the United States has been strengthened or weakened by the influx of Europeans is not only of value to every man and woman, but it is also going to be one of the greatest political issues of the future, around which even the Presidential elections will revolve.

.....

WE PARTICULARLY WISH TO CALL attention to the number of new fiction stories which we were fortunate to secure during the last few months. These stories will all appear in our next two numbers, and we think they promise a fiction feast of which few magazines can boast. Among them are "The Hermit," by Joseph C. Lincoln, whose old home stories of New England folk have made him famous; "The Last Coup," by Arthur Stringer, a vigorous story of daring; "The Red Motor," by Elizabeth N. McKeen, one of those charming little love stories that are as refreshing as a summer breeze; "Paulin's Little Brother," by Aldis Dunbar, a quaint and heart-whole story or a child; "The Bird and the Ballad," by Herman Scheffauer, an extremely novel tale of a mutinous



W. C. MORROW,
Author of "Lentilla"

sailor; "The Uncertain Heart," by Elliott Flower; and "Satan the Climber," by T. Jenkins Hains, the foremost writer of sea stories. Besides these we have some unusually good humorous stories. "Poor John!" by James W. Foley, begins his family troubles in this issue. He will appear in November and December, under conditions equally laughter-provoking. Mr. Foley, we think, has created a clever character, and we particularly commend to our readers "Poor John's" attempt to do his son's arithmetic lesson, which will be told in our November issue. Then there is "That Dinner to Paul," by Charles Battell Loomis, and new stories by Ellis Parker Butler, Michael White, and Wilbur Nesbit, all of which our readers will enjoy.

To Our Subscribers

THE custom of subscribing to periodical literature by the year in advance has become pretty firmly established in this country, especially in the case of magazines of general literature which present little differences among themselves and which are highly competitive each with the other. The result is that magazines of this type have to put forth considerable effort to renew their old subscribers, and at no small cost for letters and postage; and, furthermore, the cost of handling the renewal subscriptions in the office, canceling old names, and entering new ones, is a considerable factor in running expenses.

We have a feeling that with SUCCESS MAGAZINE the conditions are different, and our extraordinarily large percentage of renewals leads us to believe that our subscribers are much more strongly attached to SUCCESS MAGAZINE, because of its many unusual and unique features, than is the case with others they may purchase. We are not without hope, therefore, that we may be able to attach to us, by strong bonds of mutual respect and advantage, a permanent and constantly growing "Old Guard" of subscribers who believe in our policies and are ready to further our efforts in the many departments of our work for the uplifting of the American home. And to this end we have decided to offer to our readers, *for a limited time only*, the right to subscribe to SUCCESS MAGAZINE for periods longer than one year at the following exceedingly low rates.

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Success Magazine, Regular Annual Subscription,	\$1.00
Success Magazine, Two Years' Subscription,	1.50
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Success Magazine, Life Subscription,	. . 10.00

In these extraordinarily low prices we are giving to our subscribers the benefit of all the saving we can make in not being obliged to solicit the renewal of their subscriptions annually; and we are further *guaranteeing them against any increase in price of SUCCESS MAGAZINE* for the periods mentioned. The cost of magazine making is constantly increasing; a "paper makers' trust" is forming that threatens to raise the price of paper for magazines by 25%; the hours of labor have universally been reduced to eight hours per day, and, even with these shorter hours, wages are higher; the great competition among magazines is raising the cost of literary and artistic material; and against these expense increases there are no compensating influences which go to cheapen the cost of production. An increase to the public of the subscription price of all low-priced magazines is, therefore, absolutely inevitable, and is now taking place with nearly all. SUCCESS MAGAZINE still remains at one dollar per year, but cannot do so long. And because of these facts, and because we do not wish to accept too many long-time subscriptions at the above prices, we reserve the right of withdrawing the above offer at any time without notice, as soon as we have received as many subscriptions as we care to carry at the low prices. The offer will be limited, in any event, to January 1, 1908.

Subscriptions should, therefore, be sent in *immediately* by those subscribers who wish to take advantage of this present unusual opportunity.

Note especially that Life or Long-time Subscribers to SUCCESS MAGAZINE may at all times take advantage of our Magazine Clubbing or Book Offers, either by ordering the SUCCESS MAGAZINE subscription contained in this offer sent to some friend, or by remitting full clubbing or combination prices less a special reduction for the SUCCESS MAGAZINE subscription if omitted. Full information on request.

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PARTIAL LIST OF PRIZES

A COMPLETE descriptive list of the prizes to be awarded in the SUCCESS MAGAZINE Educational Prize Contest is in preparation and will be ready about October 1st. Meanwhile, we give below a partial list of these prizes for the benefit of early applicants who desire to commence work immediately.

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The Market Square at Bethlehem. The road from the lower town, up which Mary and Joseph came, enters the Square in the right foreground. A procession of Syrian Christians is seen entering the church.

PARTIAL LIST OF PRIZES—Continued.

WE BELIEVE very strongly in the educational value of *travel* in finishing one's education as a cultured American gentleman or lady, and we have been particularly glad to include as prizes in our Educational Prize Contest the following extended

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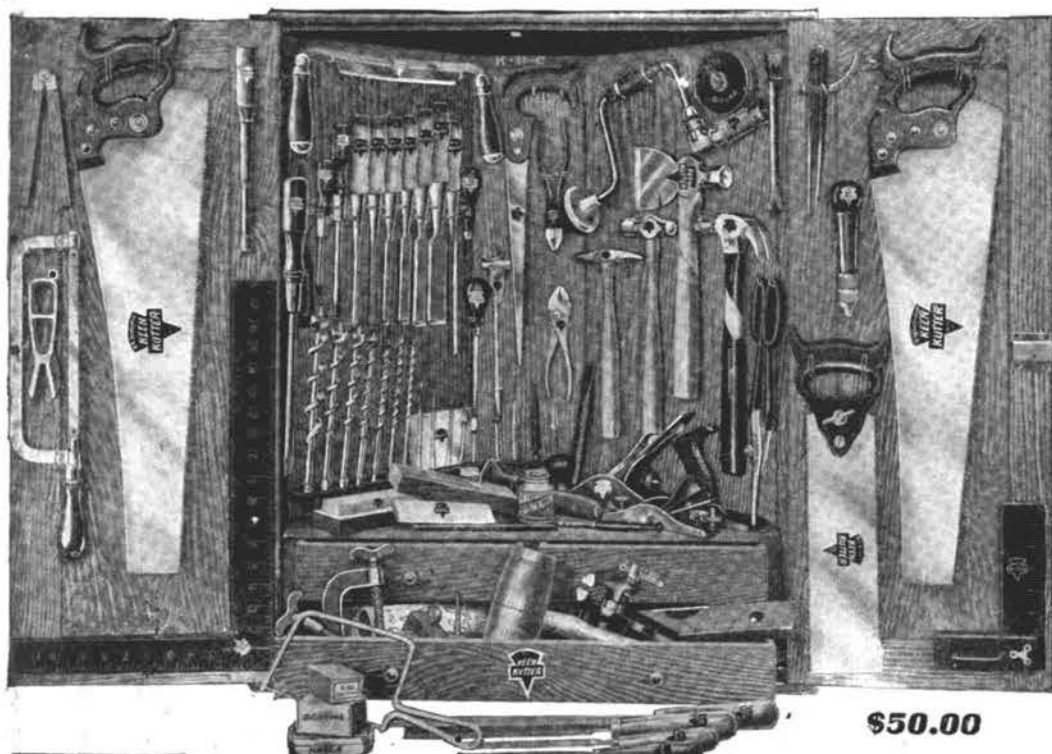
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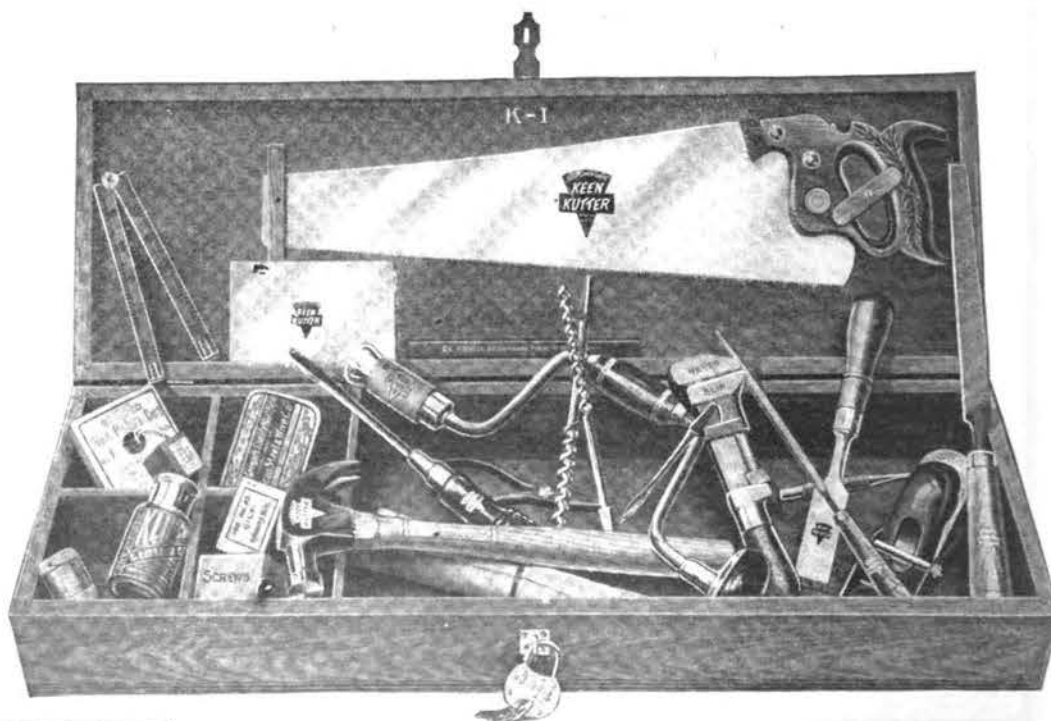
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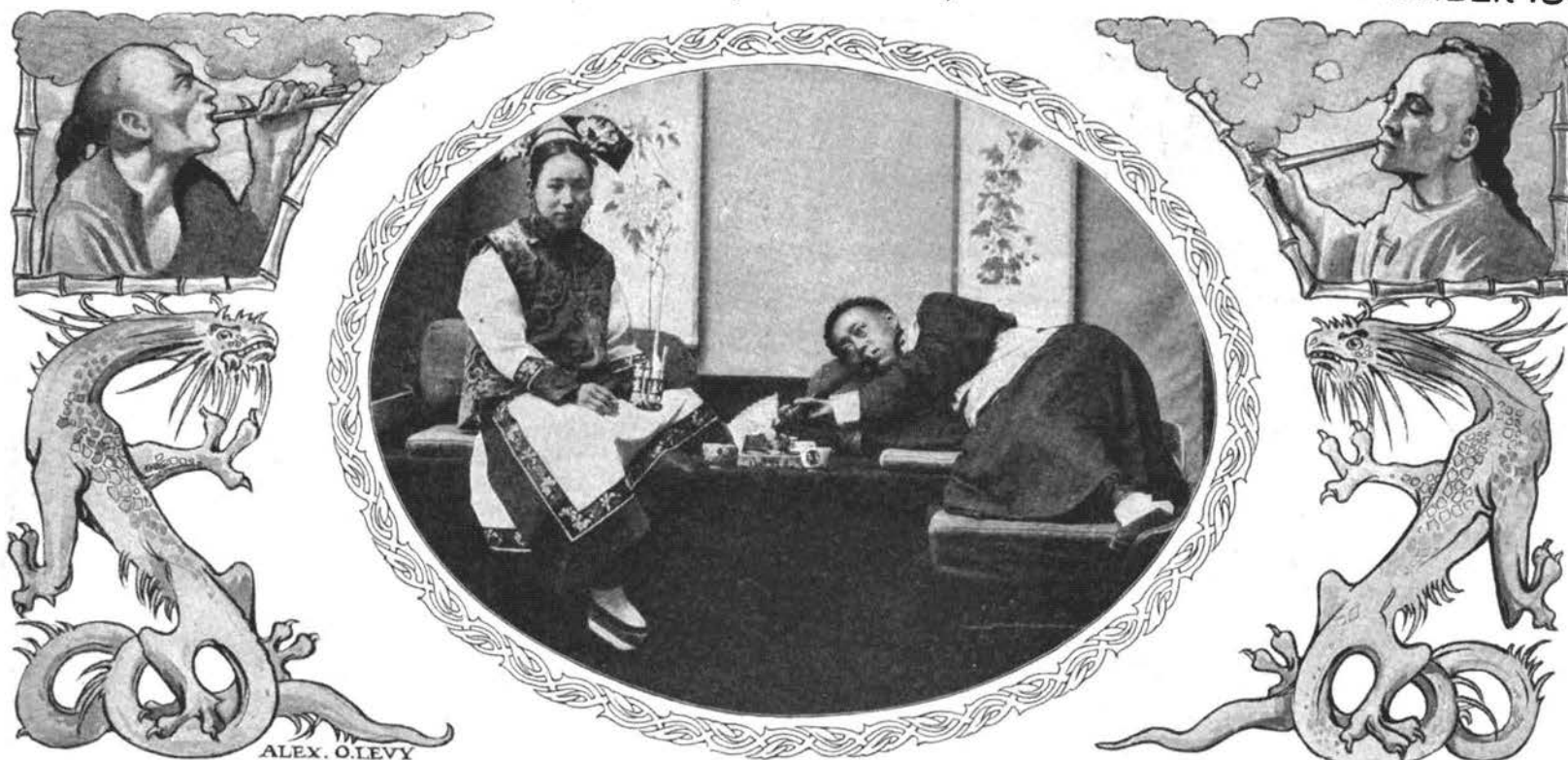
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\$8.50





DRUGGING A RACE

A DINNER at the Astor House, Shanghai, is almost as imposing and almost as unsatisfactory as Shanghai itself. The dining hall is long and lofty, the near-French of the menu is quite ornate enough for the Hoffman House or the Waldorf-Astoria, and on Wednesday evenings there is an orchestra; but it is difficult to forget that the preserved butter came in a tin from Australia, the want of real milk makes an unexpected difference in the taste of the cooked dishes, and the fresh vegetables are not alluring to one who has looked into Chinese agricultural methods.

"Shanghai," I later heard a Peking *attaché* say, "is full of information about China—and it is all wrong!" I had about come to this conclusion for myself, on an evening when I leaned on my third story window sill and gazed out into the night in the general direction of the American post office. There seemed little hope of sleep, with that near-French dinner still in mind, and with a few dozen jackies from some Christian fleet or other raising a complicated kind of Cain in the German beer hall across the street.

I had come to this far-away Shanghai, via the snows of Western Canada and the sleet of the North Pacific, in the hope of getting at the facts of the saddest, the most tremendous drama in the world—the drama of England, China, and the opium curse—only to find that Shanghai was not interested in the opium curse or in China. Shanghai was interested in the spring race meeting and the price of money. I was later to learn about Shanghai, for one thing, that it is not China; for another, that it is itself the scene of an opium drama in which the Christian foreigner plays a part rather bewildering to those of us who like to think that the "Christian consciousness" is more than skin deep in us westerners.

Robert E. Lewis, the general secretary of the Shanghai Y. M. C. A., says that there are more than 19,000 places in the International Settlement in which a man (or a woman—or a child) can

Great Britain, China, and the Opium Curse. The Fight to a Finish between 400,000,000 Human Souls and a Drug

By Samuel Merwin

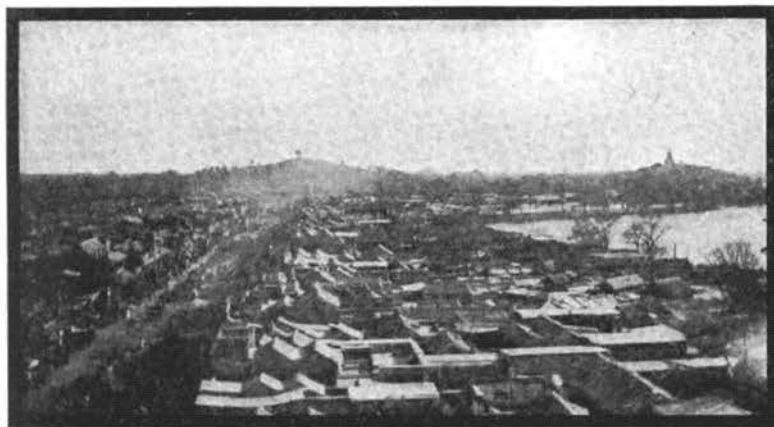
I.—THE DRAMA OF A DRUG

their time. The International Settlement is ruled by Englishmen, Germans, and Americans, and it shelters 450,000 Chinese. It licenses the opium dens—and it has a neat way of getting around its own laws prohibiting women inmates. There is a miserably sordid story to tell of the "regulation" of vice in Shanghai, a story which has a familiar ring to one who knows the ways of the New York or Chicago police; but the really new and interesting light on the Shanghai situation is that this sort of thing went serenely on last spring in the Settlement *after the Chinese rulers of the native city had closed all the opium dens there.* But this story, along with that of the benign influence of the foreigner at Tientsin and at Hongkong, will have to come in a later article. I cannot stop for it here.

The few dozen Christian sailors were still rioting cheerfully in the German beer hall. The unflagging smell of the East floated to my nostrils. I had come to get at China, and I had not yet got at Shanghai. I had merely talked with thirty odd "experts on China" (some were even "sinologues"), and had made the interesting discovery that thirty odd experts can voice thirty odd wholly contradictory sets of opinions and conclusions. I found myself wondering if ever reporter had set out on so bewildering an assignment before. Somewhere thereabouts was China—vast, complex, hiding complicated Oriental thoughts behind inscrutable yellow faces, four hundred million inscrutable yellow faces—China, with her eighteen provinces, her more than eighteen languages, her age-old philosophy, struggling to throw off a soul-wrecking curse which the Christian white man had fastened upon her along with gunboats, the Bible, and whisky. Yes, there was China! And here was I, a humble individual, trying, in my third story room at the Astor House,



Gathering opium in the Ganges Valley, India



"Peking, the dusty, the odorous, the swarming, the many-colored"

to digest a rather bewildering near-French dinner; trying, it seemed, to digest a labyrinth containing eighteen provinces and more than eighteen languages and some four hundred millions of inscrutable yellow faces.

But the wonderful opium drama was there. Through the tangle of misinformation I was drifting steadily toward it. Every day some sinister hint threw a fresh half-light on some outlying phase of this immense conflict between a third of the human race and the black craving which may yet sap their souls away. I walked back into the room, switched on the electric light, and slowly turned the pages of my notebook.

Was the situation really so bad? They did not seem to think so at Shanghai. I spread out on the table a translation of the imperial edict of September, 1906, the one which proposes, with a *naïveté* that even then struck me as grim, that this huge, sodden race, menaced morally, physically, and economically by the white man's smoke, simply stop using it.

Condemned by Imperial Edict

"The cultivation of the poppy," says the translation, "is the greatest iniquity in agriculture, and the provinces of Szechuen, Shensi, Kansu, Yunnan, Kweichow, Shansi, and Kanguai abound in this product, which, in fact, is found everywhere. Now that it is decided to abandon opium smoking within ten years (my italics), the limiting of this cultivation should be taken as a fundamental step . . . opium has been in use so long by the people that nearly three tenths to four tenths of them are smokers."

"Three tenths to four tenths"—the estimate seemed rather wild. From one hundred to one hundred and fifty million opium smokers in China means three or four times the population of Great Britain, a good many more than the population of the United States! After all, I thought, statistics are meaningless to the Oriental mind. But my eye fell on certain quotations, already familiar, in my notebook. Surely the

trained British investigators—official, some of them—could be relied on to get it fairly straight. I read this from Mr. Hosie, the commercial *attaché* to the British legation at Peking, an experienced traveler and observer. He is reporting on conditions in Szechuen Province:

"I am well within the mark when I say that in the cities fifty per cent. of the males and twenty per cent. of the females smoke opium, and that in the country the percentage is not less than twenty-five for men and five per cent. for women." There are about forty-two million people in Szechuen Province; and they not only raise and consume an appalling quantity of opium, they also send about twenty thousand tons down the Yangtse River every year for use in other provinces. I was, later, to hear from other ob-

servers that about all of the richest soil in Szechuen is given over to poppy cultivation, and that the laboring classes show a noticeable decline of late in physique and capacity for work.

And this from Colonel Manifold, of the British Indian Medical Service, about Yunnan: "I saw practically the whole population given over to its abuse. The ravages it is making in men, women, and children are deplorable . . . I was quite able to realize that any one who had seen the wild abuse of opium in Yunnan would have a wild abhorrence of it."

Victims in All Classes

I recalled certain odds and ends of the jumble of information I had already picked up at first hand. The secretary of a life insurance company which does a considerable business up and down the coast had told me that, roughly, fifty per cent. of the Chinese who apply for insurance are opium smokers. Another scrap of information came from a man who had lived for several years in an inland city of a quarter of a million inhabitants. The local Anti-opium League had 750 members, he said, and he believed that about every other man in the city was a smoker. "It is practically a case of everybody smoking," he said.

Still turning the pages, my eye singled out another typical memorandum: "Twenty-five years ago, when the consumption of opium in China could hardly have been more than half what it is to-day, a British consul estimated the proportion of smokers in the regions he had visited as follows: 'laborers and small farmers, ten per cent.; small shopkeepers, twenty per cent.; soldiers, thirty per cent.; merchants, eighty per cent.; officials and their staffs, ninety per cent.; actors, prostitutes, vagrants, thieves, ninety-five per cent.'" The laborers and farmers, the real strength of China, as of every other race, had not yet been overwhelmed—but they were going under, even then. The most appalling news to-day is from these lower classes, even from the country villages, the last to give way. Already, Dr. Parker, the American Methodist missionary at Shanghai, had told me that reports to this effect were coming in steadily from up country; later on I was to hear the same bad news almost everywhere along a route which had measured, before I left China, between three and four thousand miles.

An Herculean Task

This, then, was the curse which the Imperial Government talked, so quaintly, of "abandoning." This was the debauchery which was to be put down by officials, ninety per cent. of whom were supposed to be more or less confirmed smokers. I could not help thinking of a certain Sunday in New York when Theodore Roosevelt, with the whole police force under his orders, tried to close the saloons. I thought of other attempts, in Europe and America, to check and control vice and depravity—attempts which have never, I think, been wholly successful—and I began to understand, in a groping sort of way, the discouraging immensity of the task which China has undertaken. Really, to "stop using opium" would mean a vast rearrangement of the agricultural plan of the empire. It would make necessary an immediate solution of China's transportation problem (no other crop is so easy to carry as opium) and an almost complete reconstruction of the imperial finances; indeed, few observers are so glib as to suggest offhand a substitute for the immense opium revenue to the Chinese Government. And nobody to accomplish all this but those sodden officials, of whom it is safe to guess that fifty per cent. have some sort or other of a financial stake in the traffic!

Off to the Interior

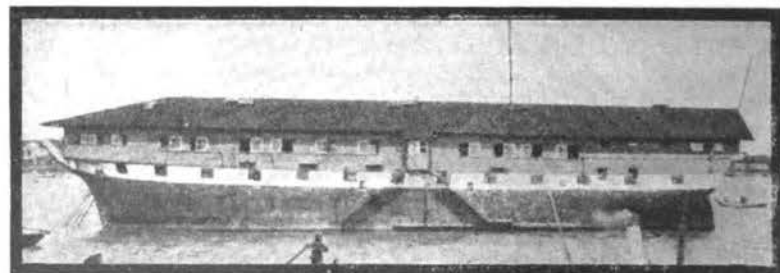
But the fight was on. And I had come out here to tell something, at first hand, about the greatest moral struggle, perhaps, that this world has seen. The drama was there, this drama of a drug, and it might yet



When the Peking Express rolled out of Hankow Station



"GAUNT, SEAMED, AND HOPELESS"
Photograph snapped from a moving mule litter



AN OPIUM RECEIVING SHIP OR "GODOWN" AT SHANGHAI
The imported Indian opium is stored in these ships until it passes the Chinese imperial customs



Snapshot by Mr. Merwin of a
Shanai opium smoker

become a colossal tragedy. This possibility was to be constantly present to me, later on, as I rode in my springless cart or my swaying mule litter along the stricken countryside and through the gray, ruined villages of the northwestern interior. But it is a possibility before which imagination balks. The mind can compass only little tragedies. This drama was so big, so complicated, that I had not yet been able to see it at all. Could I hope to see it?

The sailors (from a Christian fleet) were very drunk, now. A party of them sallied out into the street, good-humoredly upset a rickshaw or two, and marched away in a wobbly column of fours, singing "I'm a Yankee Doodle Dandy!" Apparently the songs of George M. Cohan have followed the flag. A sharp little breeze came whistling over the housetops from somewhere out Woosung way. The street noises were dying down. A church clock struck twelve. No, this was not China. And I found myself smiling as I closed the window. Just one thing was clear: I must get out of Shanghai and find China. So, at ten o'clock of a Tuesday evening, freshly vaccinated, after telling a hold-up man who was masquerading as a cab driver exactly what I thought

of him, I boarded the Yangtse River steamer "Kiang Hsin" and went to sleep in a commodious stateroom.

There are two ways of getting to Peking from Shanghai. The more direct is by coasting steamer to Tientsin, a matter of only four or five days, if you are lucky enough to scrape over the Taku bar without sticking for an extra day or two. The other way is to go up the Yangtse 600 miles to Hankow; and from there to take the new railroad up through the middle of the Great Plain to Peking. There is an express every Saturday from Hankow, with dining and sleeping-car service, which covers the 800 miles in thirty-six hours.

The Yarns of the Pilot

There were long nights on the "Kiang Hsin," when the English traveler, the naval surgeon, the chief engineer, and I sat about the dining table in the saloon and listened to the yarns of an Upper Yangtse pilot. They were good yarns, in their way, but they had to do with the motor car market at Shanghai, with the shortcomings of the Shanghai volunteer corps, and with the famous and rather lively row at the Shanghai council meeting last March. There was, to be sure, a whiff of China in the talk of an engineer from the Nanking railroad construction work. He was a pale, spectacled young Englishman, who sat quietly at the table and told casual and horrible tales of death and disaster in the famine district north of Chinkiang. But he did not really warm up until the chance came to tell about the work on the Chinkiang tunnel. He was rather proud of that tunnel.

At the ports—Nanking, Kiukiang, Wuhu, Hankow—China seemed no nearer. If one hilltop bore a nine-story pagoda, the next was hidden



"The gunboats and the flags and the mission compounds are a part of the opium drama."

under a big mission compound with European buildings and stone walls. The most conspicuous part of the river front was pretty sure to be occupied by a row of foreign warehouses and residences fronting on a paved boulevard. Flags of all nations waved serenely; English, German, French, and American gunboats steamed up and down the river among the passenger boats and merchantmen, or lay at anchor. And that night, when the Peking express rolled out of the Hankow station, I was still looking for China. It would surely turn up at Peking—at Peking the dusty, the odorous, the swarming, the many-colored, the riotously Oriental in pattern—at Peking, with its Manchus, its Mongols, its mysterious closed carts and its endless strings of moth-eaten camels, its flaming banners and wailing trumpets, its embroidered coats, its mandarins with buttons and peacock feathers, its gayly-clad legation guards, and its cynical diplomats. This illusion was still about me like a cloud on that

Monday morning when my rickshaw, propelled by two tattered coolies, whirled through the demilune and the main archway of the great Chien Men Gate, dashed along Legation Street past the walled and guarded compounds, crossed the canal bridge with a rumble and a shout, and wheeled up, triumphant, in its own little whirlwind of gray dust, before the dusty red bricks and the dusty green courtyard of the *Grand Hotel des Wagon-lits*.

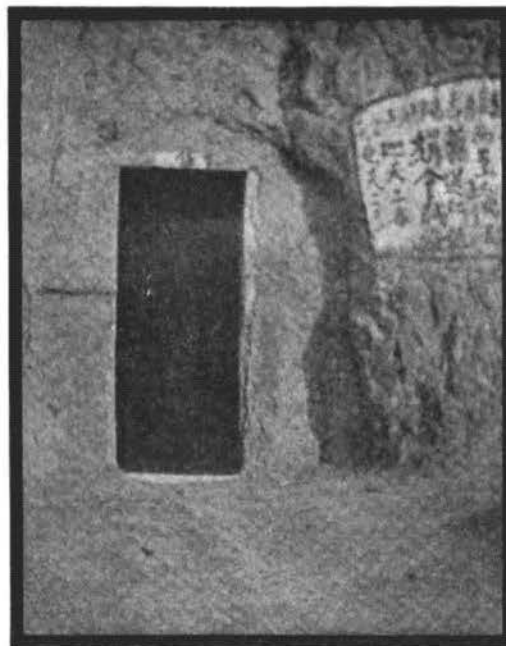
The Chestnuts in the Pan

China is an immense and (at times) rather warm pan of chestnuts, with a thin line of hard-drinking, loud-talking German, American, and English traders around the rim (not to mention the French and Portuguese and Japanese), who are there for the highly profitable business of getting the chestnuts out. Usually this business is easy; but sometimes (as when the perplexed Chinaman's sullen submission turns to anger against those exacting white devils and all their gunboats and missionaries and opium and forcibly held "treaty" ports) it presents difficulties. The cynical diplomats at Peking, who drop cards in one another's gate boxes at stated intervals, and serve tea to lady travelers, and go out (when dignity relaxes a bit) to see the moving pictures at the Arcade, and generally furnish the gossip which keeps their secretaries from *ennui*, are there for the purpose of extracting the chestnuts on those occasions when the pan is too warm for the downright hands of commerce. It was partly to learn from the fine work of these cynical ones that I had come to Peking.

There exist magazine reporters who encourage the notion that journalism, like diplomacy, has its mysteries, its subtleties, its brilliant *coups*. Perhaps it has. When Vance Thompson sits in a Paris *café*, kings slip into the next chair and ask to borrow five dollars from him; beautiful ladies in picture hats hide sealed packets in their bosoms and whisper mysterious instructions to cabmen; kings' messengers flit on the scene—and off; spies lurk in dark corners, with knives beneath their coats. It is probably because none of these things ever happens to me that I envy Vance Thompson. I thought of him that first night at the *Wagon-lits*.

Down to Plain Hard Work

Surely, if Paris has its hidden secrets of diplomacy, Peking, with its *bizarre* Oriental dress, and with chaotic, kaleidoscopic China for a background, should be a fairyland of mysteries. But here, as everywhere that I have been, reporting proved to be rather plain hard work. It sounded interesting, at first, to meet and talk with the cynical diplomats. But before very long it transpired that they knew almost as little and cared fully as little about the opium curse as did those hard-drinking ones for whose governments they were working. They seemed to be absorbed in the fine work of getting the chestnuts out of the pan. Royalty did not appear. The more and less beautiful ladies who crossed



"The road was lined with the caves of beggars"
(This photograph was taken by Mr. Merwin in a sunken road, Shanai)



THE VILLAGES WERE LITTLE MORE THAN HEAPS OF RUINS

(From a photograph by Mr. Merwin, showing holes in the ground occupied by formerly well-to-do opium smokers, who sold the roof-tiles, woodwork, and birch of their houses, in order to buy opium)

the stage of my observations were mainly engaged in bargaining with wily peddlers. The only man who might have been a spy was the Japanese barber; and he did not lurk in dark corners, but contented himself with selling me a very bad razor.

It was evident that I must look further. There were missionaries, scores of them, who had much to say—simple, God-fearing men who spoke the language and lived the life; physicians, some of them, giving their lives to the rescue of the opium victims. There were teachers, "Chinese secretaries" of legation, journalists, English-speaking Chinese officials and merchants, and "sinologues" sprinkled about—but where in all this babel of tongues and this flutter of red tape was China? Groping along in this spirit, forming conclusions one day only to replace them with others the next morning, I swallowed, gulp by gulp, my peck of Peking dust, and wrestled with the deliciously absurd system of official etiquette which is the governing principle of Legation Street, until it became plain that this ever-receding China was still somewhere in the dusty, jabbering beyond—out there where the camel trains came from, perhaps.

The Jumping-Off Place

So I went over the rim, by way of the Han-kow line, to Chen Tou (pronounced Jun Toe, and spelled, on a French time table, Che-ke-fiang) and westward by way of the brand new Shansi railroad from Chen Tou through the Southern Great Wall and the Shansi hills to Shau-Yang. This was the jumping-off place, inside the rim. The rest of it had to be done in springless country carts and swaying, pitching mule litters—crawling along by day in the sunken roads of which I had read in my school geography, sleeping by night in unspeakably decrepit native inns. It was dirty, it was insanitary, it was wholly uncomfortable; but it was China, and my mind cleared day by day. Everywhere there was misery. The road through the countryside was lined with the caves of beggars. The villages, in these hills of Shansi, were little more than heaps of ruin. The faces of young and old were gaunt, seamed, hopeless. At last I was seeing the opium drama. Some hint of the meaning of it, a faint impression of the terrible devastation of the white man's drug—let loose, as it has been, on a backward, poverty-stricken race—was being seared, hour by hour and day by day into my brain. It was not pleasant, this zigzag journey through an "opium province"; but I had found the wonderful opium drama, and I knew then that it would haunt me as long as I lived.

The Chinese Did n't Want Opium

In the minds of most of us, I think, there has been a vague notion that the Chinese have always smoked opium, that opium is in some peculiar way a necessity to the Chinese constitution. Even among those who know the extraordinary history of this morbidly fascinating drug, who know that the India-grown British drug was pushed and smuggled and bayoneted into China during a century of desperate protest and even armed resistance from these yellow people, it has been a popular argument to assert that the Chinese have only themselves to blame for the "demand" that made the trade possible. Of this "demand," and of how it was worked up by Christian traders, I shall speak at some length in a later article. "Educational methods" in the extending of trade can hardly be said to have originated with the modern trust. The curious fact is that the Chinese did n't use opium and did n't want opium. Yet when the Christians, with fleets and treaties, had forced their way in, opium (first the imported, then the new native-grown) swept over the empire like a scourge, until, to-day, it menaces China's very existence. I have myself been in regions where formerly prosperous families are going to pieces at such an appalling rate that the son of a prominent merchant will be found selling the tiles of his roof and the woodwork of his doors and windows in order to buy the drug. The inevitable next step, after selling his daughter into slavery, is to take his family out on the highroad to beg. For the confirmed opium smoker cannot keep up in the struggle for existence. The only thing he is fit for is more smoking. In the stricken province of Shansi a common remark runs to this effect: "Eleven out of every ten Shansi men smoke opium." A high provincial official put it to me in other words when he said, grimly: "Everybody smokes in Shansi." Shansi is but one, remember, of the seven opium provinces, containing together a population of more than one hundred and fifty millions. And opium is raised and consumed extensively in every one of the eleven other provinces.

Perhaps the most convincing summing up of China's desperate predicament is found in another translation from a recent Chinese document, this time an appeal to the throne from four viceroys. The quaintness of the language does not, I think, impair its effectiveness and its power as a protest: "China can never become strong and stand shoulder to shoulder with the powers of the world unless she can get rid of the habit of opium smoking by her subjects, about one quarter of whom have



"Foreign gunboats steamed up and down the river"

been reduced to skeletons and look half dead."

It is curious, I have suggested, that if opium really is new to the Chinese, it should have so rapidly gained the upper hand of this huge race. Curious, but not inexplicable. Let me quote from a man who has contributed what promises to be the last word on the psychology of opium poisoning: "What was it," says De Quincey, "that did in reality make me an opium eater? That affection which finally drove me into the habit: use of opium, what was it? Pain, was it? No, but misery. Casual overcasting of sunshine, was it? No, but blank desolation. Gloom was it, that might have departed? No, but settled and abiding darkness." And how did De Quincey come to know that opium could relieve misery? Because he had taken it before for toothache, and had experienced its subtler effects.

Beginning the Habit

Your true opium smoker stretches himself on a divan and gives up ten or fifteen minutes to preparing his thimbleful of the brown drug. When it has been heated and worked to the proper consistency, he laces it in the tiny bowl of his pipe, holds it over a low lamp, and raws a few whiffs of the smoke deep into his lungs. It seems, at first, a trivial thing; indeed, the man who is well fed and properly housed and clothed seems able to keep it up for a considerable time without noticeable ill results. The great difficulty in China is, of course, this: that very few opium smokers are well

fed and properly housed and clothed.

I heard little about the beautiful dreams and visions which opium is supposed to bring; all the smokers with whom I talked could be roughly divided into two classes—those who smoked in order to relieve pain or misery, and those miserable victims who smoked to relieve the acute physical distress brought on by the opium itself. Probably the majority of the victims take it up as a temporary relief; many begin in early childhood; the mother will give the baby a whiff to stop its crying. It is a social vice only among the upper classes. The most notable outward effect of this indulgence is the resulting physical weakness and lassitude. The opium smoker cannot work hard; he finds it difficult to apply his mind to a problem or his body to a task. As the habit becomes firmly fastened on him, there is a perceptible weakening of his moral fiber; he shows himself unequal to emergencies which make any sudden demand upon him. If opium is denied him, he will lie and steal in order to obtain it.

Opium smoking is a costly vice. A pipeful of a moderately good native product costs more than a laborer can earn in a day; consequently the poorer classes smoke an unspeakable compound based on pipe scrapings and charcoal. Along the highroads the coolies even scrape the grime from the packsaddles to mix with this dross. The clerk earning from twenty-five to fifty Mexican dollars a month will frequently spend from ten to twenty dollars a month on opium. The typical confirmed smoker is a man who spends a considerable part of the night in smoking himself to sleep, and all the next morning in sleeping off the effects. If he is able to work at all, it is only during the afternoon, and even at that there will be many days when the official or merchant is incompetent to conduct his affairs. Thousands of prominent men are ruined every year.

The Cannots of the Cantonese

The Cantonese have what they call "The Ten Cannots regarding the Opium Smoker." "He cannot (1) give up the habit; (2), enjoy sleep; (3), wait for his turn when sharing his pipe with his friends; (4), rise early; (5), be cured if sick; (6), help relations in need; (7), enjoy wealth; (8), plan anything; (9), get credit even when an old customer; (10), walk any distance."

This is the land into which the enterprising Christian traders introduced opium, and into which they fed opium so persistently and forcibly that at last a "good market" was developed. England did not set out to ruin China. One finds no hint of a diabolical purpose to seduce and destroy a wonderful old empire on the other side of the world. The ruin worked was incidental to that Far Eastern trade of which England has been so proud. It was the triumph of the balance sheet over common humanity.

And so it is to-day. British India still holds the cream of the trade, for the Chinese-grown opium cannot compete in quality with the Indian drug. The British Indian government raises the poppy in the rich Ganges Valley (more than six hundred thousand acres of poppies they raised there last year), manufactures it in government factories at Patna and Ghazipur—manufactures four fifths of it especially to suit the Chinese taste, and sells it at annual government auctions in Calcutta.

I came back over the rim through the same sunken roads, over the same brand new railroad (where they discounted my Mexican dollars ten per cent.), through the same dusty, crowded Chien Men Gate, and into the

[Concluded on page 696]



"His powerful frame was broad and squat"

LENTALA*

CHAPTER I

On Unknown Shores

IN range of my outlook seaward as

I lay on the yellow strand was a grotesque figure standing near and gazing inland. His powerful frame was broad and squat; his long arms, ending with immense hands, hung loosely at his sides; his hair was ragged; and out of his blank face blinked small blue eyes wide apart. So accustomed was I to his habitually placid expression that the keenness with which he was looking roused me fully out of the lethargy into which extreme exhaustion had plunged me.

"Well, Christopher!" I said with an attempt at cheerfulness.

The strange look in my serving-man's eyes did not disappear when he turned them on me at my greeting, but my glance at the forest discovered nothing alarming. It was useless to question Christopher; he would take his time.

I rose with stiffened members. The wretched, beaten colonists were prone along the beach, all sleeping except Captain Mason and Mr. Vancouver. With silent Christopher shambling at my heels I passed Mr. Vancouver as he sat on the sand beside his slumbering daughter; he was watching the sea more with his blue lips than his leaden eyes. I gave him a cheery greeting, since it was no time to harbor old scores. The effort failed; he only blinked at me. Already I had suspected that his quarrel with me because Christopher had stowed away on the vessel was merely the seizing of an opportunity to rupture the strong friendship between Annabel and me.

Even at a distance I had seen that Captain Mason's spirit was hunting the waters, as he stood apart in a splendid solitude, arms

A Romance of the South Seas

By **W. C. Morrow**

Author of "A Man: His Mark"

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES SARKA

folded, and towering in the dignity of a gladiator who might be disarmed, but not conquered. Never had I seen a profounder pathos than his when, finding the "Hope" foundering and helpless, he had ordered her abandonment and sent us into the boats. Then had come the most haunting thing that ever a sailor experienced.

It was the pursuit of us by the dying barkentine. What sails the last storm had left played crazy pranks with the derelict. With no hand on her wheel the rudder swung free. We were rowing northwestwardly, with the wind, and thus it was that the "Hope," thrust by wind and wave, followed us, with wide swerves, with lungings and lurchings, now and then making a graceful sweep up a swell and then a wallowing roll to the trough. The fore-and-aft sails were gone, but some of the square canvas held; and the sheets flapped with a dismal foolishness between accidental fills. It was the drunken plunging of the hulk in deliberate pursuit of us that appalled. She snouted the water swinishly; she reeled and groveled under the seas that boarded her. Through it all, whether she was coming prow first, beam on, or stern foremost, and no matter how far she would veer, she clung to our course, shadowing us, hounding us, as though imploring our help.

In all the fury of the storms, from their first assaults at Cape Horn to their beating us down in the South Seas, Captain Mason had not faltered; he fought desperate odds with the cun-

ning and valor of Hercules. But this careering mad thing, stripped of the grace and dignity of a sane ship,—this staggering, sodden monster, mortally stricken and dumbly floundering after the master who had abandoned her that she might go down alone into the deep,—was more than the man could bear; and he had sat staring in the boat, Christopher and I

rowing, while we dodged the barkentine's blind assaults. We were still bending to the work when darkness fell. It was then that the wind died, and we saw her no more.

Captain Mason showed relief at being dragged back into the living world by our approach.

"No sign of her?" I asked.

"Not from here. The view is shut in by those promontories," indicating two headlands embracing our beach.

"Then," said I, "Christopher will scale one of them and I the other."

There was a faint twinkle behind the seaman's look, and something else, which recalled what I had seen in Christopher's face as he gazed at the forest.

"I imagine you have n't slept much," I said, knowing his anxiety on the barkentine's account.

"How could I, Mr. Tudor, when she had been following me like that?"

"Then you have already been up there to see if you could find her?" I ventured.

He looked amused as he drawled, "Not all the way," and gave Christopher a look that appeared to be understood. His gesture swept the heights on either side and the richly verdured mountains that began to spring in terraces a short distance from the beach. "This is a tropical region," he went on, "and those trees bear lively fruit. It is brown and carries swords. I didn't get all the way to the headland."

I understood, and inquired, "Did they speak?"

"No. A pointing finger with a sword behind it needs no words."

I wondered where we could be, that armed natives should exhibit a hostile attitude. "Where are we stranded?" I asked.

"I don't know. It has been weeks since I could even take a dead reckoning, and we've been blown far since then. My instruments disappeared while I was exploring this morning."

"And we are without food or weapons," I added, feeling a thrill at the prospect of measuring forces with an obscure menace.

Mr. Vancouver had loaded the barkentine with every possible means of defense, subsistence, and development, but we had fallen on an island far short of the one in the Philippines which he intended to colonize. The fate of the "Hope" was a vital matter. Most of her precious cargo was behind bulkheads. If she had not gone down, very likely she would drift to this island and yield her resources to any enemies we might encounter here.

Christopher was gazing at the forest again. I could see only deep shadows and brown tree-boles under the leafage. Birds of brilliant plumage were flitting among the trees, and the warmth of the sun bathed us in sweet, heavy odors.

"They are coming, sir," said Christopher.

I observed a slow undulation in a wide arc among the shadows. A tree-trunk in the outer edge apparently detached itself, then advanced into the open, halted and raised a sword. Five hundred other shapes came forth from the wide semicircle touching the shore at either end. Some bore swords, others spears, and still others knotted war clubs. The soldiers were brown and bareheaded, and the dress of each was limited to the loins, except that of the leader, the man who had first stepped out; he wore a sort of tunic or light cloak, and a headdress, both gaudily illuminated with feathers.

Captain Mason stood motionless.

"What shall we do?" I impatiently cried.

Christopher left us and rapidly roused the sleepers. He must have dropped reassuring words, for the stir proceeded without panic, though all could see the advancing threat, which approached with an ominous deliberation.

"Do you think it's to be a slaughter, captain?" I asked.

He gave no answer, being evidently stunned. I turned to Christopher as he rejoined us. Many a time since I had rescued him from a mob of boys in a Boston street, taking him to my lodgings, and had made him my servant, his strange mind had seemed able to penetrate baffling obscurities. At such times he had a way of listening, as though to voices which he alone could hear; but with that was an extraordinary reticence of tongue, and often an indirection that had tried my patience until I learned to understand him as well as an ordinary mortal could.

"Are they going to kill us, Christopher?" I asked.

He was in a deep abstraction, and I knew he was listening. "Sir?"

That was his usual way of gaining time, and I had learned to wait.

"Are they going to kill us?"

"Kill us, sir?"

"Yes."

"You are asking me, sir?"

"Yes. Are they going to kill us?"

"Not now, sir," he firmly answered.

The glance which Captain Mason and I exchanged was one accepting Christopher's opinion and groping for what lay beyond it.

With some accuracy of maneuvering, the leader aligned his soldiers, stepped out after halting them fifty yards away, and stood wait-

ing, obviously for a parley. He was showing impatience as Captain Mason still stood motionless.

"Some one must meet him," I said. "It will never do to show timidity. You are the fittest."

"These people are strange to me," he replied, "and I don't know how to proceed. They have an appearance of ferocity that I have never seen in these seas. Many outside men must have drifted to this island, but I'll warrant that none ever left it, for I've never heard of anything that looks just like this. I imagine it is the graveyard of the unreported wrecks that happen in this part of the Pacific."

I was surprised at the grayness in his face and the glaze in his eyes. What could our two hundred and fifty men, women and children, helpless as they were, do without his shrewdness and courage?

"Then we have all the more to do," I urged.

He squared himself, and said: "We three will meet them. Put yourself forward. Your height and strength will impress them."

It looked odd that he did not include Mr. Vancouver, the leader of our enterprise, and Lee Rawley, the aristocratic and disdainful young lawyer whom Mr. Vancouver hoped that Annabel would marry.

Meanwhile, the leader of the savages, a man of commanding size and manner, had been growing more impatient, and was putting his



"Gato made us understand"

men through some manual that hinted at barbarous proceeding; but when we started he desisted, and met us with urbane gestures. Then ensued a struggle to find a means of communication. Both Captain Mason and I knew something of the Pacific languages, he from a sailor's experience and I from having fought as a first lieutenant in the Philippines during the war with Spain; but apparently our combined resources failed. Finally we caught a Spanish word and then a German. It remained for Christopher to discover that the ambassador spoke some pidgin-English with his tongue and all languages with his gestures. Thus we learned

that the gracious King Rangan had sent Gato, commander-in-chief of the army, with an escort of honor to conduct us to the imperial presence.

Captain Mason and I carefully avoided each other's eyes. The tomb-like mask that Christopher knew how to wear was on his face.

As there were two armed savages to each colonist throat, there was nothing to do but accept. In a dismal procession guarded by the soldiers, we labored through the sand and sank into the scented forest.

After a walk through fragrant aisles of shade and color, we came upon a wide sweep where the undergrowth had been cleared away; in its place was a cluster of huts made of bamboo and thatch. The central space was occupied by one more imposing than the others. The matting curtain at the door was drawn aside after we had been seated before it on the ground, and a sturdy figure, followed by a striking retinue, came forth and took an elevated seat on a platform extending from the house.

The king's gorgeous robe of a light fabric adorned with feathers and embroidered with gold was worn with a knowledge of its impressiveness. A wide band of gold embedded with gems served for a crown; the blazing scepter and massive wristlets and anklets were of like materials; the ears and fingers flashed with jewels. The royal face was benignant. Gato stepped forth to interpret, as the king's immediate followers, dressed in long embroidered garments of native texture, ranged about the throne.

The attendant swinging a large feather fan over the king's head was the only woman discoverable. There was a striking difference between her and the men. It was manifest in a prouder poise of the head, in a look of higher intelligence, and in a finer definition of features. The eagerness with which her glance ran over us, a shyness that struggled with an impulse to a bolder scrutiny, combined with a certain refinement of bearing to set her apart. She was raimented with no less barbaric splendor than the king and his immediate attendants, but in better taste. Her brown bare arms and neck were turned on the graceful lines of youth, and her wrists and hands were small. Her hair, instead of having the glistening blackness of the men's, housed some of the sun's gold; and I was startled to discover finally that her eyes were a deep blue.

At last her roving glance was caught and held by me. In her eyes was a moment of hungry inquiry. She caught her breath; a break came in the regular swing of the fan, and her eyelids drooped.

My fascinated attention to her was diverted by a deep rumble. King Rangan was speaking.

CHAPTER II.

The Falling of a Long Night

THE interpreter made a genuflection to the throne, and beckoned to Captain Mason and me. I thought that Mr. Vancouver ought to be included, but the skipper ignored my inquiring glance, and stepped forward. After bowing, we stood waiting.

The king gave us a shrewd look. Then his eyes blazed, and he ripped out something to the interpreter. I discovered the cause. My faithful Christopher had brought up his prodigious strength for a possible emergency, and it was clear that the king was offended by the grotesque figure.

The interpreter hesitated, for he knew Christopher's speech-value, and the king snapped out another command. I knew it was an order that some shame be put upon Christopher. At that my muscles hardened, and I stepped protectingly before him. The fan over the king's head abruptly stopped. The leader raised his hand, and a dozen of his men advanced.

Dimly aware that Captain Mason was employing some pacific measures, I was more concerned by Annabel's surprising act. Her eyes shining and her cheeks aglow, she briskly came up, laid her hand on Christopher's arm, and sweetly said:

"Come and stay back here with us."

His pathetic look went questioningly from her to me, and he held his ground. I glanced round to see what next the king would do. With astonishment or wonder the fan-bearer was staring at Annabel, who made a striking picture; then she whispered into the royal ear. In a milder voice he said something to the interpreter, who by a gesture to us indicated that the king was satisfied. At a word from me, Christopher came and stood beside me.

His ostensible purpose proved to be merely a formal welcome, an ascertainment of our origin, purpose, and disaster, and an invitation to a feast.

As the others of the colony were in too dull a state to give attention, the king confined to us three a shrewd scrutiny. But Captain Mason and I, feeling that the welcome was only a sheathed sword, held blank faces, and did not even pass a glance of understanding; and Christopher could be depended on under all circumstances to give no betraying sign. The one thing to do was to show a grateful acquiescence. The time for planning would come when our people were capable of thought and action,—if we should be spared that long. It was indeed a feast. The smoke which Christopher had seen rise from a barbecue, at which fresh meat and fowls and fish had been deliciously cooked. The completeness of the preparations indicated that they must have been begun immediately after our landing. Fragrant boughs were spread on the ground near the barbecue trench, and on them we seated ourselves. Plantain leaves made excellent platters. Roasted yams, bread made of ground seed or grain, and fruits of many kinds, were served in abundance.

The effect was magical; the down-hearted took cheer, and laughter ran through the trees. Much of the transformation was wrought by the solicitous attentions of the servers; but more cheering was the gracious friendliness of the king, who, besides personally directing the service, mingled with us in a democratic way, yet with no sacrifice of dignity.

Most fascinating to me was the fan-bearer. Whereas the warriors stood in awe of his Majesty, she treated him with almost a flippant disregard. She went among the colonists, keenly anxious that all should be pleased, her face breaking into bewitching smiles, her mischievous eyes dancing, her musical laugh rippling. The distinction in her manner as she had stood behind the throne was augmented in the modest abandon of her rôle of hostess. The alertness of her glance, the joyous spirits that bubbled out of



"The attendant, swinging a large feather fan over the king's head was the only woman discoverable"

her light pose and movement, her sprite-like airiness, her obvious efforts to restrain an instinct to play, to tease, to get into mischief, a running over of kindness and happiness,—these and more elusive qualities set her apart from the men and made them look absolutely dull and sordid.

Her greatest interest was in Annabel, the only highly cultured woman in our party, since the colony was composed of workers in practical industries. The two girls had no language in common, and appeared sharply different in temperament and training; yet there was visible between them a bond of feminine sympathy such as no man can understand. It was curious that the savage one was not abashed before her highly civilized sister. In the gentle eagerness with which she served Annabel, frankly studied her, and courted her notice, was something that looked pathetically like the yearning of a starved soul for what Annabel had—the enjoyment of a birthright. Annabel appeared to see that longing, and she stretched forth a friendly hand into the fan-bearer's darkness.

Captain Mason, Christopher, and I formed a group. Despite the grief and anxiety on the sailor's face, he betrayed his share of the sunshine that the girl bestowed on all. She came to us often, and there was a touch of shyness not visible when she flitted among the others. Virtually ignoring me, she gave some attention

to the captain, and was particularly solicitous toward Christopher. She stuffed him, and laughed at him. Christopher enjoyed it, gazed up into her sparkling eyes, and strained his ribs with the food that she coaxingly urged upon him.

On one of her visits I smilingly handed her a little pocket toilet-case which I carried. She took it gingerly, examined it curiously, and with childish interest inspected its contents. Her surprise, at discovering the mirror, was not so great as I had expected, and did not look quite sincere. She held it up, made a grimace at her reflection, thrust out at it a tongue as sweet and pink as a baby's, tossed the kit back at me, and went dancing off in a swirl of laughter.

Presently she demurely returned on a pretense of looking after Christopher's wants, and of a sudden, brilliantly smiling, held out her hand for the trinket. I gave it to her. Her eyes fell when I looked up closely into them, and in agitation she thrust the case into her bosom. I discovered that Annabel was curiously observing her.

Captain Mason gazed thoughtfully after her as she left, and remarked:

"That girl is going to be mixed up with our fate."

"What do you make of her?"

"An eaglet hatched by buzzards."

Christopher's evident regard for her was dazzled wonder.

"You like her, Christopher?" I asked.

He was serious at all times, and much of his gravity was sadness. He nodded impressively.

"Yes, sir."

"She has fed you well."

"Yes, sir." He spread his immense hands over his stomach.

"I'll ask her to bring you some more," I said.

His face showed alarm. "Don't, sir! I'd shorley bust."

"But you would n't have to eat more, even if she brought it."

"Yes, I would, sir."

"Why?"

"I'd jess *have* to, sir." This with a solemn helplessness.

"He has taken her measure," dryly remarked Captain Mason.

He had found opportunity to study the splendid jewels so abundantly adorning the king and the girl.

"Those gems," he said, "were cut by European lapidaries."

There was a disturbing suggestion in his words, but I could not define it. This island had received rich treasures from civilization. Here was a mystery.

"How do you account for them?" I asked.

"The typhoon makes many wrecks. There's no knowing what shores they crawl up on to die."

[Continued on pages 692 to 696]



"Your smile would shoo the sea gulls"

The Love Sonnets of a Car Conductor



By WALLACE IRWIN

Illustrated by Horace Taylor
SECOND TRIP

XII.

My trolley hikes to Harlem p. d. q.,
And picks up lobsters all along the beat,
At six o'clock the aisles are full of feet,
The straps with fingers, and the entire zoo
Boils on the platform with a mad huroo
Reckless as Bronx mosquitos after meat.
The widow stands, the fat man gets the seat,
And Satan smiles like Foxy M. Depew.

And as we hikes along I thinks, thinks I,
"The human race is like the ocean foam,
Roaring and discontented, peevish, fly—"
Say, why in blazes don't they stay to home?
This travel-sickness is a danger which
Keeps hoboes poor and corporations rich.



"If this keeps up, I think I'll finish swell"



"I'm codfish to the mob"

XIII.

Perhaps you think that I am dots on skirts,
Stuck on the chorus, silly with the mags,
That I go plush on all the flowy rags
That slip their gigs my way—the saucy flirts!—
That I have got a string of Maes and Gerts
And Sues and Lulus all checked off with tags,
Assorted sizes tied with sachet bags
And packed away among my fancy shirts.

Pooh-pooh for mine! I'm codfish to the mob
Of fays who fain would share my chewing-gum,
My heart's on straight and sticking to its job,
And no French heel can kick it out of plum.
But when I ogle Pansy in the throng
My heart turns over twice and rings a gong,



off the beach"

"She scared three babies into fits"

XIV.

To-day I piped my future ma-in-law.
She got aboard my Pullman and she scared
Three babies into fits the way she glared.
Rattle my baggage if ever I saw
A cracker-box to equal mother's jaw,
A hard-wood finish face all nailed and squared.
She ossified the gripman when she stared—
And me? Well, I was overcame with awe.

But, being Pansy's ma, 't was up to me
To hand her something pit-a-pat and swell,
And so I says, "Hello, Queen Cherokee!
What ho! for Pansy? hope she's feeling well."
And ma responds, a trifle tart but game,
"She minds her bizness—hope you feel the same."

XV.

I don't think mother picked me out to win,
To be the steady of her darling child.
She thinks I am a kick-up, something wild,
And no sweet girl should wear my college pin.
She thinks I'm some to puffly with my chin,
And my soft prattle simply gets her riled.
I've lost my keys with her, to put it mild,
I don't belong, because I am not in.

Say how, with such an Iceberg on the track,
Can I conduct my car to married bliss?
I hoped that I could whistle Pansy back,
And lo! I got a frostbite off of this!
I'd wrestle death for her, I'd fight her pa,—
But stab me if I'll syrup to her ma!



"Ma responds, a griffe tart but game"

XVI.

E'en as I stood with cobwebs in my tower
A candy vision came and flagged the boat—
Give forty rah-rah-rah! O joy, O gloat!
'T was Pansy like a fairy in a bower
Warbling, "Hi, stop the car!" With all my power
I yanked the bell. My brain was all afloat.
My heart cut pin-wheels, stole a base at throat,
Sang "Tammany"—and knighthood was in flower.

I helped her on. My shoes were full of feet.
I says, "How's Ma?" She answers, "Going some."
I doffed my lid and ventured to repeat
The breeze had put the weather on the bum.
Then she replied, not seeming sore or vexed,
"It may not be so punk on Sunday next."

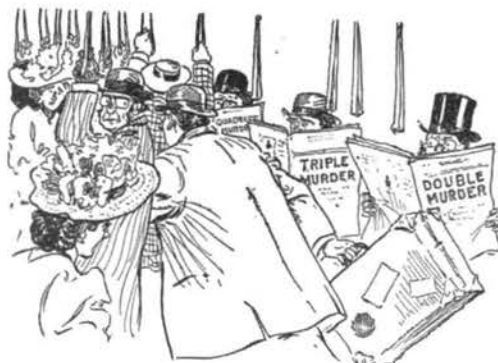
[To be concluded next month.]

IX.
To-day I gave a serenade to Gill.
I says, "To put it pleasant, you're a screech,
Your smile would shoo the seagulls off the beach,
Your face would give Vesuvius a chill,
You're just what Mr. Shakespeare calls 'a pill
Trying to keep company with a peach.'
Now, if you want to answer with a speech,
Open your trap at once, or else lie still."

But when I handed Gill the Grip this cluster
He simply clamped his language-mill down tight,
Strangled his guff and acted rather fluster—
Although I'm sure I spoke to him polite.
I guess that Mr. Gilly ain't the kind
That understands when people talk refined.

X.
I ain't a crystal-gazer, but you bet
I see the come-in of a loony gent
Who casts the pigeon eye with fond intent
Upon a certain lovely peacherette.
Take it from me, he'll get his pay roll yet,
In forty kinds of railroad accident,
And when you hear the news that he has went
You can search me for tears of fond regret.

In other words, when I stake out a queen
She's private grounds, and that's no fairy tale.
When pikers come to play upon the green
They'll find the sign, "These lots are not for sale."
The guy that does n't want to rouse my tansy
Had better keep his goggles off my Pansy.

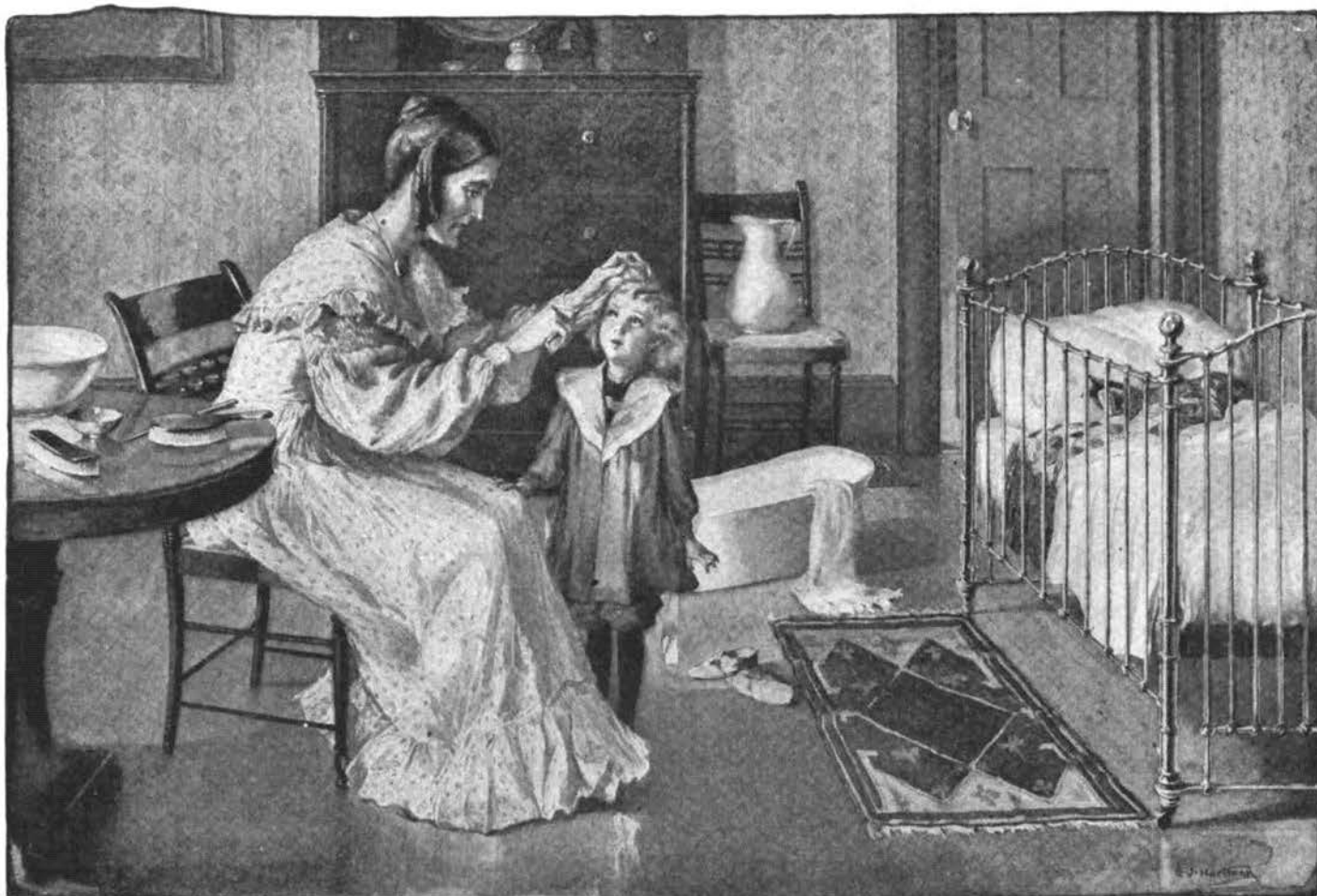


"Why don't they stay to home?"

XI.

Three days with sad skidoo have came and went,
Yet Pansy cometh nix to ride with me.
I rubber vainly at the throng to see
Her golden locks—ge! such a discontent!
Perhaps she's beat it with some soapy gent—
Perhaps she's promised Gill the Grip to be
His No. 1, till Death calls "23!"
While I am Outsky in the supplement.

Now and anon some Lizzie flags the train
And I, poor dots, cry, "Rapture, it is her!"
Yet guess again—my hope is all in vain—
And Pansy girl refuses to occur.
If this keeps up I think I'll finish swell
Among the jabbers in a padded cell.



"It came into contact with Thomas's youthful skull at exactly eight equidistant points, marking the relative positions of eight damp, sausage rolls of hair"

THOMAS AND THE DONKEY

By FLORENCE MORSE KINGSLEY

Author of "The Singular Miss Smith"

Illustrated by G. J. HARTMAN

THOMAS lay quite still in his bed, the donkey hugged tight in his thin little arms. He was talking earnestly into the donkey's ragged cotton-flannel ear, in a subdued whisper, so as not to waken Aunt Caroline who slept in the adjoining room. Thomas had learned to shiver at the first militant sounds in Aunt Caroline's room; the firm down-shutting of the windows and the decided click of the warm-air register presaged a number of events to whose daily recurrence he had become gravely resigned but which he dreaded none the less.

"When I am as big as my daddy," he murmured, "I shall only say my prayers when I go to bed. I'd just as soon have God take care of me when it's dark; but I'm not scared of anything when it's day time."

Thomas paused to contemplate the donkey's shoe-button eyes which shone very bright in the dazzling beam of light that stole in between the parted curtains. "'N'—'n,'" he proceeded, earnestly, "I shall never take a reg'lar baff. I like to have dirty ears; they feel comfortabler 'an clean ones. 'N'—'n' I shall have every bit of my hair cut off, so 'at the top of my head 'll be all bare an' shiny, like Mr. Kipp's. If I don't have any hair, Aunt Cawoline can't curl it on the curling-stick."

The little boy's brown eyes wandered to the *chiffonier* which held his small wardrobe; on its top with other articles of use reposed a round, polished stick, exactly eleven and one half inches in length, its circumference at one end corresponding to a nicety with that of a fat forefinger (Great-grandmother Appleby's), the other tapering to a delicately rounded point, capable of producing exquisite anguish when, in the course of his morning toilet, it came into contact with Thomas's youthful skull at exactly eight equidistant points, marking the relative positions of eight damp, sausage rolls of hair designated by Aunt Caroline as "curls."

Thomas regarded this instrument of torture with frowning respect. He knew its history. It

had been the happy invention of Great-grandmother Appleby, and was nicely adapted to each of its two several offices, with both of which Thomas had become unhappily familiar. He knew that Aunt Caroline's youthful tresses had been daily shaped by means of it into smooth cylindrical cones—which she had been careful never to ruffle, as Thomas had been led to observe in the portrait of Aunt Caroline as a sour-faced little girl. Aunt Caroline had also been rapped over the fingers with it on the few—the very few occasions when, in the course of her blameless infant career, correction of a corporal nature had seemed to be necessary.

When Miss Caroline Appleby had been unexpectedly called by a discerning Providence to take charge of her nephew's motherless child, she had congratulated herself upon the possession of the Appleby curling-stick. Indeed, this unique heirloom appeared to her in the guise of a veritable bulwark of authority and positive warrant of success. A child, Miss Appleby told herself, who was regularly curled of a morning and judiciously rapped over the fingers when occasion demanded, could hardly fail to develop into an adult of blameless integrity and sterling virtue.

Mrs. Appleby's optimistic conclusions with regard to Thomas were modified by one incontrovertible fact. Thomas was a boy, and hence inherently possessed of many wild and dangerous proclivities, among which Miss Appleby counted a lurking though undeveloped lust for tobacco, the tendency to profane and indecorous language, and a natural distaste for the sterner demands of conscience and religion. She was resolved to thoroughly eradicate the first indications of masculine turpitude from the tender character of Thomas, though its accomplishment

demand a martyr-like self-abnegation from which Miss Appleby was never observed to blench. No; Thomas Appleby Wentworth should never reap bitter after-harvests of wild oats if Caroline Appleby could prevent it by a

scrupulous rooting out of the tender sprouts and tentative rootlets of evil which were the indigenous products of the undisciplined male mind. "Man," Miss Appleby was accustomed to quote, with a personal and mordant emphasis on the subject noun, "is prone to evil as the sparks fly upward." But even sparks if resolutely stamped upon by a pair of thick-soled feminine boots can be inhibited from pursuing their natural bent.

"Good morning, Thomas!" Aunt Caroline's face, freshly washed in very cold water and illumined by a bleak smile of Christian fortitude, appeared in the open door of Thomas's nursery.

"Good morning, Aunt Cawoline," droned the little boy with a loud sigh. The donkey appeared to wink sympathetically.

"First, we have our nice, cold, invigorating bath," pursued Aunt Caroline, pouring water into a small tub with a chilling sound. "Rise promptly, Thomas!"

Thomas covered the donkey with blankets; then he climbed manfully out of his warm crib and into the cold tub, his small teeth chattering in his head.

"Remember, Thomas," intoned Aunt Caroline with the awful kindness of a grand inquisitor, "the cold water will cause your frail mortal body to grow strong and vigorous; but we should never neglect to hold the thought of soul purity while we bathe. As I bathe my body—repeat after me, Thomas—As I bathe my body, so do I cleanse my soul of *all iniquity*. Again Thomas, and more distinctly this time."

Thomas thought lovingly of the donkey snuggled comfortably under the blankets; it helped him to endure the chilly whisk and rasp of the excoriating towel about his shuddering limbs. Aunt Caroline had devised a Scriptural exercise with which to still further elevate the mortal

mind of Thomas above base corporeality. By the time his cold little feet had been "shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace" the curling-stick began to loom darkly upon the horizon. The Appleby curling-stick was actively associated with hymnology, Aunt Caroline having committed to memory no fewer than one hundred hymns and psalms while her auburn tresses were being coaxed about its cylindrical surface: thus adorning the inward as well as the outward being by one and the same useful process. Miss Appleby was accustomed to allude to the stores of poetical knowledge thus acquired as "a precious heritage," and she appeared fully resolved to share her possessions with Thomas. She called it "passing on the torch."

Preliminary to the participation of the curling-stick in the education of Thomas, a fine-toothed comb of strenuous temper exploited the child's scalp. "No, Thomas; you are mistaken," Aunt Caroline said firmly, when Thomas wailingly protested, "the comb does not in reality cause you pain. It is designed merely to remove the tangles from your hair; it performs its office thoroughly and well. Hence it deserves only your praise. Now repeat after me:

"Why on the bending willows hung,
Israel! Still sleeps thy tuneful string?"
Hold up your head, Thomas, and pronounce your words distinctly. You will be, oh, so glad and thankful when you are old and helpless, and perchance blind as well, that you have stored your youthful mind with these pr-r-ecious thoughts, for these *blessed* words committed to memory *now*, will *never* be forgotten. I can promise you that!"

The hollow sound of the brush wetly stroking the aching eighth of his hair about the Appleby curling-stick blent with the lugubrious voice of Thomas as he recited:

"Still mute remains the sullen tongue,
And Zion's song denies to sing."

Then the point of the stick being firmly planted and "the curl" wound up, so to speak, to the point of breaking loose from its moorings on Thomas's scalp, the Appleby device was stealthily withdrawn, leaving sausage roll number one to dangle wet and cold in Thomas's thin little neck. When the eighth cylinder was finally completed, still to the plaint of "Ancient Israel," Thomas was commanded to sit rigidly erect before the register "to dry his curls," after which came breakfast.

We are told that man does not live by bread alone, and the experience of the race has proved it through unaccounted ages. It is certain also that at this period of his career Thomas Appleby Wentworth did not prolong his existence by virtue of hygienic breakfast food and coddled eggs alone. For at breakfast time he saw his father, and sat by him in a small high-chair, and gazed at him with adoring brown eyes, which sometimes made the elder Wentworth look suddenly away, they were so pathetically like the dead mother's. The elder Wentworth called his son "Tommy," and sometimes, inappropriately enough, "Buster," and again, "My little lad," a name which Thomas loved best of all because it made him think dimly and gropingly of his mother.

Once his father joked Thomas about his curls of a morning, and promised to have them cut off. But he never did, because Aunt Caroline at once said, in the hushed, awful voice one uses at a funeral:

"No, Henry, not while I am spared to care for your child. Have you already forgotten

how fond and proud his poor mother was of his hair? Not that I approve of fleshly pride, Henry, but the wishes of the departed are ever a sacred legacy—to me, at least—and I trust that the time given to Thomas's toilet is not altogether wasted."

In spite of Aunt Caroline's horrified remonstrances, the donkey also came to the breakfast table, and stood on the tablecloth directly in front of Thomas's plate and on a level with his spoon, which was convenient for the donkey and for Thomas when it came to provender. The donkey's appetite was prodigious for an animal of his size; he regularly made away with a whole wheat biscuit, an egg, and a slice of toast: that is to say, he consumed the above articles after the vicarious manner of a heathen deity, with Thomas in the role of officiating priest. But, though the donkey's blunt nose bore indisputable evidence of nourishment freely administered, he grew not a whit the fatter on these Barmecide feasts.

In two other important particulars Mr. Went-



"I came to ask you if I may hold my donkey for a little while"

worth's ideas ran counter to those of Miss Appleby: he issued strict commands to the effect that his son should play out of doors every day, both morning and afternoon, and he absolutely forbade the primer (also an heirloom) and pooh-poohed the idea of the multiplication-table which Miss Appleby almost tearfully advocated. This is how Thomas and the donkey came to be playing in Laura Middleton's sand-pile, and it is also correlated to the fact that Laura called Thomas a "poor little thing." She said, "One of your donkey's eyes is coming off, you poor little thing!"

Thomas paused in the digging of a hypothetical well and gazed anxiously at the donkey. "No, it isn't," he contradicted; "it's in by woots, same as your eyes."

Laura spread out her skirts with a giggle of tolerant amusement. "What an idea!" she said loftily. "Eyes don't have roots! But, anyway, I'll ask my mamma to sew it on for you, you poor little thing!"

Thomas gazed at Laura with some sternness,

though he did not fully understand the indignation swelling within his breast. "I'm not a poor little thing," he said briefly, and turned to his digging again.

"Oh, yes, you *are*!" retorted Laura, tossing back her forehead lock, which was short and straight and tied with a flaming crimson ribbon. Ordinarily this gesture, which was a frequent one with Laura, aroused a deep admiration in the breast of Thomas. On this occasion he was not aware of it.

"My mamma says you are a poor little thing, and you *are*," went on Laura, positively. "She told Miss Mary so. I heard her. 'Poor little thing,' my mamma said; 'he has no mother.' An' Miss Mary said, 'Poor, dear little fellow,' just like that, she said."

"Per'aps she meant 'e—'e gwocery man," demurred Thomas faintly.

"Mm—mh!" denied Laura, drawing her lips into a scarlet circle. "She meant you, Tommy Wentworth; 'cause I asked her, an' she said yes. An' we're all of us sorry for you—just as sorry as we can be, so *there*!"

Thomas stared perplexedly at the donkey; the donkey's eyes glistened brightly; one ragged ear waved in the wind. He was a very intelligent appearing donkey, and at that moment Thomas fancied he looked sorry, too. It was very depressing.

That night when Thomas, with the donkey under his arm, climbed up on his father's knee he snuggled his head back into its accustomed place. "Are you thorry for me, daddy?" he asked, after a meditative silence.

"Sorry for you, Tommy? Why, what do you mean?" asked his father, dropping his cheek to the top of the little boy's head, whereon the curls were comfortably tousled.

"Are you thorry for me 'cause I have n't any mamma?"

His father did not answer for a full minute; then he said, in the deep, quiet voice he used sometimes, "Yes, little lad, I am sorry for you."

Thomas held up five well-scrubbed fingers to the fire-light. "One, two, free, four, five," he counted deliberately, "'sides the donkey."

"Five what?" asked his father.

"Laura's mamma an' Miss Mawry an' Laura an' Bwidget—I asked Bwidget at tea-time, an' she said, 'Indade, an' I am that, you poor little thing.' Aunt Cawoline is n't thorry; she said, 'The Lord gave—an' the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord.' That's my verse for Sunday, too."

The elder Wentworth frowned at the fire in silence for a minute or two; then he told Thomas a fairy story—a "scruciatingly" funny one which made the little boy laugh aloud. As if the joyous sound was just what she had been waiting for, Aunt Caroline opened the door.

"It is time for you to retire, Thomas," she said in a pleasantly severe tone, which sobered the little boy instantly.

"Yeth, Aunt Cawoline," he said resignedly, preparing to slip out of his father's arms. But for once his father held him fast.

"How would you like to have me put you to bed?" he asked.

"Oh, daddy!" exclaimed Thomas, ecstatically.

It was a magnificent frolic which included a pillow fight, an even more "scruciating" story, and a sleepy cuddling against his father's big, warm hand. The little boy's eyes were closing blissfully when he opened them to murmur, "I did n't 'member to say my hymns an' pwayers, daddy."

[Concluded on pages 697 and 698]

Our Own Northwest

By Chauncey Thomas



PART I.

PRINTED MATTER sent out by cities and sections, like almost all advertising, has two characteristics: first, such matter overstates all good points and remains silent on the undesirable features; second, it is written in the interests of the place or party advertised and not from the standpoint of the outsider seeking information. The result, as every one knows, is that such information is misleading and unreliable, for nothing is so untrue as a half-truth. These articles will have the two opposite qualities: first, they will tell the full truth, *pro* and *con* without favor, of the Puget Sound country, the Northwest and the Pacific coast; and second, it is written, not for the benefit of any locality, but solely for the general public.

It is generally conceded, I believe, by the best and most far-sighted minds, that the greatest world trade of the future is to be across the Pacific. For centuries trade centered in the Mediterranean, with the result that the largest and most important cities of that time were formed on the shores of Southern Europe and Northern Africa: the discovery of America, then a wilderness, centered trade later in the Atlantic, and the most important cities of the world then grew up on the shores of Western Europe and Eastern America. So the cities of the Pacific coast of America in time will probably be in proportion to the trade across the Pacific, and the trade across an ocean, other things being equal, is in proportion to the number of people who live along its borders.

To-day, the Pacific coast of the United States has about one twelfth as many people as live along the Atlantic seaboard; yet the shores of the Pacific are many times richer in natural resources than are those of the Atlantic. There is hardly any comparison between the sterile hills of New England and the garden valleys of Washington, Oregon, and California. California alone is, broadly speaking, two thirds the size of France, and is easily capable of supporting twenty million people. France supports forty million. Along the lower half of the western seacoast, for hundreds of miles, there is but one world harbor—San Francisco. This fact alone insures to the Golden Gate a city as large as Paris, or even larger. It may be San Fran-

For the past year Chauncey Thomas has been traveling in the West for SUCCESS MAGAZINE, investigating certain impending financial deals and consolidations. His writings on financial and economic subjects need no introduction to the public. He handles his topic, not from a local point of view, nor in the light of temporary conditions, but by digging to the bottom, and with reliable accuracy putting forth the vital and enduring facts in such a plain, logical way as to make a large and complex situation clear and simple. His present article can be depended upon as a portrayal of the actual conditions of the Northwest inside the boundary of the United States.—The Editors.

cisco, or Oakland, or any other point on the great bay: in a large sense it matters not what the local point or name is, or will be. The important fact is that at the Golden Gate there is to be an American city of from two to five million people. The growth of this city—or of any of the other cities on the Pacific coast—will not be sudden, but it will be in exact proportion to the pressure of population in America, the awakening of Asia—as Japan has awakened—and the development of other Pacific shores.

But when one has said California one has said San Francisco—for reasons to be given in their proper place when railroad traffic is taken up. Enough to say here that in the long run San Francisco can never hope to compete with the Puget Sound country concerning inter—and trans—continental trade.

As for the earthquake—or “the fire”—its effect on the future of San Francisco will be practically nothing. Even now it is all but past, and the city is being rebuilt bigger and better and greater than before. San Francisco is still “the New York of the Pacific,” a position, however, she seems doomed to lose.

The World's Greatest Harbor

Coming up the coast to the Canadian line we find but three possible harbors: The mouth of the Columbia, Gray's Harbor directly on the coast a few score of miles farther north, and then the greatest harbor—a harbor of harbors—on the extreme northeast corner of the United States—Puget Sound.

Taking each one up in turn, we find the navigable mouth of the Columbia River but a mile wide, closed by a bar of heavy material very hard to control, and with no roadstead outside

in which to shelter storm-bound vessels. At enormous expense a breakwater might be built and a canal cut across some low land to get around the bar, but at the best this would be an uncertain makeshift available only in comparatively fair weather. Up the river, over one hundred miles away, is Portland. The United States engineers say that, money aside, be it ten or twenty or fifty millions, all one can ever hope for is to float a vessel of thirty-foot draft over the Columbia bar. In stormy

weather the bar might be closed not only for days, but possibly for weeks at a time, with waiting vessels outside, daily growing shorter and shorter of coal, at the mercy of the ocean seas on a lee shore. At the very time when the vessel needed the harbor most, the harbor would be its greatest foe. This also applies to Gray's Harbor, or any other on the coast closed by a shallow, stubborn bar. Once across the bar comes the long tow up the river at slow speed, as the passage must ever be an artificial one costing hundreds of thousands of dollars a year to keep clear of the peculiar heavy sand and silt rolling constantly down the Columbia. Nor does the Columbia itself amount to anything for water traffic above the mouth of the Willamette, because of falls and rapids; and it never can. So much against Portland, or any other point at the mouth of the Columbia, as a harbor.

Yet Portland has one thing in its favor—and mark this well—that exceeds all other harbors on the Pacific coast: it is the nearest to, in fact right at, the mouth of the one, great, natural, water-level land haul across the continent. For small vessels—twenty-foot now, thirty-foot in the future—with cargoes bound between many points on the far Pacific and Chicago and other inland points, Portland—or the mouth of the Columbia such as Kalama, Vancouver, or Astoria—is and *always will be* the shortest, quickest, and cheapest route.

Portland will also always have a good share of the Alaskan trade originating on the Yukon watershed, for vessels that can come down the Yukon can go up the Columbia, and once around that long Alaskan arm reaching out to the west the distance to any American port is about the

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Tacoma, "The City of Destiny," looking eastward toward Mount Tacoma. "Tide lands" on the left



Ice one thousand feet thick in a Mount Rainier glacier. Summer flowers in the foreground

same: so the port will be chosen by the cargo rather than by the distance. Trade from the southern shore of Alaska will naturally coast along behind the shelter of the islands into Puget Sound.

Another point in favor of Portland—or any point on the Columbia—is that of a fresh-water harbor; a great thing with ocean-going bottoms, as a few days in the fresh water kills the animal and vegetable salt-water growth, such as barnacles, and saves the heavy expense and delay of dry-docking and artificial cleaning. In this point of a fresh-water harbor, the Columbia has but one rival, Seattle. Tacoma has some fresh water in which to dock vessels, but not on the universal scale of Seattle and the Columbia.

The next harbor, passing by the small places and speaking in the sense of a world's trade, is Gray's Harbor, about one third the way, or fifty miles, between the mouth of the Columbia and the Line. The United States engineers say that about three million dollars will put thirty-foot bottoms into Gray's Harbor in good weather. To do so at the mouth of the Columbia will cost at least \$10,000,000. But Gray's Harbor is small and shallow and has not the drainage to keep clear a deeper passage-way for vessels; for be it known to the landsman that it is not dredging but ocean-seeking currents from great inland rivers that keep a harbor bar open. Gray's Harbor, like the Columbia River, is narrow to enter and has no protection for vessels waiting outside. Also, as in the case of the Columbia, the surf is terrific.

Farther north we seek, and right on the line we find a strait fifteen miles wide, deep and open beyond all need, with no surf and no bar, leading free and clear under full steam right into some of the finest harbors of the world. This is Puget Sound.

In a large sense Puget Sound is a great landlocked, mountain-protected harbor with a depth from one hundred to six hundred feet. In fact, its one fault is in its being too deep: practical anchorage being limited. It is so large that it is almost a long, narrow, island-dotted inland sea, greater in extent than probably all the other harbors on both United States seaboards put together. Here is coal in the hills by millions of tons. The other Pacific har-

bors have none so far discovered, excepting Coos Bay, below the Columbia, which is a small shallow harbor. There is a fresh-water lake at Seattle, five by twenty-five miles, into which three million dollars will let the largest ship that floats to rest in tideless dockage. Because of the curve of the earth, a man starting from this point is two days nearer the great harbors of Asia than if he were in San Francisco; and here, of all points on the Pacific seaboard, is where salt water with practically unlimited harbors meets the water-level haul into and across the United States.

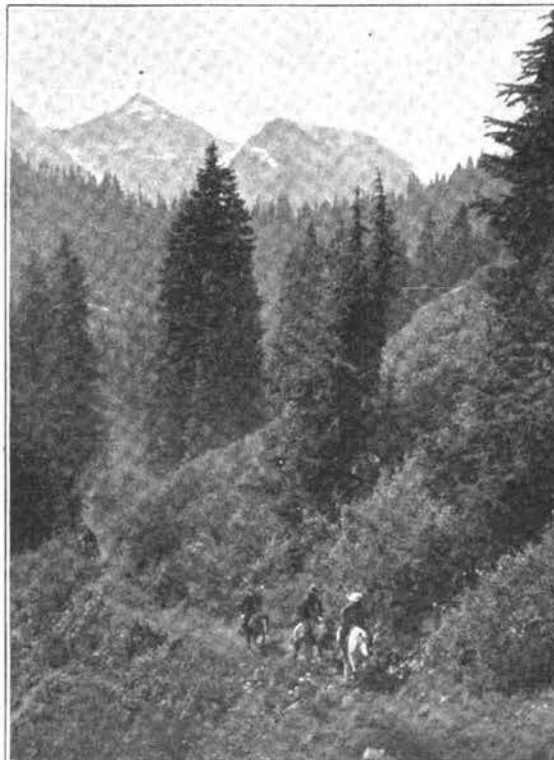
Any clear and informed mind can see the inevitable result: The trade of America on the Pacific Ocean is destined to flow through Puget Sound. That is, of course, the great trade that moves in the largest bulks, the longest trains, the deepest vessels; and with the greatest speed. For smaller items and between smaller points all possible ports on the Pacific coast—and they are but few in number—are assured of a traffic to their fullest limit: but the one route that has, from a human standpoint, practically no limit, is Puget Sound as a harbor and the Columbia River Cañon as the inland haul.

Puget Sound, so far as it concerns the United States, is, broadly speaking, in the form of a letter "T," resting on its side with the stem, one hundred miles long, opening onto the Pacific, and each arm seventy-five miles long and about five miles wide. The southern arm is divided into two branches of about equal length, one from three to five miles wide, the Sound proper, and the other about two miles wide, the Hood Canal, almost connected at their ends by low, marshy ground. Of course the Sound covers a great deal more area than this, as a glance at the map will show, but considering the waterways alone this description will do for our purposes here. Remember that all this water is clear and open to ships of any possible size, free of ice, rocks, and shallows, perfectly landlocked, protected by hundreds of natural fortifications, and safely navigable at any hour of the day or time of the year.

All along the top of the "T" is the Cascade Range; that is, between the Sound and the rest of the United States. This range, bear in mind, continues all along the coast about one hundred miles inland from Canada to



The residence of a Siwash Indian,—a disappearing form of habitation



On the way to Paradise Park, Mount Tacoma



The great Stevens Cañon, from an altitude of 7,700 feet



The Nisqually Glacier one time filled this valley

Mexico. Through it is but one opening—the Columbia River Cañon—until one gets down almost to the Mexican Line. The Olympics are an isolated group of the Coast Range bound by the stem and southern arm of the "T," the Columbia River, and the Pacific. Thus the lower arm of the Sound is inclosed by mountains that to the eye rise higher, steeper, and even more rugged than do the Rockies from Denver or Colorado Springs.

But between these Ranges, running south from the lower end of the Sound straight to where the Columbia River breaks through the Cascades, is flat land practically at a water level. In fact, the present miserable joke of a railroad between the Sound and the Columbia rises only 440 odd feet above the sea over a slight water shed, and this in an all day's run of 140 miles. So for all practical purposes this country between the most southern available point of Puget Sound and the Columbia Cañon is as level as a floor. Even the 400 odd feet can be cut materially by better surveys. At one time, far, far back, the Sound perhaps extended to the Cañon and the Columbia emptied into Puget Sound.

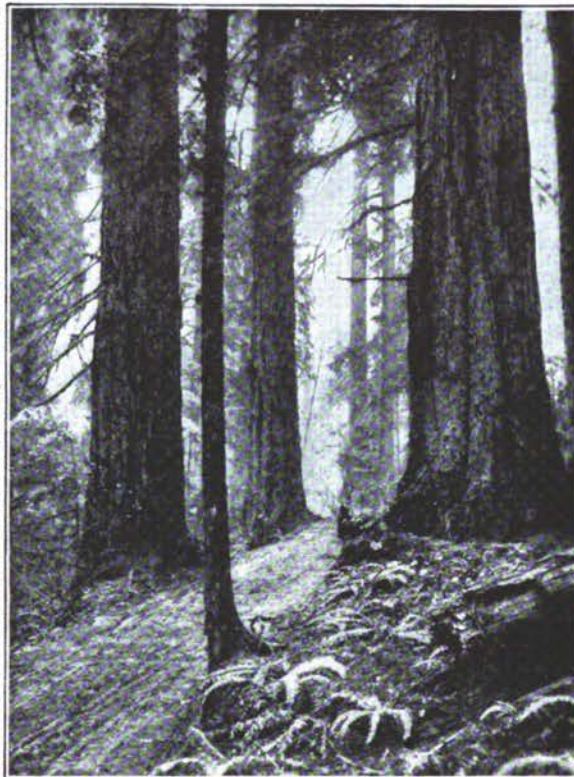
The United States engineers say that a ship canal is both possible and practical from the Columbia River to Puget Sound, also from Gray's Harbor to Puget Sound, and another connecting the lowest point of the Hood Canal with the lower part of the Sound. Thus three ship canals, costing all together not more than will the Erie Canal when the present improvements are done, will center not only land but water traffic also at the lower end of the Sound. The intervening land through which these canals can be—and in time will be—cut is low and level, in some places even marshy, and for a great part of the distances is already marked out by rivers. Look at the map. The inevitable result is this:

Traffic to and from all the northern part of the United States and the Pacific and beyond to Asia must roll along the water-level haul of the Columbia, across the lowest possible point in the Rockies and down the

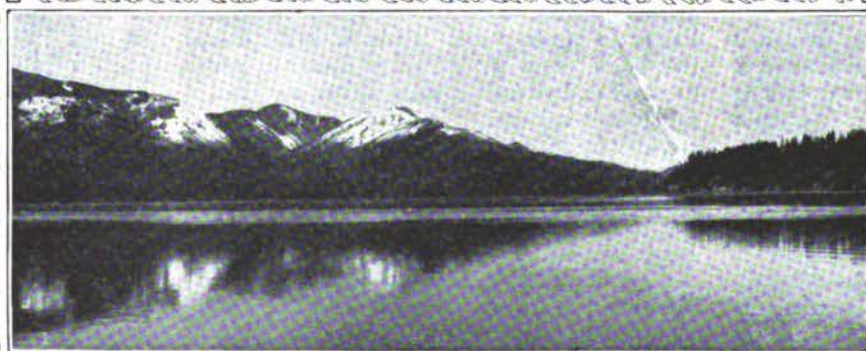


Siwash Indians trolling

for salmon near Seattle



In the forest reserves about Puget Sound there are millions of these giant trees, many of them over three hundred feet high



Olympic Mountain, as seen from the Hood Canal

great water routes of the Missouri. And so it does to-day. The Great Northern, the Northern Pacific, and the Union Pacific railroads follow these great natural lines of least resistance in a general way. Local conditions along the lines, a town or a city here and there, or the cost of a great fill or tunnel *en route*, have so far in a hitherto almost uninhabited country prevented these lines from making the most of this one great natural water-level haul across the continent. Now let us follow a train of cars westward from the Atlantic to the Pacific over the easiest—hence the quickest and cheapest—route across the continent: a water-level haul up the Hudson, along the Great Lakes, up the Missouri, and down the Columbia.

It is a startling thought at first, but it is possible, although not practical, to build a lock canal from ocean to ocean along this route. Nowhere else in America is such a road cut and filled by Nature; and along it in the older parts of the United States are to be found most of our great cities. If you branch off anywhere to the south, as some roads do at present, you encounter mountains piled on mountains. The total lift and fall to Puget Sound is only three miles compared to a total lift and fall of five miles into San Francisco.

Remember that a railroad bends up and down as well as to right and left, and to cross a one-thousand foot hill may, because of intervening ridges, mean a total lift and fall of two or even three thousand feet. Ignoring the odd hundreds so that the figures will make a clearer picture in the mind, to pull freight from Chicago to San Francisco over the present trans-mountain routes means lifting and lowering it over 10,000 feet—about two miles straight into the air and back—compared to hauling it up the Missouri and down the Columbia. And these lifts—these mountain ranges—can never be leveled nor tunneled, for

they are the Rockies, the Sierras and the Cascades—the greatest ranges

[Concluded on page 683]

I.

A whirlwind of faces adown the dark street,
A clatter of hoof-beats, a scuffle of feet,
A clanging of bells and a rumble of wheels
As round me the tempest Humanity reels,
As past me the Juggernaut Destiny reels!

II.

What on the faces that pass do I read?
Blood is the script and the motto is Greed!
Pale are the spectres that sweep down the pave,
Pale as the foam on the crest of the wave,
Pallid as foam when the angry seas rave.

The Mask of the City

By CHARLES KEELER

III.

Women and children and men in the throng,
Troubled with life in a tumult of wrong!
Weary of earning the boon of a grave,
Paying for power the price of a slave,
Selling their souls for the gold they may save.

IV.

Civilization and progress I hear
Dinned by a discord of pain on my ear,
A scramble for gold and a scuffle for gain,
And who shall not say at the last, "It is vain"?
And who shall not cry at the close, "All in vain"?

V.

Lift up the masks from the throng in the street,
Fling off the weeds of despair and deceit,
Under the turmoil of passionate strife
Pushes the spirit of beauteous life;
God is beneath all the pain that is rife!

Kendall the Missing

By Leavitt Corning

Illustrated by ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

THOMAS JEFFERSON PASTOR stopped me on the street one day and said:

"You think you're a whole lot tryin' to beat me with that kid candidate of yours for mayor."

He had guessed it.

"I hate to spoil the career," he resumed, "of a risin' young Republican boss, but I guess your Uncle Thomas J. will hold the lines a bit longer, in spite of you and Jack Kendall."

John Kendall was my "kid candidate" and I certainly did think he had a chance of defeating the crowd that had been industriously feeding Pastor at the expense of the taxpayers of Antwerp for twenty years.

I sized this up from my experience of about eight years, during which I had four times joined violently in the efforts of the Reform Party to defeat Pastor and his dummy mayor, old man Goldman, but they had been too much for us every time. This was principally because we had lost the confidence of the solid people in every contest by one or more foolish breaks.

But with Jack Kendall as a candidate we had started differently, and Pastor was worried from the jump. Jack was only six years out of college. He consulted me a whole lot, and that's why Pastor accused me of having aspirations; but I had n't any, and I could n't for the life of me see why Jack should n't come to me if he wanted to. He said he knew I was up on the game more than he, and, not being a college man (I had accumulated my legal education at "night law"), I was more in touch with the *hoi polloi* than he—which was probably true.

I looked brave at Pastor's talk though I did n't feel so. A political fox does n't exult out loud until he thinks he's got everything coming his way, and they're generally good judges about whether they're on top or not. I would n't ask him any questions for a farm. I was busy anyhow arranging for a Reform meeting for the next evening in the Main Street Opera House.

But there was n't any Reform meeting in the Main Street Opera House, nor anywhere else, for a very good reason. Pastor had secured exclusive contracts for every open date in every opera house and hall in town, including the city's own Auditorium. His cast-iron contracts with them all called for so much a day until election. Included in the contracts was a clause that permitted their regularly booked theatrical attrac-

tions to appear, but gave Pastor the right to pass on any other entertainment or meeting. It was the shrewdest and most effective move he could have made. It blocked our game effectively, because we had already lost the newspapers.

There were three papers in Antwerp. Jack was employed in the business office of one of them.

The morning paper, the "Call," had never balked on a Republican Presidential candidate. But in city affairs it favored "non-partisanship," and had passively or openly helped Goldman and Pastor for fifteen years. Peter Silverson owned the "Call" and the Antwerp Brewery, which financed and virtually owned ninety per cent. of the town's saloons. He was also the principal stockholder in the Antwerp Gas Company. He naturally did not favor Sunday closing or municipal ownership of natural monopolies. Pete was "Republican"—that is, he voted for Roosevelt, but he did n't figure that the President could ever attack his brewery and gas interests in Antwerp. He did figure that Kendall could. Consequently Silverson and his paper were "non-partisan."

The stockholders of the Antwerp City Railway were also in control of the stock of the "Evening Times," the newspaper in whose advertising department Kendall had a fairly good

position. The "Times" was also a Republican paper, but it refused to support Kendall. The business manager said he hoped that Kendall would not be elected, as he would then lose a good advertising man, and this gave him a partial excuse for not growing enthusiastic over the Republican-Reform ticket.

Then there was the "Evening Tribune," which was "Independent." Sometimes "independent" means one thing and sometimes another. In the case of the "Tribune" it meant "slide in where the pickings are best." Being "Independent" and not "Republican," it was natural that, inasmuch as there was no "Democratic" paper in Antwerp, the "Tribune" should be the printer of all the city "official notices," which brought in a tidy annual sum. Naturally the "Tribune" was not overvociferous in its opposition to Pastor and Goldman.

So there we were, running a Republican campaign in a town where there were three newspapers, none of them Democratic, and yet none of them on our side.

But our meetings had been successful, and, in spite of the newspaper reports, we had been drawing the crowds.

After Pastor's *coup*, the only place where we could hold meetings was in the open air, which is not a particularly warm or genial proposition in Antwerp in the early spring.

Look at our position; no more meetings; newspapers against us; nothing doing on the firing line. People began to laugh and say they could n't help admiring Pastor's shrewdness and all that. You know how it is. The cartoonists had a lot of fun and the paragraphers poked a few choice *bon mots* at us. When they get laughing at you in a reform movement you're gone; and pretty soon they did n't even laugh at us—the papers lost sight of us entirely, and began to talk occasionally about what was going to happen in Mayor Goldman's *next* administration, just as if the election were a mere formality.

It looked like a complete failure, and our own crowd became discouraged. The men we had confidently banked on to help us lost interest. We had succeeded in getting out a big registration before Pastor beat us out of the halls, but it did n't appear as if it would do any good. It was just in the air that we were due to lose, and



ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

I knew we would unless we did something unusual—and even then I did n't have much hope.

We did think of printing dodgers and throwing them about, but our crowd voted against it. Then we thought of the billboards, but Dave Jones owned them, and he was afraid Pastor's council would legislate him out of business with "fifty feet back from the sidewalk," or some such rule; so he sidestepped, saying that the boards had all the business they could carry.

Ten days before election our committee met and adjourned without doing anything. It was a situation that would have made a Napoleon do some tall guessing—and there were no argo or overwhelming numbers of Napoleons on that committee.

I am not above buying a boss a cigar. I have found that even a boss's ideas are worth having sometimes. I never saw the time that Pastor could n't give the opposition cards and spades and then beat them out. A man like that is worth knowing, especially if you are laying for him. So, one day I bought Pastor a cigar. It was in Big Hen Thomas's place. Big Hen was the president of the Board of Aldermen, and boss of the tenth ward, which contained many of the big saloons, most of the big stores, and a large section of the factories. The owners of the big businesses did n't live in Thomas's ward. They lived up-town and let the saloon keepers run the ward as they pleased. Al Smith was in there, too. He owned the largest theater in town. He came over and sat down with Pastor and me, and I saw that Pastor wanted to talk with him privately, so I left.

But I did n't go out. Just as I reached the door I got a sudden idea. I wanted to find out what Pastor had to say to Smith. So I waited around, and when the waiter came over to fill the order I slipped him a dollar. "There's more," I said, "if you tell me what they're talking about."

The waiter was Walt Anderson. I knew him well, and had done him some favors. He said he would do what he could, and promised to come down to the office at four, when he was off duty for a couple of hours.

He was on time. He said that Pastor wanted to get out of his contract with Smith for the theater, and had offered Smith five hundred dollars to release him, as he had no use for it, with the campaign five days from the finish and nothing but a cinch in sight. "Smith did n't want to, a bit," said Walt, in concluding his little tale, "but I guess he concluded he'd have to."

Two days after that, about ten thirty in the evening, I hurried over to the Central Police Station and asked if anything had been heard of Jack Kendall. A fat lieutenant was playing penuche with the night police reporter of the "Call," and he looked around and said, "What's the matter?"

"Plenty," said I. "Jack Kendall has disappeared."

"Who's that; the lad that's trying to run for mayor?" asked the reporter.

"That's him," said I. "He has n't been home since lunch. He has n't telephoned his wife, and she's scared to death. She tells me she has found one or two anonymous letters in his mail since he has been running, threatening him with violence unless he quits talking about the council and its award of the last school-house and sewer contracts."

Then I produced one of these terrible letters

and put it down on the table within reach of the reporter, who at once copied it.

J. Kendall, Esq.—Dear Sir: You are making a picturesque campaign, but you must quit or suffer. What difference do a few dollars make to you? Poor men must be fed. You are watched and listened to. Any further movements in public or PRIVATE will meet with stringent punishment from people WHO STOP AT NOTHING.

"Last four words, also word 'private,' under-



scored," remarked the reporter. "Obviously written in disguised handwriting. What do you make of it, lieutenant?"

The lieutenant was wise and suspicious. He asked a lot of questions, but I had as many answers as he had questions. Then he took me in to the chief of detectives. "The last his wife heard was at five thirty, when he telephoned her and said he would be an hour late, owing to a meeting of the Republican committee," I said. The chief telephoned to the chairman, and he said that Kendall had not been at the meeting. The chief began to look serious. He sent for Johnson. Johnson was the best detective in town. The chief told him my story, and sent him out to see Mrs. Kendall at once.

I went out to "get a cigar." They had a telephone pay station in the cigar store, and I wanted to break the news of the detective's visit to Mrs. Kendall. Then I returned to the station and gave the chief a cigar. Also the "Call" man. Also the lieutenant.

The "Call" man was writing hard. He started to "pump" me about Jack. He was one of the few reporters in town that did n't know him. I told him a lot of things that looked well next morning on the front page.

Johnson came in just after the reporter left. He reported that Mrs. Kendall had refused to see him. "There's nothing there, anyhow," he said. "She sent me this."

He produced a note addressed, "To the Police." It said: "Mr. Henry knows all or more than I do regarding my husband's disappearance. Will you not see him, please? I am sure he is doing all he can to help. Dorothy Madison Kendall."

"That's tough," said the lieutenant, and he choked a little.

Thirty-six hours went by—two days before election—and nothing new about Kendall. Our committee held a meeting of gloom. The papers speculated a little about what we would do.

"What can we do," said Chairman Higginbotham to the reporters, when they approached

him, "until we know if he's dead or not?" Then he choked a little, and I was sorry for him.

There was talk about Pastor being responsible for Jack's disappearance. This talk got into the papers, and Pastor had himself interviewed about it. "Why, that would have been coarse work," he said. "We had him beat, anyhow, and did n't have to resort to under-handed methods."

The wise ones said it was n't like Pastor and some other wise ones said it was. There was terrible excitement. When a man bought a paper on the street the first thing he turned to was the "disappearance news."

With Kendall out of the way, Pastor had no further reason to retain his hold on any of the theaters, so he bought releases on his contracts, among them being a contract for the Auditorium, which seated eight thousand people.

The morning of the day before election I engaged the Auditorium for that night. I told the manager that I'd hold a meeting there that night which would fill the hall. "How can you fill that hall to-night?" he said. "You have n't advertised a bit."

"Never mind," said I. "I'm going to advertise to-day."

He gave me one of those pitying looks that people give deluded fools and asked me what kind of a show it would be. He laughed when I told him it was going to be a free lecture.

Then I went over to a room that I had engaged at the Hotel Belmont. There were exactly fifty-three men there. I had advertised for them in the morning paper "to carry bills at good pay." I hired them all. At two o'clock I took them over to a printing office, furnished them with one thousand handbills apiece, and sent them into the outskirts of town. I told them to work back, not missing a house or a person they saw on the streets.

At three o'clock a reporter for the "Tribune" stopped me on the street and wanted to know the truth of the rumor that Kendall had shown up. "Yes, he's back," I said, "or will be back to-night in time to address the voters of Antwerp on the issues of the campaign at the Auditorium. Better come around. He'll tell you all about it then."

Then I shut up like a clam. In a short time an extra appeared giving my talk in as many words as possible. The "Times" also got busy, and its extra was only about fifteen minutes later than its rival's. Both of them, I was charmed to note, mentioned the fact that Jack was going to speak at the Auditorium.

The opposition assembled at Thomas's at five thirty. Pastor told them not to worry. Said he'd fix it in the "Call" in the morning, have it called "grand-stand play" and "trickery." "The people have made up their minds to vote for us," he said, "and won't change at this late day."

Then they followed the crowds to the Auditorium. It was fifteen minutes past seven, and there were already four thousand people there. On the way over, Pastor got hold of one of the dodgers I had sent out. One of their crowd told me afterwards that it took the old man ten minutes to read and digest these few simple words:

[Concluded on pages 689 and 690]

Responsibility Develops Power

ORISON SWETT MARDEN

THERE is enough latent force in a Maximite torpedo shell to tear a warship to pieces. But the amount of force or explosive power in one of these terrific engines of destruction could never be ascertained by any ordinary concussion.

Children could play with it for years, pound it, roll it about, and do all sorts of things with it; the shell might be shot through the walls of an ordinary building, without arousing its terrible dynamic energy. It must be fired from a cannon, with terrific force, through a foot or so of steel plate armor, before it meets with resistance great enough to evoke its mighty explosive power.

Great Emergencies

Discover

Great Men

Every man is a stranger to his greatest strength, his mightiest power, until the test of a great responsibility, a critical emergency, or a supreme crisis in his life, calls it out.

Work on a farm, hauling wood, working in a tannery, storekeeping, West Point, the Mexican War, doing odd jobs about town, were not enough to arouse the sleeping giant in General Grant. There is no probability that he would ever have been heard from outside of his own little community but for the emergency of the Civil War.

There was a tremendous dynamic force in the man, but it required the concussion of the great Civil War to ignite it. No ordinary occasion touched his slumbering power, no ordinary experience could ignite the dynamic powder in this giant. Under common circumstances he would have gone through life a stranger to his own ability, just as most of the great dynamite shells now in existence will probably never be exploded because of the lack of a war emergency great enough to explode them.

Farming, wood-chopping, rail-splitting, surveying, storekeeping, the state legislature, the practice of law, not even the United States Congress, furnished occasions great enough, resistance strong enough to ignite the spark of power, to explode the dynamic force in Abraham Lincoln. Only the responsibility of a nation in imminent peril furnished sufficient concussion to ignite the giant powder in perhaps the greatest man that ever trod the American Continent.

There is no probability that Lincoln would have gone down in history as a very great man but for the crisis of the Civil War. The nation's peril was the responsibility thrust upon him which brought out the last ounce of his reserves, his latent power of achievement, the resources which he never would have dreamed he possessed but for this emergency.

The School of

Necessity Makes

Giants

Some of the greatest men in history never discovered themselves until they lost everything but their pluck and grit, or until some great misfortune overtook them and they were driven to desperation to invent a way out of their dilemma.

Giants are made in the stern school of necessity. The strong, vigorous, forceful, stalwart men who have pushed civilization upward are the products of self-help. They have not been pushed or boosted; but they have fought every inch of the way up to their own loaf.

The stalwarts, the men of iron, of stamina and grit, are self-made. They are giants because they have been great conquerors of difficulties, supreme masters of difficult situations. They have acquired the strength which they have overcome.

Many of our giant business men never got a glimpse of their real power until some great panic or misfortune swept their property away and knocked the crutches out from under them. Many men and women have never discovered their ability until everything they thought would help them to success had been taken away from them; until they had been stripped of everything that they held dear in life. Our greatest power, our highest possibility lies so deep in our natures, that it often takes a tremendous emergency, a powerful crisis to call it out. It is only when we feel that all bridges behind us are burned, all retreat cut off, and that we have no outside aid to lean upon, that we discover our full inherent power. As long as we get outside help we never know our own resources. How many young men and young women owe their success to some great misfortune, which cut off a competence—the death of a relative, the loss of business or home, or some other great calamity, which threw them on their own resources and compelled them to fight for themselves!

Self-Reliance

Calls Out Initiative

Responsibility is a great power developer. Where there is responsibility there is growth. People who are never thrust into responsible positions never develop their real strength. This is one reason why it is so rare to find very strong men and women among those who have spent their lives in subordinate positions, in the service of others. They go through life comparative weaklings because their powers have never been tested or developed by having great responsibility thrust upon them. Their thinking has been done for them. They have simply carried out somebody else's programme. They have never learned to

stand alone, to think for themselves, to act independently. Because they have never been obliged to plan for themselves, they have never developed the best thing in them,—their power of originality, inventiveness, initiative, independence, self-reliance, their possible grit and stamina. The power to create, to make combinations, to meet emergencies, the power which comes from continuous marshaling of one's forces to meet difficult situation to adjust means to ends, that stamina or power which makes one equal to the great crises in the life of a nation, is only developed by years of practical training under great responsibility.

There is nothing more misleading than the philosophy that if there is anything in a youth it will come out. It may come out, and it may not. It depends largely upon circumstances, upon the presence or absence of an ambition-arousing, a grit-awakening environment. The greatest ability is not always accompanied by the greatest confidence or the greatest ambition.

There is, at this moment, enough power latent in the clerks or ordinary employees in almost any of our business houses to manage them as well or better than they are managed to-day, if the opportunity and necessary emergency came to call out this dynamic force.

But how can clerks who remain behind counters, measuring cloth, selling shoes or hosiery, year in and year out, ever know what latent power for organization or executive ability, what initiative they possess? It is true that some of the more ambitious and courageous get out and

Put Responsibility

on Your

Employees

start for themselves, but it does not follow that they are always abler than those who remain behind. Sometimes the greatest ability is accompanied by great modesty and even timidity. Then, again, employees conscious of great ability are often deterred from taking the risk of launching out for themselves because of possible disaster to those depending upon them for daily bread. But thrust great responsibility upon a man, drive him to desperation, and the demand will bring out what there is in him. It will call out his initiative, his ingenuity, his resourcefulness, his self-reliance, his power to adjust means to ends. If there are any elements of leadership in him, responsibility will call them out. It will test his power to do things.

I have in mind a young man who developed such amazing ability within six months from the date of a very important promotion, that he surprised everybody who knew him. Even his best friends did not believe that it was in him. But the great responsibilities, the desperate situation thrust upon him brought out his reserve power, and he very quickly showed of what stuff he was made. This promotion, and a little stock in the concern, which was given him, aroused his ambition and called out a mighty power which before he did not dream that he possessed.

Tens of thousands of young men and young women to-day are just waiting for a chance to show themselves, waiting for an opportunity to try their wings, and when the opportunity, the responsibility comes, they will be equal to anything that confronts them.

Proprietors of large concerns are often very much exercised by the death of a superintendent, a lieutenant who has managed with exceptional ability. They often think that very disastrous results will follow, and believe it will be almost impossible to fill his place; but, while they are looking around to find a man big enough for the place, some one, perhaps, who was under the former chief, attends to his duties temporarily, and makes even a better manager than his predecessor.

There Is a Man

at Hand

for Every Position

Young men and young women are rising out of the ranks constantly, everywhere, who fill these positions oftentimes much better than those who drop out and whose places it was thought almost impossible to fill. Do not be afraid to pile responsibility upon your employees. You will be amazed to see how quickly they will get out from under their load and what unexpected ability they will develop.

Many employers are always looking for people outside of their own establishment to fill important vacancies, simply because they cannot see or appreciate a man's ability until he has actually demonstrated it; but how can he demonstrate it until he has the chance?

There are probably to-day scores of young men in every one of our great business houses who are as capable as the present heads. There is no position that cannot be filled as well or better than it is being filled now, by someone who is still in the ranks and who has not yet been heard from in any distinctive way.

When some great statesman falls, the people often look about to find that there is apparently no one to fill his place; but from an unexpected source—perhaps from a little out-of-the-way town, from the common ranks—remarkable men are always rising who are equal to the emergency.

[Concluded on pages 699 and 700]

Enter the Princess

By Charles Battell Loomis

Illustrated by HARRIET ADAIR NEWCOMB

It was a day in early April and clouds uncertain of purpose flecked the intense blue of the sky that lies above good old New York. Mandeville Leffingwell Stewartson had sat at his typewriter a solid hour racking his brains for an idea. He had written only five stories since April Fool's Day and already the month was a week gone. Had his creative impulse left him? Was he no more to drive the wolf farther and farther from the door as he had been doing for a whole season? Must he number himself among those dreary has-beens who go on living desolate, dreary, and saddened lives when they are superseded by the new Thackerays and McCutcheons of the day?

No, he would not submit to it. If he could no longer write stories that compelled acceptance—if he could no longer write such stories by dipping into his full brain and lading out oysters of delectable fancy he would go out and seek for adventure.

Where were the scenes of some of the most popular stories laid? Why in Madison Square. How did the writers begin them? By walking into the Square and sitting down beside the most uncompromisingly unpromising looking person to be found there. Good. Having found the *locale* of his adventure the thing to do was to go there at once. If he had good luck his adventure should not take more than half an hour and then he could rush back to his room, dress it up, and sell it to any one of the half dozen magazines that had been started since Christmas.

He dressed himself carefully, having decided to pose as a well-to-do and benevolent man of leisure, and walked from his rooms to the park that lies so close to the heart of New York. Three times he circled the gayly flowered reservation, seeing none of either sex that attracted him. There were tramps, but they did not look as if they contained literary material. There were nursemaids, but he was not after a flirtation. He wanted heart interest (for what is a modern story without heart interest), but he did not care to get it in so crude a form. There were little children playing at their games, but he had forewarned children's stories some time since, as there seemed to be a growing coldness for such tales on the part of editors, and as a feeler of editorial pulses Stewartson was a past master.

Across the street from Madison Square Garden with its romantic tower walked a slender woman unfashionably clad but possessing two eyes whose deep luminosity would have stirred the soul of a poet. Stewartson was not a poet—he was a short-story writer—but he was attracted by the limpidity of the eyes, and when the woman approached the bench on which he sat he hoped that she was Romance coming to sit by his side to give him the copy he needed so in his business. She looked at a bed of tulips with unseeing eye and heaved a sigh that spoke volumes.

"Poor girl, she has a secret sorrow," said Stewartson to himself. "She ought to be good for ten pages and she would illustrate well. What soulful eyes!"

Slowly her eyes swept the horizon bounded by the hostelry that has looked down upon the passing of some of the most romantic people of modern times together with many Brooklynites who love to walk Broadway on pleasant Saturday afternoons. This act brought her face to face with Stewartson and at sight of him she stopped, hesitated and then said:

"Sir!"

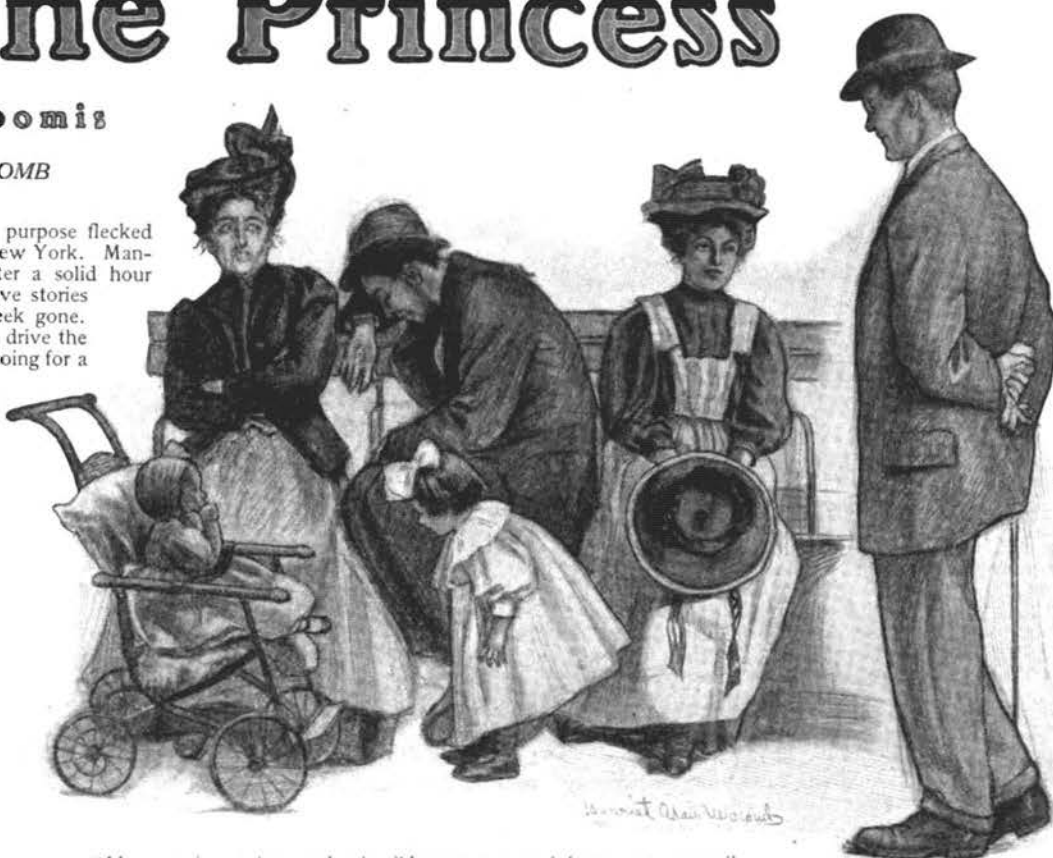
"What can I do for you, my poor woman?" said Stewartson, ready to laugh with joy that he had decided to come out after copy instead of improvising in his usual fashion.

"Oh, sir, if I could trust you!"

"Those who know me best trust me most," said Stewartson, just as easily as if he had studied the phrase for hours.

"But I know you not at all," said she, sinking down upon the seat beside him.

He noticed the turn her English had taken. If she had said, "I don't know you," he might have felt that she was a parlor maid out of work, but the use of the inverted form showed him that this was no ordinary woman who was sitting by his side.



"He wanted heart interest, but he did not care to get it in so crude a form"

"What is it? Has the husband cut off the pin money or is it that one's lover has proved—" He hesitated.

"Oh, it's nothing like that," said she.

She looked him full in the eyes. She looked right through him, so he felt, and yet he hoped that she did not divine that he was a writer after copy. He was indeed that, but he would be glad to serve this woman. He was a good American and no good American but is willing to help a woman if he does not have to go too far out of his way. She was momentarily growing more interesting to him. What pools of softest brown her eyes were! And there was refinement in her delicate nostrils and her little throat. Yes, he would help her quite aside from any story of heart interest she might have to give him.

"Before I can tell you the story of my life," said she in mellow tones, "I must know something of the kind of man you are." She paused, and then said slowly: "Once—there—was—a—man—"

"Say no more," said Stewartson, gallantly; but when she took him at his word he could have cursed his tongue. What romantic story might she not have been on the point of telling him!

"You," said she, looking pleadingly into his face, "tell me something of yourself."

Should he do so? He eyed her with keen interest.

It was all in "Who's Who," but there was little that was romantic in it. It read:

Mandeville Leffingwell Stewartson, Author, b. Three Forks, Indiana, Sept. 16th, 1876; s. J. M. and Sarah (Cowles); ed. Freshwater University, Coldstream, Ind.; grad. 1900. Writer of fiction, including over 1,000 short stories to all the leading monthlies and weeklies. Address, 1450 Broadway.

"I can see by the lines in your face that yours has not been an ordinary history," said she, and, so tempted, he fell.

"Ah, there is really little I can say about myself," said he, deprecatingly; but he felt that if he had been at his typewriter a

story would have sprung fresh minted from the keys—and so unloosing his imagination he said:

"I live here in New York, but I was not born here."

"It's easy to see that," said the soulful-eyed one, in such a tone as implied a subtle compliment.

"My father was a traveler, a globe trotter as he phrased it, and he spent many years in India. There he met my mother, who was—who was a Bashi Bazouk, having been stolen from her home by the Ahkoond of Swami. It was a case of love at first sight, and as she would not become an Episcopalian my father became a Bashi Bazouk—"

"I thought a Bashi Bazouk was—"

"Most people think that," said he, realizing that he must be on thin ice and bent on bluffing it out. This was indeed no ordinary girl or the very name Bashi Bazouk would have meant as little to her as it hitherto had to him.

"He embraced her religion and her and gave up all thought of further travel, settling in the little town of Parmah. There I was born."

"Your eyes show Eastern origin," said the girl.

"Yes, so people say, although I'm a good enough American now. Well, my father was of a restless disposition, and after a time he—well, he left my mother and we did not know where he had gone. We followed him to every capital in Europe, but always too late to catch him. In Vienna my mother was taken ill with a malady common to women of her caste in her country and she was laid up in a Viennese hospital for two months. While she was there I fell in love with a princess. She had eyes like—like yours."

The eyes of the girl beside him fell and she seemed struggling with an emotion.

"Go on," said she in a voice that sounded forced.

"Go on."

"This princess was of the house of Laszchtkoffski—the woman by his side caught her breath.

"I—I was merely the abandoned son of an American. It was a mad whim on my part, but I felt myself as good as any of the Austrian nobilities and I succeeded by means that it would take too long to tell in gaining an audience with this divine being. Can you imagine the rest?"

He paused and looked at her.

"You were seized, thrown into prison, and while you were there your mother, your devoted mother, passed away."

"That's it exactly," said he; "how did you know that?"

"Oh, it has happened to so many," said the young woman. "It has happened—" And then she caught herself and shut her lips.

"Tell me one thing," said Stewartson. "Are you an American?"

"Can you ask it? With my eyes? No, I am Austrian—but go on. I want to hear all your strange story. How you have suffered!"

"Indeed I have, but now cannot I help you? I have told you enough to show you that I am to be relied upon. You can surely trust me."

The young woman looked furtively from under her



"Oh, sir, if I could trust you!"

long lashes at him. "Have you lunched?" said she. He looked at her once more and at once saw that part of her sorrow was caused by hunger.

"My dear young woman," said he, rising, "forgive my thoughtlessness. Will you not let me accompany you to some quiet restaurant where we may lunch together and where you can tell me at your leisure the sad story of your life? You say you are an Austrian. If for no other reason I, an American in spite of my Oriental birth, would do all for you that a chivalrous man can do. Fortune has favored me of late years. Come, let us go and have something to eat."

"You are so kind," said the young woman, a tear, a real tear, absenting itself forever from her eye.

"No, it is no more than any one would do for one in trouble."

When at last they were seated in a little French restaurant not far from Broadway, on a side street, Stewartson said:

"And now let me ask you to tell me how you, an Austrian, come to be here and in sorrow?"

"Oh, do you not see?" said the girl. "Are you indeed blind? How many times did you see the princess?"

What? Had he really happened on the real thing? Wildest nonsense as his yarn had been, had he happened on what was to this girl a truth? Had some American seen her, and had she been a princess? Having for years dealt with romanticisms that dealt with court life it did not seem so improbable that a woman of noble blood should have been led to sit down beside him on a park bench. Romance, Romance with the most capital of letters, had come to him.

"Will you not have some sea bass? They have it very nice here."

"No, merely some ham and eggs and a glass of milk. I like your American dishes."

There was no denying the beauty of the woman before him. In spite of her mean attire she could not hide the evidence of her aristocratic lineage. What if he sat before his affinity?

"I saw the princess," said he, "but once, to talk with her, but that was enough to stamp her features



"I'm thrown in prison for your sake?"

indelibly upon my memory. As soon as I saw you coming toward me—"

"You made up your mind that I—"

"That you were indeed—"

"Say no more. Need I say that I recognized in the man on the park bench the one who had been—"

"Thrown in prison for your sake?"

"Thrown in prison for my sake. But I heard that you had escaped. They told me you had gone to America, and one day, taking all the means I could lay my hands upon, I took steamer (after several days of lonely journeying) at Rotterdam and came to this country."

"My dear, devoted girl."

"All for you."

She looked into his eyes languorously and pressing the tips of her slender fingers together, she said:

"Tell me, what do your intimate friends call you?"

"My full name is Mandeville Leffingwell Stewartson," said the writer, pausing as he always did to see whether the name would connote anything to the listener. But if it connoted aught to the girl before him she did not show it.

"My friends call me the foolish nickname of 'Mandy.'"

She hesitated a moment and then laid a white hand on his wrist.

"And may I call you Mandy?" said she, in tones that were almost inaudible.

"If I may call you by some pet name. What is your name?"

"Sophie Hortense Antoinette Valerie Romanoff Esterhazy Laszchikoffski," said she, without pausing for breath. "Call me Soph. Oh, my dear young man, that we should have met in the beautiful romantic park of the Madison Square! Hardly a *magasin* but has some story of a meeting on the benches in the park, and to think that amid the tulips I found my handsome American who had dared to love me in old Vienna among the pretzels and the lebewurst and the hot frankfurter and the Würzburger!"

"What?" said Stewartson, in astonishment. This was not the speech of romance but of burlesque. Was the girl making fun of him?

"Didn't we meet at the Pen and Pencil Club, last winter," said she, "and aren't you doing a little writing now and then in every magazine in town?"

Stewartson's hands fell into his lap, taking with them a fork which fell to the floor. "What do you do for a living?" said he.

"I do specials for the Sunday Edition of the 'Star.' They told me to go up to Madison Square and see if I could hit on any romance good for a column and a half. I recognized you from your Indian-a-cast of countenance as soon as I saw you, and seeing that you did n't recognize me I proceeded to string you. Are you going to make a story of it?"

"No, I'll leave it for you," said Stewartson, with admiration. "All I do is to pay for the lunch."

"I'll be ready, John, just as quick as you come and button my waist for me."

"Yes, dear."

"Don't begin at the bottom, John. You can't button a waist from the bottom. Begin at the top—in the collar there."

"All right," said John, cheerfully.

Pause.

"What's the matter, John? Can't you find the buttonholes?"

"There, I've got the first one," said John, triumphantly. "By jingo, I haven't, either! I've got it buttoned into a hole in the lace. I'll have to unfasten it. There—now we're getting along."

"You're awfully clumsy, John. How many buttons have you got fastened?"

"I've got one all right," he declared. "This lace collar's the hardest part of it. I guess it'll be plain sailing as soon as I get that done."

"Well, let me see if I can do that," she said, a little impatiently, twisting around before the mirror and putting both hands back of her neck.

"You've got the second one buttoned into the third hole," said John, watching her manipulations. "Maybe I can fix it now; my fingers are rested."

"Well, for goodness sake, hurry, or we'll be late. I'm getting all tired out standing up here, and my hair's coming out of curl. Can't you hurry a little?"

"I'm hurrying as fast as I can," he suggested amiably. "It's new work for me, you know. I don't see what they make waists button up the back for, anyway."

"No, I don't suppose you do, and I don't see what men put short collar buttons through two or three thicknesses of starched collar for, either. We're no more foolish than you are. Haven't I helped you hunt underneath the bureau for a collar button many a time?"

"Well, we won't argue about it," he said soothingly. "There, I've got the collar all done. It'll be easy now."

"Have you got all four buttons of the collar fastened?"

"Are there four of them? By gracious, I thought there were only three! I missed the third one—the collar's folded down so. I'll have to unfasten the last one and button the third."

"Well, John Dixon, you are smart! Did n't I

Poor John!

By JAMES W. FOLEY

tell you there were four buttons on the collar?"

"I didn't hear you, dear," he said meekly. "Don't twist around so. You'll have the second one out next. There—I thought you would. Now I've got to begin all over."

Silence.

"My face is getting so red I'm ashamed to go anywhere," she began, dabbing some powder on her nose. "How far down are you now?"

"Don't raise your arms up that way," he cautioned her. "You make it gape in the back, and I can't button it at all. There—the collar's all done now, dearie. Just a few minutes more. One—two—three—four—five—six—seven—eight—" he counted slowly. "Only seven or eight more. Now! That's all but the hook and eye."

"What makes that little bulge up there near the top?" she inquired, looking sideways into the mirror. "Well, I declare, John Dixon, if you have n't missed one of the top buttons and got it all buttoned crooked! Well, you are a smart one!"

"That don't make any difference," said John, soothingly. "Nobody will ever notice that."

"Now, John Dixon, if you think I'm going downtown with a hump on my back like a camel and my waist buttoned crooked, you're mistaken! Besides, I'm so warm and tired I don't care whether I go now or not—so there! You can unbutton the whole thing, and I'll take it off and stay at home."

Tears.

"For goodness sake, don't cry over a little thing like that," said John, in distress. "I'll button it up again in a jiffy."

"I'm not crying over the waist. I'm crying because you're so cross and mean and hateful. Don't start to button it up again. I don't want it buttoned."

"I wouldn't act like that, dear," he protested.

"There is n't any use quarreling about a little thing like buttoning a waist."

"I'm not quarreling," she declared tearfully. "I've stood up here for half an hour, until I'm all tired out, and I've been just as patient as I can be, and you say I'm quarreling."

More tears.

"Haven't you got another waist that buttons easier?" he suggested. "Maybe I could button another one in a minute."

"No, I haven't," she said. "They all button down the back."

"Then I guess we'll have to give it up," he admitted. "I'll telephone down and tell them not to hold the tickets."

"John Dixon, do you mean to say you're going to miss that performance because you're so stupid you can't button my waist for me?"

"I don't see how I can button it if you won't let me try," said John, meekly.

"Who said anything about not letting you try," she retorted tartly. "The trouble is you did n't want to be bothered about it in the first place, and you did n't try."

John sat down in a wicker easy chair. "Now, dear," he said, "if you will just say what you want me to do, I'll do it. But don't let's quarrel."

"Nobody's quarreling, John Dixon. If I can't ask you civilly to do a little thing for me without being accused of quarreling, I'd like to know it. There!" she said, twining her arms about her neck and making a grimace, "I've got the four buttons in the collar fastened myself. Now just see if you can't button the rest of it without missing any."

John approached with dumb resignation.

"You'd better wash your hands, too," she suggested. "You'll get the back of it all soiled."

John obeyed.

Two or three minutes later it was all done. John bent over and kissed her.

"If you had tried in the first place, dear," she said, "instead of being impatient with me and not caring, we would have been spared all this bother."

"I know, I know," he agreed humbly. "But it's all right now, is n't it?"

"I do hope my eyes won't be red," she murmured. "And John, tell me, is my hat on straight?"

I
The Day—of sorrow pitiless,—
Proclaims, "He is not here."
But never hath the tenderness
Of Night denied thee near.

LIGHT AND DARKNESS
By JOHN B. TABB



II
Nay; with the twilight sympathy
Returning from afar,
She wakes again for Memory
The dawn-extinguished Star.



The Garo Studio, Boston

"The world can tell the difference between an honest man and a faker"

The Real Lawson

By Frank Fayant

"Don't try to fool the world, for it will not be fooled. It can tell the difference every time between an honest man and a faker."—THOMAS W. LAWSON.

IS LAWSON an honest man, or a faker? A sober-minded seeker after the Truth, or a mere hare-brained ranter? A benefactor or a charlatan? A real force in our economic life, or only

"A loud, loquacious, vulgar egotist, Whose 'I's' and 'Me's' are scattered in his talk Thick as the pebbles on a gravel walk?"

If Lawson is all he would have us believe—an economic revolu-

The Life-story of One of the Most Remarkable and Most Misunderstood Men of the Day.—How He Has Risen from Obscurity and Poverty to a Position of Great Wealth and Become a Molder of Public Opinion.—An Unprejudiced Measure of His Character and His Place in American Life.—In this Series Mr. Fayant Will Lay Bare Mr. Lawson's Record as a Speculator, Promoter, Publicist, and Reformer

tionist who will change the face of the country overnight by a financial cataclysm—then he is the most commanding figure to-day in America.

If he is all his enemies paint him, then he were better dead, for so unscrupulous an impostor is more dangerous in the community than a fire-brand in a powder house.

It is idle to try to dismiss Lawson from the public mind with a jest, or to try to blot him out with a curse. He is not to be laughed away, nor damned away. It is idle to say that it is n't worth while taking his measure. The very vehemence of the outcries against him disproves this. No man in America is more hated and despised; and no

The Gurney Studio, Boston

The Gurney Studio, Boston



Mr. Lawson at his eldest daughter's wedding



Mr. Lawson in 1875, aged 18, as a member of the Massachusetts militia. He was then worth \$60,000, which he had won in stocks



Mr. Lawson in 1882, aged 25

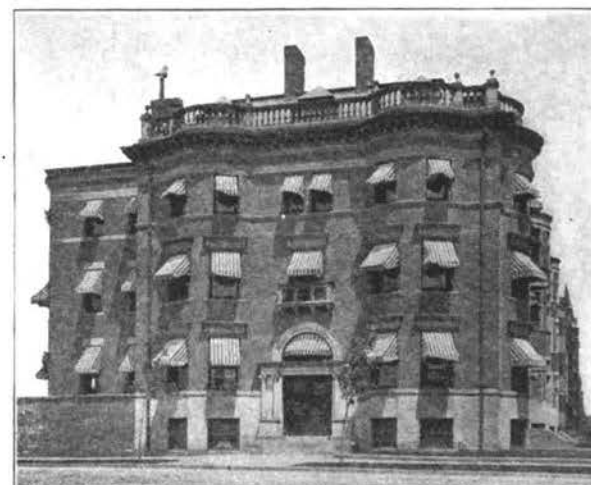
The Gurney Studio, Boston



No. 27 Sullivan Street, Charlestown, Boston, where Mr. Lawson was born. The site of the house is marked with a cross (+)



Mr. Lawson in 1880, aged 23



No. 1 Charlesgate East, Boston, Mr. Lawson's town house, overlooking the Charles River and the Back Bay Fens

man not in political life has such a legion of followers.

What could be more worth while than to take the measure of a man of so remarkable a personality that, while a former high legal officer of the Government publicly flays him as a "notorious frenzied faker, who, like a crazed Malay, is running amuck"; while a former high financial officer of the Government dismisses him as a "discredited, disreputable, despised stock jobber, who glories in his infamy"; while one of the leading copper miners of the world holds him up to scorn as a "panderer to the worst prejudices of the people, a synonym of chicanery and misrepresentation, a parasite upon honest labor, a selfish egotist looking to nothing but his personal gain"; while a state senator calls him a "contemptible liar and a cur"; while a leading alienist stamps him in unqualified terms as a "dangerous paranoiac"—while he is damned from one end of the country to the other as a charlatan, impostor, lunatic, trickster, faker, egotist, thief, liar, and perjurer, one of the foremost publishers in the country, the man who spread "Frenzied Finance" month by month over the face of the country, pays him this solemn tribute:

"When America needed a father, God raised up Washington. When America needed an emancipator, God raised up Lincoln. It is my belief that, for the troubles that beset the country at this time, God raised up Lawson."

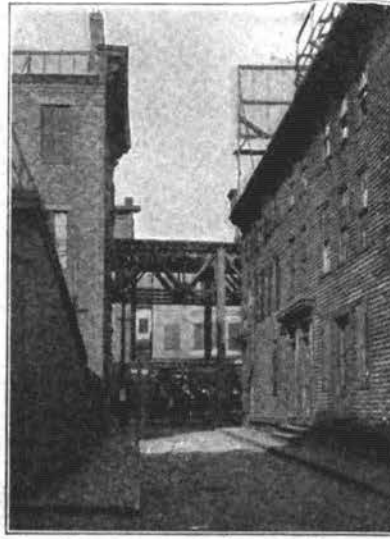


Mr. Lawson in 1869, aged 12, when, against the wishes of his parents, he obtained his first position as an office boy in State Street, which is the Wall Street of Boston

In no common mold is fashioned a man who, rising from poverty and obscurity, with a masterful ambition for wealth and power, wins his way into the inner councils of the most powerful financiers in the country, puts through a deal netting a profit of \$46,000,000 overnight—his own share making him one of the rich men of the country—and who then, quarreling with these modern highwaymen over the division of the plunder, enters into a bitter fight to crush them; a man whose fortune has been made entirely by gambling, speculation, and stock manufacture—the parasitical trades of the financial world, but who cries out in bitter denunciation of "the 'made-dollar' fortunes gained by trick of finance, evasion of law and brutal and ruthless stock manipulation"; a man who spends \$200,000 building a yacht to defend the "America's" Cup, and who, when defeated in his fight to force her into the race, tears her to pieces and spends another \$100,000 putting his story of the Cup in imperishable form in every great library in the world; a man who takes a ridiculed mining property of doubtful merit and adds \$8,000,000 to its market value in four weeks by sheer audacity; a man who spends in a single day in newspaper advertising an amount equal to a day's income of 50,000 ordinary American families, and who only laughs when he finds he has thrown his money away; a man who cries "panic" in one day's newspaper broadside and makes the markets of the world tremble, a half billion dollars of market



"Glorious Bonnie," one of Mr. Lawson's coach horses

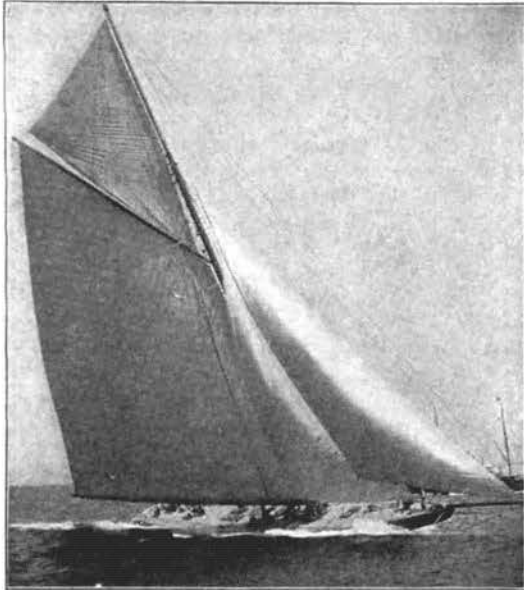


Thorndike Street, Charlestown, Boston, a humble part of the city, where Mr. Lawson's father and mother lived after he was born



"Dare-Devil," for which Mr. Lawson paid \$50,000

Photograph by T. E. Marr, Boston



"INDEPENDENCE"

Built by Mr. Lawson, at a cost of \$200,000, to compete for the "America's" Cup, and soon afterward broken up

Photograph by T. E. Marr, Boston

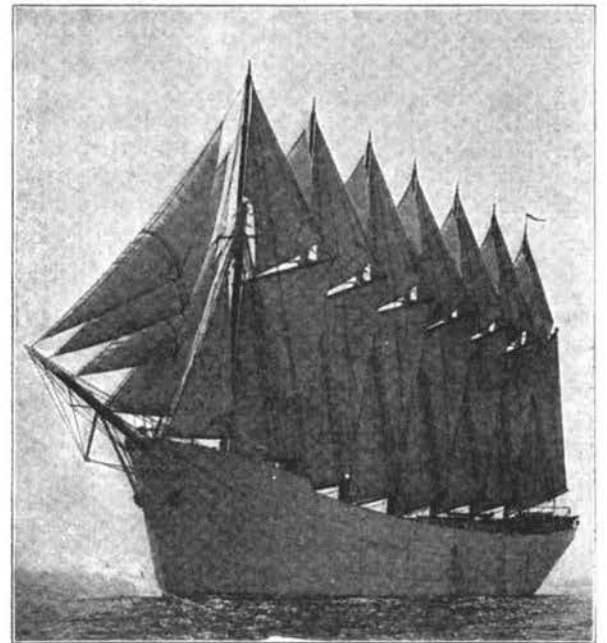


"THACKERAY SODA"

One of Mr. Lawson's costly thoroughbred English bulldogs



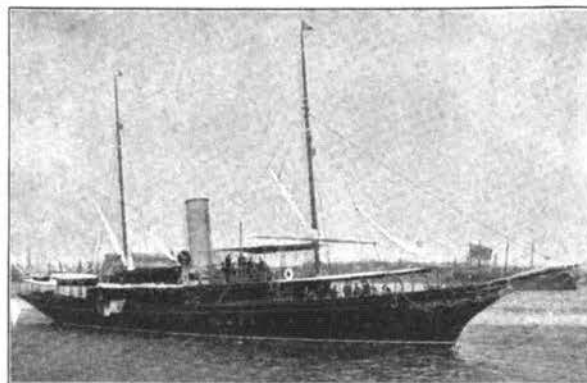
Photograph by T. E. Marr, Boston



"Thomas W. Lawson," the only seven-masted schooner ever built

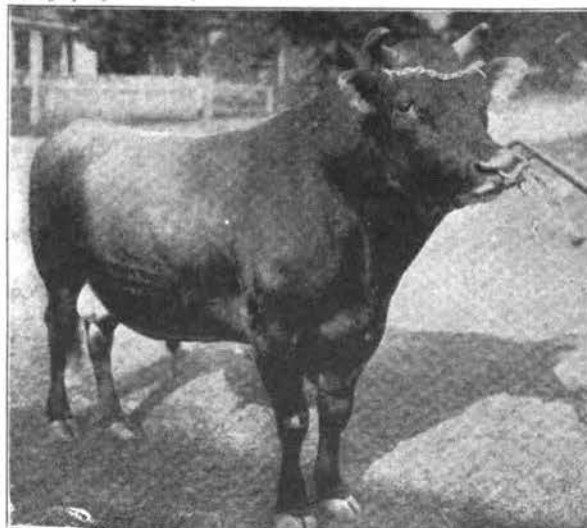
values melting away in the following three days of financial slaughter; a man who buys and sells \$40,000,000 worth of securities in five hours, in the open market, in broad daylight, without once showing his hand; a man who, to wreak vengeance on the most powerful financial leaders in the country, lays bare the dramatic, amazing story, in its most intimate, personal details, of his eight years' lieutenantcy under the war horse of the Standard Oil party, and burns all his bridges behind him.

This man is not to be laughed away nor damned away. He is a factor in American life, and his measure must be taken. To take his measure as an American citizen we will lay bare his record as a gambler in stocks, his record as a prophet of the rise and fall of the financial markets, his record as a promoter of mining and industrial ventures—we will tell how he has played the game—just the plain tale, without passion or prejudice, without any frills or furbelows of rhetoric. If we find that for years he has been stealing from his neighbors' pocketbooks, that he has been telling palpable lies, making false prophecies, and preaching false doctrines—if we find, in a word, that Truth and Lawson have not gone hand in hand since that day, thirty-eight years ago, when the lion and the unicorn on the old State House in Boston saw him come into State Street to seek his fortune, then we need no longer give him our serious thought. We may watch him, per-



"Dreamer," formerly Mr. Lawson's steam yacht

Photograph by T. E. Marr, Boston



Mr. Lawson's prize bull, "Flying Fox"

haps, with the idle curiosity that we give the mountebank on the village green, who harangues the credulous bumpkins and exchanges his worthless nostrums for their good money. With Lawson's record laid bare we will know whether he is a man with a real remedy for our economic ills, or only a mountebank with a worthless nostrum.

And so to look back to find how Lawson came to be where he is—and to find out what he is.

Thomas William Lawson was born in poverty. His magnificent country estate, a little way out of Boston, on the South Shore, built out of a million or two of his profits in the Amalgamated Copper flotation of '99, he describes as "the picture painted in poverty." As a poor boy in State Street he dreamed of making a great fortune and having a wonderful farm, with stables full of blooded horses and cattle—and when he made the fortune and realized his boyhood dream he named the farm "Dreamwold."

The boy's father was Thomas Lawson, a carpenter, born in Sackford, Nova Scotia, in 1821, who went to Boston in the early '50's and made his home in Charlestown. The Charlestown Directory of 1854 contains this entry:

LAWSON, THOMAS. Carpenter. Boards, 23 Henley Place

Henley Place is a short street ending at the Navy Yard wall—one of the many streets like it in ugly Charlestown, dirty, unkempt, illsmelling, the home of th

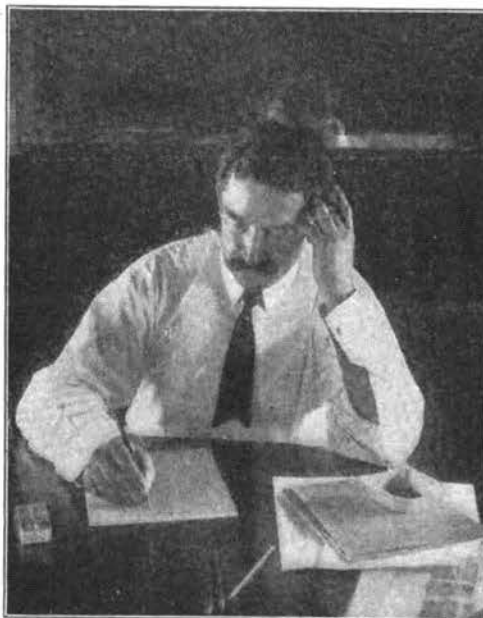
shiftless poor. Half a century ago, when the young carpenter from Nova Scotia lived there and courted Anna Loring, a young Irish girl, the daughter of John Loring, Henley Place was, perhaps, not so uninviting. They were married November 30, 1854, and went to live in Lawrence Street, near the old burying ground, and just a stone's throw from the State prison. Lawrence Street now is one of the poorest quarters of the town—a narrow lane of poverty. Two years later they moved over into Sullivan Street, near High Street—a better neighborhood. Some of the two-storied, gable-roofed houses that stood in the street when the Lawsons lived there before the Civil War are there to-day, but the Lawson home at No. 27 burned while they were there.

It was in that gable-roofed house that Thomas William Lawson was born on February 26, 1857, the year of one of the great financial panics. When the house burned the family moved to Thorndike Street, now a dirty alley running off Main Street, the old highway through Charlestown. Soon after the Civil War began Thomas Lawson joined the Third Massachusetts Cavalry. He was in the war three years, and came back home broken down in health. He died not long after. While he was away in the army his wife took the children over to East Cambridge, and there the Lawsons lived during the boyhood of the man who was to make his fortune in State Street. Their home was in Sixth Street, near Otis, just across from the Thorndike public school—an unpretentious quarter of the town.

He Tired of School Early

The fact about Tom Lawson's school days that is most interesting now is that he was the boy who was picked to go out behind the barn to fight the new boy. He had a bad temper and loved a fight—and he would fight fair if the other boy did. But if the other boy did n't fight fair, young Tom would throw aside all the rules of the game and kick and bite as viciously as the other fellow. And this is the way Lawson fights to-day. He plays the game by the rules until the other fellow hits him below the belt, and then Heaven help the other fellow.

His school days were short. At the age of twelve he tired of study. He wanted to get out into the world and make money. His father, a physical wreck from the wounds and sickness of warfare, had difficulty in providing for the family, and Tom wanted to earn money to give his mother and sister more of the comforts of life. One day he ran away from school, crossed the Charles River into Boston, and wandered into that marvelous thoroughfare, running from the old State House straight out to the wharves, where men planned great enterprises—railroads and mines and manufactories—and made fortunes overnight in daring speculations in stocks and gold. Other poor boys, with nimble wits and lofty ambition, had gone into that golden way, and had won fortunes—



Mr. Lawson writing "Frenzied Finance" aboard the train on which he toured the Middle West in 1905

why not he? Just below the old State House, at the corner of Congress Street, a sign, "Boy Wanted," hung in a banking house window. The truant asked for the place and got it. That night, when he went home to his mother and told her he had gone to work for three dollars a week in State Street, she scolded him, and the next morning she sent him back to school. But the boy skipped off to State Street again to earn that three dollars a week. His mother, when she found he was not in school, went over to Boston and brought him home. He begged and pleaded with her, and, failing to win her consent to leave school, he asked one of the men from the banking house to plead for him. The mother was won over, and young Tom went back to State Street, and there he has been ever since. His offices to-day are just across Congress Street on the neighboring corner.

That was in 1869, a memorable year in American finance—the year of "Black Friday" in the gold room, when Jay Gould and his fellow conspirators were thwarted in their bold plot to corner the gold market; the year in which the two oceans were connected by rail in the driving of the last spike on the Union Pacific. The country was in the full swing of the commercial expansion following the war. New England capital was going into great railroad enterprises beyond the Mississippi and copper mines on Lake Superior. For twenty years Boston had been slowly developing the Lake mines—the Cliff, the Quincy, the Adventure, the Phoenix, and the Copper Falls were already old mines. The Calumet and Hecla had just been opened. But although copper mining was booming in the time of young Lawson's going into State Street, the entire output of all the copper mines in the country in 1869 was only equal to the twelve weeks' output to-day of the Calumet and Hecla alone. The country was young when the Cambridge schoolboy entered State Street. Steel rails were just beginning to be used, steel bridges were unknown, and electric cars, electric lights, and the electric telephone were scarcely dreamed of. The yearly output of iron and coal then was less than the monthly output now; while the yearly output of copper and oil—the two fortune-makers of the Standard Oil party—was less than a fortnight's output now. Yes, the country was young when Lawson took his first lessons in the school of finance.

His First Days in Business

The banking house at the corner of State and Congress Streets, where the twelve-year-old began his career, was that of Stevens, Amory, and Company. The late Horace H. Stevens, the head of the house, was one of a family of Boston financiers who played a big part in those days in the direction of banks, railways, and insurance companies. The

Stevens were powerful in the old Globe Bank, Horace Stevens succeeding his father as president of the institution.

About the time Lawson went to work for Stevens, Amory, and Company, Charles H. Cole found a



A painted frieze of Mr. Lawson's favorite bulldogs in his country home "Dreamwold." These nine dogs cost him nearly \$50,000

similar position in the Globe Bank. Thirty odd years later, when the bank went under in the collapse of the copper speculation that followed in the wake of the Amalgamated Copper promotion, it was Lawson who, as the Boston lieutenant of the Standard Oil party, tried in vain to save Cole, the head of the bank, from prison.

Young Lawson had not been long in the Street before he began to gamble in stocks. Lawson has the speculative instinct; it is as natural for him to trade in stocks as it is for the farmer to barter his grain. A favorite phrase of his is, "Making money in speculation is the easiest thing I do." Because of his alertness, his energy, and his good judgment, young Lawson came to be intrusted with more important work than that of mere errand boy. The Stevenses were closely in touch with some of the big deals in the Street, and Lawson, with a sharp ear and a quick perception of the meaning of news marketwise, turned his knowledge to profitable account. The Street began to hear of him as a very knowing youngster, and he gathered about him other young fellows who joined him in pools in the market. Before he was sixteen he was counting his gains and losses in four figures.

One of his early *coups* was in the stock of the Cincinnati, Sandusky, and Cleveland, since swallowed up by the "Big Four." The president of the road, Rush R. Sloane, one night sailed across Lake Erie to Canada in a yacht, carrying the company's books and cash with him. The stock slumped violently to three dollars a share. Negotiations were opened for the return of the company's property, and, as Stevens, Amory, and Company were largely interested in the road and conducted the negotiations, young Lawson kept his ears open. He knew that a patching up of the trouble would mean a quick rebound in the stock. He made up a pool to buy it. He was sent over to the directors' meeting at which the return of the road's assets was arranged for, and the moment he saw which way the wind was blowing, he rushed the news back to his associates in the pool. They bought the stock around three dollars, sold it around sixteen dollars, and cleaned up a little fortune. Lawson's share was several thousand times as large as his weekly salary.

The boy did not always win. He played then, as he does now, for big stakes, and played to the limit of his purse. A favorite local speculative stock when Lawson was in his teens was Boston Water Power. It was going to be worth a good deal some day, when the city bought some lands the company owned in the Back Bay district. This was before the Back Bay improvements of Governor Rice's administration. Every little while there was a rise in Water Power stock, on the expectation that the deal would go through. And, correspondingly, the stock slumped every time the deal failed to go through. Young Lawson got into the habit of betting that the deal would not go through—selling the stock whenever the city authorities met to discuss the deal, and buying it back cheaper after no action had been taken. But one night the deal did go through. Lawson, as usual, was short of the stock up to his ears, and in the violent rise the next morning he lost all he had—and his bank account in those days ran up into the tens of thousands. The thing that made him tremble that morning was

not the loss of the little fortune he had accumulated, but the thought that his losses might be more than he could pay, forcing him to ask for help. But he met them all, and had \$159 left. Going broke was part of the game, and, in the words of a veteran player of the same great game, when he lost millions three years ago trying to corner the stock of the Southern Pacific, he was "annoyed, but not embarrassed." The young plunger took his \$159 and gave a dinner at Young's Hotel to his associates in the Water Power pool. The five-dollar bill that was left after paying the check he handed to Horace, the head waiter. For years Lawson has made his headquarters at Young's. When he first went into State Street he saved up a dollar and a half to go up to Young's for luncheon, and brush elbows with the men from the financial quarter who meet there daily, and he has been lunching at Young's ever since. Lawson's three small rooms on the third floor of Young's, at the corner of Court Street and Court Square, just across from the Court House—rooms crowded in studied disorder with books and bronzes and pictures—are his financial headquarters. But there is as little evidence of business in this secluded den as one would find in a retired country gentleman's library—not even the whir and click of the stock-market ticker. The ticker is in Lawson's office over the way, in State Street—but in that office he is never seen.



The school from which young Lawson ran away

Young Lawson soon recovered from his disastrous speculation in Water Power, and it was not long before he again had run his bank account up to five figures. Before he reached his majority he handled more money of his own than many well-to-do men do in all their lives. He made money easily and lived

accordingly. When he was having a run of luck he spent money freely. When he was only a young errand boy in the banking house he took the hundred dollars the firm gave him as a Christmas gift and spent nearly all of it buying a present for his sister. Out of the first big money he made as a boy, he bought a pair of black horses and proudly drove them down through State Street. He did most of the foolish things that foolish young men do who make money quickly in gambling. He began making trips down to Providence with other young men with fat pocketbooks.

Ever since Lawson has come into national prominence as a foe of high finance, stories have spread from mouth to mouth of his early days in Providence. These stories have crystallized in the circumstantial report that Lawson early in his life was a faro dealer in a gambling house, and that he was a partner of Richard Canfield, who later came into prominence as the keeper of a richly appointed gambling house in New York's fashionable Fifth Avenue district, where the gilded youth of the second generation gambled away their inherited wealth. It is true that Lawson gambled in Providence in his early days of prosperity, but no evidence has been discovered to show that he ever was interested in gambling as a business. When he began his bitter fight against the Standard Oil crowd, three years ago, detectives were sent to Providence to make out a case against him, but they failed to discover anything more than that Lawson, like other speculators in stocks, had gambled as a pastime. It is idle to deny that Lawson

(Continued on pages 701 to 703)

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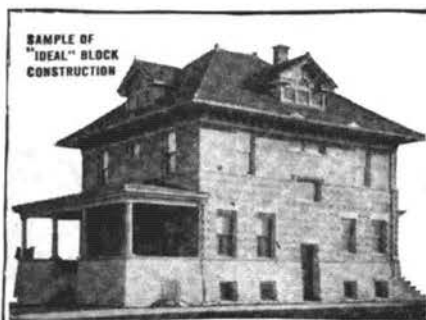
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The Pulse of the World:



Made-To-Order Panics

A RECENT depression in Wall Street securities, which assumed the bugaboo of a panic, was nothing more than the customary trick which gamblers and stock jobbers manipulate whenever they are brought face to face with the law. It has happened before.

The reason why stocks are forced down by the financial tricksters is to frighten the public into requesting President Roosevelt to put a stop to the measures that will prevent a future looting of the public by the Standard Oil Company, the Tobacco Trust, and others, who had forced down the values of certain industrial, which had already attained unusually abnormal and unseasonable prices. These concerns stood to lose millions on paper, but they expected that their trick would throw many small brokers into the street, cause banks to fail, and create a general run of hard times such as, it will be remembered, occurred in 1893. As a result there were no failures. The natural prosperity of the country prevented that.

When the whole thing is boiled down to a nutshell, the President simply said to the corporations, "You must obey the law." That is the whole force and purpose of his action. Nothing more: nothing less. If the railroads would attend to their business of railroading, and not become the mere gambling chips of Wall Street; if they would go ahead in an absolutely legitimate way and divorce themselves from the quotation board; if they would obey the laws, prevent rebating and graft, they would not stand in fear of the President and the people.

This can be done, and we beg to quote no less eminent an authority than Andrew Carnegie. Mr. Carnegie never invested one dollar in Wall Street. Primarily a worker, he built up one of the cleanest and most prosperous industries in the world, and he believes that it is absolutely unnecessary that any corporation must rely on its permanency and success because its stock is jobbed and fluctuated by the Wall Street methods. Hear what Mr. Carnegie says:

It is a good day for the country when gamblers and speculators come to grief. I wish I could invent a plan whereby both sides would come to grief. I never made a dollar on the Stock Exchange in my life. Let me speak for the business men of the country. Wall Street is not America. Speculation is a parasite feeding on values and creating none. I think it about time we business men should decline to recognize men who make money without rendering some value, either in service or giving something in exchange or in manufacturing something.

Read that paragraph once more.

* * *

No Quarter

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT's Provincetown speech, Secretary Taft's indorsement of the administration's policies, and Attorney-General Bonaparte's recent utterances all show that the United States Government intends to keep after the wealthy malefactors until the law is obeyed. The strongest possible pressure has been brought to bear upon the administration to make it let up on the corporation crooks who find themselves in danger of punishment. Like sheep in a storm, the subsidized newspapers huddled together, bleating about the ruin of the country and the woes of that new creation, "the innocent investor" (successor to "widows and orphans"). Attorney-General Bonaparte's proposal that violators of the anti-trust laws should be put in jail like small-scale thieves was met with cries of "anarchy."

Yet the administration has gone on enforcing the laws we have and planning new measures that will meet the situation better. A policy so aggressive is bound to be wrong at times; these mistakes are the penalty we have to pay for having a President who is not dead. There will be many sincere friends of the people and of popular government who will not always agree with Mr. Roosevelt. But the mass of the people know that he is fighting their fight. They are not susceptible to machine-made panics; are not frightened by a slump in Wall Street which injured nobody but the gamblers who guessed wrong. They know that the business and credit of the country are unimpaired, that legitimate investors in legitimate industry have nothing to fear from the prosecution of criminals. They intend that this fight go on as aggressively as possible. The man who can best lead this fight will have their support for President.

* * *

The Revolt of the Telegraphers

Any book of industrial etiquette will tell you that it is not "good form" to go out on strike. The strike is the most wasteful method of settling industrial troubles, and like other warfare is justifiable only as a last resort

against tyrants. Judged by this standard, the recent revolt of the telegraphers does not merit unqualified endorsement. It was premature, sporadic, not absolutely the last resort. It plunged the country into expense and inconvenience without first exhausting all other resources. By its hasty action the Telegraphers' Union endangered the chance of righting the grievances of the operators.

This was unfortunate because the grievances of the operators were many and great. The telegraph companies were as tyrannical and arrogant in their treatment of their employees as they have always been in their dealings with the public. A perfect monopoly in so far as wages and rates are concerned, the two companies forced down one while they raised the other, kept one hand upon the throat of the telegraphers and with the other maintained a strangle hold upon the public. They arrogantly refused to treat with their employees, did not recognize the union which the telegraphers had formed for their own protection, and even refused to admit the existence of a strike.

The lot of these useful public servants is not an enviable one. The trade has lost the attractiveness for young men which it had some years ago. In the face of increased cost of living, salaries have declined, the hours are long, the work nerve-racking, the chances of promotion small. Women are being put in the places of men and are paid less for an equal amount and quality of work. And the workers in this skilled trade which requires education, accuracy, and intelligence are now aspiring to the wages of scavengers.



The Pacific Cruise

IT WILL be very unfortunate if the Navy Department sticks to its decision to send most of our heavy fighting ships to the Pacific coast. It is one thing to take our battleships on long practice cruises and quite another to leave the eastern coast practically without defense while our fleet maneuvers about San Francisco harbor. If our navy has any use at all, it is to provide constant defense to the chief seaports of the country. San Francisco should have its fair share of this protection, but it does not need eighteen battleships and six big cruisers. Although we are on terms of friendship with Europe it is never wise to assume that peace will last forever. Then, too, in the unlikely event of war with Japan, our unprotected eastern coast could be reached through the Suez Canal.

It is this Japanese question that forms perhaps the strongest reason why the fleet—or at least most of it—should be kept in Atlantic waters. The insane war talk of a few months ago indulged in by hot-heads and encouraged by unprincipled newspapers has fortunately subsided. The common sense of the people was too strong to permit them to be carried away by sophistries. But is there not grave danger that such feeling will be revived by the hostile attitude apparent in the massing of our fleet in the Pacific?

Is there not a possibility that San Francisco thugs, inflamed by the thought of our naval prowess, would repeat their unwarranted attacks upon the Japanese and thus give the Asiatics real cause for war? Nobody would regret such a contingency more than the President, and no doubt he will revoke or modify the fleet's sailing orders.

* * *

Peace and Democracy

WHENEVER we have nothing better to do we poke fun at the Hague Peace Conference. The diplomatists are so far behind international public opinion that they present a rather ridiculous spectacle like a suit of armor or a king or a horse-car. Beneath this amusement there is a more serious feeling that a czar redhanded from the murder of his subjects, a king waxing fat upon unspeakable crimes against the Congo, and a sultan reveling in massacre, are not the most likely advance agents of universal peace. Nor do we expect much from a kaiser who has several hundred military uniforms or from a strong government fresh from the subjugation of the Boers. When Japan announces that she is a lover of peace, we want to go to some quiet place and laugh; Paraguay, perhaps, or Beluchistan, but not Japan. "Hypocrites," we say, and turn our attention to other things.

To tell the truth, the fourth session of the Peace Conference has made almost no appreciable step in advance. It renewed the resolution of 1899 recommending the limitation of military expenditure; it "hoped" vaguely and indefinitely that the powers would disarm. In the actual achievement of this congress, we find little encouragement. But in its educational effect there is tremendous value. The habit of international assembly is getting stronger with each succeeding congress. These royal gentlemen may be hypocrites, but how

Our Personal Opinions

long has it been since sovereigns found it necessary to be hypocrites about war? The peace feeling is growing at marvelous speed. Smokeless powder and long-distance guns have taken the glory out of war and left only a dangerous trade. In the minds of the great mass of the people there is a growing conviction that they are dupes who fight for the glory of emperors or the enrichment of plutocrats; that the common man has nothing to gain by war and everything to lose; that the defense of liberty is the only justification for the shedding of human blood.

It is this awakening democracy that is forcing successive peace conferences; in this popular demand and not in the graciousness of sovereigns lies the hope of universal peace.



Railroads Cry for It

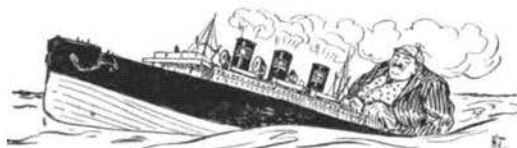
IF you want to make a railroad prosperous and happy, pass a two-cent law. We are forced to some such conclusion as this by the news from Minnesota. Out there the people rose in their blind, unreasoning might and passed a law making the maximum passenger rate two cents a mile. They did not investigate or anything; they were in a hurry. At first the octopus protested, but it finally agreed to give the new rate a trial.

Now there is a wicked wink in that octopus's eye. It appears that everybody went to visit his Aunt Mary forthwith. Minnesotans for whom railway trains had been only nuisances which scared horses began to travel. The grasping corporation finds that it is doing more business and collecting more revenue than it did last year. It likes to be regulated. It could not afford to charge three cents a mile. If the legislature does not establish a minimum rate the railroads will doubtless keep on reducing fares until staying at home is a luxury which only the rich can enjoy.

If this state of affairs becomes general there will be interesting developments. Railways will stop protesting against having their revenues increased; they will come to the Government hat in hand begging to be regulated. One morning we will hear that the Pennsylvania is trying to lobby through a one-cent rate. The next day the New York Central will be asking permission to carry children free. Passengers will be presented with flowers and cigars. "Bless me this is pleasant."

Sawing Wood

THE Public Service Commission of New York continues to justify the hopes of the people and of its creator, Governor Charles E. Hughes. Already it has found that the city is being defrauded on the expense account of the subway system. Only by burning their books has the surface line company escaped prosecution for its wholesale exploitation of stockholders. Finally, and to the people most important of all, these efficient public servants are making valuable and practical suggestions for improving disgraceful transit conditions.



The Administration's Traveling Man

HIS large bulk and genial disposition, his avowed candidacy for the presidential nomination, his recent public indorsement of the Roosevelt policies, all lend interest to Secretary Taft's trip around the world. His task of teaching the infant Philippine government to walk makes his journey one of historical importance. William H. Taft, efficient runner of important errands, big brother to our dependencies and charges, has a large contract on his hands at the opening of the first Philippine legislature. A majority of the members of the Philippine Congress are pledged to advocate Filipino independence. Secretary Taft knows this; no American knows the temper of our island possessions better than he. If friendliness and tact and knowledge of the situation can do it, our secretary of war will start the Filipinos cheerfully on their way toward civilization and independence.

The rest of Secretary Taft's journey around the world will doubtless be spent in learning how friendly everybody is to the United States. In the meantime he will find out how friendly the United States is to Taft.

If the world had more secretaries of war like William H. Taft it would have less war. His name should be "Tact" and his title "Secretary of Peace."



A Lonesome Exposition

DOUBTLESS a number of very pleasant things might be said about the Jamestown Exposition. It were strange, indeed, if each succeeding exhibition of this sort did not contain a number of new and interesting features reflecting the progress of art and science. But judged by the standard set by the big American fairs, the Virginia show is a failure. The people have not attended it in large numbers; it is doubtful whether they will do so during the fall months. Among those who did go we find a remarkable absence of enthusiasm. For one thing, the management was slow in finishing the buildings and exhibits. One does not, without protest, spend one's railway fare to look at scaffolding and to listen to the industrial but unmusical sound of hammers. Besides, conditions have so changed in the last three hundred years that Jamestown is no longer the center of America's population. Then, again, with all due respect to the early Virginians, it was thoughtless of them to settle in a country which gets so warm in the summer time. The Pilgrims were much more farsighted in this respect.

Back of all these difficulties there is a pretty general sentiment that we are overdoing the industrial commemorative exposition. There is also a feeling that the United States Government should stop subsidizing private celebrations of public events; that the makers of breakfast foods and patent churns should pay for their own advertising. We have in the Middle West, a class of people who have contracted the World's Fair habit, who have traveled the whole weary fourteen-years' journey from Chicago to Norfolk. With perennial enthusiasm they will always welcome new opportunities to hang scalps upon their belts. The rest of us are tired. Maybe that is why we did not go to Jamestown.

A Handmade Language

ONE of the favorite dreams of the ages is that of a universal language. We have all wanted one speech to prevail in the uttermost parts of the earth; usually we have preferred that our own tongue do the prevailing.

"Our beautiful language," sputters a red-faced German, "is so simple that even an Englishman could learn to speak it."

"The speech of the future," a dapper little person announces, with the aid of his nose and eyes and both arms, "will be the French."

The willful perversity of every other nation and tribe but our particular own has thus far prevented the adoption of a universal talking scheme. Therefore, every international convention sounds like a meeting of the bricklayers' union of the Tower of Babel. Therefore, the stranger in the land, trustingly asking for bread, is given a tack hammer or a bucket of coal.

Esperanto is designed to remedy the difficulty. It is made up of equal parts of Italian, French, German, Spanish, English, Greek, and Latin, with a dash of Swedish and a pinch of Russian to make it look hard. There have been attempts at universal language before, but never before have so many people been interested, so many and different dictionaries been printed, or such loud conventions held. If the determination of the disciples of Esperanto has its just reward, there is a glad time coming when the whole world will misspell the same words and disregard the same grammatical rules. The American tourist will no longer call the unoffending Paris cabman a pig, or inform the wondering German waiter that the dog of his uncle's sister is in a box in the garden. One will be able to go all over New York City in perfect understanding. Let us welcome Esperanto even if it sounds like the filing of a saw and looks like the mutterings of a decrepit typewriter.

Three Notable Deaths

SELDOM has death, in one brief month, made such inroads upon the joy and the beauty of life as in the period which deprived the world of Saint Gaudens, Grieg, and Mansfield. It is long since the lovers of art, music, and the drama have so mourned together.

In the death of Augustus Saint Gaudens America has lost the foremost sculptor of her history, a man whose inspired chisel has adorned, not the palaces of the rich, but the open ways and quiet places of the people. With the passing of Edvard Grieg goes the last of the world's greatest music composers, and Norway sustains a national calamity. Richard Mansfield represented all that is best in the drama of America—serious purpose, devotion to his art, indefatigable labor.

The memory and the works of these creators of beauty we will have with us always, and time will raise up men to take their places in the enrichment of life.

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The Cook's Notebook

WHILE I GET DINNER I wash all the baking dishes, and as soon as a vegetable cooking dish or a meat dish is emptied, I put it into a pan of hot water, wash and scald it, then put it away to dry. The greasy meat dishes wash more easily when hot, and it takes only a few moments to do it. I have a better appetite for dinner when I know that a good part of the afternoon won't be consumed by dish washing.—MRS. J. W. HATCH.

I ALWAYS TAKE BOILED POTATOES to an open door and shake them, after throwing away the water. The air coming in contact with the potatoes makes them nice and mealy.—CARRIE M.

OLD JELLY CAN BE MADE like new by heating it. Add a little water and sugar perhaps—it comes out nice and fresh.—CARRIE M.

IF A DOZEN OR TWO STRAWBERRIES are put into rhubarb, just before it is stewed, they will not only impart a delicious flavor, but also a beautiful color, which is very effective when the rhubarb is put in a glass dish.—E. S.

DO YOU KNOW THE BOON IT IS to have a small wash-board hanging beside the sink? Try it, you will find a rub on it keeps your dishcloths and towels sweet and clean.—HELEN.

AFTER USING AN EGG BEATER rinse it immediately with cold water, before the egg has a chance to dry on it.—MRS. J. W. HATCH.

WHEN COOKING PEAS, BEANS, RICE, BARLEY, porridge, or when making stock, sauces, candy, or anything else that is liable to stick to the bottom of a saucepan, always grease the bottom of the utensil, using a small flat paint brush.—MRS. W. M. CAMERON.

PUT NEW POTATOES in a basin and cover with cold water. Take a stick and rub around among them—this will remove the peel. Then put on a pair of old coarse mitts and you can rub the rest of the skin off readily.—S.

WHEN WITHOUT A MAID for a few weeks, the one offensive matter to be attended to was the garbage pail; but this disagreeable feature I did away with the second day by folding a newspaper inside the pail after thoroughly scouring it. My maid now invariably uses the newspaper.—HELEN.

SUGAR FOR CARAMEL AND FLOUR FOR SAUCES are more easily browned in the oven, stirring them occasionally, than on top of the range. I also brown almonds and other nuts for salting in the oven, giving them an occasional shake.—MRS. W. M. CAMERON.

BUTTER THAT HAS BEEN KEPT IN PICKLE is apt to have an old taste. This flavor can be removed by slicing raw potatoes fine and dropping the slices in the pickle with the butter.—MRS. W. M. CAMERON.

I MADE A DELICIOUS JELLY from a mixture of apples and cranberries. We had been away for a year and our preserve closet was like Mother Hubbard's cupboard. We had to have jelly, and it was early winter. Cranberries are full of gelatine and give a beautiful color; the apples improved the flavor and many a guest at our board has inquired of what our "delicious jelly" was made.—S. R. H.

AFTER TAKING PARAFFINE off jelly glasses, I wash it, heat it till it dissolves, then pour it into the lids of baking powder cans. In this shape it is convenient to smooth irons.—MRS. J. H. WHALES.

ONE DAY, WHEN MAKING GINGER SNAPS, I found the molasses jug empty. I

made a substitute by melting one cup of granulated sugar in an iron spider, without water; when very brown and smoking, I added $\frac{3}{4}$ of a cupful of cold water, and let it simmer over the fire until the sugar was dissolved. This gave me one cup of thin syrup, and when added to the dough, in place of molasses, made very good cookies. Baking powder instead of soda should be used with the "caramel" substitute.—MAY H.

WHEN FRYING EGGS drop carefully into a well-greased frying pan, and, when the whites are set, pour in a little hot water, then cover quickly. This cooks the tops of the eggs nicely, without turning them.—MAY H.

IF A LITTLE SALT is sprinkled into hot water before poaching an egg, it will not break so easily when lifted from the water.—MAY H.

FREQUENTLY ONE IS UNFORTUNATE ENOUGH to get a supply of soggy potatoes. When cooked they are so watery it is impossible to beat them light. Try paring them, then cut in slices half an inch thick and sprinkle generously with salt. Let them lie four or five hours. Wash and cook in the ordinary way. The salt draws out the water and they can then be mashed and whipped till as light as the best of potatoes.—MRS. J. M.

OUR FAMILY IS VERY FOND OF DOUGHNUTS, but several members have weak digestions, so we find it an excellent plan to have a dish of boiling water on the stove, and as a doughnut is removed it is quickly plunged in and instantly out of the water, then drained. Only part of a batch need be treated in this way, but it is amazing to see the amount of fat that collects when the water is cooled. The doughnuts are rendered harmless and not one whit less palatable.—A. E. PERKINS.

IF THE COFFEE TO BE USED FOR BREAKFAST is put in the pot at night, with just enough cold water to cover it, you will find the soaking process draws out the full strength of the berry, and you will not need to use so much coffee, as when making it without soaking.—MRS. E. W. T.

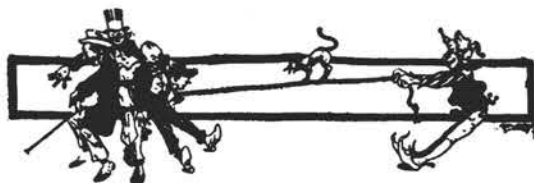
A PIECE OF ZINC, cut with one side rounded, one right and another an obtuse angle, is a great help in cleaning the corners of baking dishes, as well as other cooking utensils. Have a hole cut in it and hang near where the dish washing is done.—E. G.

WE ARE FOND OF CREAM PUFFS at our house, but, as we have several children with vigorous appetites, they are rather expensive for everyday use. I have a substitute, however, which suits the children first rate. I make a batch of "pop-overs," cut a slit in one side, remove any soft part remaining, and insert a filling of good boiled custard flavored with vanilla.—HESTER ANN.

I KEEP A SEPARATE FRYING PAN and gridiron to cook fish in, as the odor is apt to cling to utensils. I also have a small knife of odd shape to pare onions for the same reason.—MRS. CHARLES M.

OVER MY COOKING TABLE, nailed to the wall, is a little cabinet I made from a soap box. I put in a couple of shelves and used the cover for a door. I bought four small brackets to hold the shelves, which I made by laying shingles end to end and gluing them together. As the shingles were rough, I covered them with white oil-cloth. Two small hinges hang the door, and a tiny button whittled from a piece of pine shuts it. I painted it white before nailing it in place. It holds cooking knives, forks, spoons, basins, measures, spices, soda, salt, and baking powder.—I. G. W.

New and original hints and suggestions are wanted for this department. It is in no sense a department for recipes, but for useful and practical matters that will add to the art of kitchen work. All items accepted will be paid for. Address: ISABEL GORDON CURTIS, Home Department, SUCCESS MAGAZINE, New York City.



Some Fun in Verse

A Visit to the Doctor's

By HAROLD SUSMAN

I PAID a brief visit
To Doctor Le Quack,
And met a few patients
Before I came back:
Miss Tabitha Tremble,
And old Mrs. Doubt,
And young Mr. Peevish,
And rich Mr. Gout,
Miss Sassafras Sniffle,
And old Mr. Sneeze,
And young Mrs. Fever,
And poor Mr. Freeze,
And fat Mr. Porpoise,
And thin Mrs. Stick,
And little boy Measles,
These folks were all sick;
Each body was sickly,
And so was each mind,
These men and these women
Were all of a kind;
They talked of their ailments,
They talked of their pains,
They talked of their losses,
They talked of their gains,
They talked of their powders,
They talked of their pills,
They talked of their tablets,
They talked of their bills;
And never a thought there
Of comfort or cheer,
And never a word that
Was pleasant to hear.
I paid a brief visit
To Doctor Le Quack,
And nigh lost my patience,
Before I got back.

Adventures in the Obvious

By GEORGE JAY

I WENT downstairs the other day,
Leading my terrier pup.
Why lead him down? Going that w. v
I could not lead him up!

Though differently are built we two,
I and my doggy brother,
Descending stairs alike we do—
Place one foot, then another.

As we went on toward the door,
One thing disturbed his mind;
This was: why, if I went before,
He had to come behind?

The little beast he wagged his tail
With vigor, be it said;
The reason is, 't would not avail
To try to wag his head.

As I passed out one foot staid in,
('T was t' other one that led off,)
In consequence I barked my shin;
He almost barked his head off!

Though doggy is but two feet high
He runs with quite a few,
And I am six feet, and yet I
In walking use but two!

Upon the ground a tree found we,
A helpless, chopt-off log.
And though the bark was on the tree,
The bark was in the dog!

As he performed his barcarolle
Mischance befell the pup;
The fallen tree had left a hole
Which would not hold him up.

The further doings of this cur
Would make his tale too long;
To such result I'd much demur—
I'd sell this for a song.

If our 'phone numbers you would know,
"J 23" is mine;
His friends but rarely 'phone him, though
They'd call him thus: "K 9."

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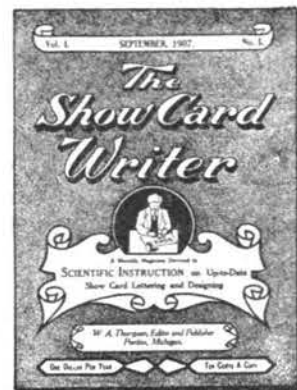
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The Sanitary Home

By CLAUDIA QUIGLEY MURPHY

The Care of Woodwork

WOODWORK in a house is like the woodwork on a ship; the better it is kept—the more frequently it is painted—the longer it lasts, and the easier it is to keep clean. It is false economy to delay painting after the surface of the paint or varnish begins to get thin and the priming coat becomes evident. Paint and varnish preserve woodwork, and save labor, strength, and time.

The best paint or varnish is always the cheapest. This seems trite, but it is true. Standing woodwork should be recoated at least every two years, and window sills, and sashes more frequently, depending upon the amount of exposure to the weather and the condition of the wood.

Before you begin to paint, be sure to wash all the dirt off and secure a clean foundation for future work. It will save you paint and give you a much better finish for your woodwork to paint over a clean surface than a dirty one. Do not put the paint on too thick nor with too long a stroke; brush the paint or varnish easily, comfortably, and naturally.

The best paint is made from white lead and pure linseed oil. The adulterations come either in the pigment by the addition of cheap substitutes, or in the oil through thinning by the use of benzine, neither of which is desirable, and both of which detract from the wearing qualities of the paint. A cheap paint is an expensive luxury and a great disappointment, but a good paint or varnish is a thing of beauty and a joy as long as it lasts.

After the woodwork is washed and one coat of paint is laid on, if it is necessary, in order to secure a good, hard surface, put on a second coat, and if there are still evidences of thinness, put on another coat.

When paint begins to check, it means that there has been some impure material in it, and it means, too, that it must be removed. One way to remove it is to wash the surface with wood alcohol or any of the ready mixed paint removers. If these do not remove it, there is only one way, and that is to burn the old paint off with a regular lamp made for that purpose, but which can only be used safely and successfully by an expert painter.

Secure paints or varnishes prepared for the purpose for which you wish to use them, but do not fall into the mistake of buying a paint or varnish and attempting to use it for everything. There is an old familiar saying concerning a "Jack of all trades, master of none," and this applies to materials that cover everything, go anywhere. They do everything so poorly, as a rule, that none of them is desirable. A paint that is prepared for the outside of a house is not suitable for inside work; a paint that is made for wood is not applicable for iron; a paint that is applicable for iron is far from desirable on the floor.

In house sanitation the best motto and the one to be always borne in mind is "a place for everything and everything in its place," and a material for everything and that properly applied, and with these two things in mind, it is possible to work out better conditions in the home and through the home.

Unless window sills and sashes are gone over regularly and cared for particularly, the moisture upon the outside and the steam on the glass on the inside which runs to the casing is inclined to rot the wood, and when this condition begins it means the complete dissolution of the woodwork. This can only be stopped by paint or varnish, and frequent coating. If dry rot has seriously attacked the wood and is permitted to continue, the case will require surgical treatment, complete

extirpation, and the insertion of a new piece of wood, but this drastic action can be prevented by a timely treatment of paint.

Washing Woodwork

Woodwork should be wiped off at least once a week with a damp cloth, preferably of soft flannel. Old underwear makes very desirable wash cloths for woodwork, provided it is not too heavy or too thick to go into the small cracks or crevices.

Use moderately warm water and little soap on paint and no soap on varnish. If conditions arise that the painted woodwork is thoroughly soiled, then take warm water, use ivory soap and give the woodwork a thorough washing, but it is well to remember that too much soap on the paint takes the paint off and leaves a bare surface, and while a bare surface is far preferable to a dirty surface, it is well to make the paint last as long as possible, and this is best done by being stingy with the soap.

In general house-cleaning times, it is sometimes well to put a little ammonia with the water where dirty woodwork is to be washed. This will save labor, and will take off the dirt, but, again, do not be too generous with the ammonia. Do not act on the theory that "if a little is good, more is better," for ammonia is a dangerous thing to put on paint; it not only takes the paint off, but it takes the skin off the hands, which is far from comfortable. If the woodwork is washed regularly and wiped off frequently, there will be little cause for the drastic measures suggested, and the wood will be kept in good condition and the surface spotless.

A little moisture on wood is good for it. It is just as important to wash woodwork occasionally for the sake of the moisture as for the sake of cleanliness. The wood is kept in much better condition than if allowed to become too dry and shrunken out of all proportion. Every housekeeper knows how carefully carriages are washed in order to keep them in condition. Woodwork requires washing for the same reason, and is in much better condition because of the washing, as well as because of the cleanliness.

A Kitchen Talk

THE kitchen is the workshop of the house. From it radiate the various industries of the home. Above all else the kitchen must be clean, sweet, and wholesome, and unless it is in such a desirable condition it is entirely impossible to get proper results. It is folly to suppose that clean, wholesome food can be properly prepared in a dirty kitchen. The presence of greasy steam makes the wall continually disagreeable and extremely odorous. The problem is how to overcome it.

The ideal wall in a kitchen is a cleanable wall. If the house is new and the kitchen has never been used, the tinted wall is the best; but, if the house is not new and the kitchen has been used, the best thing to do is to put a covering on the kitchen wall that can be washed.

Washable paper, which is really a misnomer, because it is not paper but a fabric, is the best. It can be washed down and kept perfectly clean. It is much easier to keep clean than the papered wall, for it does not absorb grease nor hold moisture. Paint is also a good thing on the kitchen wall if the kitchen is old, but it is much more work to wash paint than it is to wash the oil-coated fabrics, and the most desirable thing in the kitchen is that which can be kept clean with the smallest amount of labor.

For Better Housekeeping

I extend a cordial invitation to every reader of SUCCESS MAGAZINE to send to this department inquiries on any matter pertaining to housekeeping, with the exception of matters relating to food and its preparation.

Careful consideration will be given to each inquiry, and the letter and answer will be published in due time, if of interest to other readers; but all letters will receive a prompt reply personally, if a stamp and a self-addressed envelope are inclosed.

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

Address all inquiries:

CLAUDIA QUIGLEY MURPHY,
Editorial Dept., SUCCESS MAGAZINE, New York City

KNOWS HOW Doctor Had Been Over the Road.

When a doctor, who has been the victim of the coffee habit, cures himself by leaving off coffee and taking Postum Food Coffee, he knows something about what he is advising in that line.

A good old doctor in Ohio, who had at one time been the victim of the coffee habit, advised a woman to leave off coffee and take on Postum.

She suffered from indigestion and a weak and irregular heart and general nervous condition. She thought that it would be difficult to stop coffee abruptly. She says: "I had considerable hesitancy about making the change, one reason being that a friend of mine tried Postum and did not like it. The doctor, however, gave explicit directions that Postum must be boiled long enough to bring out the flavor and food value."

"His suggestions were carried out and the delicious beverage fascinated me, so that I hastened to inform my friend who had rejected Postum. She is now using it regularly, after she found that it could be made to taste good."

"I observed, a short time after starting Postum, a decided change in my nervous system. I could sleep soundly, and my brain was more active. My complexion became clear and rosy, whereas, it had been muddy and spotted before; in fact, all of the abnormal symptoms disappeared and I am now feeling perfectly well."

"Another friend was troubled in much the same manner as I, and she has recovered from her heart and stomach trouble by leaving off coffee and using Postum Food Coffee."

"I know of several others who have had much the same experience. It is only necessary that Postum be well boiled and it wins its own way." "There's a Reason." Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.



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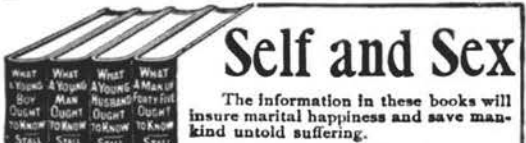
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Whether the kitchen be new or old, whether tinted or papered, it will be found necessary to put an absolutely impervious wall coating around the sink and back of the range. If the wall is tinted, it can be made waterproof by coating over with mica glue and then varnished with any good varnish over that. This will make an absolutely waterproof wall, one that is not affected by steam or grease. If the kitchen were new, it would be well to go over the entire wall surface and then the ideal wall would be secured, but this cannot be done successfully on an old wall.

Kitchens must be light. Like any other workshop, the lighter they are, the easier in which to work; and the lighter they are, the more openings, the easier they are to ventilate. Kitchen windows should be arranged to drop from the top as well as to be raised from the bottom, so that there can be a constant circulation of air in the upper part of the kitchen, the hot air passing out and the cold air being carried in. With the hot air will pass out the odor of cooking and steam.

A good sink is an important part of a kitchen, and now sinks are made in so many useful ways that a little time will discover many labor-saving devices. A modern sink is made with a division in the center, which is an ideal thing for dish washing and many other purposes.

The porcelain-lined sink is, without question, the most desirable sink. The old wooden sinks lined with zinc are things of the past. The water got under the zinc, as did also water bugs and various other insects. This is all overcome by the use of the iron sink thoroughly coated with porcelain. It is clean and inexpensive.

The kitchen floor should be of hardwood, but if not, it should be covered with linoleum. The careful housewife insists on clean floors, but to tax her with scrubbing the floor is not fair. The floor should be one that can be easily cleaned and quickly dried. Where linoleum is used, or the floor is of hardwood, it can be mopped up quickly with very hot water, if a good mop wringer is used. This will remove the grease from the floor, and because the water is so hot, it will dry quickly.

Correct and Easy Sweeping

BETTER methods of sweeping as well as improved appliances, by saving strength and economizing labor, are rapidly producing better housekeeping. There is now no reason why sweeping day should overtax the strength of any person. One half the labor will be saved by arranging for sweeping in an orderly, methodical, systematic way, which being interpreted means moving everything possible out of the room and getting the rest of the furniture out of the path of the sweeper, so that, when once the sweeping is begun, a clean sweep is possible.

After the small rugs are removed and the floors are cleared, the bric-a-brac and pictures should be covered with cotton cloth, to protect them from an accumulation of dust.

If you have carpets, cover them with moist, clean sawdust, and in the water drop five or six tablespoonfuls of a good alkaline cleaner. This will brighten the colors, serve as a germicide, and reduce the dust. This treatment is particularly essential if a corn broom is to be used, as it prevents the dust from rising in the air and settling on side walls and hangings.

The corn broom has been with us for many years and is still the most easily secured appliance for thoroughly extracting dust and dirt from carpets. Better service can be secured if you sweep with the grain of the carpet than against it, and the carpet will look brighter and wear longer. Moderate strokes continuously used will produce better results than long ones indulged in for a few moments and then abandoned as the muscles tire.

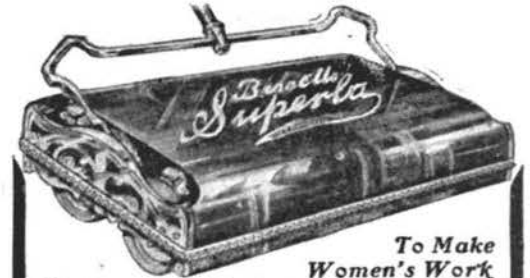
Next in almost universal use is the ubiquitous carpet-sweeper, which is a most useful adjunct to the housekeeper's equipment. The sweeping is done with a rotary brush which effectually gathers the dust and debris, pins, and needles, and stores them in the little pans at the side. While its utility is unquestioned for carpets and rugs, unfortunately it is not yet arranged to remove the dust in corners and near the wall, neither is it adapted to uncovered floors, linoleums, or matting. For such purposes the better plan is to use a floor brush and push the dust ahead of you. Gather it frequently into a dustpan and burn it.

The ideal way is the vacuum method, which sucks up every particle of dust and delivers and carries it through tubes to the outside of the house or deposits it in a prepared receptacle in the cellar. If the vacuum cleaner is not available, do not attempt the sweeping of the entire house in one day. Divide up the work into two days. Sweep the upstairs one morning, the downstairs the next, and rest during the intervening afternoon.

Keep the brooms in good condition and they will give much better service, but as soon as they become lopsided abandon them—they will not sweep well and they are much more difficult to propel. Brushes, too, must be cleaned and cared for regularly, else they will soon cease to be useful.

Careful sweeping is one of the foundations of good housekeeping, but it can be made much less burdensome, and equally good results can be secured, by attention to the small details.

A little "brushing up" is the bane of good work, and at best a makeshift. Good, vigorous, thorough sweeping is the only way to keep a house clean.



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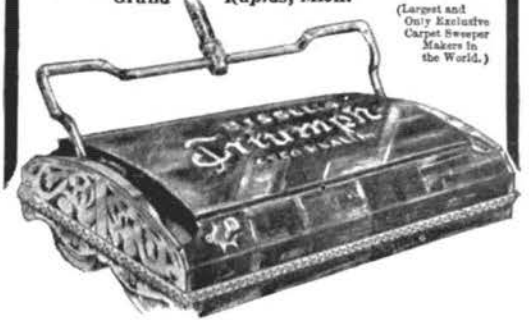
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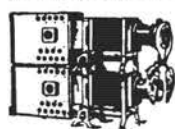


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The Curse of Overeating

By DR. EMMA E. WALKER

It has been well said that more people die from overeating than from overdrinking.

Truly, history repeats itself, for, while many of us are now flattering ourselves that we are advanced in ideas concerning diet, we are obliged to admit that this subject, with all its essential principles, was thrashed out centuries ago by those who thought as clearly about it as we do now.

Luigi Cornaro, a Venetian nobleman, published his first work at Padua, in 1558. He was eighty-three years of age when he wrote his first essay on diet for the aged. He advocated exactly the same ideas in respect to the necessity of diminishing the amount of food that we ourselves so strongly favor in these recent years. This wise old man died at Padua "without any agony, sitting in an elbow-chair, being above an hundred years old."

Parts of this essay, so aptly quoted by Sir Henry Thompson, appeal to us as if they had been written yesterday. "There are old lovers of feeding, who say that it is necessary they should eat and drink a great deal to keep up their natural heat, which is constantly diminishing as they advance in years, and that it is, therefore, their duty to eat heartily, and of such things as please their palate, be they hot, cold, or temperate; and that, were they to lead a sober life, it would be a short one. To this I answer that our kind mother, Nature, in order that old men may live still to a greater age, has contrived matters so that they should be able to subsist on little, as I do, for large quantities of food cannot be digested by old and feeble stomachs. By always eating little, the stomach, not being much burthened, need not wait long to have an appetite."

"And thou, kind parent, Nature, who actest so lovingly by thy aged offspring, in order to prolong his days hast contrived matters so in his favor, that he can live upon very little; and in order to add to the favor, and do him still greater service, hast made him sensible, that, as in his youth he used to eat twice a day, when he arrives at old age, he ought to divide that food of which he was accustomed before to make but two meals, into four; because, thus divided, it will be more easily digested; and, as in his youth he made but two collations in a day, he should, in his old age, make four, provided, however, he lessens the quantity as his years increase."

Cornaro's common sense was too great an asset to leave room for impractical fads. He was not an "ist" of any sort, for he believed in eating the various kinds of food that have been provided for us. He did not fall into the error that so many would-be dieticians make, of swerving to a one-sided view of this important subject. Practical knowledge is demanded in these days. The time of the old-fashioned physician has gone by, who used to wave in our faces such directions

as: "Be very careful of your diet: you must eat no starchy foods; beware of the carbohydrates; the proteid elements of your diet are doing all the mischief," and so on throughout all the category of high-sounding, but vague and meaningless phrases to the seeker after a simple, appropriate diet.

What shall we eat? What combinations are digestible? About how much shall we eat? These are the questions which interest us, and whose definite answers will help us, whether we lead a physically active life or the life of the sedentary mental worker; whether we have youth on our side or are passing into the group of the middle-aged.

Age is a most important factor to be considered in this subject of eating. One is surprised at being told that a little child of three or four years eats nearly one-quarter as much food as does the adult, while a very active child of twelve or fifteen not infrequently eats and assimilates as great a quantity of food as does his father, who is past middle life. The voracious appetite of the "growing boy" need not be dwelt upon.

W. Gilman Thompson, in his chapter on "Age and Food," gives a table showing the daily minimum amounts of food necessary for different ages:

A child from six to fifteen years needs from 357 to 530 grams.
A man who does moderate work needs 674 grams.
A woman needs but 536 grams.
An aged man needs 518, and an aged woman 390 grams.
About 453½ grams is equal to one pound avoirdupois.

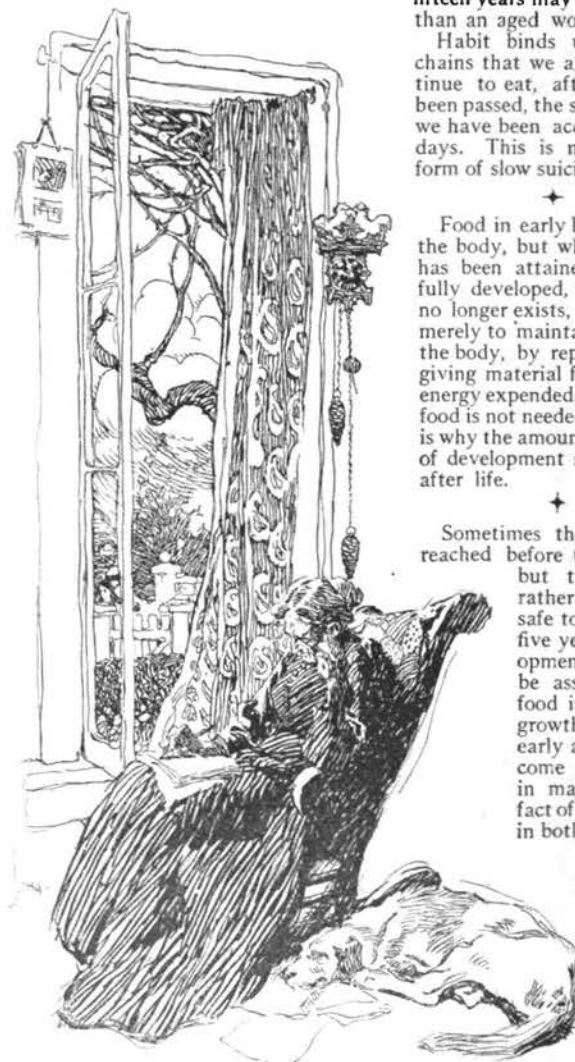
From this it can be seen that a child from six to fifteen years may really need more food than an aged woman.

Habit binds us with such strong chains that we are very prone to continue to eat, after the age limit has been passed, the same amounts to which we have been accustomed in our early days. This is now admitted to be a form of slow suicide.

Food in early life is used to build up the body, but when its mature growth has been attained and the organs are fully developed, this early use of food no longer exists, and food is then taken merely to maintain the equilibrium of the body, by replacing the waste and giving material for the manufacture of energy expended. At this period of life, food is not needed for growth, and that is why the amount required in the years of development should be curtailed in after life.

Sometimes the full adult weight is reached before the twenty-fifth year, but this is the exception rather than the rule. It is safe to allow the full twenty-five years for complete development. At this time it may be assumed that very little food is required for further growth, and this is not too early an age to learn to become somewhat abstemious in matters of diet. It is a fact of every day observation, in both men and women, that

as they begin to lose their youth, they begin to increase in weight. This is the epoch when ungainly hips and abdomen develop, and when sedentary over-eaters begin to show the "fat walk." They are eating too much



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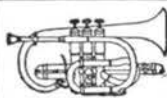
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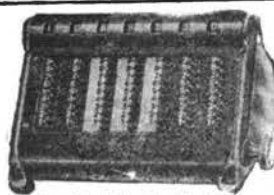


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for various reasons. In the first place, they have been in the habit of eating a quantity which is now too great for their needs. Then, too, men, especially, as they advance in years, become more prosperous; they are apt to take less exercise, and the table luxuries mount up in ratio to their income. They eat more than their bodies can dispose of, and they show the effects in superfluous fat, in various diseases due to faulty nutrition, such as rheumatism, gout, liver, and kidney troubles, not to speak of the American disease which is the common predecessor of all these troubles—dyspepsia.

He Wouldn't Ride

NOTWITHSTANDING the marvelous betterment in our railways, there are still enough lines where the accommodation train prevails to make this story pertinent. It has to do with a piney-woods line, whose single train ran on what was said to be a tri-weekly schedule—that is, it went up-road one week and tried to come down the next, but never at a giddy rate of speed. Still, it moved, for all that, and was true to its name, in that it accommodatingly stopped anywhere that it came upon a waiting passenger. Further, it occasionally took on deadheads—as the engineer and conductor were both sociably inclined.

One day, at a cross-roads, the train in motion came upon an old darky with a wallet and staff, who had stopped to tie his shoe. Instantly, the conductor hailed him, bidding him come aboard, as it was evident he was headed for town—town being the railway terminus. The old darky stood up, mopped his forehead, and looked troubled.

He was a courtly person, who hated to give offense, yet had affairs of his own in hand. He knew the whole railway outfit, from president to fireman, and respected its intentions, whatever he thought of its works. After a long silent minute, he bowed very low and said to the conductor: "Sarvent, sah! Sarvent! Thanky heap er time, fet de politeness ob yer axin' me ter ride—but dis time yer sho'ly must 'scuse me—I's in er great hurry."



"I's in er great hurry"

THE MOCKINGBIRD

By NIXON WATERMAN

Wing-footed flutel You, who, the legends say,
On that glad morn when earth's melodious throng
Was given, each his own loved lilt of song,
By some strange fate were cheated of your lay,
Our hopes are buoyed because you did not stay
Forever mute, but, solacing your wrong
With carols that to all your kind belong,
You sang, as still you sing, more sweet than they.

So shall brave spirits to your will conform,
Nor to a faulty fortune be resigned,
But with a purpose, resolute and warm,
Mount to the noblest measure of the mind,
As the young eagle fronts the roaring storm
And higher soars to heavens less confined.

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Little Life-Stories

UNITED STATES SENATOR
CHARLES CURTIS of Kansas is the only person with Indian blood in his veins who ever sat in the United States Senate. His mother was a quarter bred Kaw and his father an officer in the United States Army, who saw considerable service during the early days of the frontier.

I.—CHARLES CURTIS United States Senator from Kansas

By ROBERT D. HEINL

Senator Curtis held his first office when twenty-four years old—prosecuting attorney for Shawnee County. After taking the oath of office he ordered all saloons closed. His friends

thought it a huge joke, but ceased smiling when they saw that he meant business. Then they stormed about at his effrontery.

"I took oath to enforce the law, and I am going to do it," he told them.

One month later there was not a saloon in Topeka, and a number of wealthy and more or less prominent citizens were in jail.

In 1890, he was a candidate for Congress, but lost. Two years later he made the race again and won. It is said that he shook hands with fifty thousand persons in that campaign. He has served eight consecutive terms in the lower house of Congress.

One of his bills is the now famous Curtis law, for the allotment in severalty of the lands and moneys of the Five Civilized Tribes, which wound up the communal affairs of 97,000 Indians. As a member of the Kaw tribe, he got allotments for himself and his children aggregating 4,000 acres of land in Oklahoma. He was a valued member of the Ways and Means Committee and was one of the committee of eleven Republicans who prepared the financial bill enacted several years ago.

He was the assistant Republican whip in the Fifty-ninth Congress. When Prince Henry visited the House, Speaker Henderson selected Mr. Curtis to preside. In his congressional service he made many warm political and personal friends. He is very close to President Roosevelt and Speaker Cannon.

He was a member of the Taft party to the Philippines and there, on one occasion at least, his horsemanship stood him in good stead. On a side trip he gallantly

gave over a place in the only available wagon to Miss Roosevelt and Secretary Taft for the long ride to Camp Heathy. The other officers followed suit. It was dark and raining, and those left behind corralled some loose horses. Mr. Curtis noticed that his feet were occasionally dragging in water, but he attributed it to the small stature of his horse. It developed that the animals were taking the party up a big stream and Curtis discovered it just in time to prevent their being swept away by a heavy rush of water that came suddenly from a rain further up the mountains. To make matters worse, when they came straggling into camp long after midnight, the guards mistook them for natives attacking the place, and several shots were fired before Secretary Taft, who heard the hubbub, came out and identified the late comers.

"I never fail to answer a letter," said Senator Curtis. "Here are two baskets—one for the mail to be answered and the other for the mail that has been answered and is to receive further attention—some matters to be looked up in a department, for instance."

"If a man makes a request that cannot be fulfilled I tell him so. If he has any chance I write him, then go to work for him. In my campaign for nomination two years ago I wrote 20,000 letters, I suppose. It's work, of course, and lots of it, but it's still not so much as is required in Washington. Many a night my sister and I are at work until 12 o'clock."

"I accomplish a great deal by system. For instance, here is my pension application book," continued Senator Curtis, indicating a dog-eared document. "There are 6,000 names registered. I can turn to the page and get a complete history of the case before the applicant is able to remind me of the particular status of his case."

There are 117 members of the Kaw tribe now living on the reservation, a few miles below Arkansas City, Indian Territory. Every September, during their annual tribal festivities, Senator Curtis pays them a visit and is received with great ceremony. He is admitted to the council chamber, and his voice is heard with great respect by the old chiefs whose affection and esteem for him is unbounded.

"There are too many poor lawyers already," was the warning of the man with whom he sought to read. "But I'm going to be a good one," Curtis replied.

Two months later he was trying cases in justices' courts, and in two years was admitted to the bar, and became a partner in the firm.



SENATOR CURTIS

And he did. Swathed with bandages, he sneaked out from his little cot in the racing quarters a week later, so sore that he could hardly move. But he won the biggest race of the day on "Crazy Horse." It was that gritty performance that stamped him a man in the eyes of his associates. He has never stopped growing in more ways than one, and to-day there is no more respected or powerful figure in the Middle West.

The father died when his son was three years old. At the age of eight he was sent to a Quaker school at Council Grove, Kansas, and lived with his grandmother on his Indian mother's side, and was with the tribe when the Cheyenne Indians attacked the Kaws, and witnessed the bloody fight that ensued.

After that he went to live with his Grandmother Curtis, in North Topeka, making his way by selling papers in the streets, shining shoes, and, in the summer months, as a jockey. In those days he spoke French and Indian fluently, but the street boys laughed at him so that he was glad to forget those accomplishments. He studied at night, and, when opportunity offered, attended school. At this time he persuaded a friendly proprietor of a livery stable to employ him as a cab driver. Curtis was so saving that he bought the rig after a year's work.

He never let prosperity interfere with his determination to win an education. He always had a book tucked under his coach seat, and as he prospered, he gave more time to school, actually attending classes between trains and fares. A boy he hired would keep an eye on the coach and any probable passengers. When there seemed to be business in sight the assistant would hustle to the schoolhouse and whistle through his fingers. Curtis would be out in a jiffy, often with an open book in his hand. He was nineteen years old when he quit horse racing and cab driving for good and entered a law office.

"There are too many poor lawyers already," was the warning of the man with whom he sought to read. "But I'm going to be a good one," Curtis replied.

Two months later he was trying cases in justices' courts, and in two years was admitted to the bar, and became a partner in the firm.

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How pitiable to see a man, who ought to dominate his environment and radiate power, vigor, and good cheer, at the mercy of his nerves, nagging and scolding without cause, and so sensitive that his employees are afraid to speak to him! This is not the man God intended. This is only an apology of the real man.

A man ought to be such a superb being physically that he would be an object of admiration, and give the impression of power and efficiency.

The coming, normal man will not need to strain so hard to achieve things, because he will be so superb in his physical strength and vigor that achievement will be as easy as breathing.

One reason why we have so many incompetents and failures in the world is because people do not know what to eat. They eat the wrong things. They do not adapt their food to their occupations. One man eats for brain work that which makes muscle, while another eats for muscle that which nourishes brain. If people only knew the secret of scientific eating, half of the doctors would be out of a job.

In our ignorance of what the various tissues of the body require for doing their work, we crowd the system with a great mass of unnecessary food, only an infinitesimal part of which can possibly be of use in strengthening us for our occupation.

There are about a dozen different kinds of tissue cells in the body, each one requiring a special food, and those which are especially active in our line of work require a much larger amount of food particularly adapted to their use than the other tissues, which are almost wholly inactive in our vocation.

Thousands of men are forcing their brains to do work by stimulants, which only exhaust and do not nourish, and then they wonder that they have nervous breakdown or paresis. Other thousands, in their ignorance of scientific feeding, force their brains to do work, every bit of which is abnormal, because they do not have sufficient nourishment.

An active brain worker requires a great deal of albuminous foods, foods which contain phosphorous,—like fish, oysters, and other kinds of shellfish, and eggs. Meat is distinctly muscle food. It is suitable only for those who do physical work.

It is a pitiable thing to see a young man superbly fitted for achievement, yet powerless to answer the call that runs in his blood, so that his ambition is a mere mockery to him, just because he does not know how to feed himself.

The locomotive engineer studies fuels. He does not throw all sorts of combustible things into his fire box just because they are combustible. He finds out the best kind of fuel for his engine, that which will give him the greatest possible amount of combustion with the least waste. He makes a profession of his business, and studies the requirements of his engine. But most people seem to think that they can run the most complicated machinery in the world—the great human engine,—without any special study. The result is that we use all sorts of fuel without reference to the particular work we are doing.

Everywhere we see people who are handicapped in their careers, unable to pursue their ambitions, because their nerve centers are robbed of the proper kind of nourishment. A great many of our suicides are caused by exhausted nerve cells. There is a very intimate relation between brain-ash and melancholy. God never intended a man to be at the mercy of nervous irritability. He never mocked a man in such a way. Man was made to be strong, robust, and happy, to exult in mere animal existence.

What tragedies are wrought by ill health! Good-intentioned people are stabbing their neighbors and the members of their own families with their cruel words, when they do not really mean to; but their brain-cells and nerve-cells are exhausted, through lack of nourishment, and they lose their balance. How many separations of friends, and of partners in business, come from wrecked nerves! How many of us are all the time doing just the opposite of what we know we ought to, or what we really want to do, simply because we are the victims of our nerves!

Of what use are great talents and exceptional ability, a fine training, a splendid education, if you cannot use them to advantage, if you are tortured by dyspepsia or thwarted on every hand by some phase of your health?—O. S. M.

If you are conscious of being angry, keep your mouth shut, lest you increase it.

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The Well-Dressed Man

Conducted by ALFRED STEPHEN BRYAN

PERHAPS the question most puzzling to many men is how to differentiate between what is sound in dress and what is false. Some youth, keen for the limelight, persuades his tailor to cut a coat with pockets slit half-moon shape or has his haberdasher embroider a monogram on the instep of his socks. These are not fashions, nor even fads, nor, indeed, anything but evidences of personal queerness and perverted taste. A gentleman would no more be guilty of adopting such things, than he would be of lifting food to his mouth with his knife or whistling in church. The underlying principle of correct dress is common sense. What is not countenanced by reason, is not countenanced by fashion. All strained attempts after

some cut, cloth, or color, that is totally different from anything worn by anybody else, lead to grotesqueness. A few years ago a social "climber," who has more money than manners, appeared at a garden party at Newport wearing a gold bracelet on his left wrist. None but an innate vulgarian would have sponsored such an idea. One meets men of this type everywhere. They may not go to such farcical lengths, but they are always making a mock of fashion. If the mode ordains that sack coats be cut long, theirs are knee-length. If they are to be short, theirs are hip-length. If they are curved to the figure, theirs are almost skin-tight. If they are loose, theirs hang in folds.



The fashionable morning coat



And so they exaggerate and caricature, regardless of whether a style is becoming, eager only to prove at all hazards that they are different from and superior to the generality of men.

Individuality in dress is very desirable, to be sure, but it must be expressed in the way one wears clothes, in poise, "air," taste in harmonizing colors, and grace and appropriateness of effect, rather than in some fanciful cut. The time has passed when any tailor or group of tailors can keep a fashion under their thumbs. It becomes common property the day it appears.

The introduction within the last few seasons of so many bizarre ideas in the cut of clothes—"freaks" is the inelegant, but expressive name for them—has made well-dressed men chary of swerving too sharply from the broad road. There is not the slightest objection to something new that is both distinctive and harmonious, and if a man have independent ideas in dress and carries them out, so much the better. If, however, he cannot wholly trust his own taste and judgment and has not the opportunity to observe and discriminate, it is better for him to avoid extremes of all sorts. They are becoming to few and look downright incongruous unless every article from hat to boot is in perfect accord. A man dressed in the extreme of fashion is always a conspicuous figure. How many of us can endure that scrutiny, which unsparingly searches out every detail?

The so-called "morning coat" portrayed here will be much worn this autumn in place of the formal, and rather funereal, frock coat. It is a very handy garment for all save unbendingly ceremonious occasions. Of late there has been a noticeable tendency to substitute the morning coat for the frock even at day weddings. It is not so unwieldy, a bit more graceful in outline and more becoming to the average man. Understand, the frock coat has not lost caste and never will. The adoption of the morning coat is only another proof of the widespread ten-

dency toward greater ease and comfort in men's clothes. The frock coat represents the height of formal dress. The morning coat is a shade less formal and quite as distinguished-looking, if cut "smartly" and fitting perfectly. It is usually single-breasted, with a snug waist and straight, rounded skirts. Black, Oxford, and Cambridge gray are the favored colors. The lapels are long, broad and softly rolled. Two buttons are used. Whether the coat lapels and edges be braided is optional, but there is no denying that narrow braiding, especially on gray fabrics, lends a rich finish. When the morning coat is intended for lounge wear, it is made of serviceable tweeds and cheviots, with trousers of the same material, is shorter of skirt, less "waisty," and may have side

pockets. If it is designed to replace the frock coat, it is fashioned of black or gray vicuna, thibet, diagonal, or unfinished worsted, is pocketless, and well curved to the back and hips. The trousers are dark gray worsted with a stripe pattern. Unlike the sack, the morning coat is not intended to be loose, but to accentuate the wearer's figure and give it an appearance of graceful trimness.

With the morning coat on formal occasions one wears a white or gray Ascot cravat, a white waistcoat, patent leather shoes, gray suede gloves, and the silk hat. For the plain white shirt it is now allowable to substitute a shirt with a white ground and a pattern of colored stripes or figures. Bold ground colors, like blue, green, and tan, should be avoided, as the costume depends for effect upon its plainness. White and black are always the simplest and most harmonious colors. Instead of the Ascot, a four-in-hand may be worn, and, if it is, the wing collar accompanies it. We recommend a white cashmere waistcoat, but a waistcoat of the same material as the coat, having a narrow edging of white duck or piqué inside the lapels looks undeniably well. The patent leather shoes may have leather or cloth uppers. The last-named are newer and the sketch here pictures a fashionable autumn model from one of the best custom bootmakers.

Last spring white buck gloves were introduced for afternoon wear and the fashion, though conspicuous, is entirely within good taste. A dashing, if daring, effect is achieved by wearing white gloves, a white Ascot, and patent leather or varnished calfskin shoes with white box-cloth uppers. Or, the color scheme may be pearl gray, embracing gray suede gloves, a gray Ascot, and patent leather shoes with gray box-cloth uppers. Opals and pearls are the modish cravat pins.

There are two distinct styles in silk hats—the English and the French. The English model has a brim well rolled, while on the French the brim is quite flat. The English style is usually preferred, probably because it is becoming to more men. On a youngster, slim of figure and trim of "air," the French hat looks very well.

The secret of correct dress lies as much in knowing what to let alone, as in what to take up. Many things that are capably suited to one man, may be totally unsuited to another. Such a delicate cravat shade, for example, as "old rose" is extremely becoming to a man with plenty of color in his cheeks, whereas it makes the sallow man appear paler by contrast.

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.]

J. H. M.—It depends on whether the noon wedding is to be held at a church or at home. There is no such thing as "an informal church wedding." The very fact that the marriage is performed in church makes it formal. At an informal home wedding the groom may wear the cutaway coat, gray striped trousers, white waistcoat,



Waistcoat, with white edging

white shirt, wing collar, four-in-hand cravat, patent leather shoes and gray suede gloves. At a day church wedding the groom wears the black frock coat and its accessories. For the preliminaries of the wedding we refer you to previous issues of the magazine in which the subject was discussed exhaustively.

BULLOCK.—If you do not care to wear the evening suit because none of your friends do, you may wear a black cutaway or sack coat with gray striped trousers. We do not advocate fulfilling the strict requirements of formal dress when by doing so a man renders himself disagreeably conspicuous. Appropriateness to place and circumstance is an integral part of good form. In many smaller communities evening clothes are rarely seen, because the occasions demanding them are few. In setting forth the fashions, we do it, of course, from the view-point of the town-dweller, and with the aim of supplying a guide to those who have neither time nor opportunity to follow urban styles and usages. Nothing is further from our intent than to be arbitrary and adopt a schoolmaster's attitude of "thus and so." We quite realize that conditions differ in widely separated communities and we have often punctured so-called "smartness" as mere pose and pretense. If you have been reading our articles with any degree of attention, you must have noticed that we always set common sense above a fancied "style" and that we are studiously careful to distinguish between the fixed fashion and the fugitive fad. The best proof that Mr. Bryan's information is authentic and that it accurately reflects metropolitan modes is the fact that no statement he has made in his articles has ever been challenged. We enter into this explanation not only for the information of this correspondent, but also for the benefit of many others whose inquiries are of the same purport.



Silk hat and suede gloves

BRUSH.—Your serge suit is probably made of inferior cloth, otherwise it would not "streak" after brushing. Of course, the nap or delicate fuzzy surface of any cloth will wear away in time. Nothing can prevent this. The only remedy is to get the best serge that you can afford. We do not believe that the brush has anything to do with the "streaking," nor that it matters whether you use the same brush on your suit that you use on your hat.

MULLIN.—A gray tie is never correct with formal evening dress. Only white should be worn. Informal or Tuxedo clothes, however, allow one to wear either a black or gray tie, according to preference. Yes, gray Tuxedo suits (dark Oxford) are good form. For contrast's sake, a light gray waistcoat of a different material should accompany them.



Cloth top dress shoe

BENEKER.—The approved dress for a formal evening wedding is the regulation evening suit (with swallowtail coat and braided trousers), white waistcoat, white stiff shirt with cuffs attached, poke, lapfront or wing collar, white tie, high patent leather shoes (with buttoned tops) and white or pearl *glacé* gloves. A watch fob should never be worn with evening dress. Pumps and low-cut patent leather shoes are not appropriate at a wedding.

GREENFIELD.—Answering your question as categorically as you put it, it is never in good taste for "a gentleman, old, young, rich or poor" to wear diamonds. Somehow or other, diamonds on a man suggest the race track and the gaming table. They are "flashy," and "flash" is not reconcilable with good form in dress. If a diamond is part of a cravat pin or cuff button, it is not so objectionable, but diamond rings on a man are the extreme of vulgarity. So too is the diamond shirt stud. This becomes really ridiculous when worn, as it often is, just to show off the stone and not to fasten the shirt. A very plain seal ring is all that a gentleman should wear.

J. S. P.—Green and brown are fashionable colors in both bow ties and four-in-hands. The correct bow tie is adjusted with a tight center and spreading ends. Evening socks may be plain black, black with black side clocks, or black with white side clocks. Shirts with soft collars of the same material as the body of the garment are only suited to country wear and the sports.

HANFORD.—Leather garters are now made with "snap" fasteners like those used on a glove, so they cannot slip and become undone. The old buckle fastener, we think, is not so practical.

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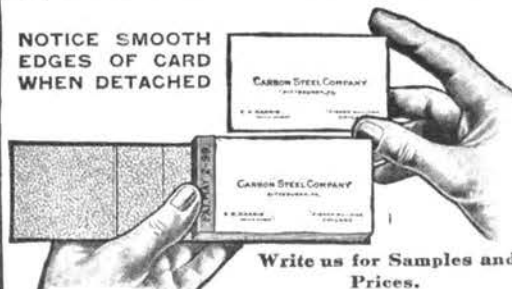
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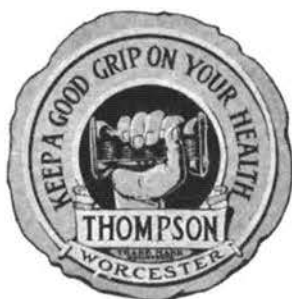
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The Editor's Chat

Product of Stale Brains

THE ignorance, the foolishness, of many otherwise prudent, level-headed men, in respect to matters of health, is pitiable. Some of our greatest judges and legislators, men who make our laws, are mere pygmies in regard to their knowledge of themselves, or else they are constantly and voluntarily violating nature's laws. Is n't it deplorable to see a man with the brain of a Plato or a Webster as foolish as a child regarding matters of health? I know a very brainy man in New York who absolutely counteracts a large part of his work, vitiates much of his mental effort, by running his mental machinery when it is out of order, when it needs lubrication so badly that it can do only dry, uninteresting work. During the evening, he will often put hours of effort on a piece of work which turns out to be tedious and ineffective because he tried to force a jaded brain and fagged faculties to produce good results. If he would drop his mental work when the day is past, and spend the evening in getting the greatest amount of physical and mental recreation, lubricating his mind, letting his keyed-up brain uncoil, so to speak, allowing it to regain its elasticity and spring, he would accomplish infinitely more than he does by trying to work fifteen or sixteen hours a day. Brain workers require a great deal and a great variety of mental refreshment. Otherwise the processes of the mind become clogged.

The reason we see so many able men, especially writers, doing so much poor work is because they do not get rid of their brain ash. Their brains are clogged, befogged. They cannot think clearly or concentrate with force. The brain cannot do fresh work while fed by impure blood. In order to produce the best results it must be sustained, reinforced by the whole body; the physical condition must be up to the highest standard.

A large number of the dry, uninteresting books and newspaper and magazine articles are not due so much to a lack of ability of the writers as to the fact that the writing was done when the brain was fagged, or clogged, and not in a condition to give off its maximum of power; when the blood was vitiated by overeating, late eating, or improper food, or the body was suffering from overwork, insufficient exercise, or the lack of sleep or fresh air and sunshine.

How can brain workers expect to do good work cooped up in sunless, airless rooms, where a plant not only would not thrive, but would actually die? The brain needs a great deal of the same kind of nourishment that the plant needs.

A brain worker should keep himself always in condition to touch his top note, to do his best. A wide reader and keen observer can detect very quickly the bile of an author in his composition. He can pick out the dyspepsia or the gout by which it is marred. Every bit of dissipation of a writer, every physical weakness, will creep out in his composition and betray its secret source.

Some of our best writers occasionally turn out wretchedly poor work, work which is not up to the standard of many second-class writers, simply because at the time of writing they were handicapped by vitiated blood, a low vitality, a reduced physical condition. Even an iron will cannot compensate for the deterioration of a brain fed by vitiated blood.

Everywhere we see the deteriorated results of stale brains, the work of men who are trying to force jaded minds, brains that are exhausted by imprudent or vicious living, to do their best.

I do not believe it is exaggerating to say that the larger part of the work of many authors is dead matter, so far as the public is concerned, because it is forced out of stale brains. It is unnatural product, and people will not read it.

A great deal of the thinking of business men is ineffectual because it is poor, imperfect thinking. It lacks sharpness, definiteness, because it is done when the brain is not keen, when it cannot grasp ideas with freshness and handle them with vigor.

Many lives become so dry and flavorless from continued monotony that there is no enthusiasm or zest in them. Enthusiasm, spontaneity, buoyancy cannot be forced, even by the strongest will. They are born of that freshness, saneness, and vigor of mind and body which are absent in those who have no play in their lives.

I know men and women who are so dead-in-earnest, so determined to make the most of their opportunities in their work, and for self-improvement, that they en-

tirely miss the great end of ideal life. Many of them after a while cease to be companionable, because they have been shut within themselves so long that they have become self-conscious, self-centered, and wholly uninteresting.

Trying to Be Happy in a Hurry

THE strenuous life in America is not confined to a business or money-making career. It appears in our pleasures. Americans do not seem to be able to enjoy themselves, even, without hurrying up. At our pleasure resorts we see men hurrying and hustling as though they were late for a train or right in the rush of business. We become so fitted, so accustomed to the American pace that we cannot slow down even when we quit work. We do not seem to know how to do anything in a leisurely way. The same high pressure that we put into our business and professions is evident in our play. We get so used to "stepping lively," hurrying for an appointment or for trains, rushing our business, that we cannot go slow and take things easy even when we have leisure.

Not long ago I was trying to convince a London merchant of the superiority of the American way of doing things, and was telling him how much more progressive, enterprising, and pushing we are. He simply smiled and said: "What of it! We Englishmen do not envy you. We believe in living, in enjoying as we go along. The lunch counter is not popular in London. We believe in taking our time to eat and talk with our friends, and have a good time. What if Americans do make more money? They drop down with some disease, are stricken with apoplexy, or die of paresis right in the prime of life. We do not call that success. That is foolishness. They lack that contentment, that poise which marks Europeans."

The American youth hurries to the man, hurries his education, hurries his meals, hurries his work, hurries everything relating to his career, hurries his life, and he cannot understand why he cannot hurry his happiness. He arranges his pleasures by a set programme just as he does his business, and he runs his vacation on a business plan. Social life, exercise, and recreation are all on a strenuous plan, with little opportunity for rest or reflection.

"Speak to the Earth and It Shall Teach Thee"

How few people ever realize what significance the earth and the rest of the universe were intended to bring us, what messages of love, and beauty, what order and infinite calm! How little we realize that this earth is one vast kindergarten, and that a great lesson is locked up in every leaf, a poem in every flower! It is through these natural objects that the Creator communicates with us. We ought to live near enough to the Infinite Mind to be able to read His handwriting in the rocks. His messages in the strata of the earth; but it is only the pure in heart that see God, that is, those whose minds are clarified of selfishness and greed, who have become transparent enough to see the Creator through His marvelous works.

Those whose eyes are covered with a film of selfish love and greed can never see God in His creation. It is only those who live the simple life, who practice plain living and high thinking, that can see and read the messages the Creator has put into His works. The trees, the streams, the meadows, the mountains, the lakes, all natural objects are packed with meaning to the eye that can see them, the man that has transparency enough to see and approach them.

How painful it is to see tens of thousands of people flocking to the country in the summer just for the fresh air and a change and a little respite from life's drudgery! They do not see the marvelous flowers that they tread under their feet and pass by with indifference. They do not realize what miracles of beauty and design are packed into the juices of fruits or displayed in the beautiful tints of the flowers and leaves: scenes which would send an angel into ecstasy are passed by without even exciting an æsthetic emotion.

What pictures of sublimity and majesty are possible in the mountains! What messages of power, of infinite force the ocean teaches us! What else could convey the same idea of irresistible force and sublime power that comes from a mighty storm at sea, or great ebbing, flowing tides?

Who can estimate the infinite possibilities of information, of culture, in even a single rose? No scientist has yet been learned enough to exhaust the meaning of a blade of grass or a leaf. No one has ever yet been able to unravel the mysteries in a grain of sand.

The trouble with most of us is that we are so intoxicated with the dollar mania we do not get even a smattering of the possible good, the grandeur all about us. The coming man will be so responsive to beauty, so sensitive to truth that the commonest objects of nature, which we pass by with indifference, will entrance him. The most of us are too selfish, too greedy, to respond to anything that does not add to our comfort or to our material possessions. We are blindfolded to everything else.

But think what wealth there is in having a soul so sensitive to everything that is beautiful, good, and true that we can come in close contact with the Creator's mind through all of His creations! There is wealth that is worth while, power that makes us really great. What is there in a pile of dollars compared with having one's mind and soul so educated that one can drink in power at every pore, absorb infinite meaning from every natural object, read a poem in every flower and leaf; so trained that he can hear musical harmony that the physical ears are too coarse to detect! It is strange that we should make slaves of ourselves for mere millions, when there are riches so infinitely superior scattered lavishly everywhere.

A Man Has Failed Though Rich

WHEN he is coarse in his manner and brutal in his instincts.

When he is constantly reminding others that the brute still lingers in him.

When there is evidence of mental penury in his conversation.

When he radiates soul poverty.

When he is a moral pauper.

When he does not carry a higher wealth in his character than in his pocketbook.

When he is narrow and bigoted in his opinions.

When he is living a mean and stingy life so far as his charities and magnanimity are concerned.

When he has fed others on hopes instead of on adequate salaries or just dues.

When he does not in his prosperity help those who helped him in his adversity.

When he goes on the principle of getting all he can and giving as little as possible.

When he carries about his business a vinegary face instead of a sunny one.

When he has not enriched the lives of others and made the world a little better for living in it.

When he has not helped to push civilization a little higher.

When he over-emphasizes dress and pleasure—gives them his first thought, his best time.

When his wealth has left others poorer.

When he has robbed another of opportunity; when, in amassing his wealth, he has cramped, dwarfed, or minimized another's chance.

When his career has not an upward as well as an onward tendency.

When he has piled up books, paintings, and statuary with his wealth, but is a stranger among them, knows nothing of their meaning.

When his soul has shriveled to that of a miser and all his nobler instincts are dead.

When the best part of him has gone to seed.

When his highest brain-cells have gone out of business and he only lives in the base of his brain, down close to the brute faculties.

When his wealth is obtained at the sacrifice of character.

When he has never wiped a tear from a sad face, never kindled a fire on a frozen hearth.

When there is a dollar in his pocket dishonestly gained.

When the blood of youth or orphans or spoiled years of precious lives and lost opportunities of others stick to his millions.

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ELBERT HUBBARD says that "Marshall P. Wilder, the little dwarf and cripple, has simply cashed in his disabilities and worked his woes up into fun."

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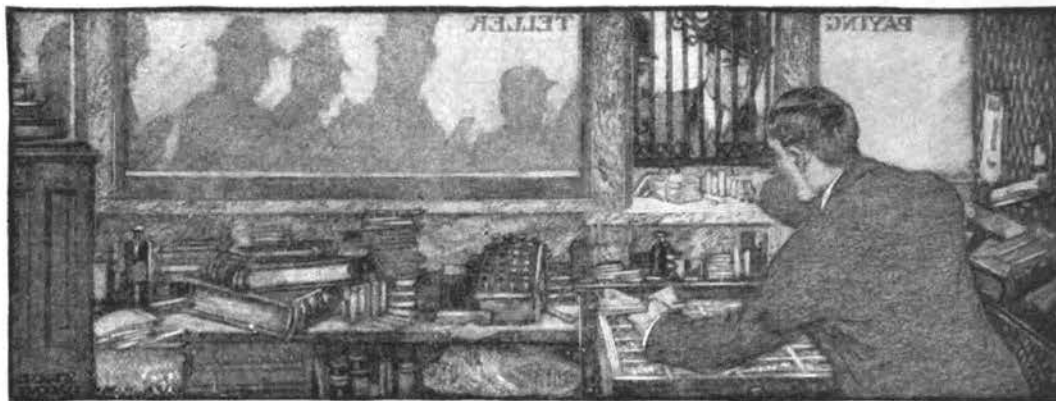
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Hints to Investors

THE following letter is published by us for the reason that the expressions of the writer are, we believe, typical of those in the minds of many of our readers:

After consulting with my lawyer, he thinks it is better for me to confine myself to five per cent. real estate mortgages, and also build a two-family house on a piece of property I own, rather than invest in bonds or short-term notes. At the same time short-term notes are very tempting to me, but with my few thousand dollars it seems to me better to take my lawyer's advice. What do you think?

The above was written by a woman, and is similar to a large amount of correspondence which this department is receiving from interested readers. It is not unnatural for us to conclude that those who communicate with us along these lines are not entirely certain as to the wisdom of the advice of their lawyers; otherwise, we would not be written to upon the subject.

We want to assure the writer of this particular letter that our comments are not intended specifically for her. On the contrary, we are hoping that her lawyer, and other good lawyers, will not fail to understand that we are treating directly with them upon the subject matter of the letter. We are naturally going to assume that this woman's lawyer is an honest and capable attorney. Therefore, we cannot understand how he will be offended by our assuring him that those best qualified to pass upon the subject of investment securities are reliable and experienced investment bankers.

We want to be conservative and perfectly fair in making this statement. It is based upon the undeniable fact that the greatest lawyers of this country, when considering the investment of their personal funds, do not go to their professional brethren for advice, nor do they act solely upon their own judgment. Under such circumstances, they avail themselves of the professional services of reputable investment bankers.

This is not our opinion, alone, for we have conferred with many competent and reliable lawyers on this subject, and they are practically unanimous in stating that they always consult their investment bankers when acting for themselves, or clients, in the purchase of securities. In fact, one well-known lawyer said: "While I am the owner of various bonds and short-term notes, and have bought many for my clients, I don't pretend to know any more about the intrinsic value of securities in general than does my physician about legal matters, and in all my purchases I have followed the suggestions of my investment bankers."

In view of these facts, we feel that the lawyer acting for the woman who wrote the above letter should have ascertained for himself the standing of the investment bankers and the character of the securities recommended by them to his client. Such an investigation would, unquestionably, have been encouraged by the bankers, if they were a reliable firm, without in any sense being construed as an obligation on the part of the woman or the lawyer to purchase the securities. The modern business method in the investment world is to give to interested persons all possible information upon security issues, whether purchases result or not, and practically all of the large houses have departments in charge of men whose duty it is to see that satisfactory service is given clients and prospective buyers in this respect.

In connection with the advice given this woman by her lawyer, it is not amiss to state that so far as our observation goes, there has been very little "investment building" for some time past, owing to the extremely high cost of labor and materials. The building being done at the present time is chiefly for persons desiring homes of their own, or by speculative builders. In building one's own home (a family dwelling place), a cost of a few thousand dollars more or less is perhaps not prohibitive. But when it comes to the building of a house for rental purposes, the rental to be a source of income upon which the owner is dependent, it may prove a vital mistake to build under existing conditions. Based strictly upon the help which this department is endeavoring to render our readers, it seems to us that

the money used to build a two-family house would have been employed to much better advantage through the purchase of properly selected short-term note investments, running from, say, two to five years, many of which are now upon the market. At the end of that period the payment of the notes would make available sufficient cash to build a house for rental purposes, possibly at an economical cost, compared with present prices. In the meantime, the notes could be readily sold, if it were deemed desirable to do so, for, as we have already pointed out, there is an excellent market for the desirable issues.

As to the safety of first mortgage real estate, we are firm believers in that excellent form of investment. At the same time, it is our opinion that under present conditions in the business and financial world, and in view of the high cost of commodities, five per cent. on money is only a moderate return. This is borne out by the fact that many of the most conservative banks and institutions are now placing a large part of their surplus funds in short-term notes, yielding from about six per cent. to seven per cent. income.

Now that we are upon this particular topic, we are going to give our readers, briefly, the benefit of our investigations concerning real estate and farm mortgages. We have before us correspondence from several of the prominent life insurance companies, and we believe that the facts which we have gleaned will prove instructive to the readers of this department. One company states: "As to the relative desirability of loaning upon well directed farm properties or properties in cities and towns, we prefer farm loans. This for the reason that we consider the stability of property values greater and interest returns higher. Then, again, we have found it easier to dispose of farm property without loss. Out of \$10,000,000 loaned upon farms, only five foreclosures have been begun, and in each case the property was sold to outside interests at prices in excess of our loans. The states in which we make loans upon farm mortgages are Georgia, Illinois, Indian Territory, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Minnesota, Missouri, Nebraska, North Dakota, Oklahoma, South Dakota, and Texas."

Another company states: "We have made loans in the West for about twenty-five years. For several years we preferred to some extent loans on town and city property to those on farms. Our experience taught us the error of this. While the company's loans on Western town and city properties were, at one time, about one to five, they are now about one to nine in amount. The foreclosures were much more of town than city loans. In amount they certainly were ten times as numerous. We have not found the town and city properties as profitable to hold, or so readily salable, as farm mortgages. Our farm loans are mainly in Central Indiana and Illinois, Iowa, Southern Minnesota, Nebraska and Kansas." Still another company loans, to a limited extent, upon farms located in the blue-grass regions of Kentucky and Tennessee.

Our readers should bear in mind that the insurance companies are guided by the judgment of their own experts in loaning upon farm mortgages. As related to individuals, there are firms of excellent reputation for conservatism and business integrity dealing in farm mortgages, and some of them are recognized as being particularly well fitted for this special line of business, by reason of long and successful experience. On the other hand, there are those in the farm mortgage business who base loans upon values brought about by "boom" conditions, or other false standards of values. The bait to the person making the loan is high interest return, the result being, in many cases, that when the conditions which brought about the inflated prices no longer exist, the holder of the mortgage is forced to lose a part of his principal. In placing such loans it is obvious that the broker gets a commission from the farmer far in excess of the legitimate rate.

Study Investments Through Experienced Investment Bankers

The best way to invest money is to follow the suggestions of reliable and experienced Investment Bankers, and we invite correspondence from those interested in this very important subject.

It is the belief of many qualified experts that greater opportunities are now afforded investors than for many years past. **Short Term Notes and Long Term Bonds**, suitable for the most conservative and discriminating buyers, are now to be had at prices to yield from about

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Generally speaking, farmers are a frugal class of men, with the spirit of industry and progressiveness predominating. It is doubtless for this reason that experts upon farm mortgages are agreed that after a farmer has secured a loan his one great object seems to be to "lift" the mortgage. Up to within the last decade, farm mortgages had to run for five years, either in part or whole, before they could be cancelled. It is different now, however, for the reason that the demand for good farm mortgages is so great that the farmers retain the privilege of paying off part or all of the mortgages on any interest date. Obviously, this is a distinct disadvantage to the holder of the mortgage, because it is at least annoying to be compelled to accept prepayments, ranging usually from \$100 and upwards, on every interest date. Some of the mortgage companies meet this condition by issuing bonds against pledge of farm mortgages to a trustee under a regular deed of trust, the bonds maturing about twenty years from date, interest payable semiannually. The deed of trust usually provides that the mortgage company shall have the option of paying off the bonds prior to maturity, upon due notice to the holders. In some cases the bonds are guaranteed by the mortgage companies, but, as related to all guaranteed mortgages, investors should be careful to determine the quality and character of the guarantee. We do not mean in any sense to infer that the guarantee of a good mortgage company does not add to the merit of the bond, but we do think it proper to point out, both for the benefit of our readers and for the sake of the sound guarantee companies, that the quality of the guarantee, and the value of the mortgages pledged as collateral, should be the primary considerations.

When an insurance company is obliged to foreclose a farm mortgage and acquire title to the property, it can usually arrange to manage the farm until a profitable sale is made, or until satisfied that it must be disposed of at a loss. This could not, of course, be conveniently done by an individual. However, we are convinced from the correspondence before us that the insurance companies, on account of the rigid examinations by their own experts, very rarely have to foreclose a farm mortgage. In cases where they do, and the property is taken over by them, it usually results in a profit. It seems also to be a fact that the interest rates upon the best class of farm mortgages are decreasing.

In this connection one of the large Eastern life insurance companies states: "We discontinued making farm mortgage loans nearly five years ago; not because the security was undesirable, but with lowering rates of interest on farm mortgages, and the average small amount, we found it expensive and undesirable to make the loans as we only consent to make them." Including all of its home-office property, this particular company has only about one per cent. of its assets in real estate, while, roughly speaking, the average of companies generally is about six or seven per cent.

In considering the purchase of bonds issued by companies operating in city real estate, investors should take pains to discover whether the bonds are secured directly upon the property, or merely by the companies' equities in the property. As a rule one can readily determine the equity in a property by deducting the amount of the prior mortgage, or prior mortgages, from the actual value of such property. For example, if the prior mortgages on a piece of real estate aggregate \$600,000, and the actual value of the real estate is \$1,000,000, the equity is \$400,000.

We think it a good policy to withhold purchasing bonds so secured until a statement of earnings is furnished, and also a balance sheet if desired. Most all of the reliable companies furnish these figures as a matter of course, doubtless for the reason that they wish prospective buyers to know how attractive they themselves regard the bonds which they issue. There is certainly no valid reason why such statements should not be furnished, and, then again, a client, or prospective buyer, is always entitled to this information and should insist upon receiving it.

Fragrant Philosophy

NO TRUE Christian is both good and disagreeable. Haste and distrust are certain indices of weakness. Whether or not all love is blind, self-love certainly is. A man to climb far must each day surmount at least one fear.

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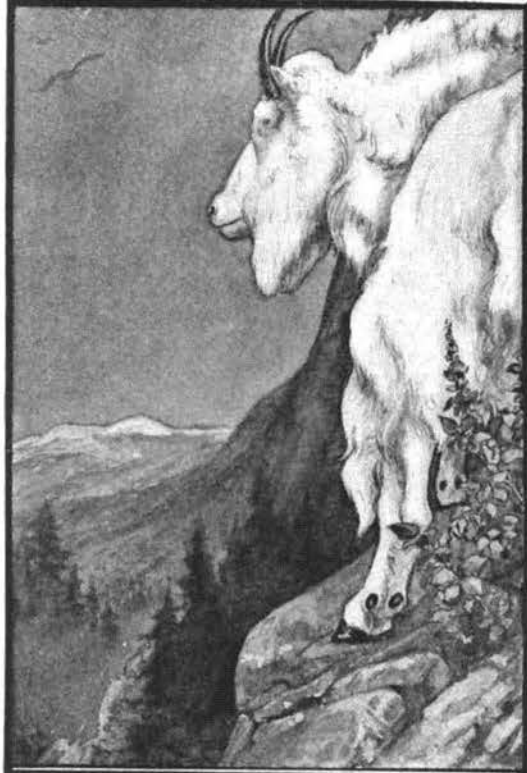
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FROM OUR READERS

Conducted by HARRY PALMER

My Vacation on a Ranch

By JOSEPH LUKE

BRAIN-WEARY with years of continuous study, and city-jaded with life among the multitude, I determined to spend my vacation on the open, limitless, wind-swept prairies of the West. But I feared the insufferable food which I had been led to expect on the ranches. I also feared the sudden break from civilization. I wished to be weaned gradually from the "Book of Print" to the ever-open "Book of Nature." So, after some search, I discovered the "Bar T" Ranch, in Colorado, situated five miles from the single track of the Union Pacific Railway, and basking in the civilization of Denver, twenty-five miles away. Of the sizzling heat of the Colorado prairies in midsummer I had been forewarned, so it was fall when I jumped off at Watkins, a typical Western cow-town, with three large packing cases.

"Bar T" played soft music to my æsthetic tastes with its rambling ranch house, showing, in its successive additions, the economic increment of its successive owners—its well-kept courtyard bounded by corrals, barns, and sheds. Here I spent three months—months full of the joy of living simply and sanely. The weather was perfect, the entire day clear, clean, and invigorating. Only once did we experience much snow—toward the end of October when it snowed continuously for four days—not the water-laden, slushy snow of the sea-edges of my Boston home, but the dry, snow-fluff of the high east-end plateau of the Rocky Mountains.

I took plenty of clothing and was laughed at for my pains. Heavy underwear and old clothes are all one needs out here on the Colorado ranches where necessity is the mother of fashion. During my entire stay at the "Bar T," I lived in a wooden shack, twelve by twelve, which "leaked" the pure, life-laden ozone of the Colorado prairies as a sieve does water. I spent many hours in the saddle—the roomy, comfortable stock saddle of the Western ranch, and I learned to ride without "daylight" showing between me and my saddle, and trained my hand not to go out in a friendly handclasp to my saddle-horn on the slightest provocation. It was not long before I began to look upon "pulling leather" in the same light as do the cowboys, to whom it is the most odious of crimes.

I found plenty of good books for my few idle moments, and educated and refined companions in the ranch owners. The warm, unaffected companionship of the wiry, fiery bronchos—the lazy, lotus-eating, bunch-grass chewing cattle—the immense, silver-topped Rockies stretching away on the rim of the undulating prairies are not to be forgotten.

As to expense. There are plenty of ranches strewn over the eastern Colorado plateau whose owners will gladly accommodate one at a weekly rate of from five to eight dollars. Some ranchers, in their thirst for companionship will gladly take one in who, beside furnishing talk, will do a few chores—by no means difficult and always of interest to the uninitiated.

Two Well-known Golfers

H. CHANDLER EGAN and MASON PHELPS, the well-known amateur golfers of the Exmoor



The Cowboys of the "Bar T"

companying photograph was taken just before they began playing the finals.

Hints to Tennis Beginners

By IDA B. ATTERHOLT

PERHAPS at no other season is lawn tennis so thoroughly enjoyable as now, during the cool, clear days of early autumn, and certainly no better time to learn could be chosen. With the increasing popularity of



The "Tenderfeet" in the corral

the game, opportunities to play are innumerable, and a few practical suggestions to beginners may prove useful.

Naturally, the first and chief consideration is the choice of a racket, and the common mistake of the novice is the purchase of an inferior one. A cheap racket is always a poor economy, and it is much wiser to invest in a reliable one at the start, particularly as it is almost the only expense involved. A good racket of a standard make should not suffer, even in the hands of a beginner.

As to its weight, thirteen ounces is heavy enough for the average American girl; lightness makes for quickness, and anything heavier should be left to men. Care must be exercised in selecting one that is not too big around the handle, as a strained thumb-ligament and weakened wrist may otherwise result.

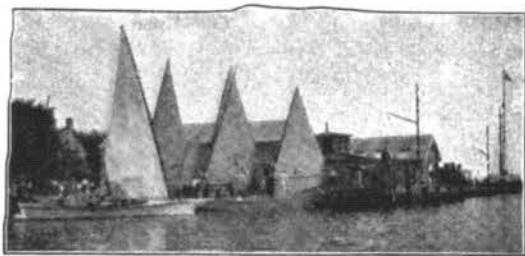
In buying shoes it is only necessary to see that they are as light in weight and close in fit as possible. A loose tennis shoe is a decided hindrance where speed is desirable.

Once equipped with a good racket, and suitably dressed for an outdoor game, the first step for the beginner should be the acquirement of a correct grip; without it no real proficiency can ever be attained, as a proper hold is absolutely essential to all good playing. With the racket held firmly at the extreme end, the forearm and the handle of the racket should be exactly in line at the moment the ball is struck. Strength and accuracy will develop with play, provided as much activity is displayed as one's bodily nature permits.

Too much reading beforehand only results in a confusion of ideas, but after a few preliminary games, much may be learned by studying some of the instructive books published on the subject. They will give the beginner a most comprehensive idea of the strokes and science of the game.



TWO YOUNG GOLF CHAMPIONS
Mason Phelps (at left). H. Chandler Egan (at right)



Before the race

Cruising on Chesapeake Bay

By ANDERSON M. PECK

THE Atlantic shore is the yachtman's Mecca, for nowhere else are there so many rivers and creeks, with so many pretty little oyster towns on their shores. It is here in Talbot County that the Chesapeake Bay Yacht Club members hold their annual canoe races in August. In St. Michaels, Oxford, or Cambridge, a Chesapeake Bay "Bugeye" schooner can be had for about \$15 a week, including the captain's services; a "Skipjack" sloop, a smaller boat of a different type, costs \$6 a week. August is the best month to get a boat, but October has fine sailing winds, and is in the oyster season. Old Point can be made in two or three days, with a fair wind, and by sailing nights; it is better to wait for a fair wind than to beat down. Sail across the bay and keep about one or two miles off the western shore. In the lower part of the bay are shad nets, and it is well to keep on the outside of them. By keeping near shore you avoid the bay tides.

On the west side of the Hotel Chamberlin is the yacht and boat anchorage, and, at the dock nearby, ice, water, and supplies can be obtained. Across the "Roads" is the Jamestown Exposition, with plenty of good places to anchor. The James and Potomac Rivers are hard to sail up at times, owing to the tides and head winds, but with a fair wind, Baltimore, one hundred and sixty miles up the bay, can be made in four or five days. There are many places of interest along the bay, such as Yorktown and Annapolis, and many little oyster and canning towns. A good anchorage in Baltimore is in the upper harbor, on "The Flats," among the small boats.

When you go ashore at night in your rowboat, carry a lantern, or the police boat will make your acquaintance; see also that your boat is anchored so she will ride clear of other boats in every direction. Oxford is a day's sail from Baltimore, in a good wind. A chart of the bay is useful at all times, and a kodak and phonograph will pave your way among the oystermen that you may fall in with.

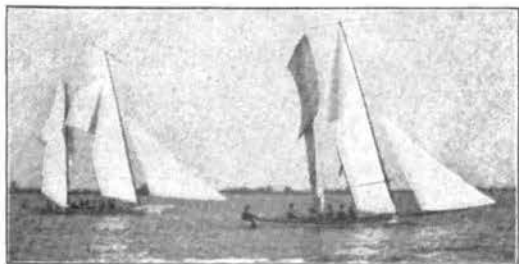
"On Nature's Tandem"

By MARIE PHELAN

WALKING should be the most popular of outdoor sports, since it requires no "outfit." For the desk worker—clerk or capitalist—it is the ideal exercise. It not only gives a chance for activity to his poor unused legs, but acquaintance with nature from the footpath is far more refreshing than tearing along dusty roads in a motor car.

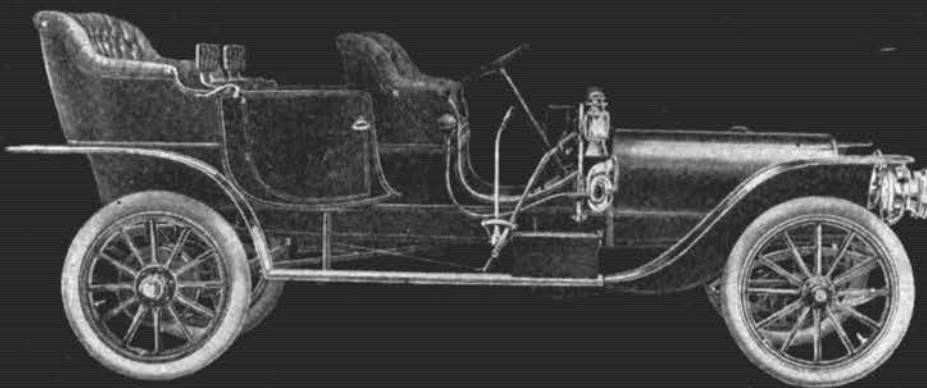
Inexperienced walkers should begin with short walks, as it is the hasty ones who make ten miles on the first (and only) trip, and are half crippled for days afterwards, who inveigh against walking. In a city, it is a good plan to start by exploring the parks; then the expeditions of discovery can be extended into the bordering suburbs, until one finally works up to a real country walk. There is a "best time" for most sports, and for walking it is October and November, although the delights of plowing kneedeep through snow must not be underrated. In the autumn, however, even the friend who "can't stand the cold" will suffer no discomfort. The woods, too, are at their loveliest then, the monotonous greenness of summer being succeeded by all the colors in existence—and some we never thought existed except on canvas.

A chestnut hunt can be extended into the finest of week-end trips. Ride to the end of a suburban line; then cut across country to a chestnut grove. Within such distance of a city it is always easy to find a farmhouse where one can get inexpensive meals and a room. Next morning be up by sunrise, so that you can cover several miles by church time. After eating dinner and learning the direction of a railroad station, you can



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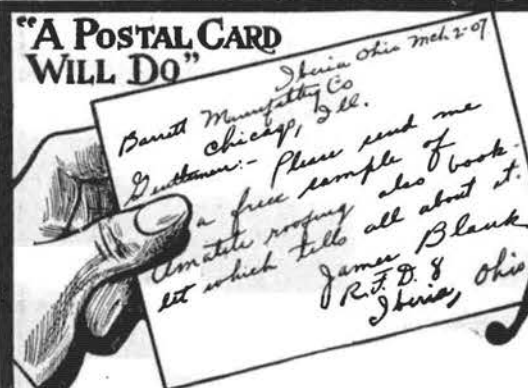
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leisurely make your way to that point and arrive home for supper. Two should be the limit of a walking trip,—and a word of caution: don't hamper yourself with baggage. An extra collar, your toothbrush, and a bag for the chestnuts will suffice.

Even after you have become a hardy walker don't fall a victim to the speed microbe. Don't envy the expensive sports of others, but console yourself with the remembrance that a motor boat cannot wade in a cooling woodland creek, and it is impossible for an automobile to scale a fence or climb a tree without serious results.

Now for Football

OCTOBER will see all of the prominent football teams at their training tables and the hard work of preparation for the "big games" well under way. Precisely the same rules under which last year's schedule was played out will govern the game this year. There have been, and will be, no changes whatever, except in minor details that will in no wise affect the style of play. We are assured a dashing, open game, with plenty of opportunity for brilliant runs, skillful interference, and gritty tackles, with the battering-ram and "human pyramid" features of past years relegated to the shelf. The teams will show a cleaner and much more finished game of football.

It was expected that a full playing season would be required in which to familiarize the men with the more radical changes in the rules. This was not true of all teams, Yale through her ready adaptability, and Princeton because of her well-known and long retained preference for open play, quickly swinging into their strides. For Harvard, however, it was not so easy. She found no little difficulty in breaking away from the heavy mass plays to which she had become wedded, and which was one of the features of the old game the new rules were intended to eliminate or at least greatly modify. This year, with proficiency assured all down the line, and with rules as nearly ideal as it seems possible to make them, some great games should be played.

Admirers were not a little alarmed toward the close of last year's series, over the rumor that the Crimson and Blue were at outs as a result of the last Yale-Harvard Game, and probably would not again meet on the gridiron for some years to come. That the rumor was groundless is best evidenced by the present cordial relations between the athletic committees of the two colleges. The teams of Yale and Harvard may have their little differences for the moment, but they will never be allowed to disrupt or even seriously affect the cordial relations that have so long existed between the two universities.

Current Automobile Topics

SO RAPIDLY has automobiling sprung into public favor, and so numerous are the functions that have grown into the dignity of "annual fixtures," such as national shows, tours, endurance and reliability runs, road races, and similar events, that the executive force, both in the trade and among motor-car owners, has been found inadequate to properly control and conduct these functions. The show question alone seems in good hands. The organization and conduct of annual tours, such as the Glidden, and the management of races such as the Vanderbilt Cup, have apparently become too great a task for the American Automobile Association, which has for the past three years undertaken to handle them.

After what seems to have been a most generous exercise of patience, the leading automobile organizations of the country now propose a centralization of their combined forces for the proper systemization and control of all such events. Control will be vested in a "technical board," composed of fully empowered representatives from four leading organizations representing the motor-car manufacturers of the country, the American importers of foreign cars, and the Automobile Club of America. This board, with a thorough knowledge of motor-car construction and engine equipment, and consequently of the respective speed and endurance powers of every car applying for admission into the various contests under its control, will be able to formulate equitable and just rules for the classification and penalization of competing cars—something that has never been even creditably attempted heretofore.

In the interests of individual car owners who compete in such events from year to year, and in the interests of the American motor-car industry, the step seems to be one in the right direction.

The action of Thomas B. Jeffery, of Kenosha, Wisconsin, in personally contributing \$25,000 to be used in erecting signposts at highway intersections throughout Wisconsin and Illinois, is one that should stimulate the American Automobile Association and similar organizations to action. If there is any field of usefulness in which the associated automobile clubs of the country should bestir themselves, it is that of posting the public highways with reliable information for motor-car tourists. State authorities are indifferent. It will never be done except at the instigation of motorists as a body; and upon whom does the responsibility rest if not upon the clubs supported and maintained by motorists? The hearty thanks of all automobilists, and particularly those of Wisconsin and Illinois, are due Mr. Jeffery.

Our Own Northwest

By CHAUNCEY THOMAS

[Concluded from page 657]

in America. As a matter of dollars and cents—or figured in units of power if you prefer—the time is near when it will be quicker, cheaper and easier to haul from San Francisco to the Columbia Cañon than to lift and lower that eternal 10,000 feet. Part of the Golden Gate traffic bound for inland will of course go south along the natural route now covered by the Southern Pacific, and part north to the Columbia Cañon. Because of the Panama Canal, most of this traffic will be for the northern part of the United States, hence will seek the Columbia route. But little will go almost directly east as it does to-day, for commerce in the end follows the lines of least resistance just as surely as does water. In addition to this gigantic lift and fall, the distance from Chicago to San Francisco is over 500 miles farther than to the mouth of the Columbia—and these 500 miles are all over mountains.

If the Great Salt Lake in Utah were a sea-port it would be, all things considered, on about an equal railroad haul with Puget Sound. From Salt Lake to San Francisco must ever be San Francisco's handicap as against Puget Sound. It costs more to carry some kinds of freight from Chicago (via an all-rail haul) to San Francisco than from Chicago (via the Columbia Cañon and ship) to Hawaii, and in a few cases even to Japan. This means actual cost, mind you, not present rates, which are based on anything but actual cost. Expressed in another way: San Francisco's handicap is equal to a haul from New York City to Buffalo—then a climb up Pike's Peak. Although the summit of Pike's Peak is over 14,000 feet above the sea, its base is also over five thousand feet high, making the climb up the actual peak about 10,000 feet. For all this do not examine a flat map but a good globe, and remember that when you wish to travel east or west over the earth it is shorter to swing in a great circle to the north—as ships do—and back than to go directly east or west.

From Puget Sound the bulk of the present traffic which goes puffing, straining, and twisting up over the Cascades Range to the East, will inside of three years—five at the longest—go south on the water level and up the Columbia, still on a water level. In a word, the Columbia River Cañon is to the Pacific Coast, and especially to the Puget Sound region, what the Hudson River Cañon is to the Atlantic seaboard and New England. The result is New York City.

"Where rail meets sail" is where the city must be. And this point, just so sure as New York City is where it is, and as Chicago is where it is, this point on the Pacific for the third—perhaps the second?—city of America is on Puget Sound, at the nearest level spot and harbor to the Columbia Cañon.

[The concluding article in this series will be published in our next issue.]

Punctilious

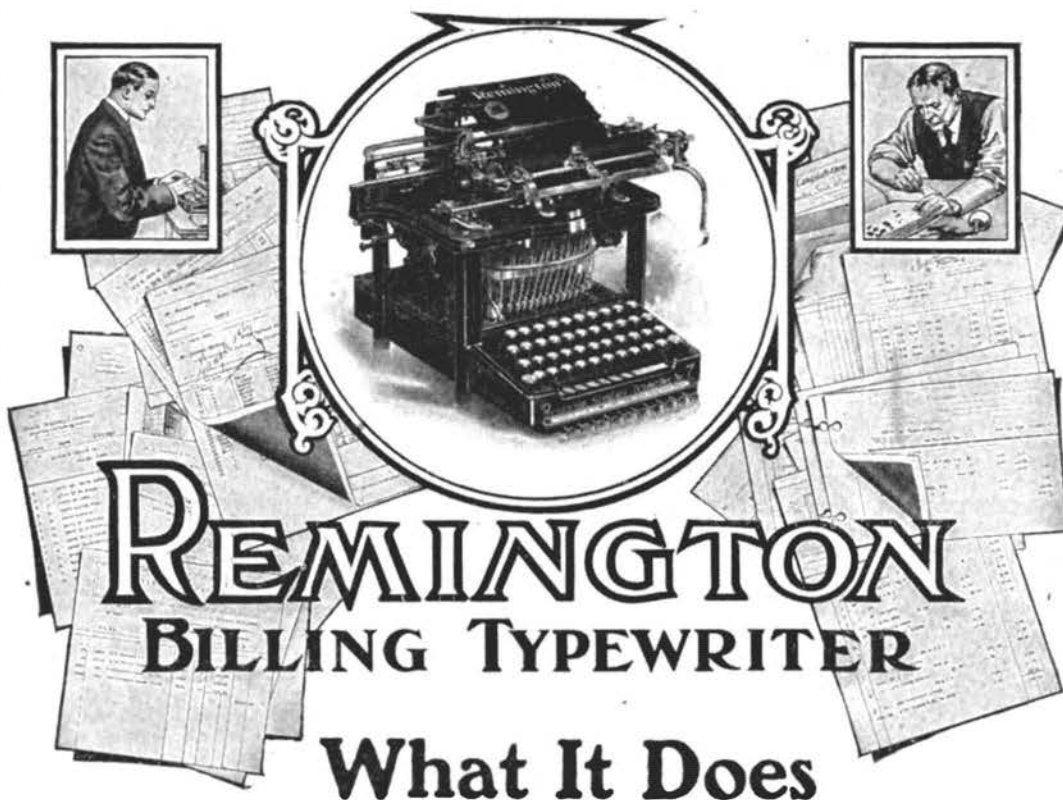
A FRENCH schooner went ashore at one of the fashionable resorts. When day dawned she was plainly in sight from the beach, the waves breaking over her decks, and the crew clinging to the shrouds. The summer residents flocked to the water's edge, where a life-saving crew was working.

"Mercy, man, why don't you all do something—try to save those poor men? I wonder what they are—" an excited woman gasped, catching a bronzed coast-guard by the arm.

"We are doing all we can, madam," was the hurried reply. "They are French. We have just sent them a line to come ashore."

The lady turned to a friend with a look of admiration in her eyes.

"Just think of that, Mary," she said. "And isn't it just like those awfully polite Frenchmen? That man said they had just sent them a line to come ashore. You see, they would n't come, though they were about to be drowned, without a formal invitation!"



The illustration features a central circular frame containing a detailed drawing of a Remington Billing Typewriter. Above the typewriter, within the same frame, is a small portrait of a man in a suit. To the right of the typewriter, another small portrait of a man is visible. The typewriter is surrounded by several sheets of paper, some of which are partially covered by the typewriter's carriage and keyboard. The overall design is ornate, with decorative flourishes around the central frame.

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Practical Talks on Shorthand

Conducted by

ROBT. F. ROSE

IN beginning these "Practical Talks on Shorthand," I desire to say that some remarkable statements will be made, but in each instance I either have the proof of their correctness at hand, or they are within my own personal knowledge. The editor of one of the leading periodicals doubted my statement in an article that the firm of Hanna & Budlong made \$50,000 in three months writing shorthand, but when shown the proof to that effect, he admitted that the work performed by that firm in reporting the Anthracite Coal Strike Investigation was worth it.



FRANK R. HANNA,
Whose firm made \$50,000
in three months writing
shorthand.

Six months' study of shorthand qualified Paul Cooke so that he became the private secretary of the business manager of the *Chicago Examiner*. Seven months' home study of shorthand qualified Ray Nye-master, of Atalissa, Ia., so that he became private secretary to Congressman Dawson, of that state. These two instances, taken from hundreds which have come to my notice, are cited in order to show that no other study will so quickly qualify young people for remunerative work in the commercial world as shorthand. As a profession, too, there is none better paying and none more fascinating. I know that C. W. Pitts, the official court reporter at Alton, Ia., qualified for that position (worth \$3,000 a year) by seven months' study. With what other profession could he have succeeded so well? Twenty-four-year-old Joseph M. Carney, of the firm of Welch & Carney, of Milwaukee, Wis., makes more than \$5,000 a year as a shorthand expert. These are only two of many of like cases within my personal knowledge. The firm of Walton, James & Ford, court reporters in Chicago, do a business of \$100,000 annually writing shorthand, and they founded the Success Shorthand School which instructs others in this line of work. This school has offices in Chicago and New York, the eastern school being in charge of Frank R. Hanna, who was the senior member of Hanna & Budlong, and the Chicago School in charge of W. L. James, whose ability as a shorthand writer had much to do with the building up of the great business referred to. This is the school which teaches people at their homes to become expert shorthand writers, even though they have no previous knowledge of shorthand, and perfect stenographers for expert work. The successful private secretaries and court reporters mentioned above are a few of the graduates of this institution, which "graduates expert stenographers."

NOTE.—If you have no knowledge of shorthand, and desire to know how to succeed by home study, write to either of the addresses given below for full particulars. If you are a shorthand writer and desire to be perfected for expert work, write for literature showing what others are doing, and stating the system you now write and your experience. Address the school nearer you, The Success Shorthand School, Suite 310, 79 Clark Street, Chicago, Ill., or Success Shorthand School, Suite 310, 1416 Broadway, New York City.

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PIN MONEY PAPERS

WHILE VISITING, I have been struck at the unfair way the work is often divided among different members of a family, the heaviest part falling on one person particularly. We are a large family and four of us girls do the work. We manage so each one has her fair share of work, and also a change, to relieve the monotony of the daily routine. Each girl takes a month in the kitchen, in turn doing the cooking and dish washing. Two of us look after the six bedrooms, cleaning one each day and the hall and stairs on Saturday. The fourth looks after the sitting room; she sets and clears the table for each meal, and dries the dishes for the cook. Then we all change round each month. Once a fortnight we get together and do the washing. We have two rules which we strictly abide by. First—all housework must be done before luncheon if possible; second—the evenings shall be free for reading, music, fancy work, writing letters, etc., or any amusement. Ironing and needlework are kept for afternoons, when we are not out visiting.—B. P. L. S.

THE BEST HOLDER for everyday use can be made from old socks. When the foot of the sock is too badly worn for mending, I cut the leg straight across, just above the heel. Stitch it across the end, cut off, then turn inside out. Take hold of the top of the sock and turn it back halfway. This makes a soft holder of four thicknesses and of convenient size.—E. McKELZIE.

FOR NIGHTS WHICH ARE CHILLY, I have six hydraulic pressed bricks, covered in the following manner. I take pretty left-overs of outing flannel, fold lengthwise, and cut fourteen inches long by eight inches wide. I also cut bedticking the same size, then old heavy wool underwear for an interlining. I spread out and place first the interlining, then the outing flannel, then the ticking, and stitch the three pieces together across one end, turn the ticking to the inside, and keep in place with a row of stitching on the outside. Next I fold the ticking side out and stitch along the sides and end. The bag is simple, substantial, and pretty. I place the bricks in the oven after supper, remove them about eight o'clock, stand them on end on top of the stove and slip covers over them. Then place two in each bed. I have used these for many winters, considering them preferable to flatirons and much cheaper than hot-water bottles.—PATRICIA L.

WE BEGAN, WHEN THE BABY FIRST CAME, a bank for him, putting aside everything under twenty-five cents that was on hand on Saturday night. As it grew, it was deposited in a "grown-up bank," where it draws interest, and as each child attains his or her majority, their respective shares were given to them. It was surprising to see how the fund grew and the money was not missed.—G. W. G.

WHEN OUT OF MUCILAGE, white of egg is a good substitute.—CARRIE M.

WOOL, SILK, VELVET, OR LACE, anything but cotton goods, can be perfectly cleaned at home in gasoline. Often with a few hours' work, I clean what would cost me ten dollars if sent to a professional. I put the garment, or two or three pieces if small, into a small earthen slop jar which I bought for this purpose, and close it tightly, after covering the garment with gasoline. Nothing need be removed from a waist except rubber shields. While it is soaking, I rub soap on a much soiled or grease spot, and brush the garment well with a stiff brush to get all the dust out. This work must be done in the open air, as gasoline is an explosive. I buy the best gasoline, usually getting a five-gallon can. I put one gallon in the jar, allowing a garment to soak for one hour. Then I work it about, rubbing it a little, and transfer it to a second vessel containing another gallon of fresh gasoline. It is rinsed well in this, then hung on the line to dry. I put another garment to soak as soon as one is removed and keep the process go-

CONDUCTED BY OUR READERS

I shall be glad to receive any paragraphs by SUCCESS MAGAZINE readers for Pin Money Papers. All that are available will be paid for at the rate of one cent a word. In no case can manuscripts be returned.—ISABEL GORDON CURTIS.

ing. I put a coat or jacket on a coat-hanger before hanging it out in the sun. In the evening, things are taken in and hung out again next day to air. The odor will thus leave the garments, though I do not wear them for several days. Pressing can be done after several days when the garment is dry. All the gasoline can be poured together and set aside; the dirt settles so it can be used again.—CARRIE M.

A GOOD SUBSTITUTE FOR A CORKSCREW is a common screw, with a string attached, to pull out the cork.—SUSAN M.

BEFORE THE ARRIVAL of the new girl in the kitchen, I used to feel I must have the pantry shelves in perfect order. Last time a new maid arrived I did not have time to straighten things, so I set her to work cleaning and arranging the shelves. It worked well. She was able to take an invoice of stock and know just where to find things without my having to tell her.—ELINOR BRANCH.

AS LEMONADE IS ORDINARILY MADE, much of the sugar remains in the bottom of the glass. This can be prevented by pouring a little boiling water over the sugar. When it dissolves add the lemon juice, then fill up with cold water and ice.—A. E. PERKINS.

A CITY DWELLER IS OFTEN STRUCK by the lack of economy in country homes. Farmers' wives buy cases of canned peas, tomatoes, beans, corn, and pumpkin. This is expensive and not nearly so good as those canned at home. Then, in their season, tomatoes decay, extra peaches and pears fall and are wasted. These things should be utilized, especially in large families. Pumpkin in thin slices, dried thoroughly on the back of the stove, or in the hot-air oven, when soaked and prepared, makes delicious pies.—A. E. PERKINS.

THOSE WHO LIKE HORSE RADISH can easily raise it by having a root or two, as it is perennial and spreads each year. Then it can be dug up, prepared fresh, at no expense, instead of purchasing what is largely seasoned turnips.—A. E. PERKINS.

THOSE OF US WHO LIVE IN FLATS find economy of space a problem. Where to keep my flatirons was always a question with me. If I set them in one of the convenient recesses at the back of the range, they got spattered and I had to clean them on ironing day. I got a sheet of asbestos and cut a strip, then folded it in three parts—one was slipped under the flats, one covered the sides, another the tops. Now I leave them in the recess back of the range and they are always clean.—MRS. W. N. HEDBACK.

TAKE AN EMPTY TALCUM POWDER CAN and cover with ribbon the width of the can. Tie narrow ribbon around the top in a bow and stick hat pins in through the perforations.—M. V. HUNT.

WE LATELY MOVED TO A HOUSE where the mice had full play from garret to cellar. They had eaten little passageways through the plaster into the chambers and every other room in the house. Knowing how persistent they are in gnawing their way through the same place when it is closed, I took small pieces of window glass and pasted with plaster of Paris over the openings. In white walled rooms, I covered the glass with whitewash; in the papered rooms with wall paper. The unsightly openings were closed and the mice shut out. Then I caught them in the cellar.—MRS. G. H. B.

ONE SUMMER I WAS HORRIFIED to find moths had taken possession of a Wilton velvet carpet. I used moth balls, camphor, insect powder, everything friends could recommend, only to find a fresh colony moved in every few

days. I was almost in despair, when a neighbor suggested I wipe the carpet with turpentine, using it freely. I did, and in a few minutes the little "worms" began to work out of the carpet pile. I swept them up and burned them. After repeating this a third time, the moths disappeared entirely. A thorough airing for a few mornings removed all trace of the turpentine.—EMMA.

WHEN A WOMAN HAS TO wait upon the table, it means a saving of steps if she places the filled meat plate, vegetable, and potato dishes upon the dining-room register or radiator. The second course can thus be kept warm while the soup course is on the table.—MRS. F. C. DORN.

SOMETIMES WHEN I START MY GIRLS and boys off to school, I discover at the last moment a hole in the knee of a stocking. I unfasten the supporter, turn the stocking down and lay over several inches of the top, which then underlies the hole, making it inconspicuous until a more opportune moment comes for mending. VIRGIE BEIDLER.

IF ONE HAS TO CARRY A LIGHT from one part of the house to another, the ideal way is to cut a candle a little shorter than a tumbler, then fasten it to the tumbler bottom by planting it in a bit of its own meltings, which promptly hardens and holds it there. The tumbler protects the candle from draughts. KATHERINE J.

WHEN PACKING DISHES to move on the cars, utilize all drawer room. I put plates and platters among the sheets and bed linen in the bureaus. Larger pieces and smaller articles we put in commodes and smaller drawers done up in towels. Thus we save a large amount of packing material, and have never had a dish broken when packed in this way.—H. P. MYERS.

THE BEST OF SHOES will sometimes squeak. Ask a shoemaker to dust some powdered soap stone in the soles. Then you can walk in peace.—T. C. VAN D.

INSTEAD OF THE UGLY tin baking-powder cans used by so many housewives who cannot afford spice cabinets, I utilize my empty talcum powder bottles. They are pretty to look at, hold enough to last a long time, and having two lids—the inner one being perforated, so that the spice can be shaken out when the outer is removed—are as handy as if they were made for the purpose. As they are glass, one can find in an instant what one is looking for.—L. M. S.

TO KEEP SHEET MUSIC IN SHAPE, I purchased a box of the long brass brads used by stenographers to fasten their typewritten sheets. Then I sorted my music according to kinds or composers, as I wished—thus, a stack of waltzes here and a stack of Chopin there. From a stack I took eight pieces of uniform size, trimming down when necessary, and in each leaf of each piece, three-fourths of an inch from the back edge, and in three places—the center, three inches from top and three inches from bottom—I cut a slit just large enough for the brad to enter. I inserted three brads through the eight pieces, spread out their prongs according to directions for fastening, and, behold, a nice book, which would stay open when in use on the piano.—L. M. S.

FOR THE LAST FIVE YEARS, when I have cleaned my kitchen, the last thing I would do would be to give my linoleum, which covers the entire floor, a coat of varnish, which I find not only preserves it, but also retains its bright colors. This may also be found useful in the case of oilcloth.—ELLEN HERBERT.

A CURE FOR ECZEMA is to take yellow carrots, scrape them, and fry slowly in fresh lard till brown. Drain off the lard and melt in it one tablespoonful of powdered resin. Stir well, put in a jar, and when it is cool mix in one teaspoonful of sulphur. Apply each day, and the cure will be speedy.—ISA GERTRUDE WHITMAN.

IF YOUR CHILDREN GO BAREFOOT and one should step on a rusty nail, take some wool (old woolen cloth will answer if wool cannot be had), put it in an old pan, set it on the fire, and hold the wound in the smoke. It will draw out the poison and soreness. Dress the wound with a poultice of pine tar, or if that is not at hand, a slice of salt pork is excellent.—ISA GERTRUDE WHITMAN.

IF YOU HAVE A WINTER GARDEN of hyacinths growing in glasses, they will sometimes gather an unsightly mass of green scum in the water. Lift the bulbs, handling the roots very carefully, so that none of them will break, then wash them under a gentle stream from a faucet. Cleanse the glass with hot soda water, and put the plant back in fresh, cold water, to which a kernel of charcoal has been added. There will be no more scum so long as charcoal is kept to absorb impurities.—MISS BAILEY.

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Building the House

By **ZOE ANDERSON NORRIS**

Illustrated by **J. A. Cahill**

RAWLTON entered his office, walked briskly to his desk, threw down the drawn-up and signed contract for the building of the palace of the oil king and slung himself into his chair.

The place was empty. The clerks had left for the night. Beyond, in the draughting room, great blue drawings were spread out on breast-high tables. The typewriter's machine was covered. The desks of the lesser clerks were closed and locked.

Rawlton smiled into the disorder of his own desk. The smile accentuated the premature wrinkles about his mouth. Not yet thirty his face possessed the strength and determination of a man once and again his age. This had come of the desperation of his struggle for life.

Presently, rising, he walked through the second room to the window and stood there looking out over the city, at the Madison Square Garden, topped by its eternal Diana, poised with her bow, at the little white building below, so elaborately decorated with whiter statues, at the river and the island further on, gleaming faintly with a tender and distant green, soft and satisfying.

It was seven years before that he had come to this great city unknown, unaided, to make his way. Many a boy friend on the same errand, lost in the feverish tension of its strife, had given up and gone back home, but he had stayed. He had stemmed the tide. It now turned in his favor straight on to fortune.

Seven years, and to-day had come the crowning point of his success, the triumphing over his enemies, the climax. The contract for the palace of the oil king marked it.

Those bitter seven years had carved the wrinkles

"Very well, then," he had told them, "but as for me, I wash my hands of it," and that he had done.

They had gone on building. They had finished the house. It had been filled with people; from garret to cellar it had been filled.

Then one day there was an extra edition to cry the news. The house had collapsed. Lives had been lost, —ten, eleven.

Whose fault was it? Thank God! Not his.

The newsboys were yelling themselves hoarse that day when his employers entered.

He stood facing them.

"The building has collapsed, as you see," they had said.

"I indicated its weak points," he had answered.

"Let that be as it may," they had continued, "some one must pay the penalty. We, as builders, are responsible for those lives. We must have a scapegoat upon whose shoulders to lay the blame."

They had hesitated for the fraction of a second before they made their proposition. Then they had made it:

"You are known to be our engineer. Therefore, in the natural order of things, you should be at fault. We understand. You discovered the weak points; but who, with the exception of ourselves, knows that? Take the guilt of it. Disappear for a time, till the excitement blows over. We will see that you do not lose by the transaction."

And they had offered him money.

He was very young then, but he was strong. He had always been strong. He liked to remember how he had told them what he thought of them, and had left their office, friendless, as when he had entered the city, even more friendless, for upon him was the weight of seeming guilt, but brave in the consciousness of his own rectitude.

The taint followed him. It made it almost impossible for him to obtain work. Willingly or unwillingly, he was made their scapegoat. The blame was laid at his door; so that for months he walked the streets hungry.

The injustice of that time rankled. It probed deep. It would take a lifetime to erase the scar of it. He stopped at his desk to look again at the contract for the palace, in an endeavor to forget it, and to remember that, in spite of those who had wronged him, he had succeeded in building for himself a reputation for honesty, integrity, and uprightness. He had found other



"You chill me to the bone"

about his mouth and hardened his heart and robbed him almost of his faith in his fellow men, almost,—but not quite.

But to-day the earth looked good again, and his heart grew warm.

He reviewed his life. A boy, entering a city like New York, unknown, and friendless, what could he expect but enemies and opposition and defeat? But not such opposition as he had had. Not such defeat.

His face set stern again at the recollection of it, and, above all, as he thought of that day of the planning of the tenement house.

It was he who had assisted in the planning of it. They had drawn up the contract, and were upon the point of signing it when, examining the construction once more, he discovered weaknesses. He pointed them out. They refused to see them. All arrangements had been made. The contract had to be signed. On the following week, if not sooner, they declared, the building should commence.

employers. No money by way of bribes, tips, or otherwise, had stuck to his fingers. His time had been given, and his talent. He was respected by them, and he was trusted, which was better still.

And now this palace, which he was to build, would stand always a monument to his honesty, his integrity, and his skill.

It had grown dark. The lights of the Madison Square Garden blazed. The Diana above tiptoed duskily. Walking back and forth, regarding it unseeing, he at length resumed his place at his desk.

Taking up the contract he looked at it a moment, then laid it tenderly away, as if it were some very precious thing, touching it delicately and caressingly.

The snapped-on electric illumined his desk and its contents with the row of dusty books above, books on architecture, schemes, plots and plans, dry-as-dust problems, difficult of solving; his library at which Jeannette had laughed, with that laugh of hers which lingered with him sometimes long after she had gone.

"Have you a single poem here on love?" she had asked, one day, flipping off the dust with her small handkerchief.

No. Not one. He had hardly time for love. He must first wipe out the stain of the tenement house and its eleven lost lives—if stain it was, since the fault had not been his; he must first make a name for himself among the world of men—and then, perhaps, love.

He remembered how Jeannette had stood mutinously against the wall, had flashed her wild eyes on him, and had said:

"Love! You have n't the remotest conception of the meaning of the word. But who could expect a man who builds iron sky-scrapers to know the meaning of love?"

She had looked beautiful in her sudden torrent of anger. Except that he had accustomed himself to



"He walked the streets hungry"

restraint, had forced himself to curb each softening influence for the strengthening of needed powers of endurance, he would have taken her in his arms then and kissed her.

He passed his hand across his brow.

Somehow, to-night it seemed to him that it was what he should have done.

But then he was deep in the struggle for success. Now success had come to him. It was time, therefore, to give himself to love.

The thought brought back some words of hers:

"You may build your houses and your houses," she had said, "but Love's House is not always so easy to build. It is not made of the stuff of which other houses are made—of brick, of mortar. It is woven fine of webs that come of themselves from nobody knows where. Sometimes it is strong to stand the storm, this House of Love. Sometimes it is weak. Sometimes it lasts till the windows are closed and the black scarf hangs at the door. And then again some little mist may blow it away in a night, leaving the morning sun to shine on the cellars of where it has been."

She had left her place against the wall and, going close, had put two hands on his shoulders.

"Let your big tall houses stand unfinished awhile," she had begged, the dimples showing sweet about her mobile mouth, "and begin to build the House of Love."

It must have been that he had frozen his heart in his determination to succeed, or he would have taken those hands from off his shoulders and kissed them. To-night he thought it was what he should have done. She had taken them off of her own accord, by and by, and had held them fast together, as if to warm them, saying:

"Sometime you will be looking for the filmy material with which to begin building the House of Love, and you will not find it."

And she had stood silently off a long while, looking at him, her wild eyes sad and black as the night outside.

For the moment the memory of her was strong within him; so strong that he came near to forgetting the plan of his palace whose skill and magnificence was to make a name for him among men.

Nervously he stood erect, stretched out his arms, and walked once more to the window.

The lights glimmered fitfully this way and that. Toward the river red flames belched forth from the mouths of furnaces. Further yet the stream ran in a purplish line straight into the night.

He and Jeannette had often stood there together, looking out on the same scene. He remembered now that, as often as they had stood, and betrothed as they



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then were, he had never so much as put his arm around her. He was sorry now that he had not.

Soon after, the last night had come. It was at her home, in her studio.

Crouching close to him, as they sat together, she had laid her head on his shoulder.

How could he know what thoughts, moody as his own had been throughout those seven years of injustice, were gathering in that little head?

Suddenly, straightening up, pushing him from her with all the strength of her fragile fingers, she had let him know.

"You freeze my heart!" she had cried. "As well try to warm my hands at an iceberg! As well attempt to keep the blood warm in my veins in the teeth of a blizzard! Go away! Go away!"

At first he had laughed. Then he straightened his face into seriousness, asking, "Do you mean it?"

"I mean it," she had cried. "I can not endure it another hour, another moment! You chill me to the bone. I am like a breath of left-over summertime, trying to warm the heart of winter. I am like a tiny breaker, dashing at a solid wall of stone. You freeze me!" and her face had flashed at him, flushed as that of an angry child.

"Never do you call me, 'Sweetheart,'" she had raged on, "or 'Precious,' or 'Darling,' or any other of those little names that women love. Never do you kiss me of your own accord. Never do you put your arms around me."

"Go build your houses of brick and mortar and stone," she had sobbed, "and do without the House of Love."

And he had gone, not quite believing that she had meant it, but quite sure, on the other hand, that she would telephone him some message in the morning, breathing penitence and love.

But the morning had come and gone, the days had passed into months, and she had sent no message.

So far as he was concerned the matter must take its course. It was just as well that she did not monopolize too much of his time just then; for he was busy.

He had more leisure now. He would go to see her. Some night soon he would surprise her with a visit, and since success had left him soft-hearted to the world, he would take her in his arms and kiss her maybe.

Now that he took time to think of it, two weeks before he had had a message that must have been from her. Some one, ringing him up, had asked:

"Is that you, Clarence?"

"Yes," he had answered.

There had followed a tremulous voice:

"I want to make friends with you, Clarence," it had said, and he thought the voice was like Jeannette's.

"I want to make friends with you," it had repeated, wistfully, and suddenly had stilled. A rushing sound ensued, a mingling of many excited voices, then silence. "What's the matter?" he had inquired.

There was no answer.

Ring up Central, "Call 502 for me," he had implored. That was her number.

"We have tried to call them, but nobody answers. They have all gone away," Central had replied.

If Jeannette wanted to make friends with him, why, of course, he would go to her. He had intended to go that night or the next night; but work had prevented. The next and the next night he had also worked, until now it was all of two weeks since her telephone message.

Returning to his desk he bent there and laid his head in his arms. He was thinking of this beautiful palace he was about to build, and of Jeannette. Now that he had climbed to the height of his profession he would begin to build the House of Love.

While he was at work on his palace he would take time in between to build that house. And he and Jeannette should live there together. And no little mist should come up in the night and blow it away. The walls should stand till the shutters were closed and the sign of death dangled at the door, as she had said.

He would warm his frozen nature to suit hers. He would give her affection. He would take her in his arms and call her those little precious baby names that women love, and so make up to her for his coldness of that other time.

He started and raised his head.

It seemed to him that the telephone clicked.

From force of habit he took the tube and held it to his ear.

Was it a message or the remembrance of that other message or was it a dream?

Subsequently he had a lifetime in which to wonder; but he could never tell.

"I want to be friends with you, Clarence," whispered her voice. "I want to be friends with you," it came more faintly, and drifted off into silence.

He looked at his watch. It was twelve exactly.

The next morning he went to the house in which she had had her studio.

A white-aproned maid stood in the sunlight, sweeping down the steps.

"Is Miss Jeannette at home?" he asked.

The girl stopped sweeping. Leaning on her broom, she regarded him in open-eyed amazement.

"Miss Jeannette," she repeated. "Why, don't you know? Two weeks ago she fainted at the telephone, sending some one a message. She grew worse after that and they took her to the hospital. We have just got word that last night at twelve o'clock, she died."

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Kendall the Missing

By LEAVITT CORNING

[Concluded from page 659]

JOHN KENDALL IS NOT DEAD!

HE IS ALIVE AND WILL RETURN TO ANTWERP
TO-NIGHT, AND WILL
APPEAR AND SPEAK

ON THE ISSUES OF THE PRESENT POLITICAL CAMPAIGN
AT THE AUDITORIUM!

Come early. There will be others there and you will want a seat. It will be a political meeting. Voters are especially urged to be present and hear what Mr. Kendall has to say, as his speech will not in all probability be correctly reported in the papers, whose affiliation with the tax-eating party in power is notorious!!!

When Pastor had finally finished reading the dodger, I heard he had an unusual spell of quiet thinking. Then he said: "There's a fox running this game, and his name ain't Kendall, neither. It's that blamed law clerk."

By which he meant me, Thomas Henry, attorney-at-law and man of all work for Smith and Davidson, the largest law firm in the town.

There was a mob there by eight.

They were crowded in every available space that the fire department permitted. Even Pastor and his henchmen marched in and took their medicine gamely.

I had told old Higginbotham at two-thirty what was doing, and that I wanted him to be there with the committee and a short speech to introduce Kendall and open the meeting. It was the first full meeting of that committee since the campaign opened. I have noticed that campaign committees are partial to being on deck and taking part in the campaign enthusiastically when the odds are all that they are going to win.

Higginbotham was n't fool enough to talk much. He simply rapped for order and introduced Kendall, saying that he was a man they all knew.

Kendall had been sitting quietly in the back part of the stage where the lights were dim, and the crowd had n't observed him. He had objected to a "dramatic entrance," as he called it, but I told him I was stage manager and he must do as I said. I wanted an effect when the crowd first saw him, and there certainly was effect to burn when he marched down to the front. Pastor told me later that he'd never seen anything like it in the forty years or more he had been booming candidates and working up enthusiasm in the masses. They just simply started to yell, and didn't stop until they were good and tired.

Kendall finally managed to say: "Ladies and gentlemen," at which thrilling words the audience broke loose again for four and a quarter minutes by the watch. Then he tried again: "I wish to explain why I, as a candidate for mayor, disappeared. I was, as you know, the choice of the Republican convention, and was unanimously indorsed by the Reform organization for mayor. My fellow citizens, I was not spirited away. I suffered no foul play. I disappeared voluntarily, at the suggestion of a friend of mine, who knows more about this game of practical politics than I will ever know. I disappeared, because at the time of my disappearance our campaign was lacking in enthusiasm, our committee was disheartened, we were as good as defeated. There was not at that time one single half in the free American city of Antwerp where the Reform candidate for mayor could be heard; neither was there then, nor is there now, a single newspaper in the city that will dare to report my utterances correctly. I disappeared because my friend and I hoped that by this move we could advertise this meeting. It may seem theatrical, but it was the only way to get a hearing. I ask you, did we do wrong or right?"

When that house said "Right!" in answer to that question you could have heard it in the next town.

Kendall made a stirring speech. He explained how it was possible to reduce taxes, and how he was going to do it; showed how the council had awarded paving contracts to the highest bidders, and told them he was for a police force selected by civil service rules. After about an hour of similar talk he wound up by saying: "And now, if you think the things I advocate are right, I want you to vote the Reform ticket to-morrow; if wrong, vote the other ticket."

You should have seen the "Call" next morning. It was in a trance. It published Kendall's reappearance on the front page. In an editorial it accused him of using "circus methods." You could see they hardly knew what to say. An editor in a case like that wants more than a few hours to carry out his proprietor's ideas, particularly if the proprietor is up in the air too.

The town sizzled all day. The big registration looked to be all turning out, and in some of the precincts seventy-five per cent. of the vote was polled by noon.

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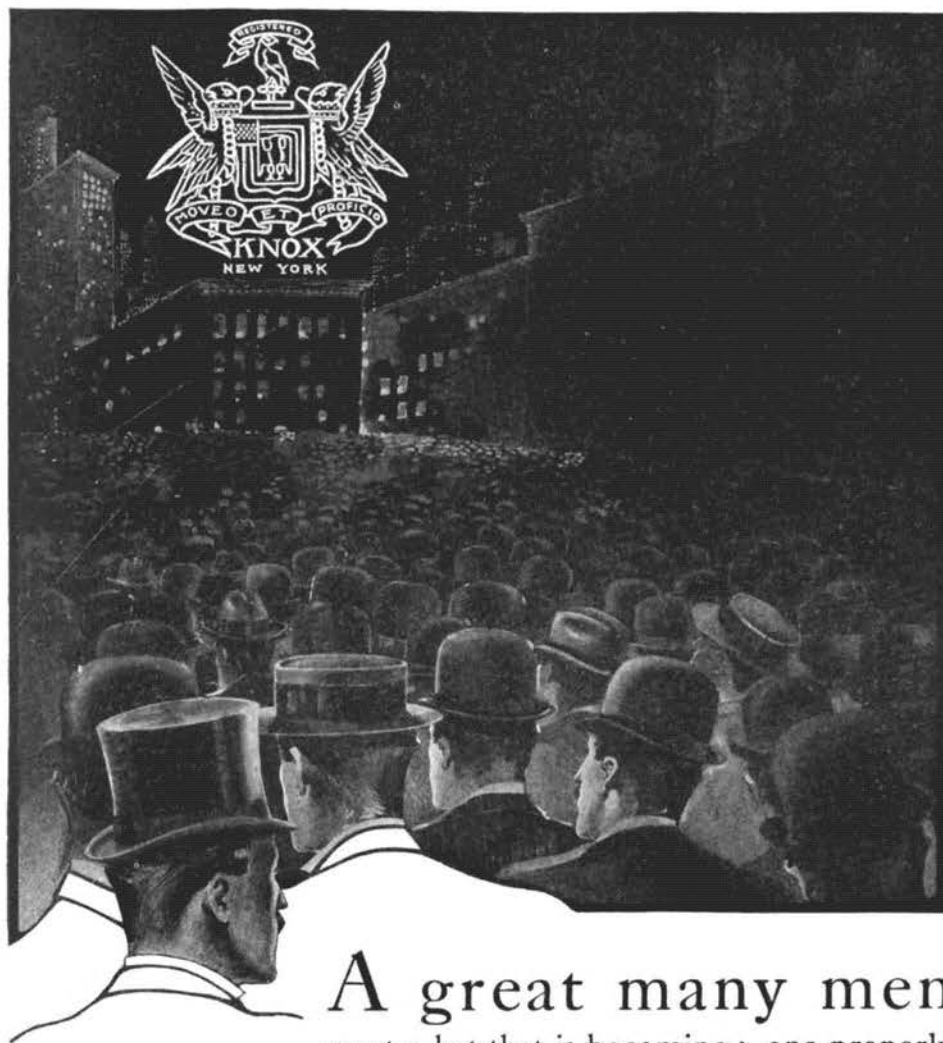
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We vote by machine in Antwerp, and it does n't take long to get the figures. The "Call" gave results by stereopticon on canvas in front of its office, and it looked as if there were a million people in the street. The first thing that showed was: "Prec. 10, Ward 15: Kendall 151—Goldman 32."

When the down-town districts were reached, Kendall's majorities dwindled, and in some cases there were small majorities against him. At nine o'clock, though, here was n't any doubt that he had been elected by the biggest majority any candidate had ever received in Antwerp.

Walt Anderson told me that Pastor ascribed it to "circus, sympathy, and a fox." "I give him credit for being just about the craftiest thing I ever ran into," was the bouquet he handed me.

Kendall took me up to his house to feast a little about ten. Mrs. Kendall was there, and so was his sister Mabel.

Mabel Kendall said that it was all right to be born with a gold spoon in your mouth like Jack, but that the men who have to work up by themselves are the real ones who do things. She still thinks so.

That's the principal reason I'm glad I worked that scheme on the Pastor crowd.

Taking Care of Clothes

By RAYMOND MCBRIDE

A WOMAN I know, whose husband is in moderate circumstances, has the reputation of always being well gowned, and one of her friends was talking about it one day.

"I do not see how she does it. She does not spend any more on her clothes than I do, yet her gowns wear twice as long and look well to the last."

"It's in the care she takes of them," said another woman, convincingly. That was the secret. Her tailor suit, well made and perfectly fitted, is always given the right kind of care. When she takes it off she always hangs it away, carefully brushing it first, no matter how many other things she has to do. Every once in awhile that gown is sent, with her husband's suit, to the tailor's to be pressed. It costs something, but it is money well invested, and adds to the life of a gown very materially. Her other gowns are cared for with the same attention. Spots are removed as soon as possible. Braid is never allowed to get worn or frayed. Buttons, hooks and eyes are firmly sewed on, and little rips or tears are repaired with great care.

Hangers of different sizes and shapes are wonderfully cheap, and work wonders in keeping waists, skirts, and coats in shapely condition. Be careful, when hanging up a skirt or coat, that the hanger does not stretch it too much. If you have a wire one you can bend it to the right size. If clothes are brushed before they are hung away it will have a wonderfully restoring effect on them, to say nothing of the fact that dusty garments should never be hung away.

Gloves should be mended the very moment a tiny rip appears. If they are torn badly, they can be mended in any department store much better than the average woman can do it, and at a fairly reasonable price; and it is money well invested. Of course, if a woman can do it herself, so much the better. Veils if rolled on a mailing tube will last twice as long, and not get that "stringy" appearance. Shoes should not be worn two days in succession, nor, if it can be avoided, all day. Frequent changes are not only good for the shoe, but equally beneficial to the wearer. When shoes are taken off, they should be brushed and well aired before putting away. It is a good plan to stuff them with tissue paper, if you do not use a last.

It is strange how often a comparatively well-gowned woman is careless about her neckwear, laces, and those little things which add to the daintiness of a woman's costume. It is part of a well-dressed man's creed that his linen shall be immaculate. Women, strange to relate, are not so particular. Crushed and soiled collars and cuffs are not infrequently seen on women who are otherwise well dressed. It is these little things which count in the sum of being well gowned, and it is worth while to give them close attention.

If Fortune Should Knock

By ROY FARRELL GREENE

We've urged Uncle Hiram times over to rest
From the work that we feel must distress him,
To calmly sit down, of a knowledge possessed
That some day kind Fortune will bless him.
Though his answer is kindly, he's firm as a rock
When he says, "Ne'er a task I'll be shirking,
Though I'll try to be handy if fortune should knock,
In the meantime I'll keep right on working!"

"Too many sit down," he avers, "and just wait,
While their hope at the first turns to worry,
And grumpy they grow, and impatient that Fate
Should n't bring all they want in a hurry.
More restless than rested just twirling my thumbs
I would grow, so if Fortune, with smirking,
Pays a visit to me, I'll cry 'Hail!' as she comes,—
But until then I'll keep right on working."

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We want from our women readers, short stories of incidents, which at the commencement of their careers, proved a stepping-stone to success; incidents which may point a moral to others. It may be a story of some task well accomplished or the seizure of some opportunity, which tried one's metal. Such opportunities pass unheeded, alas, in many lives. Incidents of this sort are not due to "Luck," they are rather the "making good" of every chance, that luck sends along, doing at the proper moment the best that is in one. If you can put your finger on such a first chance and tell us how you "made good" we will pay you for the story. Tell it, if possible, in less than 300 words.—I. G. C.

I BEGAN editorial work with an agricultural weekly at a low salary, and on the condition that I was to do anything for which I was fitted. That "anything" consisted of reading and returning impossible manuscripts, keeping lists of addresses, shooing troublesome people away from a busy editor, and—more duties than fall to a general housework girl. One day our editor said with a groan, "Life is n't long enough for this sort of thing;" then he shoved toward me a mass of blue-pencilled manuscript. "Boil that stuff down to a stickful. We've got to use it, but it can't fill the whole paper." I had learned that "boiling down" meant reducing a superabundance of words to the smallest space possible, and a compositor kindly explained to me what a "stickful" meant. It was long past midnight before I had finished reading and rereading that treatise on the growing, drying, and marketing of raisins. At last, without having destroyed any of its value, I had reduced it to the required length. That stickful, neatly typewritten, I laid next morning before my editor.

"Good," he cried, "Good. You haven't lost a point we wanted to save. Who taught you boiling down?"

I confessed to no teaching and no experience.

"Well, your first attempt was a success," he acknowledged generously. "Keep at it. Boiling down is an art worth studying. There are Shakespeare's and Dickens's works; they would be good books if they were boiled down."

To the ability to boil down, acquired after years of study and labor, I largely attribute what success, I have won in newspaper work.—ELLEN M. B.

The noon whistle blew one day while I was still engaged on business with one of the partners in a large paper house.

"Stay and lunch with me," he said cordially. "We can finish our talk while we eat."

I had supposed we would discuss a meal brought in from a neighborly hotel, but our lunch was quite different. On the flat desk in a small office two covers were set on Japanese napkins. Courses came and went, grape-fruit salad, an excellent oyster stew, cold chicken, fruit, crackers, cheese, and as fine coffee as I ever drank.

"Who is your caterer?" I asked.

"Delia," he answered, indicating a bright-faced Irish girl, who had waited upon us. "Delia was a find. Several years ago, I had no end of trouble with lazy office boys, so I tried the experiment of an office girl. Out of the squad that applied, I chose Delia, because she had a cheerful face and she stepped about with a briskness that was refreshing. She seemed to take hold of the duties of office work with a sort of intuition. One stormy day she said, 'Mr. Lorimer, I heard you scolding yesterday about having to go up-town to eat, when you were busy. I have a lunch ready for you in the next office—if you care for it.' Care for it! I should think I did, with the rain falling in torrents, and not a decent restaurant within a mile of us. Delia's lunch was a fine little spread of home-made victuals. 'Mother helped me with it,' she said shyly when I questioned her about it. 'But I can cook pretty well myself. I found a gas stove in the lumber room and warmed things over it.' Every noon since that time, when I am busy or it is bad weather, my little cat-ter has cared for me excellently. I began to take an interest in Delia, and I discovered she had other faculties besides cooking. She soon graduated from the role of office girl. She is a clever collector, she guards me from intrusion in the most diplomatic fashion, she has a splendid head for figures, and presently—with a business education she is having, I expect to have the most valuable private secretary, a busy man ever possessed."—L. R. D.

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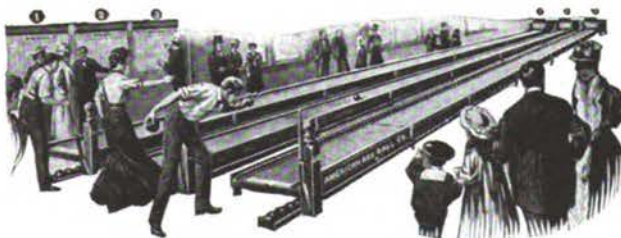
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LENTALA

By W. C. MORROW

[Continued from page 651]

"Yes; but you see that although our ship was wrecked, we came ashore. Survivors of other wrecks likely have had the same experience."

"No doubt."

"Then, why haven't they given out news of this island? It is evidently very rich, and—"

He gave me an obscure look, and turned away with the remark:

"I think you'll find the reason in a few hours."

He must have felt the hurt in my silence, and opened a confidence on another tack.

"You have noticed, Mr. Tudor, that there are no women, children, nor domestic animals in this village. Do you infer anything from that?"

"What is your inference, captain?"

"The village is not inhabited. The natives live back of those mountains to the west. This is merely a receiving-station for wrecks and castaways."

The shrewdness of the king was not hidden by his hospitality. I did not overlook the inquiries that he made among the colonists with Gato's help, nor his private colloquy with Mr. Vancouver, nor the thoughtful look of that gentleman when it was over.

The banquet was ended; the colony was reassembled before the throne; the king, backed by his now sedate fan-wielder, seated himself; and Captain Mason, Christopher, and I stood ready. We were made to understand the following:

We had not been invited to this island, but the misfortune that landed us on it would be respected. Two circumstances ruled the situation. One was that no vessels from the outside world ever put in here, and hence our means of escape were restricted to such resources as the king might devise; the other, that our intercourse with the people would not be permitted beyond a certain limit. The king explained that in youth he had gone abroad and found that the ways of white people were not suited to the islanders, who would be demoralized should they come under our civilization.

At intervals he sent his people, two or three at a time, in a small boat to the nearest islands, some hundreds of miles away, with native products for barter. But so great had been their precautions that the situation of the island had never been discovered. In these boats one or two of us would be taken away at a time, and thus placed in the path of ships that would assist us homeward.

In order to keep us isolated from the people, we were to be conducted at once to a pleasant valley, which would be free to us for our exclusive use. Natives skilled in farming would be furnished us for a time as instructors; but it would be expected that we should pledge our honor not to make any attempt to leave the valley without permission.

Every heart among us sank. A deep look was in Captain Mason's eyes. It was on the end of my tongue to say, "Captain, let him know that we can make our own vessels and leave in them;" but a glance at him informed me that he had forgotten nothing, and that anything but a cheerful acceptance of the old bandit's conditions, until we might devise and execute plans of our own, would precipitate immediate disaster. And then I understood why the captain had asked no question about the barkentine.

He said to me, under his breath:

"You have an easy tongue. We must keep our people blind for the present. Brace them up and flatter the king."

The colonists were in the apathy of weariness and repletion. The glow with which I put the situation to them was barely needed to secure their acquiescence.

I turned to the king. Only with difficulty could I see him clearly through the intensely dramatic picture made by the girl. All through the conference I had seen her intense anxiety. What did it mean? With her sweet audacity, she might have made some sign. As I read her conduct, it betrayed a terrible uneasiness lest we refuse or were ungracious. Clearly she was greatly relieved by our acceptance.

I thanked the king and gratefully accepted his proffers. He then informed us that we should immediately be conducted to our valley, made comfortable, and supplied with everything needful.

The cavalcade, conducted by the armed guard, started through the enchanted forest, and mysteries throbbed in the very air. Never had I seen so pathetic a spectacle as this dragging procession of civilized people marched as dumb cattle to the shambles by a horde of savages.

Captain Mason, Christopher, and I stood apart as the others filed past. The man of the sea was in a deep reverie.

"If the king," I said, "has been so careful to conceal this island from the world, why should he plan sending us away to betray it?"

Captain Mason gave me a slow look.

"Do you think that he intends to send us away?" he asked.

"If not, he hasn't sent other castaways off, and we'll find them here."

Again that slow look, but I felt that it saw too far to include me. He shook his head, and said, as though talking to himself:

"Now begins the great struggle. We'll be patient—and ready. That girl is our hope."

The king descended; the fan-bearer, her face mantled with content, disappeared within the administration hut and dropped the curtain. The rear guard were waiting for us three, and we started. After a few paces, I turned, and saw, as I had hoped to see, a brown face watching us through the parted curtain, and it was filled with more mysteries than any enchanted forest ever held.

On and up we went, and finally reached the summit. We stood on a small open plateau, which abruptly ended in a precipice. Before us was a giant chasm in a great tableland of lava. The floor was a thousand feet below. We were looking down on it from the top of the great wall of columnar basalt which inclosed it. The chasm was an irregular ellipse, some three miles on its minor axis and five on its major. The floor was level, and, except for some farms, was covered with a forest. A breeze sent long, unctuous waves of lighter green rolling over it, or swirling in graceful spirals where the walls deflected the wind and drifted it on in majestic eddies.

In splendid contrast to the deep warm colors below was the gloomy black of the mighty inclosing rampart. Near the upper end a beautiful stream, nearly a river in size, made a wild, joyous leap over the brink. A lake into which the water plunged sent up clouds of mist, out of which sprang a rainbow. From the lake ran the stream of molten silver which swung lazily on its shining way through the valley till lost in the distance. The leader of the guard announced that the valley was our destination. I was dumb in the grasp of its witchery, but a quiet voice brought me back:

"As good a prison as another." Captain Mason had spoken.

"Why, man," I cried, "that is Paradise!"

"No doubt; but the flaming sword will keep us in, not out."

During the march I had not failed to keep Christopher in the corner of my eye. I had been trying to read in his face one of those flashes of insight which his fine instinct sometimes threw into dark places. He had held his listening attitude often since I found him standing beside me on the sand. It had given his face a certain leaden alertness, which, as we beheld the valley, slowly faded into the habitual blankness, and I saw that it was useless to question him.

We descended through a steep, narrow cleft, and were marched through a forest to the stream. A rude bridge bore us across, and there we found a large number of natives rapidly and skillfully building us a village of huts made from logs, boughs, and thatch. From all indications, they must have begun this work also almost immediately after we landed. Large stores of food and other necessities had been accumulated; nothing needed for our comfort and sustenance had been neglected.

As soon as the soldiers had helped us bring order to the camp and the building of the village was finished, they and the workmen melted away in the twilight.

CHAPTER III.

The Menace of the Face

CAPTAIN MASON and I occupied the same hut, but we held no converse that night before falling into heavy slumber. Christopher insisted on sleeping outside the door. If any of our party had thought it prudent to appoint a watchman, no suggestion to that effect was made; but there was no knowing what responsibilities Christopher assumed.

The sun was looking over the great wall when we assembled for breakfast. Everyone had a brighter appearance. I had never seen men so terribly cowed as these since the storms had beaten them down. The women had looked beyond the hopelessness, and had tried to sustain the courage of the colony. Every man was now beginning to hold up his head.

Some of the despair had melted from Mr. Vancouver's face; it was clear that the lion in him was feebly straining. Mr. Rawley was recovering his *aplomb*. Annabel, having in her bearing an added depth and sweetness, had undoubtedly done much to accomplish that result with the two men, for there was something pathetic in the tenacity with which they clung to her.

On the barkentine, before the elements became destructive, she had been aloof toward the other women and the children; but on the beach, at the feast, and on the weary march to the valley, she had given a cheering smile, word, or deed to those about. The promise thus made was meeting fulfillment this morning. She had assumed charge of the breakfast preparations, and, seeing that Christopher yearned to do kindly service, had made him her executive. I often caught her look of wonder at his unfailing intelligence, patience, and gentleness in doing her bidding.

After breakfast the men began to talk among themselves. Captain Mason went over and said something to Mr. Vancouver, who shook his head, and the captain returned to me.

"Now that the men are rousing," he said, "it is time to organize. Mr. Vancouver declines to take the lead."

"You are the one for that," I declared.

"No. You have the military training and the tongue."

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"But you have wisdom and a longer experience in discipline. Let's compromise. Take the leadership. I'll do your talking."

"Very well," he said. "There's no need to caution you, but the others ought to know; these trees may have ears. We need organization for defense."

At the end of a heartening address to the colony I called for the selection of a president. Mr. Vancouver named Captain Mason, who was elected. I was chosen his assistant, to Mr. Vancouver's evident annoyance. Dr. Preston, a young physician, was made superintendent of the camp.

The men squared their shoulders; the women's faces brightened. In a few words I urged against any restlessness, any plotting,—anything, in fine, that would have the faintest color of mistrust or disobedience toward the king. "Be patient. Hold together." That was the watchword.

Gato, the interpreter, soon appeared with a crowd of natives, and indicated that Christopher and I, with twenty picked men, should follow him. A short distance down the stream we came upon cleared land, and were given our first lesson in farming. Our men winced under this and the indefinite term of imprisonment which it implied. But the word was passed round: "Wait. Be patient." The one hundred and fifty intelligent American men of us would find a way to match any ten thousand heathen under the sun. Blessed be the American brag! It is the front of something good behind.

The lesson was concluded in the early afternoon, for the sun was growing hot. Gato led us down the stream a mile to a low ridge stretching across the valley. Not a break in the great wall inclosing the valley was visible, except the thin cleft which had given us ingress; but I reasoned that at the lower end there must be a gorge through which the stream issued, although no sign of it could be seen. Gato made us understand that this transverse ridge was the boundary of our freedom. He pointed out two landmarks springing from the walls and marking the terminals of the ridge.

The one on the far side of the river was a barren bluff; opposite it, and forming part of the wall behind, there suddenly appeared a hideous caricature of a human face, a ferocious gargoyle, rudely fashioned by nature from the upper front of the cliff, protruding from the rock, and leering down horribly. It must have been a hundred feet from forelock to chin.

I withstood the shock badly, but was steadied by noting the deep satisfaction in Gato's eyes as he observed me. Unmistakably it was one of malignant triumph, instantly gone, but almost as disconcerting as the awful face itself. I felt that the ghastly apparition on the wall held a significance reaching the very depths of our fate. It was the embodiment of all the silent and implacable menaces hovering over the lethal fairness that environed us.

It had the blackish color of the rock, with reeking perpendicular streaks of green alternating with dull red. The forehead and chin receded in a simian angle; bulging eyes leered; below high cheek-bones were mummy-like recessions, and hungry shadows filled them; the nose was flat, and the nostrils spread bestially.

Gato, informing us that his men would be on hand the next morning, took himself away. It gave a creepy sensation to note the snaky smoothness with which these men could sink out of sight.

Our party started for camp. A heaviness sat on me, and I did not wish to talk. Christopher and I fell behind, and the others left us. I could not bear that any but Christopher should see my perturbation. Several times I glanced back to see the face on the wall. Its malignancy grew even more terrible through the hazing distance, and I was glad when the forest shut it out. If the spectacle affected me so deeply, what greater hold must it not have had on the natives? And there was the significant look that I had caught from Gato.

On top of the opposite wall I discovered near the edge what appeared to be a large stone table, or altar, and its position with reference to the face suggested a sinister purpose.

Now that the men were gone, hopelessness fell upon me. Never had anything like such heavy responsibilities crept into my life. A sense of my inadequacy grew unendurable; and, overcome by weariness of soul and body, I flung myself on the ground and buried my face in my arm.

Christopher presently stepped away with a sprightliness quite unusual, but I had not the spirit to look up. Even returning footsteps and a low murmur of voices failed to stir me. I was recalled by Christopher's quiet remark:

"Some one to see you, sir."

I sat up, and discovered a native lad with him. His loose dress of blouse, trousers, and straw hat was of the commonest material. He was as unlike the native men as I had observed the fan-bearer to be, but his manner was shy and timid, lacking the careless defiance of hers. With a finger on his lips he beckoned us to follow him.

In a secluded spot a little distance away, we sat down. My first surprise was when he began to talk. In a musical voice, he groped for words that I could understand, and in that way used a polyglot language, some words badly pronounced, and others spoken with surprising correctness.

First, he enjoined secrecy, for should the king learn that he had come— The lad finished with a grimace,

and a swipe of the hand across his throat. He made me pledge the sun to burn me up, the moon to strike me a stark lunatic, and the stars to pierce me with their lances, should I betray his confidence,—all this solemnly, but with a twinkle in the back of his eye.

Second, he was Beelo, brother of the king's fan-bearer, Lentala, a good girl in a way, but— A droll shake of his head left her in the air. Lentala and he were *protégés* of the king and queen, and enjoyed uncommon privileges, having been members of the king's household since childhood. The queen was very sweet and gentle, and they were fond of her. She had no children of her own.

And, third, Lentala wished Beelo to come surreptitiously to me in order to learn English. She had a special reason for that. Neither the king nor any of the other natives must know. That was all. Would I teach him, that he in turn might instruct her?

Our conversation, carried on in a mixture of languages, must be here given in English.

"Indeed, I will, and gladly, Beelo!" I exclaimed; "but why not bring Lentala, that I may teach you together?" I seized his hand in my joy of this heaven-sent opportunity. It was a small, delicate hand.

"She *can't* come," he answered.

"Why not?"

"Why,—she's a girl!"

"But she might come with you." I was pleased with the discovery that the savage girl had the fine instinct which establishes self-guarding and self-respecting conventions.

"The distance is long. Girls have to wear skirts, you know, and girls are not as active as boys. Lentala, with her skirts, would be seen, and the king would find out. I can slip through anywhere."

I nodded resignedly. Only with the greatest difficulty could I refrain from asking him many questions; but how did I know that he was not a spy? In establishing relations with him I was playing with every life in the colony. I observed Christopher. His air of listening to distant voices was not present, and I felt reassured for the moment.

Beelo was anxious to begin; and he had his first lesson. Never had I found so eager and sweet-tempered a pupil, and his quickness was extraordinary. I drilled him first in the names of familiar objects.

"What is your name?" he plumped at me.

"Tudor."

"Tudor." He caught it with a snap as though it were a ball. "You have another name?"

"Yes— Joseph."

He began a comical struggle with the J, laboriously twisting his tongue and lips as he pronounced the first syllable *Cho* as the Chinese, *Yo* as the German, *Zho* as the French, and *Ho* as the Spanish; but the English eluded him, and he gave it up, laughing sweetly. Often during the lesson I saw in his handsome deep-blue eyes—which were maturer than the rest of him—a dash of the mischief, the teasing, and the challenge that gave Lentala her sparkle.

"What is your name?" he demanded of Christopher, and pronounced it perfectly.

Christopher was gravely regarding the lad, who appeared disconcerted under the scrutiny. That disturbed me; but if the boy was seeking our undoing he would have to reckon with Christopher.

He was curious about Annabel, and sent her affectionate messages from Lentala.

"Beelo," I demanded, "where did you learn all those words from foreign languages?"

Taken by surprise, he was confused and a little frightened, and had the look of a child preparing a fib.

"Other people have been shipwrecked here," he answered, peering at me from under his brows. "I learned from them."

"What became of them?" I asked.

He raised his head, and answered, "The king said he sent them away."

"Did you visit them secretly?"

"N—o." He began to play with twigs on the ground.

"Were they herded in this valley?"

"No." His answer was firmer. "There was never more than one or a very few at a time."

I sat silent so long that he looked up, and showed alarm.

"Tell me the truth, lad," I insisted, holding his eyes. "Where did you learn those words?" A startling suspicion suddenly came. "The gold in your hair, the blue in your eyes, the fine lines of your face,—"

He began to edge away, and I saw flight in him; but I caught his wrist.

"Tell me the truth," I repeated.

He gazed at me in fear and pleading, but found no yielding, and with provoking indifference shrugged his shoulders and settled down with a pouting, martyr-like resignation.

"You are hurting my wrist," he remarked.

"Answer me," I demanded, tightening my grip.

"Hasn't white blood mingled with some of the native blood here?"

His lips were compressed under the pain of my clasp, and an angry resentment steadied his gaze.

"Yes!" he answered, and a sudden change lit his face, as I unprisoned the wrist. "Don't scare me that way again," he said, half impudently shaking his head at me.

It seemed best to desist from pressing the matter



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further, and pleasant relations were soon re-established between us; but the matter seated itself in a corner of my mind.

Our lesson was delightful, and time escaped more smoothly than we knew. Beelo glanced at the sky, and sprang to his feet. He sweetly smiled his thanks, seized one of Christopher's great paws and vigorously shook it, asked me and Christopher to meet him at the same spot to-morrow at the same hour and was darting away. I called him back, and led him to an opening through which the face on the cliff was visible.

"What is that?" I asked, pointing to it.

He caught his breath, stood rigid, and slowly turned his face up to mine.

"That on the cliff? It is nothing—only stone."

"It is more," I insisted. "It sits there, it looks down threateningly on the valley; it says as plainly as speech—"

"No, no!" cried Beelo, seizing my arm with both hands, and gazing up into my eyes. "It is one of the gods. The people invoke it—you may see the altar fire on the opposite cliff some night when there is a great storm and the sea is raging. The god brings fish to the king's net."

He broke off abruptly, and with alarm clapped his palm to his mouth. I put my hand on his shoulder and smiled reassuringly. His manner grew composed, and he darted away and disappeared.

On returning to camp I told Captain Mason of the adventure. He was deeply interested, and sat in thought. "You've struck a lead," he said. "Follow it—cautiously."

[To be continued next month]

Drugging a Race

By SAMUEL MERWIN

[Concluded from page 648]

same *Wagon-lits* hotel—where, thanks to a tidal wave of heedless searchers after *Cloisonne* and *Mandarin* coats, I had to sleep in the barber shop. But for a matter of hours, on that first night after my return to the world, my eyes refused to close. I had seen China. More, I had seen the drama—the wonderful drama of a drug. I knew now that I had been seeing it from the first—that the hard-drinking, loud-talking ones of "the Coast" were a part of it; that the gunboats and the flags and the mission compounds and the paved *boulevards* of the Yang-tse ports were a part of it; that the cynical diplomats and the gayly clad legation guards, that even this identical *Grand Hotel des Wagon-lits* were all a part of it.

One other part I saw, or thought I saw; and this it was which kept my eyes wide open that night in the barber shop. I had happened on the biggest "story" in the world. It was the fight to a finish between four hundred million human souls and a drug, with the odds on the drug. There never has been a spectacle quite like it in this bewildering old world of ours. Just as Old China itself suggests the life and times of the Old Testament, so this "story" suggested the wonder-tales of the Old Testament. With this difference—it was real; it was of to-day; I had seen it. The hard-drinking ones had done the rough work; the cynical ones had done the fine work; it had been every man for himself, and the devil had taken the hindmost.

I have said that the theme of this drama is the triumph of the balance sheet over common humanity. This first article has concerned itself with our common humanity. The next article will concern itself with the balance sheet, and will tell how China fell.

It is a strange tragedy. I think it will be interesting.

[To be continued next month]

A Protest

THE brave ship was wallowing in the waves that threatened to engulf her at any moment.

Hastily the captain ordered a box of rockets and flares brought to the rail, and with his own hands ignited a number of them, in the hope that they would be seen and the passengers and crew rescued.

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"Captain," said he, "I must protest against this daredevilishness. We are now facing death. This is no time for a celebration."

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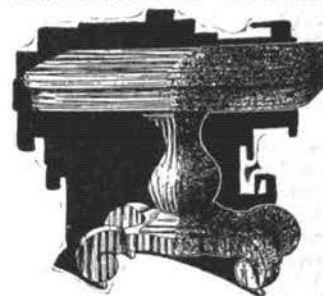
"Ah, *signor*," said the innkeeper, "zey come because we 'ave ze gr-ran' label to stick on ze luggage."

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Thomas and the Donkey

By FLORENCE MORSE KINGSLEY

[Concluded from page 654]

"What do you say; 'Now I lay'?" inquired his father. "You can say it now if you like."

"Oh, no!" Thomas's eyes were wide with conscience-stricken memory. "First I say, 'In pity look on those who stway, benighted in this land of light,' an' 'nen, 'Behold the western evening light, it melts in deepning gloom: so sweetly Cwistians sink away, descending to the tomb,'—'n' 'nen lots an' lots of pwayers."

"Go to sleep, little lad, and never mind the prayers," his father said, hastily, stooping to kiss the wistful little face once more.

"I trust, Henry," observed Miss Appleby, strongly, "that Thomas repeated his hymns and prayers correctly before closing his eyes in slumber."

Her nephew eyed his elderly relative in silence for a moment. Then he said, carefully: "Are n't you overdoing the hymn and prayer idea a trifle, Aunt Caroline? A small amount of that sort of thing goes a long way with a poor little chap like Tommy."

"Have I been overdoing the exercise of hymns and prayers?" echoed Miss Appleby in her deepest and most awful voice. She arose in offended majesty and swept toward the door, where she paused to add, "I shall remember you before the throne of Grace very particularly to-night, Henry, and I trust that I shall be enabled to do my Christian duty by Thomas as heretofore."

"The devil!" muttered Mr. Wentworth, forcefully if inappropriately. Then he fell to smoking his pipe in short, gusty puffs, the while he stared gloomily at the red heart of the fire.

The next morning as Miss Mary glanced out of the window in quest of the belated postman she beheld a small figure advancing slowly up the walk. It was Thomas, and he carried the donkey clasped close to his breast. Miss Mary was an ardent student of the methods of Froebel, so she did not make undue haste to greet the approaching visitor, but waited till the timid trill of the bell had died away into stillness; then she opened the door. Thomas was nowhere to be seen, but the donkey waited patiently upon the doorstep, his ragged ears waving in the wind.

Miss Mary stooped and carefully picked up the donkey. "Why are you here I wonder?" she asked. But being a wise young woman, and moreover deeply interested in the conative processes of the infant mind, she set the donkey on the top of her piano and awaited developments.

The donkey's eyes twinkled intelligently; but he continued to preserve a discreet silence as to his mission in the house of Miss Mary.

It was well after luncheon when the door again opened to admit a small visitor.

"I came," said Thomas, "to ask you if I may hold my donkey a little while. You see," he added, earnestly, "he's used to just me, an'—an'—I was afraid he'd be lonesome, just like me."

Miss Mary was puzzled. "Did you bring the donkey to make me a visit, dear?" she asked, as she lifted the little boy to a seat on the sofa and put the donkey in his arms. "He's a very nice donkey."

Thomas was lavishing ardent caresses on the animal in question. "I bwrought him to stay always," he said firmly. But Miss Mary surprised two big tears in Thomas's brown eyes.

"Why do you want the donkey to stay with me?" she asked gently, this after a discreet interval in which a large, pink-faced apple was introduced upon the scene.

Thomas's thin arms tightened about his treasure. "I want him to stay here," he whispered, "because I—love him."

So the donkey stayed at Miss Mary's house, and Thomas cried himself to sleep in his lonely crib that night, after repeating all his hymns and prayers to Aunt Caroline.

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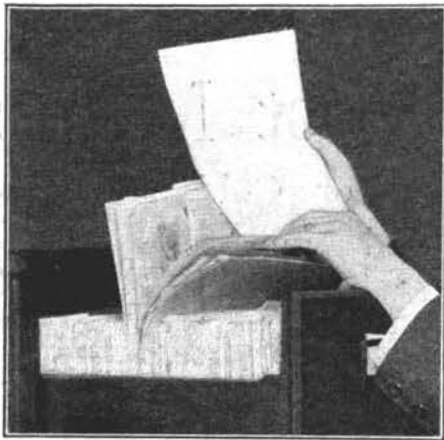


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The donkey had occupied an honored place in Miss Mary's house for a full week, and Thomas had made exactly sixteen calls before Miss Mary discovered by dint of delicate questioning the subtle reason for his presence. "He has n't any mamma," said Thomas, and his lips quivered.

"Oh!" said Miss Mary, tentatively; and then she blushed a beautiful pink. "I was thorry for him," continued Thomas, gazing soulfully at Miss Mary. "He is a poor little thing."

Miss Mary's lips quivered with smiles, and her blue eyes brimmed with tears and laughter. "You dear!" she murmured, and cuddled Thomas in her young arms. Her silk dress smelt faintly of violets, and made a delightfully comfortable resting place for the little boy's head. He breathed a deep sigh of content. "You see," he said earnestly, "I hav' n't got any mamma eiver, an' so I can sympasize wiv my donkey; an' that is why I bwinged him—no, I mean I bwought him. I fought maybe you'd be his mamma. Will you, Miss Mary?"

Miss Mary kissed Thomas. "I'll try, dear," she said gravely.

Now this intelligent young woman might have explained to Thomas that the sawdust interior of the donkey harbored no longings after maternal or other tendernesses; she might have reproved him briskly for his childish folly and sent him about his small business with a stinging flea of hard, common-sensical knowledge in his ear. Then she might further have remanded him to the kind attention of Aunt Caroline, who would have made haste to crush the pitiful little fancy with the same zeal and energy which she would have bestowed upon the luckless progeny of a moth-miller. It is altogether probable that nine young women out of ten would have pursued one of these obvious courses; but Miss Mary being the tenth young woman merely kissed Thomas very gravely and sweetly, and the little boy went away vaguely comforted. It was a vicarious comfort, like cuddling the donkey under the warm blankets while he himself was enduring a cold tubbing, but it supported Thomas through a hard week of his father's absence.

On the eighth day Thomas sat enthroned on his father's knee before the evening fire. The little boy was very happy and laughed loud and joyously as his father trotted him to Boston in quest of an imaginary fat pig, and back again at a pace realistically described as "jigity-jig," and which invariably included a glorious toss up and tousele at the journey's end. As the elder Wentworth furtively examined his chief treasure by the light of the fire, it appeared to him that the child's wistful little face was a trifle plumper, and his heart warmed remorsefully toward Aunt Caroline.

"I declare, Tommy, I hav' n't seen hide nor hair of that donkey since I came home," he observed briskly, at the hilarious conclusion of the fourth trip to Boston. "What has become of him?"

"My donkey's gone to live at Miss Mawry's house," said Thomas. "You see," he went on, seriously, "he was just like me; he did n't have any mamma, an' I was thorry for him."

His father's face darkened swiftly. "Yes, little lad," he said under his breath, "and so you—"

"I took him to Miss Mawry's house, an'—n' I 'splained to her, an' she said she would." Thomas's voice was pleasantly drowsy and he yawned suggestively at the conclusion of his explanation.

"Miss Mary said she would—What did she say?" asked his father, anxiously.

Thomas sat up and stared sleepily at the fire. "She said she would be a mamma to my donkey," he said in a tone of dignified reproof. "An'—n' she cuddles me most every day, an' she peels me wed apples, an' she kisses me. I like Miss Mawry."

The donkey stood on the top of Miss Mary's piano, one ragged ear turned back (the better to hear with), his shoe-button eyes glistening intelligently. He had waited in this attitude of dignified patience for three long weeks, and being a most intelligent animal he had seen and heard many things. The interview between Miss Mary and the elder Wentworth—in the course of which the donkey was mentioned more than once, and when Miss Mary's smiles and blushes were well worth an æsthetic donkey's earnest attention—interested him; as did also the subsequent conversations between the two, which took place (the donkey observed) at increasingly frequent intervals.

It is a time-worn saying that listeners hear no good of themselves; but the donkey out of his own personal experience was able to triumphantly refute the adage, for one night he was lifted from his place by a big, warm hand.

"We must keep him always, dear," said the voice of the elder Wentworth; "there is n't another donkey like him in the world."

And then Miss Mary actually kissed the donkey. The donkey never forgot that kiss to the end of his cotton-flannel life, and it was a long one.

Doing one's best at each moment is all there is of life.—Lillian Whiting.

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Responsibility Develops Power

By ORISON SWETT MARDEN

[Concluded from page 660]

When the first generals in the Civil War were found unequal to coping with the enemy, and when the newspapers and the people were lamenting the fact that no one was large enough to lead our armies to victory, a general who was a giant compared to all his predecessors, arose out of obscurity and became one of the greatest military geniuses in all history. Grant never knew what was in him until he was thrust into a position where every bit of his reserve power was summoned into action. Then, for the first time, he tested the quality of his power, for the first time he got a glimpse of his possibilities.

When the great slavery question cast such a black shadow over this whole nation, and it seemed as though we should be a divided people, "Abe" Lincoln came out of a log cabin and showed a chaotic people the way to the light. While Lincoln was conscious of latent power he never knew how great that force was until the whole weight of the war was thrust upon him. This was the emergency which showed the world how great a man Lincoln was. Some sides of his nature had been known before, but no occasion had been great enough, broad enough, to bring out the entire man.

The way to bring out the reserve in a man is to pile responsibility upon him. If there is anything in him this will reveal it.

Some of us never quite come to ourselves in fullness and power until driven to desperation. It is when we are shipwrecked like Robinson Crusoe upon an island with nothing but our own brain and hands, nothing but resources locked up deep in ourselves, that we really come to complete self-discovery. A captain will never know what is in his men until they have been tested by a gale at sea which threatens shipwreck.

That there are great potencies and power possibilities within us which we may never know is proved by the tremendous forces that are aroused in ordinary people in some great crisis or emergency.

The elevator boy may never have dreamed that there was anything heroic in his nature. He may never have thought there was a possibility of his rising in the world to the importance of the men whom he lifts to their offices; but the building takes fire and this boy, whom nobody scarcely ever noticed or saw any signs of ability in, in a few minutes develops the most heroic qualities. He runs his elevator up through the burning floors when choked with smoke and the hot cable blisters his hands, and rescues a hundred people, who, but for him, might have lost their lives.

A ship is wrecked at sea, and a poor immigrant becomes the hero of the hour, and commands a lifeboat, gives orders with calmness, authority, and force, when others have lost their heads.

A hospital takes fire and the delicate, timid girl invalid develops into a heroine almost instantly and does a giant's work.

In fires and wrecks, in great disasters or emergencies of all kinds, are enacted deeds of daring and of sublime heroism, which, before the great test came, would have been thought impossible by those who did them.

No one ever knows just how much dynamic force there is in him until tested by a great emergency or a supreme crisis. Oftentimes men reach middle life, and even later, before they really discover themselves. Until some great emergency, loss, or sorrow, has tested their timber they cannot tell how much strain they can stand. No emergency great enough to call out their latent power ever before confronted them, and they did not themselves realize what they would be equal to until the great crisis confronted them.

I have known of several instances where daughters reared in luxury were suddenly thrown upon their own resources by the death of their parents and the loss of their inherited fortunes. They had not been brought up to work, did not know how to do anything, had no trade, and had no idea how to earn a livelihood; and yet all at once they developed marvelous ability for doing things. The power was there, latent; but responsibility had not been thrust upon them.

Young men suddenly forced into positions of tremendous responsibility by accident or the death of their father are often not the same men in six months. They have brought out strong manly qualities which no one ever dreamed they possessed. Responsibility has made men of them. And it makes women of inexperienced and untried girls who are suddenly thrust into an emergency where they are obliged to conduct a business or support a family.

Many people distrust their initiative because they have not had an opportunity to exercise it. The monotonous routine of doing the same work year in and year out does not tend to develop new faculties. All the mental powers must be exercised, strengthened, before we can measure their possibilities.

I know young men who believe in everybody but themselves. They seem to have no doubt about other people accomplishing what they undertake, but are always shaky about themselves: "Oh, do not put me at the head of this or that; somebody else can do it better than I." They shrink from responsibility because they lack self-faith.

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The only way to develop power is to resolve early in life never to let an opportunity for doing so go by.

Never shrink from anything which will give you more discipline, better training, and enlarged experience. No matter how distasteful, force yourself into it.

THERE IS NOTHING LIKE RESPONSIBILITY FOR DEVELOPING ABILITY. Never mind if the position is hard; take it and make up your mind that you are going to fill it better than it was ever before filled.

I once heard a man say he regretted more than anything else in his life that he had indulged his natural inclination to decline every invitation to accept any position of responsibility. He was naturally so shy that any position which attracted attention or gave him the least publicity was distasteful to him.

His magnificent possibilities remain undeveloped because he has never had that responsibility which calls out one's reserves and develops his latent powers. Many a time he thought he would change his course, and made up his mind never to let another opportunity for self-development go by him unimproved. But the habit of delaying until he should be better prepared got such a hold of him that he could not change. The result is that, although he is a man of recognized power, with a superb mind, his life has been an extremely quiet one, very tame and unimportant compared with what it would have been had he made it a rule to thrust himself into every position of responsibility which would have called out the best in him.

Many people never discover themselves or know their possibilities because they always shrink from responsibility. They lease themselves to somebody else and die with their greatest possibilities undeveloped, unreleased.

Personally, I believe that it is the duty of every young person to have an ambition to be independent, to be his own master, and to resolve that he will not be at somebody else's call all his life—come and go at the sounding of a gong or the touch of a bell—that he will at least belong to himself, that he will be an entire wheel and not a cog—that he will be a whole machine, although it may be a small one, rather than part of someone else's machine.

The very stretching of the mind over high ideals, the looking forward to the time when we shall be our own masters, working along the lines of a resolution, a fixed, irrevocable determination, has a strengthening, unifying influence upon all of the faculties, and you will be a stronger man or woman, whatever your future, if you keep steadily, persistently in mind your own individual declaration of independence. It means freedom, it means delivery from restraint, from a certain feeling of slavery which attaches to every subordinate position. We do not believe that it is possible for any one to reach up to the same magnitude of manhood or womanhood, to grow to the same stature after giving up the struggle or hope of absolute independence or of going into a business, or profession, or something else all of one's own.

There must be a sense of complete independence, not partial but complete, in order to reach the highest growth. We do not get our highest growth in captivity or in slavery, but in freedom, in absolute liberty. The eagle must be let out of the cage, no matter how large or how comfortable, before it can exhibit all the powers of an eagle.

Every one ought to be so placed in this world as to call out the best there is in him, to develop the largest, completest possible man.

There is no limit to the passion for overcoming, the desire to dominate, to achieve, and it is very difficult for one to develop these to their fullest extent in the employment of others.

You, yourself, are your own limit. The possibility of something grand is in you; but if you cannot see in yourself the man that God intended, if you are willing to be a mere apology of the man he designed you to be, a mere burlesque of your possible self, do not blame the Creator. He has had nothing to do with keeping you down.

Our history is full of examples of boys and girls who have risen out of the slums, out of the humblest positions, and have given civilization a tremendous lift.

It is the experience gained by the constant stretching of the mind over difficult problems, the taxing of the ingenuity to make both ends meet, to tide over a dull season, to pull business through hard times or a panic, that calls out power.

The structure of many a success has risen out of the ashes of a burned fortune and apparently ruined hopes. Emergency has ever been the discoverer of man, the uncoverser of ability, the opener-up of possibilities.

Somehow there is a latent power within most of us which never comes to our relief until our capital is all gone and creditors are clamoring for satisfaction, when others have lost faith in us, when everybody believes we shall fail. Such misfortunes call out our last reserves.

The constant effort to economize and yet be progressive, to make every dollar count and yet keep up appearances, to get the best possible results from every transaction, to make every move count, is the best and most practical training possible. It sharpens the faculties; it keeps them in healthy exercise. This constant alertness for the main chance develops sharpness of judgment and sagacity, broadens the common-sense faculties, and develops power all along the line.

Will You Be a Partner With Us

In a wholesome, clean, out-in-the-open and immensely profitable business? We are the largest manufacturers of concrete machinery in the world. But don't dodge—we are not selling stock.

The opportunity we offer to intelligent go-ahead men is to come in and be partners with us in a Miracle Concrete business, under protected rights in your own locality.

\$16 to \$50 Starts You Making Miracle Concrete Tile and Sewer Pipe



With one Miracle Tile outfit you can easily make 110 feet of pipe a day which if sold at the same price as inferior clay pipe sells for, you make a clear profit of 88c per foot, or \$1.76 on full length pipe—24 inch.

It is a well known fact that even the best Vitrified clay tile breaks and crumbles from moisture and requires constant replacing.

Miracle Concrete Tile is the only material that is absolutely moisture and frost proof—that actually hardens, grows better and stronger the longer it stays underground.

No one will accept clay tile for love or money when he knows about and is able to get Miracle Concrete Tile, and the man in every locality who is able to supply this demand has the biggest kind of a success cut out for him.

90 Day Free Test

We give each purchaser of a Miracle Tile Machine, the right to return the outfit, if not found as represented, at any time within 90 days and we will refund the money paid without complaint or challenge.

Get Started Now

Remember there never was a time when the demand everywhere for Concrete Tile was so far ahead of the supply and the Miracle Outfit pays for itself right from the start. Write today for our intensely interesting

Free Booklet

We will gladly send you our valuable book, giving exact figures and honest facts, with many illustrations, and the actual testimony of scores of men who are making big money and who have established themselves in a lifetime business that grows more profitable every year. Write us today. Address

Miracle Pressed Stone Co.

912 Wilder Street, Minneapolis, U. S. A.
Largest Manufacturers of Concrete Machinery in the World.

GOOD INCOME 5% ON SMALL SAVINGS

5% is a little better than most small investors receive—but no more than savings should yield while being free from speculation. Investors of small amounts will do well to investigate our business, which has been established over 15 years, and conducted under New York Banking Dept. supervision.

We are paying 5% per year on accounts subject to withdrawal at your option. Start at any time—earnings reckoned for each day and remitted by check quarterly, semi-annually or compounded.

Patrons all over the country, among whom are prominent merchants, manufacturers and professional men. Write for particulars. INDUSTRIAL SAVINGS AND LOAN CO., 3 Times Building, Broadway, New York.

First and Original Motor Buggy \$250 "SUCCESS" Automobile

Practical, durable, economical and absolutely safe. A light, strong, steel-tired Auto-Buggy. Suitable for city or country use. Speed from 4 to 40 miles an hour. Our 1908 Model has an extra powerful engine, patent ball-bearing wheels, price, \$275. Also 10 h. p., \$400. Rubber Tires, \$25.00 extra. Write for descriptive literature. Address SUCCESS AUTO-BUGGY MFG. CO., Inc., ST. LOUIS, MO.



PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

CLEANS AND BEAUTIFIES THE HAIR. PROMOTES A LUXURIOUS GROWTH. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Prevents scalp Diseases and Hair Falling. 50c. and \$1.00 at Druggists.

The Real Lawson

By FRANK FAYANT

[Continued from page 667]

is a gambler. He has been a gambler ever since he entered State Street, and he is to-day one of the most daring gamblers the country has ever known. Lawson, in his thirty-eight years in State Street, has played on all sides of the stock gambling game. His operations in the Boston and New York markets are at times sensational. An unprejudiced analysis of them would probably show him to be a bigger gambler in stocks than Keene or Cammack or White—three of the most daring operators in the history of Wall Street. Whether Lawson gambles in other ways than in the stock market is of no great interest. But it is but fair to say that no one has yet come forward to disprove his flat-footed statement that he does not frequent gambling houses, that he was never interested in the gambling house business, that he does not go to the race course, and that he does not bet on the horses. The first horse race this lover and owner of thoroughbreds ever saw was eight years ago, when, at Lexington, Kentucky, he saw his own horse, "Boralma," win the Futurity. The day after he paid \$17,000 for "Boralma" he wagered \$104,000 on him and won \$62,000, and this money he gave to charity. Occasionally since then he has seen his own horses race. In his "Frenzied Finance" Lawson very frankly says, "My life has been spent in the stock market for the purpose of gain;" and again he says, "I have never, in my stock operations, set myself up as a philanthropist, nor in any way posed as a reformer, nor pretended to be a bit better than the business I had chosen for a livelihood."

At the time Lawson came to manhood the speculative interest in the Boston market was in the stocks of companies exploiting inventions. Lawson has an inventive turn of mind, and had he not turned his attention to stock speculation he might have been a great inventor. Lawson grew up in State Street with the Bell Telephone, the first public exhibition of which was made in a banking house in State Street just across the way from the Congress Street corner. The skeptical brokers assembled in the banking house one day to hear through Bell's invention a band playing in Music Hall, away out in Tremont Street. Electric lights and electric railways followed soon after, and everybody in State Street was dreaming of fortune making through exploiting inventions. Lawson speculated in the stocks of these new companies and helped to promote them. One of his first corporate ventures was the Lawson Playing Card Company. Lawson attempted to combine the two favorite American games of cards and baseball into one game, and the Lawson baseball playing cards became the fad of a day. For a short time the game was so popular that the young inventor thought he would make a great fortune in the sale of his cards, and he even thought his company would become a rival to the playing card trust. But the popularity of the game soon waned. It was while he was studying this problem, along in 1884, that he became interested in the Briggs Printing Machine Company, of Providence. This company built a patented machine to print tickets, tags, cards, and the like from the roll. The promoters of the venture hoped to obtain the government contract for the printing of the millions of post cards, but they failed in this. Lawson hustled day and night booming the business, but the Briggs machine did not do all that was expected, and the company, after three or four years, failed. The Briggs Company was not a creature of Lawson's brain, and it is hardly fair to record it as a Lawson failure. At this time Lawson had already hung out his shingle as a "Banker and Broker," and had opened branch offices in Providence, New York, and Chicago. In Cambridge, in 1878, he had married a Cambridge girl, Jean Augusta Goodwillie. In the stock market boom in the early eighties Lawson prospered, and in 1884 he bought a home in Winchester, one of the northern suburbs of Boston. In the nineties, when his fortune had passed the million mark, he took a more pretentious house at Cohasset, on the South Shore, and the Winchester house was closed. But ever since then the house at Winchester has been kept up just as it was when the Lawsons lived there.

Not long after the collapse of the Briggs venture Lawson entered the Rand-Avery publishing house at the request of former Governor Alexander Hamilton Rice, in an attempt to save the business from dry rot. Lawson was then scarcely thirty years old. He had made a name for himself in State Street as a young man of remarkable energy and resource. The Rand-Avery Publishing Company was an ancient New England institution that was living in the light of its former glory. The Rand-Avery imprint had appeared on many of the most widely read American books, "Uncle Tom's Cabin" among them. Mrs. Stowe's great novel had been issued from the concern's presses more than thirty years before. No name in the American publishing trade was better known than that of Rand-Avery. But a new generation of proprietors had failed to hold the business up to the mark of former years, and the company was running behind and borrowing money. One of the large creditors was Governor Rice, a leading New England paper manufacturer. He had taken a liking to Lawson, and asked him to try to pull the business out

POMPEIAN

Massage

Cream

The Pompeian Massage movement illustrated here makes the cheeks plump, round and rosy. A few minutes each day suffices. The results are sure and lasting.

The Pompeian Book which we send free with sample, and which accompanies every jar of Pompeian Massage Cream, describes and illustrates all facial massage movements.



Pompeian Massage Cream is a preparation that occupies a logical place on the toilet table. It is not a make-up or cosmetic, but a natural cleanser and beautifier. Pompeian Massage Cream restores and maintains natural conditions in a natural way. It clears the pores, revives the blood circulation, softens the skin and muscles, and makes the flesh firm and full. No imitation has the properties of the genuine, and many of the imitations are actually harmful. Remember the exact name.

Test it With Sample and Booklet—Sent Free



Simply send us your name on a postal and we will send you a liberal sample, together with our illustrated book on Facial Massage, an invaluable guide for proper care of the skin. We prefer you to buy of your dealer whenever possible, but do not accept a substitute for Pompeian under any circumstances. If your dealer does not keep it, we will send a 50c. or \$1.00 jar of the cream postpaid to any part of the world on receipt of price.

POMPEIAN MFG. CO., 40 Prospect Street, Cleveland, Ohio

Pompeian Massage Soap is a fine toilet soap with the same medicinal properties as Pompeian Massage Cream. Sold wherever the cream is sold. 25c. a cake; 60c. a box of 3 cakes

Pompeian Mfg. Co., 40 Prospect St., Cleveland, Ohio
Gentlemen:—Please send, without cost to me, one copy of your book on facial massage and a liberal sample of Pompeian Massage Cream.

Name.....

Address.....

CUT OUT THIS COUPON AND SEND IT TO US



Dainty, Inexpensive Baby Clothes

Our large stock of infants' wear includes many simple and pretty effects in short and long dresses, coats, wrappers, sacques, caps and crib clothes at economical prices. The materials are properly chosen, with unusual care bestowed on the cut and making.

Write for Winter Catalogue

describing an immense variety of babywear in many qualities. Also shows newest styles in apparel for boys and girls. Copy mailed for 4 cts. to cover postage. Mail orders have the attention of experienced house-shoppers.

Address Dept. 27 60-62 West 23d Street, - - - NEW YORK

We Have No Branch Stores—No Agents



INFANTS' LONG DRESS, made of nainsook with yoke of tucks and insertion. Tucked skirt with ruffles and embroidery..... \$1.50

Hand-Woven Indian Basket 25c

Hand-woven by Indians in Mexico from strong palm fibre. Uniquely colored, durable, useful, ornamental. 8 in. high; fine for den, sewing room, flower pot, etc. Warranted genuine. Retail for \$1.00, but we will send prepaid for 25 cts. (two for 44 cts., five for \$1.90, all different designs), as special offer. Catalog of Mexican and Indian Goods FREE.

THE FRANCIS E. LESTER COMPANY,
Dept. P 10, Meadville Park, N. Mex.

CHARACTER READ from handwriting. Send specimen and 25c. and I will send personally written delineation of your character. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. 3 readings for 50c. Address Wm. Scargle, Westminster Hotel, Atlantic City, N. J.

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Standard Hydro-Carbon Light

for homes, stores, halls, churches, streets, etc. Better than electricity, cheaper than kerosene, no smoke or odor, absolutely safe and guaranteed. Can be installed by any handy man. Exclusive territory to agents, with liberal terms. Our "Sales System" aids in selling. Write for terms. Standard Gillett Light Co., 913 N. Halsted St., Chicago.

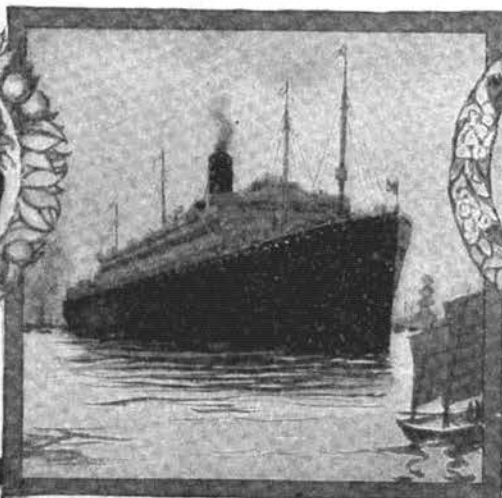
\$150. MONTHLY PROFIT E. B. Roberts, Berkshire Co., Mass., makes selling Electric Combs, you can make it. DR. S. HALL, 1451 Penn Ave., Pittsburg, Pa.

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The Sunshine Belt to the Orient

*Calm seas and Summer skies.
A one day's stop at beautiful Hawaii.
The maximum of speed and luxury.*

These are the reasons that make the Pacific Mail the ideal route to the Orient

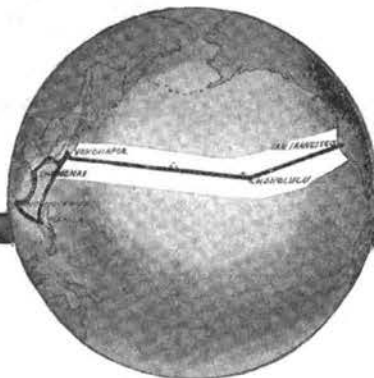
From SAN FRANCISCO to HAWAII, JAPAN, CHINA and the PHILIPPINES

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SYRACUSE
212 W. Washington St.
PHILADELPHIA
632 Chestnut Street
HAMBURG (Germany)
Amerika Haus, Ferdinandstrasse
LONDON (England)
49 Leadenhall Street

of the hole. The problem appealed to Lawson as nothing had ever appealed to him before. He had literary ambitions, and saw that this would be his opportunity to hobnob with authors and publishers and get his own literary efforts into print. He had also begun to take a keen interest in the business of advertising, then in its infancy. He threw his whole soul into the work. From early in the morning until midnight and after, day after day and month after month, he was buried in work in the big building at Franklin and Federal Streets. "When I have a task before me," says Lawson, "that is the biggest thing in the world for me until I have finished it. And that's why I have never failed to get anything I have gone after."

Lawson at once saw that the Rand-Avery problem resolved itself into two chief factors,—the manufacture of wares that the public wanted, and the bringing of these wares into the public eye. He took hold of the problem, just as he has greater problems since then, with audacity and imagination. He brought out books that other publishers were afraid to handle, and he brought them into public notice by advertising that was always original and not infrequently sensational. He exploited the books of a Greek Jew-baiter, Timyanis, whose satirical sketch of the lives of some of the richest and most prominent Jews in America made a sensation. The libel suits that it caused added to the volume of sales. Another sensational volume was "Why Priests Should Wed." One of the windows of the publishing house was filled with copies of this book, and a man was hired by Lawson to stand out in the street and make violent speeches against the book and its author. When a big crowd had collected in Franklin Street the supposedly outraged Catholic threw a brick through the show window. Lawson spent money lavishly advertising his wares in the Boston newspapers and made the conservative old publishers of the town sit up and gasp. "One morning he brought out the Boston 'Herald' in the national colors. The night before, as the papers came off the 'Herald' presses, they were rushed over to the Rand-Avery shop and run through the color presses. As a trade-mark, he used a three-eyed owl, and gave \$2,500 to the artist who drew the most life-like three-eyed owl.

Lawson saw the enormous possibilities in advertising. He demonstrated then, as he has many times since, that he could make a very comfortable livelihood as an advertising expert. In those days, advertising experts, as we know them to-day, were almost unknown. He organized an advertising bureau, a novelty in those days, and announced that this bureau would undertake to direct the advertising of large manufacturing concerns. At the head of this bureau he placed Loring Deland, the husband of Margaret Deland, and the originator of the football flying wedge at Harvard. Among Lawson's clients were the McCormick reaper and the Estey organ manufacturers. When the McCormick reaper won the first prize in a competition in France, Lawson produced in *Jacsimile* the cablegram carrying the news, and spread it broadcast on billboards all over the country. This variety of advertising is very common nowadays, but it was decidedly original when Lawson thought of it.

Had it not been that there was a wheel within a wheel in the Rand-Avery shop, Lawson might to-day still be printing books. As an offshoot of the book and periodical publishing business, there had grown up under the same roof the Rand-Avery Supply Company. This sub-company had built up a highly profitable business in printing time-tables, tickets, and other supplies for railroads. This is the concern whose imprint is seen to-day on most of the railroad time-tables in Boston. Lawson found that the Supply Company was making money while the Publishing Company was losing. The Supply Company was a parasite. It was using the machinery, power, and labor of the Publishing Company at ground-floor prices. Lawson undertook to force the Supply Company to pay its just tribute to the Publishing Company, and war was declared. It very soon developed into a bitter fight, as most of Lawson's fights do. The old Rand-Avery crowd saw that Lawson would have to be thrown out or he would throw them out. The Publishing Company was vulnerable. When Lawson took hold of the business its gross income was only large enough to meet the weekly pay roll. At the end of a year the business was making money. But the company's notes for several hundred thousand dollars were outstanding. The old Rand-Avery crowd stirred up some of the large creditors to present their notes for payment, and Lawson found himself backed up against a wall. He went to every creditor and won nearly all of them over to his side. The Rand-Avery employees, who were with Lawson to a man, raised a pot of \$10,000 out of their wages and turned it over to him. Lawson went to the president of the American Loan and Trust Company, and after an all day session convinced him that the business could be put on a profitable footing, if the floating indebtedness were provided for. The bank president agreed to provide the money needed.

Lawson has frequently said that he can do anything with words, and his record shows that this is no idle boast. His genius for winning another man's support by "telling his story," as he expresses it, was never more strikingly shown than in the manner in which he invaded the citadel at 20 Broadway, the stronghold of the Standard Oil party, and won over to his cause that cold-blooded financial general, Henry H. Rogers.

DON'T PAY TWO PRICES FOR STOVES & RANGES

Order direct from our Stove Factory and save for yourself all Jobbers' and Dealers' big profits.

Hoosier Stoves and Ranges

"The best in the world." Are sold on 30 days' free trial. We pay the freight. Guaranteed for years, "backed by a million dollars." Hoosier's are "fuel savers and easy bakers." Very heavily made of highest grade selected material, beautifully finished, with many new improvements and features. Our large Stove and Range Catalog shows the greatest bargains ever offered.

Write for catalog and Special Free Trial Offer.
HOOSIER STOVE CO., 213 State St.,
Boston, Ind.

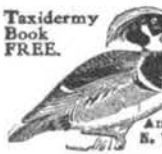


START A HIGH CLASS MAIL ORDER JEWELRY BUSINESS at your home, spare time and evenings. Little money needed. Big profits. Many make over \$2,000 per year. A \$250,000 stock of high-grade jewelry, diamonds, watches and silverware all listed in catalogs with your name on them. We fill all orders for you and charge you less than wholesale prices. Success almost certain with our new plan. Sample catalog and particulars free. Write today. **NATIONAL JEWELRY CO., 702-163 STATE ST., CHICAGO**

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FREE.

Mount Beautiful Birds

Be a Taxidermist. Mount your own trophies, such as birds and animals. Decorate your home or make money mounting for others. Taxidermists in great demand and handsomely paid. Success guaranteed or no tuition. Great book "How to Mount Birds and Animals" sent Free. Men and women write today. A. W. School of Taxidermy, Box 29 B, Omaha, Neb.



Be an Artist

LEARN by mail at home to paint, draw, sketch and decorate china. No experience necessary. All persons who love the beautiful are natural artists. Our wonderful method of personal criticism and individual instruction will bring out your talent. Success assured. Great artists as your instructors. Very profitable and most entrancing work. Write today for our beautiful book "How to Learn Art." Sent FREE. Write today. Get our great free art book. Address FINE ARTS INSTITUTE, Studio 187, South Omaha, Neb.



[When writing advertisers, please mention Success Magazine]

The bank president won over by Lawson after an all day's talk went home that night and dropped dead. The Publishing Company was forced into a receivership. Lawson was first appointed receiver, but was soon ousted on a ruling by the court that he could not legally act. An attempt was made to keep him from entering the building after the 450 employees had been thrown into idleness. But he went to his office every day and made clear that he meant to kill any man who barred the way. Lawson has never killed a man, but he has been near it more than once. When he is backed up against a wall he shows his teeth.

The publishing house was advertised for sale by the receiver. But Lawson would not give up. He went to James Jordan, who had inherited a fortune from his father, one of Jay Gould's associates in the "Black Friday" corner, told his story and got from him \$75,000 to buy the concern in at the sale. The business was bought in for Lawson, and he was on top again—but only for an hour. The Rand-Avery crowd then played its last card. The owners of the building gave notice to Lawson that with the sale of the Publishing Company, its lease of the premises terminated, and that a new lease of the entire building had been made to the Rand-Avery Supply Company. This was a staggering blow, just when Lawson thought he had won.

But Lawson had another card to play—and it was a sensational play to make. He had three weeks in which to get out—three weeks in which to remove the seventy years' accumulation of the great publishing house. There were vaults full of plates, presses, and printer's supplies of all kinds, and thousands of volumes of books. Lawson threw a bomb into the Rand-Avery crowd by announcing that the entire plant from ground to roof would be sold at public auction. The Rand-Avery people went to Jordan, who had supplied the \$75,000, and offered to get him out whole if he would part company with Lawson. But he decided to stick. Lawson set the whole force to work getting out a catalogue of hundreds of pages describing everything in the building from fonts of type to presses and steam engines. The catalogue was written, set up, and printed in a week, and in another week it was spread broadcast over the country. Lawson also got out a big poster on fine paper that he sent over the country, and that to-day is remembered as a remarkable example of the printer's art. But very few of the thousands of people in the printing trade who received the Lawson catalogue and the Lawson poster associate that spectacular advertisement of twenty years ago with the big-type, scare advertisements over the signature of "Thomas W. Lawson, of Boston," that are now read throughout America. But the same Lawson who spent \$92,000 in a single day three years ago in newspaper advertisements all over America and Europe advising the holders of American securities to sell them at any price, is the same Lawson who printed the big Rand-Avery catalogue twenty years ago.

The Rand-Avery auction that lasted for a week was the talk of all Boston. From far and wide came printers and publishers looking for bargains. There came, too, the junk men ready to buy anything from a barrel of pied type to a steam boiler. Lawson had told the Rand-Avery people that if they pressed him to the wall he would wipe every vestige of the Rand-Avery publishing business out of existence, and he made good his word. For six days Lawson stood on the auctioneer's block. He engaged professional auctioneers to conduct the sale, but one after another of them lost his voice. Lawson was there from start to finish, and whenever the interest lagged he would retell the story of the Rand-Avery fight. He made it all a personal issue, and enthusiastic hearers of his story paid fancy prices for things they really didn't want.

The Rand-Avery people made strenuous efforts from day to day to stop the sale. Twice during the sale Lawson was arrested and taken off the block. When he came back the crowd cheered and bid more furiously than before. It was a bitter personal fight between Lawson and the old crowd. Once he and Charles Gardner, the head of the Supply Company, came to blows. After the books and plates and type and paper had been sold, Lawson put the presses on the block, and then the engines and the boilers. Then the steam plant that heated the building. He even sold the gas pipes in the walls. The owners of the building made an outcry at this. They were afraid Lawson was going to tear the building down and sell that, too. It was a feast for the junk men. When the building owners expressed doubt as to the ability of the junk men to take out the gas pipes without injuring the building, Lawson asked the head of the junk men for expert advice. "Just let my men get their hands on one end of the pipes and they'll yank them out," said the junkie. Lawson put up the ventilators in the windows. "What are you going to do with the holes in the windows?" he was asked. "Why, we'll sell those, too," was Lawson's retort. On the fourth day of the sale the proceeds were already so large that Lawson's backer, Jordan, had his money back, and the rest of the sale was all profit.

That was the end of what was then known as the Rand-Avery publishing house. And with the collapse of the business came the physical collapse of Lawson. He broke down completely. But not many months later he was head over heels in a more sensational fight than the Rand-Avery.

[To be continued next month]



Are Your Sox Insured?

Read this **Holeproof Guarantee!**

"We guarantee to any purchaser of **Holeproof Sox** or **Holeproof Stockings** that they will need no darning for 6 months. If they should, we agree to replace them with new ones, provided they are returned to us within 6 months from date of sale to wearer."

Holeproof are the original guaranteed sox that wear **Six Months Without Holes**. Holeproof Sox and Holeproof Stockings are handsome in appearance, elastic, and easy to the feet in every way. By using a certain combination of the highest grades of long-fibred yarns, where the hardest usage comes, we are able to knit sox and stockings which will outwear ordinary hosiery **Six to One**.

Holeproof Hosiery

"That's the second pair of sox I've gone through inside of a week. No matter what I pay for them, they seem to wear out just as quickly. Guess I'll have to start wearing leather stockings!"

Small wonder our friend is disgusted. He has a right to expect value and comfort for his money. And he would get it, too, if he only knew of Holeproof Hosiery.

Men's Holeproof Sox

Fast Colors—Black, Tan (light or dark), Pearl and Navy Blue. Sizes 9 to 12. Egyptian Cotton, (medium or light weight) sold only in boxes containing six pairs of one size—assorted colors if desired—six month's guarantee with each pair. Per box of six pairs **\$2.00**

Women's Holeproof Stockings

Fast Colors—Black, Black legs with white feet, and Tan. Sizes 8 to 11. Extra reinforced garter tops. Egyptian Cotton, sold only in boxes containing six pairs of one size—assorted colors if desired—six month's guarantee with each pair. Per box of six pairs **\$2.00**

CAUTION! In buying, be absolutely positive that you get the original Holeproof goods. Insist upon it to protect yourself. Dishonest manufacturers and dealers are attempting to profit by our success, and are offering worthless imitations under names and in packages as near like Holeproof as they dare. In some instances, dealers even claim that such goods are made by the Holeproof Hosiery Company of Milwaukee. We wish to emphasize most strongly that Holeproof is the only brand we manufacture, and every pair of Holeproof Sox or Holeproof Stockings bears our trade mark (registered) plainly stamped thereon.

If your dealer doesn't sell the Holeproof line we will supply you direct upon receipt of price and prepay all shipping charges. Let us know the size you wear, the color you prefer, and remit by money order or draft, or any other convenient way.

Write today for our Free Booklet

Holeproof Hosiery Company

It's full of interesting convincing facts about Holeproof Hosiery. We will also give you the name of the local dealer in your city.
**44 Fourth Street
Milwaukee, Wisconsin**



Order Your FALL SUIT

Direct from the **Wholesale Maker**

WRITE FOR SAMPLES THIS VERY DAY



You will find that \$12.00 or \$15.00 will go further here than \$20.00 or \$25.00 elsewhere. Just now we are making a specialty of the very newest Fall and Winter Suits and Overcoats for men **Brown Velour Cassimeres, Auto-Striped Blue Serges, Gray Worstedes, Chevrotines, Kerseys, etc.**, at only \$12.00 or \$15.00 in patterns which you would willingly pay \$20.00 or \$25.00 for. This saving is the natural result of our dealing direct with us—wholesale tailors. The materials are of tested, standard quality. The tailoring is so stylishly done that you will be delighted with the perfect fit.

Every Garment Specially Made to Measure under the broadest possible Guarantee of Money Back

If we fail to give you, for less money, more genuine "Clothes Satisfaction" than you can obtain from any other source. Samples of garments at \$12, \$15, \$18 and \$20, Style Book, measure chart, tape, etc., **absolutely FREE**. Postpaid.

WRITE TODAY.

FELIX KAHN & CO.,

Wholesale Tailors. Established 1882

Market & Van Buren St., Dept. 17, CHICAGO



GENTLEMEN
WHO DRESS FOR STYLE
NEATNESS, AND COMFORT
WEAR THE IMPROVED

BOSTON GARTER

THE RECOGNIZED STANDARD

The Name is stamped on every loop—

The **Velvet Grip** CUSHION BUTTON CLASP

LIES FLAT TO THE LEG—NEVER SLIPS, TEARS NOR UNFASTENS

Sample pair, Silk 50c., Cotton 25c. Mailed on receipt of price.

GEO. FROST CO., Makers
Boston, Mass., U.S.A.

ALWAYS EASY

Wonderful

New 1908 Edison Phonograph Offer

Here is the great new 1908 Model Edison Phonograph and Outfit. Latest and newest improvements. Hear it! See it! Read this great offer.



Mr. Edison says:

"I WANT to see a Phonograph in every American Home."



Thomas A. Edison

Free Trial

**Free Trial Means Free Trial
No Money Down—No C. O. D.**

Try this great new 1908 model phonograph in your home; play the beautiful Edison gold moulded records, and if then you do not care to keep the outfit, return it at our expense. We do not charge you one cent for the trial.

\$2.00 a Month

now buys a genuine Edison Outfit—easiest possible payments at the rock-bottom prices—and no interest on payments. Our beautiful catalog quotes prices which may surprise you—the magnificent new 1908 Edison Outfit No. 5 at about one-fourth the cost of inferior imitations.

Write for Catalog

Do not bother with sending a letter; merely sign and mail coupon, writing name and address plainly. Write now.

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TOO LATE

A Drummer's Story

By H. D. VARNUM



"They disappeared in the crowd"

I HAD recently joined a new house. The line was fine laces, and I started on my first trip with a resolution to make a record. Our sales manager gave me a quiet talk about caution in selling, but I was young and had an enlarged idea of my own ability. Among the names on my list was that of a merchant in an Illinois town who bore a good reputation and whose credit was satisfactory. This man—I will call him Abrams,—kept the best shop in his community, and, instead of maintaining a general store, confined himself to a few lines of good material.

Three hours after I reached town I had his order for eleven hundred dollars' worth of lace trimmings, notwithstanding the fact that I was a new man representing a new house. There was a condition to the order, but it did not trouble me any. Abrams insisted that the goods must be delivered within ten days from the date of the order, explaining that he had planned an exclusive sale and was desirous of including our new designs in his offerings. I took the trouble to wire the order to the house, knowing that the firm would stand the expense in view of the large sale. The following day I resumed my trip, feeling on pretty good terms with myself.

Peoria was my next stop. When I reached the hotel I found a telegram from our credit man, which read:—

"Abrams's order received. Have you heard rumors about him? Investigate, and notify me."

Rumors about Abrams? The idea was preposterous. Why, the man was as good as the Bank of England. Right there was where I made my mistake. Filled with youthful assurance, I wired our credit man that it was all nonsense, and that I would be personally responsible for the order.

A week later I doubled back on my route, having reached my farthest western point. That morning, while riding in the smoking compartment of a Pullman, two men, evidently lawyers, entered the room and settled themselves for a comfortable ride. They paid no attention to me, but continued a conversation apparently started some time before.

"Just as you said, Phillips," remarked one, a tall, lean man with a smooth face, "you can't always sometimes tell about these apparently prosperous business chaps. Now, he has had the reputation of being conservative and a regular money-maker."

"Discounted his bills until ten days ago."

"Yes, so I believe. That was a grand-stand play, though. He was raising the money on his stock, and keeping up his credit. Slick scheme, that! But he's reached the end of his rope. The funny thing about it is that he has n't the least idea that his plan has leaked out. He is still ordering goods right and left, and ar-

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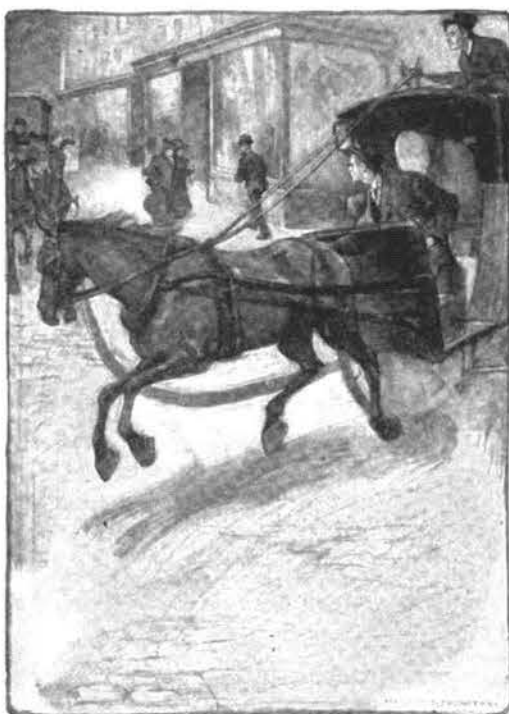
ranging for a final splurge, and then I suppose he means to skip, owing everybody."

"His failure will surprise the good people of Ottawa." I straightened up and looked at the man. Ottawa? That was where Abrams had his shop. Could it be possible that they were talking about Abrams? I recalled the credit man's warning telegram and my own impulsive promise to be responsible for eleven hundred dollars' worth of goods. Eleven hundred dollars! The cold chills played tag down my back.

Just then the train rolled into Kankakee, and before I could frame a question the two men picked up their bags and left the car. I hurried after them, but they had disappeared in the crowd of passengers waiting to board the train. My mind was made up in an instant. I would get to Ottawa as quickly as possible and survey the situation. It was three hours before I could leave Kankakee, and five before I reached Ottawa. By that time it was late in the afternoon. I had not evolved any particular plan of action, except that I intended to stop the delivery of the goods, if possible. I did not wire the house, for obvious reasons. In fact, I was ashamed to notify the firm.

Taking a cab at the station, I hurriedly drove to the express office. The men in charge thought I was crazy, and it was some minutes before they understood what I wanted.

"Two boxes for Abrams from Sewall, Parks, and Badger, New York?" finally echoed the express manager. "Yes, they were sent out this noon."



"I intended to take that chance"

"Do you know if they have been delivered?" "Can't say. The wagon had several other places to go. You might—"

Long before he had completed the sentence I was in the cab with instructions for the driver to make quick time for Abrams's emporium. There was one chance in a hundred of stopping the boxes at his very door, and I intended to take that chance. Under ordinary conditions the drive would have taken more than fifteen minutes, but we did it in five. As we swept around the last corner an express wagon, which had been standing in front of a store, suddenly moved out. There was a crash as the two vehicles collided, and I knew no more for several hours.

I awoke in the accident ward of the local hospital. My head pained me, but I managed to gasp:—

"Is it too late? Has Abrams failed yet?"

"Sh-h-h! you must n't talk," warned the nurse.

"I must know," I replied, desperately. "I had some goods—"

The nurse picked up a copy of the evening paper.

"Abrams?" she said. "Are n't you thinking of Swartz, who has the other big shop? His failure is announced this afternoon."

I turned my face toward the wall, and something very like tears came to my eyes. My luck was with me, that trip. What if I had stopped those boxes? I would have lost one of my very best customers.

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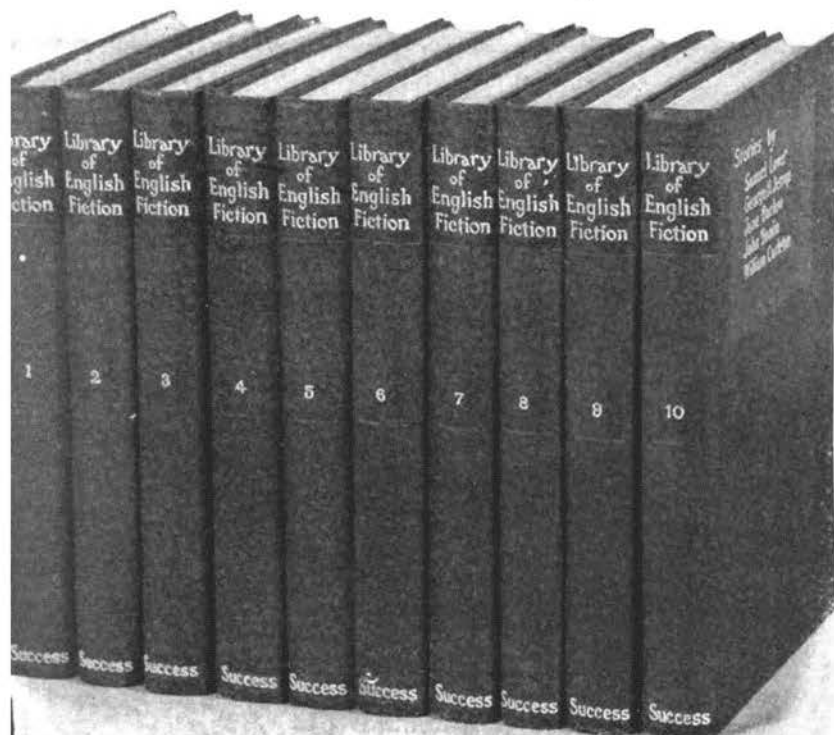
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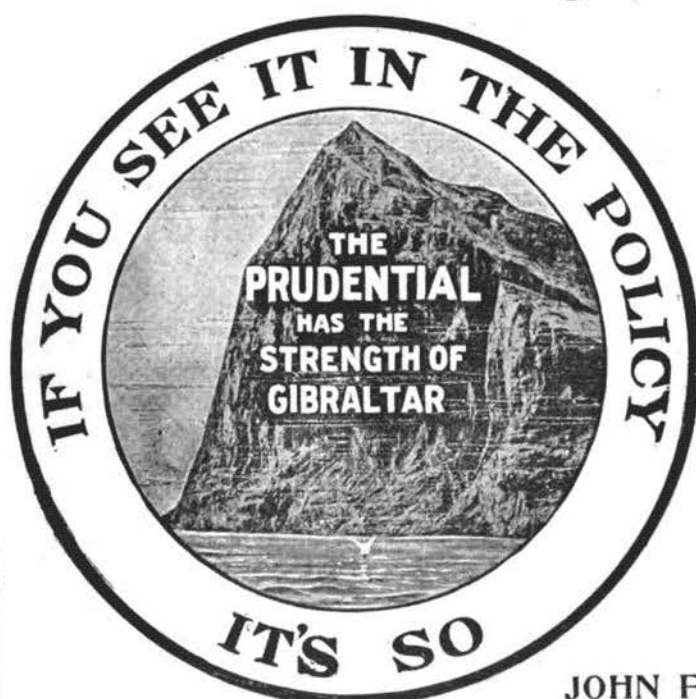
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