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NOVEMBER 1907

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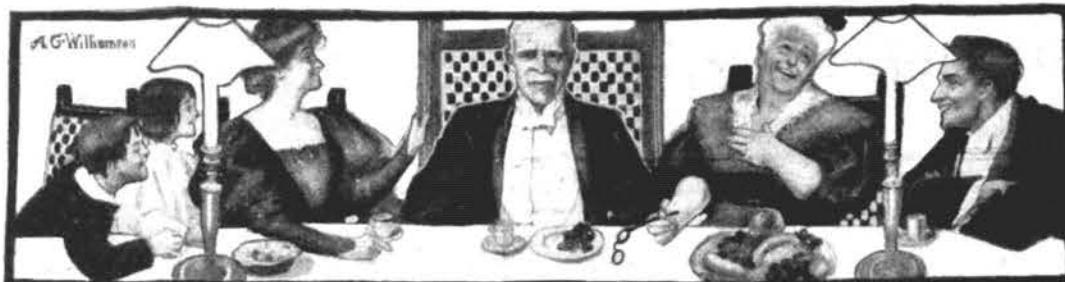
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The Thanksgiving-Dinner Story

SUCCESS MAGAZINE

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Success Magazine

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Published Monthly by

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Expirations and Renewals

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



Subscriptions to commence with this issue should be received by November 5th. Subscriptions to commence with the December issue should be received by December 5th. The regular editions of *SUCCESS MAGAZINE* are usually exhausted within ten days after publication.

Our Advertisements

We guarantee our subscribers (of record) against loss due to fraudulent misrepresentation in any advertisement appearing in this issue provided that mention of "*Success Magazine*" is made when ordering. This guarantee does not cover fluctuations of market values, or 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 sixty 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

ONE YEAR AGO, the editors and publishers of *SUCCESS MAGAZINE* set for themselves a task for the coming year—the task of getting into a closer and more intimate relationship with (actual) subscribers than had been enjoyed by any American magazine. This task has been so far but partially accomplished, but, considering that twelve months only have elapsed since this decision was made and the machinery was put into operation to carry it into effect, we by no means feel dissatisfied with the results. Part of our work of the past year has been done in the columns of *SUCCESS MAGAZINE* and part in other ways. The first step we took was greatly to strengthen our Home Departments by adding to our editorial staff a number of wise and thoughtful women, skilled in the high knowledge of home making and the home-making arts, and capable, by long journalistic training, of translating into advice and suggestions the thousand and one bits of concentrated wisdom obtained in special ways from our subscribers. They have established, in brief, an "exchange," which our readers have been good enough to patronize in large numbers, both by the contribution of suggestions and "kinks" from their own home experiences, and by the receipt from others of similar ones. When we say that since January 1, 1907, more than 30,000 women have actually written to the editors of our Home Departments, both giving and asking help on domestic problems, the fact will be recognized that with its feminine subscribers, *SUCCESS MAGAZINE* has certainly brought about that closer touch for which we have been working.

BUT OUR INVESTORS DEPARTMENT! Notwithstanding the fact that the establishment of this department was an integral part of our plan for service to subscribers, we little realized how important this service was bound to become and how overwhelming would be the response. Within three or four months after the department was established, an absolute flood of letters had come to us—over 10,000 in number—asking advice about the investment of family savings of years—in amounts ranging from \$500 to \$50,000. The amount of work and responsibility involved in the investigation of all these inquiries was so extended that we were absolutely forced to put some slight check upon it, which we did by merely exacting a nominal fee (\$1), for any inquiries requiring the investigation of specific properties—inquiries which in many cases cost us from \$25 to \$50 to carry out. Even with this check, we have received nearly 50,000 financial inquiry letters during the past fifteen months.

ONE excellent result of the operations of our Investors Department has been the knowledge of how important is this question of investment of savings, and how necessary it is that every magazine of wide circulation should guard its columns with the greatest care against the entrance of fraudulent, semi-fraudulent, or "sub-standard" advertisements of any kind bearing on investment problems. In our Men's Dress and Sports and Recreation Departments, in our Editor's Chats and other regular features of *SUCCESS MAGAZINE*, we have had evidence that we are much more closely satisfying the needs of our readers than ever before, and we feel much pleased at the progress made in this direction during the year.

BY FAR the most important work, however, in carrying out our plans of a year ago, has been the creation of what we believe to be an entirely unique and extraordinarily valuable "Auxiliary Board" of Life Subscribers, pledged to help us in the conduct of our magazine by answering such questions as we may ask of them from time to time, during the period of their life subscription, bearing on the conduct of the magazine itself, and on local conditions and opinion in all parts of the country.

ONE of the most difficult things which the editors of any publication of general circulation have to meet, is that of ascertaining the real tastes, ideas, and wishes of the constituency which they hope to reach. If request is made in the columns of the magazine itself for a reader's opinion as to any particular subject, the replies received are in no proper measure a test of the real feeling of all the readers, but of only a very small portion. If letters of inquiry are addressed to ten thousand ordinary subscribers, even if return postage is included, no large percentage of replies is received, as a rule, probably because the subscriber feels that the editors have no right to impose upon him by taking up his time. What we now have in our "Auxiliary Board" is a class of subscribers who have definitely agreed to answer our questions, and, in consideration of this agreement by them, we have made them Life Subscribers at half our regular ten-dollar fee. The "bargain" is a mutual one in which both parties are satisfied, and we feel that we have gained enormously in our ability to "know our constituency."

SOME ACHIEVEMENTS of the past and present may be mentioned here, with due humility that they are no greater, but with some little satisfaction that they have been at least an earnest of what we are trying to do to serve our subscribers.

SUCCESS MAGAZINE was the originator and organizer of the "People's Lobby" at Washington, which is doing a great work in watching legislation.

SUCCESS MAGAZINE was the first to expose the iniquity of the "private car" abuses, and the operations of the "Race Track Trust."

SUCCESS MAGAZINE, in publishing "Fools and Their Money," and "The Wireless Telegraph Bubble," has exposed the greatest list of mining sharks, promoters, and swindlers, which this country has ever known.

SUCCESS MAGAZINE, in publishing "Diplomatic Mysteries," has given many inside secrets of international diplomacy.

SUCCESS MAGAZINE, in publishing "The Third House," has brought to light the manner in which paid lobbyists have been operating in Washington.

SUCCESS MAGAZINE, in publishing the life-story of Thomas W. Lawson, of Boston, is giving to the American public the most complete biography ever printed of a man whose influence is hard to measure.

SUCCESS MAGAZINE, in publishing during the coming winter "The Drugging of a Race," in which will be given for the first time a full account of the way in which a rich and powerful nation has forced an increasing use of opium upon an ancient, Oriental civilization, hopes to arouse the conscience of the Christian world.

SUCCESS MAGAZINE, in publishing "Lentala" during the coming winter—an "adventure story" of the most absorbing interest for young and old

alike—and in publishing many other fascinating stories of life, love, and laughter, will justify its existence to hundreds of thousands of readers of both sexes who look eagerly for its monthly advent.

SUCCESS MAGAZINE, in rigorously excluding patent medicines, liquor, cigarette, stock selling, and other "sub-standard" advertising, is faithfully doing its part in protecting American homes against unsafe and objectionable forms of temptation to money spending.

SUCCESS MAGAZINE, in definitely adopting the policy of guaranteeing to its readers the good faith of its advertisers, and agreeing to make good under easily understandable conditions losses which may be incurred by readers through ordering goods advertised in its columns, has taken the last and highest step toward reaching the ideal relationship which ought to exist between a great magazine and its constituency.

* * *

TO SUM UP—

"In the Public Service"

describes accurately the editorial and business policy of SUCCESS MAGAZINE.

The principles upon which it is conducted have brought it great influence and prestige throughout the country, and its enormous editorial and business organization are employed exclusively in the interests of subscribers and of the public.

Its far-reaching influence is being felt more and more strongly—in business, in politics, and, in the social life—as a power for good and a force for the protection and up-building of the American home.

It has had no mercy and will have none for the "powers that prey"—for financial fakers, for dishonest promoters, or for those who seek to tear down, rather than build up.

* * *

WHAT part of the magazine do you turn to first every month? That is something we would very much like to know. Do you first seek the stories, or is it some particular one of the home departments, the articles on current topics, or the editorials, that first wins your attention—and why? It will greatly interest us to know just what you are seeking when the magazine comes round. A subscriber wrote to us the other day that he had been looking for an article on voice culture for the past three years. "Every month," he writes, "I have been looking through your pages with the hope of finding that longed-for article. I read an article on the subject some years ago, and I felt certain that others would follow." We shall take this subject up again, and we certainly are interested to know that any one person should look so long and patiently to find something more on a subject that had caught his fancy. What are you looking for? What would you like to see in the magazine that we are not dealing with at present? We can make a magazine that will please you if you will help us.

* * *

SOME of the letters that have come to us since we last wrote for these columns have given us a variety of ideas regarding the public's taste in literary matters. The first letter we received was from a man in Iowa, who said, "I always read the 'Pulse of the World,' the first thing;" another letter from a woman in the South, says, "I first read 'Pin Money Papers.' I really could not do without this department." We add, by way of parenthesis, that this reader's views are seconded by many thousands of others. Indeed, we have been told scores of times about the value of this department. Well, another good friend sends in a letter and tells us that his first thought is for Dr. Marden's editorial. He, too, has a number of followers. Still another says, "I do not know where to begin when I open the magazine. Sometimes I wish that I might swallow it whole as one would a pill."

ON THE other hand, there is a great array of letters we call "brickbats," for every letter that comes to the office does not contain praise. Some of our readers hunt for our sore spots, hunt well and diligently, and put their fingers right on them. The letters are none the less welcome. We know that we publish some things that are going to find opposing views. We are well aware of the fact that no magazine can stand on a broad, fearless basis and please every person who reads it. An editor trying to accomplish such an end, even though he do it with a zeal worthy of the greatest cause, would find his efforts dwindling to nothing. We know the American public sufficiently well to state that it is not a placid, putative thing. It is not thin-skinned, it is not supine—it is energetic and ambitious, and, best of all, it loves fearlessness, determination, and courage. And when it meets an opinion with which it does not agree, it will combat it in the strongest terms, for it loves a fight. In editing a magazine there is no possible way of pleasing everyone, but there is a way of *interesting* everyone. These letters which we call "brickbats," with their stinging, biting criticism show us that our knowledge of the American people is not altogether wrong. We want to add one word more regarding our editorial policy. This magazine is conducted entirely without fear or favor of *any* man, creed, or condition. It is primarily intended as a magazine for the home—for the great, energetic American home. No subject of public interest will be excluded from its columns. We believe in broadening and enlightening the world in every possible way. We hold that no man or condition has any right to interfere with the progress of the human mind. If we publish a thing you do not like, you are entitled to send us your views by mail. If they can be published we will give them space, but we want our readers to know that no legitimate topic of public interest will ever be excluded from these columns except for lack of space.

* * *

ONE of the new departments for the home, on which Mrs. Curtis has been working, will show our woman readers how to manufacture things in their own home and thereby make a little money. It is a pleasant thing to make a few dollars for yourself when you find that the weekly or monthly allowance just meets all the demands of the family. A little spare time devoted to some pleasant calling, a few hours every day turning what might be work and drudgery into play and pleasure, will bring a great interest into your life and help you to add to the many little necessities and luxuries that you want. Mrs. Curtis's first article in this series, which will appear in our December issue, will be devoted to candy making. It will not only tell how popular grades of candy can be made for the market, but also how and where they can be sold.

* * *

WE HAVE made a broad and decided change in our Art Department. Quite a few illustrators new to our readers will draw for us in the future. One of the most noted is Mrs. Alice Barber Stephens, an artist of rare ability, whose fine work has given her a leading place among American illustrators. Mr. E. M. Ashe, who for a long time has been exceptionally busy with some big canvases in color, will again be seen in our pages, as the illustrator of Arthur Stringer's story, "The Travis Coup," in the December Number. Mr. H. S. Potter, one of the truest painters of American types, Florence Scovill Shinn, and James Preston, who hold first places in the ranks of humorists, will also be added to our art staff.

* * *

AND just a word about the many illustrations that are submitted to SUCCESS MAGAZINE. We are constantly receiving drawings accompanied by

long explanatory letters from amateur artists in all parts of the country, wanting to draw for this publication. While some of these drawings show considerable merit, others are inexpressibly bad, and a great many show an absolute lack of the first qualifications of an artist—perception and action. We are asked to criticize all of these drawings and to tell why they cannot appear in our pages. Now we want to be encouraging and we want to fan the flame of genius whenever we see it burst forth, but it is impossible to go into long, detailed criticisms of every illustration that is sent to our office. To these struggling artists we would suggest that they first submit their work to some artist of note in their vicinity, and ask for a fair, frank, and fearless criticism. Too many of us are overcome by the praise of our friends and relatives, who are always inclined to say something is "mighty good" when it really is "mighty poor." Honest criticism to a beginner, even though it cuts deep, is always the best incentive for better work, and the friend or relation who tells you that your work is very good and "ought to appear in the magazines" may be doing you more harm than good.

* * *

WE HAVE had a letter from Cleveland Moffett. You will remember that Mr. Moffett wrote the "Shameful Misuse of Wealth," which this magazine published several years ago, and which even to this day is used by the daily press and others who are constantly referring to that subject, as the most true resumé of the extravagance of the idle American rich. When Mr. Moffett agreed to continue this interesting series, we asked him to go abroad and tell us something about the stupendous expenditures on the other side of the water. He has been working on his articles for some months. He is going to tell us how rich Americans waste their money at Monte Carlo; how antique sellers sell their twentieth century wares to the gullible; how poverty-stricken nobility takes in our traveling Americans as boarders, in order to introduce them to titled people, the prices paid to be presented at various courts, and all that sort of foolishness and snobbishness, which, in the long run, simply makes us the laughing-stock of those who have gotten our money. Mr. Moffett's letter is very interesting. He has worked hard; he has secured lots of "good stuff," as we say in our sanctum, and he will soon have it in shape for publication.

* * *

ONE of the most interesting of the new features that came our way recently, is a number of little thumb-nail sketches about the great men of the national capital. They are by Major O. O. Stealey, Washington correspondent of the Louisville "Courier-Journal," one of the oldest and most observing writers at the capital. Nearly every prominent man since the ante-bellum days has come under the close scrutiny of Major Stealey. From his life-story, this writer has taken some vital point, and around this point his little sketch is written. We have secured what we think are the most interesting of Major Stealey's manuscripts. They will be interspersed with the big articles of the magazine, for we know that a dinner of roast beef alone, no matter how prime and well cooked, is a very unpalatable thing. It is the little dishes on the side that add to the savory interest of the feast.

* * *

WE would be glad to correspond with those of our readers who have received circular matter from the following companies:

The Dominion-DeForest Wireless Telegraphy Company, Ltd., Montreal, Canada, or their president, Mr. E. W. Humphrey.

The Northern Commercial Telegraph Company, Ltd., Montreal, Canada.

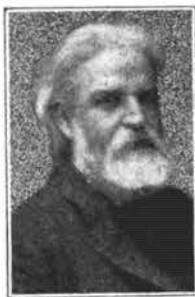
The Genesee Valley Security Company, Rochester, N. Y.

Any information our readers can give us concerning their experiences with these companies will be treated confidentially, if desired.

Success Magazine



SAMUEL MERWIN
Author of
"Drugging a Race"



EDWIN MARKHAM
Author of
Markham's Corner

WE ANNOUNCE to our readers a few of the many features we are arranging for our coming winter numbers. We wish that we might go deeper into the programme. Many stories are being read, many new ideas are being considered, but it is just possible that many of them will be declined. About one out of every fifty fiction stories read for SUCCESS MAGAZINE proves acceptable.

About one idea in every twenty for special articles is worth taking up. Therefore, it is slow work securing matter of sufficient popular and literary value to give to our readers. Later in the season there will be more new things to tell you about. Many things even greater and more important than we know of to-day will swing into our ken and we will grasp them and present them in the best possible manner for your benefit, regardless of cost or trouble.

* * *

A New View of the Immigrant

By LEROY SCOTT

IMMIGRATION from the standpoint of the immigrant is the theme of Leroy Scott's coming articles in SUCCESS MAGAZINE. In a series of interesting, significant life-stories, an Italian, a Jew, and a Slav, among others, will each tell us why he came to America, how he struggled, how he succeeded, or why he failed. Mr. Scott has devoted years to the study of the foreign parts of our large cities. These enthralling "human documents" will give us a more sympathetic understanding of the immigrant than we have ever had before. We shall have new light upon the marvelous movement that is filling our large cities with foreign people. We shall understand how the country digests and assimilates these newcomers and makes of them American citizens.

* * *

After Elephants in East Africa

By W. G. FITZ-GERALD

THE readers of SUCCESS MAGAZINE will remember with pleasure W. G. Fitz-Gerald's interesting description in the September Number of an Indian tiger hunt. They will be glad to learn that we have succeeded in getting another of Mr. Fitz-Gerald's fascinating hunting stories. This time it is the East African elephant which will furnish the excitement. This beast on his native heath is quite a different creature from the mild-mannered boy-surrounded elephant of the circus parade. Mr. Fitz-Gerald's article will be profusely illustrated with rare pictures. It is a chapter from the experiences of a great traveler.

American Extravagance Abroad

By CLEVELAND MOFFETT

SEVERAL years ago Cleveland Moffett startled the world with a remarkable series of articles in SUCCESS MAGAZINE, portraying the shameful misuse of wealth by rich Americans. Mr. Moffett's series did much to set people thinking of the evils that have grown up with the senselessly large fortunes of our millionaires, that are squandered without reason.

Now Mr. Moffett has pursued the spendthrift American into Europe. He is learning how hundreds of millions of American dollars are being spent abroad on useless luxuries. He will tell us how these American princes and princesses live in Paris, London, and the Riviera, how they travel in ocean yachts, automobiles, and special trains; how they gamble away millions in Monte Carlo. Mr. Moffett will describe to us the incredible sums spent by American women in Paris on dress and jewels. Last of all, he will dwell upon the supreme folly of the idle rich American—the money spent in the effort to be presented to those foreigners who are to be pitied rather than congratulated because they have a title. The fortunes exchanged for titled husbands will come under his scrutiny.

* * *

The Romantic Story of Tammany Hall

By FREDERICK UPHAM ADAMS

TAMMANY HALL has come to be the symbol for all that is unscrupulous in the government of our great cities. It is the perfect political organization. It holds its grip upon New York City because it is of the people; because it distributes with an amiable, generous, sympathetic hand what it filches from the people's treasury. The history of this remarkable organization will be the theme of a series of important articles by Frederick Upham Adams beginning in an early number of SUCCESS MAGAZINE. Mr. Adams needs no introduction to our readers. He will be remembered as the author of "The Flood of Gold" in the August Number, an article which attracted wide attention and comment.

Mr. Adams will trace for us the history of Tammany Hall from the beginnings of the republic. He will tell us how it has maintained its grip upon the government of New York City, how it has influenced state and national politics, how it has repeatedly looted the city treasury, and how, on the other hand, it has been of inestimable benefit to the people. The operations of the Tweed ring, the rise and power of "Tim" Sullivan, the rule of Richard Croker, now one of the richest men in the world, who has retired to his estates in Ireland, and Tammany's latter-day manipulations with W. R. Hearst will form a part of this wonderful story. It is replete with the life-stories of men who have been made and ruined.

* * *

"Look Pleasant, Please"

By ROBERT LEE DUNN

MR. DUNN has photographed more prominent men than any other camera artist in the United States. For years he has traveled with Presidents Cleveland, McKinley, and Roosevelt on their principal tours. He is going round the world with Secretary Taft. It is not an easy thing, he says, to stop some notable personage in his daily path and aim a camera at him with the reassuring expostulation, "Look pleasant, please." Yet Mr. Dunn has made this his successful calling for a great many years. He will tell us about some of the queer experiences he has had in taking these pictures, something about the men he has snapped and the pleasantries and rebuffs of his business. Mr. Dunn's own photographs, many of them never published before, will illustrate the article.



W. O. MORROW
Author of "Lentala"



LEROY SCOTT
Author of the
New Immigration Series



HERMAN SCHEFFAUER
Author of
"The Bird and the Ballad"



CHARLES SARKA
Illustrator of "Lentala"



WALTER TITTLE
Painter of our Christmas
Cover for 1907



NIXON WATERMAN
Poet



CLEVELAND MOFFETT
Author of the Special Series on
American Extravagance in Europe

Editorial Announcements



WALLAOE IRWIN
Whose humorous poems are always
a feature

SUCCESS MAGAZINE you will sit with him every month by his fireside, and listen to his talks on all sorts of subjects.

When You Come to New York

By JAMES L. FORD

ONE of the most cheerful writers that we know of is James L. Ford. Such stories as his "Little Eva Swallowtail" stamp him as a humorist of rare quality. Mr. Ford is preëminently a New Yorker. He knows this big and breezy metropolis from the Battery to the remotest precinct in Washington Heights. He has written a short series of articles which are very pertinent to people who come to New York City,—not only to those who come seeking employment, but also to those in search of pleasure.

Our Traveling Editor

HE IS to go about the country observing things which he will write about from month to month. There are to be no strings on him. He is to be guided by no creed or condition, he is simply to wander wherever his fancy wills, and that will probably be to the scene of some great happening or public event, about which he will tell the truth. He may be in Chicago to-day, in Wheeling, West Virginia, tomorrow, and in San Francisco the following week. He is a humorist as well as an observer. And he can and will write about what you want to know.

Our New Short Fiction

HERE are some of the new stories that will appear in SUCCESS MAGAZINE in the next few numbers.

"Ultima's Mothers," by Ethel Watts-Mumford Grant. "Harrigan's Anarchist," by Leroy Scott. "The Travis Coup," by Arthur Stringer; illustrated by E. M. Ashe. "The Bird and the Ballad," by Herman Scheffauer; illustrated by Gerritt A. Beneker. "The Uncertain Heart," by Elliott Flower; illustrated by Remington Schuyler. "Paulin's Little Brother," by Aldis Dunbar; illustrated by Leslie Lee. "The Wooing of Mexie," by Chauncey Thomas; illustrated by Sigourd Schou. "That Dog Sherry," by Charles Battell Loomis; illustrated by Thomas Fogarty.

Besides these, we will publish a new story by F. Marion Crawford—one of the most fascinating that this interesting author has ever written.

The Golden Age of Piracy

By H. ADDINGTON BRUCE

SOME untold stories of the freebooting triumphs and the deeds of daring of Pierre le Grand, Lollonois, Mansvelt, Captain Morgan, Blackbeard, Captain Kidd, and other famous buccaneers. Whatever may have been the purpose of these demons of the deep, these stories are full of the fascination of adventure.

Edwin Markham's Corner

EDWIN MARKHAM is known to be one of the greatest conversationalists in the world. Not one of our million and a half readers but would consider it an honor to visit him at his home and sit with him before his fireside, listening to his views on "books and birds and all things that interest mankind." His home is a veritable shrine to which people of all creeds and classes flock like pilgrims for the mere privilege of hearing him talk. The charm of Mr. Markham's personality, his keen insight into the affairs of the world, his stored-up knowledge and his splendid conversational ability make him a man of unusual attainments. Hereafter in

Our Home Departments

Conducted by ISABEL GORDON CURTIS

IN OUR ambition to furnish SUCCESS MAGAZINE readers with the most important articles of general interest, and the best obtainable fiction, we are not overlooking the value of our home departments. The letters which are constantly pouring in from our readers assure us of the popularity of these home talks with them. Since "Pin Money Papers" was inaugurated last November, we have received over 30,000 letters from our readers, containing valuable household facts.

Mrs. Isabel Gordon Curtis will continue to conduct the home departments. We regard her as without a peer in the knowledge of practical home affairs. Her life has been devoted to a scientific study of this valuable phase of existence, and mothers all over this northern hemisphere look to her as their guide and help in solving problems that mean better conditions for their children and more sanitary conditions for their homes.

We are planning many new features for our home departments. Not merely departments but special articles on a great variety of topics by the best writers in America. The "Cook's Notebook" will be crammed with ideas for palatable dishes and step-saving devices. "Sewing-Room Helps" will contain many new suggestions for needle workers. Mrs. Claudia Quigley Murphy will continue her valuable papers on the Sanitary Home. The features will be varied until every part of the household will have been touched upon. A new department will tell how to make money at home. Mrs. Curtis will give, in each article, practical hints on the home manufacture of various things that will help the women folk of the house who want to earn a little money. The first of these articles will be on candy making, and will appear in our December issue. Confer with Mrs. Curtis freely about your household affairs; send in your questions or your suggestions.

Madame Melba on Studying Singing

MADAME MELBA, the greatest artist on the grand opera stage, has written an article for this magazine on the important subject mentioned above. Her views on such a matter cannot but help prove valuable in a day when so many allurements are cast before young women to undertake an operatic career. Madame Melba's early struggles, her many triumphs, and her final glories have given her a fund of experiences on which to draw. This is the second signed article that Madame Melba has ever written in her life, and we were fortunate in securing it.



MRS. ISABEL GORDON CURTIS
Director of our Home Departments



DAVID BELASCO
Author of "Writing a Play"



FREDERICK UPHAM ADAMS
Author of "The Romance of Tammany Hall"



ELLIOTT FLOWER
Author of "The Uncertain Heart," December, 1907



ARTHUR STRINGER
Author of "The Travis Coup," December, 1907



E. M. ASHE,
Illustrator of "The Travis Coup," December, 1907



ALFRED STEPHEN BRYAN
Editor "The Well-Dressed Man" Department



FRANK FAYANT
Author of "The Real Lawson"

Our Two Great

Library of English Fiction

IT is with much gratification that we announce to our readers the consummation of an arrangement with Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons whereby we are enabled to present, in connection with SUCCESS MAGAZINE, the greatest collection of short fiction by English authors ever gathered together in a single set of books. We have always been strong advocates of good literature, and the purchase of good literature for the home. Such stories as "A Dog of Flanders," by Ouida; "Markheim," and "A Lodging for the Night," by Stevenson, and "The Man Who Would Be King," by Kipling, have gone far to give these authors their prominent and enduring place in the field of English letters. This work contains nearly two thousand pages of text and sixty short-story masterpieces. It is issued in ten volumes, handsomely bound in a rich red silk cloth of excellent quality. Each volume is seven inches high by four and a half inches wide, and the width of the set when in place on a library shelf is eight and a half inches. The printing is from new plates, the type is sufficiently large and clear, and the paper is of excellent quality—soft and beautiful in texture. Each set is carefully packed for shipment in a neat box.

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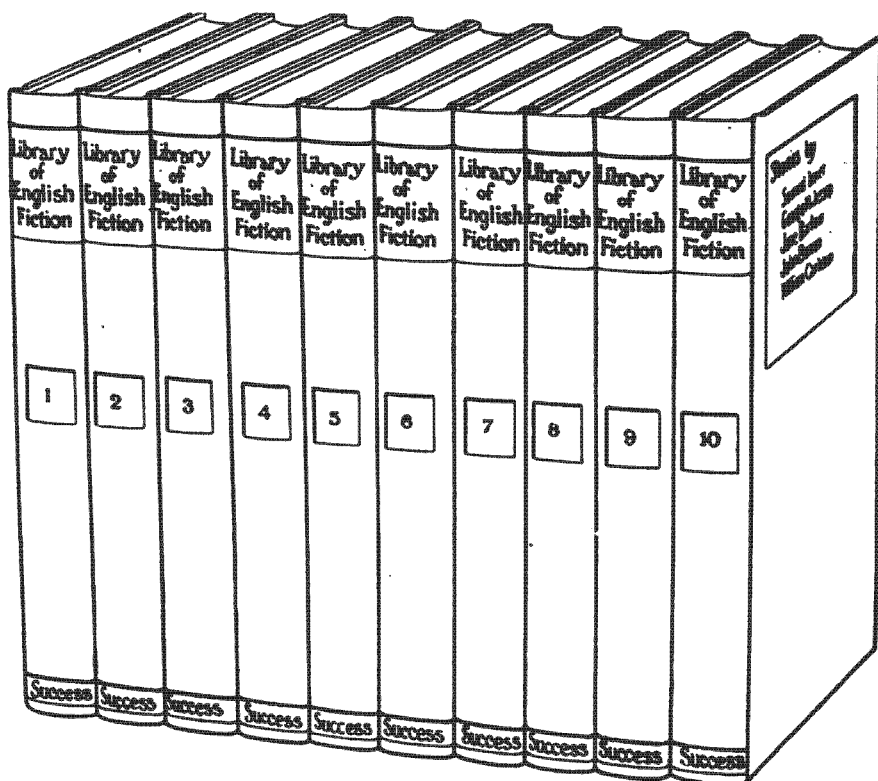
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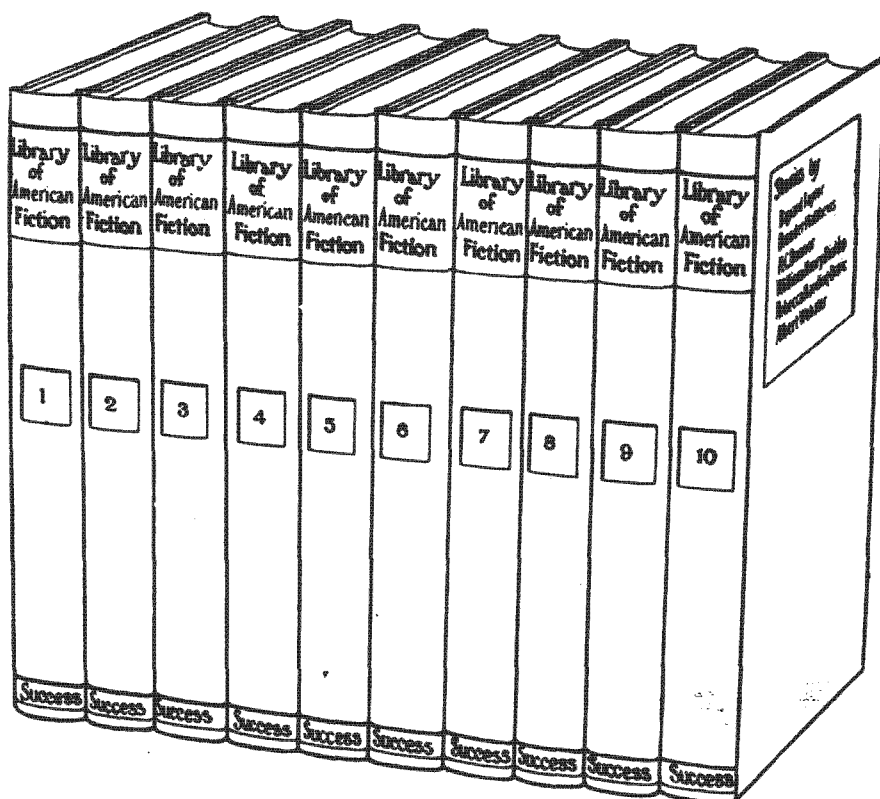
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Photograph by Thomas E. Marr, Boston

"I have repeatedly attacked individuals and corporations until I obtained what I sought—justice for the defrauded and punishment for those who cheated them. And I have refused to benefit in any way but the open and fair one, where I go into the open market and stake my money against that of my opponents on my ability to prove I am right."—THOMAS W. LAWSON.

WHY does a stock gambler—a big gambler, or "operator," as he is known in the "Street"—conduct a war against a public company?

THE REAL LAWSON

By FRANK FAYANT

The Second Article of the Series which, without fear or favor, deals intimately with the life-story of Thomas W. Lawson, the financier

This is part of the A, B, C of stock speculation, and every bright broker's clerk can tell you all about it, but it is Greek to most laymen. It is just as simple as A, B, C. The stock gambler makes his living by betting that the price of securities will go up or down. The big stock gambler—the operator—not only bets on the

future course of prices, but he also seeks to advance or depress prices by "manipulating" prices on the Exchange and by influencing public opinion through the circulation of printed news and mouth-to-mouth rumors. In New York State it is a crime to "circulate knowingly any false statement, rumor, or intelligence, with intent to affect the market price of a stock." Operators who make markets probably try to keep within the law, but there is not a big operator in the stock market who could not be sent to prison for breaking this law. But the



MISS MARION LAWSON

law is a dead letter, and the game goes on unchecked.

The speculators who try to make fortunes by attacking securities are the guerrillas of finance. Keene, in his younger days, was the most daring guerrilla in the "Street." His bold raids on vulnerable stocks are among the most dramatic chapters of Wall Street history. Lawson, twenty odd years younger than Keene, although not always engaged in guerrilla warfare, is a born guerrilla. He made his biggest "killing," it is true, as a bull on "coppers" in the Amalgamated boom, but his spectacular market campaigns

Photograph by Chickering, Boston



The Misses Marion and Doris Lawson at the Lawson-Stanwood wedding

have been as a destroyer of values—values meaning, of course, not values at all, but market prices. Most people make their fortunes in prosperous times, because of the increase in production and values—whether wheat, steel, cotton, timber, machinery, transportation, or what not. The financial guerrillas, the bear speculators, make their fortunes in times of adversity. They bet that securities will fall, by selling them. If they have none of their own to sell, they borrow them from their owners, sell them, and then later, in panicky days, buy them back cheap and return them to the lenders. The big guerrillas, after they have sold stocks they don't own, resort to every means—sometimes fair, more often foul—to frighten the real owners into throwing their holdings upon the market. And the greatest achievement of the true guerrilla is to bring about a panic among the owners of securities, like the Lawson panic of December, 1904. The bears lick their chops when prices crumble away in panics. This is part of the

"game."

Lawson's first vicious attack on a public company, its stock and its promoters—his first vicious, vituperative, vindictive fight to drive another man to the wall—was his spectacular Lamson Store Service campaign in 1890. In a brilliant foray against the enemy he, slashed \$3,500,000 of market value out of the company's stock; drove the head of the company in financial disgrace out of the market place; and replenished his own empty purse with nearly three quarters of a million dollars—his first big "killing." "It was a fight," said Lawson, years after the smoke had cleared away, "which would have warmed the heart cockles of an embalmed warrior of the catacombs."

In the words of the writers of the schoolbook histories, "the causes leading up to" the Lamson war were these: Over in Lowell, an hour's ride from Boston, a shopkeeper, W. S. Lamson, with Yankee ingenuity, strung a wire from the front of his store back to the till, kept by his wife, and sent the customers' change back and forth in a tin bucket hung from this wire. This was the humble birth of the cash carrier system now so familiar to every American bargain-hunter. The Lowell shopkeeper was not long in realizing that he had a "good thing." Result—the Lamson Cash Carrier Company, capital, \$65,000, backed by Boston financiers; a little later, the Lamson Store Service Company, capital, \$1,000,000, crushing out the rival concerns that sprang up like mushrooms as soon as everybody saw that the absurdly simple cash carrier was a "good thing"; and then the Lamson Consolidated Store Service Company, capital, \$4,000,000,



Mrs. E. B. Stanwood, Mr. Lawson's eldest daughter

Copyrighted by Litchfield Studio, Arlington, Mass.

MISS MARION LAWSON,
In Gypsy costume

with a monopoly of the American business, and an \$11,000,000 international cash-carrier-and-sales-slip trust about to be formed.

The Lamson company rose, as many another American business, founded on a patented device, has risen, by crushing out its rivals by fair means or foul. It used Standard Oil methods. All of the crimes in the calendar were laid at its door—perjury, bribery, murder. The court trials in which it figured in the late '80's were sensational, and the remarkable tales told in court of its cold-blooded methods of corporation assassination were spread out in the newspapers month after month. In New York the Attorney-general brought a suit against the company for its unlawful methods in crushing out a rival; in Massachusetts, Judge (now Supreme Court Justice) Oliver Wendell Holmes rebuked the com-

Photograph by the Green Studios, Boston



The late Mrs. Thomas W. Lawson

Copyrighted by Litchfield Studio, Arlington, Mass.

MISS "BUNNIE" LAWSON,
Mr. Lawson's youngest daughter. Taken in 1902

pany's counsel for attempting to use the court as a trap; it was charged that two Lamson spies had cut a hole in the floor under the bed of a rival inventor, that they might hear what he told his wife at night; a story went the rounds of how a pugnacious agent of a rival New York company, after its obliteration, had been stranded in a Western mining camp, with a pistol put conveniently by his side that he might the more easily end his troubles; there were charges of false imprisonment, conspiracy, jury-buying. Some of the charges were true, others half-true, while some were the revengeful, circumstantial inventions of rivals pushed ruthlessly to the wall by the powerful Lamson company. But these stories, whether the truth or lies, told convincingly of a relentless commercial war for the monopoly of the store-service business.

It was at the height of its career that the Lamson company ran afoul of Lawson. He had invented a system of store cash slips, the square sheets of paper which are now used in every big retail shop to record the customers' purchases. His Lawson Manufacturing Company put them on the market. The Lamson cash-carrier and the Lawson sales-slips were not competitive; they were complementary—the use of the one promoted the use of the other. And so it was in the beginning that the two systems went hand in hand, and each company helped along the other's sales. But one day the Lamson promoters, with the lust of commercial conquest, undertook to swallow the Lawson company. Lawson never submits willingly to being swallowed by the other fellow. If there is any swallowing to be done, he insists on being on the outside when the act is over. He not only likes to swallow the other fellow, but he also delights in taking a deep bite in him before starting. The moment the Lamson people refused to play the game to Lawson's liking the war began. "The Lamson company ran into my company," says Lawson, "and started in to do me up or compel a consolidation—and I gave it battle."

Lawson's first gun was a manifesto to the Lamson stockholders in this wise: "I deem it my duty to say to you, as a shareholder of the Lamson Store Service Company, that your Mr. Lamson and his agents have opened up on my company, and, with their usual criminal methods, are endeavoring to ruin us. This circular is to inform you that I have this day given notice to each of your officers and directors that, in three days from to-day, if they have not stopped their dirty work and taken their hands off my company, they will take the consequences."

Believing that Lamson was trying to ruin him, Lawson set about to ruin the Lowell inventor. This is Lawson's way—"an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth." Not very Christianlike, but a part of the heart-breaking, soul-destroying game of dollars—a game that has been growing bigger ever since primitive man set about to get his brother's worldly goods by force. The modern way of sticking the knife into a man is to attack his property in the stock market, and undermine his credit. Lawson went into the stock market and opened his guns on Lamson Store Service shares. They had been rising rapidly, touching \$62 on the rumor that a big melon was to be cut for the shareholders. Their par value was \$50, and they were paying ten per cent. dividends. This was early in the winter of '89. Disquieting rumors began to spread. To use Lawson's own words, referring to a

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MISS DORIS LAWSON

later time, when the shoe was on the other foot, and Lawson was defending another company from just such an attack, "from all the stock market sub-cellars and rat-holes of State Street crept those wriggling, slimy snakes of bastard rumors which, seemingly fatherless and motherless, have in reality multi-parents who beget them with a deviltry of intention." Lawson was the father of the Lamson rumors. Stories were told from mouth to mouth how the insiders had "milked" the company by selling their own inventions to it at their own prices, in much the same manner as the Harriman "high financiers" last year fattened their purses by selling their Illinois Central to their Union Pacific at their own inflated valuation; how the directors, by their mismanagement, had saddled a debt of \$800,000 on the company, and were going to bring out a mortgage of \$1,200,000; and how the laws of the land had been broken by Lamson and his agents in their brutal strife for a monopoly. Lamson stock was sold heavily day after day, and the price melted away. In January the dividends were suspended, there was renewed liquidation,

and the stockholders began to get nervous. Lawson kept right on selling the stock and keeping the rumor mill going.

By the end of February Lamson shares were selling at half their price in November—\$2,000,000 of market values had disappeared. It was then that Lawson went over to New York to tell Joseph Pulitzer, owner of the "World,"



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Mrs. Stanwood and one of her pets

about the crimes of the Lamson crowd. The "World" in those days was the exponent of "yellow journalism"—not "yellow journalism" as we know it to-day, for what we thought "yellow" nearly twenty years ago is now merely good, vigorous newspaper work. The "World" had set the pace in "public service" journalism, exposing wrong in high places and low. At the time Lawson went to see the owner of the "World," it was running an *exposé* of the Louisiana Lottery ("The Curse of the Nation"), and it had just launched into its sensational attack on Henry Hilton. It was also conducting a running fire campaign against Colonel John R. Fellows's conduct of the District Attorney's office, like its present campaign against William Travers Jerome. The story of Lamson was right in line with the "World's" policy, and a few days later the Lamson stockholders beheld a column article in the "World" laying bare the "Remarkable History of a Notorious Monopoly." This was the signal for Lawson to slaughter the stock in the Boston market. Frightened stockholders threw over their holdings in panic. Those who had held on stubbornly in the decline from \$60 to \$30 had to let go when the price slumped to \$20 and \$15. The stock that in November was hardly to be had at any price (enthusiastic buyers had bought it at private sale at a big premium above the market price) was thrown wildly into the "Street" in March. Lawson had done his work well.

At the height of the Lamson panic a mass meeting of the stockholders, who faced a loss of \$3,500,000 in their investment, was held in Lowell, the home of the inventor. Lamson, a little while before a poor shopkeeper, was building a great house with his quickly gained riches. The stockholders angrily demanded that Lamson refute the charges made by Lawson. The promoter retorted that Lawson was only a lying stockjobber. "Punish this fellow for libeling you and our company, or take the consequences," was the ultimatum from the impatient

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Mr. Lawson at the head of the Grand River boomers, Grand River, Kentucky, 1891

stockholders. Lamson was in a corner. He and his friends saw only one way out of the dilemma—Lawson must be punished. And so, one April morning there appeared in Lawson's office in State Street a famous New York police detective and three Boston police officers, with a warrant for the arrest of Lawson's secretary, William L. Vinal (afterwards killed in a gas explosion in the streets of Boston during the Bay State gas war), on the charge of criminally attacking the Lamson stock in the "World." Colonel Fellows, the New York District Attorney, under attack by the "World," had, at the request of the Lamson crowd, obtained indictments against Lawson and Vinal, and Pulitzer and his leading "World" editors—Cockerill, Chambers, and Graham. It was only a few days

to affect the market price of a stock." Under this law it is just as great a crime to circulate false good news as false bad news. It is very nearly a dead letter, and it is broken about every day in Wall Street. The failure to take Vinal to New York for trial brought an end to the Lamson fight. The Lamson promoters sued for peace, and Lawson relented on condition that Lamson be thrown out and the New York indictments be expunged from the District Attorney's records.

Some years later the Lamson company was absorbed by the American Pneumatic Service Company. Lawson covered his "short" sales by buying in the stock he had sold from \$60 down, and cleaned up something like \$700,000, more money than he had ever had before.

But he did not keep his fortune long. Sugar was then the big speculative stock in the New York market. In active markets it fluctuated violently, and fortunes were made and lost in it by daring speculators, just as they are to-day in Union Pacific and Amalgamated Copper. Lawson took his Lamson profits in the fall and tried to multiply them in Wall Street, "where dollars multiply themselves overnight," by a plunge in Sugar. He loaded up with the stock around \$84, but Sugar, instead of going up, promptly slumped. It touched \$49 in the course of a few weeks, and Lawson was cleaned out of most of the hard-won fortune of his Lamson fight. What he took out of the Boston market was taken from him in Wall Street, and all he had left was the satisfaction of having downed Lamson, the training of a spectacular market campaign, and the hatred of the men he had beaten. All of which is part of the "game."

[Continued on page 783]

*Photograph
by
Thomas E.
Mason,
Boston*



A summer day at Mr. Lawson's country place "Dreamworld"

THE HERMIT

By Joseph C. Lincoln

Author of "Cap'n Eri," "The 'Old Home House,'" etc.

Illustrated by Henry J. Peck

Headpiece by Ernest Haskell



"Yes," says Cap'n Jonadab, speakin' sort of dubious; "I s'pose it's all right. Looks shipshape enough, fur's looks go. I ain't the fault-finder kind nuther—anybody that knows me 'll tell you that. But it does seem as if we needed some kind of a special attraction, as you might say, to take up the boarders' minds. We always have had one, you know. Fust year, 't was that imitation count; next season, Brown, you up and invented the South Shore Weather Bureau; followin' that comes the college waiters. This year we ain't got nothin'. Baitin' for cod and catchin' sculpin may do for a spell, but 't ain't lastin', there ain't novelty enough to it. Boarders are like fo'mast hands—if they ain't kept busy they begin to find fault with the grub. And we can't have *that*, sartin sure!"

Me and the cap'n and Peter T. Brown—the three of us—was standin' amidships of the patch of sand and beach grass that 's labeled "broad, velvety expanse of lawn" in the Old Home House advertisin' circulars, lookin' up at the main hotel and the two annex boardin' houses. The painters had just finished coverin' up the holes in the weather plankin' with white lead and gorgeousness, the hired help was stuffin' the mattress ticks with a fresh ration of corn husks, the fust shipment of boarders was due the next day, and Peter and us, bein' skippers of the shebang, was takin' a general view previous to gettin' up anchor for the summer v'yage.

I was toler'ble well satisfied; you can't beat white paint and green blinds, 'cordin' to my notion. But Jonadab had a hen on the nest, as usual. You could n't sink a dipnet into that man's system without dredgin' up a growl. Peter T. looked him over and groaned, mournful but resigned.

"Cap'n," says he, "afore you get the cemetery dust out of your mouth on Resurrection Day you 'll begin to kick because Gabriel's trump ain't a bos'n's whistle. If I was suggestin' improvements at the present time 't would be a couple of anchors to keep the scenery from shiftin' when the wind blows. Every time I get back from one of my semi-infrequent weeks off I find this front yard in a different place. However, there's some reason for the minority report, in this case. We certainly do need an attraction—or distraction—to keep the inmates' can openers from the fresh vegetables. Ain't that so, Wingate?"

"I cal'late 't is," says I. "Our commissary department, I tell you, can't afford

to resign now and demand a court-martial."

Brown rubbed his forehead. "Well," he says, "up to now your Uncle Pete's invention has drawn a blank. If we had a few points of historic interest in this neighborhood 't would be different. If Shakespeare had picked out Wellmouth off the map to be born in, instead of Stratford-on-Avon, we would have his birthplace to show, even if we built a new one every year. If the Pilgrims had landed here instead of Plymouth we could hand out souvenir chunks of 'Wellmouth Rock' as companion pieces to the breakfast rolls. If this wa'n't a prohibition county somebody might have heard the song of the sea serpent. But no, there's neither hiss nor history. I—"

And just then Lem Burgess, the tin peddler, comes loafin' through the yard and hails us.

"Hello!" says he to me. "Barzilla, what time is it? I sold my dollar watch yesterday along with the other tinware."

I told him the time. He seemed surprised.

"Sho!" says he. "Late as that, is it? That comes of stoppin' to see that blessed hermit."

"To see which?" says I.

"The hermit," says he. "There's a hermit livin' in Bethuel Snyder's woods, a couple of miles back. Did n't you know it?"

We did n't know it and said so. Cap'n Jonadab, whose mind seemed sort of foggy on hermits, asked if Lem had shot the pesky thing. But Peter T. Brown was awful interested. He asked more'n a million questions.

'Cordin' to Lem, the hermit had landed recent from nowhere in partic'lar and had built a little lean-to shanty in Snyder's Woods. He was a queer, meek-lookin' little critter, Burgess said, who would n't talk about himself even to close-mouthed folks like tin peddlers.

"But he's there to stay, anyhow," says Lem, "and if Cap'n Jonadab wants to see what his ancestors looked like after they lost their



tails and afore they got religion I'd advise him to go up and call. Well, so-long! I've got to sell A'nt Hepzy Taylor a new sasspan and I need the rest of the day and what talk I've got left to do it with."

He went away whistlin'. Jonadab was pretty mad, but he remembered the place that folks who b'lieve in evolution are bound for, and that comforted him some. Peter T. Brown was all excitement.

"Come on!" he sings out. "Come on! Don't waste a minute."

"Where you goin'?" says I. "Come on where?"

"Why, up to those snide woods, or whatever they are," he says, "to locate that hermit. Don't you understand *yet*? Why, man! It's the special attraction we've been lookin' for. It's got the sea serpent tied in a knot! It's got historic interest under the anchor! When the fishin' 's bad, go to the hermit's. When you want a place to drive to, drive to the hermit's. When you can't afford to drive, walk—to the hermit's! What does the average young female boarder pine for—next to a man, of course? Answer, romance. And what's more romantic than the peaceful hermitage? Boys, you watch the professor! watch your old college chum, P. Theodosius Brown, play that hermit, spot, suit, and color! This year the Old Home House has a new one best bet, and it's the hermit. Come on! Come on!"

And we went. And after we'd seen the ragged, baldheaded little critter fryin' horn-pout over a wood fire in front of his combination wigwam and log shack we was pretty disgusted—that is, all but Peter. That Brown man sung anthems all the way home.

"Did you size him up?" says he. "Did you, now? Ain't he great?"

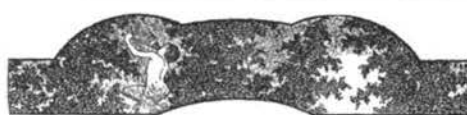
"Humph!" says Jonadab, grumblin'. "If anybody should ask me the difference between a hermit and a tramp I could n't tell 'em. And he's so everlastin' dirty!"

"Well, what did you expect? Never heard of a *clean* hermit, did you?"

"Don't talk much, does he?" says I. "Can't get a word out of him."

Peter whirled on me like a flash. "And you kick at *that*!" he snorts. "Great Scott! it's worth a dollar admission just to enjoy the society of somebody in this natural gas county who don't want to talk *all* the time! You fellers are ingrates; that's what you are, ingrates!"

We did n't answer back. I wa'n't dead sartin



MY LIFE

By ARTHUR POWELL

My life—my life is the breeze,
Uncagable, careless, and free!
No measure may mete, no treatise may treat,
Naught trouble its harmony.

My life—my life is the sea
A-heave like the breast of Night!
What's gulf shall be crest, what's high be depressed,—
But never shall fail the Light.

Through the shifts and slants of the wind
Is woven a purpose, a truth;
The assaults and recoils of the sea where it boils—
Mask the springs of immortal Youth!

what an ingrate was and I cal'late Jonadab was puzzled sim'lar. And, besides, experience had larned us that it wa'n't wuth while to argue with Peter T. The easiest way was to set back and watch him unfurl the panorama; the show generally paid expenses.

This one did for sure. "Beautiful walks through the primeval forests" was one of the advertisin' baits in the Old Home House circulars. I remember that Cap'n Jonadab fussed like fury over "primeval"; he said "pine-needle" would be simpler and a blame sight nigher the truth. But, anyhow, when the fust consignment of female boarders took a hankerin' to walk, Brown suggested casual that Snyder's Woods was just loaded with primevalness. Them girls come back from that walk fairly bubblin' with joy.

"What do you think?" they says to the unlucky ones who'd stayed to home. "We've made the *grandest* discovery! We've found a hermit! A real, live hermit! He's too dear and romantic and mysterious for anything! You simply *must* see him."

That was it—they simply had to. And they did. The follerin' day every able-bodied woman

would have had ha'f the value to a summer hotel. But 't was more'n that. Every woman has a motherly feelin', no matter whether she's old or young, and here was a critter who was all alone and romantic and mysterious and poor. He needed sympathy and, 'by time, he got it!

"Goin' up to the hermit's" was as reg'lar a part of the day's programme as breakfast. On a clear day the Old Home House was lonesome as a graveyard. If you wanted to find sassiety you must go up to the hermitage—there'd be plenty there. The town folks got the notion, too, and 't was the reg'lar thing of a Sunday afternoon to hitch up the horse and carriage and drive past the hermit's. Saved makin' calls, because all the neighbors was sartin to be drivin' that same way. I swan to man if the Sunday-school picnic wa'n't held in Snyder's Woods that year, so 's the young ones could fetch presents to the hermit!

Presents was in the game. The boarders started it by totin' him tobacker and clothes and grub. Then they commenced to give him money. When a young city feller come down to the hotel to see his girl over Sunday, she'd tow him up to the hermitage and course he'd

the partin', but nobody else did. You could tell when you was within a ha'f mile of the hermitage, by the racket the menagerie made. Me and Peter and Jonadab walked up there one afternoon and found the hermit fightin' pets and an attack of despondedness.

"What's the matter with you?" asks Brown, cheerin' him up a little: "Ain't lonesome, are you?"

"Lonesome!" he yells, kickin' the cats from around his feet and heavin' a rock at three or four of the most sociable dogs. "Lonesome! Do I look lonesome? I could n't remember to be lonesome, if I wanted to be. 'T was bad enough when I had nothing to bother with but fool boarders and the mosquitoes—but *now*! This place has got the Greatest Show on Earth buried. I can't sleep nights. When the parrot stops screechin' and the canaries quit singin' the dogs start to fightin' about who's goin' to sleep with me, and when *they* shut up the cats begin. Up to last night I did manage to get a couple of hours' rest, but yesterday one of them Sunday-school kids donated a young screech owl he'd stole out of a nest. Said his teacher told him I was just the feller to tame it and larn it to love me. I'll larn it—with an axe! It's no use, Mr. Brown, I'm goin' to clear out. It's too various—I can't stand it. I've lost ten pounds already."

It took all Peter's persuadin' to make him stay hermitizin' any longer. He realized, he said, that 't was a good thing fur's graft and such went, but what was riches alongside of health? Finally we agreed to pay him ten dollars a week to hang on till fall and he said he'd try.

"But if that boy comes askin' you questions about what's become of his owl," he says, "you don't know nothin'—see."

It was durin' the next week that the advertisin' plan got under headway. One of the most attractive features of that hermit was his mysteriousness. Nobody could find out who he was or where he come from. He never talked much anyway, but just heave in a casual question concernin' his past and he'd shut up like a clam. Course that made all the women more anxious than ever to find out the secret, and every one was jealous for fear t' other'd find it out first.

This partic'lar week we had a male boarder with us, for a wonder. He was a young feller, name of Blake, who was studyin' to be a doctor. Up to date his medical assets was mainly specs and the prospects of a scattering crop of yellow whiskers, but behind the specs was a conviction that he knew it all. Course he followed the fashion and walked to the hermitage, takin' a pocket flask along to keep his knowledge factory iled and runnin'.

Whether 't was his winnin' ways and whiskers, or the flask, I don't know, but anyhow the hermit talked to him more personal than common. The doctor comes back loaded to the guards with information.

"Most interestin' case, your friend in the woods," says he, at the supper table. "In all my professional career I have seldom met with a more interestin' one. I diagnose it as—"

Never mind the name of the disease—'t was a ten fathom jaw-breaker of a name, and if I was took with all that I'd never bother with anything but makin' my will. Seems 't was the kind of sickness that makes the victim forget everything except that he's alive. The hermit had told Blake that all he could remember was wakin' up of a sudden, out of a trance like, and findin' himself walkin' along Main Street in Ostable. Could n't remember how he got there nor who he was nor where he come from. He drifted along until he struck Snyder's Woods and there he decided to 'camp out for a spell and pray for his memory to move in again. But it had n't moved. He could n't remember enough to introduce himself to himself.

That yarn made a sensation at the table, now



"'It's awfully important. Mamma and I are so disturbed'"

in the house was trampin' to the hermitage. And them that wa'n't able to tramp rode. Peter T. Brown winked soulful at Jonadab and me.

"Where's the doubtin' Thomases now?" he says. "This is only the fust attack. You watch me spread the disease."

He did n't need to spread it—it spread itself. The way our nice, starchy, city women took to that scarecrow of a hermit was positively sinful. Course he was the right sex; that helped some; I don't cal'late that a female hermit

have to shell out liberal or be marked down as a second-rater. Me and Jonadab got kind of scared; we figgered that we'd better collect the board in advance afore the hermit cleaned out the crowd.

Then somebody remembers that hermits generally has pets around; and *this* hermit had nary one. So inside of a week the wigwam was loaded up with cats and dogs and canary birds till 't was a reg'lar zoölogical garden. Miss Elviry Sears, the Spiritu'list old maid boarder, give up her pet parrot. She shed tears over

I tell you. All hands begun exclaimin' and askin' questions.

"But, doctor," sung out Miss Sears, the old maid one; "can't he remember his own name?"

No, it appeared that he could n't. The doctor had tried him with a whole lot of names, goin' over 'em alphabetical, but he remembered Adam and Benjamin just as well and no better than he done William or Zebedee.

"Humph!" sniffs Cap'n Jonadab; "I wonder Adam did n't seem familiar. With all them pets around, the place is a reg'lar Garden of Eden. He'd have remembered Noah, I'll bet!"

"But tell me," says Miss Sears again, "is n't it possible, then, that he may have relatives livin'?" A wife, perhaps—and children?"

"Quite possible, madam," says Blake, calm and condescendin'. "Quite possible—er—even probable."

Then Old Lady Stumpton's daughter Maudina—the fat one just out of boardin' school—she slapped her hands together and looked soulful at the hangin' lamp.

"Oh!" she squeals. "Oh, if we could only find his dear ones for him, and restore him to them, would n't it be lovely!"

And Peter T. Brown chuckles and remarks, "Why not advertise?"

Peter was jokin', of course, but nobody but me and Jonadab laughed. The house saved as much as three dollars on that supper because all hands was too busy and excited to eat. Afore bedtime it was agreed to advertise for the hermit's relatives, and a committee was app'nted to raise the money and decide on the whens and hows.

Peter T. Brown was asked unanimous to ap'nt that committee and he done it. And for once in his life he made a mistake. There's always what Peter calls "clicks" around a hotel—meanin' little bunches of boarders, principally females, who cruise by themselves, and are jealous and spiteful concarnin' them that don't click where they do. We had four clicks goin' that summer. There was the Stumpton Rich Click, bossed by Maudina and her ma; and the Intellectual Click, which despised money and was high for brains and "intrinsic worth"—Mrs. Sarah Thompson skippered that craft; and the Ancestry Click, under Mrs. Baumgetz from Philadelphia, who wore coats of arms and knew where their great granddads was buried; and Elviry Sears's Spiritu'list, Reincarnation, Woman's Rights Click from Boston.

Well, Brown he tried to give 'em all a fair shake and so he app'nted a committee of twelve, three clickers' from each of the four bunches. And inside of the fust day there was a row on that stirred up more fuss and loose feathers than a weasel in a hen yard.

The only things that committee could agree on was that the whole business must be kept a secret from the hermit and that the advertisements must have his photographs printed in 'em. There was plenty of photographs; most every boarder had one of them hand tintype machines, and they'd got him in a million different positions, feedin' his pets, eatin' dinner, talkin' to the parrot, welcomin' visitors, buildin' his fire, smokin' his pipe—doin' everything but sleepin' or settin' down to rest. Every one of them pictures was a homelier outrage than the other and good grounds for a libel suit, but each tintyper thought hers was a "perfect likeness" and the best of the lot. The fight begun there.

Then come the question of where to advertise. The Stumptons and the other rich big-bugs was for the New York dailies and, maybe, "The '400' Magazine." The Intellectuals was



"How many of these ladies have you married?"

solid for the "Atlantic" and such. Mrs. Baumgetz's gang was for the "Public Ledger" and the "Magazine of History." Elviry and her crowd was sot on the "Banner of Light" and the "New Woman." And none of 'em would give in.

A blind man could have seen fog and breakers ahead of *that* committee. In ten days the clicks wa'n't on speakin' terms. The members of each one glowered at the outsiders and the casual remarks that was hove across the tables at meal times was sharp enough to shave with. If they'd been men they'd have drawed straws or sheath knives and settled it somehow: bein' women they shed sarcasms and cruised separate. No less than four sets of advertisements was sent out and four purses was raised to pay expenses of relations who was sartin to answer the hails. Further than droppin' our envelopes in each poor box, me and Jonadab and Peter kept out of the race. But the whisperin' and secret confabbin' got thicker as the time dragged along.

Finally the hermit took a vacation; that is to say, he got so wore out and thin from nursin' pets and losin' sleep that he went as fo'mast hand on a three days' mack'el cruise in Sol Pratt's catboat. He did n't tell the boarders he was goin' and they, of course, had never told him of the surprise that was cookin' for his special benefit.

He went of a Monday mornin'. That afternoon Maudina Stumpton comes swishin' out back of the barn where Peter and Jonadab and me was enjoyin' cigars and a few minutes' peace and lonesomeness.

"Oh, Mr. Brown!" she says. "Do tell me; where has the hermit gone? When is he comin' back? It's awfully important. Mamma and I are so disturbed."

"Don't worry," says Peter, easy and frivolous. "He's takin' a yachtin' trip for his health. Nervous prosperity has rusted his iron constitution. But he'll be back Wednesday night. You can't lose him, not any."

"Oh, I'm so glad!" she says, clapping hands as usual. "It's a secret, but I *must* tell you. Don't breathe a single word, will you, please? We've found his wife!"

"What? Found *who*? Which?" we says, all together.

"His wife! She answered our advertisement in the New York 'Tribune.' Oh, I was sure the New York papers were the proper mediums! We had dozens of answers, from cousins and other relatives, but this poor woman recognized his photograph at once. She lives in a little town in Connecticut. He went away over a year ago and she has n't heard from him since. They have seven little children, and are so poor, almost destitute. She could n't afford to come all this way, of course, but we sent her railway fare and some money for expenses, and we wrote her about the purse we have raised. So she will be here in a day or so, and—oh, is n't it beautiful? Just like a novel!"

We looked at each other.

"Are the rest of the mourners—the children, I mean, comin' with ma?" asks Peter T.

"Oh, no! of course not! They'll stay with their aunt. But just think! I'll telegraph her to be sure to reach here Thursday morning. I'm so glad! Don't tell, will you?"

We said we would n't tell and she fluttered away, cooin' like a pigeon roost. And she'd scursely got out of sight afore the Thompson woman beat around the corner, her specs on crooked and a copy of the "Atlantic" under her arm. And *she* wanted to know when the hermit would be back. And we'd hardly got her satisfied when Elviry Sears bobbed up with the same question.

"Judas!" says Jonadab, excited. "Don't cal'late *them* two has hooked onto no hermit relations, do you? A wife and seven young ones ought to keep one poor critter satisfied—them and the pets."

Brown chuckled and shook his head. "Search me," he says. "Boys, we ain't in on this. All

[Concluded on pages 771 to 773]



SIR HENRY POTTINGER

The first governor of Hongkong. He negotiated the Treaty of Nanking, by which Great Britain obtained the Island of Hongkong and \$21,000,000 indemnity

DRUGGING A RACE

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

By Samuel Merwin

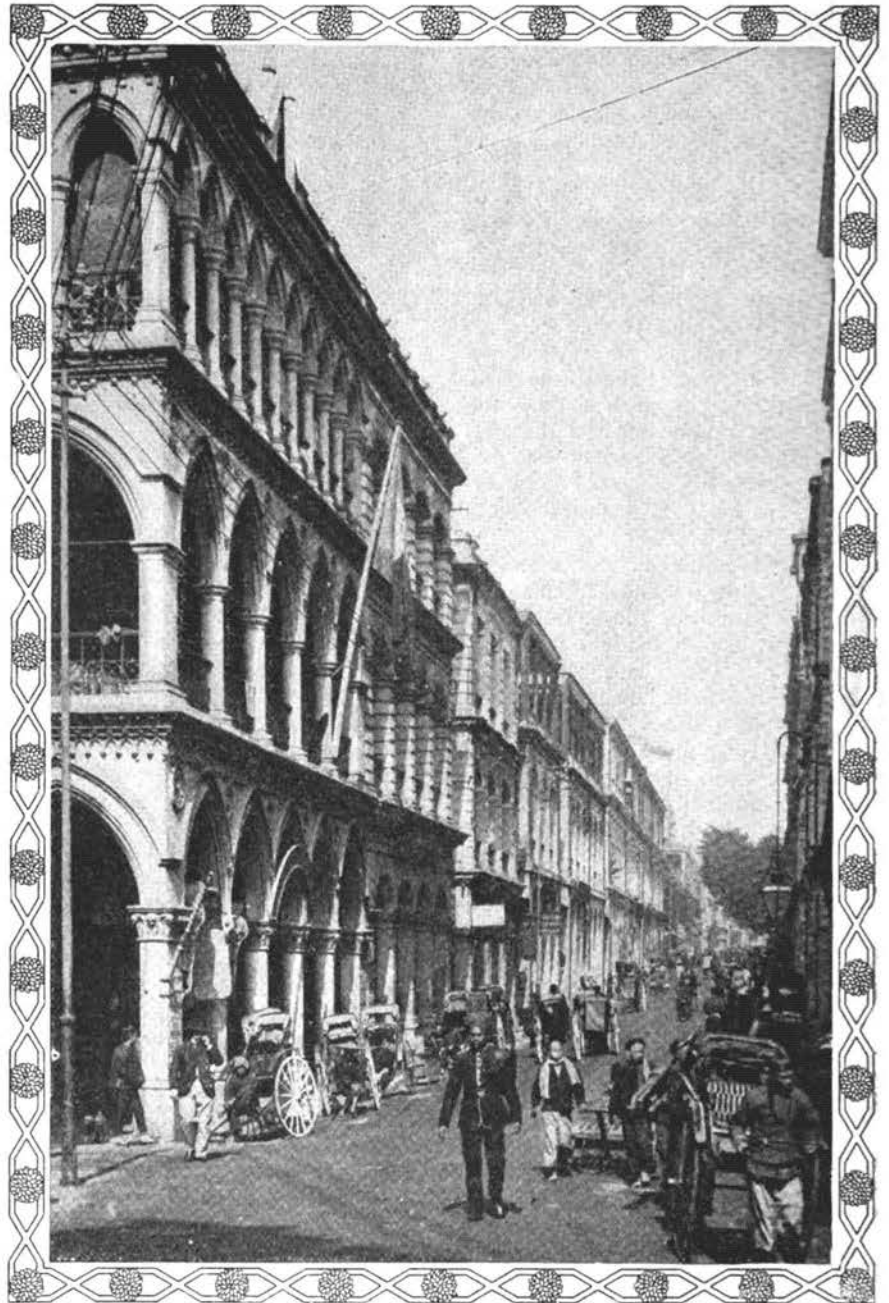
II.—THE GOLDEN OPIUM DAYS

IN THE splendid, golden days of the East India Company, the great Warren Hastings put himself on record in these frank words: "Opium is a pernicious article of luxury, which ought not to be permitted *but for the purposes of foreign commerce only* (My italics)." The new traffic promised to solve the Indian fiscal problem, if skillfully managed; accordingly, the production and manufacture of opium was made a government monopoly. China, after all, was a long way off—and Chinamen were only Chinamen. That the East India Company might be loosing an uncontrollable monster not only on China but on the world hardly occurred to the great Warren Hastings—that British chickens might, a century later, come home to roost in Australia and South Africa was too remote a possibility even for speculative inquiry. So opium, the commodity, was launched out into the resistless currents of trade.

Now trade supports us, governs us, controls our dependencies, represents us at foreign courts, carries on our wars, signs our treaties of peace. Trade, like its symbol the dollar, is neither good nor bad; it has no patriotism, no morals, no humanity. Its logic applies with the same relentless force and precision to corn, cotton, rice, wheat, human slaves, oil, votes, opium. It is the power that drives human affairs; and its law is the law of the balance sheet. So long as any commodity remains in the currents of trade the law of trade must reign, the balance sheet must balance. It is difficult to get a commodity into these currents; but, once you have got the commodity in, you will find it next to impossible to get it out. There has been more than one prime minister, I fancy, more than one secretary of state for India, who has wished the opium question in Jericho. It is not pleasant to answer the moral indignation of the British Empire with the cynical statement that the Indian Government cannot exist without that opium revenue. Why, oh why, did not the great Warren Hastings develop the cotton rather than the opium industry! But the interesting fact is that he did not. He chose opium and opium it is.

The Indian Government Opium Monopoly is an important factor in this extraordinary story of the debauchery of a third of the human race by the most nearly Christian among Christian nations. We must understand what it is and how it works before we can understand the narrative of that greed, with its attendant smuggling, bribery, and bloodshed, which has brought the Chinese Empire to its knees. In speaking of it as a "monopoly," I am not employing a cant word for effect. I am not making a case. That is what it is officially styled in a certain blue book here on my table which bears the title, "Statement Exhibiting the Moral and Material Progress of India during the year 1905-6," and which was "Ordered, by the House of Commons, to be Printed, 10 May, 1907."

It is easy, with or without evidence, to charge a great corporation or a great



From a photograph. Copyright, 1907, by Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.



"That pinnacled structure that houses the most nearly Christian of parliaments"

"The splendid masonry-lined streets of Hongkong"



WEIGHING OPIUM IN A GOVERNMENT FACTORY IN INDIA

Four grains of opium administered to a person is likely to prove fatal



LORD PALMERSTON

A former prime minister of England, who was defeated in 1857, by Parliament, on the subject of the Chinese War

government with inhuman crimes. If the charge be unjust it is difficult for the corporation or the government to set itself right before the people. Six truths cannot overtake one lie. That is why, in this day of popular rule, the really irresponsible power that makes and unmakes history lies in the hands of the journalist. As the charge I am bringing is so serious as to be almost unthinkable, and as I wish to leave no loophole for the counter charge that I am coloring this statement, I think I can do no better than to lift my description of the Opium Monopoly bodily from that rather ponderous blue book.

There is nothing new in this charge, nothing new in the condition which invites it. It is a rather commonplace old condition. Thousands of men, for more than a hundred years, have taken it for granted, just as men once took piracy for granted, just as men once took the African slave trade for granted, just as men today take the highly organized traffic in unfortunate women and girls for granted. Ask a Tory political leader of to-day—Mr. Balfour, say—for his opinions on the opium question, and if he thinks it worth while to answer you at all he will deal shortly with you for dragging up an absurd bit of fanaticism. For a century and more about all the mission-

aries, and goodness knows how many other observers, have protested against this monstrous traffic in poison. Sixty-five years ago Lord Ashley (afterwards Earl Shaftesbury) agitated the question in Parliament. Fifty years ago he obtained from the Law Officers of the Crown the opinion that the opium trade was "at variance"

just how does it work? An excerpt from the rather ponderous blue book will tell us. It may be dry, but it is official and unassailable. It is also short. As His Majesty's Government rarely indulges in anything so lively as italics, I have, for purposes of clarity and with necessary apologies, underlined a phrase here and there.

"The opium revenue"—thus the blue book—"is partly raised by a *monopoly of the production of the drug* in Bengal and the United Provinces, and partly by the levy of a duty on all opium exported from Native States. . . . In these two provinces, *the crop is grown under the control of a Government department, which arranges the total area which is to be placed under the crop, with a view to the amount of opium required.*"

So much for the broader outline. Now for a few of the details.

"The cultivator of opium in these monopoly districts receives a license, and is granted advances to enable him to prepare the land for the

crop, and he is required to deliver the whole of the product at a fixed price to opium agents, by whom it is dispatched to the Government factories at Patna and Gbazipur."

This money advanced to the cultivator bears no interest. The British Indian Government lends money without interest in no other cases. Producers of crops other than opium are obliged to get along without free money.

When it has been manufactured, the opium must be disposed of in one way and another; accordingly:

"The supply of prepared opium required for consumption in India is made over to the Excise Department. . . . The chests of 'provision' opium, for export, are sold by auction at monthly sales, which take place at Calcutta." For the meaning of the curious term, "provision opium," we have only to read on a little farther. "The opium is received and prepared at the Government factories, where the out-turn for the year included 8,774 chests of opium for the Excise Department, about 300 pounds of various opium alkaloids, 30 maunds of medical opium, and 51,770 chests of provision opium for the Chinese Market." There are about 140 pounds in a chest. Four grains of opium, administered in one dose to a per-



In the laboratory of the Government opium factory in India

with the "spirit and intention" of the treaty between England and China. In 1891, the House of Commons decided by a good majority that "the system by which the Indian opium revenue is raised is morally indefensible." And yet, I will venture to believe that to most of my readers, British as well as American, the bald statement

that the British Indian Government actually manufactures opium on a huge scale in its own factories to suit the Chinese taste comes with the force of a shock. It is not the sort of thing we like to think of as among the activities of an Anglo-Saxon Government. It would seem to be government ownership with a vengeance.

Now, to get down to cases, just what is this Government Opium Monopoly, and

THE OPIUM HULKS OF SHANGHAI
"They symbolize China's degradation"

son unaccustomed to its use, is apt to prove fatal.

Last year the Government had under poppy cultivation 654,928 acres. And the revenue to the Treasury, including returns from auction sales, duties, and license fees, and deducting all "opium expenditures," was nearly \$22,000,000 (£4,486,562).

The best grade of opium poppy bears a white blossom. One sees mauve and pink tints in a field, at blossom time, but only the seeds from the white flowers are replanted. The opium of commerce is made from the gum obtained by gashing the green seed pod with a four-bladed knife. After the first gathering the pod is gashed a second time, and the gum that exudes makes an inferior quality of opium. The raw opium from the country districts is sent down to the Government factories in earthenware jars, worked up in mixing vats, and made into balls about six or eight inches in diameter. The balls, after a thorough drying on wooden racks, are packed in chests and sent down to the auctions.

Keeping the Hands Clean

The men who buy in the opium at these monthly auctions and afterwards dispose of it at the Chinese ports are a curious crowd of Parsees, Mohammedans, Hindoos, and Asiatic Jews. I have seen few British names in the opium trade of to-day. British dignity prefers not to stoop beneath the taking in of profits; it leaves the details of a dirty business to dirty hands. This is as it has been from the first. The directors of the East India Company, years and years before that splendid corporation relinquished the actual government of India, forbade the sending of its specially prepared opium direct to China, and advised a trading station on the coast whence the drug might find its way "*without the Company being exposed to the disgrace of being engaged in an illicit commerce.*" So clean hands and dirty hands went into partnership. They are in partnership still, save that the most nearly Christian of governments has officially succeeded the Company as party of the first part. And sixty-five tons of Indian opium go to China every week.

As soon as the shipments of opium have reached Hongkong and Shanghai (I am quoting now in part from a straightforward account by the Rev. T. G. Selby), they are broken up and pass in the ordinary course of trade into the hands of retail dealers. The opium balls are stripped of the dried leaves in which they have been packed, torn like paste dumplings into fragments, put into an iron pan filled with water, and boiled over a slow fire. Various kinds of opium are mixed with each other, and some shops acquire a reputation for their ingenious and tasteful blends. After the opium has been boiled to about the consistency of coal tar or molasses, it is put into jars and sold for daily consumption in quantities ranging from the fiftieth part of an ounce to four or five ounces. "I am sorry to say," observes Mr. Selby, "that the Colonial Governments of Hongkong and Singapore, not content with the revenue drawn from this article by the Anglo-Indian Government, have made opium boiling a monopoly of the Crown, and a large slice of the revenue of these two eastern dependencies is secured by selling the exclusive rights to farm this industry to the highest bidder."

The most Mr. Clean Hands has ever been able to say for himself is that "Opium is a fiscal, and not a moral question"; or this, that "In the present state of the revenue of India, it does not appear advisable to abandon so important a source of revenue." After all, China is a long way off. So much for Mr. Clean Hands! His partner, Dirty Hands, is more interesting. It is he who has "built up the trade." It is he who has carried on the smuggling and bribing and knifing and shooting and all-round strong-arm work which has made the trade what it is. To be sure, as we get on in this narrative we shall not always find the distinction

between Clean and Dirty so clear as we would like. Through the dust and smoke and red flame of all that dirty business along "the Coast" we shall glimpse for an instant or so, now and then, a face that looks distressingly like the face of old Respectability himself. I have found myself in momentary bewilderment when walking through the splendid masonry-lined streets of Hongkong, when sitting beneath the frescoed ceiling of that pinnacled structure that houses the most nearly Christian of Parliaments, trying to believe that this opium drama can be real. And I have wondered, and puzzled, until a smell like the smell of China has come floating to the nostrils of memory; until a picture of want and disease and misery—of crawling, swarming human misery unlike anything which the untraveled western mind can conceive—has appeared before the eyes of memory. I have thought of those starving thousands from the famine districts creeping into Chinkiang to die, of those gaunt, seamed faces along the high-road that runs southwestward from Peking to Sian-fu; I have thought of a land that knows no dentistry, no surgery, no hygiene, no scientific medicine, no sanitation; of a land where the smallpox is a lesser menace beside the leprosy, plague, tuberculosis that rage simply at will, and beside famines so colossal in their sweep that the overtaxed western mind simply refuses to comprehend them. And De Quincey's words have come back to me: "What was it which drove me into the habitual use of opium? Misery—blank desolation—settled and abiding darkness—!" These words help to clear it up. China was a wonderful field, ready prepared for the ravages of opium—none better. The mighty currents of trade did the rest. The balance sheet reigned supreme—as by right. The balance sheet reigns to-day.

But we must get on with our narrative. I will try to pass it along in the form in which it has presented itself to me. If Clean and Dirty appear in closer and more puzzling alliance than we like to see them, I cannot help that.

Anglo-Saxon Persistence

It was not easy getting opium, the commodity, into the currents of trade. There was an obstacle. The Chinese were not an opium-consuming race. They did not use opium, they did not want opium, steadily resisted the inroads of opium. But the rulers of the Company were far-seeing men. Tempt misery long enough and it will take to opium. Two centuries ago when small quantities of the drug were brought in from Java, the Chinese Government objected. In 1729, the importation was prohibited. As late as 1765, this importation, carried on by energetic traders in spite of official resistance, had never exceeded 200 chests a year. But with the advent of the Company in 1773, the trade grew. In spite of a second Chinese prohibition in 1796, half-heartedly enforced by corrupt mandarins, the total for 1820 was 4,000 chests. The Chinese Government was faced not only with the possibility of race debauchery but also with an immediate and alarming drain of silver from the country. The balance of trade was against them. Either as an economic or moral problem, the situation was grave.

The smoking of opium began in China, and is peculiar to the Chinese. The Hindoos and Malays eat it. Complicated and widespread as the smoking habit is to-day, it is a modern custom as time runs in China. There seems to be little doubt in the minds of those "Sinologues" who have traced the opium thread back through the tangle of early missionary reports and imperial edicts, that the habit started either in Formosa or on the mainland across the Straits, where malaria is common. Opium had been used, generations before, as a remedy for malaria; and these first smokers seem to have mixed a little opium with their tobacco, which had been introduced by the Portuguese in the early seven-

teenth century. From this beginning, it would appear, was developed the rather elaborate outfit which the opium smoker of to-day considers necessary to his pleasure.

Nothing but solid Anglo-Saxon persistence had enabled the Company to build up the trade. Seven years after their first small adventure, or in 1780, a depot of two small receiving hulks was established in Lark's Bay, south of Macao. A year later the Company freighted a ship to Canton, but finding no demand were obliged to sell the lot of 1,600 chests at a loss to Sinqua, a Canton "hong-merchant," who, not being able to dispose of it to advantage, reshipped it. The price in that year was about \$550 (Mexican) a chest; Sinqua had paid the Company only \$200, but even at a bargain he found no market. Meantime, in the words of a "memorandum" prepared by Joshua Rowntree for the debate in Parliament last year, "British merchants spread the habit up and down the coast; opium store-ships armed as fortresses were moored at the mouth of the Canton River."

In 1782, the Company's supercargoes at Canton wrote to Calcutta: "The importation of opium being strongly prohibited by the Chinese Government, and a business altogether new to us, it was necessary for us to take our measures (for disposing of a cargo) with the utmost caution."

This "business altogether new to us" was, of course, plain smuggling. From the first it had been necessary to arm the smuggling vessels; and as these grew in number the Chinese sent out an increasing number of armed revenue junks or cruisers. The traders usually found it possible to buy off the commanders of the revenue junks, but as this could not be done in every case it was inevitable that there should be encounters now and then, with occasional loss of life. These affrays soon became too frequent to be ignored.

Meantime the British Government had, in 1834, succeeded the Company in the rule of India and the control of the far eastern trade. As this trade was from two thirds to four fifths opium, a prohibited article, and as the whole question of trade was complicated by the fact that China was ignorant of the greatness and power of the western nations and did not care to treat or deal with them in any event, a government trade agent had been sent out to Canton to look after British interests and in general to fill the position of a combined consul and unaccredited minister. In the late 1830's this agent, Captain Charles Elliot (successor to Lord Napier, the first agent), found himself in the delicate position of protecting British smugglers, who were steadily drawing their country toward war because the Chinese Government was making strong efforts to drive them out of business. From what Captain Elliot has left on record it is plain that he was having a bad time of it. In 1837, he wrote to Lord Palmerston of "the widespread public mischief" arising from "the steady continuance of a vast, prohibited traffic in an article of vicious luxury," and suggested that "a gradual check to our own growth and imports would be salutary." Two years later he wrote that "the Chinese Government have a just ground for harsh measures toward the lawful trade, upon the plea that there is no distinction between the right and the wrong."

A Patriotic Somersault

He even said: "No man entertains a deeper detestation of the disgrace and sin of this forced traffic;" and, "I see little to choose between it and piracy." But when the war cloud broke, and responsibility for the welfare of Britain's subjects and trade interests in China devolved upon him, he compromised. "It does not consort with my station," he wrote, "to sanction measures of general and undistinguishing violence against His Majesty's officers and subjects."

It will be interesting before we consider the
[Continued on pages 767 to 770]

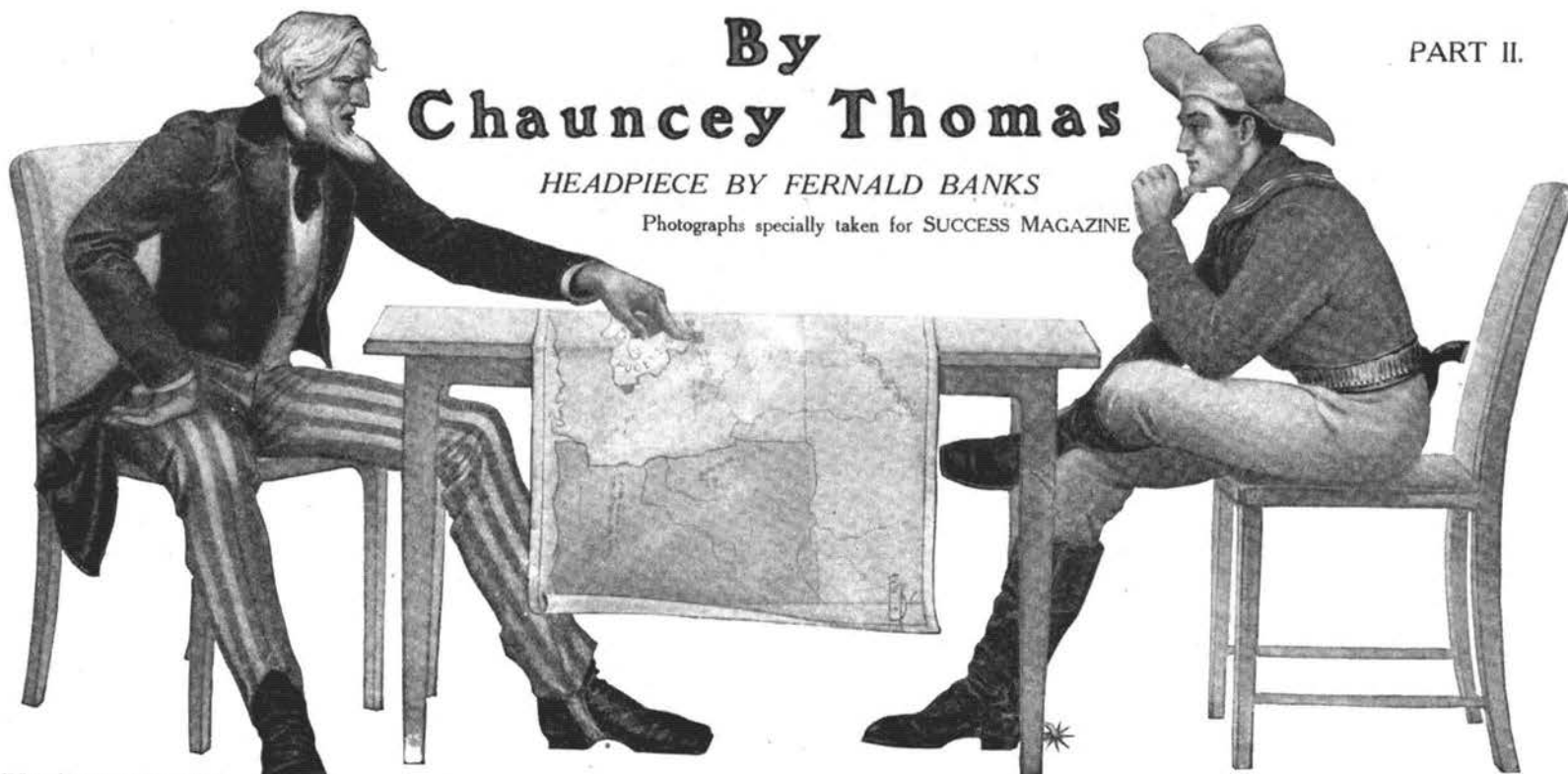
Our Own Northwest

By
Chauncey Thomas

PART II.

HEADPIECE BY FERNALD BANKS

Photographs specially taken for SUCCESS MAGAZINE



WE have seen that Puget Sound is destined to have on

its shores one of the greatest cities in the country. Now, where is this point on Puget Sound? To-day each city, or even lumber camp, loudly claims to be the great city of the near future. But let us see. The waters of Puget Sound are bordered with high, steep bluffs like the hills along the Columbia and the Missouri, or the highlands and the palisades of the Hudson. These bluffs, for the most part, all but look into the Sound where the water at their feet has a depth of hundreds of feet. No place for a city here. In a few places, however, mostly at the mouths of rivers, there is level land, marshes, or shallows—the last two called "tide-lands," and of the general character of the site on which Chicago is built. The dry land is either on practically the tide level or else up a grade from one hundred to three hundred, or even five hundred feet. There is a rolling plateau varying in area from a few square miles to a practically unlimited extent, as is the case at Tacoma. Most of the land along the Sound beyond the bluffs is characterized by high, steep ridges rolling inland rougher and rougher to-

ward the high mountains nearby on either hand. It costs money to lift and lower even city traffic over such heights and grades. In Seattle to-day the hill-climbing street cars are all cable; the hills are too steep for electric cars, and even hard to climb on foot in many cases. Horses strain at a snail's pace with light loads where on the level they can pull three times as much at double speed.

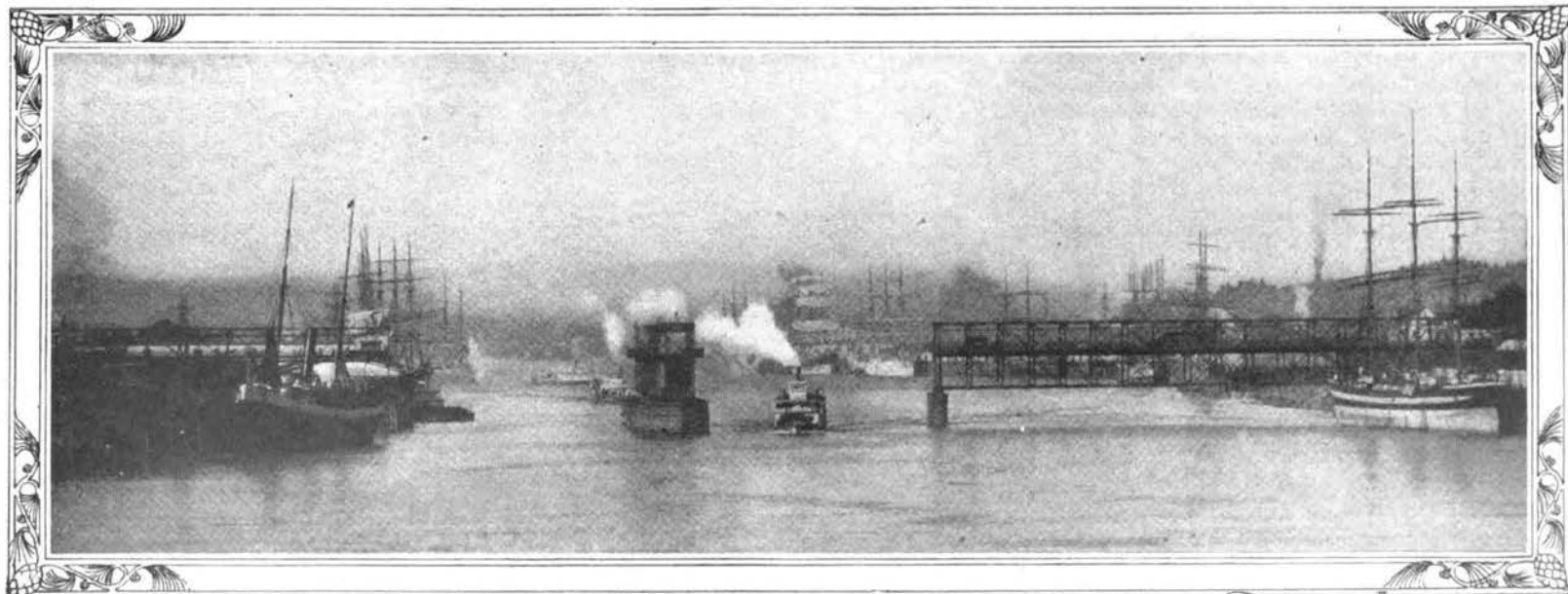
Taking up each possible point in detail we find that the west side of the Sound has but two available spots for a city: Port Townsend, where the south arm of the "T" joins the stem—where the Sound turns toward the Pacific—and Union City, at the extreme south end of the Hood Canal.

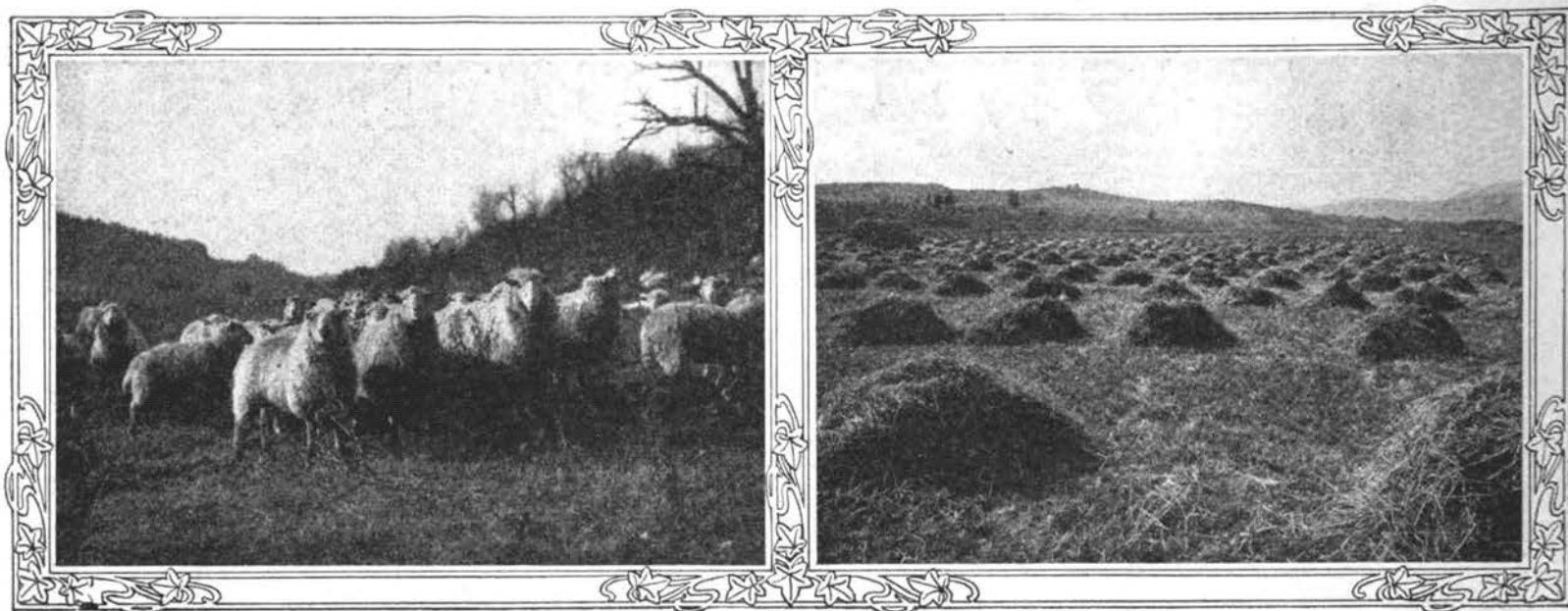
Considered by itself, Port Townsend has the finest city site on Puget Sound. Look at your outspread hand, consider each finger from ten to fifteen miles long, the land forming it level and gently rolling just enough for perfect drainage, sloping back easily from the water edges, with the spaces between the fingers forming harbors with a depth of thirty to one hundred feet and

over at low water, with perfect bottom for anchorage—and you have Port Townsend. It also has a water-level haul along the Hood Canal to the Columbia Cañon. But its one great drawback is that of all possible city locations on the Sound, it is the farthest away from this one "Key to the Pacific"—this same Columbia River Cañon. Port Townsend is on the wrong side and at the wrong end of the Sound, and is eternally handicapped by a railroad haul of one hundred and fifty miles. At present it has but one small local line and no outside railroad connections. But its harbor, sailors say, has but one superior, or even equal in the world,—Sydney, Australia. We will now start on the east side of the Sound at the Canadian Line and go south.

Bellingham is near the Line, has a small but favorable land and water location, but is the farthest of all locations on the east side from the Columbia. Farther down the Sound, and practically opposite Port Townsend, is Everett, with a splendid low land and possible harbor—tide land—location, but also handicapped by

Portland's Harbor, Willamette River





On the green pasture lands of Oregon

Hayfields that do not need irrigation

scores of miles of railroad haul from the Columbia. This is the point chosen by J. J. Hill for the terminus of the Great Northern Railway before the Great Northern and the Northern Pacific—then ending at Tacoma—became practically one road and compromised on Seattle for terminals. That was—and is—before any Puget Sound railroad had a chance to get down the Cañon of the Columbia.

Seattle is next; at present and for ten years or more back the "Mistress of Puget Sound." Here is Lake Washington, five by twenty-five miles and deep, for a fresh-water harbor; here is a good salt-water harbor with ample tide lands—but inland the ridges roll one after another, high and steep. Seattle's chief assets are Lake Washington, her tide lands of several thousand acres in extent, and the level valley, about one mile wide, running south toward Tacoma. Her drawbacks are an almost total lack of level land and a forty-mile handicap railroad haul to the Columbia Cañon. This exhausts all sites on either side of the Sound. Now let us look at the extreme south end; here we find Union City, Olympia, the Nisqually Flats, and Tacoma.

Union City is at present a small town without railroads at the extreme south end of the Hood Canal. The Hood Canal, by the way, is just as open and navigable as any other part of the Sound. Here is a city site, level land, fair but rather small harbor facilities, open to the largest ships; but of the four points just named Union City has the longest railroad haul from the Columbia, perhaps equal to that of Seattle.

Olympia is forever barred from becoming the great Sound city because of shallow water in

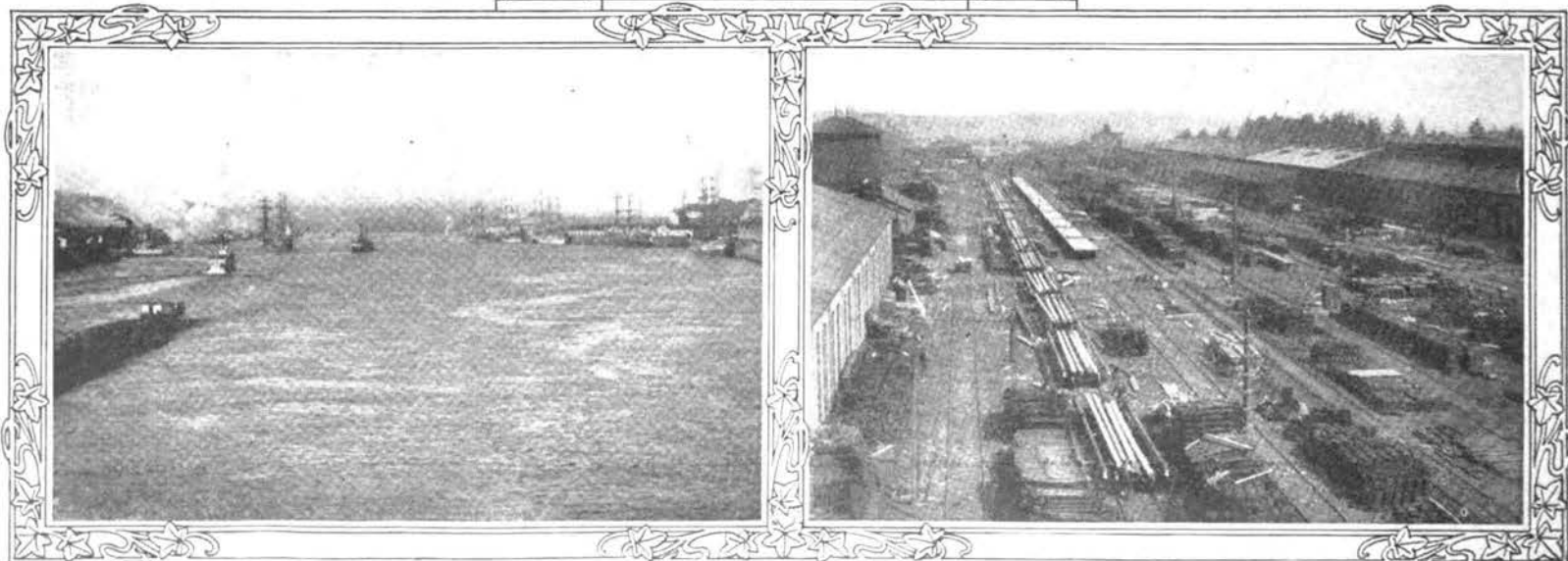


"The Coming of the White Man,"
City Park, Portland

her harbor. Dredging could bring in big ships, but if this point is ever to have a harbor for ocean-going bottoms of all drafts it must be an entirely artificial one, all dug out for miles, and that is forever out of the question. However, a canal from deep water in the Sound through Olympia to Gray's Harbor is far from impractical, and in time Olympia will no doubt have deep water, but limited connections with both the Sound and the Pacific direct. Now comes an enigma—the Nisqually Flats.

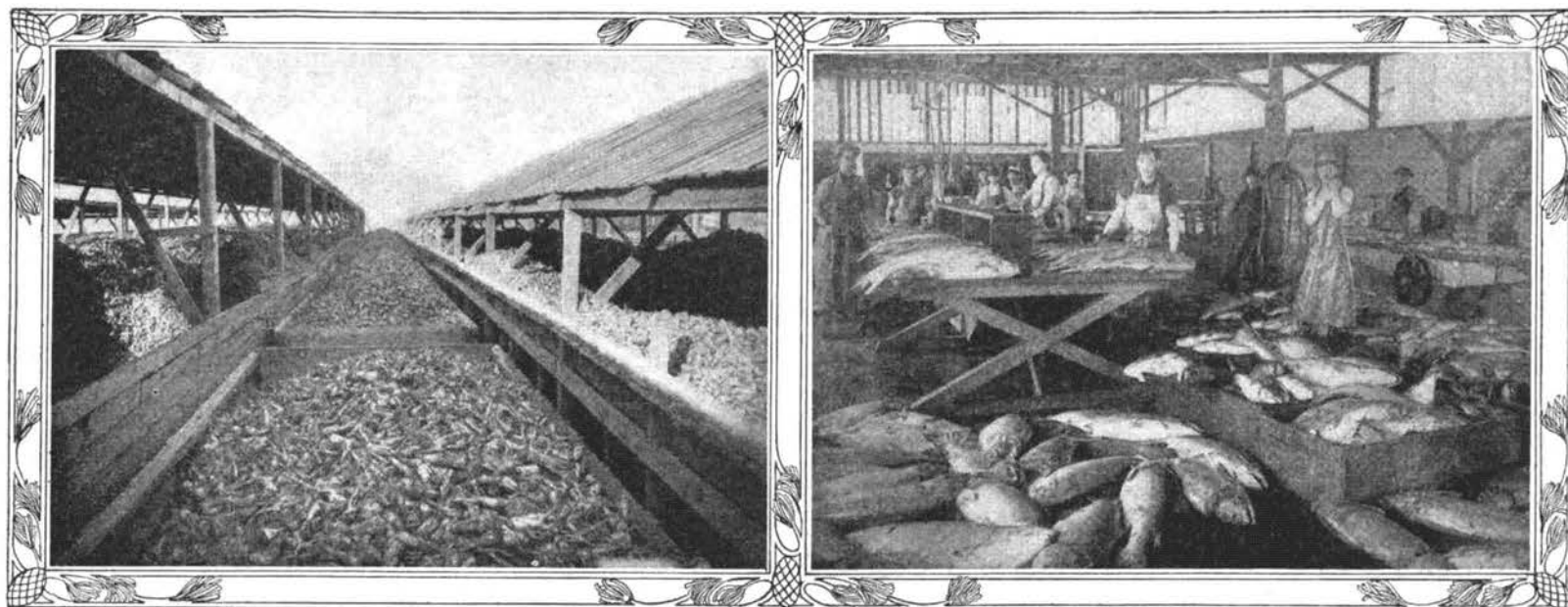
The Nisqually Flats, so far, are nothing but farm lands and duck hunters' marshes; but this point has harbor and city possibilities equaled only by Everett and Tacoma, and exceeded only by Port Townsend. It has the shortest railroad haul to the Columbia of any point on the Sound. When the railroad traffic of Puget Sound goes south to the Columbia, and when the canals are cut from the Columbia River, from Gray's Harbor, and from the Hood Canal into the Sound, the greatest city of the Pacific Coast may be where now lies the isolated Nisqually Flats. Mark you, I say "may," but the probabilities are that this city will reach from these same Nisqually Flats (perhaps even from Olympia,) twenty odd miles north, to Tacoma, and on forty more to Seattle, with three or four harbors at the points named. And if this is to be so, the least of these will not be the Nisqually Flats. At present this point is what Chicago was in 1830. For the rest of this article we will set the Nisqually Flats aside as an unknown quantity. This leaves us but one more point to consider.

Tacoma, truly "The City of Destiny," has one of the finest harbors in the world, ample



Portland's Harbor below the Steel Bridge

Trains loaded with lumber in the freight yards



A train loaded with sugar beets

In a Puget Sound salmon cannery

tide lands, practically unlimited level land, both near a water level and on the plateau up a rise of from one to three hundred feet, and the shortest railroad haul from Puget Sound on a water level to the Cañon of the Columbia. Here at Tacoma, the only Point on Puget Sound where such conditions exist, we find the necessary and sufficient elements of the great city—or heart of the great city—of the future. Other points exceed Tacoma in some one thing, but Tacoma is the only point that has enough of everything and is lacking in nothing. To these things may be added huge beds of the finest coking coal in the Northwest, and from Mount Tacoma—or Rainier—a near, unlimited, and eternal water power, equaling Niagara, to turn into electricity. In fact, the mountains adjacent to the Sound assure the entire region practically unlimited water and electrical power, but some points are more remote from a supply than are others. In this and in coal, however, none even equal Tacoma.

But why has Seattle to date so far outdistanced this seemingly favored point? For the very same reason that in the near future will be turned against Seattle in favor of Tacoma—a shorter railroad haul by forty miles. At present the two railroads that carry the traffic of Puget Sound come across the Cascade Range, over passes from twenty-seven hundred to thirty-three hundred feet high, in a short, winding haul up which a locomotive loses four fifths of its pulling power. These roads to-day first strike tide water at Seattle. It is needless to pull forty miles farther to Tacoma, so "rail meets sail" at present at Seattle. But these same two roads—J. J. Hill's Great Northern and the Great Northern's Northern Pacific—have their lines all but done down the Columbia Cañon. I have seen them with my own eyes as I rode on Harriman's Union Pacific—the Oregon Short Line—down the opposite bank of the Columbia. Harriman is pushing north from San Francisco to Puget Sound. When these roads touch the Sound from the south instead of from the east, as at present, then the railroad situation will be reversed, and "Why pull forty miles farther to Seattle?" with the same result as to-day, except then in favor of Tacoma. There are also other roads—one is the Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul—that are pushing for tide water on Puget Sound. On the line of least resistance this point is necessarily the city of Tacoma.

Sacajawea
"The bird woman"

"Where the hop vine grows"

Will this injure Seattle? Never! As in the battle of Santiago, "there is honor enough for all." As San Francisco must lose the lead to Puget Sound, so Seattle must lose the lead to Tacoma. Both propositions are covered by the same argument; if one is true, the other must be.

With the present population (only one in twelve of what the Atlantic seaboard has), with over twice the possible world trade to be developed across the Pacific to what the Atlantic coast has, with many times richer local resources, and with the population of the United States sure to at least double in the next fifty years, it is simply a problem in elementary arithmetic to compute and on that to venture the prediction that within the lifetime of millions now living the population of the Pacific Coast must increase at least fifty times, or on an average of perhaps fifty per cent. a year, which means at least from twelve to fifteen million people between the Columbia and the Line, the Olympics and the Cascades.

This means at the Golden Gate a city equal to Paris, at Portland a city equal to Philadelphia, at Gray's Harbor another Boston, at Seattle at least one million people, and at Tacoma another New York with at least five million people within the next fifty years. All other even possible city sites along the Pacific Coast, and on Puget Sound in particular, must become thriving cities. Nature has fixed these points beyond the possibility of a doubt. At present these points are towns, and, speaking in the sense of a city—that is, of a Paris, Chicago, Berlin, London, or New York—these points are now mostly mere shanty towns. They are mostly of wood and paint, built for the day—and to sell. Brick, stone, concrete, and steel appear here and there in their throbbing hearts, but the rest of them are largely unused kindling wood, destined to burn in some way or another within twenty-five years.

And this is where the fire was not an unmixed evil to San Francisco—as the Chicago fire was not to Chicago. As for the earthquake, let no city crow over another. 'T is a common danger—like lightning. Seattle or New York or Chicago may be next. As long as the earth itself is subject to earthquakes, and no man knows their cause or cure, no part of the earth's surface is proof against them. The greatest earthquake ever known in America occurred in the upper Mississippi valley. And the earthquake alone did little damage to

[Continued on pages 777 and 778]

The Red Motor

By Elizabeth New McKeen

Illustrated by W. R. LEIGH

IT was a big red motor car speeding blithely along a smooth roadway, with the hum of the cylinders vibrating tunelessly in the ears of Becky and the large Dane dog who sat blinking beside her, his ungoggled eyes bent straight upon the road ahead of him, just like those of his little mistress. Any one could see that he loved Becky for the fearless way she steered that wheel, swinging past venturesome fowls and impertinent canines, upon whom Duff looked down with motesque disdain. Occasionally he refreshed his lips with a lick of his long, slender tongue, looking up at Becky with ill-concealed admiration and an inquisitive "Are n't we doing beautifully?" look; whereupon Becky, understanding perfectly this form of conversation, would cling a little tighter to the wheel before she spoke, and then say, with spasmodic emphasis.

"Duff, we are just wonderful—(oh, it almost got away!)—to take this car, brand new—and run it home like this—without doing anything awful to any one." Then Duff would smile in a superior way and look ahead again quite satisfied, as if to say, "I knew you could do it, all the time."

"And such a *be—autiful* car, too! I know it can go as fast as Bob's any day, and I thought—all the time—it was n't anything *won—derful* to just run an auto; anybody could." Here a jolt tilted the smart little hat to one side, and a stray lock of blond hair fell from beneath the folds of her tossed-back veil, flaunting roguishly before a pair of soft brown eyes; but the big red car sped forward at its steady speed, regardless of Becky's spasmodic efforts to tuck up the lock without losing control of the wheel. The little hat wavered festively at times from right to left, until the waves of blond hair shook shiftily beneath its weight. Becky pursed up her little mouth and said, unconvincingly:

"I don't care if I do go in looking like a fright." But the placid expression her face had worn until now gave way to a quizzical little line between the eyes, and Duff looked around more often, as if to say, "I wonder just what is the matter with us?" Directly Becky said:

"Duff, I wish you were a man, just for a minute." Duff's eyes closed to a narrow slit, and he looked straight on, as if he did not understand the remark. "Then you could steer this wheel while I put in those hairpins. I can hardly see, and we *are* going fast—I just would n't dare to let go—(oh, I struck something, then!)—not even to push in just one hairpin, and—and I dare n't stop! No—I shall not stop if I lose that hat altogether! Besides, I don't know how; *that* seems to be the whole truth. He said something about these brass handles, though heaven knows what—I should have remembered that, but I don't! That is terrible, too,



"I might as well begin in a pleasant place"

for I might *have* to stop—for a chicken—or something—I mean I just would n't run over some poor old hen doing chores for the whole family; then that little pup that frisked ahead of us until the very last second—you remember, Duff, we almost got him, and to *think* that I did n't know how to stop—we just simply could n't. When that man told me about these handles I was n't quite clear. I thought anybody could—stop a car—why, look how they are *always stopping*—just by themselves—as if that was anything to do! I guess I ought not to stop, anyway. I am going by Bob Tracy's, just to show him that if our engage—ment is broken I am not taking it a bit to heart. He can ride every hour with Maria Moffatt, like he did all yesterday, if he likes, because I have a car of my very own—and don't care a rap. I should just like to have him see that I can run it, too—just as well as he can run his—any day! I must look sort of untidy, though (yes, I'll say untidy; he hates that word), with my hair all lippy like this. Oh, dear," after a little pause, "I do wish I *could* stop this old thing." The red car gave a lurch of contempt at this appellation, nearly unseating the dog, which did not serve to decrease ominous signs of increasing nervousness and displeasure in Miss Becky.

"Now, Duff, don't flop around like that; you nearly knocked this wheel out of my hand! My fingers are all cramped, holding so tight, and

that old brake is just the *hardest* thing for my foot to do a thing with. I've had it on nearly ever since we started, and I can't see that it slows us up any—but this is a first-class car, because the man said it was! I guess that is the trouble; all aristocrats are stiff and hard to manage. That car of Bob's must be a third-rate affair—I thought so all the time—or it wouldn't run so easy. I hope Maria Moffatt likes riding about in that old—omnibus; just wait till they see this. I am so tired, Duff—if we could just stop for a few minutes! I—*have* to try something—I never *was* so tired! I must try this handle, even if I do something terrible with it." From force born of desperation, Becky took the long brass lever in her hand and threw on the emergency brake, while a glow of admiration spread over her countenance as the machine came to a sudden full stop, precipitating Duff to the ground, to his utmost consternation; but Becky, finding herself once more motionless, except for the tremor of the car as the even chugging of the engine shook it slightly, looked about her admiringly and wondered what she had done. The country road was deserted. Neither far nor near could she see the slightest vestige of human habitation, so, with a sigh of relief, she extricated herself from the driver's seat and descended from the car with the air of a conqueror. Her skirt caught fairly upon the spark plug that sat obtrusively upon the battery at the left, flipping it into the road, where it fell, unobserved by Becky, into the deep dust. The engine gave a few revolutions and stopped, which seemed a very natural process to Miss Vandyne.

"That's it; I knew all the time it did not mean anything to run an automobile. You simply throw that brass handle and it stops, quiet as a lamb. It's nothing at all to do. I am glad I told that man I knew all about running a car, instead of standing there half a day to be told a lot of foolishness I can't possibly understand. Dad says if it did not sound so complicated they could n't sell half as many at the high price they do, anyhow, and I just believe it." Duff sat back upon his haunches and yawned noncommittally; his enthusiasm had been slightly lessened.

"Never mind, Duff; I did throw you out pretty hard, but I'm sorry," said Becky, in a burst of sympathy. "In a few times I shall be able to stop easier. Just think—that was the first time I ever stopped one! I think I did remarkably well." She removed her veil and hat, laying them upon the seat, and tucked the rebellious tresses back in place, putting in the hairpins with a little air of determination. Then she walked around the red motor and viewed it with the pride of recent acquisition.

"We shall get home just in time for dinner," she announced; "and don't you think for a

minute but that we shall create an impression when we spin down Spring Street, just like we had been running motors all our lives." Whereupon Duff yawned again and walked leisurely about the car to where Becky stood. She patted him affectionately while she looked down the road toward her destination, savoring in silence the triumph she was about to enjoy.

"I suppose by the time I get my hat tied on we might as well be going. I seem to be feeling very vain. It's a nice feeling, too. I think I like it." She smiled complacently to herself while she adjusted her hat and veil by the aid of a small "vanity box"; then she got into the car, carefully arranging her skirts to her entire satisfaction, and motioned Duff to his place beside her.

"Now hold on tight, for perhaps it will start with a jerk just like it stopped." She reached forward and swung the emergency brake back into place with an air of complete mastery of the situation, but there was no response of either sound or motion. Becky looked questioningly at Duff, and he returned the gaze, as if to say, "We seem to have met something."

"Anybody would know that motors had been invented by men," said Becky with disgust. "Now it seems perfectly simple that if you do a certain thing to stop a car you should undo it to start it. That is the way a woman would make it and save endless complications, but I suppose this is where the crank comes in. I see all the men cranking. Of course, it's a man's way to make it as complicated as possible, so as to make it uninviting to women. They miss their guess on me, and right here is where I get my money back for all that training I had in the 'gym' last winter."

She descended resolutely and bent down until she took the heavy crank into two hands that had all they could do to reach around it, then with considerable effort she pulled it around several times. The big car stood as unresponsive as if it had been definitely located upon that spot as a landmark.

"I don't seem to have the pull I always thought I had," said Becky to herself. "I got the price of this car out of Dad with less effort than I put on that thing then." She looked at it with a touch of admiration and wonder that it could so resist her, for be it known that Miss Rebecca Vandyne's path through life had been strewn with the gratification of every heart's desire. Also, she had been born with determination, and she went at her task again with renewed resolve, all to the same purposeless end, though she kept at it until the color was more than brilliant in her cheeks and her snugly tied hat gradually loosened its moorings, flopping finally into her very eyes. She

dragged it off and threw it on the ground beside her, quite regardless now of dust and dirt. She was tired and discouraged.

"There must be something about this I don't understand," she said wearily, with unconscious irony, "I have been one solid half hour pulling that old thing around." Her brows knit in thought, then a half gleam came over her features. She brought forth from her pocket a highly embossed catalogue which showed upon the cover a car, the facsimile of this one with a coquettish damsel at the wheel guiding a merry party along a smooth, cream-colored highway. Becky looked at it with interest and envy.

"We looked just like that before we stopped, Duff, and now I am hot and tired and dirty. I could n't get my hair up decently if I tried all night, it's so tangled. Besides, I think we have missed getting home in time for any one to see us." Looking disconsolate over the disappointment, she seated herself upon the running

board, while her erstwhile immaculate skirt swung undeterred in the dust, and proceeded to read endless sentences in the catalogue, beginning on the page where the pictures suited her best. "I might as well begin in a pleasant place, so long as I don't know anything about it anyway."

"The sliding gear has three speeds, forward and reverse," read Becky, while her brows puckered up in a failure to comprehend; "'controlled by one lever and with direct drive on third speed.'"

"As if any mortal under heaven could understand talk like that," she said in disgust, and turned the page.

"The mechanism is simplicity itself, a child could manage it. The product speaks for itself."

"It may have a fine vocabulary," sniffed Becky, "but it speaks in a foreign tongue, and I talk plain homespun." Then she put her head in her hands and thought, but the only response that came to her questioning was that should any one from Brockton happen along just then she would never hear the end of the mess. She arose and scanned the horizon again, but plainly this was not the day the general public took to be abroad, and no one was in sight.

"Well, there is some consolation in having this thing all to myself, there won't be anybody to make fun of me. I suppose, anyway, it's just a matter of cranking and I ought to do that some more." So she put forth all her effort again upon the crank, but she could not move it the least bit, and the truth of the situation began to affect her in earnest. She remembered with some humiliation that she was at least twelve miles from home, having taken the long road in preference. The sun was tilting down over the far horizon and the shadows were beginning to fall as they do in the early spring evenings. She drew her jacket together and buttoned it with an air of resignation as a coolish breeze sprung up, while her face wore a touch of apprehension foreign to the features of

Miss Rebecca Vandyne. She looked dubiously at the red car and the approaching night, then she thought and thought.

"It does seem a shame that anything so pretty as that car should be so stubborn, and I was so proud of it. Here I am stranded, absolutely helpless, and that catalogue dares to say it's so simple even a child could run it. The face some people have to invent such falsehoods and then *print* them so they won't die out!" Nevertheless, as a last resource, she took the catalogue and, climbing into the *tonneau*, read it from cover to cover, clinging to a vague hope that somewhere she might find a few words bearing upon the situation. The darkness descended and the last page was utterly indistinguishable. Becky dropped her tired little hands into her lap looking

(Continued on page 771)



"You know it was not, Becky"



"Full of thought and microbes"

The Love Sonnets of a Car Conductor

By WALLACE IRWIN

Illustrated by Horace Taylor

THE HOME TRIP

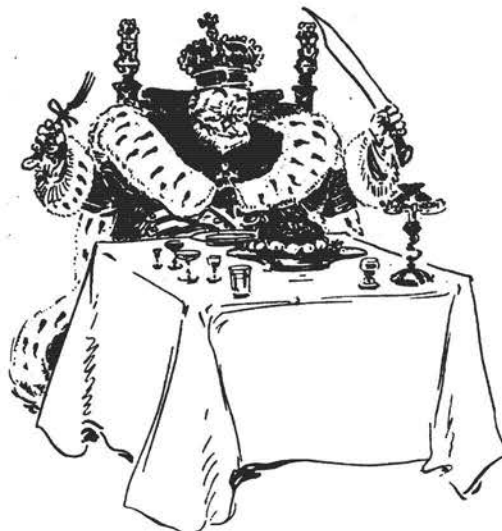


"There might have been a hoe-down"

XVII.

The Sinful Rich go whizzing by all day
In wealthy wagons, looking pert and swell;
They get the ride, the Commons get the smell,
And full of thought and microbes wend their way.
Maxy, the Firebug, says that Mammon's sway
Is stringing Virtue to a fare-ye-well,
But wait, he says, till Labor, with a yell,
Soaks Mam a crack forninst the vertebra!

The Rich, says Max, are simply dips and yeggs
That lift the headlight beads from yaps like us;
They pinch our pie, sew up our ham and eggs,
And leave us minus all that they are plus.
The world, says Max, belongs to me and Bill,
And Mrs. Casey—whoa! Let's roll a pill!



"Kings may prefer some tasty wads of hash"

XVIII.

At Mrs. Casey's hunger-killing shop,
Whither I hie thrice daily for my stew,
I dream I'm Mr. Waldorf as I chew
My prunes or lay my Boston-baked on top,
Growler and sinkers, slum and mutton sop,
India-rubber jelly known as "glue,"
A soup-bone goulash with a spud or two,
Clatter below until I signal, "Stop!"

There may be chefs in France or Albany
Can knock a poem from a wedge of pie;
But just give me a check on Mrs. C.
For rapid-filling ballast, murmurs I.
Kings may prefer some tasty wads of hash,
But they don't feed at fifteen cents per crash!



"Slide!"

XIX.

Pansy and me for Coney Sunday noon,
To see a perfect lady bump the bumps;
We rubbered at the lions with the chumps
And took the Wellman Special to the moon.
She asks me, "Dance?" I answers, "Just as soon,"
And so we clutched and whirled into the gumps,
But every time I went to stir my stumps
They stuck like gum-drops to a macaroon.

"I could die dancing, Danny!" murmurs she.
(I gamboled on her corns—she hollered, "Don't!")
"I could die dancing also," (this from me)—
"But if you'll pass me up I guess I won't."
Just then some lemon-sport observed my glide,
And warbled, "Slide, you frozen chicken, slide!"



"To join the Worry Club"

XX.

I next sprung Pansy for a four-bit feed—
It was a giddy tax, but what care I?
We shot the bill of fare from soup to pie
And lemonade (that cost an extra seed).
"You're the cute plunge," says Pans, and I agreed
That at a spenderfest I was n't shy,
That when it came to rolling nickels by,
Willie the Cowboy was a perfect bleed.
She said that Thomas Lawson on a lark
Would faint away to see the way I blew;
She said I'd be the whiz in Central Park,
And Ready Cash to me seemed very few.
I asked her did she need a Valentine?
And she responded, "You're the pink for mine!"



"You're the cute plunge," says Pans"

XXII.

A-lopping on a car-barn bench, I spied
Gilly the Grip, quite recent this g. m.,
Just like a lily on a broken stem,
Or like a Salt Lake buck without a bride.
"Chirk, Gilly, chirk!" I says, in tones of pride,
"Perhaps this unhinged heart is just *pro tem*.
The world is full of pompadours for them
That keep their searchlights peeled from side to side."

But Gill remarked, "Eh, what? Say, I'm so slow,
I could n't catch the hour-hand on a clock.
I'm simply stationary as they grow;
A lamp-post race could beat me round the block.
You needn't think you're such an Alfred G.,
To motor by a quarry-cart like me!"



"And Pansy's ma, she won't be late, you bet"

XXIII.

Next week the marriage bells won't do a th'
For I'll be there, I guess, to fill the set.
And Pansy's ma, she won't be late, you bet,
To see the Reverend Mr. pull the string.
Me for a spike-tailed scabbard and a ring,
A shell-back shirt, forsooth, a peacherette.
I'll be the daintiest bridegroom ever yet;
Nothing to do but take the count, then—bing!

Love in a cottage run on union pay—
Can Teddy Roosevelt do a sum like that?
Two can eat cheap as one, perhaps, but say,
You've got to beat a quarter pretty flat
To cork three squares, make Little Two Shoes snug
And keep the Wolf from chewing up the rug.

XXIV.

Methinks I'm tagged to join the Worry Club,
To chase the fleeting rhino through the gloom,
To bag the boodle, trap the wild mazume,
And scratch for corn when Pansy hollers, "Grub!"
They say I'll turn as sickly as a chub
When on the First, with dull and deadly boom,
The Rent comes round and walks into the room,
Remarking, "Peel, or else file out, you scrub!"
But when your arms are full of girl and fluff
You hide your nerve behind a yard of grin;
You'd spit into a wild cat's face or bluff
A flock of dragons with a safety pin.
Life's a slow skate, but Love's the dopey glim
That puts a brewery horse in racing trim.



"Could beat me round the block"

LENTALA

A Romance of the South Seas

By W. C. Morrow

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES SARKA

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

THE bark "Hope," carrying a party of Americans bound for the Philippines, where they intended to start a colony, is wrecked on an uncharted island in the South Seas. The savage inhabitants offer the Americans welcome and hospitality. In an interview between Captain

Mason and Joseph Tudor, leaders of the refugees, and the king of the island, it is made plain that they are to be prisoners in a beautiful valley. Hope of release seems to lie with Lentala, a beautiful young woman who is the king's fanbearer, and her brother, Beelo.



"I knew the trailing skill of the natives"

Chapter IV. Behind a Laughing Mask

FORESEEING the time when a visible danger would bring mob-madness to the colony, Captain Mason gave his entire attention to strengthening his control. To that end he kept everyone engaged at something, laughed away all fears and doubts, placed all on honor not to breed discontent, and required that all discussions of the situation be with him alone.

He impressed the danger of leaving the camp limits except in large parties organized under his authority. No spying savages were ever seen in the forest backing the camp, but I frequently found the captain using his keen eyes in that direction. The questions weighing on him were: When would the king ask for the first member of the colony to be sent away? What plan would be adopted in the selection? What would really become of the persons so taken? What should be done when the first call was made for deportation?

Christopher and I alone were in the president's confidence. On the second night he informed us that he had selected a spot which would serve as a fortress if occasion rose, and instructed Christopher in the art of making weapons, chiefly stone-headed clubs and black-jacks. The work was done secretly in our cabin.

The daily teaching of Beelo developed a new interest in the fact that, before I was aware, I was a pupil as well as tutor, and that Beelo was as assiduous in instructing Christopher as me; he was evidently anxious that we should master the native language. I was glad to humor him, especially as I suspected an intelligent purpose. Above that was my growing affection for him. He perfected his poor English so rapidly that I was put on my mettle to learn the island tongue.

It was a simple task, and we came to use it entirely. To my surprise, Christopher learned it as readily as I. From the very start he had helped Beelo to turn the teaching in that direction. The strangest element of all this procedure was the quick and sure understanding

that sprang up between them.

Beelo one day brought a large parcel. He was particularly happy, and as full of play as a kitten.

"You can't guess what I have for you," he said mischievously.

"No, Beelo—what?"

"You'll see." He was opening the parcel.

"You and Christopher are going to be Senatras." Senatra was the name of the inhabitants.

He produced from the parcel two native costumes. In addition there were a basin and some brown powder. The boy was in glee as he separated the articles into one array for Christopher and the other for me.

He ran to a little stream, fetched water in the basin, and with a comical seriousness dissolved part of the powder.

"Your arm, Christopher," he demanded. At times Beelo's manner had a touch of imperiousness that sat oddly with his youth.

Christopher obediently bared his powerful arm.

"Oh!" said Beelo in delight. "You have splendid muscles,—they are like iron; and you are very strong,—that's good." His finger was timid as it touched Christopher's arm.

He dipped a cloth in the colored water, and rubbed the stain on Christopher's white skin. His care and gravity in comparing the tint with the color of his own wrist, in shaking his head, in adding more pigment to the water and trying again, and at last his delighted satisfaction, were all very charming.

"Good!" he cried. "That's the Senatra color. Now," addressing me, "I'll go away a little while. You make a Senatra of Christopher." To Christopher: "Take off everything. Mr. Tudor will put the color all over you. Then you put on Senatra clothes, and whistle for me."

Patient Christopher would doubtless submit to any indignity that this prankish boy might devise, but I proposed to put a stop to the nonsense. Besides, how could I assume the ridiculous rôle that this young scamp, in whom my indulgence had bred impudence, intended for me?

"Christopher will do nothing of the sort," I peremptorily said.

The lad stopped short and looked at me curiously.

"I want to, sir," Christopher interposed, much to my surprise.

"You do? You wish to submit to this foolishness?"

"Foolishness, sir?"

"Yes."

He reflected a while, and then said:

"Perhaps it ain't jest foolishness, sir."

"Very well," I agreed, willing to humor him; "but Beelo will stay here and put the color on you himself."

Alarm sprang to the boy's face.

"I won't!" he answered defiantly, and was turning away, but I caught him by the arm.

"You will," I said. "I'll see that you do."

He slipped from my grasp and stood away, laughing.

"I want to do it myself, sir," meekly said Christopher.

Beelo precipitately fled.

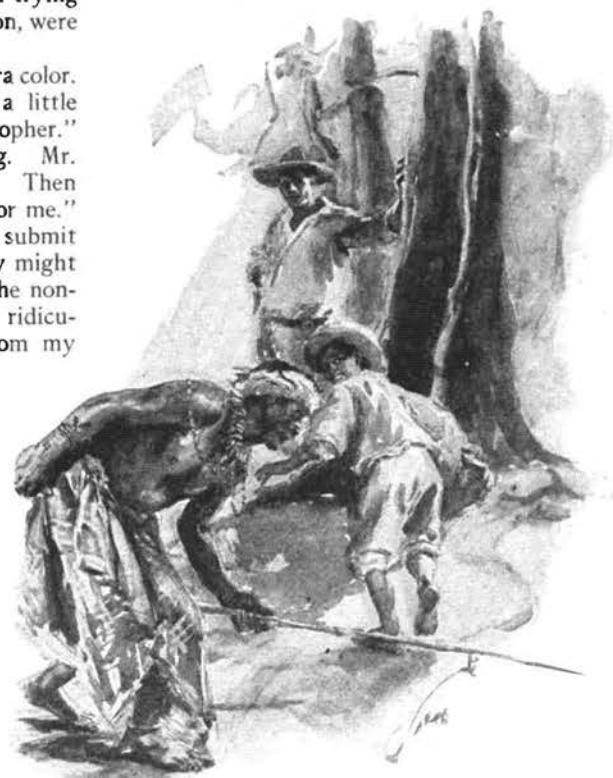
Why not play with these children? A man who would not was a churl. So Christopher was arrayed as a Senatra, and a whistle called Beelo back.

He danced delightedly round the pitiful figure that Christopher made. It hurt me to see not only how patiently Christopher submitted, but also how wholly he entered into the spirit of the masquerade. His pale eyes looked ghastly in his brown face. I called Beelo's attention to that.

"Oh, that won't be seen at night!" he exclaimed. The remark did not impress me at the moment.

He put Christopher through numerous gaits and tricks of manner peculiar to the Senatras, and praised him for his aptness. Finally, when he taught his pupil the art of creeping stealthily and noiselessly, the man was so terrible that I forgot his grotesqueness.

All through this singular performance, Beelo, even though half playful, displayed astonishing perseverance and thoroughness, as if life itself depended on the perfection of the drill. That



"He put Christopher through numerous gaits"

might not have looked so strange had it not been for the extraordinary care of Christopher himself to accomplish a perfect imitation. Then the significance of it all burst upon me.

I had vowed a thousand times since first knowing Christopher that never again would I underrate his wisdom, yet over and over I found myself doing so. While he never laughed in his romping with the children of the camp, but went into their sports with his habitual tender melancholy, he never showed with them the hidden eagerness, the almost desperate determination, that marked his training under Beelo. Thus I came to see that at the very beginning Christopher had discovered a vital meaning in Beelo's playing.

"And now," cried Beelo, "you will be a Senatra, Mr. Tudor! Christopher will dress you. Come!"

The boy's eyes softened in a moment under the new light that he found in mine.

"Beelo," I said, taking his hand, "let's sit down and talk." I seated myself, but he withdrew his hand and sat a little distance away. "No," I gently insisted; "here, facing me, and close."

He twisted himself round to the spot I indicated, and in doing so tossed Christopher a wry mouth.

I noticed more clearly how fine his features were, and with what grace his long lashes curved.

"Beelo, do you really wish Christopher and me to

be Senatras?" I asked, looking straight at him.

He nodded, and, turning to Christopher, told him to go to the runnel, wash off the stain, and put on his own clothes. Christopher meekly went. Beelo began playing with twigs on the ground, and did not look at me.

"Did Lentala tell you to do this?"

He nodded again—a little irritatingly, for he had a tongue.

"Why?" I asked.

He raised his eyes and regarded me steadily. Then, perhaps not seeing all that he sought, he made no answer, and returned to the twigs.

"I want to understand, Beelo, and you must trust me. Many things come to me now. Your sister's conduct at the feast meant that she wished us to obey the king. She showed us sincere kindness in every look and act. And her great difference from the other people,—her sweetness, her grace, her beauty, her brightness of mind, her altogether adorable charm,—"

Beelo blazed in a way that stopped my rhapsody. He had raised his face; his lips were apart; his eyes glowed with a proud light that moved me strangely.

"You like my sister?" he softly asked.

"Who would not?"

"But *you!*" The boy impatiently tossed his head.

The little gesture was so pretty that I involuntarily smiled. Beelo misunderstood. He flashed angrily, and resumed playing with the twigs. I could only grope.

"I don't understand why the king sent us here. We are prisoners, and that is something which brave men won't stand. We would rather die fighting."

Again he studied me, and again looked down.

"Why did n't the king let us build boats, and leave?"

He gave no answer, but was very busy with the twigs. I wondered if I were rash in some of the things I was saying. Clearly the moment of confidence had not arrived. The boy was studiously cautious.

"Beelo, go to your sister and beg her to come and see me. She will trust me more than you do. I know she is our friend. She would tell us what fate is awaiting us."

"No, she would n't," firmly interposed the boy.

"She would, because she is sweet and kind."

"No, she loves her people, and you might do them harm."

"But she sends you here to disguise us as natives and to train us in the art of deceiving and outwitting them."

Had his smile not been so winning I could have slapped him for his insolence; but it was soon evident that a mighty struggle was pro-

ceeding under his assumed carelessness. If I could only guess at its nature I might know how to proceed.

"Bring Lentala to me, Beelo. She would be safe with you, and she will understand and will trust me."

"Why? Her skin is brown. You would not trust her." He was closely observing me.

"What difference can her color make!" I impatiently retorted. "Lentala is an angel."

"But a brown skin means—" A look of horror swept over his face.

"Lentala is beautiful and kind and true. Tell her to come."

Beelo was silent.

"Why should she not trust me?" I persisted. "How could I harm her?"

The boy, nervously arranging the twigs, spoke rapidly, but did not look up:

"She's afraid,—not for herself, but her people. They love her. She would never betray them. Suppose she came,—you would be gentle to her; you would tell her she was beautiful and—and all that nonsense. You might try to get her to tell you things. And you would find out how to— Yes, you might come back and plot with your men, and there would be a great fight with my people and many would be killed. That would be terrible."

I dimly understood at last: Lentala would trust her brother, not herself, in the mysterious plan that she was working out.

Christopher had returned. I beckoned to him to sit with us.

"Beelo," I said, "look at me." He complied.

"If Lentala were here she could read my heart. All that you have said means that she mistrusts me. I understand more than you think I do. You have already shown your confidence and Lentala's by offering to train me as a native. A wise and generous purpose is in that. By means of the disguise, you wish me to learn some things that will benefit my people, but you are held back by your fear that I will use the knowledge to injure you."

"No," he hastily interrupted; "only my people."

"Very well. But you have already shown trust. You simply want more assurance that I will keep faith with you. Tell me what you want. I will put my life in pawn,—I will give it, if that is demanded."

His deep eyes were profoundly fixed upon me. In that moment Beelo disclosed a soul that had found maturity.

"You would do all for your people!" he impatiently cried. "You think only of them! Lentala and Beelo may do everything for you, but you never think what you might do for—Lentala and Beelo."

The half-revelation in the passionate outburst brought me to my feet, and the lad slowly came to his.

"Beelo!" I said, "I had n't thought it possible. You and she are the favorites of the king and queen. You have everything you want. I don't understand. Trust me! I can be a friend."

He was looking up at me with eyes in which a pathetic anxiety struggled with fears. Instead of addressing me, he turned to Christopher and confidently took his hand.

"Christopher," he said, "do you like me—and Lentala?"

"Oh, yes!"

"Very much?"

Christopher solemnly nodded.

"If—if we want to go away with you and your people, would you take us?"

"Oh, yes!"

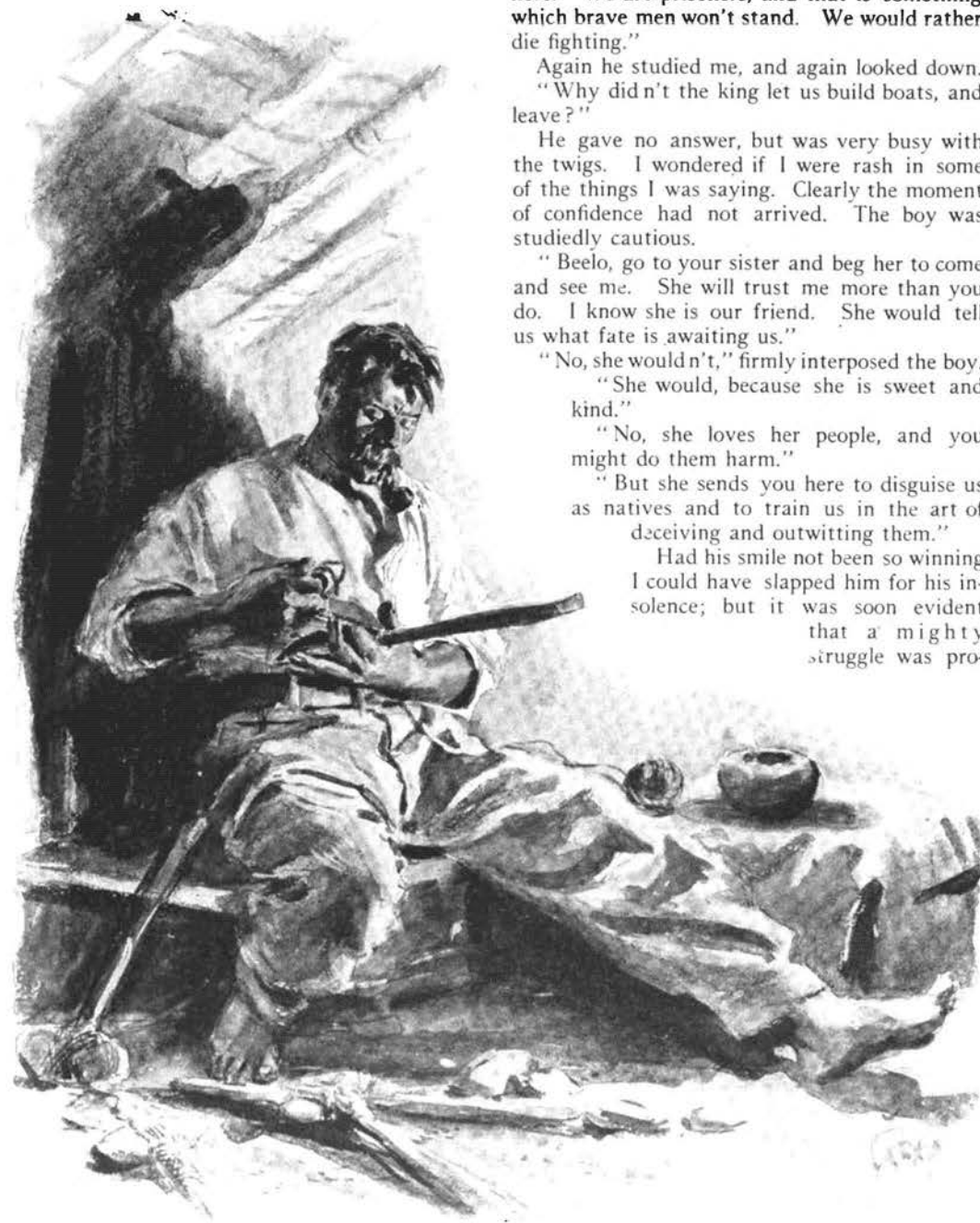
"And be kind to us?"

"Me?" He turned to me, and so did Beelo.

"Yes, Christopher."

"He will," was the answer.

Beelo, seized with one of his unexpected whirlwinds, threw his arms round Christopher, and laughed.



"This work was done secretly in our cabin"

I turned him about, and, holding both his hands, looked smilingly into his brilliant eyes.

"Show me the way to serve you and your sister, Beelo," I said. "I alone, or Christopher and I together, will obey any instructions from you; we will do whatever you say, go wherever you direct,—cut ourselves off from every protection except yours. Is n't our trust complete?"

"Yes, Yoseph—Chospeh," he banteringly answered. Then, in a flash, "I mean Mr. Tudor."

"Joseph—to you," I returned.

He put his mouth through contortions over the *J*, and finally, with a restful gasp, blurted out:

"Choseph!"

His gentleness overwhelmed me, and I, being naturally affectionate, and timid only with women, forgot my feeling of constraint toward him, and caught him in my arms. But he did not have for me the pressure and the laughter that he had given Christopher. On the contrary, he resisted and then sprang away.

I wondered what thoughts were perplexing him as he stood off, regarding me in his odd little quizzical fashion, and was astounded when he said:

"Lentala says that Annabel is beautiful and lovely."

I could not imagine what had suggested Annabel to him at this particular moment, but I hastily agreed. He seemed not altogether pleased, but went on:

"You like her very much?"

"Yes; very much indeed."

He looked a little sullen, but soon recovered, and broke out in a very rush of gay spirits. In a short time he suddenly became grave.

"I must go," he said. With a gentle, pleading look at me, he asked: "Won't you be a Senatra? Christopher will help you."

"Yes, Beelo,—anything you wish."

"Very well. I will come every day for—maybe three days, and teach Christopher. You will watch us. When you and Christopher are alone, he will teach you. But you must dress every time as a Senatra!"

"Of course." My relief was great. For some incomprehensible reason I did not wish the boy to train me, for that would have necessitated a disagreeable loss of dignity before him.

"Good! And in three or four days,"—an oddly embarrassed expression rose in his face,— "would you like to go with me—you and dear old Christopher—to see—the beautiful—the kind—the true—Lentala?" He was mocking.

"Yes!" I answered, and made an effort to catch him; but he darted away, showering a cascade of laughter behind him.

So I was right in supposing that Beelo had been preparing us to penetrate the mysteries beyond the valley ramparts, and lift the veil behind which our fate was hidden.

"Christopher!" I cried in my joy, seizing him by the shoulder; "do you understand?"

"Yes, sir."

Chapter V. The Opening of a Pit

WHEN Christopher began my training and pursued it with such amazing thoroughness, my feeling of being ridiculous disappeared. My love of adventure in these preparations was mingled with other emotions,—the fascination of hazard, a wish to risk everything for the colony, and a strong desire to see Lentala and solve the mystery of her whole conduct. Beelo was a will-o'-the-wisp.

Complications arose in camp. Although I had taken care to exercise my authority in a bland way, it became necessary at times to be severe. My greatest difficulty was inability to find the source of a disaffection working insidiously among the young men. Captain Mason had not observed it, lacking my opportunity, and I decided to be more positive and to find evidence before laying the matter before him.

I was intimately thrown with the men by

directing the work on the farm. The labor was exhausting on account of the heat. For this reason, and because some men could bear the heat better than others, and liked it, I called out only volunteers; but selfishness on the part of some who shirked brought grumbling. At first I had supposed that this was the origin of the dissatisfaction, but presently a deeper cause appeared to be in operation. As a test, and to secure fairness, I adopted a system of levying on all the able-bodied men and requiring each to do his share in turn.

In that way I came down on Rawley, who had never volunteered. When I informed him one evening that his turn in the fields would come next day, he stared at me in insolent silence.

That incident alone was not significant, but it made me alert, and I instructed Christopher to keep a strict and secret watch on the camp. A present necessity was to force the issue with Rawley, whose bearing was a threat to the harmony and safety of the colony.

He had not taken the trouble to absent himself from the tables when I called out the tale of men for the fields next morning, but lounged at indolent unconcern. Annabel was not visible. Mr. Vancouver, sitting near Rawley, had a suspiciously waiting air.

The young man did not rise with the others and prepare to go, but merely stared at me. I went near and said in a low voice:

"These men will resent your refusal."

"Are you threatening me?" he said under his breath.

"Give my remark whatever construction you please," I answered.

He could not hide his anger and fear, for a glance showed him a disquieting expression in the faces of the forty men waiting. Mr. Vancouver looked surprised and irritated as he studied them. The men in whom rebellion was stirring were such as he had always directed and commanded,—artisans, mechanics, clerks, sturdy and spirited every one, and loving fair play.

"Save yourself further trouble," Rawley drawled in an effort to be nonchalant. "I'll go—if I feel like it, and when I'm ready."

Although the men could not hear him, they understood and a murmur arose. One of them angrily said:

"He's too good to work."

Then came the outbreak.

"Put him under arrest! Duck him in the river! The snob!"

Annabel suddenly appeared. The men at once desisted, and she understood the situation at a glance. Her astonishment grew as her look of angry reproach at Rawley passed to her father and found him silent and pale, as though for the first time he had seen the spirit of the common American.

She came to me and said: "Don't make trouble now. Be patient. You can find a way." I turned to the men.

"Gentlemen," I said, "I must remind you that you have not been empowered by the colony to enforce its discipline. In this instance it is my task alone, and I propose to handle it as I think best, without your assistance, unless I call on you for it. Your attitude and remarks

just now were rebellious, and, if allowed by those in authority, would disrupt us and place us at the mercy of savages. Leave this matter to me, and depend on me to see it properly adjusted. Mr. Vancouver needs Mr. Rawley to-day. Now to our work."

My speech affected the men in two quite different ways. Some with a submissive glance at Mr. Vancouver, who was watching me curiously, were instantly satisfied; others looked a little confused and rebellious, and were not cheerful in their obedience. They appeared a trifle uneasy, as though something might be afoot and they had not been informed. All of this sharpened my alertness.

After the day's work I had doubts as to whether I should report the incident to Captain Mason, who had not been present. I felt that something of an underground nature was at work, and that Mr. Vancouver was its focus. I could make allowance for a man shattered by



"Please let me go,
Captain Mason."

adversity, but I supposed that Mr. Vancouver might have gathered himself up during the weeks we had been held as prisoners.

It turned out that he had. When Christopher came to give me my drill in the forest near the camp that day he brought disturbing information. Mr. Vancouver and Rawley, in order to be alone, had gone into the forest after I left for the fields, and talked. All that Christopher could learn was that Mr. Vancouver was carrying on secret negotiations with the king, and that a messenger from the palace was expected, at a certain place within the forest in an hour.

My lesson was short that day. I sent Christopher to Captain Mason to report what he had heard, and to say that I would take the place of the native in the interview, if possible, trusting to the completeness of my disguise as a Senatra. Christopher was to be near for an emergency.

Skirting the spot where Mr. Vancouver was to meet the native, I intercepted him. It

[Continued on pages 779 and 782]

IF YOU CAN TALK WELL

ORISON SWETT MARDEN

PRESIDENT ELIOT, of Harvard, says, "I recognize but one mental acquisition as an essential part of the education of a lady or gentleman, namely, an accurate and refined use of the mother-tongue."

Sir Walter Scott defined "a good conversationalist" as "one who has ideas, who reads, thinks, listens, and who has therefore something to say."

To be a good conversationalist, able to interest people, to rivet their attention, to draw them to you naturally, by the very superiority of your conversational ability, is to be the possessor of a very great accomplishment, one which is superior to all others. It helps you to make a good impression upon strangers. It helps you to make and keep friends. It opens doors and softens hearts. It makes you interesting in all sorts of company. It helps you to get on in the world. It sends you clients, patients, customers. It helps you into the best society, even though you are poor.

No matter how expert you may be in any other art or accomplishment, you cannot use your expertness always and everywhere as you can the power to converse well. If you are a musician, no matter how talented you may be, or how many years you may have spent in perfecting yourself in your specialty, or how much it may have cost you, only comparatively few people can ever hear or appreciate your music.

You may be a fine singer, and yet travel around the world without having an opportunity of showing your accomplishment, or without anyone guessing your specialty. But wherever you go and in whatever society you are, no matter what your station in life may be, you talk.

You may be a painter; you may have spent years with great masters, and yet, unless you have very marked ability so that your pictures are hung in the *salons* or in the great art galleries, comparatively few people will ever see them. But if you are an artist in conversation, everyone who comes in contact with you will see your life-picture, which you have been painting ever since you began to talk. Everyone knows whether you are an artist or a bungler.

Every experience of your life, every book you have read, every person who has conversed with you has influenced the quality of your conversation. You do not need to tell me whether you are educated or ignorant, whether or not you have been to college, have educated yourself, or have practiced high thinking. I can tell that by the quality of your conversation. The richness or poverty of your language will betray what your associations have been. Your travels, the quality of your observation, the variety of your experience are all reflected in your speech, pictured in the words you use. Nothing else will indicate your fineness or coarseness of culture, your breeding or lack of it, so quickly as your conversation. It will tell your whole life's story. What you say, and how you say it, will betray all your secrets, will give the world your true measure.

Most of us are bunglers in our conversation, because we do not make an art of it; we do not take the trouble or pains to learn to talk well. We do not read enough or think enough. Most of us express ourselves in sloppy, slipshod English, because it is so much easier to do so than it is to think before we speak, to make an effort to express ourselves with elegance, ease, and power.

Poor conversers excuse themselves for not trying to improve by saying that "good talkers are born, not made." We might as well say that good lawyers, good physicians, or good merchants are born, not made. None of them would ever get very far without hard work. This is the price of all achievement that is of value.

I know a business man who has cultivated the art of conversation to such an extent that it is a great treat to listen to him. His language flows with such liquid, limpid beauty, his words are chosen with such exquisite delicacy, taste, and accuracy, there is such a refinement in his diction that he charms everyone who hears him speak. All his life he has been a reader of the finest prose and poetry, and has cultivated conversation as a fine art.

You Can Be a King in This Art of Arts

You may think you are poor and have no chance in life. You may be situated so that others are dependent upon you, and you may not be able to go to school or college, or to study music or art, as you long to; you may be tied down to an iron environment; you may be tortured with an unsatisfied, disappointed ambition; and yet you can become an interesting talker, because in every sentence you utter you can practice the best form of expression. Every book you read, every person with whom you converse, who uses good English, can help you.

A noted society leader, who has been very successful in the launching of *débutantes* in society, always gives this advice to her *protégées*, "Talk, talk. It does not matter much what you say; but chatter away lightly and gayly. Nothing embarrasses and bores the average man so much as a girl who has to be entertained."

There is a helpful suggestion in this advice. The way to learn to talk is to talk. The temptation for people who are unaccustomed to society, and who feel diffident, is to say nothing themselves and listen to what others say.

Good reading not only broadens the mind and gives new ideas, but it also increases one's vocabulary, and that is a great aid to conversation. Many people have good thoughts and ideas, but they cannot express them because of the poverty of their vocabulary. They have not words enough to clothe their ideas and make them attractive. They talk around in a circle, repeat and repeat, because, when they want a particular word to convey their exact meaning, they cannot find it.

If you are ambitious to talk well, you must be as much as possible in the society of well-bred, cultured people. If you seclude yourself, though you are a college graduate, you will be a poor converser.

We all sympathize with people, especially the timid and shy, who have that awful feeling of repression and stifling of thought, when they make an effort to say something and cannot. Timid young people often suffer keenly in this way in attempting to declaim at school or college. But many a great orator went through the same sort of experience, when he first attempted to speak in public, and was often terribly humiliated by his blunders and failures. There is no other way, however, to become an orator or a conversationalist than by constantly trying to express oneself efficiently and elegantly.

Brainy Men Dumb while Shallow Talkers Entertain

If you find that your ideas fly from you when you attempt to express them, that you stammer and flounder about for words which you are unable to find, you may be sure that every honest effort you make, even if you fail in your attempt, will make it all the easier for you to speak well the next time. It is remarkable, if one keeps on trying, how quickly he will conquer his awkwardness and self-consciousness, and will gain ease of manner and facility of expression.

Everywhere we see people placed at a tremendous disadvantage because they have never learned the art of putting their ideas into interesting, telling language. We see brainy men at public gatherings, when momentous questions are being discussed, sit silent, unable to tell what they know, when they are infinitely better informed than those who are making a great deal of display of oratory or smooth talk.

People with a lot of ability, who know a great deal, often appear like a set of dummies in company, while some superficial, shallow-brained person holds the attention of those present simply because he can tell what he knows in an interesting way. They are constantly humiliated and embarrassed when away from those who happen to know their real worth, because they cannot carry on an intelligent conversation upon any topic. There are hundreds of these silent people at our national capital—many of them wives of husbands who have suddenly and unexpectedly come into political prominence.

Many people—and this is especially true of scholars—seem to think that the great *desideratum* in life is to get as much valuable information into the head as possible. But it is just as important to know how to give out knowledge in a palatable manner as to acquire it.

Locked-Up Knowledge Will Not Help

You may be a profound scholar, you may be well read in history and in politics, you may be wonderfully well-posted in science, literature, and art, and yet, if your knowledge is locked up within you, you will always be placed at a great disadvantage.

Locked-up ability may give the individual some satisfaction, but it must be exhibited, expressed in some attractive way, before the world will appreciate it or give credit for it. It does not matter how valuable the rough diamond may be, no explaining, no describing its marvels of beauty within, and its great value would avail; nobody would appreciate it until it was ground and polished and the light let into its depths to reveal its hidden brilliancy. Conversation is to the man what the cutting of the diamond is to the stone. The grinding does not add anything to the diamond. It merely reveals its wealth.

How little parents realize the harm they are doing their children by allowing them to grow up ignorant of, or indifferent to the marvelous possibilities in the art of conversation. In the majority of homes, children are allowed to mangle the English language in a most painful way.

Nothing else will develop the brain and character more than the constant effort to talk well, intelligently, interestingly, upon all sorts of topics. There is a splendid discipline in the constant effort to express one's thoughts in clear language and in an interesting manner. We know people who are such superb conversers that no one would ever dream that they have not had the advantages of the higher schools. Many a college graduate has been silenced and put to shame by people who have never even been to a high school, but who have cultivated the art of self-expression.

[Concluded on page 752]

A Dinner to Paul

By Charles Battell Loomis

Illustrated by THOMAS FOGARTY



PICTURE me an artist; not yet successful, using for the time being the studio of my friend, Homer Gainsborough, the brilliant Brooklyn cattle painter.

The hour is five, the day is dull and lowering, I am hungry.

The future is full of hope—has been ever since I started painting. The only trouble is that it is so hard to catch up to the future. I know I'll succeed sometime, but meantime dinners cost money and I have but five cents in the whole world.

Yes, I have clothes, good clothes, also. In a moment of madness following the sale of a picture four months since, I bought a dress suit. My everyday clothes are shabby, but my dress clothes can hold their own in any gathering likely to hold me.

My friend Gainsborough has gone to spend a few days in the South, and he has left me in full possession of his studio.

Where is my dinner coming from?

One can do without more breakfast than a roll and a glass of milk; lunch is a mere convention, anyhow, but dinner—well, dinner has its uses, and it is more tempting to a hungry artist than a whole gallery full of paintings.

I sit at the window looking out at cheap Fulton Street, and wishing the world were more picturesque, when the telephone bell tinkles.

"Hello. . . . Yes, this is Gainsborough's studio, but he's out of town. . . . What? . . . Yes,

A dinner with my dear friend, Paul Norton, the winner of the Jardine Prize, and I don't know where the food is to be spread. Of course, in New York. But New York grows larger each year. And I starving in Brooklyn.

The bell rang again, and I rushed to the phone.

Nothing doing.

There was but one thing to do. Wash and dress and go to New York and try the most likely place for such an affair—in all probability the Waldorf.

In fifteen minutes I was in my evening clothes and on my way out of the studio.

Why is it that a man always forgets to change his money when he changes his clothes? To be sure I had only five cents, but it would have helped me across the bridge. I did not notice my mistake until I was on a car and, there being no other passenger but a washerwoman, and the conductor being uncompromising, I had to walk across the bridge.

The walk increased my appetite, but it lessened my spare time. It was half-past six when I landed in New York.

There was nothing to do but walk up unless I could get car fare.

The rush hour was at its ebb, but there were still hundreds of people headed for Brooklyn.

One of them came toward me, a coin in his hand and the look of a sprinter in his eye. He was evidently making for the Court Street loop whence I had just de-

where cutlery and napery and—food were waiting for me.

I made my way to the subway.

"One," said I, handing my quarter to the ticket seller.

"Counterfeit," said the ticket seller, handing my quarter back to me.

I gazed in astonishment at the coin and walked slowly away. Why had I not run after the returning Brooklynite? Why had he been so careless with his near-money?

I stared disconsolately up the subway tunnel. I could not walk on the tracks, as it is against the rules, so I went up to the surface of the city once more.

It was a case of walk.

Across the City Hall Park I bent my steps, intending to walk up Broadway. I might meet some friend returning from his office, some friend who would stake me to a couple of car fares.

A raindrop fell on my hand.

I looked down at my patent leathers and at my evening clothes. Then I looked up at the clouds. There was going to be a shower. I must ride up town.

Car conductors will not give a man credit for a longer time than it takes to traverse a half block, but cabmen do not require their pay until they have carried you to your destination.

I am an impoverished artist, and cabs have always seemed to me to belong in another world; but when a man is hungry and scents a dinner a few miles northward, he will do things that in his surfeited moments would not occur to him to do.

I raced across the park and approached a cab.

Cabby, a jolly, red-headed Irishman, with mustaches for eyebrows and none for his lip, raised his hand to me and, as I neared him, he jumped from his hansom and said—

"Come in out of the wet, sir-r."

I attempted to get in over the front, not being used to hansoms.

"Better wait till I open it, sir-r. There's the b'y. Where is it?"

"Where is what?" said I, my heart sinking, for I thought he meant my fare. "Show me first your penny," ran the old song.

"Where am I to take ye?"

"Oh," said I, in a rush of relief, "to the Waldorf. Do you know where it is?"

He was taking the blanket off his horse, and he turned and looked at me whimsically over his shoulder.

"Do I know where Broadway is? Sure, you're from the country."

I could not take offense at his words, for he meant none—and, anyway, I was from the other side of the bridge.

He shut me in, mounted his seat, and we set forth at a brisk trot up Broadway.

Of course I was doing a risky thing, but I was quite sure, the more I thought of it, that the dinner would be given at the Waldorf. Jardine had given the dinner to Moulthrop, the still-life painter, at the Waldorf the year before. When I arrived there I would tell Cabby to wait and I would run in, brace Paul for five dollars, pay the good-natured Irishman, and then fall to and help eat that which the gods had provided for poor starving me and my brother artists.

It did not take long to get to the Waldorf, and there, having learned by experience, I did not attempt to get out of the cab until the driver had opened the doors.

"One dollar, sir-r," said Cabby.

I looked him in the eye and summoned to my brain all the honesty for which my family had been noted for generations (never a rich Martyn since before the days of the missionary of my name), and said:

"I want to run in here and find out whether a dinner to which I am invited is to be held here or up at Sherry's, or somewhere else. I'll be out as soon as I find out."

He returned my look, laid his hand in a fatherly manner on my shoulder, and said, "I'll trust ye, me b'y."

Again I was not insulted.

Anyway, don't we live in a democracy? And are n't we sincere in our belief in it?

Once in the bewildering palace I asked a hall man where the artists' dinner was to be held.

"In the Astor Gallery, I think," said he. "Take the elevator over there."



"I looked him in the eye and summoned all the honesty for which my family had been noted"

I'm Henry Martyn. . . . This is Mr. Henry Martyn—" (A prospective picture buyer. My heart beats violently.)

"Oh, hello, Paul, that you? . . . To dinner? with the boys? Sure! . . . Bully! . . . Evening clothes? Better yet. Couldn't come, otherwise. Say, Paul, business is rotten, and between you and me I'm half starved. Dinner is a godsend. How soon? . . . Seven-thirty? Gee, how late! . . . God bless yo, old man! Good-by. Oh, say! Hello! Hello-hello!"

!!!

Cut off!

And he didn't say where the dinner was to be! Nor where he was telephoning from, and I don't know his address. Somewhere up town in New York.

scended. As he neared me he was jostled by some one, and the coin was knocked out of his hand. It fell at my feet and I stooped and picked it up. This carried me into the sprinting path of a husky young man who nearly bowled me over and who did succeed in knocking my hat off.

By the time I had recovered my hat the man who had dropped the coin had vanished. The Court Street car was rounding the loop on to the bridge, and I was heir to his quarter of a dollar.

It is not necessary for me to say that I had had every intention of handing the money to the man who had dropped it, but now that he was lost (for I would n't know him if I were to see him), I felt that fate had been kind to me in giving me the means to journey up town, there to employ my time in finding the place

I stepped into the elevator, and there was Humphrey Smythe, the marine painter.

Good-by to sorrow! Smythe is one of the best fellows in the world, and he knows what it is to be poor himself.

"Going to the dinner?" said I, joyfully.

"Yes, worse luck! There's another one I wanted to go to more than this, but—"

"But what?"

"I was n't invited to it," said he, laughing.

We stepped out of the elevator together, and I said: "Humphrey, old man, can you let me have five dollars for a few days?"

Smythe laughed blithely. He is always blithe.

"Do you take me for a millionaire?" said he. "Do you think I'm a Barbizon painter, dead twenty years and fetching big prices? I walked here, dear boy."

Oh, what a lot of poor artists there are in the world—good painters (many of them), too!

I looked at my watch, and thought of the cabman to whom I owed a dollar.

We went to the cloakroom, and I left my hat and coat and then went in search of Jardine and Paul. Of course, they would help me out. My troubles were nearly over.

There was a little knot of men standing at a table outside of the dining room taking some refreshments, intended to promote good fellowship.

I approached the table, and soon began to feel that Cabby was a very fortunate man to be in the way of getting his fare so much sooner than I had thought probable a few minutes back.

I did not see Paul, Jardine, or any other familiar face, which struck me as a little peculiar, as I knew pretty nearly every artist in the twin cities.

And now the doors of the banquet hall were opened, and I saw the cheerful ballroom with its lights and flowers and decorations. Oh, what a dinner it was going to be!

A wave of good feeling passed over me and I determined, if they called on me, to do some of my best sleight-of-hand tricks. (Every man has or ought to have his avocation, and mine is prestidigitating.)

Poor Cabby out there! I'd give him a half-dollar tip for making him wait.

As the guests passed in they handed in their tickets to a man stationed at the door. Of course, I had no ticket, having been invited over the telephone, but I knew it would be all right.

I nodded my head reassuringly to the collector of the tickets.

"I have no ticket, but it's all right here," said I, cheerfully. "Is Mr. Jardine here?"

The man looked at me suspiciously.

"I'm sorry, sir, but you have to have a ticket. That's orders."

I looked helplessly around. There was no one there that I knew.

Even my friend Humphrey Smythe had gone through.

Ah, there he was standing at a table in the far corner of the room.

"Isn't Mr. Jardine, the giver of the dinner, here?" said I, still talking to the Man at the Gateway to the Beautiful Dinner.

"You've made a mistake, I guess," said he. "This is a dinner given by the Midway Association of Pennsylvania."

Then I remembered that Smythe was a Philadelphian. Probably the dinner he wanted to go to was the one for which I was booked.

It was unusual, but I did it. I shouted to Smythe.

"Where was that other dinner?"

"You mean the one at Sherry's?" said he, astonished, but ready.

"Oh, thanks," said I, precipitously, and bolted for the cloakroom.

I was not at all disconsolate. I had dined once before at Sherry's, and had had the time of my life.

The attendant gave me my coat and hat, and looked significantly at the plate that stood waiting for coins, but I murmured shamefacedly, "Nothing smaller than a five-dollar bill," and hurried out of the hotel.

It had stopped raining. If it weren't for Cabby I could walk up to Sherry's. But he was there, patiently waiting.

"Ah, Cabby, did you think I had run away?"

"Indade, an' I didn't. I on'y thartht that time was

money," said he, with a little falsetto chuckle. "Was n't it thc.e?"

"No," said I, as I stepped in. "Drive me to Sherry's."

"It's high-toned ye' are," said he. "An' if it's not there I can take ye' as far as Delmonico's."

"Which is across the street," said I, knowingly.

I lolled back on the seat. Being in a cab I felt as if I had money in my pocket. Yet, if I'd money in my pocket, I should n't have been in a cab.

When we reached Sherry's I went with confidence to the banquet rooms. I well remembered the Art Students' League dinner I had attended there.

"There's an artists' dinner on to-night, is there not?" asked I of an attendant.

"Yes, sir, the Paint and Oil Club of Pittsburg."

"Paint and Oil! That's business men."

"Is it?" said he, as one who had received useful information and is glad of it.

"Say?" said I, "Is there more than one set dinner going on here to-night?"

"There's the Sons of Ohio."

"Well, are they artists?"

"I think they're politicians, sir," said he, unconsciously humorous.

Smythe must have been mistaken. There was evidently no dinner in Sherry's that had been cooked for me. In fact I began to think that I would never taste another dinner again. And oh! how hungry I was!

I had come to the end of my tether, and must pay the cabman, with nothing to do it with.

I signaled an elevator and went sadly down from the light and fragrance and—food.

Out into the street I went and looked right and left for Cabby. He was not in sight.

My New England conscience immediately stepped on the bridge of my consciousness and assumed temporary command.



"What was he up to?"

"Look for the driver," it said most imperatively. "Get thee behind me," said I, unnecessarily insulting my conscience.

"You are an honest man," said my conscience, still on deck.

"I'm a penniless one," said I.

"Poor, but honest," said my conscience.

"Don't get biographical," said I, "and don't tell me who or what I am. I know. I also know that if that cabman for reasons of his own has decided to drive away and pick up more profitable fares it's no affair of mine."

I began to walk toward Fifth Avenue.

"You have the whip hand," said my conscience.

"Shut up," said I, and having reached Fifth Avenue increased my gait, walking down town.

I had got rid of my Old Man of the Sea. Of course, I intended to seek him out and pay him eventually. He probably stood at City Hall every day in the year. But I was indeed glad that he had seen fit to retire. Perhaps he had done it out of goodness of heart. He must have guessed my predicament.

I approached Forty-second Street gayly. It was only four miles to my studio. I would go home, pawn my dress suit, and have a midnight supper all by myself.

I turned into Forty-second Street intending to walk down Madison Avenue, as I did not wish again to see the scene of my disappointment.

A policeman stood just outside of the Metropolitan

Hotel. A high-pitched voice traversed the air of Forty-second Street.

A sound such as that made by the late Jehu rose above the roar of traffic.

The policeman heard the high-pitched voice, and turning scanned the passing until his eye fell on me. Then, as if he had been waiting for me, he came toward me.

"That's it. Stop 'um. He tried to git away wid-out payin' his fare."

Before the officer reached me, divining the situation, I turned around and ran toward the hansom which had stopped at the curb.

"Cabby, what did you leave the hotel for?" said I.

"It's all right, officer," said I.

"Is it all right?" said the policeman to Cabby.

The good-hearted fellow again looked me in the eye, and I again summoned the honesty of my ancestors.

"I guess it is. I was exercisin' me harse be goin' up an' down the block—"

"And when I came out you were n't in easy sight."

The officer turned on his heel and walked away, and the visions of station cells faded away.

And yet I was up against it. Here was the Old Man of the Sea back again.

"Look here," said I, impulsively. "You know I've been hunting for a man who invited me out to an artists' dinner by 'phone, but who forgot to tell me where it was to be. I can't find him, and I've come away from Brooklyn without a cent. Will you lend me a dollar so that I can go somewhere and get dinner and I'll pay you, fare and all, within a couple of days? My name is Henry Martyn, and I'm an artist at—"

Here I gave my number on Fulton Street.

"Sure," said the honest fellow, explosively. "Why did n't ye' tell me so before? I know an illigant j'int in Sixt' Avenyer where yez can fill up on beef-steak an' chowder. But ye've not tried Delmonico's yit."

"No, and I won't try any more. That's a lost dinner for me. I'm ever so much obliged to you, Cabby. To tell the truth, I was hoping you had driven away."

A smile overspread his features. "I never forsake a fare widout he's unable to git his hand into his pocket. Gitap!"

We dashed merrily over to Sixth Avenue, and I felt happy. I was going to gorge on steak and coffee and forget my troubles.

A few minutes later, having thanked and dismissed Cabby, I ordered a number of substantial things, taking care to reserve a tip and my fare home, and gave myself up to comfortable thoughts.

I reflected that there would be other Jardine dinners, and that perhaps I would be invited again. I certainly would not need a dinner for some time, as I was full to repletion. Just as I was settling with the waiter the door opened and in walked Cabby. Good gracious! What was he up to now?

"Hello," said he, familiarly, a good-natured grin upon his face. "Had a good dinner, me b'y?"

"Yes. Haven't you gone yet?"

"Sure, yes, and back ag'in to find you."

I rose and accompanied him to the street.

"I've found your dinner-man. I have 'um."

"What do you mean?"

"I mane that a feller hailed me over on Fift' Avenyer an' axed me to take him to the Waldorf in a hurry, and I says, just for luck, 'Is it an artists' dinner ye're goin' to?'"

"It is," says he, "an' I'm late."

"Sure, ye're luckier than me frind Hinnery Martyn," says I, "fer he missed the dinner arltogether."

"He catches fire at that, an' I told him the tale of yer troubles an' how I'd left ye in this j'int aten be yerself."

"Drive me back," says he, "an' git the b'y."

"Wid arl me heart," says I; "he's the white man," says I, "an' perhaps you can lind him the loan of tin dollars till mornin'." I says. He was for comin' in, but I wanted to see you meself, fearin' you'd aten an' gone."

"You're a good fellow!" said I, shaking hands with him on the sidewalk just before I grasped the strong hand of Paul Norton.

"For heaven's sake, Henry, you're the most scatter-brain fellow I ever saw! You know Jardine always uses the little room at the Waldorf. I suppose you went to the ballroom. Hurry, we'll be late. It's after seven now. I'm starving."

"I'm not," said I, sadly.

I climbed in beside Paul, and he said:

"Tried to get you again to tell you that Jardine wants you to do some of those stunning sleight-of-hand tricks, and here's ten dollars from him to cover your car fare."

"It will also cover the cab fare," said I, joyfully.

"Say, Paul, I'm beginning to feel hungry again."



Maggisenes

A Boy's Own Composition on Monthly Periodicals

By HENRY A. SHUTE

Author of "Real Diary of a Real Boy"



THEY is 2 kinds of maggisenes one kind that has powder in them and whitch xploads and blows up peeple and gunbotes and forts and snap craker stores and a nother kind that doesnt have any powder in them or ennything else xcept advertising my father says. the last kind dont xpload very often but they busts up sumtimes.

the peeple whitch has ritten peaces for the maggisenes whitch aint printed after you has wiked hard to get them done in time and sent them to the maggisenes with postige stamps sumtimes xpload and i dont blaim them. when a feller has wrote a peace for a maggisene and sent it with 4 \$.02 cent postige stamps whitch make \$.08 cents if they is good stamps whitch sumtimes they isent, and in 3 days gets his peace back with only 2 \$.02 cent postige stamps on it you are out jst \$.04 cents in money and more than \$5 dollers in wirk and if you dont xpload you aint mutch of a feller or you must be the best scolar in the sunday school whitch is jst the same.

they is a grate many pages in maggisenes the second kind. i dont know how many but they is a aful lot of pages. it dont take long to read a maggisene the second kind, not the ferst, becaus most of the pages is about silver pitchers for \$2 dollers and \$.40 cents a peace and sets of Shakspear for \$1. dollar and how to study law by male for \$.50 cents and how to rase hens and squobbs for \$1. doller and \$.25 cents and about sope that flotes and pictures of stockings with legs in them aful looking legs two, and niggers with dippers in his hand and a white apren on and 2 little niggers without enny close xcept little skirts whitch stick out strate and babies without close on setting in tubs and women in bath rooms and outermobiles and moter boats and gas stoves and toilet powder and bull dogs and most everything else in this wirlt xcept stories.

Bimeby when you have went most half through the maggisene you will come to the ferst story. it is diferent from enny story i have ever read. it is called the reincarnation of Terence X. Casey. i coppied it out of the maggisene, and is the wirst story i have ever saw. then they is some pictures of actresses and acters and then a story about how wicked Detroit Michigan is and why a blacksmith is a beter man for seeleck man and guverner than a ritch man whitch has always drove a fast horse and given lots of money to the heathern. then there is a poim named When Gimmy lked the bunch, and then they is more advertisements, guns that you can hit with a hammer and not go off, and a feller whitch will sell your farm, and pipes and paint and a feller in his under-close and a feller tying his shue and raleroad tours to California.

that is all they is in maggisenes now and they charge \$.10 cents for some of them and \$.15 cents for some others and \$.25 cents for 2 or 3 kinds and \$.35 cents for one kind. some of them is wirth \$.10 cents and some of them isent. i dont know how

mutch the \$.35 cents one is wirth becaus i hasent never had money enuf to bye one so i dont know.

it only takes about a hour to read a maggisene and \$.10 cents is enuf to pay. Beedle Dime usted to sell a dime novel for \$.10 cents whitch was prety cheep for a dime novel i tell you. they was bully stories about fiting indians and killing bears and wolfs and cutting a notch in your gun when you have killed a nother indian. a feller can read one of them all day and sumbody is killed on every page and it is terrible xciting. Beedle Dime died very ritch and they dont sell enny of his novels now. it is too bad for they was the best i have ever read.

sumtimes peeple gets up clubs and byes a good many maggisenes and passes them round but they most always has fites and jaws about them becaus they dont get them on time and so they give it up the 2nd year. then they have a auxion and sells the maggisenes and gets mad over it and dont speak enny more never.

then there is ladys maggisenes whitch has fashions and tells how to be prety and how to be good and how to cure moles and warts and freckles and how to feed babies and bring up children and how to dress stilish on \$1. dollar and \$.35 cents a month and how to keep a family of 6 on 1 hundred and \$25. dollers and \$.85 cents a year, and how a wife shoold always look neet and prety every morning without curl papers and always smile pleasant when her husband comes home drunk and gives her a bat in the eye, and never to use the carving gnfie to cut corns with and if you do never to tell it when they is company to dinner, and how to make traling arbutas grow on your hen coop and pig pen, and how to rase mushrooms in the celler and how to tell mushrooms from toadstools before you eat them an die in horrible aggonny for \$2. dollers a pound for some and \$3. dollers a pound for others and sumtimes \$4. dollers and how to bild a house wirth \$1850. dollers fer \$4575. dollers and \$.75 cents and how to make a comfortable couch out of the pigs troth and a easy chair out of the swill pail, and sensible talks with Aunt Mehittable and words of wizdom from Uncle Ezry.

i tell you when a feller has read all that he dont know wether to go to bed and send for the doctor or to go out in the street and holler like time till he is arested or feels better.

still most maggisenes is prety good when they are new but when they get old they is like a old donut or a old flapjack and they sends most of them to the reform schools and jales and state prisons for the prisoners to read so that when they get out again they will know jst how to live a uprite life on \$2. dollers and \$.48 cents per a week, and how to take kare of babys an donkeys an other animules.

THE PENALTY

By GRACE HYDE TRINE

She spoke in bitterness an angry word,
In passion wild as hers I made reply;
Softly from out my heart her words have crept,
But mine will sorrow there until I die.

Wash the Ostermoor



SHOULD the tick of an Ostermoor Mattress become soiled through any cause, soap, brush and water will cleanse it thoroughly, and will not hurt the filling, because it is non-absorbent. Dried in the sun it is absolutely unharmed. If preferred, ticking is very readily taken off to wash, the hand-laid Ostermoor sheets remain intact and can not become displaced, and remain, sweet, pure and clean.

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is far better for health, comfort and economy than the very best of hair—some people don't even want hair; in fact, the straw mattresses they have are good enough, and letting "good enough" alone has been their motto through life. That would n't satisfy you who seize all the comforts obtainable, and then long for those beyond your reach. That's human life, of which one-third is sleep, and we cater to that one-third with our wonderful sleep inducer—the "OSTERMOOR"—which, unlike the unsanitary hair mattress, is built—not stuffed—contains eight layers of Ostermoor Sheets enclosed in tick by hand—softer, sweeter, cleaner, purer and far more evenly elastic than hair—and stays so, as the Ostermoor is practically un-wear-out-able; first cost is last and only cost; it never lumps, mats or packs, or needs recovering.

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4 ft. wide, 40 lbs.	13.35
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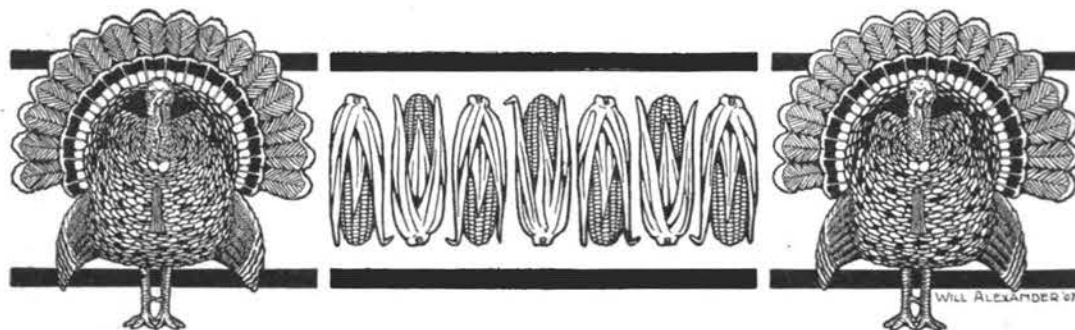
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After the Thanksgiving Dinner

Going To Be Fined

WHEN George Ade was a newspaper reporter he was sent to "write up" an Irish laborer who had fallen from a building. When Mr. Ade arrived on the scene, several officers and others were helping the injured man into an ambulance. Mr. Ade pulled out his pad and pencil. "What's his name?" he asked one of the policemen.

The injured man, who had heard Ade and who mistook him for the timekeeper employed by the contractor, rolled his eyes in a disgusted way.

"What d'ye think o' that?" he muttered, "I'm goin' to be docked for the few minutes I lose goin' to the hospital!"

* * *

Too Much for Lipton

SIR THOMAS LIPTON was telling a friend his appreciation of the regard in which he is held in the United States.

"It really means more to me than lifting the 'America's' Cup," said Sir Thomas.

"I think I may say, with all modesty, that it's really quite remarkable how the American people have taken me into their hearts. They seem almost to consider me one of themselves. One man in a moment of abstraction even asked me how I was going to vote at the New York municipal election.

"I had to draw the line on one thing in Boston, however. A lady who was soliciting funds to erect a monument commemorating a certain event that took place in the harbor in 1773 asked me to contribute. I thought it was going too far to expect me to help to keep alive the memory of men who destroyed three hundred and forty-two chests of good tea!"



* * *

A Helping Hand

WHEN the foreign missionary had concluded his talk, he made the usual appeal for contributions, however small. Coming up to the platform with several others, a small boy mounted to the level of the lecturer and, hastening toward him, said:

"Please, sir, I was very much interested in your lecture, and—"

"Go on, my little man," said the missionary encouragingly. "You want to help in the good work?"

"Not exactly, sir," said the boy. "What I want to know is, have you any foreign stamps you don't want?"

* * *

How Wellman Will Tell the Pole

"How will you know when you have really crossed the pole?" said a Washington *débutante* to Walter Wellman.

"Oh, that's easy," responded Mr. Wellman, carelessly. "The north wind will become a south wind."



No Difference

"In England," observed the Britisher, who was visiting Washington for the first time, "there's one law for every one—prince or pauper."

At this the young man from the West broke into a broad grin. "Same way here, old man," said he, "In this country it makes no difference whether a man is a beggar or a millionaire, he's got to obey the law—unless he's got a pull!"

A Christening in Sight

A MOBILE lawyer was surprised when his negro gardener called at the office, accompanied by a large wheelbarrow.

"Marse Rob'nson," he said, "I wants to know ef you'd mind lendin' me some of yo' cyclopedias an' dictionaries an' any other big books, sah."

"Upon my soul!" exclaimed the astonished lawyer.

"What on earth are you up to?"

"Very impo'tant occasion, Marse Rob'nson. Very impo'tant occasion, 'deed. Sheba an' me wants to hunt up a name foh de baby."



* * *

Waiting for Mr. Frohman

"WHEN I was a very young girl," said Miss Louise Closser, the actress, "I had a wild desire to go upon the stage, so I left school in Boston, came to New York, and went to Charles Frohman's office on Broadway.

"Is Mr. Frohman in?" I asked of the office boy.

"No, he is not," was the reply.

"Well, I thought, 'I'll wait until he comes.'"

"The boy became absorbed in the book he was reading and apparently was quite unconscious of my presence.

"Fifteen minutes passed; a half hour passed, and I grew weary of waiting. But I thought of the long distance I had come, and at the same time recalled an old axiom I had once learned: 'Reward comes through constancy of purpose.' I repeated this again and again, until an hour and a half slowly dragged itself out. Finally, I could endure the waiting no longer. With as much courage as I could command I addressed the office boy a second time.

"Will you kindly tell me when Mr. Frohman will be in?"

"In six weeks," answered the boy. "He's gone to Europe."

"A few seasons ago," concluded Miss Closser, "when I was a member of Arnold Daly's 'Candida' company, I one day related to him my first experience when calling upon a manager. When I finished telling the story, Mr. Daly said:

"How long ago was that?"

"Twelve years ago!" I replied.

"Twelve years ago," mused Mr. Daly. "Yes, I remember, I was that office boy."

A Real Lady

"I TELL you, Maggie," said Willie Brown, "teacher's a perfect lady, all right."

"How do you know she is?" demanded Maggie. "You ain't known her but a few days."

"It's easy tellin'," rejoined Willie.

"I know she's a perfect lady, because she makes me feel polite all the time."



* * *

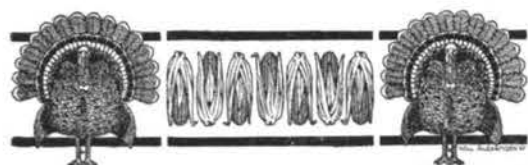
A Pushing Line

A PARTY of traveling men in a Chicago hotel were one day boasting of the business done by their respective firms, when one of the drummers said:

"No house in the country, I am proud to say, has more men and women pushing its line of goods than mine."

"What do you sell?" he was asked.

"Baby carriages!" shouted the drummer, as he fled from the room.



A Song of Thanksgiving

By SAM WALTER FOSS

I'm thankful that the years are long—
However long they be.
They still are laborers glad and strong
That ever work for me.
This rose I cut with careless shears
And wear and cast away.
The cosmos wrought a million years
To make it mine a day.
This lily by the pasture bars
Beneath the walnut tree,
Long ere the fire-mist formed in stars,
Was on its way to me.

The laws of property are lax—
My neighbor's farm is fine;
I'm thankful, though he pays the tax,
The best of it is mine.
No sheriff's clutch can loose my grip
On fields I have not sown,
Or shake my sense of ownership
In things I do not own.
I'm thankful for my neighbor's wood,
His orchard, lake, and lea;
For, while my eyes continue good,
I own all I can see.

I'm thankful for this mighty age,
These days beyond compare,
When hope is such a heritage
And life a large affair.
We thank the gods for low and high,
Right, wrong (as well we may),
For all the wrong of days gone by
Works goodness for to-day.
Here on Time's table-land we pause
To thank on bended knee,
To thank the gods for all that was,
And is, and is to be.

I'm thankful for the glow and grace
And winsome beauty of the Near,
The greatness of the Commonplace,
The glory of the Here.
I'm thankful for man's high emprise,
His stalwart sturdiness of soul,
The long look of his skyward eyes
That sights a far-off goal.
And so I feel to thank and bless
Both things unknown and understood,—
And thank the stubborn thankfulness
That maketh all things good.

Woman's Inhumanity to Woman

MAN's inhumanity to man pales beside woman's to woman—witness this experience of the country mouse and the city. Ann was the country mouse, Maria the proud city lady. Ann was black and fat and jolly, half as broad as she was long, but treasure above rubies to the mistress who had fetched her to town. Maria cooked for the mistress's sister long resident in the city. Maria had money and aspirations—both expressed flamboyantly in her clothes. Ann humbly worshipping her afar off, said she was "styley," and sighed to think she herself was so much the reverse.

But, toward Christmas, matters began to mend. In a new flowered frock, much ruffled at the foot, with elbow sleeves, Ann felt that she might venture to Maria's party without discrediting the occasion—especially, after she had put on her two brooches, one holding a picture of her husband half life-size, the other a resplendent souvenir spoon, with pin attached. The spoon safeguarded her watch and chain—Miss Daisy's watch lent for the occasion. It dangled splendidly upon Ann's broad breast, amid long loops of chain festooning the pin.

"But, would you believe hit, Miss Daisy?" said Ann next morning. "Sis M'ria she call herself er Chrischen,—but dat dest what she ain't. Why she seed dat dar watch, dest de ve'y fust thing—but you reckon she had manners 'nough ter ax me what time hit wus? No, marm, she did n't—No! sir-ee, Bob! She niver took no notice ob hit, but leant right 'crost in front ob me, and ax de brudder paschure. 'Oh, would you oblige me with the hour?' Talk erbout 'ligion—dat's all de 'ligion she had. But she niver put me down—I took dat watch and snapped hit open-and-shet every little while, ontwell I was good and eben wid her—den I shot it fer all night."

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The Disappearing Atlantic

FRIDAY the thirteenth of September was an unlucky day for the Atlantic Ocean. When the giant turbine steamer "Lusitania" splashed water upon New York after a journey from Queenstown of five days and fifty-four minutes, the sea must have realized how vain was her old ambition to be a barrier between continents. Nobody pays any attention to her any more; what comfort or pleasure is there in being an ocean under these circumstances? Soon she'll be remembered only as a dumping-place for *passé* vegetables and superannuated rubber boots.

The Atlantic might have foreseen this bitter end when, in 1819, the pioneer steamship, "Savannah," crossed the ocean in the delirious time of twenty-five days. It must have been a severe shock when the first screw propeller began to tear holes in salt water. How her self-confidence has been bumped by the "Baltic," "Alaska," "Etruria," "City of Paris," "Lucania," "Deutschland," and the two boats named for Kaiser Wilhelm. And now comes the humiliation of seeing 3,000 people shoot across in five days in seasickless comfort in a luxurious hotel, 790 feet long with elevators and a night clerk. When last seen, Neptune was trying to cool his fevered brow with an iceberg.

It's the turbine that is doing all this mischief. The turbine works the way you always thought every steam engine did until you grew up—the steam blows against a lot of little paddles which revolve like Uncle George's windmill. Speed, absence of vibration, economy of space and fuel are claimed for this new contrivance. The "Lusitania" averaged 23.01 knots an hour on her maiden trip, and seafaring men tell us that a knot is quite a distance. She is expected to do still better when she gets used to the idea.

Off
for the
Pole



TO WALTER WELLMAN the world is indebted for a new mechanical contrivance, the stationary airship. The old dangerous types of aerial conveyances are doomed. No longer will the pages of our newspapers be disfigured by tales of parachutes which decline to open, of strange contrivances of rubber and steel which flap their wings and dive into rivers, of great leakable bags of hot air which drag "professors" through trees, bump them against barns, and put the scenery out of order. We will have no more of this. The aeronaut of the future will spend his summers sitting upon the arctic circle beside his airship reading the latest novel. Now and then he will have to stand up to be photographed. Occasionally he will be compelled to pose for paintings of his monarch of the air, terrifying cormorants by day and making the moon look uneasy by night. Then in the autumn, he will come back to a warmer clime and a more prosaic existence.

But our enterprising American journalist has made a still greater discovery—the literary arctic expedition. From Camp Wellman in Spitzbergen he flew upon the wings of fancy straight to the north pole, upon which he posted an advertisement for a Chicago newspaper. Thence he returned by three different routes to civilization and a square meal. Not a single explorer was fed to the polar bears on this remarkable expedition; not a toe was frozen.

No man has ever done so much to popularize arctic exploration. With writing material so cheap, such expeditions are within the reach of all; a fountain pen and a wandering imagination are all the equipment necessary. How proud we should be that the first flight to the pole was made by an American—and in the language we love!

Playful Vancouver

A FIGHT, a scolding, and a practical joke—this describes very briefly what happened on Vancouver Island. It seems that most of the inhabitants of Asia decided to move to the Pacific Coast of America, making a specialty of Vancouver. The white inhabitants of that popular island began to find their jobs full of yellow peril. The streets became clogged with Japanese and Chinese; one could scarcely drop a brick from a window without causing international complications. To make matters worse some misguided person began sending over Hindus. Now the Hindu, being a British subject is a sort of poor relation to the Canadian and is cherished accordingly. He was allowed to sit about all

winter on a cold and draughty island and get pneumonia and other discouragements. He wore his welcome threadbare. The Vancouverites forgot all the rules of hospitality and organized a demonstration against the Asiatic invaders.

As is proper and customary on such occasions, the mob first attacked Chinatown. Chinatown squealed and hid itself, and the "Seeing Vancouver" party visited Japtown, where it was warmly received with broken bottles.

The next day Ottawa scolded Vancouver, London said, "My word!" and made other helpful suggestions. England apologized to Japan and Canada apologized to England. What Vancouver did to Ottawa is entirely different. At that auspicious moment a new shipload of Orientals arrived at Vancouver. The white people threatened to take up a collection and send a fresh cargo of poor benighted Hindus to Ottawa, to let the capital have her turn at boarding the poor relations. Ottawa was not happy over the suggestion and is saying very little now about hospitality. Uncle Sam's whiskers are shaking gleefully because people are forgetting about San Francisco. Everybody sees the joke now except the Hindu. He is having a poor time. Nobody loves him, nobody asks him to sleep in their city hall. He wishes he were somewhere east of Suez.

Amity in Central America

ACTING on the principle that peace, like charity, should begin at home, five Central American nations have formed a conference to meet in Washington early in November. Representatives from this side of the Atlantic were so generous with their progressive suggestions at The Hague that it seems incumbent upon us to remove the beam from our own eye. To this end, Nicaragua, Costa Rica, Salvador, Guatemala, and Honduras have agreed to send representatives to hold hands in Washington. If everything goes well the presidents of the United States and Mexico will be asked to settle the quarrels of the dusky young hopefuls from the south.

Presidents Roosevelt and Diaz are to be congratulated upon bringing about this conference. A little peace now and then in Central America would be extremely acceptable. It would give these promising young republics so much more time in which to grow up and get civilized. It would give our workmen on the big ditch so much more security from the danger of a stray brick.

It remains to be seen whether or not the dove of peace can live in a tropical climate. We shall soon know whether permanent arbitration treaties are possible between governments which are changing every few minutes. Obviously no amount of brotherly love in Washington can prevent a swarthy waiter in Nicaragua from trying to be president for a week or two. We cannot interfere with this popular Central American diversion. We can only ask that they conduct their family quarrels as decorously as possible and that they keep on speaking terms with the neighbors.

A
School
of
Manners



WHATEVER virtues the Moors may have, hospitality is not one of them. Without any respectable reason, the people of Morocco massacred eight foreigners, divided as equitably as possible between Frenchmen, Italians, and Spaniards. The Moroccan hatred of foreigners took a crude and barbarous form and was not confined to rioting and destroying property as it is in civilized countries.

To France fell the proud honor of correcting Morocco's bad manners. In the interest of civilization, Christianity and trade, with Western Europe looking on and applauding, and with Germany consumed with jealousy, the French advanced against the Moors. To show how wrong it is for Morocco to murder white people, France shot down several hundred black ones, to prove that the Moors should show respect and courtesy to foreigners, the French destroyed villages, camps, and fortifications.

Morocco not being a Christian nation is not proficient in the use of deadly weapons. It is believed that, by the time France is through administering her wholesome lesson, any chance surviving Moors will welcome foreigners with open arms. No doubt France will then constitute herself permanent guardian of Moroccan manners and morals and anything else that may be

World Is Doing



loose. Thus will one of Africa's last strongholds of fanaticism and ignorance have fallen and the Sultan have been relieved of some of his most arduous duties, and most troublesome possessions. When this is done, progressive France will have added a brilliant page to "civilization's" long record of hypocrisy.

The Swan Song of War

IF THE war business continues losing popularity with its present breathless speed, The Hague will soon be remembered as the meeting place of obstructionists and reactionaries. Mars has pawned his armor and is scanning the want columns for a new job.

A United States army official inquires desperately why more young men do not go into the army, and why those who join run away when the army is not looking. Every little while comes the protest that our idle soldiers and sailors are discriminated against in places of public amusement. Ex-hero R. P. Hobson, desperate because we have not heeded his cry to sell all the silverware and buy battleships, has tried to resurrect the Japanese war scare. There was a broad American grin and Hobson relapsed into obscurity.

Only one conclusion is possible: we no longer care for war. The young American would rather get a good job than wash the colonel's dishes in times of peace, and be a human *table d'hôte* dinner for a thirteen-inch gun in times of war. Most of us despise the idle and the socially useless whether he is in rags or evening clothes or uniform. We have a fine lot of left-over delusions in stock, but we are closing out our line of tin swords and gold braid.

Some
Willing
Ones



THE great American game of President making goes joyfully on. For some years it has been a professional game, with the American people in the humble though important capacity of provider of gate-money. Now the people propose to take the game out of the hands of the professionals, save their admission fees, and play themselves. If they do we have a hilarious year ahead of us.

On the Republican side the list of possibilities is narrowing. William H. Taft, pledged to carry on the Roosevelt policies, seems to be in the lead. His efficient service as secretary of war, his genial disposition, his sympathy with the reform work of the present administration make him a formidable candidate. The Hughes boom, unauthorized though it is, has reached considerable proportions. Selected last year by the reluctant Republican politicians of New York as the only man who could beat W. R. Hearst for governor, Charles E. Hughes has proven one of the best executives New York ever had—efficient, high-minded, and efficient. Far behind these are the candidacies of Speaker Cannon, whose popularity is largely local; Robert M. La Follette, who is progressive and public-spirited but scarcely of national caliber; Vice-President Fairbanks, who stupidly represents most of the things to which the American people are opposed; Senator Foraker, who has had no place in an amateur contest of any kind; and Senator Knox, who has served corporate interests long and efficiently. The candidacy of George B. Cortelyou is merely a flash in the pan.

There is another potent factor. It is called "third term sentiment" and it wears glasses. Because of it the willing Barkises sleep with one watchful, wondering, anxious eye upon Washington.

Standard Oil on the Grill

JUDGING from official disclosures in the various states, nothing the "muck-rakers" in their loftiest flights ever said about the Standard Oil Company did justice to the situation. If there is any crime of which corporations can be guilty which has escaped the attention of the octopus we do not know what it is.

To build up its enormous power the company has used every possible means to stifle competition—the rebate, the purchase of common carriers, underselling rivals to the point of extinction, even hiring armed spies to harass competitors. To maintain and strengthen its position it has violated the laws made to restrain it, has owned small companies in secret, has sold its products at widely varying prices not in accordance with the cost of production or transportation. To extend its foreign trade it has sold petroleum cheaper in Europe than in America.

The result is a monopoly which has a capital of

nearly half a billion dollars, which in some of its subsidiary companies has made 1,000 per cent. profit, which has made a total profit in the last eight years of nearly \$500,000,000. These figures do not mean much to us. It does mean much to us, however, to know that the Standard Oil interests own or control our railways, our banks, our street cars, our gas and electric light plants, our steamship lines and express companies. It was a shock to learn how they dominated our insurance companies; it would be a still greater shock to learn just how much they control our legislatures.

The Standard's apologists tell us that no company can pay a fine of \$29,240,000 and live. If that statement were true would it be important? Why should the Standard live?

The Government is fighting the oil monopoly now in deadly earnest. The enormous fine imposed by Judge Landis was a staggering blow. Actions against the company are now pending in five states, and include in their indictments over six thousand counts. The present federal suit under the Sherman Anti-Trust Law threatens the very existence of this law-defying corporation.

Samuel Sloan

SAMUEL SLOAN died the other day at the age of eighty-nine. Mr. Sloan was one of the last of the old type of millionaires—his neckties were not up to date and he ran railroads on honest principles.

Somewhere back in the early morning of transportation he became president of the Hudson River Railroad, the stock of which was worth \$17 per share. For seven years he injected energy and intelligence into that company until the shares sold for \$140. It seems now a ponderous, roundabout way to increase the value of railroad property—with the river so handy! Later Mr. Sloan took 135 miles of rails and some rheumatic engines and out of them made the wonderfully prosperous Lackawanna Railway with an honest capitalization and with dry stock at 485. While a long line of wreckers and exploiters and hold-up men from Jay Gould to Harriman were sandbagging and looting railroads, Samuel Sloan was building a line on which people could be expected to ride, and which would pay its owners large but honest profits. What a curious phenomenon!

But one cannot expect many people to be interested in archæology. The Fish-Harahan controversy in the Illinois Central has stirred up an odor strangely reminiscent of the time when "thieves fell out" in insurance circles. We are busy listening to the billows of the Union Pacific. Stockholders are still probing the wreck of the Alton and wondering whether the light-fingered gentry overlooked an oil can or anything. In the very week that Mr. Sloan died, the New York City Railway Company, the richest street railway property in the world, went into the hands of receivers, looted by high financiers.

The industrial world is poorer for the death of Samuel Sloan and for the passing of the high principles for which he stood.

The
Day We
Love



IT is customary at this time of the year for Americans to grow thankful and hungry. The idea originated with some newly arrived immigrants in Massachusetts who were grateful because they had something to eat nearly every Thursday. As the pocketbooks grew rounder and the meals squarer, the Thanksgiving idea became a confirmed habit. Now we stop work one day every year, put the cash drawer in the safe, and reflect upon how much worse things might have been. In the afternoon, we go out and see some young men dispute about a lopsided leather ball.

This year as we watch our agile son stepping lightly from face to face we shall have much to be thankful for. The crops have been good and prosperity shows no signs of deserting those who have it. We have had a newspaper war scare and a Wall Street speculators' panic, and we have gone through them with a broad grin. We have celebrated the three hundredth anniversary of the coming of the charter-member Virginians and we did not have to go to the exposition. We have stuck swords into octopuses, we have lambasted railroads, we have had the time of our young lives. We are digging holes in the Isthmus of Panama; we are starting a young government in the Philippines.

And it's a whole year before we will have to stop work and be thankful again.



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The Sanitary Home

By CLAUDIA QUIGLEY MURPHY



How to Overcome a Whitewashed Wall

SOME of the things that we need to be preserved from are the suggestions of our friends concerning the methods of treating walls.

A man in Kentucky recommends the following method of papering white-washed walls:

"To paper whitewashed walls, first with a hoe or table knife scrape off all loose flakes of lime, and sweep down the walls. Then wipe the walls with strong vinegar, wetting them thoroughly. When dry, paper carefully with newspapers, using cooked flour paste. Something in the texture of the paper used by the printer makes it hold with an iron grip. If you wish to paper the ceiling, treat it like the walls, and after the newspaper covering has dried hang the wall paper. It will go on smoothly and stay after it is on."

Fearing that some one might attempt to do this and bring on himself useless labor, complete disappointment, and continued dissatisfaction, let me advise you to pass by this advice.

If you wish to stop the whitewashed wall habit and turn to better methods, wash off the whitewash. It is well enough to take a hoe and scrape down that which is obviously loose, but after this scaling is scraped off, take a cloth or sponge wet with warm water and wash all the lime off the wall that you can. Then, if you wish to paper, put a good shellac size on the wall. If you wish to tint, size it just the same, and then tint the wall, but under no circumstances use newspapers as a foundation for any other coating.

A whitewashed wall is hard to redeem. Like bad habits it is difficult to overcome, but the only possible way—and sometimes that fails—is to size with shellac and then put on a good tint.

The Care of Silverware

FIRST of all have a regular time for cleaning the silverware. Do not try to clean all of it in one day; take one day in a week for the tableware and another day in another week for the larger pieces.

For washing silverware use only hot soapy water; rinse it thoroughly with clear water and rub with a soft dry cloth. Never use any of the so-called scouring soaps or gritty powders for cleaning silverware or removing stains from it, for they will surely scratch it and certainly fail in producing the desired brightness.

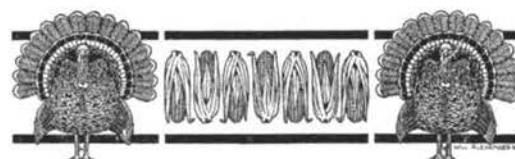
Much tarnish can be avoided by keeping the silverware away from gas, gas stoves, sulphur, or rubber, as all of these tarnish silverware very quickly. It is the sulphur in eggs that discolors any silver that comes in contact with the egg. A small piece of camphor in your silver cabinet will keep the silver from tarnishing.

As an ordinary thing, manufacturing jewelers have most excellent polishes for cleaning silverware that is ready prepared and is easily most efficacious in producing the desired results.

A good material for cleaning silverware at home, when the prepared polishes cannot be readily obtained, is common whiting, moistened with a little soapy water and rubbed over the silver thoroughly, allowed to dry, and then rubbed off with a very soft woolen cloth.

Discarded woolen underwear makes an excellent polisher for cleaning silverware. In the deep cuttings, carvings, and rough surfaces of the silver a good, moderately

Some Practical Hints that Will Make Holiday Work Much Easier



stiff nailbrush or toothbrush will serve to get the cleaner out.

Where the silverware is tarnished, moisten the whiting or prepared polish with a little alcohol, and wash with hot soapy water to which a little ammonia has been added; but be very careful where ammonia has been added lest you use it too frequently, for it eventually

dulls the luster of the finest silver.

Table silver that is not constantly in use is much better kept in a special silver bag made of unbleached cotton flannel and carefully rolled and put away.

There is little use in keeping a large amount of tableware in service, it requires too much cleaning and makes a great deal of work. The easiest method is to put away what is not needed for present use and keep a small set available.

System in the Kitchen

SYSTEM in the kitchen is the important thing. Housework would be much easier if we adopted some system in planning our daily work; to have a place for everything and keep everything in its place; to have a day for each section of work and do it on that day; to finish up each day's work so that it will not run over into the succeeding day: that is system.

If you carry out some system, domestic help will be much more satisfied, and the machinery of the house will run much more smoothly. The system that is in common usage is: Monday for washing; Tuesday for ironing and baking; Wednesday for darning and doing up the little things that are left from the preceding day; Thursday for sweeping and dusting; Friday for baking; Saturday for getting ready for Sunday and the cleaning up of the house.

System is just as important in the home as it is in the office, and its introduction in the home means better service, better living, and a very apparent saving in labor and in materials.

System means thinking ahead, reckoning on the second day's work ere beginning the first. It is simply "using the head to save the heels."

Never mind your mistakes. Everybody makes mistakes, but remember, the wise woman does not make the same one twice, and the mistakes of yesterday are transmuted into to-day's successes. These things make life worth living and housekeeping an art instead of a trade.

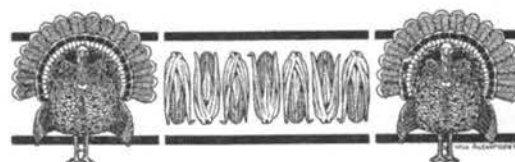
Solving the Dishwashing Riddle

THE key to the solution of the servant problem seems to be the use of more labor-saving appliances in the home. Just as the use of improved and automatic machinery has solved the help problem for the farmer, so it will solve it for the housekeeper.

Never use your hands where a machine will do as well is sound advice for the housekeeper.

At the beginning of the holiday season the greatest check on our hospitable instincts is the question, Who will do the work? Who will wash the dishes? Company for supper, guests for dinner, relatives for home-coming days all mean more dishes to wash.

The cooking and baking is not so difficult, but this eternal, never-ending dishwashing is enough to vex a saint. But our dishwashing woes can be modified, possibly turned



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.

into a source of pleasure, by the use of a little system in our work.

It will be found much easier to wash up the cooking dishes just as soon as you are through with them. It will take but a few moments. Then they can be put away in their proper place, and cannot confront you with the added burden of the table dishes. This is the beginning of system.

When the table dishes are removed, gather all the plates together, then the cups and saucers, the vegetable dishes and the side dishes, and finally the platters and bowls.

Use a good plate scraper on the plates and platters, to remove all grease and food particles. The best kind of scraper is made of sheet rubber, and will not mar the most delicate plate, yet will effectively remove food and grease. Do not use your water-tap or faucet as a plate scraper, for it washes too much grease into your sink. Scrape everything into a big pan, and, if possible, turn the refuse into a big newspaper and consign it to your range fire. That solves the garbage question.

If you do not have a coal or wood range, get a small garbage burner, if possible. If this is impracticable, get a good odorless garbage can, one that can be thoroughly disinfected and cleaned.

Next on the programme is the putting away of the left-over foods. Do this carefully and tidily. Butter and cream should be put in one place, vegetables and meat in another, and all in a good, cleanable refrigerator.

The real dishwashing begins now, and invention has solved that problem in a practical way. The best dishwashers are made with a galvanized iron cylinder, into which is fitted a cylindrical basket or tray for the dishes. The cylinder is half filled with water, to which a good soap compound has been added. This is brought to the boiling point. When the water is boiling and soapy, fill the tray or basket with the table dishes; stand the plates on edge, resting them against the little brackets prepared for them, then put in the saucers, then the cups, then the side dishes.

Plunge them into the cylinder, turn the crank a couple of times, then reverse, and the tray of dishes is washed. Lift it out, set it on the reversed cover and scald with clear boiling water, which quickly evaporates and leaves but few dishes to be wiped with a cloth. Dishwashing with such an appliance can be done in a quarter of the time, and done better than by the old hand method. There is no need of scalded red hands from dishwashing to-day.

The old dishwashing machines were a failure, it was more work to clean the machines than it was to wash the dishes, but the modern machines are simple in mechanism and construction and very moderate in price. A good one can be purchased cheap, and will last many years if given ordinary care and attention.

Garbage Cans

THERE are garbage cans and garbage cans. Time was when the smelly pail with its odorous, fly-attracting contents was the pest of the housekeeper. Now we have covered cans provided with a tight-fitting lid for the proper storage of kitchen waste.

The latest improvement provides a place for an anti-septic deodorant in the top. This is poured upon a pledget of absorbent material, which easily deodorizes the contents of the can. Galvanized iron cans may be easily secured.

Metal Flour Bins

IT is essential to add to the kitchen equipment in the fall, which is the real opening of the household year. Now we are once more ready for work and every housekeeper realizes that economy in kitchen equipment is injudicious extravagance.

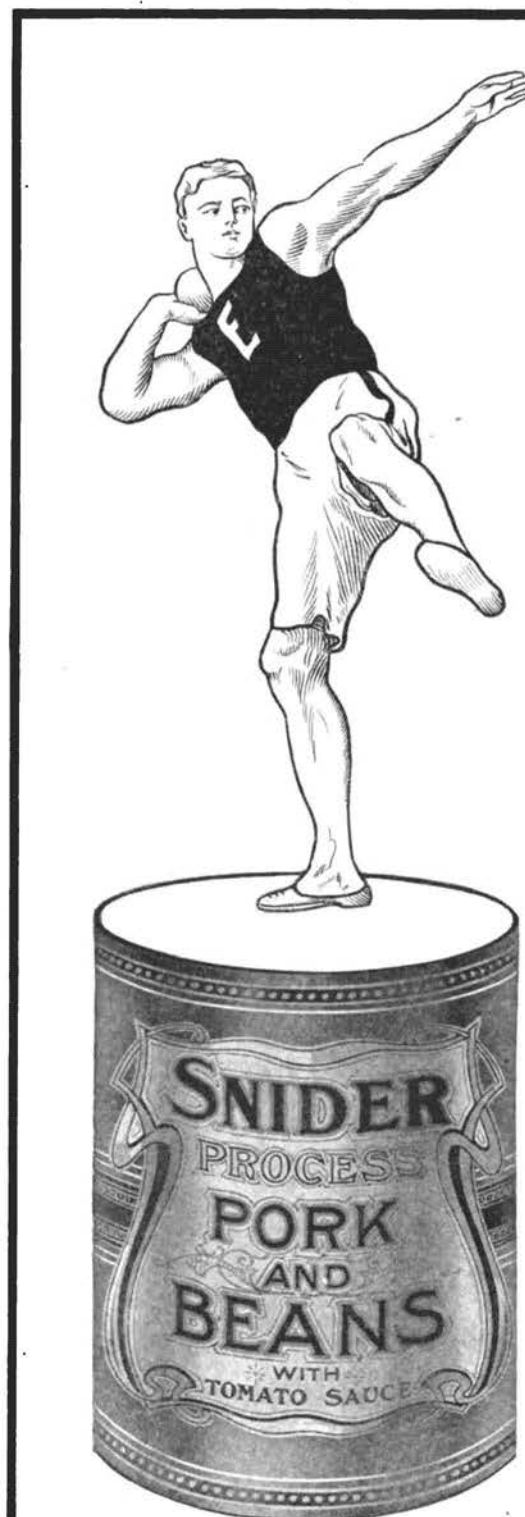
The use of wood for flour receptacles or bins is folly, for mice will gnaw their way through. Proper washing is impossible, because it makes the bin too damp and the flour sticky and pasty.

By all means use a good tin or metal flour bin; have it placed where you can fill it easily and where it can be cleaned and washed regularly.

Just How to Do It

A. K. M.—The best way to make a tinted wall water proof, is to first use a tinting material that is natural cement with no glue in it—one that will not require a glue size on the wall. After this natural cement is applied directly to the plaster, thoroughly cover it with water enamel, and then, after the water enamel has dried in, give it a thorough coating with any good varnish. This will make a perfectly impervious wall, which neither steam, water, nor heat will affect. The expense of putting on this material in an ordinary bath room in addition to the regular tinting material would amount, perhaps, to \$2, depending, of course, upon the size of the room. Portions over sinks and washstands may be treated similarly.—C. Q. M.

K. M. A.—Greens are the greatest thieves of light. A dark green wall such as are now quite in vogue, will absorb 85 per cent. of the light; a dark brown, perhaps, 70 per cent.; a light green, perhaps, 50 per cent.; an orange, 30 per cent.; the light blues, 25 per cent.; while the soft delicate tints will only absorb about 20 per cent. Pure white absorbs only 15 per cent. of the light thrown upon it.—C. Q. M.



POWER-FOOD

OH Reader! If—
You value Strength,
Endurance, Power,—
That tireless Force which
Doth compel a lax and lazy world
To do your bidding,—
If,—you would be one of that
Aggressive Few, who
Will not be denied Success.
Take heed ————— here's
Power-food in sight.

The humble, unappreciated, Bean,
From the Air itself draws down
To its own strangely noduled roots,
That Soul and Essence of
All human Strength, called —
Nitrogen.
Up through the sturdy stalk
It is transferred —
To chrystallize within the Bean,
—In volume generously large,—as
Power-food personified.
When "Snider-Processed"
These same Power-food Beans
Are thus deprived of their native
Flatulence and Indigestibility,—
While, rendered Mellow, Cheesy
Tender, Appetizing, uniformly fine,
And daintily delicious.

"Snider-process" Pork & Beans
Are vegetable "Lean Meat"
Garden grown and free from
That Uric Acid which, in Meat,
Induces Rheumatism, Gout.
By Nature's Nitrogen,
They are packed full, and
Brimming o'er,
With Muscle-making
Power-giving, Proteid.
Richer than prime Beef,
Or fresh-laid Eggs,
Or Stilton Cheese,
The very pinnacle of Power-food
(Full 23 per cent Nitrogenous.)

"Snider-Process" Pork & Beans
Are seasoned daintily with
That peerless, seven-spiced,
Ripe-Tomato-Catsup
Which has made the name
Of Snider famous.
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You don't find —
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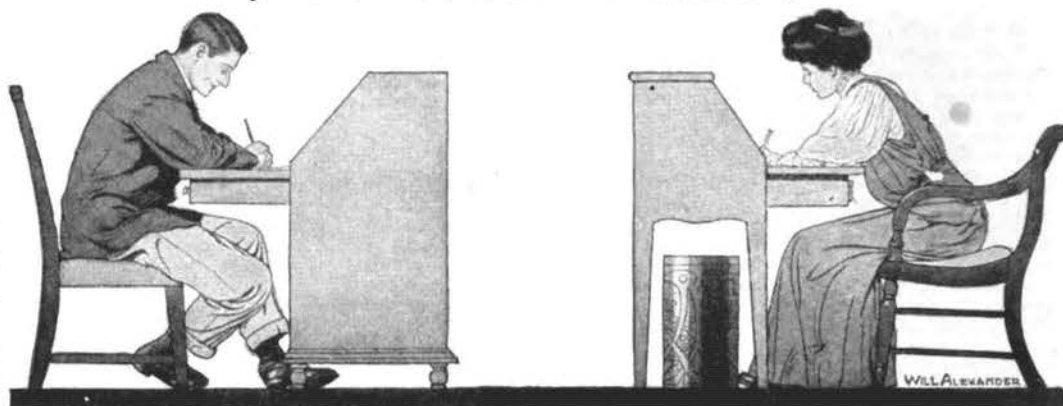
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How to Write a Letter

By MRS. BURTON KINGSLAND



THE outward form of a letter should first commend it.

One knows at a glance whether or not the writer is an educated person, well-bred and well-to-do. It does not need a Sherlock Holmes to tell that clear, assured writing, with the words well spaced, in straight lines, leaving large margins, reveals culture. To use a slang phrase that is really pithy, our letters "give us away." The absence of erasures, of undue cramping, abbreviations, exaggerated flourishes, or other affectations, with the observance of the small conventions of current usage, show the author of a letter to be well-bred, and the quality, style, and color of the stationery quietly betray the writer's means, taste, and social affiliations.

Nothing eccentric is admitted to be in good taste and to secure the exceeding neatness that is the first requisite in the appearance of a letter, white paper, of good quality—unlined, of course—is to be preferred, though pale gray and gray blue are used by persons who like novelty. Men use only white paper with crest, initials, or address of club or residence, embossed in white. The shape of the note paper that holds its place as the most elegant for ceremonious correspondence through all the changes of fashion is that which, allowing one fold of the paper, may be inclosed in a square or "court-sized" envelope—or an oblong one, if they are preferred.

American women lay themselves open to the criticism of those of the older civilizations, if they display their crest or family arms upon their note paper, unless they follow the English custom and have them embossed upon a lozenge-shaped background, commonly called a "shield." Strictly speaking, only the men of a family carry shield, helmet, and crest, and to them alone belongs the war-cry—which is the origin of the family motto. Unmarried women use their father's arms, and married women those of their husbands—when they use them at all. The address or tiny monogram, or interlaced initials add a touch of elegance to a woman's stationery and in our democratic country is in better taste than a crest, unless one belongs to a family of undoubted and recognized prominence and antiquity.

As a letter is presumably written to be read, the old affectation of illegible writing has happily gone out of fashion. Children are now taught to make every letter unmistakably clear. We live in a practical age, and under common-sense rules.

THE date and writer's address should be placed at the head of the first page of a letter, at the right. On a short note these are written at its close, to the left of the signature, a little below it. In a very brief, formal note, merely the day of the week suffices, and if the address is stamped on the paper it is not repeated. One begins a letter two or three inches from the top of the page. A three-quarter-inch margin should be left at the beginning of each line, and the writing not carried quite to the edge of the page. A new paragraph should introduce each new subject, when a full inch margin should be left. Paper is so inexpensive now that people no longer cross their writing, nor use supplementary half-sheets where a single sheet has proved inadequate. It is the present fashion to write across the first and fourth pages and then, turning the sheet crosswise, over the third and second—for convenience in blotting.

It is a remnant of an artificial age that everyone be addressed as "Dear Sir," but plain "Sir" may with propriety follow the full name—which should be written at the beginning of a letter to a stranger.

A note written in the third person is its most ceremonious form, and is used when addressing either one's social superiors or inferiors. An order to a tradesman usually follows this form, "Will Messrs. Jones & Smith please send," etc., closing with "and oblige," before the signature.

Formal invitations are always written in the third

person: "Mrs. John Livingstone requests the pleasure," etc.

A type-written letter is appropriate only for business communications, the signature written by hand, and a postal card for brief messages—never as a substitute for a letter. Neither salutation nor complimentary close is called for on a postal card, and initials are only signed when they will be understood. Business paper should never be used for social correspondence.

It is the present custom to sign the name in full, avoiding initials. A married woman writes her name "Margaret Dudley Field," and in a business letter, or for the information of a stranger addressed, adds beneath it inclosed in parentheses (Mrs. John Field). An unmarried woman writes (Miss), in parentheses before her full name, under the same circumstances.

Business letters, beginning with "Sir," "Dear Sirs," or "Gentlemen," end with "Yours truly," or "Very truly yours." "Respectfully yours," is no longer used between social equals. Ladies are addressed as "Madam" or "Dear Madam," in business communications, whether married or unmarried.

Return postage, or an envelope stamped, and addressed should be inclosed when an answer is expected from a stranger. This rule is not usually observed when a lady writes to inquire of another the character of a servant, unless a very prompt answer is requested. A stamp inclosed imposes the necessity of a reply, however brief.

The address should be perfectly legible. If written too low down on an envelope it looks awkward and shows unfamiliarity with the trifles of conventional forms. The stamp should be placed squarely in the right hand upper corner. Sealing wax is not used on an envelope, that has mutilation on the flap.

It is considered more courteous to address a man of assured social position as "Mr. John Livingstone, and inside the letter one writes "Dear Mr. Livingstone." The use of the middle initial instead of writing the name in full is an Americanism, and anything purely local savors of the provincial.

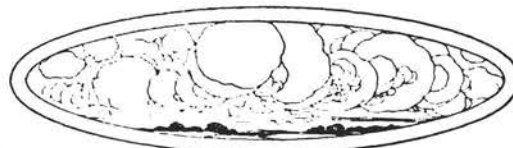
A woman does not share her husband's business or professional title, so "Mrs. Dr. Smith" is as incorrect as "Mrs. Undertaker Jones!" The abbreviation "No." or the sign "#" before the numerals of an address is superfluous, and after "Paris," "London," "New York," etc., the name of the country or state is unnecessary. The custom is obsolete of writing "Addressed," or "Present," or "Politeness of," in a note sent by hand.

According to an old-time courtesy, notes sent thus are left unsealed, unless the messenger be a servant.

So much for the manner. Now let us consider the matter. Every educated person is supposed to know how to write a graceful note and a readable letter. Those who feel their limitations are apt to magnify the difficulty. Remember that a letter is "written conversation" and the more natural, spontaneous and characteristic of the writer, the more will the letter be enjoyed. Stop and think what you would say to your correspondent if visibly present. Call up that personality as vividly as possible before you. Reading over your friend's last letter will help you.

Do not waste more time and space than is necessary over an apology for not having written before. If a letter has been long delayed, it is, like a debt, harder to pay when overdue, but Longfellow's advice in regard to any distasteful task is "Begin it, if nothing more." The disinclination is apt to vanish. "In the first step lies the difficulty," as the famous Mme. du Deffand remarked when told that St. Denis carried his head, after his decapitation, for twenty blocks under his arm!

Do not be hampered by conventionality. Above all, be yourself, in writing as in conversation.



Do not fail to answer anything that your friend has asked in his or her last letter. Always speak first of what concerns your correspondent and afterward of your individual interests. You will be the surer of a sympathetic hearing. Letters carry atmosphere, so choose the time to write when you are in reasonably good spirits, and put in all the loving, cheering, encouraging things that you truthfully can. Every life needs all the love and the heartening it can get. Never write a word against anyone or anything of which you might later be ashamed. Our letters often outlive us.

In these days of rush and hurry, busy people will find it helpful to jot down at intervals suggestions that may arise, likely to prove interesting in prospective letters.

Notes of thanks should be sent within twenty-four hours, if one has been the recipient of a gift, however trifling. Throw conventional expression aside and write joyously, enthusiastically. Be sure that you give pleasure by your appreciation. It is the proper return for a kindness. The same heartiness and promptitude should characterize a "bread-and-butter letter" in acknowledgement of hospitality. Special mention should be made of the members of the family, and, when possible, a message sent to each, provided the effort is not obvious. The letter should seem to suggest an afterglow of the pleasure of the recent visit. I do not counsel insincerity, but if we have done our best to be agreeable guests, we shall not have missed the pleasure that our hosts have desired to give us—and that fact should inspire our kindest feelings.



It is easy to write a note of congratulation,—it should, of course, be prompt and cheery, giving the assurance that we are rejoicing with our friend,—but most persons shrink from attempting to write notes of condolence, feeling powerless to say anything worth while and fearing to intrude unless they can do so. Kindness, sympathy, the desire to comfort, however, is never intrusive and will be appreciated even if their expression leave much to be desired. Often the very awkwardness and blunt simplicity carry the feeling of sincerity. Grief is lonely. It is unpardonable to pass over a friend's sorrow in silence as though we were indifferent. Notes of condolence should not be long, a few words simply expressed and warm from the heart will find their way to the heart of the bereaved one. If possible, quote all the kind things you have heard said of the one who is mourned, and dwell upon the present joy of such as have passed through this world's purgatory. To hear the dear one praised is almost the only thing that gives pleasure. If a letter be too difficult, a helpful quotation is easily written—as for instance:

"God nothing does or suffers to be done
But what thou wouldst thyself, if thou couldst see
Through all events and time as well as He."

A note that sounds perfunctory wounds. Such letters should be sent shortly after the funeral has taken place. No answers to notes of condolence should be expected. When convenient the recipient may write or send a mourning card, saying, "Your sympathy is sincerely (or lovingly) appreciated."

A man should answer a woman's letter with great promptness, and a gentleman will destroy one that may contain anything that would seem in the least compromising to the writer should the letter happen to fall into the hands of any other than the one addressed. I should advise young girls to be chary of writing to men, except upon matters of necessary business, and then the tone should be somewhat formal, or at least reticent. It may seem over-cautious, but a girl is wise never to correspond with any man, except her betrothed, a very old friend or near relative—or at least write to one anything that she would regret to have seen by, possibly, that man's wife, in the future. In even the best of women it might arouse the enmity of jealousy, and a wife would be liable to believe that the writer had given her heart quite unsought, secure in the assurance that she was her husband's first and only love. Never allow another to read a letter intended for your eyes alone. It is intrusted to your honor, even if not so explicitly stated.

The concluding words of a letter should be like a lingering hand-clasp. It is the place for the expression of affectionate regard and all good wishes. The French close their formal letters rather pompously—"Pray accept the assurance of my most distinguished consideration"—but between friends they have a pretty way of taking leave. A favorite ending is, "I kiss you as tenderly as I love you"

TO RALPH WALDO EMERSON

By Richard Le Gallienne

POET, whose words are like the tight-packed seed

Sealed in the capsule of a silver flower,

Still at your art we wonder as we read,

The art dynamic charging each word with power.

Seeds of the silver flower of Emerson:

One on the winds to Scotland brought did sink

In Carlyle's heart, and one was lately blown

To Belgium, and flowered in—Maeterlinck.



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Her Little Errors

By CHRISTINE TERHUNE HERRICK

Illustrated by HARRIET ADAIR NEWCOMB



"No sense of the immutability of business"

any way. Also you have resigned yourself to the fact that punctuation was not included in her curriculum. You think you are prepared for anything she can bring against you.

When the typed copy comes in you find you were mistaken. With a power of inventiveness which surely should make her capable of great deeds if it were properly directed, she has evolved new ways of doing things wrong. Is there any stenographer who can always read her notes? Your doubts on this subject are confirmed. Spelling, punctuation, capitalization show a royal disregard for rules, and your own words are placed before you so twisted, so combined, that you hold your head and groan, "What did I say?" There is no use in protesting. The stenographer says conclusively, "That is just the way it is in my notes and I took it down as you said it." You look hopelessly at the pencil marks on her book. You can't disprove anything. The game is in her hands.

THE stenographer has by no means a monopoly of incompetency, although she holds a high place on the list. Lack of thoroughness is found everywhere. A physician rises to testify.

He had engaged a young woman to take charge of his office,—not as a nurse, but simply as an attendant. Her duties were to keep the office, with the dressing room adjoining, in trim order, to act as maid to the women and children patients who required it, and to make a record of calls. The girl needed work badly and was delighted to get the position. While the novelty lasted the work was done tolerably well. The doctor overlooked the fact that she spent much of his time writing her own private letters.

He tried not to be unpleasantly impressed by observing that she was always ready, with her hat and coat on, waiting for the clock to strike the hour that meant the end of the daily period for which she was engaged. He was interested in giving the girl the occupation because of her known need.

But when her personal correspondence demanded so much of her time that calls were left unrecorded, that the waiting room was undusted, that streaks of dirt were allowed to disfigure the inside of the wash basin, and that the soap dish remained uncleansed for days at a time, when frequent admonitions along these lines failed of any but the most temporary effect, he came to the conclusion that her term of usefulness in his office was at an end. I don't know what became of her, but my idea is that she probably went into stenography or matrimony,—the great refuges for the incompetent.

IN THIS connection I had a new vista opened to me recently when a friend told me that a maid, with whom she had had much trouble and who had been discharged because of absolute inability to do her work properly or to learn anything more than the barest outlines of domestic duties, had taken a position in a magazine office as a copy reader! Here was feminine incapacity applied to one department of literature,—with a vengeance! It threw a side light upon various trials I had had incident to reading the proofs of certain of my incursions into print.

In passing, it may be said that, when one once enters the field of domestic service for illustrations of incompetency, there is practically no way out. One is confused and lost in the multiplicity of material. If one were seeking for examples of competency, the choice would be a comparatively simple matter, but when the search is for the opposite! Perhaps it is because housekeeping offers so much scope for blunders that from the young woman who orders a roast of corn beef or a leg of veal to the "greenhorn" who eviscerates a watermelon and serves a canteloupe uncut we have a constantly recurring set of illustrations of how not to do it.

Query: Does the average mistress recognize incompetency? When the maid who comes to my kitchen well recommended never cleans the refrigerator except by request, or blacks the stove unless on demand, when she suffers garbage and rubbish to accumulate until told to put it out, when she overlooks dust in corners, leaves grease on her soups, serves her boiled potatoes half raw, puts her pot roast into the oven one hour before dinner time, leaves her fresh bread uncovered on a pantry shelf

ONE of these graduates comes to you professing herself ready to take your dictation. Of course she cannot spell. You have renounced the fond delusion that a stenographer knows anything of orthography very early in the action. You take it for granted that if you don't wish "pursue" spelt "persue" or "separate," written "seperate," or "disappoint" put on record as possessing a double s, you must spell out the word,—deferentially, of course, and with submission to the air of good-natured tolerance that marks the shorthand operator when you endeavor to correct her in



"That's just the way it is in my notes"

that is a runaway for roaches, sends dingy silver, rough china, and cloudy glasses to the table day after day, in spite of having it returned with a rebuke times without number,—I stop for lack of breath, not because my examples have given out,—what are we to think was the idea of competency held by the employer from whom she had her glowing reference, or the employment agency manager who recommended her to me as a maid whom she had placed for years and who had always given satisfaction? Is the maid altogether to blame when her idea of her own competency has received such indorsements?

But this way lies the story without end,—unless it be lunacy or despair. Come out of the kitchen and scullery and enter the library of a woman engaged in literary work who also has social duties. She is such a busy woman that she has to employ a secretary. The secretary must be a lady, of course, and have had a good education. One such woman of whom I heard, engaged a college graduate for this position. Here was something Mary could do "to the queen's taste," her family thought. She wrote a good note, she was conversant with the forms of polite society, she had enough social experience, and enough business sense to be depended upon.

They were right in every estimate but the last. When it came to business Mary was afflicted with the prevailing curse of incompetency. It never seemed to dawn upon her that a lack of accuracy was a fundamental defect in a business career,—and unfortunately for her, her employer was both accurate and businesslike. Three months terminated the connection. Mary's social and educational side was

"Waiting for the clock to strike"



all that it should be, but in the matter of business detail, of attention to the apparent trifles that mean much, she was lacking. Moreover, she had no sense of the immutability of business hours and she saw no reason why when a *matinée* tempted or an automobile excursion lured her forth, she should not ask leave of absence.

Such incompetency as this is well illustrated by Mrs. Edith Wharton when she makes Lily Bart a failure in the millinery business. Accuracy and painstaking care were worth more than a happy knack or knowledge of how to dress effectively. True we have brilliant examples of women who have made a success of business. But they are the exceptions. The rank and file bring the average of competency down on the run.

Well, what is to be done about it? Is the fault something that can be cured? Is it a feature of evolution or is it something innate and unchangeable? Can training remove it? When women have reached the stage where, to keep their place in the march, they have to compete on equal terms with men, when after failures to hold their own in the work for generations done by men, they are forced to drop aside and go back to the old lines of labor where incompetency can be masked, will they learn their lesson? Or will the dazzling possibility of graduation from the present conditions into marriage always limit their ambition to excel in special work? The problem is for stronger heads than mine.

No,—an impassioned advocate of woman's superiority rises to protest,—no, I am not limiting incompetency to women. Only I am leaving the men out of consideration to-day. Their incompetency would require more space than I have at my command, if I am to render even partial justice to that of women. George Eliot sums that up, too, by the mouth of Mrs. Poyser, "I'm not denying the women are foolish, God Almighty made them to match the men."

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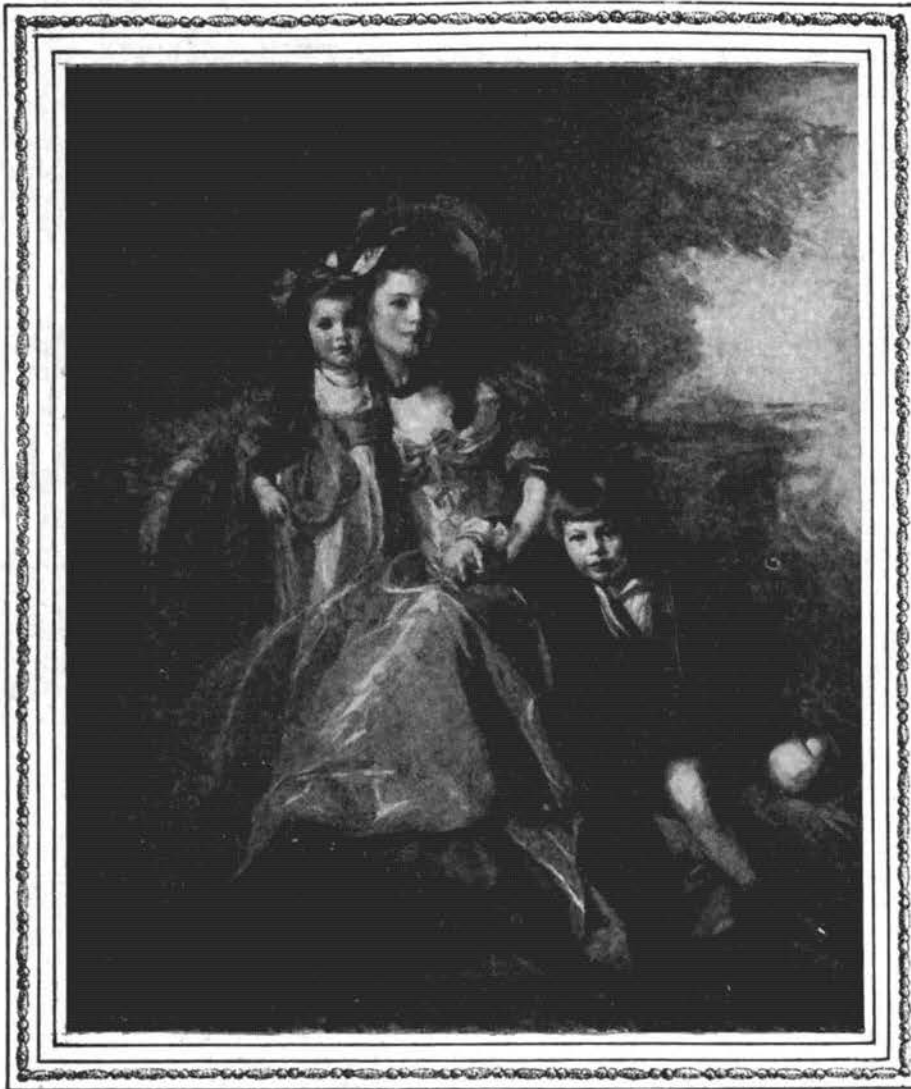
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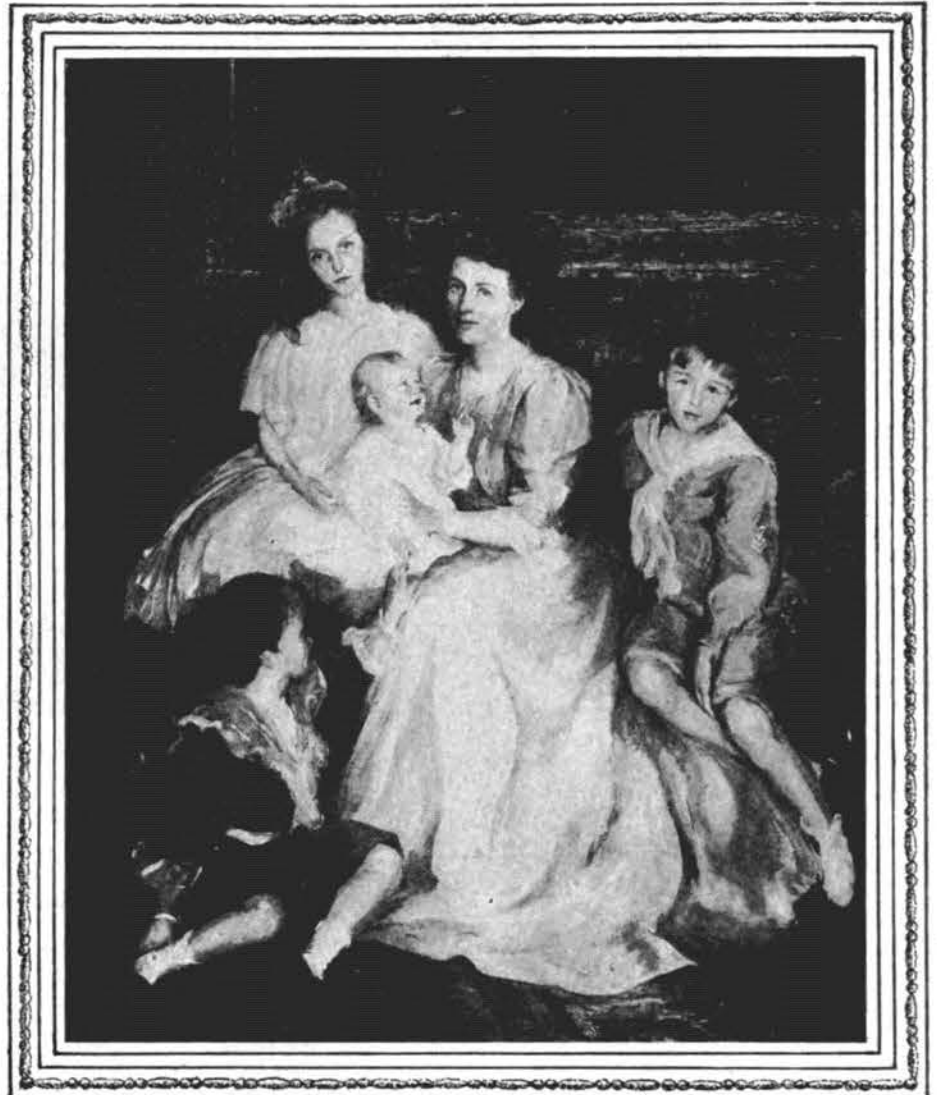
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And C.

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Gray suede gloves

NOTWITHSTANDING the fact that the "morning coat" has lately gained a widespread vogue, the frock coat continues to express for many men the extreme of ceremonious day dress. It is an inseparable accompaniment of most formal weddings, and it certainly possesses a distinguished grace of which no other garment can boast. Like the evening coat, the frock has been the target for much ridicule, which, however, it successfully withstands. It has been called a cross between the garb of the funeral director and that of the briefless barrister; and to the beetle-browed villain of the cheap

fleshiness accentuated. The favored materials for the frock are those which have been in vogue for many seasons—unfinished worsted, lamb's wool, vicuna, and Oxford. Latterly, diagonals have gained a fleeting favor, but soft-finished fabrics drape much better and now, the rougher the cloth the more fashionable. It is generally supposed that the frock must be black, but this is an error. Dark gray looks very well and the newest is snuff brown, a shade, to be sure, that I do not recommend for the average man, but which is extremely becoming to him who can wear it at all. Broadly speaking, it is wise to stick to black for very formal use and to adopt gray for coaching, park driving, morning weddings, and similar affairs.



The latest scarf

melodrama it is an almost sacred badge of ill-gotten gain and vulpine cunning. The "gallery" hisses the frock coat and the top hat more sibilantly even than it hisses the dark deeds of which it is a witness. Abroad, notably in London and Paris, the frock occupies a firmer niche in the good graces of well-dressed men than it does here, and it used to be by no means a rare spectacle to see the Parisian dandy driving his motor car of an afternoon arrayed in full afternoon dress—frock coat, gray trousers, high hat, patent-leather boots and suede gloves. The English have not been as unswerving in their allegiance to the frock coat, as have the

French, but there are signs that it is gradually being restored to old-time favor. Doubtless, the real reason why the frock has fallen into disuse is that it is not becoming to every man. Certainly he whose waist line has lost the slenderness of youth, and his neighbor who is below normal height, should avoid the frock. It takes a slim, tallish, well-knit man to wear it with the right "air," and, moreover, unless it is cut skillfully and fitted perfectly, the effect is not pleasing. Many men button the frock—a mistake. It should be left unfastened in front, so as to outline the figure without actually clinging to it. Broad shoulders, a slender waist, and skirts slightly flaring, create that aspect of grace and poise that is most to be sought. On the other hand, the shoulders should not be over-padded, the waist should not be too tight and the skirts should not sprawl outward.



The correct frock coat

USUALLY, the frock coat is double-breasted. The recent attempts to introduce the single-breasted garment were not successful. The frock is more suited to stout men who do not wish to have their

WHITE waistcoats always accompany the frock, for the same reason that they always accompany the evening coat. No color scheme is so soothing to the eye as white-and-black and none looks so distinguished. Black waistcoats of the same material as the coat are no longer worn. A single-breasted waistcoat goes best with a double-breasted frock coat and vice versa. The fashionable waistcoat may be white, gray, or buff, has broad, overlapping lapels, and hugs the waist. Many of

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the newer waistcoats have no back buckle, because, being cut to arch over the hip bones, they fit perfectly and need not be tightened. Various devices have been tried to prevent the waistcoat from riding up and down in front and wrinkling over the wearer's stomach as he bends and sways. An attachment which is both simple and practical is a little strip of buttonholes sewn up and down inside the waistcoat. One of these buttonholes—there are three or four to give plenty of latitude—is fastened to a button on the trousers, thus giving the waistcoat a pivot or anchorage that holds it securely in place. These inside buttonholes should be attached to the lowest point of the waistcoat—about where the points diverge to form a "V."

Nothing new can be said of the trousers to go with the frock coat, save that there is a leaning this season toward darker cassimere cloths with fine hair-line stripes and even indistinct plaids, instead of the lighter and commoner grays so long approved. The trousers are cut a bit full and hang over the instep without flexing. Contrary to rumor, trousers are not to be cut tight.

Questions About Dress

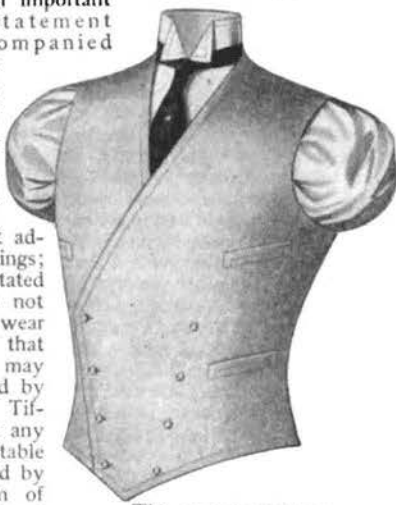
[Readers of SUCCESS MAGAZINE are invited to ask any questions which puzzle them about good form in dress. If desired writers' names will not be used here, but every inquirer must attach his name as a pledge of sincerity. It is suggested that the questions asked be of general, rather than of personal interest.]

ANONYMOUS.—We are not in the habit of noticing anonymous letters, because anonymity is the cloak of a poltroon, who is afraid to accept responsibility for his utterances. However, a communication signed "Life Subscriber," and evidently emanating from the office of a trade paper deserves an answer, not because of its inherent interest, for it has none, but to prevent our position from being generally misunderstood. The writer lashes himself into quite a temper over the statement in SUCCESS MAGAZINE, for October, that "a very plain seal ring is all that a gentleman should wear." As a matter of fact, though the types made us say that, an important qualifying statement which accompanied Mr. Bryan's manuscript was omitted: "and men of punctilious taste avoid even this."

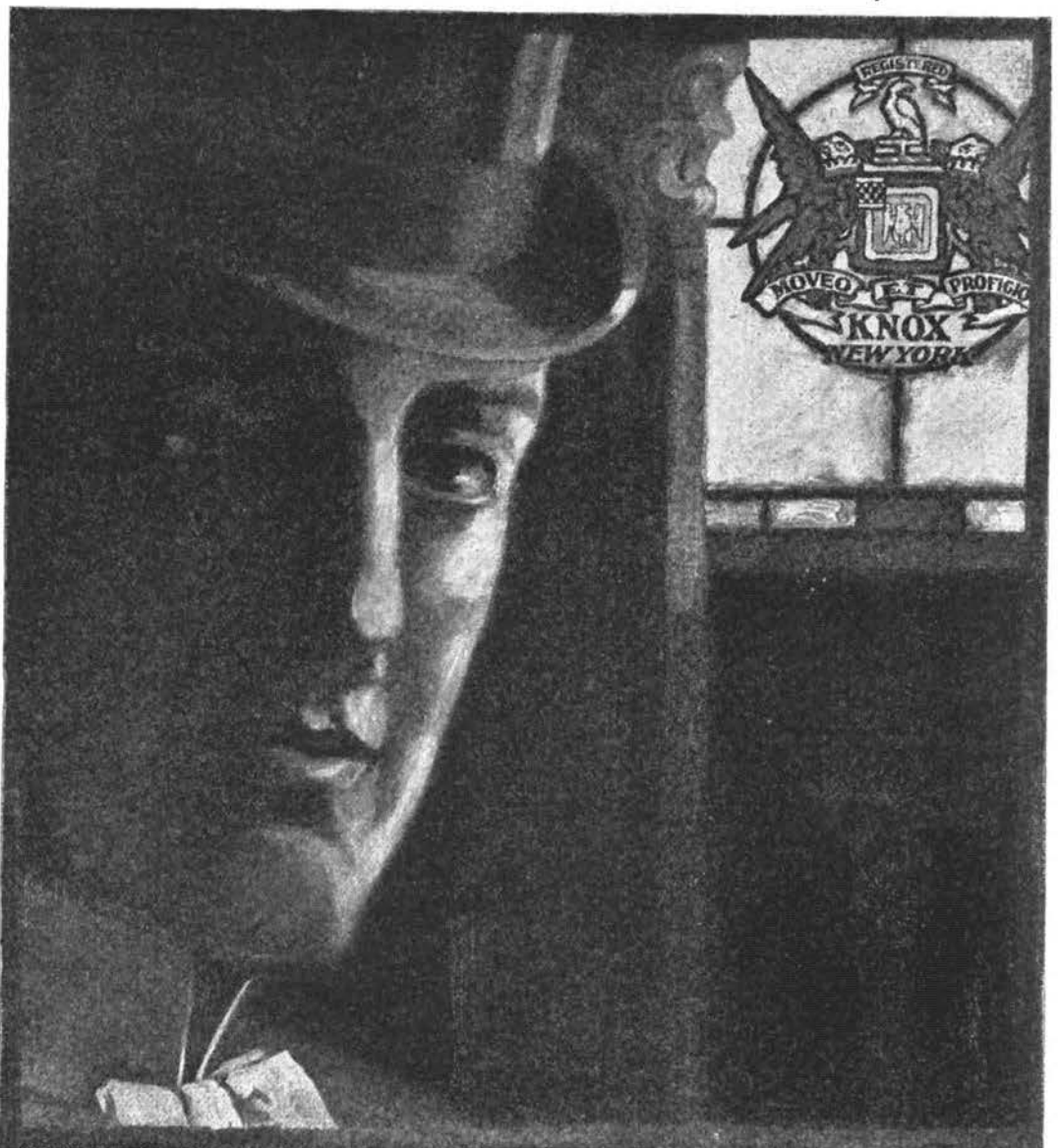
We did not advocate seal rings; we merely stated that it was not improper to wear them, and that this is true, may be confirmed by inquiry at Tiffany's or at any other reputable jeweler's, and by observation of any well-dressed gathering. For our own part, we do not indorse seal or any other kind of rings, but we have always been studiously careful not to allow personal preferences to color our articles. In writing for the general public it is not judicious to adopt the "it's-right-because-I-say-so" air characteristic of scribblers for trade papers, whose readers are permeated with the spirit of "the shop." Good form is not established by any man's say-so, but by general custom and accepted usage. These we try to reflect, and that we do so with fidelity is proved by the hundreds of commendatory letters that this department has brought. Far from resenting honest criticism, we invite it. And, in conclusion, we reiterate, that no statement made in these columns concerning men's dress has ever been successfully challenged.

F. B. B.—A bow tie always helps to make a thin face look plumper, and we advise you to wear a wide tie in preference to a narrow four-in-hand. "Toothpick" shoes were never in fashion among the discerning, however often you may have seen them displayed in shop windows. The correct shoe is rational in shape—that is, the shape of the foot. Whether it have a toe cap is not a matter of propriety, but of preference. Patent leather is intended for "occasion," and should not be worn to business or a-lounging. Russet shoes are admirable for the country and the sports, but they have never gained complete approval for town use. Consult your personal taste or comfort about rubber heels. They are not within the province of this department.

Y. M. C. A.—Fancy handkerchiefs are greatly in vogue, especially in colors to harmonize with the shirt. The linen handkerchief is preferred to the silk-and-linen mixture. Silk handkerchiefs are not incorrect with evening clothes, but linen is simple and less "fussy." The white evening waistcoat may be silk, linen, or cotton, plain or figured.



This season's waistcoat



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If You Can Talk Well

By ORISON SWETT MARDEN

[Concluded from page 738]

The school and the college employ the student comparatively a few hours a day for a few years; conversation is a training in a perpetual school. Many get the best part of their education in this school.

Conversation is a great ability discoverer, a great revealer of possibilities and resources. It stimulates thought wonderfully. We think more of ourselves if we can talk well, if we can interest and hold others. The power to do so increases our self-respect, our self-confidence.

No man knows what he really possesses until he makes his best effort to express to others what is in him. Then the avenues of the mind fly open, the faculties are on the alert. Every good converser has felt a power come to him from the listener which he never felt before, and which often stimulates and inspires to fresh endeavor. The mingling of thought with thought, the contact of mind with mind, develops new powers, as the mixing of two chemicals often produces a new third substance.

To converse well one must listen well also—hold oneself in a receptive attitude.

Walter Besant used to tell of a clever woman who had a great reputation as a conversationalist, though she talked very little. She had such a cordial sympathetic manner that she helped the timid and the shy to say their best things, and made them feel at home. She dissipated their fears, and they could say things to her which they could not say to any one else. People thought her an interesting conversationalist because she had this ability to call out the best in others.

If you would make yourself agreeable you must be able to enter into the life of the people you are conversing with, and you must touch them along the lines of their interest. No matter how much you may know about a subject, if it does not happen to interest those to whom you are talking your efforts will be largely lost.

Great conversationalists have always been very tactful—interesting without offending. It does not do to stab people if you would interest them, nor to drag out their family skeletons. Some people have the peculiar quality of touching the best that is in us; others stir up the bad. Every time they come into our presence they irritate us. Others allay all that is disagreeable. They never touch our sensitive spots, and they call out all that is spontaneous and sweet and beautiful.

Lincoln was master of the art of making himself interesting to everybody he met. He put people at ease with his stories and jokes, and made them feel so completely at home in his presence that they opened up their mental treasures to him without reserve. Strangers were always glad to talk with him because he was so cordial and quaint, and always gave more than he got.

A sense of humor such as Lincoln had is of course a great addition to one's conversational power. But not everyone can be funny; and, if you lack the sense of humor, you will make yourself ludicrous by attempting to be funny.

A good conversationalist, however, is not too serious. He does not deal too much with facts, no matter how important. Facts, statistics, weary. Vivacity is absolutely necessary. Heavy conversation bores; too light, disgusts.

Good talkers are always sought after in society. Everybody wants to invite Mrs. So-and-So to dinners or receptions because she is such a good talker. She entertains. She may have many defects, but people enjoy her society because she can talk well.

Conversation, if used as an educator, is a tremendous power developer; but talking without thinking, without an effort to express oneself with clearness, conciseness, or efficiency, mere chattering, or gossiping, the average society small talk, will never get hold of the best thing in a man. It lies too deep for such superficial effort.

Few people think very much about how they are going to express themselves. They use the first words that come to them. They do not think of forming a sentence so that it will have beauty, brevity, transparency, power. The words flow from their lips helter-skelter, with little thought of arrangement or order.

Now and then we meet a real artist in conversation, and it is such a treat and delight, that we wonder why the most of us should be such bunglers in our conversation, that we should make such a botch of the medium of communication between human beings, when it is capable of being made the art of arts.

I have met a dozen persons in my lifetime who have given me such a glimpse of its superb possibilities that it has made all other arts seem comparatively unimportant to me.

If a man is a success anywhere, it ought to be in his personality, in his power to express himself in strong, effective, interesting language. He should not be obliged to give a stranger an inventory of his possessions in order to show that he has achieved something. A greater wealth should flow from his lips, and express itself in his manner.

No amount of natural ability or education or good clothes, no amount of money, will make you appear well if you use poor English.

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At a gathering, not long ago, I was profoundly impressed by the striking figure and imposing appearance of a stranger present. I could not keep my eyes from him, and sought an introduction. The moment the man opened his mouth the bubble burst. The great hopes which his manly, noble appearance had raised were shattered the instant he began to talk, for the poverty and awkwardness of his language betrayed a total absence of culture.

What can you give to the world that is of as great value as yourself? If you must remain dumb, silent, in company, if there is nothing of interest in your personality, who will care for your possessions? As far as others are concerned, they are not available. It is a question of how much you mean to the world in your personality; how much you can give out of yourself that is of interest and of use to others.

There is an indefinable something in some people which makes everybody listen when they talk, which charms, fascinates, and holds in what they write, while the conversations and writings of other do not grip us or interest us in the least.

Some of the most learned college professors are as dry as dust in their lectures. While they talk, students sleep, doze, or else keep awake with great effort. Other professors, not nearly so profound, have a fascinating way of putting things which rivets attention.

When Oliver Wendell Holmes was a professor at Harvard University he could make even the driest subject, such as anatomy, most interesting. No student wanted to cut his lectures, because of his great charm of manner and fascinating art of expression.

The French people have always excelled in conversation. They aim to be quick at repartee, and supply themselves for certain occasions with bright, apt things to say. It is said that the better classes take as much pains to equip themselves for conversation upon any occasion as they do to prepare their toilet, for they know that, no matter what they may wear, a heavy, uninteresting tongue may spoil it all.

Nothing else gives such a favorable first impression as the ability to talk well. How quickly a bit of interesting conversation banishes timidity, unties the tongue, and puts everybody at ease! How quickly it allays embarrassments which often follow an introduction!

If you can talk well, how easily you will overcome any prejudice or preconceived unfavorable impressions of you! Your conversation carries the impression of personal power, culture, and refinement.

Anything which will give you freedom from self-consciousness, and set you at ease, such as the knowledge of being well dressed, will tend to loosen your tongue, and will add wonderfully to your ability of speech; while anything which embarrasses or affects your self-respect will tend to strangle the power of self-expression. I was once at a reception where a lady who was noted for her great conversational powers happened to be present. Supposing the affair was to be very informal, she went dressed accordingly, and, finding that she was the only lady not suitably gowned for the occasion, was so chagrined and mortified that, instead of being as usual the center of attraction, she found herself so seriously embarrassed and absolutely non-plused that she could not talk.

Different people have different conversational handicaps. But if they are ambitious to become good conversationalists, they must get rid of their fetters, and get freedom. Whatever you say try to be interesting.

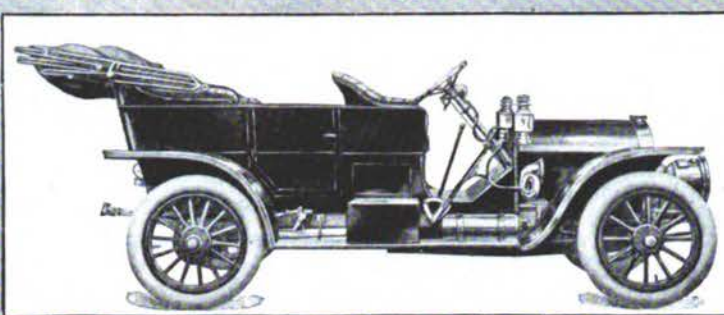
Many people can talk learnedly, use beautiful language, but they do not interest one. Others, again, have become so absorbed in the intensely practical, in solving the bread-and-butter problem, or in making money, that they have dried up—the juices of sweetness and of life have evaporated. They are stale and uninteresting simply because they have never cultivated the imagination, the art of seeing and enjoying things outside of their own little practical world. If you see these people at luncheon, or dinner, or social gatherings, they are eternally talking about business. They are dumb on other subjects because their experience has been so extremely limited in everything outside of their affairs. If you are introduced to them you cannot get anything out of them, unless you happen to strike the subject of their vocation. Their lives are lean and stingy, without sympathy or breadth, or culture, because they close their hearts and their minds to others.

We sometimes think we are independent of others but never did the human mind develop save in response to Mind outside of itself. Chemical forces are not more needful to develop the life-power in the kernel of corn than the mental forces of those about us are needed to bring out what is best in us.

No matter how strong a man is, when he comes into contact with others, new forces open up in his nature which he never knew of before. Nothing will stimulate the growth of the mind like the constant measuring of strength with others in conversation. It is like stretching the mind in mental gymnastics. How often we are amazed at new ideas and added ability which seem to rush to us when we are conversing with a friend! We seem to add his mental force to our own.

The close observer, the question asker, the prober for information, the man who opens his mind in sympathy with his fellow-man is always widening his experience, enriching his life with suggestion and fact. He is laying foundations that will give him power and fertility as a thinker and conversationalist.

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The Editor's Chat

Qualities That Outlast Disaster

When wealth is lost, nothing is lost;
When health is lost, something is lost;
When character is lost, all is lost.

—Wall motto in a German school.

THE SAN FRANCISCO disaster emphasized the fact that the only real wealth is that which the earthquake cannot shake, or fire, or any other disaster, destroy.

Men who were congratulating themselves because they had solved the problem of living, and had secured luxuries and leisure for the rest of their lives, men who thought they were forever beyond the reach of want, suddenly found themselves homeless, penniless, accepting the rations of charity right beside those who had been living in the slums.

How often do we hear people say they have "lost everything" they had in the world! No doubt thousands of the San Francisco sufferers felt wretchedly poor, because they thought that they had lost everything. Brought up in a country where the value of wealth has been greatly overemphasized—where the man who does not accumulate money is thought to lack something, no matter how much he may achieve in some scientific or art specialty, or how valuable a citizen he may be—they thought that they had lost everything in the world because their property had been destroyed by a great disaster.

Naked and destitute, indeed, do men feel when their dollar-making machines are broken or burned, their material goods destroyed, when they, themselves, are unfitted for anything else than pouring all their ability, all their energy, into dollar making.

But if the making of a man has been our principal business, and the making of the dollar incidental, we shall not feel that we have lost everything we had in the world, when our property is destroyed by an earthquake, or burned up, or lost in a business panic. Our real self ought not to be at the mercy of a mere accident. It is a pretty poor kind of wealth that can burn up, that cannot stand earthquake or fire. There is certainly something in immortal man that is fireproof and earthquake-proof, something beyond the reach of any disaster on land or sea. Man is principle, and principle cannot be destroyed.

What a pitiable view of man and the great meaning of life, that the best product of his life's endeavor should hinge upon any chance, that it may be entirely wiped out by accident, so that his efforts shall go for naught! But the aim which dominates the life decides all this. A noble purpose will protect the results of your efforts. If your aim is sordid, if there is nothing but money, mere property, in your purpose, of course, fire may burn it and earthquake destroy it. But if your aim has been to make yourself a larger, completer man, to make the world a little more decent place to live in, to help your fellow men, if you have regarded your vocation as a great life school for man building, nothing can touch the results of your efforts.

Could anybody imagine a disaster that would make an Abraham Lincoln poor in the estimation of the American people? The assassin's bullet only stopped his heart's beating; it never touched the great principle and aim of his life. These were indestructible bulletproof, fireproof, earthquake-proof.

There was no power in heaven or earth that could make Lincoln a poor man in the estimation of his countrymen, because he worked for an indestructible principle. He accumulated a wealth which needs no insurance, for it has the protection of divine principle. A man who has developed the best thing in him, who has attained a large, full, well-rounded manhood, will never lose his mind balance with his bank balance.

If we have not put the emphasis on the wrong things, if we have lived the life that is worth while, we have a wealth which will survive all disasters, which will outlast all misfortunes that can come to us—we shall be so well balanced and symmetrical that nothing which could ever happen could throw us off our centers; so that, no matter what misfortunes might overtake us, there would still be a complete, whole, magnificent man

or woman left after being stripped of everything else.

Educated Europeans who travel in this country are surprised to hear everybody talking about the dollar—how to get it. To them it seems to be the chief subject of conversation, on the trains, at the hotels, at the clubs—everywhere money-making. They hear comparatively little about art, the sciences, and literature; very little about the art of living, of enjoying; very little about things that are really worth while.

Everywhere we find people who do not seem to get any enjoyment, or see anything really worth while outside of their property. Things do not exist for them which they cannot see and handle. The great world of the mind and heart have little meaning for them.

Ought not every youth be brought up to think that there is nothing so great in the world as a well-developed manhood, that nobility of character is the grandest thing in the world?

But when he sees everybody money-mad, when he sees men everywhere crowding, pushing, elbowing their way, regardless of others' rights, trampling down the weak in their rush for the dollar, everybody scheming and planning for more money, what can be expected but that he also will develop the same spirit of greed and selfishness.

Were he reared to put the emphasis upon the man instead of on the dollar, on the aristocracy of merit, not money, there would not be utter despair for him should disaster later on destroy his material wealth.

There are men in San Francisco to-day who may not have a dollar in the world, and yet they have a better credit, can buy more goods than many other merchants who did not lose their property, because they have something which cannot burn up, something which is beyond the reach of the elements. They have never gone back on their word. They stand for something. Their reputations have never been smirched, their names have never been dishonored. They have a clean record.

It does not seem to matter what some people pass through—troubles or trials, afflictions or losses—they never lose the best thing about them; they still radiate an atmosphere of love and good cheer, of helpfulness, encouragement, and a gracious sweetness wherever they go.

Packing Away Vitality

IF PEOPLE realized how precious physical and mental vitality are, they would not squander them by foolishness any more readily than they would tap their veins and squander their life blood.

To accomplish great things we must have a strong, vigorous life force, a powerful vitality. If we do not have these, everything we do will bear the stamp of weakness. It will crop out in every act. It is the strong vitality that tells in the great struggle of life. It is the reserve power that enables the runner to keep going when others fall exhausted by the way.

It is a great art to learn to accumulate and conserve vitality, to store it away for future emergencies. It is success capital. You may succeed without money, but you cannot succeed without physical and mental capital. It is the strong vitality that wins. The plus force, the physical and mental energies themselves are the things that enable one to surmount difficulties and ride triumphantly over obstacles.

It is a very shortsighted policy to try to crowd the brain beyond its normal capacity, to force a tired mind to do work, to force it to think when it needs rest or recreation.

Many people work so much that they do not store any reserve power. They use up all the power they generate, as they go along. All creative work, especially, requires a fresh brain, vigorous, spontaneous thought.

I have noticed that people who think they must work every minute, who are always doing something, do not accomplish nearly as much, nor produce work of as good a quality, as those who labor a great deal less, and play a great deal more. In other words, their play is a great producer, because it keeps the mind

and body in splendid trim for work; it lubricates the faculties, restores balance—keeps the mind fresh, sane, and vigorous.

All effective work is a result of concentrated faculties. A tired and exhausted brain cannot focus its ideas with any power. It is not so much a question of will power as a question of vigorous mentality, and that is a child of pure blood; it depends upon a hundred other conditions being just right.

Genuineness Gives Power

THERE is nothing which will add so much to one's power as the consciousness of being absolutely sincere, genuine. If your life is a perpetual lie, if you are conscious that you are not what you pretend to be—that you are really a very different person from what the world regards you—you are not strong. There is a restraint, a perpetual fighting against the truth going on within you, a struggle which saps your energy and warps your conduct.

If there is mud at the bottom of your eye, you cannot look the world squarely in the face. Your vision is not clear. Everybody sees that you are not transparent. There is a cloudiness, a haze about your character, which raises the interrogation point wherever you go.

Character alone is strength; deceit is weakness; sham and shoddy are powerless; only the genuine and the true are worth while.

The Crippling Power of Ill Health

EVERYWHERE we see bright, well-educated, young men and women, with splendid brains, crippled by some physical defect, and mocked by great ambitions which they can never realize. Thousands lead unhappy lives because they are conscious that they can only transmute a small fraction of their real ability into their work. A large part of it must be lost to themselves and to the world because of some physical weakness.

There is, perhaps, no greater disappointment in life than not to realize one's ambition. To be conscious of great mental power without the strength to utilize it, to be haunted by aspirations which we know must die in us for the want of strength to realize them is one of the saddest things in life.

How often we hear it said of a young man, "What a pity! He has a splendid mind, and is finely educated, but he has no health. He can work only a little while each day, then he is exhausted. He has no staying power, no physical stamina, nothing to support his ambition, no strength commensurate with his aspiration."

It seems a mockery to have that which we cannot use to advantage. We know splendid writers who can work only an hour or two a day, and then are completely exhausted. All the energy they can generate in twenty-four hours, they can run off in an hour or two writing. Tens of thousands of people can work only three or four hours a day, then they have to give up and lie down, or go to bed and wait for more energy.

Nor does the knowledge that we have brought this condition upon ourselves by indiscretions in childhood, or by overwork, or any other self-induced cause, ameliorate the suffering. The great fact that we cannot answer the call of life that runs in the blood, that we are not equal to the delivery of the message with which the Almighty has entrusted us, that we cannot carry out the sealed orders which we brought into this world with us at our birth, is as much punishment as any keen, sensitive, willing soul can endure.

How many thousands of homes have been wrecked by poor health! What tragedies have been wrought by shattered nerves and broken-down constitutions, even in the lives of good-intentioned people! "Mentally able but physically weak" would make a good epitaph on the tombstone of many a failure.

The brain gets a great deal of credit which belongs to the stomach and to the muscles and the lungs. A single talent in a strong physique, with a good will back of it all, will accomplish more in life than ten talents in a weak body. What we need is a strong, vigorous vitality which will stand a tremendous strain.

Who can measure the disaster to the individual and to the world which is caused by botched work, due to ill health?

Health is the very mainspring of life, for, without it, dispositions are ruined, lives are darkened and made wretched, efficiency is destroyed, freshness and enthusiasm and the zest which comes from normal living are all gone. What a blessing it is to feel that equipoise, that splendid balance which exists between a sound mind and a sound body!

There are probably very few people in the world who could not be perfectly well and strong if they had known the secret of right-thinking in their youth and had practiced it through life. That a right life must follow right-thinking is as scientific as the laws of mathematics. Unfortunately, some of us were not taught this. All sorts of discordant, weak, criminal thoughts played havoc with our minds before we learned what devastation was being effected in us. Habit had so fixed the trend of life, and the tendencies of action, that we were almost slaves to it and to our environment.

If we only knew the secret of thinking ourselves into health, into a success sphere, or how to surround ourselves with a healthful, prosperous atmosphere, we should know how to solve the greatest problem of life.



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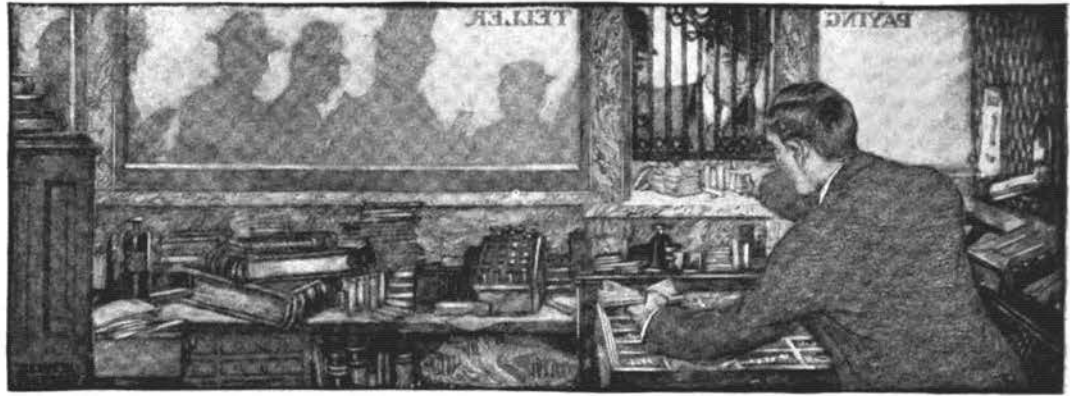
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Hints to Investors

Conducted by CHARLES LEE SCOVIL

WE HAVE received a large number of letters in response to the invitation extended to our readers in our September issue, to write us if they would be interested in investment securities, such as sound bonds and short-term notes, yielding between 4½ and 6 per cent., and issued in denominations of \$100. Letters have also been received by us from some of the large investment banking firms. Practically all of the correspondence reflects the careful thought being accorded this important question.

The letters which we have received from our readers make us reasonably certain of one thing: that many of them would purchase bonds of good railroads and other corporations in \$100 denominations, provided they could get them at substantially the same prices as buyers of the same bonds in \$1,000 denominations.

SOME of the large investment banking firms seem to feel, however, that while it might be desirable to issue bonds in denominations as low as \$500, it would not be wise to issue \$100 bonds. In discussing this subject, a representative of an investment banking house transacting a large public business in high-grade securities, reflected what is doubtless the sentiment of many other such firms when he said:

"I can safely say that my firm does not approve of issuing bonds in denominations lower than \$500. We have always felt that persons with less than \$500 surplus money should deposit the same in a good savings bank. We do believe, however, that if it were the universal custom among large corporations to issue coupon bonds in denominations as low as \$500, it would be of great advantage to people of limited means desiring to place some part of their money in sound securities, and, at the same time, diversify their investments. That is, a person having \$2,000 could buy the bonds of three different corporations in \$500 denominations, and still have approximately \$500 cash surplus in the savings bank."

On the other hand, another one of the large and experienced investment banking firms has this to say:

"We are much interested in your comments upon the subject of issuing bonds in \$100 denominations. We have felt for some time that if investors of small means could buy the bonds of good corporations in \$100 denominations, the purchase of claptrap stocks that are advertised from time to time would be greatly reduced. The trouble is that most of the large corporations are averse to issuing such bonds, and in most cases, although there are exceptions, the \$100 bonds now upon the market are those of small corporations and do not afford the investor of small means the same high quality of security to be had by buyers of bonds in larger denominations."

This firm goes on to suggest that it might be possible to meet any demand for \$100 bonds by depositing with reputable trust companies sound investment bonds in \$1,000 denominations, and issue against each \$1,000 bond so pledged ten \$100 certificates in bond form, with coupons attached. They also point out that this would give the small investor identically the same security as that afforded investors buying the same bonds in \$1,000 denominations.

IN CONNECTION with such a plan as this, the thought to keep in mind is that the faker in only the rarest cases issues bonds against his so-called "valuable properties." He has no doubts concerning the legal protection afforded bondholders, however. The evidence of this is that his hand finds its way to the pockets of the public through the medium of worthless stock issues, for he knows full well that the promise of fabulous stock dividends does not make their payment compulsory, and that the amount promised need be restricted only by the limits of his own imagination or the credulity of his victims. There is probably no one thing that

would worry the faker so much as the issuance of bonds in \$100 denominations, either directly by the large railroads and corporations, or through the medium of \$100 certificates secured by pledge of \$1,000 bonds with responsible trust companies.

If, after proper consideration, the issuance of such certificates seems to be prudent, why not give it a trial? Through an organization comprising a large percentage of the reputable investment bankers, such a plan, if adopted, could be given an amount of publicity perhaps never before exceeded by any one great movement for the welfare of the public. We feel reasonably certain that practically all of the respectable newspapers and magazines in the country would be glad of the opportunity to inform their readers that such a plan had been inaugurated. It also seems reasonable to believe that great benefits would accrue to the savings banks through the educational value of such articles, in that they would tend to bring to the savings banks a large percentage of the vast sums of money which are placed in all kinds of speculative ventures, and which would doubtless more than offset any withdrawals of deposits for the purchase of sound investment bonds.

Many of our readers may not know that there are listed upon the New York Stock Exchange the bonds of some railroads and corporations issued in \$500 denominations. We give below a list of some of these bonds and the approximate income yield based upon the prices at which they are selling at this writing:

Baltimore & Ohio Southwestern Div. first 3½s, 4½ per ct.	
B. & O. Pittsburg Jct. & Middle Div. first 3½s, 4½	
Southern Pacific refunding mtg. 4s.	4½
Southern Pacific Central Pacific collateral 4s.	5½
Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe adjustm't mtg. 4s.	4½
National R. R. of Mexico first consol. mtg. 4s.	5½
Missouri, Kansas & Texas second mtg. 4s.	4½
General Electric Co. convertible debenture 5s.	4½
Union Pacific convertible 4s.	5½
Penn. Railroad convertible 3½s, 1912,	5½
Penn. Railroad convertible 3½s, 1915,	5½

The Norfolk and Western Railway first consolidated mortgage 4 per cent. bonds are issued in \$100 denominations, as are also the Colorado and Southern refunding and extension mortgage 4½ per cent. bonds, and the New York, New Haven and Hartford 3½ per cent. convertible bonds.

THE BONDS to which we refer represent various degrees of safety, and we make mention of them simply for the information of our readers, some of whom may not know that such bonds are to be had in denominations lower than \$1,000 each.

It will be seen that among these bonds are five issues of convertible bonds. While convertible bonds are regarded as an attractive form of security by many well-informed investors, the average person knows very little concerning them, notwithstanding that there are listed upon the New York Stock Exchange about ten issues of different railroads and about fourteen issues comprising those of industrial and public utility corporations. In addition, there are a number of convertible bonds that are not listed, the market for the desirable issues of which exists among the reputable investment bankers.

Convertible bonds get their title from the fact that the holders have the right to convert them into the stocks of the issuing companies, in accordance with the terms as outlined in the mortgages or deeds of trust. Such bonds are usually direct obligations of the issuing companies. They are payable at par on a specified date, bear a fixed rate of interest, and come ahead of capital stocks. In most cases, however, they are junior to, or subject to, underlying mortgages.



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UNDERLYING mortgages, sometimes termed prior liens, are mortgages having a claim upon property ahead of junior mortgages or junior liens. Thus, when an investor is offered junior mortgage bonds, he understands that there are other mortgages upon the property having a prior claim. When he is offered a prior mortgage bond, or underlying lien, he understands that such a mortgage comes ahead of any junior mortgages issued against the property.

The feature of convertible bonds making them so attractive to many investors is that they enable the holders to share in the general prosperity of the country, especially as related to the specific companies whose convertible bonds they may own. The evidences of the prosperity of railroads and corporations are growth of business and increased earnings, and these two things are reflected to a much greater degree through the enhancement of stock values than through the medium of any other form of security issue. It is therefore apparent that under certain conditions holders of bonds convertible into stock may have a valuable privilege.

However, in considering the purchase of convertible bonds the same rules should govern as in the selection of any railroad or corporation bonds. That is, the privilege of converting the bonds into stocks does not add to the security of the principal. The value of the conversion is due, solely, to the possibility of the stocks selling at prices beyond the conversion figures. If the stocks should not do this, the conversion privilege is without value to the holders of convertible bonds.

WE WILL illustrate a convertible bond issue by specific reference to the 3½ per cent. convertible bonds of the Pennsylvania Railroad, which are included in the above list of \$500 bonds. The principal of these bonds is payable October 1, 1915, and the coupons, representing the 3½ per cent. interest, are payable June and December 1st. The authorized issue is \$100,000,000. The company reserves the right to pay off the bonds on and after December 1, 1910, at par and interest. These bonds are convertible into the stock of the Pennsylvania Railroad, prior to maturity, at the rate of \$75 a share for the stock, the par value of the stock being \$50.

The Pennsylvania Railroad has an authorized stock issue of \$400,000,000, of which about \$312,000,000 is outstanding. Dividends at the rate of 7 per cent. per annum are paid upon the outstanding stock. As before stated the par value of the shares is \$50, but all stocks are traded in upon the New York Stock Exchange on the basis of a par value of \$100. Therefore, \$50 par value shares are known as "half stock," and it consequently takes two shares of such stock to bring the par value up to \$100. Pennsylvania Railroad stock is now selling upon the New York Stock Exchange at about \$122 a share, based upon \$100 par value, which is equivalent to \$61 for a \$50 par value share.

Therefore, based upon a par value of \$100 a share, these 3½ per cent. bonds can be converted into Pennsylvania Railroad stock at \$150 a share. However, these bonds are now selling at about 90, \$900 for each \$1,000 bond. This makes a difference in the stock conversion figure, for the reason that if a \$1,000 bond can be converted into stock at \$150 a share, it is obvious that if the bond costs only \$900, the conversion figure of the stock must be lower in proportion. In this case it would be \$135. This figure is arrived at by multiplying the fixed conversion price of the stock, which in this case we know is 150, by the price at which the bond is selling. For example: 90 per cent. of 150 equals 135. If the bonds were selling at 95, the stock conversion price would be 95 per cent. of 150, or 142½, and so on.

FOR the sake of illustration, assume that Pennsylvania Railroad stock should sell at 105 for a full share, prior to the maturity or the redemption of the convertible bonds, and a holder who paid 90, or \$900 for a \$1,000 bond, converted the same into stock. Based upon a \$1,000 bond convertible into stock at \$150 a share, he would get 6⅔ full shares of stock. But his bond did not cost him \$1,000. It cost him only \$900, so that he gets 6⅔ full shares of stock based upon cost of 135, as heretofore explained. Therefore, with the stock selling at 105, his 6⅔ full shares are worth \$1,100, representing a profit of \$200 over and above the original cost of his \$1,000 bond at 90, \$900.

This will serve to indicate the possibilities of profit to holders of convertible bonds, but we will cite a concrete case by pointing out that in 1901 the Union Pacific authorized an issue of \$100,000,000 ten-year 4 per cent. convertible bonds, convertible into its common stock at par (\$100 a share), prior to May 1, 1906, and redeemable at 102½ and interest on and after that date. These bonds originally sold at prices ranging between about par and 103, \$1,000 and \$1,030, respectively, for each \$1,000 bond. In 1906, shortly before the conversion privilege expired, these bonds sold at about 100, or \$1,000 for each \$1,000 bond. The explanation of this is that the common stock was then selling at about 100, and as each \$1,000 convertible bond had the right of conversion into 10 shares of common stock, the ten shares were worth ten times \$100, or \$1,000. In May, 1901, when the convertible bonds were issued, the conversion privilege was of no value, for the reason that the common stock sold as low as 70 in May, 1901. As before stated, the company reserved the right to redeem

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any outstanding bonds at 102 1/2 and interest beginning with May 1, 1906, when the privilege to convert the bonds into the common stock had expired. This right was exercised, and the few unconverted bonds, which, through carelessness or otherwise, had not been exchanged for the common stock, were paid off at 102 1/2 and interest and the mortgage canceled.

Convertible bonds, from point of security, are usually just as valuable as any of the other junior liens of the same issuing companies. But, because they are usually junior liens, it is the general opinion among conservative investment bankers that, excepting as to the very best issues, such bonds should not be purchased by others than business men, or persons who are attracted by the profit which might accrue through the stock conversion privilege, and do not always restrict their investments to "gilt-edge" investment bonds.

Don't Talk Hard Times

GOOD TIMES depend not only upon the great laws of supply and demand, but also upon the maintenance of public confidence. Fear and distrust are fatal enemies of confidence. The moment business men get scared and people begin to talk hard times, distrust spreads like wildfire. Level-headed men say they see no real cause for alarm, but at the same time the perpetual suggestion which is being passed along influences them, and they grow more cautious. Bankers see no breakers ahead, yet they think that they should be conservative, and they begin to call in their loans, which are not quite so gilt-edged as before. They are also more careful about accommodating their borrowing customers, so that they may be a little better prepared in case anything adverse should happen.

These precautions spread. Distrust, fear, anxiety, and a feeling of uncertainty, like the rising tide of gossip, sweep like wildfire all over the country. Soon everybody is talking hard times; all are influenced by the contagion of the perpetual fear of suggestion. Cautious men think, perhaps, they have been spreading out a little too much, and they begin to retrench, to discharge help, and to cut down salaries and expenses generally. Mercantile houses, manufactories, railroads, and other concerns stop extensions and improvements, and take in sail until all danger is past.

As a consequence public confidence is shaken, and there is a general stragulation of business all over the country. Important contracts, the erection of large buildings, and extension negotiations are called off. There is a marked decline in business transactions of all kinds. Nobody has confidence to branch out; everybody is hedging.

Such a condition of things began with the recent investigation and prosecution of certain great combinations of capital. After the investigation these great concerns began to retrench, and when the whole country caught the spirit of caution, stocks began to drop, business houses began to fail, and the first we knew there was a sort of a mental business panic, a condition wholly uncalled for, unwarranted. Crop prospects were most promising and the country at large was in superb condition. The panic was mainly mental, caused by fear and anxiety resulting from lack of confidence, general distrust of the future.

There is no real condition in this country to-day to produce hard times, no warrant for them but the people's talk. When people are scared money is always tight. It was right in the midst of the most prosperous times we have ever had, that men began to whisper, "Hard times are coming;" "Business has been too good to last;" "Such a boom of prosperity cannot possibly hold out."

If the entire press of the country had refused to pass along the pessimistic note, and had assured the people that there was no cause for alarm, that the panic was mainly a mental one, the public confidence would not have been shaken to any great extent.

As a matter of fact the actual condition of our great nation was never better than it is to-day. There are no real hard times among us, and there are not going to be any. Just as quickly as public confidence is restored everything will go on as before.

How little we realize how much the general mental attitude of business men has to do with good times and hard times! Prosperity is in the air when everybody has confidence. When there is no doubt or uncertainty in the public faith, times are good. But let the least doubt creep into the minds of a few prominent business men; let a few noted financiers prophesy that hard times are upon us; let but the mists of doubt cloud the public confidence, and everything begins to tighten up.

Business rests so largely upon confidence, that anything which disturbs it affects the market and business generally very quickly. Every little while there is a great run on a bank, which proves to be perfectly solid, just because a rumor was set afloat that it was shaky. Business houses have sometimes come to grief in a similar way. A rumor without a particle of foundation might cause a run on the Bank of England.

Unfavorable rumors spread much more rapidly than favorable ones, and they keep increasing in volume like a snowball—everybody adding a little to and embellishing what he has received. It is a strange propensity of human nature which likes to exaggerate ill news—a person's or a firm's misfortune.

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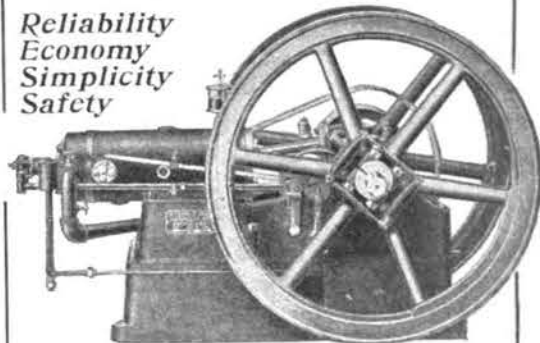
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The Care of Schoolrooms

Some Practical Suggestions to Prevent the Spread of Contagious Diseases

WHEN Johnnie comes marching home from school with a sore throat, a high fever, and a flushed face, it indicates a need to search for causes that produced the condition.

A closer inspection of the schoolroom will usually produce results and give direct evidence of the need for greater vigilance concerning school sanitation. It is all very well to have medical inspection and visiting nurses, but if there could be some more vigorous preventive measures established, perhaps there would be a saving in the inspections and less need for nursing.

These mysterious invasions of contagious diseases in schools are not so mysterious if we but remember the law of cause and effect, and in seeking causes we will find the average school wall a most profitable field of investigation.

In nine cases out of ten the seeds of the disease had been nested there for many months, perhaps years, awaiting an opportune time for infection. Last year's class may have had scarlet fever among them.

Three things are necessary to the spread of any contagious disease. First: a scale of bacilli of any disease (scarlet fever, diphtheria, measles). Second: a proper habitation for the germ (the school wall). Third: a degree of receptivity in the child (the general system below par).

Now, these scales may be lodged upon the wall for an indefinite time, then they may be sifted down upon children whose very sturdiness makes them immune, and so they escape notice. Unfortunately, there is one child in the class with less resistance than the rest, and the unfortunate one is infected. The infection spreads, because no one is advised of its presence, and, by the time nurses begin to take temperatures, and doctors to diagnose the case, the epidemic is started, and the damage accomplished.

Would it not have been better, wiser, and safer to have cleaned the school walls at the beginning of the term, coated them with a good strong antiseptic coating, and, by so doing, have completely exterminated all pathologic bacilli and the least suspicion of a disease scale or germ?

But the walls must not only be clean, to conserve the health of the pupils, they must also be sufficiently porous to permit free passage of air through their cells, thus securing better ventilation in the rooms.

Common custom in this country as well as the most experienced sanitarians allow two hundred cubic feet of air space to each child under twelve years of age, and at least four hundred cubic feet for those over twelve years. In the South this should be doubled and in the North, especially in winter when doors and windows are closed, the minimum space for a child should be at least three hundred cubic feet. Here is work for all parents as well as for all humanitarians,—the proper care of the schoolroom and its walls.

Some time has been spent in investigating plumbing, heating, and lighting, but the wall, which is really the most prolific cause of disease among the children, has been sadly neglected. If each parent of every child in school would make himself a committee of one on school walls alone, he would not only make better surroundings for his children, but also better, stronger, and happier children.

School walls should be rubbed down once a month regularly, with stiff wall brushes or clean cloths, and should be recoated twice a year. Windows should be cleaned weekly, woodwork washed every month, and repainted when the walls are recoated, floors mopped weekly, desks and seats wiped off with a dry cloth daily, and, finally, the feather duster thrown in the furnace at the beginning of the school year. Cloths—soft clean cotton cloths—are the only things to wipe off dust with, and when they become filled and soiled they should be washed.

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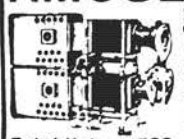
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PIN MONEY PAPERS



Conducted by
ISABEL GORDON CURTIS

PUT CLOTHESPINS IN A SMALL BASKET that has a hook made of wire on the handle. Slip the hook over the line and push the basket along as you hang the clothes.—M. T.

THE BEST CARPET STRETCHER is a pair of rubbers. Put them on your feet, then push the carpet into place. It is easy work to do this and it will not injure the carpet.—D.

I COULD NOT RAISE THE WINDOW in our sitting room. I got a man to open it, then I rubbed laundry soap up and down each side where the sash works. I have had no further trouble since in either raising or lowering it. Bureau drawers that stick may be treated in the same way. A wax candle may be used instead of soap.—MRS. W. M. CAMERON.

WHOEVER HAS TRIED TO hold a bag open with one hand while filling it with pudding batter, etc., knows how troublesome it is. I had been in the habit of having some one hold out the top of the bag for me, but one day I was alone while making an "old-fashioned bag pudding." After almost paralyzing the thumb and fingers of my left hand in trying to fill the bag, and getting as much pudding outside as inside of it, I noticed two cup hooks on the wall, about eighteen inches above my cooking-table. I took a piece of cord, pinned it to two sides of the top of the bag, hung it over these hooks, took hold of the other side with my thumb and fingers, and had no more trouble. It worked as well as another pair of hands. Some might prefer to pin the top of the bag over an embroidery hoop, or a wire hoop made for the purpose, but this way suits me.—M. M. THORNE.

TO PROTECT YOUR SLEEVES when doing kitchen work, wear cuffs of white oilcloth, about seven inches long. Stitch them on the machine. Five cents' worth of table oilcloth makes two pairs—the time required for making each pair, five minutes. They are easily adjusted, quickly wiped off, and, to a housewife, prove a "joy forever."—TEXAS HOUSEKEEPER.

IN A CORNER OF OUR LIVING ROOM I have a large dry-goods box fitted with shelves. The top and sides are covered with dark green oilcloth. Across the front is a rod with a curtain of flowered silk, which hides my accumulation of sewing. Articles to be repaired go on the top shelf, and material to be made up on the lower ones. On top of the box I keep my sewing basket.—MRS. ECONOMY.

AGAINST THE WALL, on a pantry shelf, I placed a one-inch strip of wood, held away from the wall by wooden brackets. In this I put kettle covers of all sizes. They are always handy when I need them, yet out of the way when not in use.—MRS. S. F. C.

TO MAKE A HANDY DISH DRAINER, take an ordinary soap box and line the inside bottom with zinc. Tack an inch cleat on the outside bottom of one end, to tilt the box and let the water run through a slit in the opposite end, which projects a few inches over the sink. Holes cut in each end allow old broom sticks to be thrust through. They also form rails to support plates and saucers upright until dry. This box can be stained to match the kitchen woodwork, and

is a most necessary article in the culinary department.—M. C. S.

THE ONLY PLACE in our house for rubbers used to be behind the kitchen door. They had to be moved every time the floor was cleaned, and they collected much dirt. I made a shoe pocket to hang on the door. I cut a piece of discarded table cover to fit the lower panels of the door. I placed two other pieces across it a few inches apart. One piece I stitched through once, making two large pockets for men's rubbers; the other I stitched twice, forming three pockets for smaller rubbers. The pockets were made double so they could be washed inside with a damp rag when they became soiled. I sewed three brass rings to the top and bottom, so it can easily be removed. An extra pocket I find convenient to hold work gloves. Binding was found in the piece bag for the pocket, so there was no expense for material. I move it out to the back porch in summer.—E. V. T.

MANY OF US WHO LIVE IN RENTED HOUSES, when we try to make them look homelike, find there is some drawback. My husband put up a plate rail in the dining-room, but when I arranged the plates on it, even the prettiest did not "show up" well. The trouble was a figured wall paper. I bought two rolls of crepe paper to match the most pronounced color in the paper and tacked it down with tiny, plain tacks, just above the rail. Then I got some ribbon, an inch wide, to match the crepe paper. I put the ribbon at the top of the paper to hold it tight to the wall. Use gilt upholstery tacks for putting on the ribbon. This plain background seemed to bring out the color effect in the plates.—G. S. Y.

SMALL LAMP WICKS make the best loops for hanging kitchen towels, if you do not use a roller. One wick is long enough to make a loop for each end of a towel, sewing the ends in with a hem, and then turning it up and fastening it securely.—L. L. EDSON.

I HAD AN OLD BEDSTEAD with large, well-shaped posts. It was impossible to use it for a bed, so I had the posts sawed off and made into pedestals. The lower end was fastened to a square base with a molding round the post, and a circular piece was used for the top. When all were completed, I stained them with mahogany stain and had several handsome, inexpensive, useful pedestals. Lawn seats, chairs, tabourettes, and many other articles can be made from the old-fashioned bedsteads that are stored in the attics.—MRS. P. D. M.

TO BLEACH YELLOW TEETH, use peroxide of hydrogen, either pure or diluted with water, daily until the desired whitening effect is produced.—C. L. M.

TO REMOVE BLACKBERRY STAINS from white linen material; hold the stained fabric over a clean, white dish, preferably porcelain, and pour boiling water upon and through the spots into the dish; then allow it to remain in the water until it cools, gently agitating or rubbing the soiled spot at intervals. Repeat this

entire procedure two or three times (change the water as soon as it cools), and don't lose courage should it require from four to six hours for the stains to disappear. Afterwards wash the garment with good naphtha soap and cold water. Tea stains on table linen

TO CONTRIBUTORS

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. Recipes for cooking cannot be used. In no case can manuscripts be returned.—ISABEL GORDON CURTIS.

can be removed in the same manner, if they have not previously been set with soap and hot water.—C. L. M.

* * *

TO BLEACH UNBLEACHED MUSLIN. It is better to bleach the muslin before it is made up into garments. Place on the stove a boilerful of strong bluing water. Indigo is better to use to blue it than bluing. Having unrolled the cloth, put it in a boiler and let it come to a good boil. Take it out and hang it on the line without wringing it. Let it drip dry. You will want a good, sunshiny day for this. When dry, take it down and iron. It is then ready to make up into garments, and when washed again is a beautiful white, and much more durable than that which you buy already bleached. Linen may be bleached in the same way.—A. A. L.

* * *

TOUCH UP MARKED PLACES ON OAK with asphaltum. Five cents' worth will last an age. Then put a little crude oil on a piece of cheese cloth and rub the whole article. Wipe dry—never leave a drop.—F. B. A.

* * *

HIGHLY POLISHED WOOD like mahogany sometimes gets a bluish look, in damp weather, which may be removed by sponging with half a pail of lukewarm water containing a wineglassful of household ammonia, (must not be stronger), then wiping dry with a piece of chamois.—F. B. A.

* * *

IT IS A NUISANCE to sew dress shields into wash waists after each washing. Sew two non-rusting hooks on each shield and two eyes to correspond on the armholes of every waist.—M. L.

* * *

IF ANYTHING BOILING OVER onto the stove burns and smokes, lift a stove lid an inch or so on one side and the smoke will draw into the fire.—Mrs. C. B.

* * *

WILTED ROSES MAY BE REVIVED by putting the stems in a small jar of water. Place the jar and roses in a vessel large enough to cover the entire bouquet. Cover the vessel tightly and leave it twenty-four hours.—L. C.

* * *

IN HANGING CHINESE LANTERNS on the porch and about the grounds on festive occasions, it is a good thing to always put a couple of handfuls of sand in the bottom of the paper lanterns around the cup which holds the candle. This prevents the lantern from swaying, and, in case of ignition, it separates the lantern and prevents the flame from spreading.—R. M. M.

* * *

WE PICK OVER OUR WINTER STOCK of apples and potatoes about once a fortnight. Beside each full barrel stands an empty one, which receives, after gentle handling, all perfect apples and unsprouted potatoes. Every apple, however, which shows ever so slight an imperfection, is taken out and used immediately; the same treatment is accorded to potatoes. By an hour's work of this sort, nothing in cellar supplies is wasted. Turnips, carrots, parsnips, and beets, which are stored in bins, among dry sand, are occasionally looked after in the same way.—A. E. JONES.

* * *

I USE HALF A LOOFAH, one of those stiff, fibrous sponges which cost ten cents each, for taking grease stains or spots from any fabric. It is so rough, that, if energetic treatment is necessary, you can scrub with vigor. It is also capable of giving gentler treatment to delicate goods; then—its greatest recommendation—it leaves no lint, as a rag does, and can be easily washed and dried after being used. When cleansing goods of any sort of spot, I first hold the stuff between me and the light, to discover if the stain is surface dirt or not. If it is, a scrape with a sharp knife will remove it much more readily than if it were to be wet with water, a cleansing fluid, or any sort of a chemical.—ANNIE P. H.

* * *

AN ADAPTIVE MOTHER, who had given up in despair of finding a pale-blue patent leather belt to go with her little boy's blue-and-white suit, took a glazed leather belt, which had once been white, and renovated it with oil paint. She used the quality that comes in tubes for an artist's work, flake white, tinted with antwerp blue, and diluted with a thin varnish. She gave the soiled belt, buckle and all, two coats. It was as jaunty as a new one, and outlasted the white suit, for it required no cleansing except an occasional rub with a damp cloth.—U. L. T.

* * *

BEEF TEA IS WANTED frequently when there is little time to prepare it. It can be made quickly in the following manner. Take a lean piece of beef, run it through a food cutter, using the finest cutter; cover with cold water and set at the back part of the range to heat. Do not let it boil, that coagulates the albumen. Stir thoroughly, strain, and squeeze dry in a potato masher. This will extract all the juice of the beef quickly and easily.—HELEN HUNT.

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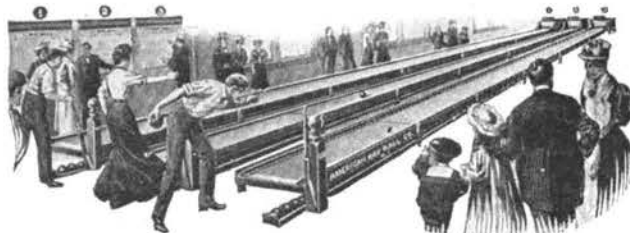
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Sports and Recreation

Conducted by HARRY PALMER

An Early Morning Tragedy

By LOUIS AUGUSTIN

TAKOOSH lit his pipe. He pulled his furry cap well over his ears, pushed open the flap of the tent, and crawled out. With a grunt he unhooked his snowshoes from the tent pole, threw them on the snow, twisted his feet through the loops, and with ax in hand hurried down the beaten trail leading across the lake.

The first rays of the sun were just coming dimly over the horizon. When Takoosh came to the brush where his rabbit-snares were set across the runways, his gaze was suddenly arrested by a series of large, round-shaped footprints extending parallel with the trail. The Indian paused a moment; then cautiously continued his course.

The first snare he came to he found broken and his rabbit gone. "Dat sapré t'ief ag'in," he muttered between his teeth, and leaped away after the pilferer. Takoosh had not followed the tracks far when he saw shreds of white fur lying strewn about on the snow. Immediately he stepped off the fresh tracks and, making a detour, advanced stealthily toward a thicket of young spruce, standing in the middle of the marsh. Suddenly Takoosh, who had kept his beady eyes concentrated on the thicket, descried an object looming gray against the snow. The effect was instantaneous. With a wild yell, the Indian raced toward the beast, who, startled and bewildered at this unexpected attack, bounded off to the nearest spruce.

It made Takoosh's swarthy face twist into a grin a moment later when he saw his "t'ief" perched on the apex of the tree. "By gosh! Me fix you dis tam," he remarked to himself, as he was pruning the young sapling he had cut.

Out of his pocket he pulled an extra strong piece of copper wire which he made into a noose and fastened at the end of the sapling. Then, discarding his snowshoes, he climbed the tree. In spite of the snarls and screeches of the beast overhead, Takoosh kept on climbing, simultaneously pulling up the pole with him.

When about fifteen feet from his game, Takoosh steadied himself and carefully pushed the noose-end of the pole up through the branches; next passing the noose several times back and forth before the snarling beast's head. At first the animal screeched ferociously at this unknown limb that seemed to defy him, but, as by enchantment, gradually its bulging eyes became focused on the pole. At once Takoosh steadily brought the noose nearer and nearer, and gently passed it over the animal's head. Then with a mighty jerk he pulled the pole downward. A succession of terrific screeches rent the frozen solitude as the struggling beast tumbled down upon the snow below. Panting, and with tongue lolling out, the "t'ief" tried several times to bound away, but each time the pole checked him. In the meantime Takoosh arrived and dealt him a blow on the head with the blunt end of his ax.

"For sure, dat sapré loup-cervier 'im steal no more," Takoosh chuckled. Then slinging his prize over his shoulder he started back to his tent.

"Injun Joe's" Trout Record

By BERT HUFFMAN

WE HAD just bought fifty dollars' worth of trout rods and reels, fine hunting coats and rain hats, and were ready to make a record catch of speckled trout on Powder River. We were members of the Powder River Rod and Gun Club, of Pendleton, Oregon, which was an additional reason why we, especially, should make a record. A pack-horse could scarcely have carried the supplies we took with us for a three days' outing in the mountains, where we knew trout were big and furnished excellent sport.

An elaborate camp was made; bedding and clothing were hung up in the trees; the kettle was on the spit, and everything was shipshape. It seemed to be especially fitting that we should make this

camp the scene of our record-breaking catch this year.

Shod with gum boots, we waded the stream for eight miles, the first day. The holes in the shady places were deep, and the trout were in hiding. We fished, and we fished. The expensive rods were busy dipping, dipping into the stream; but we looked at each other in disgust as we wended our way back with scarcely a small basket full between us. We started earlier next day, and fished farther and longer and later. We were simply worn out with carrying our load of gum boots, baskets, hunting coats, and luncheon, at the end of the second day. However, we certainly had fish enough to eat.

As we sat at our fire the evening of the second day, disgusted to the point of disagreeableness, "Injun Joe" came into camp with a blanket full of fine speckled trout hanging over his shoulder. His short line was wrapped about his neck. He had thrown away his willow rod, and his lone fly hook was dangling in his hat brim. He was n't a member of the club, but he had three hundred fine, speckled, glistening beauties, which he had caught before and behind us in the same stream that day.

As he threw down his burden with a look of supreme disgust on his face, he said: "White man fish for fun; Injun fish for trout."

Robbing the Chipmunks

By OTTO RIEHL

OUR camp was located on the beautiful McCloud River in Northern California, at the base of an immense pine, which Mother Nature selected as the king of the forest. Fall had come, and the rabbits and squirrels and lively little chipmunks were busy gathering their harvest of nuts and filling their granaries.

The chipmunks were especially active—scampering along fences, over stones, and up into the tallest trees in the wink of an eye. We were never out of mind with our little friends, for they would eagerly carry off scraps of bacon and bread, while a mess of fried fish heads and bones were regarded as a special delicacy. At times a large pine cone would come tumbling down to the ground and fall near the tent, as if the little fellows were trying to play a joke at our expense.

We found, however, that a full working crew up in the highest branches were knocking down the biggest and ripest cones, and the gang on the ground would carry them off to a hiding place and open them at their leisure.

It was our time to get even, we thought, and every time a cone would drop, it would be gathered up, and with a hatchet and hammer, after much hard work, a quantity of delicious pine nuts was extracted. All day long this pitiless robbery of the little, inoffensive chipmunks took place.

After gathering what seemed a sufficient number of nuts, they were spread out on a plank to dry before the camp fire. During the balance of the day not a chipmunk was to be seen, and the camp felt that we were to lose our little companions. The afternoon wore away and the evening came, and not a sound from our friends.

The fire was to burn all night, and an extra log was thrown into the blaze, for we were all anxious to feast on the nuts, so heartlessly taken from our chipmunk friends.

Imagine our surprise the next morning, when we found not a trace of a nut. During the night the alarm was sounded and the whole chipmunk clan turned out, recovering everything we had confiscated during the previous afternoon.

A New Mexico Rabbit Drive

By ANDREW B. STROUP

SINCE the "Campbell System of Dry Farming" was discovered, and in New Mexico, believed to be worthless owing to a lack of rain, has been made productive. The great Southwest country

To Our Readers.

THE stories used in this department are contributed by our readers. We want more of them, so, if you know of any good out-of-door incidents—they must be true—or if you have any ideas that will advance interest in clean sports, send them to us. Tell your story briefly—the briefer the better. Address: HARRY PALMER, Sports and Recreation Department, SUCCESS MAGAZINE, New York City.

—Northwestern Texas, Western Oklahoma, and Eastern New Mexico—has become one great field, with a family living on every quarter section.

With the new system of farming came vegetation, and with the vegetation life for the jack rabbit became easy. The rabbit's natural tendency is against race suicide, even though food be scarce and life one continuous hunt for something to eat. With a garden patch, and wheat, oats, or corn at every turn of the road, he has over-populated the country. The farmers, in order to protect their crops, have instituted what they call rabbit drives.

A place in the open is chosen, and a pen forty or fifty feet square is built of woven wire fencing. The sides of the pen are about six feet high. Leading into the pen on one side is a V-shaped drive, the sides of which extend out in either direction for at least half a mile, making the ends nearly a mile apart. These side lines are not more than three feet high, as the frightened rabbits never think to jump over.

On the appointed day the whole population—men, women, and children—under the leadership of captains, begin the drive. All guns and dogs, to avoid accidents, are left at home. Each person is armed with a short club and a tin pan, a tin horn, or some other instrument with which he can make a noise. A great half-circle is formed, extending for at least a mile from the ends of the V-shaped fence. Then, with horns blowing and pans beating, the march toward the pen begins. At first it is easy for the rabbits to run further in and apparently get away, but soon they begin to realize their predicament. In their frenzy to get away they plunge headlong against the side fences and are hurled back stunned. Others strike the fence squarely, and break their necks by the force of the jump. Others make desperate attempts to break through the line of howling people that beset them, and, with ears laid back, and running close to the ground, the last dash for liberty is made. On every side are the clubs of the enemy and soon the attempt at escape is over. Rarely is a rabbit able to break through the line.

In one of these drives near the little town of Estancia, New Mexico, over 800 rabbits were killed, about three square miles of territory were covered, and 150 people took part. Nearly all the rabbits killed were jack rabbits, as the smaller variety, known as cottontails, hide in the ground.

The jack rabbit, having depended so long upon his legs to carry him from danger, never thinks to seek safety under cover, and becomes an easy prey for his enemies. It is estimated that one jack rabbit will eat one tenth as much vegetation as one sheep. The farmers figure that they might as well feed 80 sheep as 800 jack rabbits.

An Adventure in the Rockies

By Rev. M. L. Sanders

I WAS a typical Easterner on my first camping trip in the great Rocky Mountains, with three boys, three horses, and plenty of firearms. The cañon was a place of beauty, many miles in length, and with high perpendicular walls covered with hanging vines that sug-



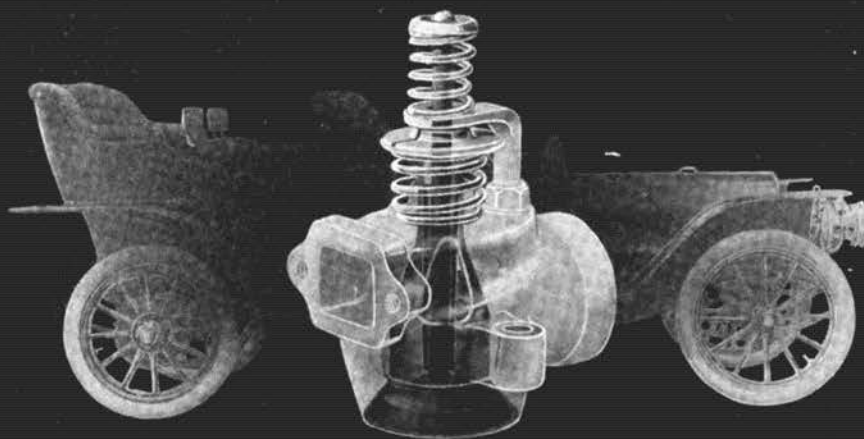
gested the ruins of feudal castles. In the stream which flowed at our feet, splendid trout could be seen darting here and there. An eagle wended its flight until it seemed but a tiny speck in the sky.

The cool air of the evening was not unwelcome, as the journey had been long, and the day very warm. Supper over, we sought our blankets, and, though the ground was "hard side up," the boys were soon lost in slumber. Sleep had deserted my eyes. The boys' widowed mother had said as we drove away: "They are young, take good care of them;" and the charge

came back to me as I watched them—their heavy breathing and the murmuring of the stream alone breaking the stillness.

It must have been two o'clock in the morning, when from the cañon there came a sound as of a horse being swiftly ridden over the stony road. I placed my ear to the ground to listen. It was a horseman rapidly coming nearer. How readily we recall all the wildest stories of outlaws at such a time as this! Nearer and nearer came the iron-shod footfalls. The sound was very distinct. I raised myself on my elbow and waited, hoping that it yet might turn aside. But no, on it came!

I loosened my revolvers, filled the magazine of my rifle, placed a cartridge in the chamber, and waited, while the boys slept on. The suspense was awful! Just as the clouds flitted from before the moon, a wild-looking mountaineer dashed into view! I held my breath and involuntarily clutched my rifle. The rider had seen our dying camp fire and had brought his horse to a sudden stop immediately in front of me. My heart seemed to stop beating, when he gazed at us for a moment, and then—withdrew as suddenly as he had appeared. I had saved the boys.



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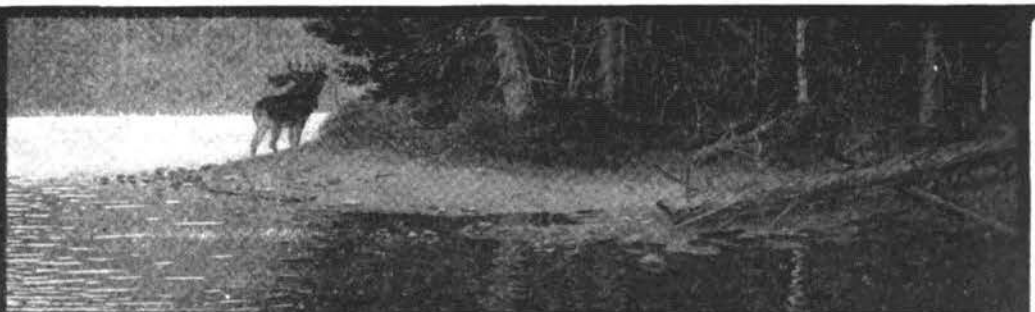
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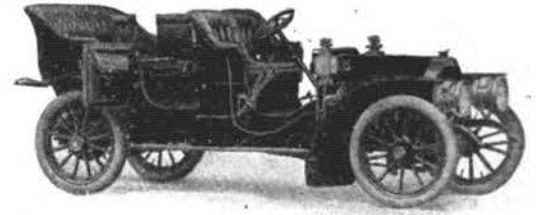
New Motor-Car Models

The Great Array of Improvements to Be Found in the 1908 Cars

By HARRY PALMER



A six-cylinder runabout



A four-cylinder touring car

THE discriminating purchaser of a motor car, at this season of the year, insists that in construction, design, and equipment, it shall be thoroughly up-to-date, and that even to the smallest detail it shall embody every improvement in any way calculated to increase the comfort, convenience, and safety of himself and his guests. At a time when the great annual automobile shows are being held and the 1908 models of both American and European makers are being exhibited for the first time, this is quite a natural desire. It is also one that may be readily and very satisfactorily gratified by inspecting the hundred or more different makes of both foreign and domestic machines that will be exhibited in New York and Chicago this month and next. For the benefit of thousands of our readers who will be unable to attend these shows, but who are none the less interested in the development of the motor car, the following information as to changes, improvements, and tendencies in construction and design is given.

Those who have purchased cars during the past year will be gratified to learn that there have been and will be no radical changes in general design and no reduction in price, that such improvements as have been made are in details of construction and equipment. These with the use of better materials and more careful workmanship will result in cars of greater endurance, increased simplicity and effectiveness of operation and control.

A notable development of the season of 1907 has been the marked increase in popularity of the six-cylinder car. So pronounced has been public approval of the "Six" that even those conservative manufacturers who a year ago declared that anything in excess of four cylinders would mean complication in engine equipment, have capitulated and are heading their catalogues with six-cylinder cars. Indeed, one of the oldest builders in the country is confining his product exclusively to six-cylinder machines, and no less than thirty leading makers will exhibit cars so equipped at this year's national shows. Among these are the Apperson, Franklin, Lozier, Thomas, Winton, Stevens-Duryea, Oldsmobile, Peerless, Pierce-Arrow, Stearns, Acme, Ford, Chadwick, Geerless, Glide, York-Pullman, Welch, Stoddard-Dayton, Premier, National, Mora, Marmon, Berliet, Colt, Napier, Frontenac, and Frayer-Miller. So formidable a list of exponents of the six-cylinder idea, coupled with the vigorous demand for this style of car among those able to own the best, would seem to name the "Six" as the standard American car of the future. Details as to the superior merits claimed for the six-over the four-cylinder car cannot be entered into here. The catalogues of the makers discuss these fully. Some of the most conservative and able men connected with the industry, however, have admitted to the writer that the six-cylinder creation, from all essential standpoints, more nearly approaches the ideal in motor-car construction than anything else that has yet been attempted. The advent of the "Six" by no means indicates the passing of the four-cylinder car. With one exception all makers of the former will continue to produce cars of four-cylinders, while the demand for two- and one-cylinder cars will unquestionably be very much greater. The limousine or inclosing body has made still further gain in popularity during 1907, not only for town use but also for

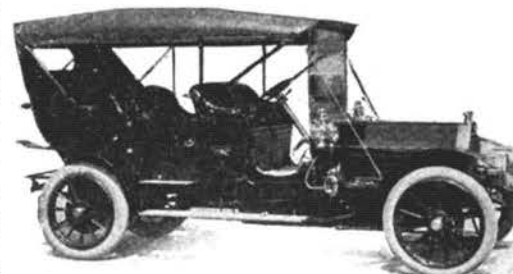
touring. The protection afforded from dust and inclement weather is an appreciable quality among those with whom price is not an important consideration.

The demand for runabouts of extended wheel base, of moderate and high horse-power, and with seats for two, three, and four passengers, continues to increase. This type, because of its lighter weight, its trim and rakish appearance, and its smaller cost of maintenance and equipment, is exceedingly popular. Makers have greatly improved its lines since the appearance of the earlier models. To the owner who, for any reason, prefers one or two guests en tour, the modern three-seated runabout has proved its worth.

The body design of the 1908 touring car of all leading makers is along straight lines. *Tonneaus* will also be more roomy, even in the lower-priced cars, a number of makers having made this possible by advancing their minimum wheel base into the nineties and beyond.

The shaft-drive car seems to have lost none of its popularity during the past year, and while some of the older makers will adhere to the chain for 1908, at least one among them has announced shaft-drive models. The comparative ease with which a chain is repaired in case of a break, and the lack, as yet, of adequate roadside facilities for shaft repair, are among the arguments advanced in behalf of the chain. So great is the tensile strength of the steel from which drive shafts are now fashioned in all cars of established reputation, that a broken or bent shaft is comparatively infrequent.

In this country, as in Europe, the multiple disc clutch is rapidly displacing the cone, and the latter will be greatly in the minority in 1908 cars of American make. The magneto, in addition to the battery equipment has now come into general use, and not a few leading makers include it as part of their regular equipment. A solid aluminum casing fixed to the under side of the frame, and extending from the gear case to the radiator, thus protecting the mechanism from mud, dust, and water, as in the Mora, is indeed a wise sanitary provision, if the word may be so applied, and extends the life of an automobile many months, if not years. A protecting case of leather or aluminum, covering the chain and hub on chain-drive cars, has been adopted by many European and some American makers.



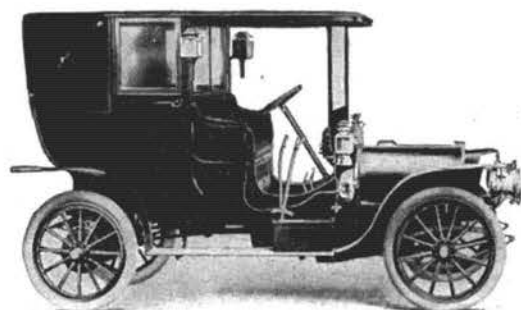
A six-cylinder touring car

The tendency for increased power is being attained through perfection in construction rather than by increased cylinder area. As an instance, the Franklin has considerably increased the horse power in one model by the adoption of dome-shaped head cylinders, by reducing the back pressure upon the piston during the exhaust stroke through means of an auxiliary exhaust, and by providing a greater intake and exhaust capacity through valves of concentric construction, having a common center. In the new six-cylinder models, horse powers under the Association of Licensed Automobile Manufacturers' ratings range from 42 to 70, with cylinder bores from 4 1/2 to 5 1/2 inches. Wheel bases will vary from 120 to 130 inches. Manufacturers have gradually extended the list of items in their regular equipment until in many instances, notably the Winton, it now includes a top, glass front, horn, lamps, gas tank

and tools, in fact everything but the speedometer and timepiece.

In most of the new cars, fans will be gear driven. The belt drive is becoming somewhat obsolete. A feature of the new shaft-drive Lozier car is a disc brake on the clutch shaft which slows down the shaft immediately the clutch is disengaged, and thus prevents a clashing of gears when changing speeds. The auxiliary gasoline tank, which takes its supply through pressure from the main tank, but under automatic regulation, and transmits it by gravity to the carburetor, is a feature of the new Winton "Six." This device, though not new, has been too little used in the past, for it positively prevents flooding the carburetor as the result of over-pressure and fire. In the Winton, also, a reserve gasoline tank of three gallons' capacity provides fuel in case of emergency. In carburetors, perfection of detail and simplicity and accuracy of adjustment have done much to increase the efficiency of this delicate and indispensable piece of mechanism. The multiple jet has also aided materially to this end.

The abandonment of the "H" on the gear shift, as in the Franklin, and the substitution of spring tension by which the lever is automatically placed and held in position, will considerably simplify and improve matters for the man at the wheel. As to steering gear, manufacturers almost without exception, realizing how much depends upon efficiency and reliability at this point, have spared neither pains nor money to attain both of these qualities. There have been no marked changes in the several types in use. However, dust-



A town car

proof bevel gears so adjusted as to reduce lost motion to the minimum, with joints and rods of hardened steel, still constitute the main dependence of the driver in steering a car.

Accidents from cranking have resulted in the adoption of several new devices to prevent such occurrences, and may be seen on some of the new models. Increased brake surface, both on transmission and hubs, has been provided by several makers. As a means of additional safety at night, the makers of the Northern have placed their lamps on the fenders to insure better illumination, to protect the discs from mud and dust, and to give greater space for cranking.

The gasoline car continues to be the accepted and popular type. There is practically but one steam-driven car in the field. It has become very popular with a great many motorists, because steam will do some things that cannot be accomplished with gasoline. The electric carriage has advanced during the past year because of its ability to do fifty or seventy-five miles on a shopping tour, or as a roadster in the country. With the construction of electrical charging stations along the roads connecting large cities, there would seem to be no good reason why, in time, the simply-operated and easily controlled electric carriage should not prove thoroughly satisfactory for inter-city and even for inter-state travel.

Too Mild

THERE are distinctions without differences, also differences without distinctions. A small man, noted for his economy in speaking the truth, demonstrated this fact. After a long and exasperating career of prevarication, chance brought him up against a bigger individual, who had the courage of his convictions, also a nice sense of discrimination in the use of language. He said things to the little man—things that made him writhe and turn purple in the face. "But the worst of it all was," whined the little man to a confidant later, "he never once called me a liar—said I was nothing but a miserable little story-teller."

The characters of great men are the dowry of a nation.

He who has never failed has never half succeeded.

Show me a really great triumph that is not the reward of persistence.

Laziness grows on people; it begins a cobweb and ends an iron chain.

The Incomparable WHITE The Car for Service



A Season of White Triumphs

Above is shown the final scene in one of the White triumphs of the year—the winning of the Hower trophy. This was the only individual prize offered in connection with the 1907 Glidden Tour and was won by the White Steam Runabout after a faultless trip of 2080 miles, the longest journey ever made on schedule and the longest without an adjustment or repair of which there is official record. The White Steamer, by the way, was the only make represented in the Glidden tour by three or more cars which was not penalized.

In hill-climbing, no other car has been able to offer any serious competition to the White. The White scored the fastest time, by wide margins, in the only three American hill-climbs in which it was entered—namely, at Wilkes-Barre, at Cleveland and at Witter, California.

In the great race meet at Santa Rosa, California, a stripped Model "G" made a mile in 1:02, 10 miles in 12:54 and 25 miles in 29:07. These times were made in competition and are the fastest made by any car on the track this season.

The White Steamer won the three "desirability contests" held in England during the past season. The first of these was the London Town Carriage Competition, the object of which was to determine "the relative advantages of different types of self-propelled vehicles for town use." The White won this contest against a field of 22 of the leading foreign cars. Secondly, the White won the greatest English hill-climb, held at South Harting. This was primarily an efficiency contest wherein first award was made to the White because it developed a greater percentage of its assigned horse-power than did any other car, the rating assigned to the White being 50 horse-power. The third of the "desirability contests" won by the White was the Dust Competition held on the new Brooklands race track. The results of this contest officially confirmed the general opinion that the White raises less dust than any other car.

So numerous, in fact, have been the White victories of the season that a brief summary of them entirely fills the new White Bulletin No. 14, a copy of which we will be glad to send on request. White Bulletin No. 13 describing the mammoth factory in which the White Steam Cars are built will also be found of interest.

Before choosing your automobile, read White Bulletins No. 13 and 14

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Don't think that you enjoy health just because you are not sick. Health is a comparative term, and there's as much difference between the real thing and the health of the average man as there is between sunlight and twilight.

Give me a few minutes a day and I will give you the health that makes living a joy, work a pleasure and business a success. My booklet, "How to Keep a Good Grip on Your Health," will be sent free if you ask for it. It is of absorbing interest and well worth any man's time. If you care to tell me something of your physical condition I will write you just what I can do for you. WRITE FOR MY BOOK TO-DAY.

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A. O. LEONARD

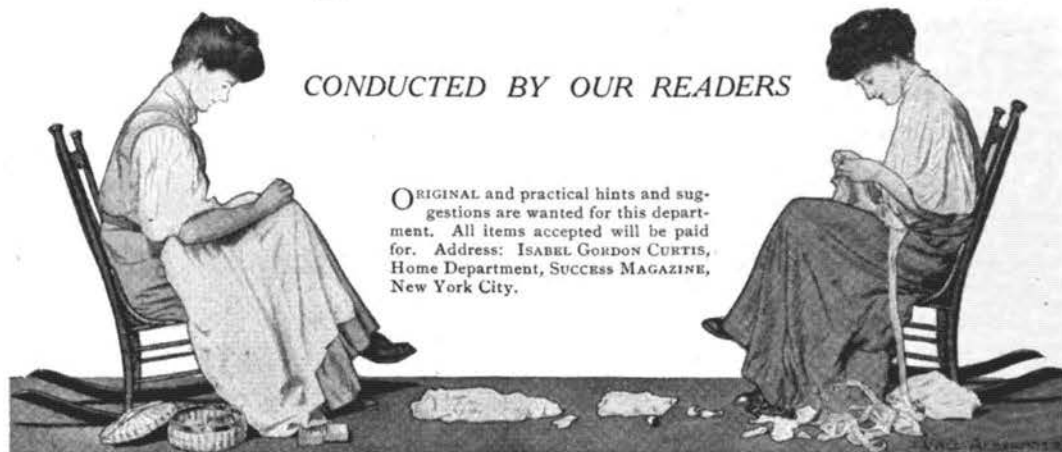
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I MADE MY LITTLE BOY a good blouse, waist by putting a drawstring into the hem of a white pique jacket his sister had outgrown. Another I got by cutting off the skirt of a box-plaited Russian dress a few inches below the waist line, then hemming and gathering the edge. In both cases the plaits looked neater when stitched to the lower edge.—Mrs. J. B. HAHN.

A DAINY ACCESSORY to a white suit is a shopping bag made of wide embroidery. Get the corset cover width, for that has beading in which to run ribbon at the top. Use a circular piece of heavy, white linen canvas for the bottom and cover with white lawn. Then gather the embroidery to this. One yard is sufficient for a medium-sized bag. Run pretty flowered ribbon through the beading.—J. B. P.

WHEN STITCHING ON THE MACHINE, instead of cutting the thread at the end of a finished seam, turn the stitch back an inch before cutting the thread. The seam will never rip, and the fussy task of tying the ends is avoided.—MYRTLE R.

WHEN I MAKE CLOTHES FOR BABY I leave all the seams on the outside of the underclothes and make them as smooth and flat as possible. The skirts and pinning blankets I make without any gathers, and the only seams are the ones under the arms. The garments button on the shoulders where the back portion is shaped two inches longer than the front, and is finished with buttonholes. Buttons are sewed on the front low so that the garment may be easily buttoned or unbuttoned without removing the dress.—MYRTLE R.

WHEN MY BABIES REACH THE CREEPING AGE I make little tights from discarded legs of my black stockings. They are long enough to reach from the waist to the ankles. I cut them with a gusset in the center and run elastic into the top. They keep the skirts clean and prevent them from interfering with the movements of the child; they also furnish extra warmth when baby is on the floor. They are easy to make and can be quickly washed and dried. It is easy to change them without taking off the upper part of baby's clothing, as is necessary when rompers or creeping aprons are worn.—Mrs. M. H. J.

A SIX-INCH RULE will be found a most useful article to have in your workbasket. For measuring hems too wide for the hemmer, or for other measurements of six inches or less, it will prove more convenient than a tape measure.—M. L. S.

TO TURN A NEW HEM AT THE BOTTOM OF TROUSERS, shave off some laundry soap and spread it with a knife on the hem to be turned. After loosely blind-stitching the edge, press with a moderately hot iron; the result is a hem as neat as a tailor would make it.—Mrs. S. H. B.

DAINTY COLLARS, CUFFS, AND BELTS can be made from brown linen used as an interlining in men's coats. I bind them with white muslin, mark a design on the linen, and work it in white satin stitch or eyelet embroidery. There is usually enough linen in one coat for a belt, collar, and cuffs, and it is very durable.—H. P. MYERS.

WHEN YOUR MACHINE RUNS HARD, oil it generously with kerosene; run it rapidly for a few minutes, then oil again with machine oil. Kerosene cuts the old gummed oil and makes the machine act like new.—Mrs. S. R. J.

A DEVICE I HAVE for making my work dresses neat is to put on wide neckbands and baste dainty little turn-overs on them. This saves fastening an extra collar, as

well as laundry work. When putting cuffs on wash waists, I hem the under side of the sleeve for about an inch where I wish the cuffs to meet; then I place the cuff to the edge of this and button snugly. The sleeves can be raised to the desired height by unbuttoning the cuff.—MARY M. H.

WHEN WORKING EYELET OR STILETTO embroidery try an orangewood stick, such as is used for manicuring the nails, in making the eyelets, in case you have no stiletto. It is more satisfactory than using the points of scissors, which often make the holes irregular.—Mrs. S. J. R.

WHEN YOU ARE HEMSTITCHING table linen the thread may be easily drawn if a yard stick is laid along a straight line. A piece of soap should be rubbed first along the linen, great care being used to insure the proper margin from the edge of the piece. Afterwards no difficulty will be experienced in drawing out the thread.—Mrs. G. FRENCH.

WHEN I DARN STOCKINGS I use black silkaleen, instead of yarn. It wears better and makes a much neater darn. I double it to make it stronger.—M. S. S.

I MAKE A FRENCH SEAM on the sleeves of baby's first frock, then sew a tape at the cuff and one at the armhole, running the tape from the cuff through the seam to the one at the armhole. It can be tied any length. It saves pinning up the sleeves, or putting in tucks.—M. S. S.

WHEN WORKING INITIALS on handkerchiefs or napkins, I baste the corners of four of them together, then slip the embroidery rings in place and proceed to work the letters. A dear old lady once sent me six fine handkerchiefs. She had worked two elaborate monograms on the same handkerchief by not adopting some such plan as this.—G. W. G.

WITH A FINE-POINTED BRUSH and India ink, trace over on your tape measure the figures which have become dull, also the inch and half inch marks, and the measure will be practically new.—ROSE CROWLEY.

FROM OLD, WHITE SHIRT-WAISTS in a heavy weave of Oxford cloth, I made several nice bibs for my baby. I cut the stuff double, stitched it nicely and edged the bibs with embroidery or lace, using up in this way the various odds and ends of trimmings.—Mrs. J. M. STORER.

IF THE FIRST END OF THE THREAD, instead of the end you break off, is put through the needle, the thread will not become knotted.—C. S. T.

I BOUGHT A PRETTY DOTTED SWISS, with two size dots in it, for a summer shirt-waist. After tucking the front from shoulder to shoulder in yoke shape, I laid the front of the waist on a table and, with a pencil, marked out a design in the dots. Then I worked it over solid with light-blue cotton floss. I had a very daintily embroidered shirt-waist, quite novel in appearance. I trimmed the cuffs and collar with embroidered dots.—Mrs. E. W. T.

WHEN THREADING A DARNING NEEDLE, draw the cotton tight across the point of the needle, putting the thread double, through the eye of the needle.—S.

IF YOU HAVE TO LENGTHEN a skirt of wash goods, baste insertion on, then stitch. Baste on another row of insertion about a quarter of an inch from the first stitching, and stitch that. Cut out between the two stitchings; thus you save material and time.—E. H. PHILLIPS.

Drugging a Race

By SAMUEL MERWIN

[Concluded from page 728]

opium war and its immense significance in history, to glance over the attitude of the Company and later of its successor, the Government, toward the whole miserable business. The Company's board of directors, in 1817, had sent this dispatch from Calcutta in answer to a question, "Were it possible to prevent the use of the drug altogether, except strictly for the purpose of medicine, we would gladly do it in compassion to mankind."

It would be pleasant to believe that the East India Company was sincere in this ineffective if well-phrased expression of "compassion." The spectacle of a great corporation in any century giving up a lucrative traffic on merely human and moral grounds would be illuminating and uplifting. But unfortunately business corporations are, in their very nature, slaves of the balance sheet, organized representatives of the mighty laws of trade. I have already quoted enough evidence to show that the Company was not only awake to the dangers of opium but that it had deliberately and painstakingly worked up the traffic. Had there been, then, a change of heart in the directorate? I fear not. Among the East Indian correspondence of 1830, this word from the Company's governor general came to light: "We are taking measures for extending the cultivation of the poppy, with a view to a larger increase in the supply of opium." And in this same year, 1830, a House of Commons committee reported that "The trade, which is altogether contraband, has been largely extended of late years."

G. H. M. Batten, a former official of the Indian Civil Service, who contributed the chapter on opium to Sir John Strachey's work on "India, Its Administration and Progress," has been regarded of late years as one of the ablest defenders of the whole opium policy. He believes that "The daily use of opium in moderation is not only harmless but of positive benefit, and frequently even a necessity of life." This man, seeing little but good in opium, doubts "if it ever entered into the conception of the Court of Directors to suppress in the interests of morality the cultivation of the poppy."

Perhaps the most striking testimony bearing against the policy of the Company was that given by Robert Inglis, of Canton, a partner in the large opium-trading firm of Dent & Co., to the Select Committee on China Trade (House of Commons; 1840). Here it is:

MR. INGLIS.—"I told him (Captain Elliot) that I was sure the thing could not go on."

MR. GLADSTONE.—"How long ago had you told him that you were sure the thing could not go on?"

MR. INGLIS.—"For four or five years past."

CHAIRMAN.—"What gave you that impression?"

MR. INGLIS.—"An immense quantity of opium being forced upon the Chinese every year, and that in its turn forcing it up the Coast in our vessels."

CHAIRMAN.—"When you use the words 'forcing it upon them,' do you mean that they were not voluntary purchasers?"

MR. INGLIS.—"No, but the East India Company were increasing the quantity of opium almost every year, without reference to the demand in China; that is to say, there was always an immense supply of opium in China, and the Company still kept increasing the quantity at lower prices."

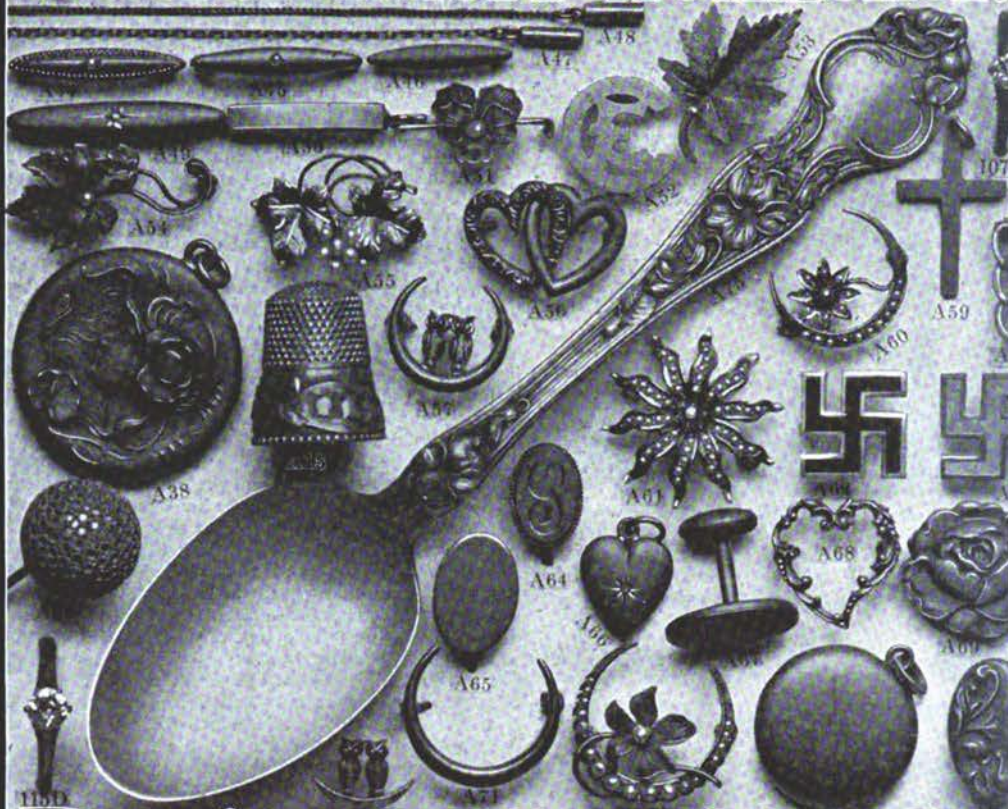
Three years later, just after the war, Sir George Staunton, speaking from experience as a British official in the East, said in the House of Commons: "I never denied the fact that if there had been no opium smuggling there would have been nowar. Even if the opium habit had been permitted to run its natural course, if it had not received an extraordinary impulse from the measures taken by the East India Company to promote its growth, which almost quadrupled the supply, I believe it would never have created that extraordinary alarm in the Chinese Authorities which betrayed them into the adoption of a sort of *coup d'état* for its suppression."

Sir William Muir, sometime lieutenant governor of the Northwest Provinces of India, is on record thus: "By increasing its supply of 'provision' opium, it (the Bengal Government) has repeatedly caused a glut in the Chinese market, a collapse of prices in India, an extensive bankruptcy and misery in Malwa."

The most interesting summing-up of the whole question I have seen is from the pen of Sir Arthur Cotton, who wrote, after sixty years' experience in Indian affairs, protesting against "continuing this trading upon the sins and miseries of the greatest nation in the world in respect of population, on the ground of our needing the money."

What was China doing to protect herself from these aggressions? The British merchants and the British trade agent had by this time worked into the good will of the Chinese merchants and the corrupt mandarins, and had finally established their residence at Canton and their depot of store ships at Whampoa, a short journey down the river. In 1839 there were about 20,000 chests of opium stored in these hulks. In that same year the Chinese Emperor sent a powerful and able official named Lin Tsé-hsü from Peking to Canton with orders to put down the traffic at any cost. Commissioner Lin was a man of unusual force. He perfectly

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understood the situation in so far as it concerned China. He had his orders. He knew what they meant. He proposed to put them into effect. There was only one important consideration which he seems to have overlooked—it was that India "needed the money." His proposal that the foreign merchants deliver up their stores of "the prohibited article" did not meet with an immediate response. The traders had not the slightest notion of yielding up 20,000 chests of opium, worth, at that time, \$300 a chest. Lin's appeals to the most nearly Christian of queens were no more successful. He did not seem to understand that China was a long way off; it was very close to him. Here is a translation of what he had to say. To our eyes, to-day, it seems fairly intelligent, even reasonable:

"Though not making use of it one's self, to venture on the manufacture and sale of it (opium) and with it to seduce the simple folk of this land is to seek one's own livelihood by the exposure of others to death. Such acts are bitterly abhorrent to the nature of man and are utterly opposed to the ways of Heaven. We would now then concert with your hon. Sovereignty means to bring to a perpetual end this opium traffic so hurtful to mankind, we in this land forbidding the use of it and you in the nations under your dominion forbidding its manufacture."

Her "hon. Sovereignty," if she ever saw this appeal (which may be doubted), neglected to reply. Meeting with small consideration from the traders, as from their sovereign, Commissioner Lin set about carrying out his orders. There was an admirable thoroughness in his methods. He surrounded the residence of the traders, Captain Elliot's among them, with an army of howling, drum-beating Chinese soldiers, and again proposed that they deliver up those 20,000 chests. Now, the avenues of trade do not lead to martyrdom. Traders rarely die for their principles—they prefer living for them. The 20,000 chests were delivered up, with a rapidity that was almost haste; and the merchants, under the leadership of the agent, withdrew to the doubtful shelter of their own guns, down the river. Commissioner Lin, still with that exasperatingly thorough air, mixed the mass of opium with lime and emptied it into the sea. England, her dignity outraged, hurt at her tenderest point, sent out ships, men, and money. She seized port after port; bombarded and took Canton; swept victoriously up the Yangtze, and by blocking the Grand Canal at Chinkiang interrupted the procession of tribute junks sailing up to Peking and thus cut off an important source of the Chinese imperial revenue. This resulted in the Treaty of Nanking, in 1843, which was negotiated for the British Government by Sir Henry Pottinger.

Sir Henry, like Commissioner Lin, had his orders. His methods, like Lin's, were admirable in their thoroughness. He secured the following terms from the crestfallen Chinese Government: 1.—There was to be a "lasting peace" between the two nations. 2.—Canton, Amoy, Foochow, Ningpo, and Shanghai were to be opened as "treaty ports." 3.—The Island of Hongkong was to be ceded to Great Britain. 4.—An indemnity of \$21,000,000 was to be paid, \$6,000,000 as the value of the opium destroyed, \$3,000,000 for the destruction of the property of British subjects, and \$12,000,000 for the expenses of the war. It was further understood that the British were to hold the places they had seized until these and a number of other equally humiliating conditions should be fulfilled. Thus was the energy and persistence of the opium smugglers rewarded. Thus began that partition of China which has been going on ever since. It is difficult to be a Christian when far from home. The English, says Mark Twain, are mentioned in the Bible: "The meek shall inherit the earth."

It is difficult to get an admission even to-day, from a thorough-going British trader, that opium had anything to do with the war of 1840-43. He is likely to insist either that the war was caused by the refusal of Chinese officials to admit English representatives on terms of equality, or that it was caused by "the stopping of trade." There was, indeed, a touch of the naively Oriental in the attitude of China. To the Chinese official mind, China was the greatest of nations, occupying something like five sixths of the huge flat disc called the world. England, Holland, Spain, France, Portugal, and Japan were small islands crowded in between the edges of China and the rim of the disc. That these small nations should wish to trade with "the Middle Kingdom" and to bring tribute to the "Son of Heaven," was not unnatural. But that the Son of Heaven must admit them whether he liked or not, and as equals, was preposterous. Stripping these notions of their quaint Orientalism, they boil down to the simple principle that China recognized no law of earth or Heaven which could force her to admit foreign traders, foreign ministers, or foreign religions if she preferred to live by herself and mind her own business. That China has minded her own business and does mind her own business is, I think, indisputable.

The notions which animated the British were equally simple. Stripped of their quaint Occidental shell of religion and respectability and theories of personal liberty, they seem to boil down to about this—that China was a great undeveloped market and therefore the trading nations had a right to trade with her willy nilly, and any effective attempt to stop this trade was, in some vague way, an infringement of their rights as trading nations. In maintaining this theory, it is necessary for us to forget that opium, though a "commodity," was an admittedly vicious and contraband commodity,

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In providing that there should be a "lasting peace" between the two nations, it was probably the idea to insure British traders against attack, or rather to provide a technical excuse for reprisals in case of such attacks. But for some reason which I do not understand nothing whatever was said about opium in the treaty. Now opium was more than ever the chief of the trade. England had not the slightest notion of giving it up; on the contrary, opium shipments were increased and the smuggling was developed to an extraordinary extent. How a "lasting peace" was to be maintained while opium, the cause of all the trouble, was still unrecognized by either government as a legitimate commodity, while, indeed, the Chinese, however chastened and humiliated, were still making desperate if indirect efforts to keep it out of the country and the English were making strong efforts to get it into the country, is a problem I leave to subtler minds. The upshot was, of course, that the "lasting peace" did not last. Within fifteen years there was another war. By the second treaty (that of Tientsin, 1858) Britain secured 4,000,000 taels of indemnity money (about \$3,000,000), the opening of five more treaty ports, toleration for the Christian religion, and the admission of opium under a specified tariff. The Tientsin Treaty legalized Christianity and opium. China had defied the laws of trade, and had learned her lesson. It had been a costly lesson—\$24,000,000 in money, thousands of lives, the fixing on the race of a soul-blighting vice, the loss of some of her best seaports, more, the loss of her independence as a nation—but she had learned it. And thereafter, except for a crazy outburst now and then as the foreign grip grew tighter, she was to submit.

But China's troubles were not over. If she was to be debauched whether or no, must she also be ruined financially? There were the indemnity payments to meet, with interest; and no way of meeting them other than to squeeze tighter a poverty-stricken nation which was growing more poverty stricken as her silver drained steadily off to the foreigners. There was a solution to the problem—a simple one. It was to permit the growth of opium in China itself, supplant the Indian trade, keep the silver at home. But China was slow to adopt this solution. It might solve the fiscal problem; but incidentally it might wreck China. She sounded England on the subject—once, twice. There seems to have been some idea that England, if convinced that China had her own possibility of crowding out the Indian drug, might, after all, give up the trade, stop the production in India, and make the great step unnecessary. But England could not see it in that light. China wavered, then took the great step. The restrictions on opium-growing were removed. This was probably a mistake, though opinions still differ about that. To the men who stood responsible for a solution of China's fiscal problem it doubtless seemed necessary. At all events, the last barrier between China and ruin was removed by the Chinese themselves. And within less than half a century after the native growth of the poppy began, the white and pink and mauve blossoms have spread across the great empire, north and south, east and west, until to-day, in blossom time, almost every part of every province has its white and mauve patches. You may see them in Manchuria, on the edge of the great desert of Gobi, within a dozen miles of Peking; you may see them from the headwaters of the mighty Yangtze to its mouth, up and down the coast for two thousand miles, on the distant borders of Thibet.

No one knows how much opium was grown in China last year. There are estimates—official, missionary, consular; and they disagree by thousands and tens of thousands of tons. But it is known that where the delicate poppy is reared it demands, and receives, the best land. It thrives in the rich river bottoms. It has crowded out grain and vegetables wherever it has spread, and has thus become a contributing factor to famines. Its product, opium, has run over China like a black wave, leaving behind it a misery, a darkness, a desolation that has struck even the Chinese, even its victims, with horror. China has passed from misery to disaster. And as if the laws of trade had chosen to turn capriciously from their inexorable business and wreak a grim joke on a prostrate race, the solution, the great step, has failed in its purpose. The trade in Indian opium has been hurt, to be sure, but not supplanted. It never will be supplanted until the British Government deliberately puts it down. For the Chinese cannot raise opium which competes in quality with the Indian drug. Indian opium is in steady demand for the purpose of mixing with Chinese opium. No duties can keep it out; duties simply increase the cost to the Chinese consumer, simply ruin him a bit more rapidly. So authoritative an expert as Sir Robert Hart, director of the Chinese imperial customs, had hopes that the great step would prove effective. In "These from the Land of Sinim" he has expressed this hope:

"Your legalized opium has been a curse in every province it penetrates, and your refusal to limit or decrease the import has forced us to attempt a dangerous remedy—we have legalized native opium—not because we approve of it, but to compete with and drive out the foreign drug; and it is expelling it, and when we have only the native production to deal with, and thus have the business in our own hands, we hope to stop the habit in our own way."



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The great step has failed. Indian opium has not been expelled. For the Chinese to put down the native drug without stopping the import is impossible as well as useless. The Chinese seem determined, in one way or another, to put down both. Once again, after a weary century of struggle, they have approached the British Government. Once again the British Government has been driven from the Scylla of healthy Anglo-Saxon moral indignation to the Charybdis behind that illuminating phrase—"India needs the money." Twenty-two million dollars is a good deal of money. The balance sheet reigns; and the balance sheet is an exacting ruler, even if it has triumphed over common decency, over common morality, over common humanity.

Will you ride with me (by rickshaw) along the International Bund at Shanghai—beyond the German Club and the Hongkong Bank—over the little bridge that leads to Frenchtown—past a half mile of warehouses and chanting coolies and big yellow Hankow steamers—until we turn out on the French Bund? It is a raw, cloudy, March morning; the vendors of queer edibles who line the curbing find it warmer to keep their hands inside their quilted sleeves.

It is a lively day on the river. Admiral Brownson's fleet of white cruisers lies at anchor in midstream. A lead-gray British cruiser swings below them, an anachronistic Chinese gunboat lower still. Big black merchantmen fill in the view—a P. and O. ship is taking on coal—a two-hundred-ton junk with red sails moves by. Nearer at hand, from the stone quay outward, the river front is crowded close with sampans and junks, rows on rows of them, each with its round little house of yellow matting, each with its swarm of brown children, each with its own pungent contribution to the all-pervasive odor. Gaze out through the forests of masts, if you please, and you will see two old hulks, roofed with what looks suspiciously like shingles, at anchor beyond. They might be ancient men-of-war, pensioned off to honorable decay. You can see the square outlines of what once were portholes, boarded up now. The carved wooden figureheads at the prow of each are chipped and blackened with age and weather. What are they, and why do they lie here in mid-channel, where commerce surges about them?

These are the opium hulks of Shanghai. In them is stored the opium which the government of British India has grown and manufactured for consumption in China. They symbolize China's degradation.

THE HAZING OF "LITTLE BOB"

By EARLE HOOKER EATON

Wisconsin's pet name for Senator Robert Marion La Follette is "Little Bob."—Daily News.

Thus mused "Little Bob" La Follette as he folded up his wallet,

And his ticket labeled, "Washington, D. C.,"

"I'm a freshman seeking knowledge, and I'm off for Senate College,

Where a statesman gets his Uncle Sam degree.

I have studied many freight bills and I'm posted on these rate bills;

When opponents of Reform disclose their plot,

I will put a hot response in for my grand old state, Wisconsin,

And I'll tie the crooked railroads in a knot!"

But—alas! that I must pen it—when he got into the Senate,

Wicked seniors brought a gag and said, "Look here, Freshmen must not talk nor roister, they must be as dumb's an oyster,

Till they've hung around the college for a year."

"Let 'em hang!" La Follette muttered, "with such clods the Senate's cluttered,

But the Badger State has put me on the job,

I'm no deaf and dumb asylum, and although 't will doubtless rile 'em,

They are going to hear a speech from 'Little Bob'!"

Then his maiden speech he started, whereat twenty seniors darted

For the circumjacent cloakrooms, earless-walled,

Where they loafed and hibernated, two whole days while Bob orated,

(Senatorial courtesy the game is called!)

Later, too, they all rebuffed him, baited, bullied, bothered, bluffed him,

For a month they fairly chortled in their joy.

As they tantalized and tricked him, as they tabled, cuffed, and kicked him,—

They were hazing "Little Bob," the Badger Boy.

When the college session ended, "Little Bob" at once descended

Like a ton of brick upon each hazer's state,

And in lectures records quoted, showing how each hazer voted

In support of railroad steals the people hate;

How their action had impeded legislation badly needed,

How reforms their ardent opposition met.

Then the voters asked a reason for the things that smacked of treason,

And the hazers have n't ceased explaining yet!

Daily "Little Bob" La Follette, plucky "On-the-Job" La Follette,

In the Senate where the hazers also sit,

Gets a most respectful hearing, when he does his part in steering

Through the bills he thinks are fair and square and fit.

And 't is truly quite amazing, what a slump there's been in hazing,

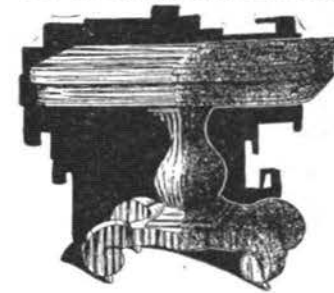
For the tip is out, "BE CAREFUL—DYNAMITE!"

And the seniors when they're goaded, say, "We didn't know 't was loaded!"

There is not a single hazer left in sight!

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THE HERMIT

By JOSEPH C. LINCOLN

[Concluded from page 725]

we've got to do is to keep our seats and wait for the band to begin. I thought that hermit was only a trained animal show, but I guess he's a three ring circus."

Thursday mornin' the down train was due at Wellmouth Center at eleven. At half past eleven we three was out by the front gate alone. The Old Home House was an ile paintin' of desolation. Every boarder had gone somewheres.

"S'pose that Connecticut wife 'll come aboard to-day?" asks Jonadab. "When she does I want to see her."

"Don't know," says Peter. "The long lost husband got back last night, all right. Said his outin' had done him good and he guessed he'd gained strength enough to swear at the parrot a while longer. I did'n't mention the expected addition to the museum."

"There's three of our carriages gone to meet that train," says Cap'n Jonadab. "'Mcst time for 'em to be here, ain't it? Hey? Her: comes one now."

Sure enough there was our best surrey and the white horse, bouncin' along the depot road. Mrs. Stumpton was drivin' and she had the fust mate of her click on the front seat with her. Behind was Maudina and a thin female with a long nose and an undershot jaw. Their tongues was rattlin' like a knittin' factory.

"Mr. Brown!" calls Old Lady Stumpton. "Mr. Wingate! Cap'n Wixon! Here's some one you must know. Let me introduce Mrs. Haggerty, the wife of our hermit. We discovered her and are bringin' her to her husband. His name is Jonas Haggerty and he lived in Bellows Corners, Connecticut."

"And he doesn't know!" sung out Maudina. "Is n't it heavenly?"

Maybe 't was heavenly, but to my notion the Haggerty woman was postmarked from a diff'rent latitude. She was a reg'lar hatchet face, and I did'n't like her eyes; they was the gimblet brand and shifty. However, we shook hands and done our best to act glad to see her.

"We must'n't stop," says Mrs. Stumpton. "The rest of our friends, who are in the secret, are waitin' at the hermitage. Good-by! I feel as if I were the agent of Providence."

Off they drove and afore their dust had settled another team hove in sight. 'T was Marm Thompson and her tribe. On the back seat was a fat woman in a ratty old bonnet and alpaca gown. She acted mighty nervous and fidgetty, seemed to me.

"Whoa!" orders Mrs. Thompson. "Gentlemen, we have a surprise for you—yes, a surprise for you, but a far greater one for some one else. Who do you suppose this lady is?"

She had reference to the fat woman, who looked more nervous and sheep-stealin' than ever. She kept smilin' like clockwork and stickin' out her right fin, which had a green cotton mit on it. We could'n't figger out who she was and said so.

"It's Mrs. Herman Schmultz, of Stitzenburg, Pennsylvania," says Mrs. Thompson. "And she is, I am happy to say, the wife of our hermit."

I rubbed my forehead and looked at Jonadab. He pulled his chin whiskers and looked at me. Both of our mouths was open but no words come out of 'em. We was past talk. Peter T. Brown whistled.

"Whew!" says he, swallerin' hard. "The hermit's wife, hey! His wife, I think you said?"

"Yes, his wife. The poor creature has been supportin' herself and her eight little ones, by teachin', since her husband's disappearance. Our advertisement in the 'School Monthly' came to her attention and—. But we must'n't stop now. You shall know all later. Good-by."

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And away they went. I sat down on a rock. Cap'n Jonadab leaned against the fence post.

"Two wives! he groaned. "The feller's a Mor-mon!"

"Fifteen children!" says I. "No wonder he went hermitin'!"

"Come on!" says Peter, grabbin' us by the arms. "Come on acrost lots up to the hermitage, I would n't miss this—this Old Home Week reunion—for a chance at a Standard lle director in the dark. Hurry up!"

By cuttin' acrost lots you can save pretty nigh ha'f the distance to Synder's Woods. We raced along, puffin' and blowin' like steam engynes, and if the Stumpton outfit had n't had such a good start, or if they'd been drivin' a slower horse, we'd have fetched port about as quick as they done. But, as 't was, we was a little late, and when we come stumblin' into the clearin' by the hermitage the jubilee was on.

The hermit, lookin' toler'ble bewildered and scared, was standin' in front of his shack, fendin' the Haggerty woman off with both hands. She was circlin' round him with her arms stretched out, like a wrastler tryin' for an under holt. Round the two of 'em was a circle of dogs, all barkin' hallelujahs and anxious to get into the ring. Further out still was Mrs. Stumpton and Maudina and the rest of their click, hoppin' up and down with excitement and seemin'ly bossin' the show. And there was Thompson clickers and Sears clickers and Baumgetz clickers, standin' in separate bunches, glowerin' and talkin' wild. Inside the shanty the cats was mewin' and the parrot yellin' and the canaries singin'. 'T was the craziest performance ever I see, and the noisiest.

"My husband! My long lost Jonas!" screams the Haggerty woman, makin' a grab at the hermit.

"G'way from me!" he yells, dodgin' frantic. "Be you crazy? I never see you afore! I—"

"It's your wife!" shrieks Mrs. Stumpton.

"Mother of your seven fatherless children!" puts in Maudina.

"An outrage! An imposter! A brazen fraud!" cries the members of the other clicks.

"Ki-yi! Meow! Screech! Chirrup!" jines in the menagerie.

Peter T. was the fust of our crowd to reach the stage, and the performers made for him, all tryin' to explain at once.

"Wait! Wait!" he shouts, fightin' his way clear. "Give me a chance. Here you!" turnin' to the hermit.

"Is this woman your wife? Do you remember her?"

"No, I don't. It's a blame lie! I—"

"But she remembers him perfectly," cuts in Marm Stumpton. "And he is—"

"Just a minute, ma'am," says Brown, soothin'. "Just a minute, please. If I'm not mistaken, there's another claimant comin'. Yes, here's one now."

And along the road comes the Thompson carriage and pulls up sharp. Out piles the fat woman and her backers.

"Vere he iss?" puffs the candidate from Stitzenburg, Pennsylvania. "Vere he iss, mine lieber Herman? Dere? Ach Himmel! 't is him!" And she shoves by main force through the Stumptons and over the dogs and makes a dive for the hermit.

Then there was times. Everybody talkin' at once, the two wives yellin' personal opinions concernin' one another, the Stumpton gang blackguardin' the Thompsons, and vicy versy t'other way round, and Peter and me and Jonadab doin' our best to calm things down and pacify the hermit, who was for takin' to tall timber immediate.

The riot was still going on when up comes another caravan, a buggy this time. In it was Elviry Sears and a lean, tall critter with curls and earrings. To look at her you'd judge she was Methusalem's older sister, but she hopped out of that buggy like a yearlin'.

"Where is he?" she wants to know, shrill and emphatic. "Ah! I see him! At last! At last!"

And I swan to man if she did n't skip acrost to Cap'n Jonadab, get a clove hitch with her arms round his neck, and begin to cry all over his necktie.

I give up then. I just set down and hollered and laughed till I ached. You'd ought to seen Jonadab's face.

"Get out, you—you impudent thing!" he orders, tryin' to get a chance to breathe. "Take this old fool away from me, will you, somebody? Let go, or I'll—I don't know's I won't choke ye!"

Elviry come to the rescue. She grabbed the woman by the elbows and hauled her loose. "You have made a mistake, dear," she says. "Your excitement and the resemblance have misled you. There is your husband! There!" And she p'int's to the hermit.

"Miss Sears," begs Peter, with the tears rollin' down his face, "for heaven sakes don't tell me this exhibit—this lady is another wife?"

"Another? I don't understand. She is the wife. She saw his picture in my advertisement in the 'Banner of Light.' She recognized it at once. The hermit's name is Alonzo Boggs and he formerly resided in East Snowden, Vermont. She married him eleven years ago."

"Adopted him, you mean," roars Jonadab, mad clean through. "She's his great grandmarm at least. If she ain't a hundred in the shade I'll eat my hat."

Well, in ten minutes or so we managed to get some sort of order amongst them wives and clickers. Peter T. got the candidates lined up in front of the shanty



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and then he takes the hermit gently by the arm. "Look here," says he. "You seem to be the most popular male in these United States. How many of these ladies have you married?"

"Not one," vows the victim, decided. "I never married one of 'em. Don't you suppose I know?"

"Humph! I understand you profess to have forgotten all your past. That disease of yours—"

The hermit whirled on him. "Disease!" he yells. "If I had smallpox and yaller fever and locomotive paresis all to once, do you call 'em I'd ever forget that?" And he pints to Elviry's antique from Vermont.

Brown grinned. "Then if you ain't Jonas Haggerty from Bellows Corners, Connecticut, nor Herman Schmultz from Stitzburg, Pennsylvania, nor Alonzo Boggs from East Snowden, Vermont, who are you?"

The hermit hesitated. And, lo and behold you, forward prances Mrs. Baumgetz, head of the Ancestry Click, and says she:

"I'll tell you who he is. He is Samuel A. Reno, of Concord, New Hampshire. His wife is Susan Reno, nee Smith. She has recognized his photo in the advertisement in the 'Magazine of History' and she will be here to-morrow. These other creatures are mere frauds, seeking money."

There was a hush, then a roar. Peter T. held up both hands.

"Hush! Be quiet! Shut up!" he shouts. "You hermit, is this lady's story the real one? Are you Reno?"

The hermit fetched a long breath. "No," says he, "I ain't. I might's well tell you who I be. Not that it's any of your business, but because you'll have me labeled Charlie Ross or Brigham Young in a minute. I'm John Smith, from Bangor, State o' Maine, and—"

"And that's right," says a new voice, a man's voice, from the edge of the woods. "Much obliged to you, John. Not that it matters. I knew you in a jiffy. You're some thinner, but otherwise you ain't changed a mite."

All hands turned round, like they was on a pivot; and there stood a long-legged man, a stranger, with a paper in his hand.

"Excuse me for buttin' in, ladies and gents all," he says, polite and ily; "but I'm one of the constables from down Bangor way, and I've been huntin' this friend of yours for a considerable spell. He stole twenty-eight dollars and seventy-five cents from a soap peddler ten months ago and cleared out. I see an advertisement in my wife's paper—she's a Spiritu'list—and the description fitted fine, so I thought I'd run down and investigate. He's John Smith, all right, and I've got a warrant for him."

"But," says Peter, amongst the general speechlessness, "how about all these wifely identifications?"

The constable grinned. "Wall," says he, "judgin' by the specimen photograph I see, you could identify most anybody by it, if he was homely enough. And the advertisement mentioned that money went with the man, didn't it? Now, John Smith," he adds, "are you comin' with me peaceable or shall I—"

The hermit never waited for him to finish. He bolts at that constable as if he was his only friend.

"Silas," he says, almost sobbin', "I never was so glad to see a body in my life. I'm Smith. I stole the twenty-eight. I'll go with you. All I ask is that you take me somewhere and lock me up where these lunatics can't get at me. Lock me up tight, Silas, mighty tight!"

I see that hermit just once more. 'T was in the 'Wellmouth lock-up that evenin'. He was the happiest critter alive.

"A nice cool cell," he says, "no work to do, no blamed pets to keep you awake, no crazy boarders to pester, no wives turnin' up—land! it'll be paradise! I won't have to be a hermit there. But say," and he looked troubled; "they tell me I won't get more'n a year. S'pose if I set this buildin' afire they'd make it five? I need all of that to rest up in."

Missed His Vocation

REGINALD DE KOVEN, the composer, tells of a grocer and a druggist who attended a Wagner concert. As the programme did not please them, they began talking on music in general and on Wagner in particular.

"Another example of the fact that every man wants to do something out of his line," said the druggist.

"That's right," assented the grocer. "Now I'm a grocer, but I've always wanted to be a banker."

"You'd probably fail," added the druggist. "Look at me. I'm a success as a druggist, yet I've always wanted to write a book. This man Wagner tries his hand at music. Just listen to it. And yet we all know he builds good parlor cars!"

A Correction

IN the May issue of SUCCESS MAGAZINE we reproduced a photograph of Mrs. Mary Baker G. Eddy, taken by Kimball, of Concord, New Hampshire. This was a copyrighted photograph, and through some error the copyright notice was omitted. We publish this as a warning to any who attempt to use the same photograph that appeared in this magazine without first securing the proper permission from Mr. Kimball, from whom duplicates may be directly purchased.



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The Red Motor

By ELIZABETH NEW McKEEN

[Concluded from page 733]

so despairing that Duff, seeing the hopelessness of it all, as only a dumb beast can, jumped into the seat beside her and nudged her arm with his nose, as if to say, "At least don't forget that I am here with you, Becky." Whereupon she threw her arms about his neck and burst into tears.

"It's just lots worse than you think, Duff, because we can't even light the lamps so any one could see us if they *should* come along, and besides, no one ever comes by this road, now that they have the shorter one; that is the reason I took it, to sort of get used to things all by myself. For all I know we shall have to stay here a long time—till to-morrow, anyway, and I'm cold—and—hungry. Of course, I can't be afraid so long as I have you, Duff, but—(a sob drowned the word)—it's awful dark, isn't it, though!" A shudder shook Becky's trim little frame. Duff felt the stress of the situation keenly and hugged closer to Becky until girl and dog blended into one shadow in the *tonneau* of the smart red car. While under cover of the darkness, she unfolded to Duff all the anguish that lay heavy upon her heart, and that had prompted her to buy the new car and recklessly run it to Brockton to assuage the feelings she had endured when she had seen Bob Tracy deliberately riding Maria Moffatt all over creation in his auto, when he was engaged to her and had no right to *even look* at another girl. True, she had not seen Bob very plainly, but she saw the car and Maria plain as could be. All morning it had flitted down one street and up another, and the *impudent* had blown the horn until her ears fairly ached from hearing it; then, as if that was not *enough*, after lunch they had begun all over again, only this time, instead of confining themselves to the town, they had gone at a mad pace for the country; she had watched them from the cupola of the house, and in the country they had stayed until late afternoon, when they had returned at the slowest possible pace, as if they just dreaded coming back at all. It had really been *too much*, and she had written and broken her engagement before she should even have time to change her mind, she was so hurt; and now she wished she never had to see Bob Tracy again as long as she lived.

Having thus unburdened her mind of these sentiments, she wept harder than ever, while poor Duff's heart was wrung between sympathy and unbelief, though Becky was a goddess to him, the fairest thing on earth or in heaven, and these sentiments were not confined to himself alone, as that sagacious canine well knew but could not say. In the silence that followed this strained confession a distant sound was suddenly borne in upon the night air. Duff grew all alertness, bravery and hope sat mightily upon him, while his perked up ears were as of iron. Becky had heard also and, listening between fear and joy, she hardly knew what to expect. If some long black shadow had suddenly appeared and whisked her away she could not have been more tremulous. Then two huge lights threw their glare upon the roadway, and a swift car came dashing toward them with the hoarse honk, honk of a heavy horn. In a twinkling it had come abreast of the derelict, and a man's voice vibrated above the whir of the engine.

The little form in the *tonneau* slipped to the ground like a flash and brushed the tears from two very red little eyes, leaving a long dirty smear across one cheek, of which Miss Becky was totally unconscious. Duff bounded to the encounter of the newcomer with a vivacity totally foreign to his habits, but Becky had shaken down her rumpled dress and quickly assumed a

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bravado she did not feel, when the man coming closer struck a match that vaguely outlined her as she stood rather defiant against the background of trees.

"Becky!" he said concernedly.

"Miss Vandyne, if you don't mind," said Becky, bravely. "I stopped here for a moment to light up and I find I have no matches. If you could lend me a few I need not trouble you for any other assistance." She knew all the while that Bob Tracy would never leave her totally alone upon the pitch-black highway.

"Becky, you can't impose on me like that!"

"I have no desire to impose upon you, Mr. Tracy, and I should like to be accorded the same consideration."

"I shall not have him think I am broken down or scared or anything else," thought Becky to herself, forgetful of the fact that all of that was self-evident.

"Becky, I have hunted for you for nearly five hours," continued the voice in the darkness, ignoring the sarcasm that had been launched at him. "I have been to Brockton by the short road and back to Pittsfield by the highway. I certainly never expected to find you here; but it was a last chance. They told me at the garage you had taken a brand-new car and started for Brockton alone."

"Is that then so remarkable?" said Becky, rather pleased that her temerity had produced the effect she had desired even in the face of adverse circumstances.

"You might have been killed. They told me, too, at several places on the road, that you had passed by, going at a terrific pace."

"Yes, I did," rather consciously.

"But, aside from the danger, if you were going at that pace you should have been in Brockton hours ago; how could I help being nearly crazy? How long have you been here?"

"Oh, not long." Her voice shook a little at the deception.

A bit dismayed at her coolness, and let down, too, now that he had found her and she was apparently none the worse for her recklessness, Tracy brought forth a piece of crumpled paper. "I got this in the morning mail, Becky: you don't mean it, do you?" and he came closer, putting forth his hand in the darkness until he almost touched her; but she drew back, saying hurriedly:

"Yes," every word. You should have had it yesterday."

"You mean, suddenly you no longer care for me, when we have been caring always?"

"Exactly. If you will light those lamps and crank the car, I see no reason why we should continue such an undesirable conversation."

With some dejection Tracy lighted the lamps, and as the glare showed his handsome face against the darkness Becky swallowed a lump in her throat and thought how much she *had* loved him, and now, of course, she just *must not* love him any more. She couldn't even dare to *feel kindly* toward him for finding her to-night, even if she was cold and lost. Bob took the crank and gave it one vigorous pull, while Becky's little heart went with it. In just a few minutes she would be running her own car alone to Brockton, and this was the *very last* she was to see of him. She had said it herself, and she had nothing to take back, and more, he *had* been riding Maria Moffatt about—yes, she was sure she just hated him. Once more there was a vigorous pull at the crank.

"This is a fine car for you—you could n't crank it in thirty years. Well, I owe some thanks to Banks and Maria Moffatt for half ruining my car yesterday while I was away, so that I had to take it to Pittsfield to be mended to-day, or I never would have known you were here, and heaven knows what might not have occurred."

At this astonishing assertion Becky caught her breath sharply. Had she been mistaken, after all, and Maria was driving about in Bob's



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car with some other man? Here she was, then, to repent the rest of her life for acting so hastily and doing something for which, probably, Bob would not even care to forgive her if he knew. Of course, after what she had said just now, he likely never would ask her to marry him again, even if he had been inclined to overlook her letter.

"Turn on your battery, please," came his voice again.

"What?" said Becky, lost vaguely between the tumultuous emotions within her breast and the thing he said to do, whatever it was he meant.

"This switch here," he said, stepping to the seat where the lights from the other car fell aslant the battery box. "Your spark-plug is gone. Is that what stopped you?"

"I stopped because I wanted to," she said, contritely.

"Well, the car can't be started without it. It must be somewhere here on the ground; just a little black button."

"This is a brand-new car, Mr. Tracy, and it came here just as you see it, and it never had a spark-plug or whatever you call it," said Becky, with the inevitable touch of *motoritis*.

Something in her voice made Bob stop in his quest for the button and look at Becky. In her effort to understand just what it was he sought she had stepped into the light from the lamps and her tear-stained face was a potent witness to her undoing.

"Becky," he said, tenderly, "you have been crying." Duff groaned aloud, seeing that they had been discovered, and Becky stepped hastily back into the shadow, all aquiver.

"Well, I guess I don't have to be told about it."

"Why did you ever try such a thing alone?"

"No one cares to be with me, so how should I try it any other way?" But her voice went rather low.

"You know I always care to be with you."

"Then, you—you were n't riding Maria around—yesterday?"

A sudden gleam of inspiration flashed across the features of stalwart Bob Tracy, and a smile played about the corners of his mouth. In another moment he had crushed Becky's unresisting little form in his arms, and between the kisses upon her lips, he said:

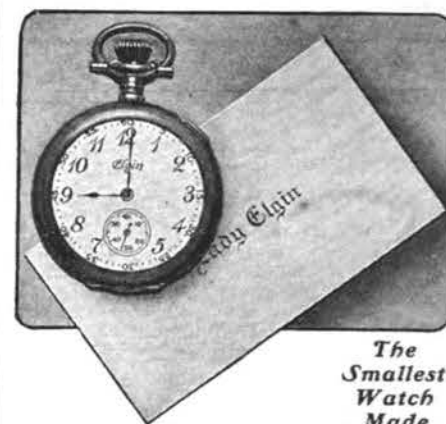
"You know it was not, Becky, and you do love me?"

But the answer was lost in the lusty bark from Duff, who for his part had known it all the time.

Where Johnsy Worked

JOHNSY, who ventured as far as St. Louis from his plantation home, came back to it after two years. This is his mother's report of his experiences: "Tell ye, Miss Ma'y, Johnsy is done seed things ye cain't skasely believe. He hired out up in dat dar big town ter wuk in de house, same like he wus er ooman, an' dem folks dey think so much on him, dey sont him ter de do' when comp'ny come, an' des let de comp'ny look at him, den drap er little piece er paper in de waiter he hilt in his hand—den he shot de do' in der faces. An' when he wus doin' dat, he wored red velvet breeches, an' white boots, an' er yaller weskit. No matter who come, he nebber let nare one git by him—dat 's de way, he say, town folks gits round de trubble er feedin' folks, and gittin' de house all dirty. An' dem folkses' house wus er caution—why dey had cyarpets on de flo' whar had ha'ar on um, same as is on chilluns' haid—Johnsy had ter git down and comb um—and dar wus two tombstones at de fier-place—one each side—dat met up 'cros de top, but dem tombstones niver had no lambs ner no doves on um, but somp'n dat looked like er chicken-rooster wid hit's wings out wide, tryin' ter set on er nestful ob lightnin'. De chicken rooster's name wus 'Merikin Eagel, Johnsy say—and dem folks wus metty proud on him. Of cose dey wus rich—rich as cream-and-peaches—so rich when dey went 'long in de road, and dest hilt up dey hand de kyars stopped fur um right den and dar."

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Our Great Northwest

By CHAUNCEY THOMAS

[Concluded from page 731]

San Francisco. On the whole, not a city in America is in as much danger from earthquake as is Chicago, or New York from fire.

But three things more remain to touch on: the climate, the people, and general conditions. The plain truth of the matter is that in the Northwest, from the Cascades to the coast down for hundreds of miles, it rains practically half the time all winter. Figures of weather reports can be juggled to show that Portland, Seattle, Tacoma, and elsewhere are no more wet than is New York City; but the fact remains that in other places it snows heavily for a few hours, or days at the most, in winter, then clears up for several days or even weeks; in summer "it pours," and then clears up and stays so for days, while in the Northwest for over half the time in winter it is a slow, usually warm, drizzle that does not result to very much in figures, but that does produce a very good quality and quantity of general all around dampness. The winter climate would just suit our old friend "McGinty." But the grass is green all the year round, snow and ice are rather a pleasing novelty, the summers are dry enough to require lawn irrigation, and the evenings cool enough to make a fire comfortable, and when the sun shines at any time of the year the weather is ideal. For rheumatic, throat, bronchial, and liver troubles, the climate is not desirable, but otherwise it is healthy above the average climate.

Also, the long hours of daylight in summer and the long hours of darkness in winter are a surprise to one from a more southern clime. Although in itself a warm country, Puget Sound is in the North, right next to the Canadian line, and something of the weird mystery of the Arctic hangs over Puget Sound. In the show windows one sees pattern hats and reindeer sleeping bags, chafing dishes and snowshoes; while in the parks one man will be practicing with his painfully new automobile while another is breaking in his dog team, and on the streets Mackinaw coats brush against embroidered shirt-waists. Seattle is a curious mixture of Chicago and Nome—and does n't know it. When you expect it to be the one, it is usually the other. From what I have heard and read I fancy that the climate of Puget Sound is not unlike that of England, only warmer and perhaps more even; yet the weather varies greatly from point to point and from year to year.

As for the people, they are still of the frontier; raw, touchy, intensely loyal, and very much in earnest; they work feverishly, with splendid energy and, in some cases, an almost foolhardy faith that is magnificent. The world stops at the city limits—but in a real estate boom these are somewhat elastic. The boom in Seattle, however, is over; it is just beginning in Portland, while Tacoma hopes to have one some day. In a small, new place, when real estate prices on the basis of "two dollars down and a note for a million" verge on those of New York City and Chicago, things must at least rest for a while. The people tackle three men's work, do two—hurriedly rather than thoroughly—and bluff through the balance. A pad and pencil, pair of scales and measuring stick is not a popular mixture at present in some quarters. The air is full of millions.

Land bought almost anywhere in the Puget Sound region with sanity must increase in the long run many times in value; but at some points real estate prices are inflated beyond all reason, and a severe setback is inevitable. Let me advise each to buy for himself, and to watch his papers and his titles with more than usual care; and not to intrust his money to unknown agents, nor to so-called "bond companies," "trust companies," or "real estate companies"

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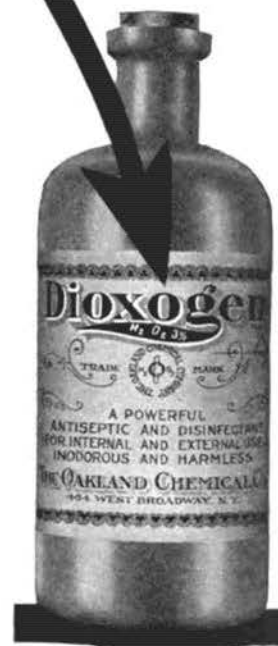
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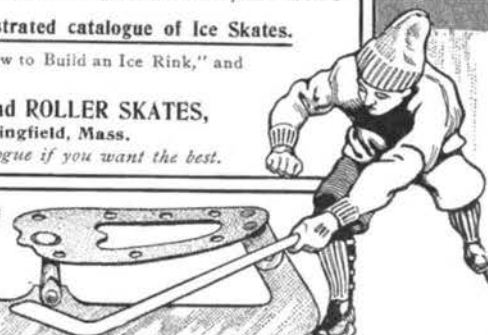
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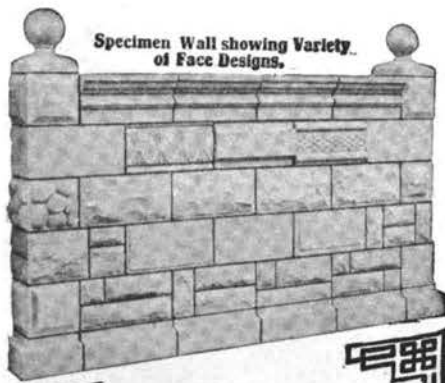
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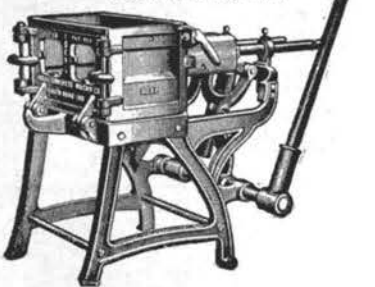
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with "stocks" and "bonds" for sale, especially in small amounts on the installment plan. I may be doing an injustice here and there by this advice, but if so the reliable or well-meaning parties are in more than questionable company. At present these "securities" rank with mining stocks. In the Puget Sound region there is no public land left for settlement, and every foot of desirable land, and especially the actual water front on the Sound, no matter how rough or remote, is held at high figures. A factory on the water front of Puget Sound has the whole world for a market and is forever free from railroad domination. I hesitate to give the following information, but will do so that others may form some definite idea of the prices asked: Two days' inquiry in Seattle failed to find any Sound water front *anywhere* for less than \$1 per linear foot, and most of this was miles from a railroad. Average timber is held at from \$1,500 to \$2,000 per quarter section—160 acres—where one year ago it was worth \$1,000, and will never be less, for the trees are falling, never to grow again. Farm land ranges from \$100 to \$1,000 an acre, without improvements, depending on location. Tide land and harbor frontage are not in the market, and are generally held by the large corporations. Living expenses in Seattle are high, and moderate in Tacoma and Portland. The main business in Seattle has been real estate; Tacoma has a comparatively large factory population, and Portland has a good many of the characteristics generally charged to Philadelphia.

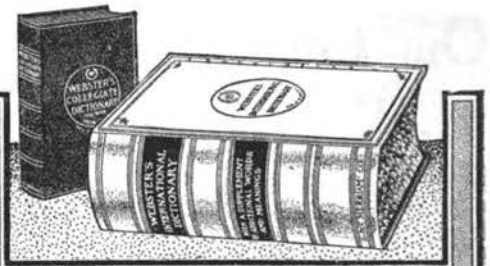
The Northwest is the best place I know of for a man with small capital to get a start, but wages are low and the demand small for trained or educated labor. Manual labor, however, is in big demand the year around, at good wages. Puget Sound wants money and muscle, not clerks and college men "looking for something to do." The open shop seems to be the rule rather than labor unions.

As for natural surroundings, Puget Sound combines the beauties of the Rockies and the Adirondacks, of the Hudson and the St. Lawrence. Forest, lake, mountain, and sea all in one are here; most of it forever free because of vast United States Forest Reserves. Seattle, built on hills between the Sound and Lake Washington, apparently encircled by forest-belted, snow-capped mountains—the North at their summits, the South at their feet—and with great stretches of water dotted with evergreen islands has, I believe, the most beautiful location of any city in America.

It has been difficult for me to collect the facts on which to base these articles. My main reliance has been the disinterested and unprejudiced United States officials and railroad men, and my own eyes. This is the first time, I believe, that this information has ever been brought together in public print. I have borrowed with a free hand and would like to give credit; but in many cases I could obtain information from some high and reliable source only on the personal pledge not to use names, especially if my informant was an official and did not want to offend certain hair-trigger local prejudices. Local interests either "knocked" or "boosted" in true boom spirit. Figures were scarce, but adjectives abundant.

On the whole, I think that one may safely say that what New York City was in 1830, Chicago in 1850, San Francisco in 1860, Denver in 1870, Puget Sound is to-day. To the north is Alaska; to the south is western Mexico, western South America, Australia, New Zealand, the Isles of the South Seas, and eastern Africa; to the west is Hawaii, the Philippines, Russia, Japan, China, and India, "The East!"—the dream-goal of commerce through the centuries; and to this three fourths of the earth, with its teeming hundreds of millions, the American gateways are through the Panama Canal and down the Cañon of the Columbia to Puget Sound.

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LENTALA

By W. C. MORROW

[Continued from page 737]

sickened me to see the sly confidence with which he approached. Meanwhile, I was aware of the great danger of discovery by the genuine messenger, for I knew the trailing skill of the natives, even though I led Mr. Vancouver as far from the meeting-place as necessary. But Christopher, who had acquired the native slyness, would know how to handle any embarrassing situation.

The discovery of Mr. Vancouver's seeming treachery had so disturbed me that I had some doubt of myself in the interview. The simple solution offered by strangling the man in the forest kept hammering at me with a dangerous persistency. We had taken it for granted that his interest in the colony was strong; no watch had been set on his liberty, which he had used in plotting.

I was measurably collected by the time we had seated ourselves on the ground. Being totally in the dark as to what had gone before, I was forced to extreme caution, and in addition there was some danger of my betraying myself or of his discovering that I was not a native.

"Why didn't the other man come?" he demanded in his old peremptory manner.

In confusion, not knowing what degree of proficiency in English to assume, I gave some answer in a lame speech, the inconsistency of which he might have detected had he been less absorbed.

"What is the king's plan?" he asked.

"He wants to know yours first," I answered.

I was prepared for his quick, half-suspicious look.

"He knows what I want," was the sharp return.

"The other native didn't know. He couldn't tell the king very well."

"This is my plan," went on Mr. Vancouver: "I make some good, strong men think that Captain Mason does nothing, but sits down and waits for us all to be killed. This is secret. A fellow named Hobart is my leader. The young men are ready to go with him out of the valley. The king will tell the guard to seize them and take them to the palace. That will get rid of the best fighters in the colony."

"What will the young men think they go for?" I inquired.

"What difference does that make," he testily demanded, "so long as they are out of the way?"

"The king must know," I was solid and firm.

"I'll make them think they can pass the guard; then they'll find a way for the colony to escape, and will come back and tell me."

"But they are not to come back."

Mr. Vancouver was silent, and his impatience grew.

"You will send them into a trap?" I persisted.

Again his suspicious scrutiny. "Does the king want them to come back?" he asked.

"I don't know. But he wants your plan."

"If they don't come back," Mr. Vancouver explained, "Captain Mason will be blamed for not knowing they were to go. Then his power will be gone. The colony will break up."

The ghastly perfection of the scheme overcame me for a moment, but I must learn what benefits Mr. Vancouver expected from this wholesale sacrifice.

"What do you want of the king?"

"I and my daughter and a young man named Rawley are to be taken care of, and—"

"You mean not killed?"

He writhed and reddened under the question, and under my sullen insistence.

Instead of answering, he hurried on: "I will show the king how to work the gold, silver, copper, diamond, and other mines, and how to make much money out of them. I will make treaties with other countries, and build forts, and make him a strong army. All this has to be done sooner or later, or the island will be taken."

"What is to be done with the other white people?" I demanded.

"The king knows."

"If I can't tell him he'll send me back."

After a struggle with his anger, Mr. Vancouver said: "The king knows what he has done with other castaways."

"What do you think he has done with them?"

He started at me in a struggle with his patience, and said nothing.

"Do you think they were sent away?" I returned.

His fury broke, "No!" he exclaimed, and then suddenly checked himself.

"Then you think they are here yet?" I drove in.

He rose in a passion. "Tell the king to send me a man who is n't a fool!" he stormed.

"I will tell him," I quietly said, rising and starting away; but he halted me.

"Why do you ask those questions?" he said more composedly.

"The king told me to. He wants to know if he can trust you. If you want these people sent away,—"

"I don't! That would ruin everything. They'd send armies and war-ships, and—"

"Then, kept here—alive?"

"Certainly not! They'd kill me."

Practical Talks on Shorthand



The Court Reporter's Remuneration

TELL the average business or professional man—unless that professional man should happen to be a lawyer—that it is possible for a stenographer to make \$50 a week, and he will say that perhaps it might be done, but that the instances are mighty few. Tell him that a young man of twenty-five makes \$50 a day writing shorthand, and he will doubt your veracity or your sanity.

Yet at this writing there is a man paying a twenty-five-year-old man more than \$50 for each day's work reporting testimony. The one who is spending his money in that way would not do so unless he were compelled, because of the fact that he cannot secure really skilled help cheaper. He is the defendant in the case of the People of the State of Illinois vs. Campbell, and he is on trial for murder, the case resembling the celebrated Thaw case in many respects. The shorthand writer is Joseph M. Carney, of Messrs. Welch & Carney, 624 Wells Building, Milwaukee, Wis.



J. M. CARNEY
Shorthand Expert
Milwaukee, Wis.

The reason for the paying of this large sum to Mr. Carney, and taking him from Milwaukee to Chicago to report the case, is that court reporters—the men and women who are so skilled in shorthand as to be able to take in shorthand and transcribe on the machine the evidence in hotly contested law suits—are members of one of the best paid professions today. Fifty dollars a day is not an extraordinary sum to pay a shorthand writer for the work of furnishing a shorthand report of the proceedings in court. In one instance, which was quoted in an article under the above head printed last month, it was shown that Mr. Frank R. Hanna was paid \$50,000 for three months' work in reporting the celebrated Anthracite Coal Strike investigation. It is true that it was an extraordinary case—in fact, the largest ever paid a shorthand man for work of that kind. In an article printed in the Chicago Record-Herald, William E. Curtis, in telling of the work of court reporters in that city, says that Walton, James & Ford—a firm of stenographers—do a business of \$100,000 a year, while all the real shorthand reporters of that city count their earnings by the thousands. The official reporters throughout the country are paid the largest salaries in their vicinities. Take, for instance, Wisconsin. The court reporter in that state is paid \$10 a day—simply for attendance, transcript fees being extra—and, no matter how small the circuit, he is guaranteed 240 days' work each year. Add to this his transcript fees, which should easily double the attendance, and it will be seen that his earnings are up in the thousands. It is a conservative statement to make that the official reporters throughout the country are paid from \$3,000 to \$7,000 a year.

The Private Secretary

SO MUCH for the court reporter. But there are so many other branches in which shorthand writers figure prominently, that the court reporting profession is but a small department of endeavor in this line. Laying aside to be discussed at some future time, the possibilities in shorthand in the commercial, railroad and publishing world, let us consider the advantages of shorthand in public life, namely, the private secretaries to prominent statesmen, politicians, etc. Such a position is not only remunerative, but it has its social features which make it a most fascinating one.

Some time ago Ray Nye-master, of Atalissa, Ia., was working in a bank in his city. He began the study of shorthand, and seven months after he first looked at a shorthand lesson he was appointed private secretary to Congressman Dawson, of Iowa. He went with him to

Washington, received the emoluments which came from his position, and had an opportunity to study the political affairs of the day. This young man is another example of what can be done by one who really knows shorthand.

Roy Bolton's Success

PERHAPS there is no better known attorney in this country than J. M. Dickinson, who, as counsel for the United States before the Alaska Boundary Commission, represented this country during the arbitration of the dispute between this country and England, and who is now the general attorney of the Illinois Central Railway Company. His private secretary is a nineteen-year-old boy, Roy L. Bolton, and the position sought him instead of him seeking the position. He secured this because he was a really good shorthand writer, and these prominent people are looking out for just such boys as Roy L. Bolton.

These people are in demand because they are shorthand writers—not the ordinary graduates of the average business college, but young men who have been trained by shorthand writers of ability. They were taught shorthand by the expert court reporters in charge of the Success Shorthand School of Chicago and New York. This school was first inaugurated in Chicago by Walton, James & Ford, the experts mentioned by Mr. Curtis in his article in the Chicago Record-Herald, and another school was started in New York City a year ago, presided over by Frank R. Hanna, the man whose firm reported the proceedings of the great Anthracite Coal Strike Commission. These are but a few of the hundreds of experts throughout the United States, Canada and Mexico who owe their success to the expert instruction received from these reporters. Here is a list of a few other graduates from this institution:

F. C. Eastman, official court reporter, Warsaw, N. Y.

James A. Lord, official court reporter, Waco, Texas.

Louis C. Drapeau, private secretary to U. S. Senator Perkins, of California.

Gordon L. Elliott, official court reporter, Mason City, Ia.

George P. Mundy, private secretary to Governor Swanson of Virginia.

C. H. Marshall, expert court reporter, 60 Wall Street, New York City.

F. D. Kellogg, private secretary to John R. Walsh, Chicago millionaire.

D. M. Kent, official court reporter, Colorado, Tex.

Paul F. Cooke, private secretary to business manager of Chicago Examiner.

Miss Carrie A. Hyde, official court reporter, No. 7 Erwin Block, Terre Haute, Ind.

Miss Helen V. Stiles, official court reporter, Peru, Ind.

George F. LaBree, court reporter, Criminal courts, Chicago, Ill.

The above are but a few of the successful shorthand writers who have been graduated from this school. Beginners, who knew nothing of shorthand, have been taught to hold these important and remunerative positions. Stenographers have been perfected for expert work. By filling out the coupon printed herewith and sending today to the school nearer you, you can ascertain how these people have been perfected and can see how you can be taught the expert



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I had known this to be the answer that I would wring from him; still the renewed impulse to strangle him was almost overpowering.

"I will tell the king," I duly said, and was turning away, when another idea came. "Maybe he will first send a man from your people. Which one do you want to go before the young men?"

"Tudor, Captain Mason's assistant," he answered with a vicious promptness. "Then, as soon as the young men are gone, I and my daughter and Rawley will go, and I will talk and plan with the king while the soldiers do their work here."

The humor that I found in the turn, personal to me, which the situation had taken, lightened my spirit, and I thought of something else.

"Did the king send you any word about Lentala, his fan-bearer?"

"I talked with the man about her. I knew there was some mystery about her and that she was close to the king. I asked that she be sent to make the plans with me."

His halt whetted my anxiety. "What did he say?"

"That she must know nothing about it, or she would break the plot."

My heart choked me with its bounding. I had gained more than I had lost, but my heart was sore for Annabel.

"I must go," I said. "Next time I come I will go to your hut in the night. Don't come into these woods again. The soldiers—"

He understood, and looked relieved. After he had disappeared I sat down in a daze, trying to reason out the tangle. Rawley was in the plot but Annabel was innocent.

A sound made me raise my head, and I saw Christopher and Captain Mason standing before me. Christopher's face wore its customary vacancy, but Captain Mason's had a startled look, as though he had beheld what is not good for a man to see. It appeared to have shriveled him.

"Before Christopher summoned me," he dully said without any preliminary, "he found the native and sent him away. We have heard every word that passed between you and Mr. Vancouver."

Chapter VI. Witcheries in a Woman's Hand

NOT A word was spoken after I had dressed and we were returning to camp, but Captain Mason's walk lacked its usual firmness. What would he do? There is no accounting for the rashness of a man made suddenly desperate, and I remembered the temptation to strangle that had assailed me. Clearly, for the present, Christopher and I must not leave him alone for a moment. My imagination constructed this scene: Captain Mason, assembling the colony, telling them briefly that a man among them had been caught in the act of plotting to destroy us, turning upon Mr. Vancouver and pointing him out as the criminal, ordering me to tell off a squad and hang the knave in the presence of the crowd; and Annabel—Could Christopher and I stay the flood now while the dam was straining? I feared not; a finer hand was needed.

We went to our hut. Captain Mason seated himself on a stool. Christopher gave him some water, which was eagerly drunk. With a significant look at Christopher, I left the hut.

There was a good excuse for bringing Annabel now; I had promised Beelo that he should see her. It was necessary to secure Captain Mason's assent, and I had no doubt that he would agree with me that a friendship between her and Lentala might go farther toward solving our problems than all our masculine wit and fighting ability.

I reflected on the extraordinary complications in which Annabel would be involved, and the softening pressure which she would assist in bringing upon Captain Mason. There was no immediate danger from Mr. Vancouver. He lay snugly in the hollow of my hand.

Annabel was busy about the camp.

"Where is Christopher?" she cheerily asked. "It is time for him to make the fire for supper."

"Captain Mason has him," I answered. "Won't you come with me and call on our president?"

"I?" in surprise.

"Yes."

A flush mottled her cheeks, but she hesitated only a moment.

"Father won't care, I know," she said, and started with me.

She was bareheaded, and the witcheries of the twilight drifted over her. In the distance sang the deep monotone of the waterfall. Drowsy twitterings announced that the busy little people of the trees were content after their day's work. From the edges of the stream rose comfortable whispers between the water and the reeds. The lightly moving air swung odorous censers in the trees, and every flower poured out as perfume the sunshine which had filled its chalice. It was good to be thus again side by side with Annabel.

I explained to-morrow's plan for her meeting with Beelo, and impressed upon her the importance of keeping it secret. She showed the glee of a quiet child in her acquiescence, but she must have wondered why her father was not to know.

"An adventure!" she exclaimed. "And mystery! It is delightful. Do you men with so much freedom

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know how depressing it is to be cooped up in this camp?"

I had not thought of it, and was surprised. Annabel had always been cheerful, and I had not observed the other women.

"Isn't it life," I asked, "for men to work and women to wait, for men to dare and women to endure?"

"Yes," she answered, looking up at me with a smile, "but isn't it a remnant of savagery?"

"Perhaps," I returned. "Yet Lental, the savage, appears in her independence to have solved some latter-day feminine problems. I hope you will meet her soon. Then you and she can formulate a code for your sex. We are going to see Captain Mason in order to secure his consent to your meeting her brother. So you must exercise your subtlest graces on our president."

"I—I'm afraid of him," she declared in some trepidation.

"Why?"

"Because he is stern and silent and cold and—"

"That is all on the surface. His sea-training has given it to him. Underneath he has a woman's gentleness and kindness. Trust him. Look for the best in him and ignore the rest. Just now he is worried and needs all the sunshine that you know so well how to give."

She smiled her thanks, but there was concern in her question.

"Worried! Has anything special happened?"

"Was anything special needed? His responsibilities are great."

Annabel was silent—not daring, I know, to ask more questions. She had unfolded to my comprehension what the women of our party had been suffering patiently and silently during the dreary weeks they had been held in prison. Annabel must have borne more than any other; yet she had held up her heart and her head. Dread must have sat on her pillow through many a long hour of the night, but her soul walked forth with the sunrise.

Christopher was sitting on a bench outside the hut. "Christopher!" she cried, "the fire isn't made yet;" but there was no chiding in her rosy smile.

"No ma'am," he answered, rising, but standing still.

"Go and make it now, please," she said.

"All well, Christopher?" I asked, low.

His slow nod held a doubt. There was always in Christopher's manner a suggestion that speech was largely a silly indulgence, and that animals other than human beings made themselves intelligible without it.

He fetched a delicious drink which he had made from wild fruit, and served Annabel with quite an air. Her voice carried music in its thanks.

Annabel bubbled with raillery and chatter. Presently my anxious ear heard a stir within. I knew that the man nursing his hurt in the dusk was aware of the invasion, and that he understood and resented my ruse in bringing Annabel to disarm him.

"Christopher," she said, handing him the calabash from which she had drunk, "please go and make the fire and start the supper. After that, find father; ask him to come here for me."

Christopher mutely interrogated me, and I nodded. He shambled away.

"Come out and join us, Captain Mason!" I called.

It left him no choice. The darkness kindly falling veiled the grayness of his face. A touch of decrepitude lay on him as he stepped without and greeted Annabel with a stiff and stately courtesy, for he was shy with women of the higher world. The unsteadiness in his manner surprised Annabel, whose sympathies were keen and quick. I had prepared her, and, shocked though she evidently was, she met the situation bravely.

After some general talk, which was directed by me to show Annabel's suffering, her courage and helpfulness, I saw that Captain Mason was softened. I then placed before him the plan concerning Annabel and Beelo. It took the breath out of his body, and he peered at me in amazement through the gloom. The perfect assurance with which I asked for his concurrence, a hint that her discretion might be trusted, and a casual remark that Christopher approved the idea, had effect. Annabel impulsively rose, seized both his hands and pleaded:

"Please let me go, Captain Mason. Who knows what good may not come of it?"

I don't think she noticed the catch in his throat. It was the final breaking up of the ice.

"Yes, you may go. But you'll do nothing except as Mr. Tudor approves?"

"Nothing whatever, Captain Mason. Thank you."

She released his hands and turned a beaming face to me. Pity for her welled within me. That she and her father, between whom there was so strong an attachment, should thus secretly proceed in opposite directions, each deceiving the other, was a terrible thing. No human perception could foresee the outcome, and it gave me an uneasiness that she must have dimly seen.

"You don't look glad!" she said in astonishment.

"I am too happy for mere gladness, my friend," I replied; "and may all the good angels help you—and shield you!"

She heard the note of solemnity, and turned to Captain Mason.

"Is our situation so serious?" she asked him, a slight quaver in her voice.

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"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 fit in every way. By using a certain combination of the highest grades of long-fiber yarns, where the hardest usage comes, we are able to knit sox and stockings which will outwear ordinary hosiery Six to One.

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"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 prepaid 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.

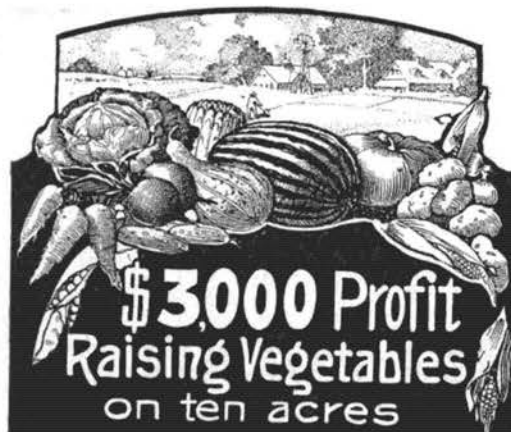
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It's full of interesting convincing facts about Holeproof Hosiery. We will also give you the name of the local dealer in your city.

Holeproof Hosiery Company

44 Fourth Street
Milwaukee, Wisconsin





\$3,000 Profit Raising Vegetables on ten acres

THAT'S what Mr. F. Frank did last year at Del Rio, Texas, in the famous, rich valley along the Rio Grande River. For 20 years Mr. Frank's average yearly profit has been over \$2,000. Uncultivated land at Del Rio is today selling for

\$25 An Acre

No taxes, no interest and no payments when you're sick. Mr. Frank has refused \$600 an acre on three different occasions for his land. Every acre of our land will be worth that price when under cultivation.

We must have the people. That's why we offer this land at \$25 an acre and make the payments

\$10 Down—\$10 a Month

Just think of this! At Del Rio strawberries ripen in January, tomatoes and cucumbers in December, peaches in May, grapes in June. In early December green corn can be shipped to Kansas City, Denver, Chicago, and eastern cities. You know the price it brings. Is it any wonder that the people of Del Rio are making \$300.00 profit on every acre.

As a special inducement to help build up the city of Del Rio we are giving with every ten acres of our land a 60x140 ft.

City Lot Free

Del Rio is located on the Southern Pacific and has a population of over 7,000. Our land is located within 18 blocks of the High School. Send for our prospectus. A Texas Farm for \$10 Down. Read more about what Mr. Frank is doing. Read about Mr. Moore making \$14,000 off 80 acres of sugar cane. Read about Mr. Mallico, 21 years of age, making \$135 an acre off alfalfa. Mr. Murray, aged 62, making \$600 an acre off onions. These are only a few of the many. Send for a copy of this interesting book to-day.

Security Land Company

116 Lamson Bldg., Waterloo, Iowa

I Make \$3,000.00 a Month Clear From One Penny Arcade

I WANT every man looking for a permanent and safe business in which he can invest from \$1,000 to \$25,000 to consider the immense profits of the Penny Arcade.



H. S. MILLS, President.

There is an ever present and ever increasing public demand for just what the Penny Arcade provides. It has passed the experimental stage, and has become a permanent institution. In my 15 years' experience I have never known an arcade which was given even the most indifferent management to fail, and today the enterprise is a high grade one, worthy the attention of any substantial, dignified business man.

I am devoting my factory, occupying all of an eight-story building—one-half block square—with its six hundred employees, to the making of Penny Arcade machines.

I know the profits that Penny Arcades earn. At 278 State Street, Chicago, in which one of my Arcades is located, I pay \$1,000 a month rent for the small room, but my net profits exceed \$5,000 a month, just in pennies. I operated Penny Arcades in fifteen amusement parks in various cities last year, and at the close of the summer placed the arcades in the cities, where they are all paying big profits.

The Butler Amusement Company established an Arcade in Butler, Pa., last summer. Their outfit, complete, cost not quite \$5,000. The receipts for the first month were \$1,100. Butler is a small city, only a little over 10,000 population. The Penny Arcade thrives as well in small towns as in big cities. You probably will want to confirm my statements. Bradstreet and Dun give me rating of \$300,000. I started without capital; it has all come in pennies. If you are interested, address me personally telling me the amount of capital you have to invest, your location and all the facts, and I will give you the benefit of my fifteen years' experience. H. S. Mills, President Mills Novelty Co., Private Office, 128 D Mills Building, Jackson Boul. and Green St., Chicago.



YOU want the Pathfinder, of Washington, no matter what other periodicals you may read. It is "different"—sprightly, informing, inspiring, entertaining, yet dignified and sane. No ax to grind, no partisan illustrated weekly from the Nation's capital for the Nation—15th year of steady growth. Send \$1 for 1 year. Or test it 13 weeks for 25c. The Pathfinder, Washington, D. C.

[When writing advertisers, please mention Success Magazine]

"Life can have no serious dangers for so brave a heart as yours," he answered.

Mr. Vancouver came up. I could feel a tigerish stealth in him. All danger from an immediate clash between him and Captain Mason had been banished by Annabel, but I knew that the future held dangers. I was glad that she and I had become partners in the secrets and exactions of defense. With such an ally as Christopher, and such a director as Captain Mason, we would give an account of ourselves.

The captain hardened when Mr. Vancouver came. That gentleman playfully scolded Annabel for running away, and was somewhat too affable toward the silent, unresponsive sailor. Soon he tucked Annabel's hand under his arm and was leaving.

"Just a word, Mr. Vancouver," said Captain Mason in a tone that stopped my breathing.

"Well?"

"I unintentionally witnessed a scene this morning that I didn't like. I wish you to hear the order that I'll give Mr. Tudor." His voice was ominously quiet.

"Mr. Tudor," he resumed, "order Rawley to fall in with the field squad to-morrow. If he shows the slightest hesitation, clap him in irons and send for me. There's a rope for the neck of any man who undermines the discipline of this colony."

Annabel started, and reeled where she stood. Her father's nostrils were spreading with a sneering smile; but, seeing her state, he seized her arm, steadied her with a word, and in silence led her away.

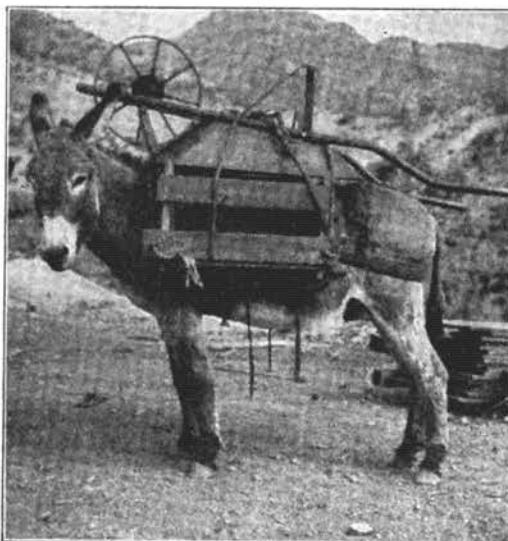
[To be continued next month.]

Pleasant for the "Jassax"

By CHARLTON LAWRENCE EDHOLM

HE WAS a newcomer in the mining camp and as everything he saw appeared novel and interesting, he kept up a rapid fire of questions that seemed mighty foolish to the boys.

The placid little pack-burros, mostly ears and voice, pleased him immensely, and he supposed they were



kept as pets or else as camp scavengers to nibble the labels from old cans and eat stray newspapers. He came across one packing a wheelbarrow secured on its back, with wheel and handles in the air.

"My good man," he asked the owner, "can you tell me why the little donkey is tied to the wheelbarrow in that odd fashion?"

"I shore can, stranger," replied that accommodating individual. "This here jassax has been acquired by old Walapai Huggins for a house pet at the Bully Boy Mine, an' bein' as the animule is too dellycat to walk all the way over them rough trails, the old man drives him up hill an' at the summit jes' naterally turns him down the other side. Yessir, it do come hard on old Walapai but it's mighty restin' for the jassax."

Couldn't Take the Job

A MIDDLE-WEST graduate came to New York to seek employment. Through a friend he received an offer of a place as shipping clerk to a certain firm. In reply he wrote as follows: "I regret that I cannot accept your kind offer of the position of shipping clerk, but the fact is that I am always sick when on the water."

No man can pursue a worthy object steadily and persistently with all the powers of his mind, and yet make his life a failure.

The world does not dictate what you shall do, but it does demand that you do something, and that you shall be king in your line.

Sweeter than the perfume of roses is the possession of a kind, charitable, unselfish nature; a ready disposition to do for others any good turn in one's power.

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The Name is stamped on every loop—

The *Velvet Grip* CUSHION BUTTON CLASP

LIES FLAT TO THE LEG—NEVER SLIPS, TEARS NOR UNFASTENS

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\$5,000 A YEAR

It would be considered a fairly good business. By the MILBURN-HICKS EASY METHOD OF STARTING BUSINESS in the MAIL ORDER BUSINESS, any one of ordinary intelligence, almost anywhere can make a success. A mail order business that does not make more than \$5,000 a year is not a big business, and is hardly known. There are hundreds of firms throughout the country who are practically unknown and who do not carry a stock of goods that are making from \$5,000 to \$10,000 a year, and have but little money invested. It is firms who are making from a half to a million dollars a year that are so well known, and many of these great mail order houses started in business with a capital of only one or two hundred dollars. The opportunity for making money in the mail order business is greater to-day than ever before; 90 per cent of country people are buying by mail, sending cash with order.

BY OUR IMPROVED PLAN it is possible to build up a great mail order business by investing only a small sum at the start. We furnish everything that is necessary, catalogues listing high class merchandise, handsomely illustrated, covers printed in two beautiful colors; we furnish follow-up literature, follow-up catalogues, etc.; we carry all goods listed in our catalogue in stock (we buy from manufacturers direct in very large quantities), and fill all orders for you, pasting your printed label on packages, and send the goods direct to your customers. In this way we supply most of the capital to set you up in business. We have had more than 27 years experience, we know how and will show you. By our Improved Plan and Easy Method an investment of \$25 to \$100 is sufficient to make a good start. Don't write unless you can invest this amount—we have nothing free, nothing to give away, but we offer you an opportunity to engage in business by investing only a small sum. We offer a plain, straightforward business proposition that appeal to men who think for themselves, and who prefer to work for themselves rather than for others. If you are in earnest about going into business for yourself write us, we will show you an easy way.

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Fleets of heat right where you want it and guaranteed satisfactory or money back.

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Room 595, 1215 Broadway, New York.

The Real Lawson

By FRANK FAYANT

[Continued from page 722]

"The curse of all business to-day is that the Law of the Land does not touch the Exaggerator, the Magnifier, and the Misrepresenter. . . . Either Grand Rivers, Kentucky, has a future beyond the wildest dreams, or men whom the world calls sane are mad."—THOMAS W. LAWSON, 1891.

"It turned out that there was no iron in the Grand Rivers mines, and the investment disappeared."—THOMAS W. LAWSON, 1904.

Having made a fortune in five months by giving battle in the stock market to a vulnerable corporation, and then having lost it all in a few weeks by an unlucky plunge in Wall Street, Lawson went ahead to make another fortune as a land boomer and town builder, down in Kentucky. This was the Grand Rivers venture of '90-'94. Aretas Blood, of Manchester, New Hampshire, a blacksmith's apprentice with a genius for mechanics, who had become one of the great manufacturers of New England, was the father of the enterprise. The name of Blood stood for business success. He was the head of locomotive shops, paper mills, foundries, and banks. The big boom in railroad construction in the '80's had stimulated the iron trade to intense activity. The pig iron output in '90 was not surpassed until the opening of the recent period of prosperity beginning with the Spanish War year. Blood became interested in the possibilities of iron mining down in Kentucky at the "Narrows" of the Cumberland and Tennessee—a narrow strip of land where the two great rivers nearly meet before joining the Ohio. It was on this spot that Kelly made the first Bessemer steel in America, and it was of this spot that Henry Clay said, "One of the greatest inland cities of America is destined to be at the Narrows of the Cumberland and the Tennessee." Blood convinced a group of New England capitalists that the neglected acres of iron ore at the Narrows, on which stood the ruins of the *ante bellum* furnaces, could be smelted into charcoal iron in enormous quantities, at a great profit. The charcoal burners would line the river banks for miles through the virgin forests, and ship their fuel down the two rivers to the Narrows. The pig from the furnaces would then be shipped by cheap river transportation up and down the Ohio and Mississippi. Blood and his friends had spent hundreds of thousands on the property, and had started the town of Grand Rivers, its main street running from river to river, when Lawson was asked to join in the enterprise. His principal brokers on the Exchange happened to be the fiscal agents for Blood's company. The venture needed a boomer, a man who could arouse enthusiasm, attract investors, and make things hum down in Kentucky. Lawson was picked out as the man to do the job, just as Governor Rice had picked him out a little while before to pull the Rand-Avery Publishing Company out of the hole, and as H. H. Rogers picked him out some years later to do the brass-band-and-hurrah work in the big copper company launching.

Lawson bade good-by to his fortune made in the Lamson fight, as Sugar shares slumped below \$50 in November, and put his whole soul into the Grand Rivers venture. He accepted Blood's judgment on the value of the property, and then tied down the safety valve on his enthusiasm. The wonderful Grand Rivers became the talk of Boston. Lawson let his advertising genius loose on the enterprise, and there poured forth a flood of prospectuses, circulars, booklets, posters, maps, newspaper articles, biographies, interviews—all done to the queen's taste. Every bit of printing that went out of the company's office—the paper, the type, the colored inks—was devised by Lawson. The company promo-

Theodore Roosevelt

BY

Theodore Roosevelt

An interesting human document, reproduced in the president's own handwriting, in which Mr. Roosevelt, then in the New York State Assembly, told of his ancestry and his political interests, and described his favorite recreations.

By Mary Baker G. Eddy

An article, reproduced in facsimile, on "Youth and Young Manhood," in which Mrs. Eddy, the leader of Christian Science, gives a masterly and practical discourse to the young American.

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

Another powerful, thrilling story of the "Long Arm of Mannister" series, in which Mannister begins his Nemesislike career of wreaking vengeance on the first of his many enemies.

By F. Marion Crawford

A new story—a very remarkable story for even Mr. Crawford—entitled "The King's Messenger," the recital of a vivid dream in which the Great King's Messenger really came.

By Alfred Henry Lewis

Still another "Wolfville" tale—"The Domestic Protectorate of Missis Bill"—an even better story in every respect than any of the preceding world-famous "Wolfville" series.

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The author is still unknown, but before the last installment of this wonderful story is finished his name will be among the most famous novelists of the day. "The Kingdom of Earth," beginning in November *Cosmopolitan*, is the thrilling love romance of a European prince and a beautiful, talented American girl. It is so full of mystery and exciting adventure that when you once start it you will read it to the end.

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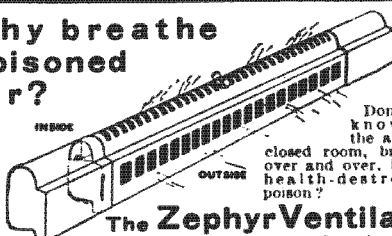
We have just made arrangements whereby we are able to offer a valuable prize, to those who will copy this cartoon. Take Your Pencil Now, and copy this sketch on a common piece of paper, and send it to us today; and, if in the estimation of our Art Directors, it is even 40 per cent. as good as the original, we will mail to your address, FREE OF CHARGE FOR SIX MONTHS,

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lets in life-giving oxygen without dangerous, chilling drafts. Fits any window; ventilates any room. New scientific principle. Adjustable; simple; strong; neat; dust-proof; non-rusting; handsome antique copper finish. For private houses, public buildings, schools, hospitals, etc.

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MANY MAKE \$2,000.00 A YEAR.

You have the same chance. Start a Mail Order Business at home. We tell you how. Money coming in daily. Very good profit. Everything furnished. Write at once for our "Starter" and particulars. E. S. Krueger Co., 165 Wash. St., Chicago, Ill.

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Do Your Own Printing

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"The Secret of Everybody's Success is its Abundant Life."

—Extract from a letter

Get the November

—Everybody's Magazine—

and you will see just what our friendly critic meant. From "The Guest of Quesnay," brilliant and vivid with Booth Tarkington's impressions of his life abroad, to "The Awakening of the Southwest"—the farmer's silent, potent invasion of the lands that have been desert: from "Phoebe"—O. Henry's delicious bit of foolery about the misfortunes of Bad Luck Kearny, to Wm. Hard's "Making Steel and Killing Men"—one of the great tragic problems that lie just under the surface of industrial success: from *The Ladies' Game*, with its beautiful special photographs that show the costliest gowns to be worn this season, to Eleanor Hoyt Brainerd's "Damsel in Distress," with its mischievous little minx and its courtly squire of dames; and the "Baiting of Rosenthal," a great, brutal, raw story, full of rough human elements with the veneer rubbed off—

Dive into it anywhere and you can find YOUR story. Go through it from East to West, from North to South, and you will find it brimming, pulsating, sparkling with the liveliest kind of life.

15c. on all news-stands. \$1.50 a year. Special offers for regular readers: 8 months for \$1.00; 2 years for \$2.50; 3 years for \$3.00; 5 years for \$4.50. These offers are all based on our knowledge that if you read the November Number you will desire our company for an extended period.

THE RIDGWAY COMPANY, PUBLISHERS
Address Dept. N, Union Square, New York City

ter or town boomer of to-day could take no better course in advertising than a study of the Lawson Grand Rivers campaign. Lawson sent trainloads of investors from New England to Grand Rivers and spread his own enthusiasm among them. He went down to Kentucky himself and spent months in the saddle directing the building of the town. He organized a string of smaller companies as feeders for the \$3,000,000 Grand Rivers company. He got shopkeepers and manufacturers to locate in what he promised would be "one of the greatest cities in the United States."

He spread broadcast a striking map of the central section of the country from the Gulf to Canada, marked by concentric circles with Grand Rivers at their very center. Above the map, in red letters, was this striking statement: "The only man who cannot make money at Grand Rivers is one who, after examining this map, has not enterprise enough to write for more particulars." Below was another red-ink catchline: "In undertaking the great task of turning a wilderness into a great city, we rely mainly upon the common sense of the American people; whoever sees Grand Rivers is instantly satisfied that this is the one spot in the United States to live in, to work in, to do business in, to invest in, and that it is destined to be one of the greatest successes in the United States." One of the boom booklets brought out by Lawson, "Scraps From Grand Rivers," was printed on the brown wrapping paper used by butchers. It contained sketches of Blood ("One of the Greatest Men of New England"), Lawson, and the other promoters. The Lawson biography had this heading:

A Remarkable Young Man!

Notable Business Career of Mr.
Thomas W. Lawson

A Fortune Built Up From Failure—Now
About to Build a City in Kentucky—
What Can Be Accomplished by Pluck,
Energy, and Probity—Literary Work
of Peculiar Merit.

"Mr. Lawson," the biographer wrote, "is the only man in Boston who has, in the past, and can, in the future, walk into a National Bank and borrow thousands when he is known to have lost every dollar and to be thousands in debt. Mr. Lawson makes profits in everything he touches." But it is more interesting to read what Lawson predicted for Grand Rivers. Here is some of the condensed enthusiasm:

"The Cumberland and Tennessee Rivers take a section of country so vast, so loaded with natural wealth which must pass, on its way to market, the ends of the main street of Grand Rivers, that if one tenth of it but stopped to be prepared for market, Grand Rivers of the future would outlive almost any city in the country. Will it stop? No sane man, after thoroughly examining the city and its surroundings, can see how it can get by. It truly sounds like an Aladdin Lamp story, yet Grand Rivers of the present proves it to be a hard, cold fact."

"Brass bands and hurrah booms are seldom found in company with dividends. Common sense has saved more money than brilliancy has ever made."

"A dollar invested in Grand Rivers will give larger returns than if invested elsewhere. Single dollars sent to new cities have returned with thousands."

"Grand Rivers Furnace Trustee stock is as near absolute security as is possible in the stock of any corporation—it will pay large dividends, thirty to thirty-five per cent.—the prospective profits are enormous."

"The future of Grand Rivers will be marked by successes greater than have ever been dreamed."

If you look at the map of Kentucky to-day you discover the "Narrows" between the Cumberland and the Tennessee, but no great town is marked there by the mapmakers. You look in



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Send man in each county to represent and advertise MAIL ORDER HOUSE. Established Business; no capital required. Address DEPT. NEG., THE COLUMBIA HOUSE, CHICAGO.

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vain for Grand Rivers, the city that was to rival Birmingham and Pittsburg. What happened? The story is told in Lawson's announcements to stockholders, copies of all of which have been almost lovingly preserved in his scrapbooks, for "this Kentucky experience," he says, "is one of the pleasantest memories of my life." Scanning the records, these illuminating scraps are found:

August, 1891.—"Seventeen iron mines are opened and doing work; between thirty-five and forty thousand tons of ore are on the dumps; over 200,000 bushels of charcoal are in the bins; over 1,500 people are at Grand Rivers."

December, 1891.—"The increase in the value of our securities has been very large, but slight in comparison with what the future will show."

January, 1892.—"At 10:57 o'clock Tuesday night, January 12, a torch was applied to No. 1 Furnace, and the magnificent iron creature was started on what I have no hesitancy in stating will prove a most prosperous career. Leading iron men throughout the country have scoffed at what they were pleased to term our "wild assumption," but we have opened their eyes to an extent that causes them to applaud as warmly as they have coldly criticised. We have ore enough in sight to carry us for generations. We have allowed chance to enter into no part of our undertaking."

May, 1892.—"Where, eighteen months ago, stood a forest, is to-day the largest charcoal furnace plant in the world."

May, 1892.—"The Grand Rivers Consolidated Company, capital, \$10,000,000, formed."

February, 1893.—"Notwithstanding one or two serious drawbacks or mistakes, the Grand Rivers Company is, in all but its finances, everything that was hoped, at its inception, it would be. It is impossible to carry the enterprise to success without a larger working cash capital." [The stockholders, bondholders, and creditors were asked to accept stock in the Consolidated company, in lieu of their securities.]

November, 1893.—"Thomas W. Lawson appointed receiver of the Grand Rivers Company."

April, 1894.—"Attempt to form a new \$2,000,000 company."

Ten years later (in "Frenzied Finance").—"The Kentucky experience is one of the pleasantest memories of my life. Measured by dollars and cents it was expensive, but was well worth it, as the young man remarked who broke his arm by being thrown from his horse into the lap of his future wife. After a very large amount of money—in the millions—had gone into the property, I was induced to take the executive management, and also I put in a very large amount of my own money. My work was to be that of business director, for I did not know an iron or a coal mine from an alabaster ledge in the lunar spheres, and not half as much about an iron smelter as I did about converting whiskers into mermaids' tresses. One of the greatest iron men in New England was at the head of the enterprise, which apparently safeguarded it. Well, it turned out that there was no iron in the mines—at least not enough to pay for extraction, and the investment simply disappeared. I lost a very large amount—at least a very large amount for me—but I had, to show for it, the love and friendship and respect of the inhabitants of one of the fairest places on the earth—a place where brave men and lovely women live in peace and comfort in the knowledge of their own fearless, simple honesty, and their hatred of shams and trickery—in absolute ignorance of frenzied financiers and the System's votaries. The history of Grand Rivers is an open book. There is no secret about my connection with the enterprise. It was a straight and proper venture."

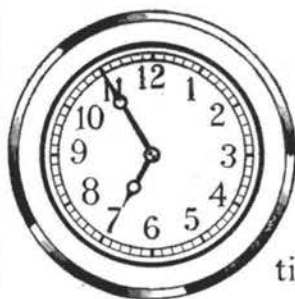
"There was no iron in the mines."

That's why you can't find Grand Rivers on the map.

* * * * *

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When the Grand Rivers boom began to flatten out in '92, and Lawson saw he was n't going to regain his lost fortune as a Kentucky iron mine promoter, he turned again to the stock market. The country was then at the height of the industrial boom that began in the late 80's. Mills were humming night and day. But there was one big manufacturing concern that was in shallow water. This was the Westinghouse Electric Manufacturing Company, of Pittsburg, that had been growing bigger for twenty years under the guidance of the inventor, George Westinghouse—one of the pioneers in the rap-



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idly developing electric industry. Early in '02, a group of the most powerful financiers in Boston and New York had combined the Edison and Thompson-Houston companies into the General Electric Company, and they were reaching out for the Westinghouse company that they might have a monopoly of the American electric industry. George Westinghouse, who displayed then, as he does now, a greater genius for mechanics than finance, refused to join the combination on the other fellows' terms. But he soon was forced into a vulnerable position, and the gossip of the "Street" was that Westinghouse would be "bagged" by the General Electric. The Pittsburg manufacturer, in his fight for business, had run into debt and was carrying many doubtful accounts. When the news got about that he was going to ask his stockholders for millions more capital, a market attack was made on Westinghouse shares. Their price began to fall, and Pittsburg stockholders began throwing over their holdings in fright. Unless the raid could be stopped, George Westinghouse would be forced to abandon his plan for raising more capital and to throw up his hands to the enemy.

It was here that Lawson was called into the fight by the Westinghouse interests. He was hired to make a market for Westinghouse shares, to check the liquidation, to create confidence in the enterprise, and to advance the shares in the market. This is part of the trade of the big market operator. It needs a man particularly gifted in the game of the ticker to handle a task of this kind. To make the ticker inspire confidence or arouse distrust in the world of finance is a task essayed only by the ablest stock operators. No more remarkable task of this kind was ever achieved in finance than Keene's memorable marketing of the hundreds of millions of steel shares in 1900. For weeks and months he made the ticker tell a story of prosperity and stability that inspired investors all over the world with confidence in the thirteen hundred millions of the trust's capital. In that same year Keene also undertook to check a decline in the undigested shares of the Amalgamated Copper Company, and he not only turned the retreat into an advance, but he also sold for H. H. Rogers \$22,500,000 of the shares on a rising market. This is stock-market generalship of the highest order.

Lawson's Westinghouse campaign opened in the fall of '02, with an unsigned column article in the Boston "Commercial Bulletin," praising the merits of "wonderful Westinghouse."

"To-day," he said, "the question is not when will the General Electric gobble up the Westinghouse, but how long can the Trust stand the hammer blows that are being dealt to it fast and furiously by the Westinghouse Company?" But, despite his best efforts in the stock market and the newspapers, Westinghouse shares continued to be unloaded by investors. The industrial boom had passed its zenith. Already there were unmistakable signs of the commercial disaster and financial panic that were to distress the country in '03 and '04—the darkest years of this generation. Ninety-three was the year of the bankruptcy of the Union Pacific, the Northern Pacific, and the Atchison—railroads that are now earning in these prosperous times a quarter of a billion dollars gross a year. It was a year when the very foundations of American business were shaken. And so Lawson's task of bolstering up the vulnerable Westinghouse shares was made doubly difficult. Failing for the moment to inspire the confidence of investors in the Westinghouse securities, he turned his guns on the rival company, the General Electric, to destroy its credit.

Lawson's attack on General Electric was spectacular. It was his first big campaign in the New York market. The stock had sold above \$110 in the fall of '02, and in the middle of April, '03, when Lawson began to attack it, it was at \$108. The battle opened with an anonymous red-covered pamphlet, "To the Stockholders of the General Electric Company and National Savings Banks, Trust and Insurance Companies Loaning on the Securities of the General Electric Company." It tore the company's financial statement to pieces. The annual report showed assets of \$1,000,000, and liabilities of only \$15,000,000, leaving \$30,000,000 free assets for the \$34,000,000 stock of the corporation. This showing gave the stock a "book value" above par. Lawson dug down into the company's figures with all the skill of an expert public accountant, and showed that the assets were "padded" to the extent of nearly \$20,000,000. The General Electric, like the Westinghouse, had sold millions of dollars' worth of its products and taken notes in payment, and Lawson made the flat-footed statement that much of this "paper" was next to worthless. He made out a case, too, of "padding" of the company's sales, showing how sales between its constituent plants had been counted twice in the figures of the gross business. This is a charge, by the way, that some present-day corporation experts are making against the bookkeeping of the Steel Trust. Lawson's figures showed that the "book value" of the General Electric stock was only \$42, instead of the \$100 shown by the company's annual report.

"We are fully aware," said Lawson, in the pamphlet, "that the General Electric is strong in one direction—its ability to keep up the price of its stock. But this is so with all operations of a like nature until a panic starts, and this element of strength but adds fuel to the flames."

The Boston market-place was stirred up. So bold an attack on General Electric was a more serious affair than the attack three years before on Lamson Store Service, for General Electric was a \$44,000,000 corporation directed by the greatest New England and New York financiers. In its directorate were the names of Ames, Coolidge, and Higginson, of Boston, and Morgan, Mills, and Twombly, of New York—names to conjure with in finance. The company's "paper" circulated freely through the New England banks, for the names of its directors stood for financial solidity. Lawson virtually cried out in the market-place: "The General Electric is in a rotten financial condition, and it is the duty of banks to throw out its loans." This was a criminal attack if his pamphlet was a lie, and meant jail. Lawson had but three copies of the pamphlet struck off, and one he took around to show bankers and brokers in State Street. Meanwhile, he began to sell General Electric stock in the market—a little, for his funds were low. He broke the stock from \$100 to \$97 in a week.

The General Electric financiers got on his trail. One day Lawson's printer telephoned that a man was at the printing shop with \$5,000 in money to buy a copy of Lawson's pamphlet. That meant that the General Electric officers wanted the evidence to convict the pamphleteer of criminal libel and put him in prison.

"Hold him there until Vinal gets there," was Lawson's order to the printer. The secretary rushed down to the printer's to hold the man with the \$5,000 until he should hear from his chief.

Lawson scurried over to the office of C. A. Coffin, president of the General Electric Company.

"Mr. Coffin," said Lawson, abruptly, "I hear you are anxious to get a pamphlet on General Electric I have written. One of your men is now down at my printer's with \$5,000 of your money to buy a copy. I have brought you a copy that you can have for nothing, and I want you to go through it word for word. If my pamphlet is wrong—if these statements of mine are false—then I ought to go to jail. If you can show me that I am wrong, I'll take my medicine, but if I'm right—and I know I'm right—I'm going to smash your stock."

Coffin wanted a few days to go over the figures with his fellow officers. Lawson promised to hold off his attack until the beginning of the next week.

"May I use your phone?" he asked, before leaving. He called up the printer's for his secretary. "Vinal," he said, "is the fellow with the \$5,000 still there? Yes? Well, tell the printer to give him a copy of the General Electric pamphlet and take his \$5,000. I'm at Coffin's office, and I have just given Coffin a copy, with my compliments."

The truce lasted until the end of the next week. The General Electric directors failed to answer Lawson's charges of "padding" their report, and he again buckled on his armor. His own funds were too low to supply the sinews of war, and, not finding any support in Boston, where everybody stood in awe of the great names of Ames, Coolidge, Higginson, Morgan, and Mills, Lawson hastened over to Wall Street to "tell his story." He laid his indictment of the General Electric before "Harry" Weil, one of the daring guerrillas of the "Street," and immediately enlisted him as a brother warrior. Weil agreed to finance the attack on General Electric to the extent of \$1,000,000, and to turn over to Lawson one fifth of the spoils. Lawson wanted a bigger share, but Weil insisted on having four fifths for himself, and the bargain was made. And then Lawson opened fire. Big blocks of General Electric were dumped into the market, and investors threw over their holdings in fright as sinister rumors affecting the company's credit crept "out of the sub-cellars and rat-holes of Wall Street." Lawson walked boldly into the office of the president of the Farmers' Loan and Trust Company, which, he discovered, was loaning more than \$2,000,000 on General Electric securities, and laid his pamphlet on the president's desk.

"I'm Thomas W. Lawson, of Boston," said he, "and I want you to read a report on General Electric I've written."

"Yes, I've heard of you, young man," retorted the bank president, "and you ought to be in jail."

But Lawson "told his story," and when he was through the president touched a button to call an under officer of the bank.

"How much are we loaning on General Electric? . . . As much as that? . . . Well, I think we had better call those loans."

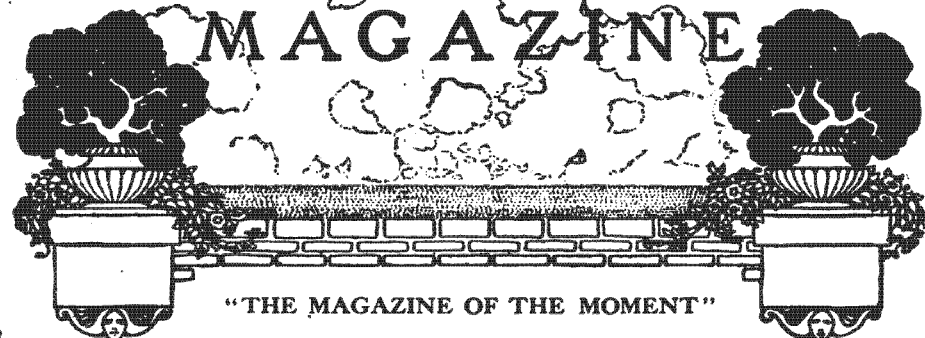
In five weeks the stock slumped from \$100 to \$72, and nearly every day it made a new low record. Lawson issued a second pamphlet, with more figures, entitled, "Facts and Figures of the General Electric Company." "The facts and figures contained in the company's annual report," said Lawson, "are supposed to be vouched for by some of the most honorable names in this country—names second to none in the world of finance and business; names as good in New York and Boston as those of the Whisky Trust directors were in Chicago or Peoria, the Reading directors in Philadelphia, or the Cordage directors in New York or Cincinnati, before the deplorable exposures which have made the names of these great enterprises synonymous with trickery and fraud."

The company had to meet Lawson's attack. The defense took the form of a public statement that, "realizing that a determined attack was being made on

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This Young Man Earned \$624.⁰⁰ In One Month



WELLINGTON W. HUME

IN the month of June last, Mr. Wellington W. Hume, a representative of our Subscription Department, received the sum of \$624.00 in commissions and prizes for renewing expiring subscriptions and securing new readers for SUCCESS MAGAZINE, during the preceding month. He has done nearly as well in several other months; and so have many others. There is no reason why you who read this cannot do likewise.

The New Subscription Season is Here

November 1st marks the beginning of a new subscription year. Publishers are commencing to advertise their fall and winter offers, and millions of catalogues will be mailed by the wholesale subscription agencies. The attention of the public will be focused upon the question, "What shall we read this year?" Hundreds, and perhaps thousands, of dollars will be spent in every neighborhood for magazines and other periodicals.

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Write for our circular, "A Business Opening"
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its credit, the company was increasing its cash resources by selling its treasury assets; that it had sold \$7,000,000 of its assets; but that it did not actually need the cash. Lawson answered this shot the next morning by smashing the stock from \$72 to \$65, and a few days later to \$58. This was the end of May. Through June the fight dragged along without advantage to either side. The stock held its own between \$65 and \$75. Then came July, with the breaking of the financial storm—banks closing their doors, mills drawing their fires, merchants going to the wall, and railroads defaulting interest. Securities crashed. Investors lost their heads. Even the stability of the Government's own currency was questioned. Men were afraid to leave their money in the banks; they were afraid to have it in their own pockets if it were not gold. Lawson seized his opportunity and renewed the attack. Day after day on the floor of the Exchange Weil hammered the market, while Lawson cried "bankruptcy." Down through the 60's, the 50's, the 40's plunged General Electric. Rumors of ruin flew through the market-place. One night during the panic Lawson and Weil sat up until nearly morning at the old Windsor Hotel, on Fifth Avenue, then the night Wall Street, and made their plans for the annihilation of the enemy on the morrow. They would drive the stock to the very bottom. When the gong struck on the Exchange that morning there was a panic in the General Electric crowd. Rumors flew to the floor that the directors were at work behind locked doors putting the company in a receiver's hands. A crowd of newspaper reporters was waiting outside for the news of the disaster. Weil slaughtered the stock at \$30, and then, when the panic was at its height, adroitly "covered" the last of his short sales. He knew when he had enough. He had cleaned up \$2,600,000 on the break from \$100 to \$30, and he was not going to risk it all by trying to force the stock to nothing. Lawson fumed when Weil reported that he had withdrawn his forces, declaring the company could be forced to the wall. But the company did not go to the wall, the directors scraped up a few millions to squeeze it through the tight place, and Lawson accepted his half-million odd dollars' share of the spoils. General Electric did not recover from this attack for six years. It sank to \$20 in the commercial depression of '94-'96, and did not again sell above Lawson's estimated "book value," \$42, until the industrial boom that began in the Spanish War year. The stockholders, in the meantime, were forced to accept a reduction of forty per cent. in their invested capital under a drastic reorganization. Since those days of financial disaster the business of the company has grown enormously and the stock has sold as high as \$200.

Having dealt a fearful blow to the enemy, Lawson returned to his Westinghouse work. He was at work two years bolstering up its securities during the period of depression, but he finally succeeded in putting its preferred stock above par, enabling George Westinghouse to sell \$4,000,000 of new stock to a banking syndicate. This pulled the Westinghouse company out of its hole, and it, too, in the electric boom of the past ten years, has prospered mightily. The growth of the two companies has been promoted by a working agreement as to patents, but repeated efforts to merge them have failed, largely because George Westinghouse wants to be at the head of any merger.

Lawson made half a million in his General Electric campaign, but he never saw the money. Weil was making a bear attack on sugar and invited Lawson to join him. Lawson took a 30,000 share interest in the pool, leaving his General Electric profits in Wall Street as margin. An unexpected favorable action by the Cleveland administration, allaying the free-silver scare, created a "bear panic"—that is, the bears rushed in to buy stocks. Sugar jumped \$10 a share in two days and wiped out Lawson's margin. Some time afterwards he received a statement from his erstwhile brother-in-arms showing a thousand odd dollars due Weil from him in the sugar speculation. Again had Lawson gone to Wall Street and lost his scalp.

"I suppose I have, during the past ten years," said Lawson, in 1899, "contributed money enough to sugar to endow a fair-sized asylum for tailless bears. It has never seemed to matter whether I bought or sold, went short or long, the dollars that I secured by the employment of pick and shovel, brawn, muscle, or gray matter, all seemed to follow one another into the relentless maw of that modern Saccarine Titanotherium."

[Mr. Fayant's third article on "The Real Lawson" will appear in our December Number.]

The manner in which one bears sudden prosperity is the thermometer of his ability.

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The Eye and Ear,
J. H. Clalborne, M.D.
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CONTRIBUTORS

S. J. Baker, M.D., - *Food Adulteration*
W. P. Gerhard, C. E., - *Pure Water Supply*
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