

SUCCESS MAGAZINE

N. S. EDITION

DECEMBER
1907

UNDER THE MISTLETOE

THE SUCCESS COMPANY, NEW YORK.

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ONE DOLLAR A YEAR

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SUCCESS MAGAZINE



Cover Design by Walter Tittle. Decorations and Headpiece by Edward A. Poucher, Wilson Karcher, Alfred Burton, and Albert Bloch

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IDEAL CHRISTMAS GIFTS

For All the Family

There is no more appropriate, useful and economical Christmas gift that you can give to any member of your family, or to any of your friends, than a reliable, *guaranteed* Ingersoll Watch. You will find that one of these inexpensive time-keepers will be prized above far costlier gifts, and its usefulness will outlive that of other presents.

You cannot buy more *practical* time-keepers than Ingersoll Watches at any price. Beware of imitations—look for the name "Ingersoll" on the dial, and for the Ingersoll Guarantee in the case.



The Midget, \$2.00



Midget Rococo, \$3.00 (back view)

Ingersoll

Watches

are a line of very attractive, low-priced time-keepers that includes a watch for every member of the family.

The "Midget" for Boys and Girls.
A perfect, practical, guaranteed little time-keeper, and a little beauty - \$2.00

"Midget" Models for Mother, Sister or Sweetheart
"Midget" Artistic—French gray silver case, beautiful relief design \$3.80

"Midget" Rococo—The case is an exact reproduction of the far-famed, high-priced French models of like name; elegant and artistic design - \$3.00

"Midget" 5-year Gold-Filled Case—Specially constructed with a heavy plate of gold over a composition shell; a high-class and thoroughly up-to-date watch - \$4.00



The Famous "Yankee," \$1.00

"Midget" Sterling Silver Case—Standard quality, .925 fine. For this and the 5-year gold-filled case Midget have damasked movement plates, antique bows and pendants, and other refinements detail - \$4.60

"Midget" 10-year Gold-Filled Case—An exceedingly rich, plate case, equal in appearance highest-priced, solid gold case watches; a watch that any woman can be proud of - \$5.10



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The original "Doll Watch"—the only \$1.00 dollar watch made. A guaranteed time-keeper, steady wind and stem-set, as all Ingersolls - \$1.10

The "Eclipse" or "Triumph" for Father—The "Eclipse" has hinged back; German silver, gun-metal or gold plate case - \$1.10

The "Triumph" is the most handsomely finished of the Ingersoll watches for men. Heavy silver-plated case, or silver-plated, with brilliant gun-metal finish, \$1.10

INGERSOLL DOLLAR CHAINS—12 tasteful patterns—guaranteed to assay more gold than any \$1.00 chains. Sold everywhere or sent postpaid, for \$1.00.

If your dealer isn't one of the 60,000 who sell Ingersolls, send us his name, and we'll send your watch postpaid on receipt price. Write for our free, illustrated circular.

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prove that the gold product of the world is increasing instead of decreasing, as a lot of wild-cat mining speculators would force the public to believe. Among other things he spoke of the volume of gold in Witwatersrand in South Africa, which is commonly known in speculative circles as "the Rand." Mr. Adams said that the gold-bearing belt of the Rand covered an area of some thirty miles and was valued at a great many millions of dollars. We were stunned by the flood of abusive letters that came to this office, denying this statement. We were asked what we meant by letting a writer publish "such fool statements," why we didn't prove our assertions, etc., etc. We called Mr. Adams into our presence and had it out with him. Mr. Adams stuck to his guns and said, "I am right." We are glad to know that we are able to back up the word of our contributor by a report recently made as a result of a long investigation in the South African gold fields. This report is by Mr. J. B. Robinson, chairman of the Robinson South African Banking Company and an extensive owner of South African gold mines. He figures that the gold deposits of the Rand show that over \$50,000,000-000 worth of the precious metal can still be taken from that section of South Africa. Moreover, Mr. Robinson is convinced that there are immense deposits of gold, gems, and minerals as yet untapped in his part of the world. He is a man whose conservative business methods cannot be gainsaid. According to the New York "Sun," Mr. Robinson's estimate indicates that the gold supply of the Rand will not be exhausted in 40,000 years.

* * *

Mr. Merwin's Mail

SAMUEL MERWIN answers some of his many correspondents in the third installment of "Drugging a Race," in this issue. We should like to quote here from a few of the many letters we have received. It seems to be the wish of many correspondents that these deeply important articles should lead ultimately to a crusade against the use of drugs, and possibly also of liquor in this country.

C. A., Riverside, Cal.—"I am specially interested in 'Drugging a Race,' and England's responsibility for the opium traffic."

JOHN P. TAPLEY, North Brookville, Me.—"It revives memories of our early sea days when this evil was just creeping into existence; when smart little craft that could work to the windward against the monsoon were carrying opium from Calcutta to Canton, and exchanging it for silver, pound for pound. They were well armed and prepared to nail the Chinese pirate junk to the masthead. I trust 'Drugging a Race' may not only interest your readers, but may also arouse men to action against this widespread evil."

H. CLAY NEEDHAM, Newhall, Cal.—"'Drugging a Race' demands more than a simple expression of interest on account of its magnitude and its stupendous effects on humanity and also for its counterpart here at home, which might be entitled 'Debauching a Race by Governmental Action.'"

"Why do we send a man 4,000 miles away to so graphically describe the effects of a drug on a heathen people, when you have a far more prolific field of your own in the legalized and protected liquor traffic?"

"The demon-like frenzy of rum results in untold blood and misery; and yet our Government forces this upon our people until its effects are so universal and appalling that I even find it hard to secure a few laborers whom I can depend upon to do the ordinary tasks of life."

JOHN FREEMAN NEAL, Lythe, Texas.—"You have scored the biggest success in employing Samuel Merwin to tour China in China's interest, known to modern journalism. I have just finished reading his first installment in the October issue. Let him 'brave the lion in his den' and show up the fearful responsibility resting on our own Government in the traffic in intoxicants."

* * *

Pros and Cons.

AT THIS time of the year, we hope our readers will not think it impertinent if we hand out to them a few of the *pros* and *cons* that they hand out to us. From the mass of letters that have come to the editorial sanctum, we have culled the most vital sentences. We assure you we have not eliminated one word from any of these sentences, and our only

regret is that we cannot publish the letters in full, but some of them are long, oh, so long! But we have read them all, and we thank the writers for their opinions.



JOHN F. ARNOLD, Imogene, Ia.—"Success MAGAZINE has been coming to my table for seven years. For the first four or five years every one of its pages was teeming with inspiration. The authors chosen made one feel the throb of life and push in every paragraph. Success was one of the elements which gave me the determination to enter college and work my way through. Success however has changed, and the very things which it has been preaching against it seems to have drifted into."

I. L. ALLEGAN, North Watergap, Pa.—"Every feature and department of it is interesting, helpful, and valuable, but by me especially Dr. Marden's contributions to its pages are most appreciated."

W. D. AUBREY, Tupper Lake, N. Y.—"Such subjects as 'Fools and Their Money' and the way the rich live, have done much good."

H. E. DAILEY, Philadelphia, Pa.—"I would like to call your attention to the series of articles published called 'Play Ball!' which I thought were very good, and was sorry to see discontinued. You might have made it a permanent department."

W. R. DANCE, Dansville, Va.—"I like your magazine very well, but I rather like good stories to read at my leisure. Your magazine has the ups and downs of the country mostly, and these I have to contend with every day and get about as much of them as I want without reading about them."

G. R. DAVIS, Amenia, N. D.—"I am in sympathy with your aims for social betterment. In fact your articles along this line have kept me your subscriber."

G. G. DAVIS, Fairview, Pa.—"'Fools and Their Money,' by Mr. Fayant, was well worth the price of the magazine."

JOHN F. DEFORD, Minerva, O.—"I greatly enjoyed the novel by David Graham Phillips which you published last year. I do not believe a better story was ever printed in an American magazine."

MISS MARY TOWNE, Salt Lake, Utah.—"Every month I open first to 'Pin Money Papers.'"

JOHN DOYLE, Chicago.—"Why don't you make it either a man's or a woman's magazine? Don't try to please every one. For heaven's sake get on a path and stick to it!"

WALTER CHILD, Clinton, O.—"I never read fiction. It is only a waste of time and should be abolished by law."

HENRY C. FANNER, Toledo, O.—"Give us plenty of fiction. I like your short stories immensely. They are full of ginger and are wholesome."

MRS. WILBERING, San Diego, Cal. (and hundreds of other women).—"I could not do without 'Pin Money Papers.' I look for it first every month."

GEORGE D. MAYNE, Philadelphia, Pa.—"You fellows are trying, with the aid of that archfool David Graham Phillips, to elect Theodore Roosevelt again in 1908. No greater enemy of a republic ever lived than this man Roosevelt. He is bluster and brag personified. We want a sound, sane President, like Fairbanks."

JOHN G. NELSON, Moline, Ill.—"I earnestly hope that Success MAGAZINE and its writers will keep before the people the fact that Mr. Roosevelt should be President next term, and I trust that these sentiments are also those of a large enough majority to successfully elect Mr. Roosevelt."

"I believe with Mr. Phillips that with Roosevelt out of the way for four years the risk is too great of his never seeing the White House again, and, besides, are there not chances of undoing, to some extent at least, the good work that has already been accomplished?"

W. H. DODGE, Dorchester, Mass.—"You employ a fine brigade in Merwin, Fayant, Moffett, and Phillips. What good do they accomplish? Common scolds I call them."

MRS. MARGARET HASTINGS, New Brunswick, N. J.—"No greater good can come to our people than to be constantly advised by such writers as Cleveland Moffett, Frank Fayant, and Samuel Merwin. They are doing more good in a way than the churches."



To those who have received our special invitation to become Life Subscribers, we are obliged to announce that all invitations issued before November 1, 1907, will be withdrawn on January 1, 1908, unless previously accepted, and such invitations cannot again be extended.

To Our Readers

WE ARE announcing in this number our great book and magazine clubbing offers for the coming season. None of these offers, are, however, to be compared in genuine "bargain value" with our "Long-Time Subscription" propositions on Success MAGAZINE itself, in which those who take advantage of them are *guaranteed against any increase in the price of Success MAGAZINE* for the periods mentioned. The cost of magazine-making is constantly increasing; the price of paper has risen over 25 per cent. within three months past; the hours of labor have universally been reduced without reducing the daily-wage scale; the great competition among magazines is raising the cost of literary and artistic material; and the day when the "Dollar Magazine" is possible is almost over. Nearly all the important dollar magazines have even now given notice of an increase of price, and Success MAGAZINE must do this also within a very short time. Meanwhile, we are, in these Long-Time Subscription Offers, "throwing an anchor to windward" by offering to the "wise ones" among our readers the opportunity of remaining upon our subscription list for two years, five years, or for life, at the extraordinarily low prices named below:

Special Prices for Long-Time Subscriptions

Success Magazine

One Year Subscription,	\$1.00
Two Years' Subscription,	1.50
To one address	
Five Years' Subscription,	3.00
To one address	
Life Subscription,	10.00
To one individual	

These prices, while a real "bargain" of the highest character to the subscriber, are made possible to us partly because we do not have to go through the trouble and expense of renewing the subscription annually, including the taking off and putting on again of our subscriber's name.

Life or long-time subscribers to Success MAGAZINE may at all times take advantage of our book and magazine clubbing offers, by either ordering the Success MAGAZINE subscription contained in the offer sent to some friend, or remitting full clubbing or combination prices, as announced, less a special allowance for the Success MAGAZINE subscription when omitted. Full information concerning this offer will be sent upon request.

We earnestly hope that our present readers may be with us, in these new plans, for many years to come, and that we may attach to us, by strong bonds of mutual respect and advantage, a permanent and constantly growing "old guard" who will believe in our policies and be ready to further our efforts toward the protection and up-lifting of American home life.



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COPTIC PILGRIMS FROM EGYPT BATHING IN THE HOLY WATERS OF THE JORDAN

A FREE TRIP to EGYPT and the HOLY LAND

To ministers, theological students and all lovers of Bible History and tradition who wish to make a pilgrimage to Jerusalem and the land where the Great Drama of an Immortal Life was enacted, nineteen centuries ago, this great opportunity will appeal with irresistible force.

How You Can See It At Our Expense

Not to get out of your own petty environment and see such wonders of the world is to live your life in a mean, narrow way. Think how much you look up to the individuals whose opinions are based on first hand knowledge of the world, gained by extensive travel. As Bacon aptly says, "Travel, in the younger sort, is a part of Education; in the older, a part of Experience."

"Granted," you say, "but it costs money to travel, and I can't afford it."

If you really want to go, don't let this thought deter you; SUCCESS MAGAZINE is going to send some one to see not only Naples, but also Gibraltar, Rome, Florence, Venice, Milan, Genoa, Nice, Paris, and London, by first-class travel, and without one penny of expense from the time he leaves home until he gets back there again. And this trip is but one of twenty-two covering nearly every portion of the civilized world, forming a part of our

GRAND EDUCATIONAL PRIZE CONTEST The List of Prizes Includes

- A Complete Four Years' College Course in Any One of the Great American Universities for Men or Colleges for Women.
- A Three Months' Trip to the Principal Countries of Europe.
- A Winter Trip to the Mediterranean, Egypt, and the Holy Land.
- A Two Years' Course of Art Study in Paris.
- A Two Years' Course of Music Study in Berlin.
- A Two Months' Trip to the Hawaiian Islands, China, and Japan.
- A Magnificent Upright Piano.
- A Summer Trip to the "Land of the Midnight Sun."
- A Two Months' Trip to England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales.
- A Fine Reference Library, of 135 Volumes, Bound in Half Leather, Including Encyclopædia Britannica, Century Dictionary, Historians' History, etc.
- A Trip to the Yellowstone National Park and Alaska.
- A Thirty-Day Trip to London, Paris, and Berlin.
- A Mechanical Piano Player, with Music Rolls.
- A Trip to the West Indies and Panama Canal.
- A Trip to Niagara Falls.
- A Set of the Encyclopædia Britannica.

AND EIGHTY-THREE OTHER PRIZES OF SIMILAR CHARACTER

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

FOR FULL INFORMATION SEND IN THIS COUPON TO-DAY

"Are you in earnest? Seize this very minute;
Whate'er you do, or think you can, begin it!"

SUCCESS MAGAZINE,

University Bldg., Washington Sq., New York.

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

Name _____

(December) Occupation _____

City or Town _____

County and State _____

190_____

A Christmas Present from "Success Magazine"

On Christmas Morning (or as near to this exact time as possible) several thousands of our readers will receive through the mails, or by express, a Christmas Present from SUCCESS MAGAZINE. On New Year's Morning, several thousand more will receive a New Year's Present.

These presents from SUCCESS will be in the nature of a *surprise*. We are not going to tell you anything about them beforehand (except that they would cost, at retail, from \$1.50 to \$5.00), but we *know* that the recipients will be delighted with them and will regard them as among the best of their Holiday gifts.

Who are to get these Presents?

We receive every year, particularly in the Holiday Season, thousands of orders, reading in effect: "Please renew my subscription to SUCCESS MAGAZINE, and send SUCCESS MAGAZINE also to my friend. I want him (or her) to have your valuable paper next year."

It is those of our kind friends, who help to make two blades of grass grow where one grew before, that we intend to remember with a Holiday Present. To *you*—the reader of these words,—we will send such a Present, if you will send us two or more subscriptions to SUCCESS MAGAZINE, one of which may be your own renewal, though the other (or others) must be new. In order to be sure of receiving this Present at the appointed time, you should not fail to note carefully the "Special Notice" below.

Special Notice

(1) To your letter containing the two or more subscriptions to SUCCESS MAGAZINE, attach the coupon on this page, giving us information on which Mr. Higgins can base his selection of a gift to best please you.

(2) If your order with coupon reaches us by December 15th, we shall, undoubtedly, be able to send your Present in time to reach you on Christmas Day, but, if later, it may have to be a New Year's Present. Presents will be sent, however, for all orders (containing coupons) received by us bearing December postmarks, *i.e.*, if you mail us an order on December 31st, you will receive a Present, though it may not reach you until January 10th to January 15th.

(3) In order to receive a Present you must either (a) send us \$2.00 for two single subscriptions to SUCCESS MAGAZINE (or \$3.00 for three, or \$4.00 for four, etc.); or (b) send us at full club prices two or more SUCCESS MAGAZINE or Book clubs (as advertised elsewhere), *each club to contain a subscription to "Success Magazine"*; or (c), send us one separate subscription to SUCCESS MAGAZINE at \$1.00, and full advertised price on one or more SUCCESS MAGAZINE or Book clubs, *each club to contain a subscription to "Success Magazine"*.

(4) One of the SUCCESS MAGAZINE subscriptions sent may be a renewal, but the other (or others) must be new.

(5) A more valuable Present will, of course, be given for three SUCCESS MAGAZINE subscriptions than for two; for four than for three, etc.

(6) Although we prefer to send our Present to the friend who actually obtains and sends us the SUCCESS MAGAZINE subscriptions, we will, if especially desired, send it to any other name or address which he or she may give us.

GUARANTEE

We absolutely guarantee to our readers full satisfaction with our Holiday Presents. If dissatisfied, the subscriber may return the Present to us, at our expense, and we will refund all money paid.

All orders should be addressed to EDWARD E. HIGGINS, President, Success Magazine, Washington Square, New York. Mr. Higgins will give his personal attention to the selection of gifts.

Holiday Present Coupon

EDWARD E. HIGGINS, President,
SUCCESS MAGAZINE, Washington Square, New York.

DEAR SIR:—

I am sending you with this an order for _____
subscriptions to SUCCESS MAGAZINE. Please send Holiday Present
addressed as follows:

Name _____

Street and Number _____

City or Town _____

County and State _____

[The subscriber will please give the following information regarding
the recipient of the present.]

Age _____ Male or Female _____

Living in City, Town, or Country _____



WILLIAM HAMILTON OSBORNE
Story Writer



ALVAH MILTON KERR
Story Writer

Success Magazine



ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN
Illustrator



WILSON KARCHER
Illustrator

AS WE look over the editorial and art prospects of SUCCESS MAGAZINE for the coming year, we feel more certain than ever that it is destined to hold its place as *the biggest and best ten-cent magazine in the United States*. Our arrangements with the leading writers and illustrators in the magazine field prove to us that we are taking gigantic steps forward. The best investigators and the wisest thinkers as well will add their quota to the whole. The big features, -- "Drugging a Race," by Samuel Me win; "The Real Lawson," by F ank Fayant, and W. C. Morrow's charming novel, "Lentala," which ha e been making such a favorable impression upon our readers since they were started this fall, will be enhanced by several other equally important features, chief among them being the inside story of the workings of the famous Pinkerton Detective Agency, written by William Pinkerton, the supreme head of that institution. The liveliest, most gripping and most valuable detective stories in the world will be given to the public through SUCCESS MAGAZINE.

WE BELIEVE that a greater, more important, or more fascinating subject will not be offered by any other monthly publication. To have prevailed upon Mr. Pinkerton to write these stories himself is a journalistic triumph. The head of the Pinkerton Agency is one of the busiest men in the country. His services are demanded in many cities, and he is so constantly in touch with great institutions, the world over, that it is no easy matter for him to sit down to a literary occupation.

BUT MR. PINKERTON is anxious to do the work. There is a great romantic side to the life of the Pinkerton Agency which he is going to tell. Perhaps it will not savor of the remarkable and illogical schemes of Sherlock Holmes, but it will be a great deal more interesting, for it will be dealing with actual happenings, great cases that have attracted the attention of the world. The spirit and essence of the detective story, which all lovers of literature want, will predominate.

IT IS safe to say that any clever detective story, whether written by a well-known writer or not, commands the highest prices paid for fiction. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle received as high as one dollar a word for some parts of "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes." This book gave him a place among the greatest of living writers and made him independent for life as well. The chances are



JOSEPH C. LEYENDECKER
This eminent artist whose cover designs have pleased our readers on so many occasions will furnish six new designs for "Success Magazine" during 1908

the world has long been waiting to hear, the inside story of the workings of the greatest detective agency in the world.

THOSE of our readers who fear that these stories will savor of the dime novel, that they will be gruesome, blood-curdling, and horrifying recitals, need have no cause for apprehension. We are not publishing that sort of literature. Mr. Pinkerton's manuscripts will be just as clean-cut and wholesome as they will be graphic and entertaining. They will be illustrated in the best possible manner, and with some rare old prints, photographs, and facsimiles.

A NEW feature, of great timeliness, will be a series of articles dealing with suburban life in America. In all our large cities, the percentage of residents who are going to the country to live is greatly increasing. The automobile, the telephone, the fast trains, the improved marketing facilities, and many other conveniences, have given country life a new possibility. It is a big subject, timely with popularity and interest. We will take it up from all sides, dwelling particularly upon the practical features, which will make the series of inestimable value to those who may contemplate building homes away from the noises and discomforts of city life.



WILLIAM PINKERTON
Author of the Stories of the Pinkerton Detective Agency

A YOUNG woman in California has just written us that she would like to see some articles which will tell women how to earn money. In this number we are starting such a series, "Earning Money at Home," by Isabel Gordon Curtis. Mrs. Curtis is one of the most



ELLIS PARKER BUTLER
Humorist



CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS
Humorist

For the Year 1908



Photo by Purdy, N. Y.
W. H. LEIGH
Illustrator



EDMUND VANCE COOKE
Humorist

practical women in this line of work. Her articles will cover every possible branch of money earning for women.

WE HAVE space to speak only in the most general way of the many other attractions for the 1908 SUCCESS MAGAZINE. A wealth of good fiction by F. Marion Crawford, Joseph C. Lincoln, George Randolph Chester, William Hamilton Osborne, Ellis Parker Butler, Alvah Milton Kerr, Charles Battell Loomis, Ethel Watts-Mumford Grant, Zona Gale, Florence Morse Kingsley, Kathryn Jarboe, Elizabeth New McKeen, and many other popular favorites will be published. They will be illustrated by such eminent artists as Alice Barber Stephens, William De L. Dodge, W. R. Leigh, Jay Hambidge, Charles Sarka, Arthur William Brown, Thomas Fogarty, Horace Taylor, Henry J. Peck, H. S. Potter, Charles Livingston Bull, E. M. Ashe, James Preston, Arthur G. Dove, and others who are the leaders in the world of illustrators. No mechanical pains or financial expense will be spared to reproduce our illustrations by the most up-to-date methods.

WE WANT to call the attention of our readers, with particular emphasis, to an article which will appear in our January Number. It is entitled "How Galveston Is Governed," by H. S. Cooper, one of the officers of that city. It seems, from Mr. Cooper's paper, that the problem of municipal government has been settled at last, so far as the elimination of graft and political corruption is concerned. Since the days of the Tweed Ring, the question has been asked again and again: Is it possible in the United States to obtain a perfect form of municipal government that will remain staple and honest? Is it possible to conduct a local government in a manner that will divorce politics from graft? Mr. Cooper's article seems to prove that this is so. It is an actuality which, starting in a ruined and devastated city on the Gulf of Mexico, has proven that it is applicable to any American community capable of self-government, regardless of geographical position or racial elements. The Galveston government is in the form of a commission which appeals to the business instinct and the honest human side of the average citizen. It is worth knowing about.



MADAME MELBA
Author of "Studying in Europe for Grand Opera"

THIS is the age of advertising. More money is being spent for advertising, more ingenious schemes are being thought of, and more brainy men are employed in this business than ever before in the history of the world. You will want, therefore, to read James L. Ford's, "The Age of Publicity." This is no set and serious symposium. "Jim" Ford does not believe in that sort of writing. He is a humorist, and his light shines forth in his work. Madame Melba's "Studying in Europe for Grand Opera" is an article of value which will soon appear.

BESIDES these serious features, there will be an unusual offering of good fun and humor. Edmund Vance Cooke has written a batch of funny new baseball poems; Wallace Irwin will give us the best of his output; James W. Foley will continue to tell of the sidesplitting predicaments of "Poor John!" Wilbur Nesbit has just written us from Chicago, "I have greased

up the typewriter and will begin on some really funny things for SUCCESS MAGAZINE." Those who remember Robert Gallahue Todd, know what this means. Charles Battell Loomis, Ellis Parker Butler, and Porter Emerson Browne are all in line for funny stuff. We intend to introduce two new humorists to the reading public

during 1908. The work of these writers has been sent exclusively to this magazine. In the higher sphere of our editorial policy, now known the country wide as "In the Public Service," we shall stand where we always have stood, for righteousness in civic life, for the best interests of the American people. Wherever we see tyranny, corruption, or anything else that is against the legitimate progress of the nation, we shall attack it without fear or favor.

DURING the past year we have been greatly helped in shaping our policy by the valuable suggestions contained in hundreds of letters received from our readers. To answer these letters separately was more than we could undertake, but we thank all who have helped us. Your criticism and advice have been very valuable. Do not stop now; we want your help next year just as we wanted it in the one just passed. Let us have your opinions and criticisms, frank and strong and discriminating.



JAY HAMBIDGE
The well-known artist whose work will appear in "Success Magazine" in 1908

A MONUMENTAL

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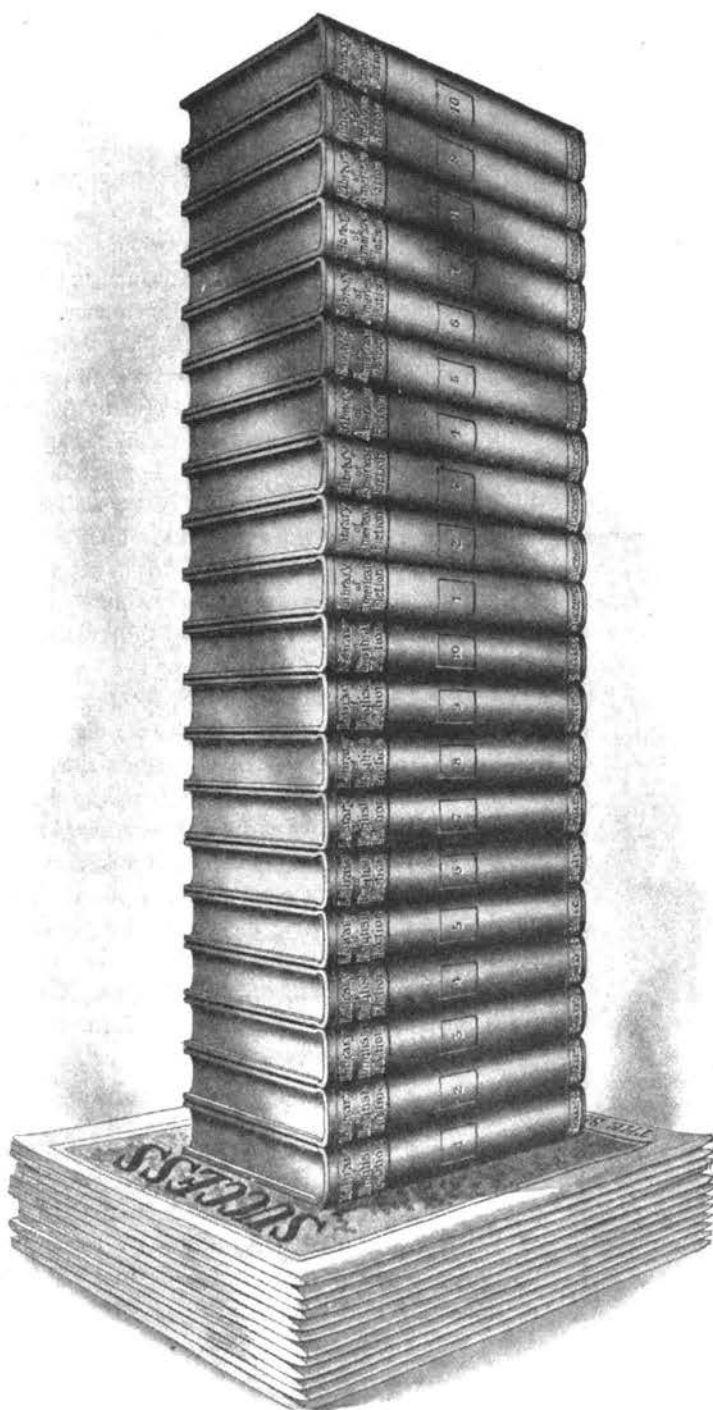
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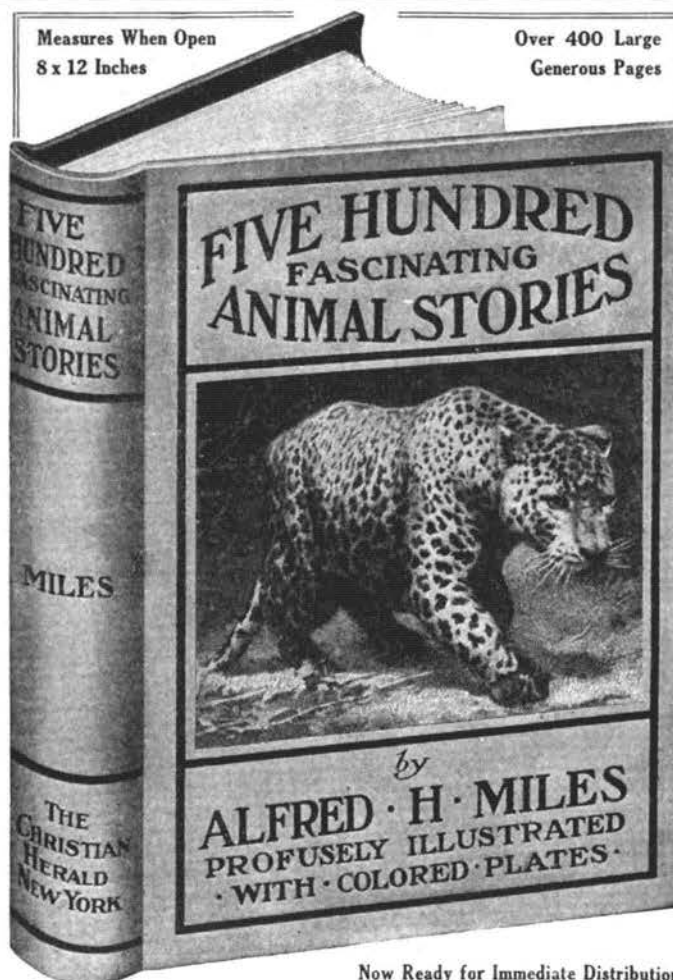
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SUCCESS MAGAZINE

VOLUME X NEW YORK, DECEMBER, 1907 NUMBER 163

PRESENTED AT COURT
BY LAURA FARLOW

"GIRLS," said mother to us one day, "you really *must* be presented next season!"

We didn't know what she meant at first, though we went to London every spring.

"Presented at Queen Alexandra's court, my dears."

Then we opened our eyes. Eva pictured pillared halls aglow with fine lords and ladies, all glittering with orders and jewels; flunkies, too, in scarlet and gold, and lord chamberlains and pages, with princesses and ambassadors galore in the background.

Within a month we were in London, calling at stately Dorchester House, in Park Lane,

where the first step was to be taken. Mother presented her introductions, and we were all pronounced proper persons to "pass the Presence," at the next June court. We were even to have a duchess as our sponsor!

I don't think I have ever admired mother so much as I did in those strenuous days. She was a wonder; and before we left I assured her she really ought to seek a court appointment—Mistress of the Robes, or something like that—for her knowledge of procedure and etiquette was, to us, surprising. She was familiar with the history of Buckingham Palace ever since Queen Caroline's day; and she promised us a fairy-like transition from girlish obscurity to the full whirl of society.

Everything seemed to hinge on the great ordeal of the presentation—the few seconds passed in the presence of the queen which brings about the intangible something recognized by all foreign courts—for what door is closed to such as royalty receives?

"The first thing to do," mother explained briskly, "is to apply for cards at the lord chamberlain's office in St. James's Palace. Of course the duchess will fill them in for us."

Fortunately, application was made in good time, for presentations are limited to two hundred at each court. The cards, it



The Misses Farlow, of New York, who were recently presented at the British Court. Their gowns cost over \$4,000 apiece



Mlle. Le Breton, daughter of the late French Ambassador to the British Court, in a typical court gown with plumed headdress

seems, are returned to Viscount Althorpe a week before the great night, and he, in turn, places them before Queen Alexandra. Then the "passports"—the cards of presentation—are issued.

Meanwhile our gowns were receiving our attention. Behold us running over to Paris, to confer with an eminent dressmaker. There we found that a regular uniform, with a range in cost from \$400 to \$4,000, was *de rigueur*. Many a woman carries a fortune in lace on her court gown.

The *débutante's* robe, the great dressmaker said, *must* be white; yet colored flowers are permissible in the shower bouquet she carries. As to the bodice of a presentation gown, it should be cut in a round *décolleté*, with short sleeves.

If, through ill health, such a bodice can't be worn, a special permit may be obtained from the queen, through the lord chamberlain's office, and the alternative in such an event is a "high" court gown bodice cut square or "V" shaped, and filled in with diaphanous or thick white material, and elbow sleeves to match.

The train may be round or square, hung from the shoulders or the waist; but its length is imperiously decreed to be not less than three and one-half yards, possibly four. As to trimming, the robe may be adorned with ostrich feathers, flowers, or passementerie, according to taste.

Next, we learned of the cast-iron rules about the orthodox feather headdress: three white ostrich plumes for a girl. These must stand



high in front, so as to be clearly seen on the *débutante's* approach to the king and queen. A white veil hangs from the plumes, at the back. It was quite clear to me that the *coiffure* for this occasion would be work for no ordinary maid.

In case of deep mourning, black plumes and veils may be substituted, and black or gray gloves worn instead of white. Flowers and fan are optional. Diamonds and pearls may be worn; but no color, whether in gown or accessories, is permitted the *débutante*.

After securing our gowns, then—will you believe it?—we had to go to school; all three of us! Special drilling was necessary to practice regal courtesies, as well as such feats as walking gracefully on highly polished floors with a twelve-foot train. It was a funny sight to see grave old dowagers practicing with make-believe queens in dowdy Baker Street "drawing-rooms"! Sometimes the mantelpiece and fireplace did duty as "Her Majesty"!

Even royal courts, it seems, have grown a little democratic. In Queen Victoria's time the form of presentation was most trying. Not only were the deepest of deep courtesies necessary, but individual courtesies were also dropped before every member of the royal family present. As there might be six or eight of them, and the unfortunate *débutante* had to retire backwards, carrying a four-yard train, it may well be believed



An American girl who was presented at court last year. Her gown, which was especially made in Paris, cost in the neighborhood of \$5,000

that tragic accidents happened. Many women, indeed, would have fallen ignominiously, were it not for the practiced arms of the lords-in-waiting.

At last the magic cards, portentous with giant seals and the royal arms embossed in gold, were received! They read: "The Lord Chamberlain has been commissioned by Their Majesties to invite Mrs. Farlow and the Misses Laura and Eva Farlow to a Court, to be held at Buckingham Palace on June 10th." The hour was ten o'clock.

If ever the present king and queen showed good sense it was in altering the preposterous arrangements of their august predecessor, whose famous drawing-rooms were held in broad daylight, most likely on a raw, March day when red noses and cold feet predominated, and one had to drive through an inquisitive mob, which peered in at the windows at every opportunity and made distressing personal remarks when the long line of carriages stopped because of a block at the grand entrance to the palace. Daylight functions had been dear to Queen Victoria from those dim and distant days when, as girl heiress to the throne—a little princess only just in her teens—she had attended her aunt's drawing-rooms.

The great day came. We began dressing immediately after lunch. We then had a pretty clear idea of all the laws regulating our progress, and later, in the evening, a young Englishman called to give



us a few final hints. He, too, was going to court. His regulation costume was a tail coat of black silk velvet, glittering with buttons of cut steel; velvet knee breeches, black silk stockings, buckled shoes, white gloves, a cocked hat, and a little sword.

He carefully pointed out to us this sentence in the lord chamberlain's letter of advice: "Ladies who pass the Presence at Their Majesties' Court are requested to be kind enough to remember that their trains, which are spread by pages on entering the Throne Room, should be kept down until they are picked up and restored to them by pages who will be in attendance at the exit door for that purpose." It seemed clear that every step would be watched with the closest care and attention.

You may be sure that the *coiffeurs* were busy that day. We didn't have much dinner, for, truth to tell, we looked forward to the "stand-up" supper, now served for the general company, in the garter room and green drawing-room. There was a time when not even a cup of tea was offered within the royal walls; but now a *menu* is offered by Monsieur Ménager, who for many years has been principal *chef* to King Edward. The supper rooms, by the way, are very extravagant, and the magnificent gold plate of the British sovereigns, worth over \$5,000,000, is brought up from Windsor for this occasion.

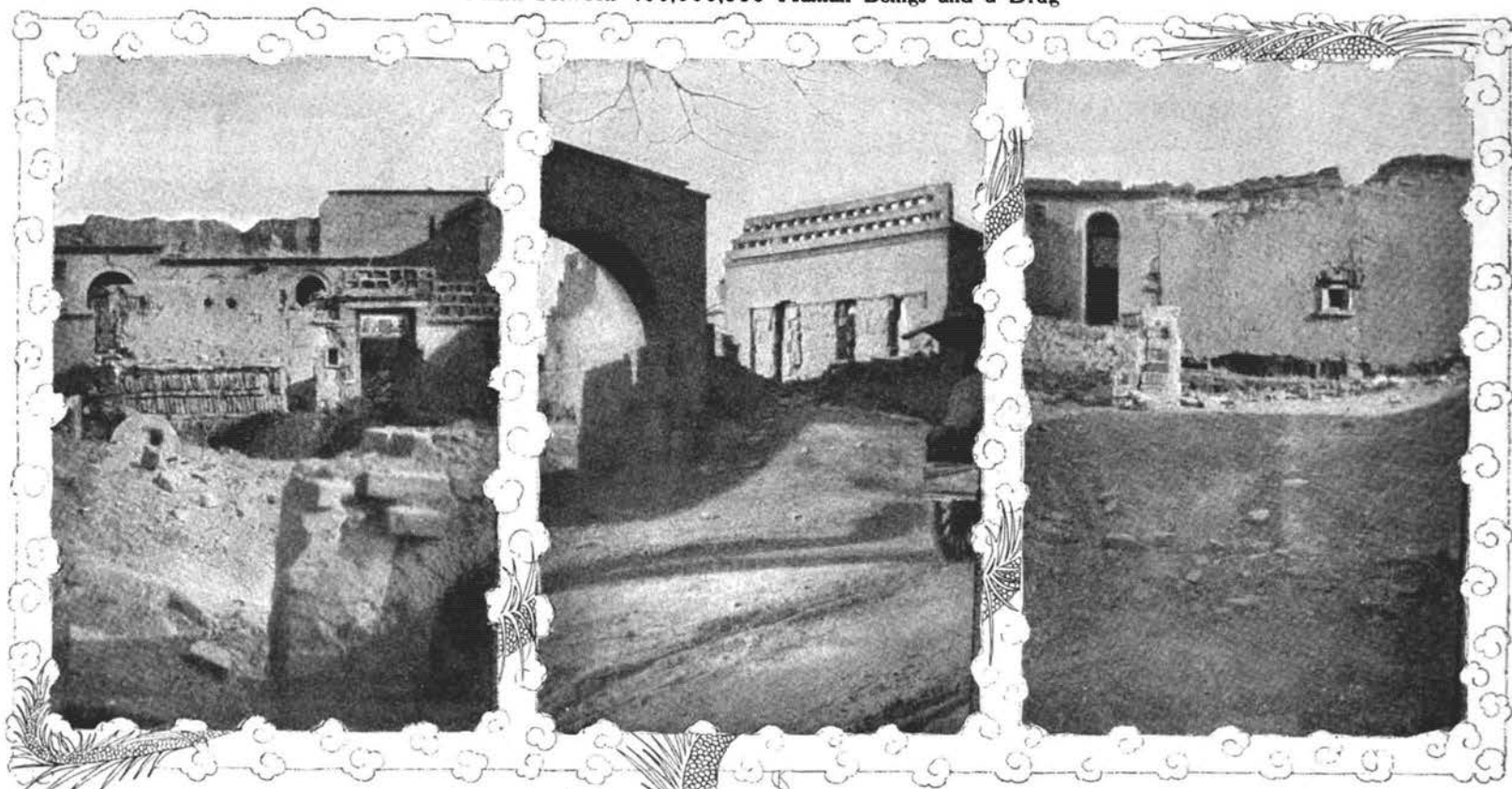
There are several entrances to the royal palace. Royalties and

[Concluded on page 870]

DRUGGING A RACE

By Samuel Merwin

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



Part III.—Wreck and Ruin in China
I.

THE opium provinces of China—that is, the provinces which have been most nearly completely ruined by opium—lie well back in the interior. They cover, roughly, an area 1,200 miles long by half as wide, say about one third the area of the United States; and they support, after a fashion, a population of about 160,000,000. I had found plenty of evidence, at Shanghai, Hankow, Peking, and Tientsin, of the terrible ravages of opium in these regions; but as I had come to China to get a first-hand impression of the opium problem, it seemed to me that it was my business to go out there and have what my John would call a "look-see." After some acquaintance with the conditions in one opium province, I should be better able to weigh the evidence from the others.

The nearest and most accessible was Shansi Province. It lies to the west and southwest of Peking, behind the blue mountains which I had seen from the Hankow-Peking Railroad. There seemed to be no doubt that the opium curse could there be seen at its worst. Everybody said so—legation officials, *attachés*, merchants, missionaries. Dr. Piell, of the London Mission hospital at Peking, estimated that ninety per cent. of the men, women, and children in Shansi smoke opium. He called in one of his native medical assistants, who happened to be a Shansi man, and the assistant observed, with a smile, that ninety per cent. seemed pretty low as an estimate. Another point in Shansi's

These houses were torn down by their owners, the woodwork and bricks sold, and the money used to purchase opium

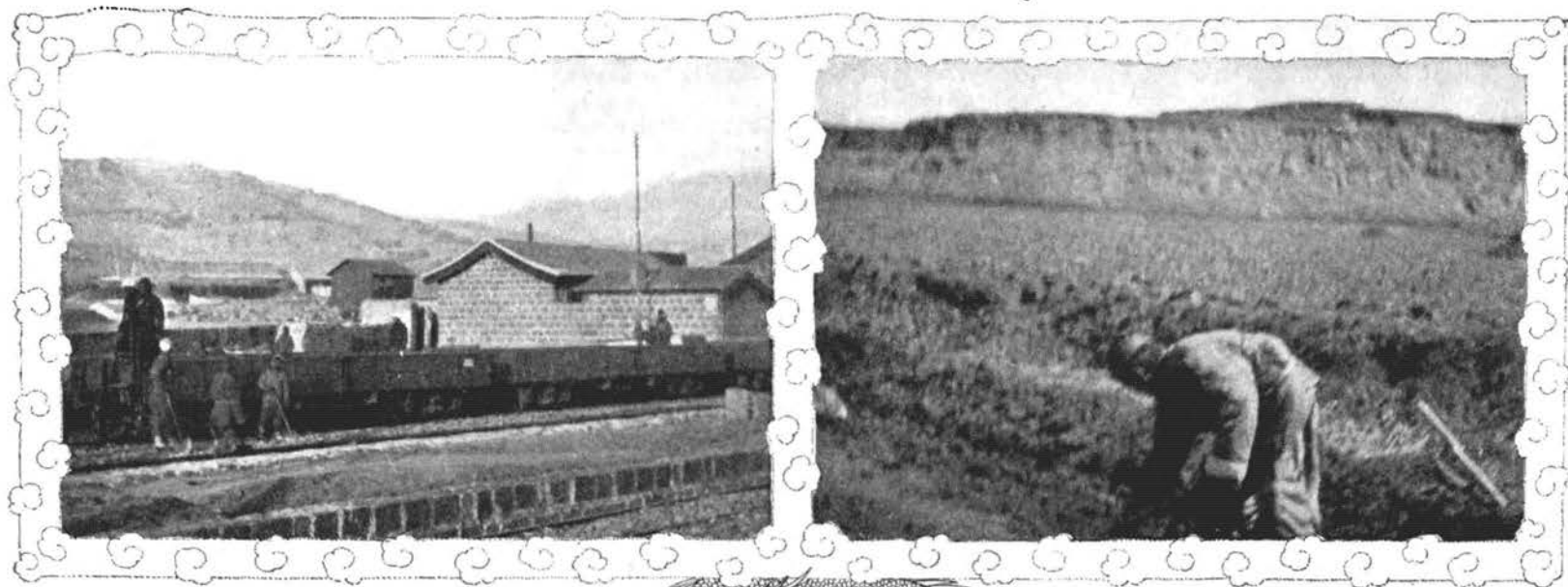
favor was that the railroads were pushing rapidly through to T'ai Yuan-fu, the capital (and one of the oldest cities in oldest China.) So I picked up an interpreter at the *Grand Hotel des Wagon-lits*; the interpreter picked up a cook, and between them they packed eleven boxes and bales of food, water, bedding, and cooking utensils. I carried a folding military cot, because the only beds supplied in Chinese country inns are made of bricks. I left Peking by the seven o'clock train on a raw morning in early April, traveled south until early afternoon, then west into the blue hills (which turned out to be yellow when we got into them), and at eight o'clock in the evening arrived at Ping-ting. In the early morning, said the French conductor, we could go on as far as the rail head in an open gravel car on the construction train.

The French company proposed to shoulder no responsibility for that ride to the rail head. I found this clause on the back of my ticket: "The Company, in selling this ticket, will in no way hold itself

responsible for the accidents which may happen on the way." One of the accidents happened before we started—the line was "*coupé*" ahead—and for an hour we sat huddled on the flat car, thirty-two Chinamen and I, while the stars and the thin crescent of a moon faded out of the cold sky, and the sun slid up and flooded the purple, misty hills with yellow. There was a great confusion and the sound of many voices at the little



In a Shanghai opium den. The man on the left shows the "opium face"



The Ping-ting Station

Cultivating an opium field

gray-stone station. Two Chinamen ran out and waved to us excitedly. I asked my interpreter what it meant, and at that moment made the disconcerting discovery that John could not tell me. Not a word of English could he fetch to the end of his tongue. John was a fair-weather sailor. When all about was quiet, when no emergency pressed, he could dig up a fair pidgin-English vocabulary. I had heard him do it at Peking. But when quick thinking was needed, John could only stammer, turn purple, and at last, with a strangling sound, take refuge in his native Chih-li dialect. It began to appear that I was alone in China.

One thing was plain—the thirty-two Chinamen and I were to get off the car. I jumped down, and John began shouting in an apparent frenzy at the two coolies whom he had impressed to carry my eleven boxes and bales to another flat car on the next track. The two coolies angrily set down their burdens and shouted back. A little crowd of blue-clad Chinamen gathered about them; and then everybody shouted at everybody else. I did not know at that time that this was merely the Chinese way of carrying a few boxes from one flat car to another; I thought it was a fight. The French conductor came running down the track, and called out to know if I was ready. "No; wait!" I called back; "I have eleven cases to move." "*Onze caisses!*" he repeated, with a shrug,—"Hurry—hurry!" and he waited impatiently while the coolies jabbered and worked and jabbered.



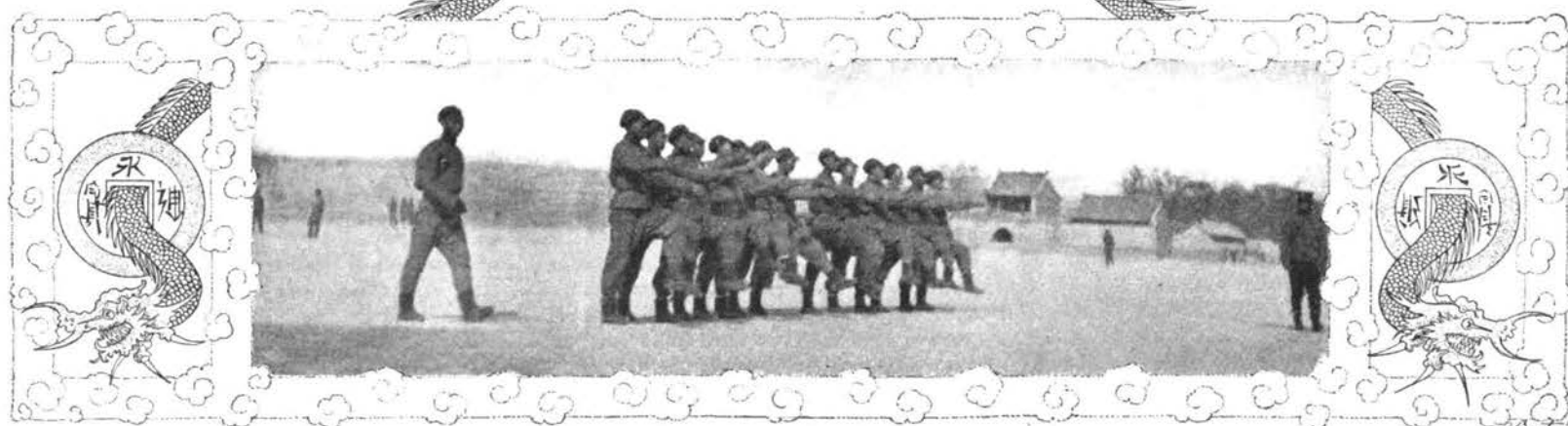
"So I picked up an interpreter at the hotel"

At length we were aboard. "*Ça y est?*" inquired the conductor. "*Ça y est!*" I replied. He blew a shrill note on his little tin trumpet. The Chinese engine-driver pulled his whistle cord. There was more jabbering. But we did not start. We sat there for another hour, the thirty-two Chinamen and I. The conductor disappeared within the gray-stone station; and a little later I saw him, through the window of the ticket office, sitting on a table and smoking a cigarette. When he came out he caught my eye, and grinned. The line was still *coupé*, he said.

The distance from Ping-ting to the rail head at Shau-ying was twenty-five or thirty miles. We were six hours in getting there after we had finally started. I climbed to the ground at Shau-ying, hair full of cinders, eyes half-blinded with smoke, heartily glad that I was to be rid of the railway for awhile. The highroad, with its endless camel trains; its mule and donkey trains, its mule-litters, sedan chairs, and springless carts, appeared almost inviting. Later on, after bitter experience of that highroad, I was to know better; I was to catch myself thinking wistfully of the gravel car. But that was to be later—as yet I could not know.

The mule-litters were all gone when we reached the inn. As there were five or six hours of daylight left, I took the only vehicle that offered, a lumbering three-mule freight cart with an arched roof of ragged matting.

For two days' use of the cart I paid fifteen dollars, Mexican. This,



Drilling Chinese army recruits. No opium smoker is tolerated in the new army, for it is China's only hope

I knew, was grand larceny. But as the alternative was to lose half a day at Shau-ying, perhaps without abating the price, I accepted the terms. First I had to drag John out of what looked like another fight, and force him to compose his mind, think slowly, and tell me what the trouble was about.

"No can do! No can do!" said John, vehemently.

"No can do what?" from me. "Have got mule-litter?"

"Nule-litter no have got. No have got not'ing. Too much dollars!"

This threw some light on the situation. I kept at it. "John—come here!—Now stand still and tell me. Inn man have got cart?"

"Cart have got."

"Then go catch it."

John shook his head. "No can do. Too much dollars!"

"How much?"

"Inn man wanchee fifteen dollar!" he burst out. "Fifteen dollar!"

"Look here—now wait, John!—Tell inn man I pay."

His face clouded. "Pay fifteen dollar?"

"Pay what you have to—but catch that cart! It's half-past two now."

John returned to the courtyard, and again I heard the sound of angry voices. There is always a crowd of hangers-on about an innyard in China, and this crowd had suddenly gathered in threatening attitudes about my two boys. All were shouting together. I punched a hole in the paper window and watched them. With the idea that a revolver would be more likely to get me into trouble than out of trouble, I had left Peking unarmed. Now I found myself thinking of that revolver in Peking, and wondering how I could defend myself when the mob should have disposed of my boys. The cook seemed an active young fellow, but John was fifty and scant of breath. Finally, as the situation looked really dangerous, I stepped out into the yard.

"John!" I called.

He turned.

"Stop talking. Go catch that cart."

The riot subsided. The cart was brought. Willing hands loaded my baggage. Eager voices jabbered suggestions and counter suggestions as to the best way of roping it on. I crawled in under the matting, John and the cook sat in front with their feet hanging out. A smiling innkeeper stood in the gateway and bowed us out. With a curious little cluck and trill from the tattered driver, we lurched off into oldest China.

This, it would appear, was the Chinese way of ordering a cart.

II.

IN CHINA, when a road becomes so rough as to be almost impassable, they do not repair it, they strengthen their carts. On that ancient highway to and through T'ai Yuan-fu, as I found it, springs would not last a week; consequently, the Chinese do not use springs. Uncounted centuries of use, and, in the hills, of erosion during the rainy seasons, have made a cañon of the road, deeply cut in the clay-like loess. In places you find yourself riding along thirty, forty, even fifty and sixty feet below the level of the fields, between perpendicular walls. Men are sometimes drowned in the road. One afternoon, when I tried to make a careful estimate for three or four hours, I am sure that the average depth of the road was between twenty and thirty feet. I have seen a cut ten feet deep in solid limestone. These cañons are usually just wide enough for a cart. When two carts meet, they stop, the drivers indulge in what sounds like an inexhaustible vocabulary of vituperation, and, finally, when they think they have said all that the situation demands, they get around each other by means of some sort of primitive engineering, and go serenely on. It is not unlikely that they have been doing this for two thousand years, without once seriously undertaking to widen the road. And this highway, remember, is to oldest China something like what the New York Central or the Pennsylvania is to the United States: it is a main artery of commerce. Trains of twenty to a hundred camels (each hitched to the next by a string in the nose), trains of simply innumerable pack donkeys and mules, and hundreds of freight and passenger carts are passing all day long. Merchandise appears here from all parts of the world. One day, on my return journey, my little caravan managed to get tangled up with a camel train, and a projecting box on the back of one of the camels knocked the side door off my mule-litter. That box bore the stenciled letters, in good English, "Devoc's Paints. New York."

The Chinese "Deserted Village"

Every hour or so, as the cart crawls slowly along, you come upon a dusty gray village nestling in a hollow or clinging to the hillside. And nearly every village is little more than a heap of ruin. I was prepared to find ruins, but not to such an extent: When I first drew John's attention to them, he said, "Too much years." As an explanation this was not satisfactory, because many of the ruined buildings were comparatively new—certainly too new to fall to pieces. At the second village John made another guess at the cause of such complete disaster. "Poor—too poor," he said, and then traced it back to the last famine, about which, he found, the peasants were still talking. "Whole lot o' mens

die," he explained. It was later on that I got at the main contributing cause of the wreck and ruin which one finds almost everywhere in Shansi Province, after I had picked up, through John and his cook, the roadside gossip of many days during two or three hundred miles of travel, after I had talked with missionaries of life-long experience, with physicians who are devoting their lives to work among these misery-ridden people, with merchants, travelers, and Chinese and Manchu officials.

Before we take up in detail the ravages of opium throughout this and other provinces, I wish to say a word about one source of information which every observer of conditions in China finds, sooner or later, that he is forced to employ. Along the China coast one hears a good deal of talk about the "missionary question." Many of the foreign merchants abuse the missionaries. I will confess that the "anti-missionary" side had been so often and so forcibly presented to me that before I got away from the coast I unconsciously shared this prejudice. But now, brushing aside the exceptional men on both sides of the controversy, and ignoring for the moment the deeper significance of it, let me give the situation as it presented itself to me before I left China.

The Missionary as an Authority

There are foreign merchants who study the language, travel extensively, and speak with authority on things Chinese. But the typical merchant of the treaty ports, that is, the merchant whom one hears so loudly abusing the missionaries, does not speak the language. He transacts most of his business through his Chinese "*compradore*," and apparently divides the chief of his time between the club, the race track, and various other places of amusement. This sort of merchant is the kind most in evidence, and it is he who contributes most largely to the anti-missionary feeling "back home." The missionaries, on the other hand, almost to a man, speak, read, and write one or more native dialects. They live among the Chinese, and, in order to carry on their work at all, they must be continually studying the traditions, customs, and prejudices of their neighbors. In almost every instance the missionaries who supplied me with information were more conservative than the British and American diplomatic, consular, military, and medical observers who have traveled in the opium provinces. I have since come to the conclusion that the missionaries are over-conservative on the opium question, probably because, being constantly under fire as "fanatics" and "enthusiasts," they unconsciously lean too far toward the side of under-statement. The estimates of Dr. Du Bose, of Soochow, president of the Anti-Opium League, are much more conservative than those of Mr. Alex. Hosie, the British commercial *attaché* and former consul-general. Dr. Parker, of Shanghai, the gentlemen of the London Mission, the American Board, and the American Presbyterian missions at Peking, scores of other missionaries whom I saw in their homes in the interior or at the missionary conference at Shanghai last May, and Messrs. Gaily, Robertson, and Lewis, of the International Young Men's Christian Association, all impressed me as men whose opinions were based on information and not on prejudice. Dr. Morrison, the able Peking correspondent of the London "Times," said to me, when I arrived at the capital, "You ought to talk with the missionaries." I did talk with them, and among many different sources of information I found them worthy of the most serious consideration.

The Pitiable Plight of Shansi

The phrase, "opium province," means, in China, that an entire province (which, in extent and in political outline, may be roughly compared to one of the United States) has been ravaged and desolated by opium. It means that all classes, all ages, both sexes, are sodden with the drug; that all the richer soil, which, in such densely populated regions, is absolutely needed for the production of food, is given over to the poppy; that the manufacture of opium, of pipes, of lamps, and of the various other accessories, has become a dominating industry; that families are wrecked, that merchants lose their acumen, and laborers their energy; that after a period of widespread debauchery and enervation, economic, as well as moral and physical disaster settles down over the entire region. The population of these opium provinces ranges from fifteen or twenty millions to eighty millions.

"In Shansi," I have quoted an official as saying, "everybody smokes opium." Another cynical observer has said that "eleven out of ten Shansi men are opium smokers." In one village an English traveler asked some natives how many of the inhabitants smoked opium, and one replied, indicating a twelve-year-old child, "That boy does n't." Still another observer, an English scientist, who was born in Shansi, who speaks the dialect as well as he speaks English, and who travels widely through the remoter regions in search of rare birds and animals, puts the proportion of smokers as low as seventy per cent. of the total population. I had some talks with this man at T'ai Yuan-fu, and later at Tientsin, and I found his information so precise and so interesting that I asked him, one day, to dictate to a stenographer some random observations on the opium problem in Shansi. These few paragraphs make up a very small part of what I have heard him and others say, but they are so grimly picturesque, and they give so accurately the sense of the mass of notes and interviews which fill my journal of the Shansi trip, that it has seemed to me I could do no better than print them just as he

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THE TRAVIS COUP

By **Arthur Stringer**

Illustrated by E. M. ASHE



IT HAD been a bad piece of business, from the first. The house itself had seemed inviting enough, with its ridiculous glass-doored American basement. My method of entrance had been above reproach, and the way had seemed clear, right up to the second-story bedroom, where I knew the bond vault to be.

But I had never dreamed that golf-playing, placid-eyed old banker could be anything of an insomniac. Nor had I expected the old termagant to come at me, with my Colt staring him in the face. And, once I had him subdued and tied and trussed down on the bed, I had scarcely counted on the pertinacious old bulldog's working one hand free while I was busy over his vault door. Nor did I notice his finger on the mother-of-pearl push button beside him until I heard the sudden clang of the bell, away below-stairs, and then the call and answer of frightened voices.

The old fellow's daughter was in the room, even before I had awakened to my danger. She was unarmed, luckily, but she fought and scratched like a wildcat. So I flung her bodily on the bed and muffled her and her screaming up in the blankets. Before I got to the bedroom door I found myself face to face with the butler. He was a mutton-chopped, small-eyed Englishman, fat-handed, and only half dressed. But he was stalwart enough, and full of grit. I had to fight it out with him all the way down stairs. Even at the street door he made a lunge to get my head in chancery, so I settled him with a ludicrous left-hander between his well-padded floating ribs.

But in the meantime the girl had got to the front window, screaming like a calliope, screaming until a policeman's whistle sounded from the Madison Avenue corner, and a bluecoat came up the block on the double quick. I had only time to bolt down the step and swing westward toward Fifth Avenue, with the bluecoat twenty yards behind me. I went like the wind, as I heard his shout, for I knew that any moment, then, he would fire.

I heard the bullet "ping" over my head as I vaulted the stone wall of Central Park. Once over that wall, I raced on through the shrubbery until I was out of breath. Then I came to a stop, waiting and peering about me. I was safe enough for the time being. But in fifteen minutes, I knew, there would be an ever-tightening cordon about that entire park. My only plan would be to lie low until morning; then I could let the daytime stream of life that flowed back and forth catch me up and carry me out to freedom once more.

I began to feel very much at my ease. I had, it is true, six hundred acres to wander about in, and as they had been set apart for the precise purpose to which I was putting them, I decided to make the most of the situation. Having regained my breath, I sought out a more or less secluded park bench and sniffed appreciatively at the fresh smell of green grass and leaves. I even sank back and looked up at the sky, where the stars shone down from the high-arching heavens, calm and far away and inscrutable. But it was too much for me. The silence and the immensity that blinked down at me seemed to leave me heart-sick and homeless and lonesome. It started me up and moving again. I went on and on, always keeping to the shrubbery and the shadows, working my way more and more southward. A chirp or two from a drowsy bird made me stop and look around. To the east, beyond the serrated line of the Fifth Avenue housetops, a low streak of dull gray was slowly turning to pearl, and from

pearl to pink. It was daylight coming on. I decided to drop back to thicker shrubbery, where I could sit and smoke in comfort. So I crossed a loose-earthened bridle path, and then a carriage drive as smooth as asphalt, and pushed my way in through a clump of bushes. I crept on, noiselessly, to where I had caught sight of one end of a green-painted bench.

Then I came to a sudden halt, held there by the unexpected sight that met my eyes.

On the far end of the bench before me sat a young man, leaning forward, his elbows resting on his knees, his hands fallen dispiritedly between them. His attitude, as I watched him, was one of blank and hopeless despair. Then he slowly lifted his head and looked down at an envelope across which he had apparently scrawled a few words. This envelope he slowly put in his breast pocket. As he did so I could see his face; it was colorless and lean, despairing, and deep-lined. Then he peered through the shrubbery, deliberately, at the tree-tops, at the lightening sky, as though taking one last, comprehensive look at life.

I could see the cords on his lean side-face harden, and his right hand go down to his side pocket. When he raised it again it held a little burnished, silver-mounted revolver. He peered at the thing vacantly, for a second or two. Then he shut his eyes. I could see him gradually raise his right arm until the silver-plated barrel almost touched the side of his head, just under his hat-brim.

The blow of my hand on his was so sharp that the revolver, spinning through the air, caromed off the bench-end into the bushes.

The man looked at me, dazed and speechless, his face heavy with the terrors of the brink over which he had been peering. Then his utter bewilderment gave way to an incongruous and slowly mounting rage.

"Curse you!" he gasped, weakly.

I stooped and picked up the mother-of-pearl trinket.

"You keep out o' this!" he cried. "Keep away from me!"

He started up, and as he stood before me I saw that he was a young man—perhaps not more than twenty-one or twenty-two.

"Sit down," I told him. I pulled him down to the seat beside me. He struggled to get away, but I held him there.

"This is *my* affair!" he cried. He was trembling and shaking, now, as though a congestive chill had crept over him.

"So it seems! But you're going to tell me a little about it, first."

My grip on his arm did not relax.

"Who are you?" he demanded, still struggling to wrest himself from my clutch.

"You've got to answer precisely the same question first," I told him.

He stopped tugging to get away, and sat

back, as though exhausted. His unstable glance went out to the wider circle of the city about us.

"What's the use of it, anyway?" he mumbled. I had asked much the same question, more than once, in my moments of idleness. It was a question that always sent me diving back into life, to drug my brain with some new anæsthetic of activity.

"The use of it?" I argued with him, nevertheless—"the use of it? Why, it's Life, man, Life! It's playing the game as it comes—it's watching the great old gamble, whether we lose the stakes or not—it's just for the glory of going on!"

"I can't go on," he whispered. And then, to my utter astonishment, he started to sob and shake, like a woman. He was down and undone; he was a wreck, with broken nerves; he was, after all, only the shell and husk of a man.

"But why are you doing fool things like this?" I asked, less brusquely, turning his revolver over in my hand.

"Oh, let me do it! Let me do it!" he pleaded. He was still shaking there on the bench beside me.

"Then tell me *why*, first."

He tried to pull himself together, slowly. His dead and passive face was more dispiriting than his hysterical and womanish tears.

"I've made a mess of everything—a terrible mess," he said, with a gulp. "It's the only way out!"

"It's a coward's way out!"

He drew back and looked at me, with the first vestige of personal interest.

"What do you know of me, or what I've done?" he demanded.

"I know what you were going to do! That's enough! Perhaps you're not the only man who's been up against it good and hard!"

"Talk's cheap!" The bitter finality of his tone seemed to bristle around him like a guarded embankment. But still I tried to get closer to him.

"Not so cheap as *this*!" I said, tapping the mother-of-pearl gun.

"I tell you I can't go back to it! It's no use! There's nothing left but—but—" He did not finish. It was broad daylight by this time. I had other things to think of.

"Look here," I said, taking in his wretchedly soiled linen, his hollowed eye-sockets, his drawn and sunken face. "What you want is a good warm bath, a hot breakfast, and then some sleep!"

His lips curled, sullenly, ungratefully, as he looked at me with his dead and dispirited eyes.

"It wasn't my *stomach* brought me to this sort of thing!" he retorted.

"Life is only as deep as the viscera," I answered—but my Herbert Spencer was lost on him.

"Oh, leave me alone!" he moaned, sinking back on the bench. There was something about the youth that made still another effort worth while.

"You come and climb into a hansom with me, drive down to my hotel, and take a tub and breakfast. Then, if you can show me I'm wrong, I'll leave you alone, for good and all!"

He peered at the city house tops through the bushes, with a look of mingled horror and fear and hate. Then he drew back, like a child from a dark hallway.

"It's too late!" he groaned. "I tell you it's too late!"

But I kept at him, until I had him on his feet. Even active misery was better than his earlier dead passivity. I buttoned up his coat

for him, and straightened his hat on his head, as though he were a schoolboy.

"But it's no use, I tell you!" cried he, in a fresh spirit of revolt. But I felt differently, as I held on to him and kept him up, and waited at the edge of the winding carriage drive for an empty hansom. The city, while we talked, had awakened into life once more. The far-off rumble grew insistent and continuous; it mounted into a roar. An early horseman or two cantered along the bridle paths. Workmen went by on the asphalted walks. A breeze stirred the leaves. The birds were singing gayly.

A passing hansom drew up at my sign, and we climbed into it. The youth lay back against the padded seat back, with closed eyes, with a face that seemed leaden and hopeless, burned out and dead, like ashes, as we drove briskly down through the great city, stirred and wakened into its leviathan-like life once more.

II.

THE outlook was not encouraging. But I had decided to follow the thing through to a finish. So I kept that unhappy young man under my eye all the time. Even when I had him safely up in a room, between four walls, I left him only for a minute or two—and that was to send quietly down to the house physician for sleeping powders.

I even looked in on my charge when he was taking his tub, and stood over him when his breakfast was sent up, and insisted that he eat at least a goodly portion of it. When he bucked on the coffee, I gave him a couple of good nourishing fizzes, each one with a sleeping powder stirred into it. Then I tried to quiet him down and fixed his pillows and told him to forget his troubles.

But he still tossed about on the bed, fretfully. Neither my assurances nor the narcotic seemed able to put his mind at rest.

Suddenly he sat up and fixed me with his unsteady and feverish eye.

"By —, I *can't* lie here, with everything hanging over me this way!" he burst out passionately.

I told him to keep still and go to sleep—and casually took up my morning paper and began reading it.

"I tell you I can't keep still until I've put this thing straight!" he persisted. I pushed him back into the bed, for I knew it was merely a matter of time before the narcotic would have him in its clutch.

"But I've got to have my say," he went on, back on the pillows. "I'm not what you think I am. I'm not a—street loafer! My people are decent people, all of them."

I heard him add, in a meditative undertone, "Except me!"

"I know that—of course they are!" I told him soothingly.

He was silent for a minute or two. I thought at first that he was about to fall asleep.

"What are you bothering with me for, anyway?" he suddenly broke out, as though the strangeness of what I was doing had just come home to him.

"Because I think I've been up against the same sort of thing that you've been up against," was my answer.

It left him thinking, for a few seconds of silence. It also left me thinking for an unhappy moment or two.

"I've got to put this thing square!" he cried again, sitting up in bed.

"Go ahead, then!" I told him resignedly, carelessly, from over my morning paper.

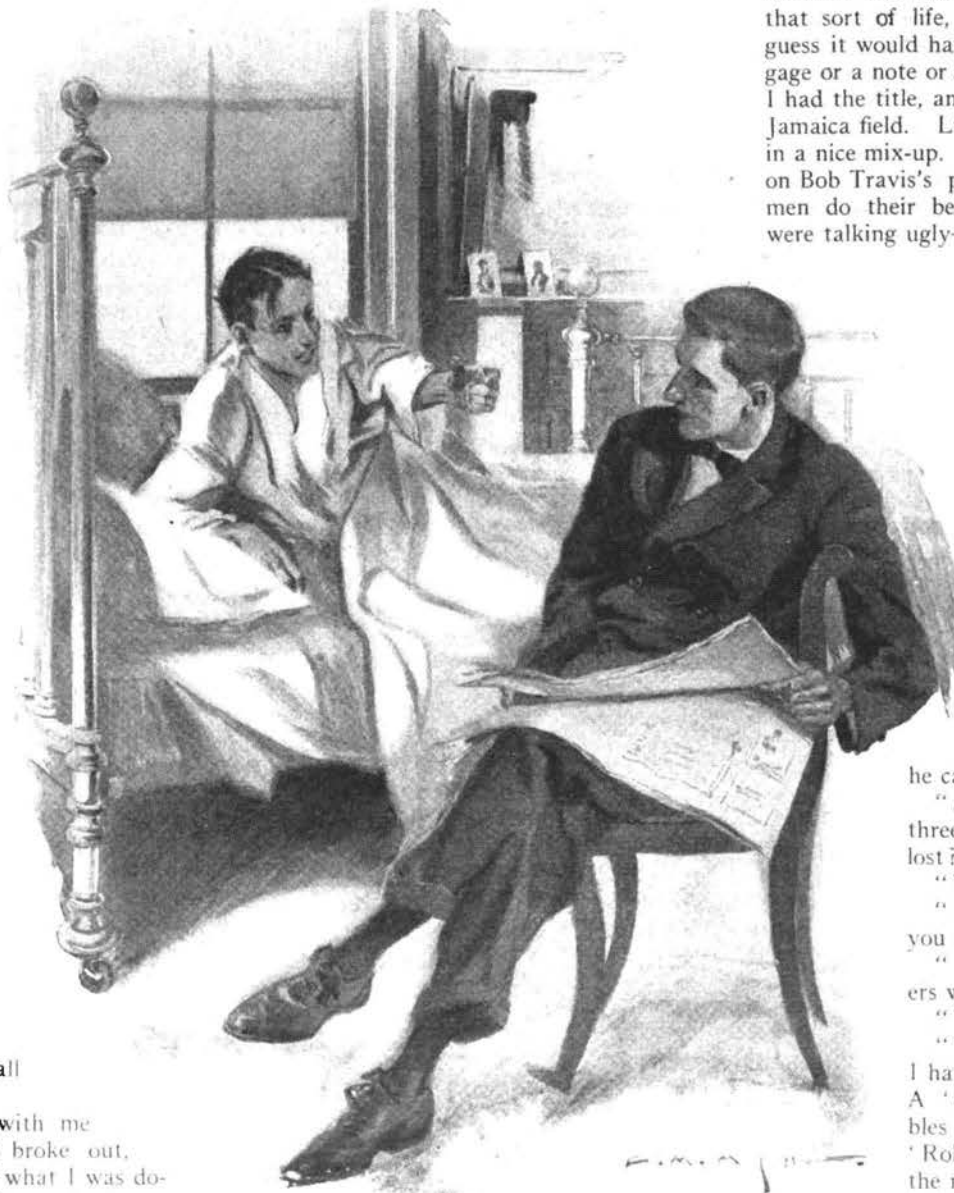
"My governor's quite a man in this town!" he began, inappositely. Then he broke off and laughed a bitter little laugh. "He thought he'd make *me* quite a man, too, I guess! But I was n't built that way!"

"Who is your father?" I inquired.

"What's that to either you or me, now?" he complained, with a return of peevishness.

"Then what's the use of talking at all?"

"Because you've got to see how things stand—how I'm down and out! The governor soured on me after I'd queered things in my first year at Harvard," he went on, with a sort of sullen deliberation. "Then he tried me at railroading, down on one of his little God-forsaken Mexican side lines. Then I weakened and came back to New York, and he gave me another chance in the Wall Street office. I made a mess of things there, a horrible mess. I guess I've been cursed with the governor's passion for plunging, for playing the game to the limit, without having a decent table to play it on! It's all a gamble, anyway—only they're ashamed to say so—south of Canal Street! They call it finance, or some other nice-sounding name—but they're gamblers, all of them! Take the governor. He plays his cards and juggles his pack, and shuts himself up, down there in a Wall Street office, to scheme and plot and trick, just like a 'con' man! Of course he says he has to work secretly, to safeguard his syndicate



"I've got to put this thing square!"

interests from the raids of the speculators, of the habitual gamblers! But that's a blind—that's just oil for his uneasy conscience—it's all graft and bunco, through and through!

"I lost my grip," he went on, hopelessly, evenly. "They started calling me hard names at home. I played the races now and then, just to kill time and keep alive. My name came out in the second Penfield raid, and that made the governor worse than ever. He let loose, and said some pretty rank things—and that made me reckless! But are you listening?"

"To every word!" I answered, over my paper. Here, I mentally observed, was the second generation with a vengeance. Here was the hot-house growth of ease and opulence with its sheltering glass blown away!

"The governor dropped me, then. They all dropped me—all except Peggy!"

"Who's Peggy?" I asked. At that name my mind went back to the brightest and the darkest day of all my life of adventure, when a girl who had seen and known me as a thief stood so mercifully between me and the arm of the law. She had given me my freedom, and in giving it had allowed me to carry off her rope of pearls. I had thought to forget the girl as lightly and casually as I had returned the pearls to her; but such had not been the case.

"That's my sister," he answered. "She stuck to me right through. I wanted to do the right thing by her, but—but I could n't. She got me out of the Bucklin scrape, and paid up what I owed in the Penfield place. She knew I could n't keep out of pool rooms as long as I was in New York—I had to have the excitement—it was the only thing that could shake the dry rot off me! So she got me that horse ranch out in Alberta. She thought if I got out West, living that sort of life, it would help me along. I guess it would have, too. But I gave a mortgage or a note or something on the ranch before I had the title, and tried one last plunge on the Jamaica field. Luck went against me. I was in a nice mix-up. Then I got a sure-thing tip on Bob Travis's pool room, where the Waldorf men do their betting. The mortgage people were talking ugly—I was in a horrible box. So

I sneaked up and let myself in, at the governor's, to tell Peggy everything. It was late at night—Peggy wasn't home from the Metropolitan. I got her pass book, and found out her bank balance. Then I dug out her cheque book, and filled in a cheque for three thousand and fifty dollars—in her handwriting. Then I signed her name to it. I took it down to Travis and told him she'd helped me out again, the same as she'd done before. Travis thought everything was all right. So he cashed the cheque!"

"And you plunged with that three thousand and fifty, and lost?"

"Yes—I lost!"

"But might n't she still give you a chance?"

"Yes, *she* would—but the others won't."

"What others?"

"Why, Travis and the others. I haven't got to the worst of it. A 'capper' for the Gilmont stables came to me with a tip from 'Rolling Timber's' jockey that the race was cooked and his horse *had* to win. It was my last chance. I still thought I could make things right. I still had Peggy's cheque book. So I did the trick a second

time, signing her name again. Travis took her paper for two thousand; every cent of it except fifty dollars went up on 'Rolling Timber.'

He passed his lean and quivering hands down over his face feverishly.

"God, what I went through!" he groaned.

"And when the returns came in over the wire 'Rolling Timber' didn't happen to be first?"

"She *did* win!" cried the man on the bed, turning sharply round on me. "The returns had her first—every ticker and wire report had her first—except Travis's!"

"I don't quite follow you!"

"I'd run over to Whitehead's hand-book room, to put up that extra fifty. I was going to keep *that*, to get me out of town with. But the odds of five to one were too much for me. The returns were in before I could get across the street again to Travis's. 'Rolling Timber' had won! When I got upstairs and called for my money I saw the announcement there that 'Cedarton Sewell' had won. I told Travis he was posting false returns. He denied it. Three minutes after that the wires were humming with the corrected report. 'Cedarton Sewell's' jockey had worn a canary jacket with cherry sleeves. The jockey on 'Rolling Timber' had worn a jacket of yellow with majenta sleeves. The field report had mixed the colors, and declared 'Rolling Timber' first, instead of 'Cedarton Sewell.' I had taken my last fling. . . and I'd lost!"

Again his voice trailed away into emptiness, and the earlier gray look of hopelessness crept over his face.

"How did Travis get those field reports?" I asked.

"Same as all the other pool rooms have to do now—over a 'phone wire and by runners," answered the man on the bed, indifferently.

"But, although the tickers and hand-book men announced the wrong winner, Travis was right from the first? I mean to say, he had 'Cedarton Sewell' posted for first place, from the beginning?"

The man on the bed nodded his head, sleepily. Then he gave vent to a short yawn.

"Why do you suppose Travis could do that?" I demanded.

"I dunno," answered the indifferent voice.

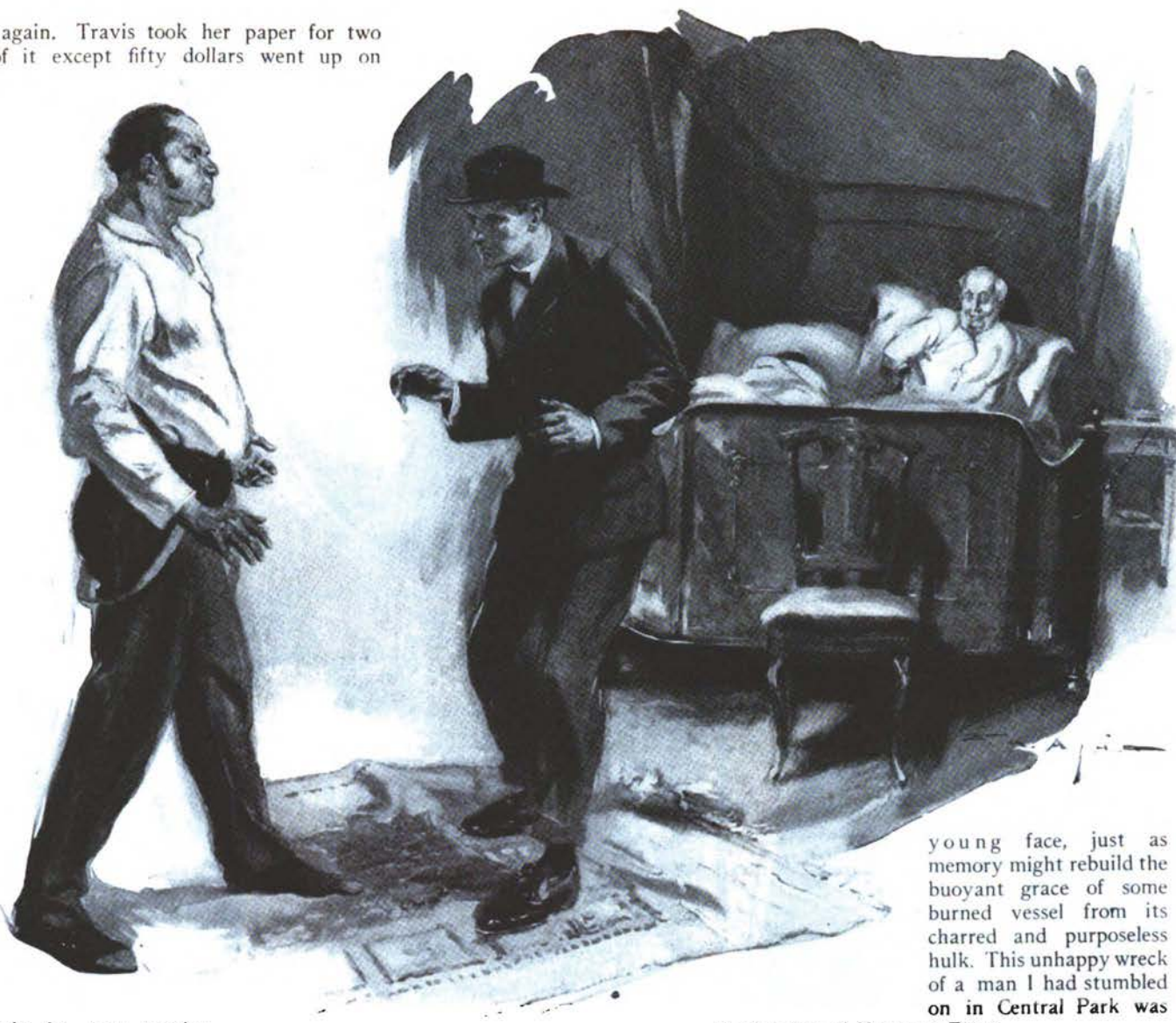
When I put down my paper and peered over at the man on the bed, his eyes were closed. He lay back on the pillow, fast asleep.

III.

I WAITED just one minute, to make sure there was no mistake about it. Then I stooped closer, and studied his face. There was nothing to fear: the man for the time being, was dead to the world.

Then I swung round to the chair, across which he had flung his clothes. I lifted the garments up, carefully, one by one, and as carefully went through them, pocket by pocket.

There was surprisingly little to reward my search. The youth's last penny had gone; so,



"Face to face with the butler"

apparently, had his jewelry, from scarf-pin to cuff-links.

In their place I found three folded pawn tickets. I next came upon a pool-room admission card, an oblong of pasteboard stamped "1890," and initialed "B. T.," and a slip of rough paper on which an unformed hand had written: "Play 'Rolling Timber,' for first, to the limit!" What he told me, apparently had been the truth.

In the breast pocket of the coat I found a scrap of paper, the paper he had held in his hand on the park bench. It was nothing more than an empty envelope. On the face of it, which had been crossed and recrossed with pencil marks, was inscribed "Percival Merrill Ebert," in a woman's handwriting. Below the name was a hurriedly penciled number, apparently that of a district messenger office. But that was all.

I turned the envelope over in my hands, meditatively. Written across the back of the oblong of paper I made out another name, a woman's.

As I spelt out this name a new complexion spread over the situation, as suddenly as a tinted spot-light changes the coloring of a stage scene. The sleeper on the bed no longer remained a mere derelict of the streets to me. For the name written on the envelope back was "Margaret Merrill Ebert." And Margaret Merrill Ebert was the woman who had stood between the Central Office men and me when they had me cornered in the Ebert library, with her rope of pearls in my pocket.

I stooped over the sleeper, studying him as he lay there, feature by feature. There could be no mistake about it. The vague cognatic resemblance was there. I could trace it, point by point, in the heavily lined and devitalized

young face, just as memory might rebuild the buoyant grace of some burned vessel from its charred and purposeless hulk. This unhappy wreck of a man I had stumbled on in Central Park was

the brother of Margaret Ebert.

I looked down at the sleeper once more, as the truth of the thing filtered through my brain. There was something common and kindred, I felt, in each of us. We were each the result of a condition. The same riot of wealth, the same loose-handed pursuit of fortune, the same drunkenness for unearned increment, that had brought his type into existence, had made possible my own career and calling. He had tasted wealth without learning the meaning of restraint; he had been given leisure without the forewarning traditions of leisure; he had been cursed with a febrile energy without its appeasing outlet of labor.

My next feeling was one of vague resentment at the thought of what an impossible game the youth on the bed had been playing. He had been battering his foolish young head against one of the most craftily organized swindles in all this gigantic city of rose-wreathed and circuitous robbery. That much I knew, for there had already been an occasion when the notorious Bob Travis and I had met—and before the end of that meeting each of us had found out a little too much of the other man's moves and methods! Knowing Travis for what he was, I decided he would have nothing to gain in crushing young Ebert. Like all such gamblers, he was after money and nothing else. So if the two forged cheques were duly met Travis could be eliminated from the problem.

That left the girl herself—young Ebert's sister. She could be counted on, I felt, once she thought her brother sincere in some movement of redemption. She had, obviously, already overlooked a great deal. She had also done a great deal, and what she had done had been merely to save the boy from trouble. It was safe to assume, then, that she would do even more, to save him from death.

There was already the ghost of a chance that the two cheques had not yet been put through by Travis. The second cheque could not have

[Concluded on pages 856 to 861]

Popular Stars who Lead



FLORENCE ROCKWELL,
in "The Round Up"



HELEN HALE,
in "A Yankee Tourist"



FLORA JULIET BOWLEY,
in "Classmates"



MARGARET ILLINGTON,
in "The Thief," with Kyrle Bellew



BILLIE BURKE,
in "My Wife," with John Drew



ALLA NAZIMOVA,
in Ibsen's "The Master Builder"



MARGARET ANGLIN,
in Professor Moody's "The Great Divide"



FRANCES STARR,
in "The Rose of the Rancho"

in this Season's New Plays



MARIE DORO,
in "*The Morals of Marcus*"

ELEANOR ROBSON,
in "*Salomy Jane*"



GRACE GEORGE,
in "*The Lady from the Sea*"

PAULA GLOY,
in "*The Right of Way*"

CHRYSTAL HERNE,
in "*The Step Sister*"



BERTHA KALICH,
in "*Sappho and Phaon*"

MARY MOORE,
with Sir Charles Wundham

NANNETTE COMSTOCK,
in "*Caught in the Rain*"

Beneath the Prairie

By C. William Beebe

Illustrated by Charles Livingston Bull

It was high noon on the prairie, and life seemed everywhere abundant and overflowing. The moving of myriad blossoms in the breeze, the hum of insects; the songs of birds, the slow, lurching, grazing steps of the buffalo, showed how many different forms of life passed their brief, happy existence in this land of wide horizons—far from mountains and trees, cliffs and cascades.

A dozen feet beneath the prairie turf, a tiny chamber was hollowed out, its walls of black cold earth never reflecting a ray of sunshine; only the dim haze of twilight finding its way at noonday down the sinuous tunnel. Had one eyes to see in the dusk, eight curious creatures might have been discerned, resting upon a mass of dry grass and broken eggshells—a brood of young burrowing owls only a few days old. Now and then a shuffling was heard in the passageway and a mother owl with wonderful shining eyes would appear and creep upon the nest. A moment before she had been out in the blinding sunshine, flying swiftly after a whirring grasshopper; now in the darkness of her home she chose one hungry nestling and crowded the morsel into its eager, wide-gaping beak. A moment's rest, and she was off again. Hardly had she disappeared when she returned—or, no, it was her mate, indistinguishable from her in plumage and equally patient with the clumsiness and stupidity of the young birds.

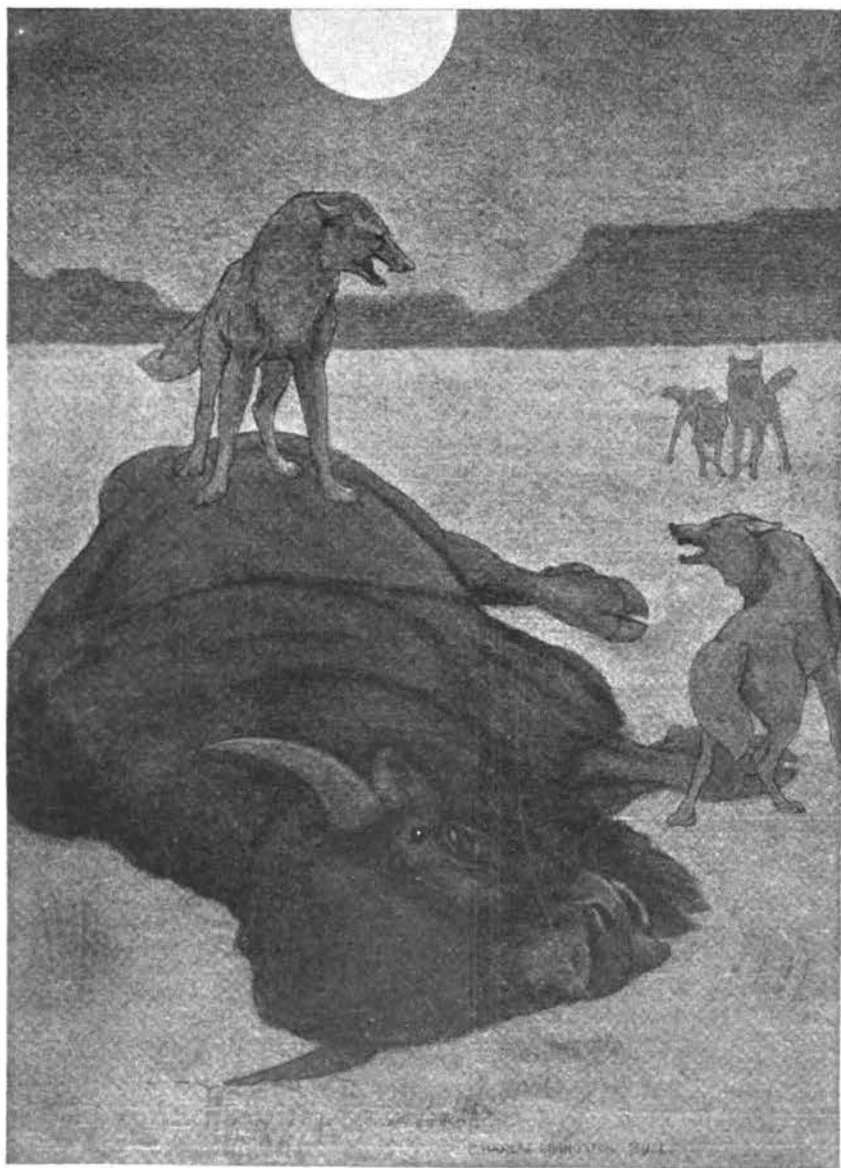
Hour after hour, day after day, the two providers came and went, growing thinner with the great strain of search, pursuit, and capture. Fortunately there were few other owls in the vicinity, and the supply of insects and mice was unfailing. To the nestlings, life was a monotonous blackness, varied only by the faint twilight which marked the presence of day and the arrival of food. Except for the creatures brought to them as food and the few stray insects and worms which fell into the mouth of the burrow, the life of the great outside world had not entered their ken.

Then one tragic day a distant rumbling, as of thunder, came to the ears of the baby owlets, and soon a noise in the passage drew the attention of the eight pairs of gleaming yellow eyes. Fear seized them when, instead of one of their parents, a strange, fat, woolly body appeared in their nesting chamber—a half grown prairie dog, fleeing from the stampeding herd of buffalo, had popped into the first burrow at hand. He was as frightened as were the young owls, and crouched down at one side while the rightful occupants clustered against the opposite wall, bravely snapping their beaks in mild defiance, although they were trembling with fear.

But the owls and the rodent forgot each other as the thundering rush of the buffalo overhead grew louder, the very earth shaking with the heavy beating of thousands of hoofs. A sinister scraping near the chamber entrance announced the approach of some other creature from the upper air, and the hearts of the occupants of the tunnel's end all but stood still, as the scale-clad head of a rattlesnake moved slowly into view—the black tongue playing swiftly in and out.

Fear of the trampling hoofs had led the serpent to a feast of plenty. But in this tiny cavern, lost in the expanse of the prairie, tragedy was for once averted. The walls of the tunnel had become dry and crumbling in the summer air; pebble after pebble was dislodged by the trampling buffalo, and just as the serpent, in the first motion of advance into the chamber, had sent a wave of lifting scales along its body, a mass of soil fell from above and buried owls, rodent, and snake alike. Instinctively drawing back into striking position, the rattler twisted and writhed its way free and fled at full speed, headed for the mouth of the burrow. So swiftly did it pass, that the parent owls, which had angrily but cautiously followed the snake into their burrow, were brushed aside as the dreaded one darted upward into the open air.

Coiled in the mouth of the burrow, the serpent waited for the passing of the countless



"A mournful chorus of howls"



"Two or three days of ceaseless labor"

hosts. Thicker and thicker came the buffaloes, and finally a frantic rush of young bulls so close together that they jostled and shouldered each other as they galloped. Leaping almost upon the animal in front, to avoid both the burrow and the snake, a yearling was knocked down, and, as he attempted to rise, caught his hind foot in the hole. At the same moment that the snake was crushed, its fangs drove deep into the flank of the great struggling beast. Then the last stragglers of the herd passed, at once losing all individuality to the eye and merging into the heaving black mass which stretched to the horizon.

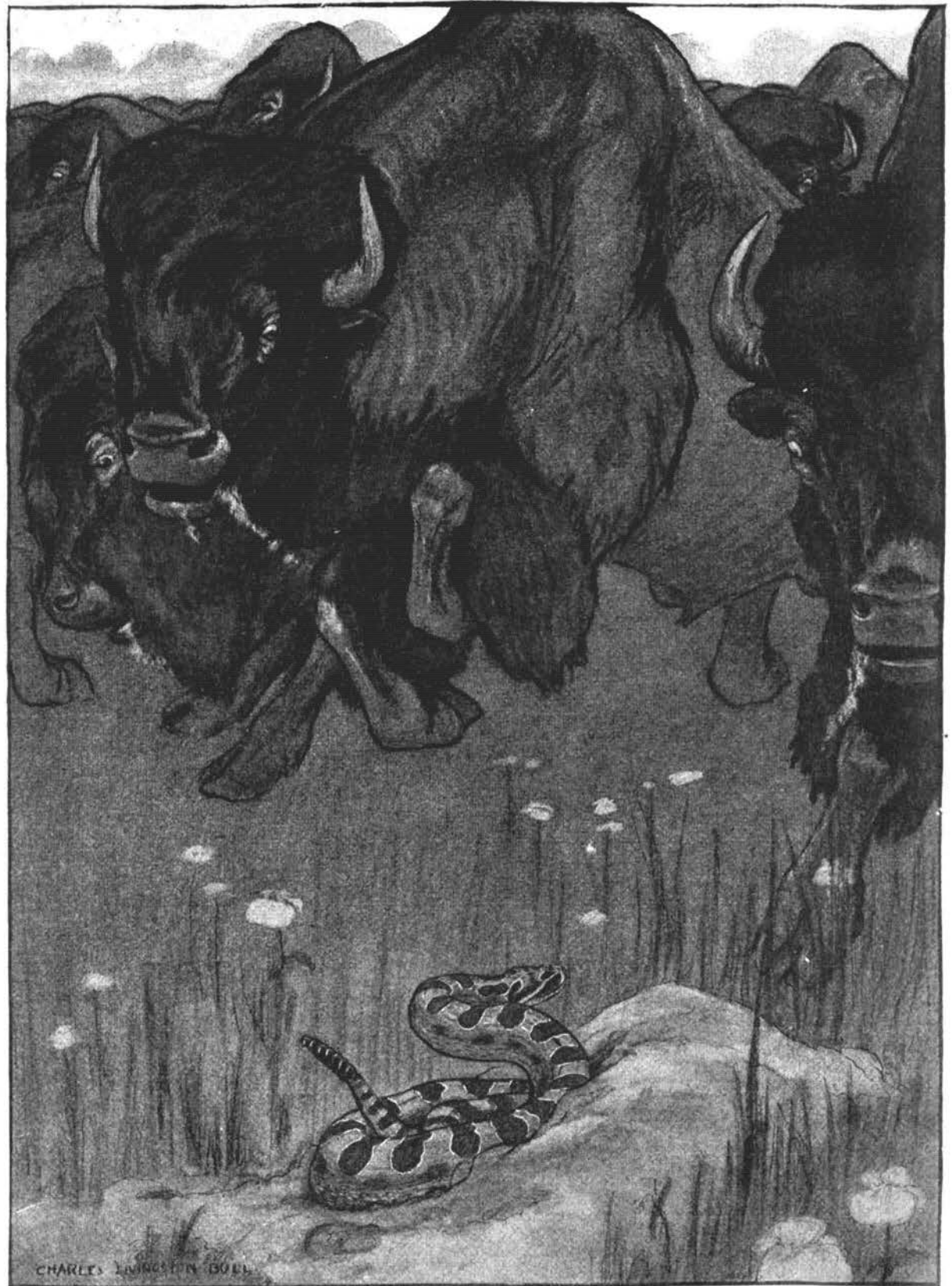
The young buffalo staggered to his feet and, on three legs, limped a short distance in the direction the herd had taken. Then he stopped, bellowed deeply, and knelt down. The end came quickly, the poison of the snake mercifully preventing the lingering death which the broken limb alone would have meant.

When the thunder of the buffaloes' hoofs had died away in the distance, the two little parent owls recovered from their fright and scurried down their tunnel toward the nesting chamber. And now a deadlock resulted. Their bodies barred the way by which the young prairie dog would have been only too glad to escape, and yet while he was in with the nestling owls there was scarcely room for the old birds to enter. Presently one of the pair discovered the bruised body of the rattler near the outer entrance, and such was his excitement and consternation that his mate hurried up as fast as the narrow tunnel would allow her, to see what new trouble had assailed their home.

Encouraged by the absence of the two owls, and urged on by the eight snapping beaks behind him, the unfortunate little prairie rodent crept tremblingly upward, until he reached a vacant side chamber. Into this he crawled and hid himself for many a long hour in its darkness, while the parent owls, having at last realized the harmlessness of the dead snake, went busily to and fro with whatever food they could find among the trampled herbage above.

Finally, summoning all his courage, the prairie dog scrambled toward the entrance and fled at full speed toward his home burrow. Swiftly as he ran the mother owl was swifter, and before he had gone a yard she was out and after him. Dashing down and clutching his back with her sharp little talons, she gave nip after nip to his ears, balancing herself with her wings as the squealing little creature raced along at full speed. But with the moment of victory came doom for the brave owl. Just as the object of her attack reached his natal hillock and dived behind it to home and safety, a flint-tipped shaft sped swiftly and transfixed the bird through and through.

An Indian rose from a group squatting about a fire and, picking up his little dead victim, made haste to throw both arrow and bird into the flames; *Pab-ka Moong-ub* of the mysterious



"The serpent waited for the passing of the countless hosts"

underground life was the most evil of omens to his family and the Good Spirit was kind to deliver this one into his hands. Toward night the Indians mounted their horses and rode away in the track of the stampeding buffaloes.

Through all the night the widower owl waited and watched from the mouth of the burrow, giving at times his chattering call, which was answered only by a muffled chorus from below. The dying embers of the deserted fire were reflected from his shining yellow eyes as he watched in vain, until the softly falling rain quenched the last spark.

Later, when the clouds parted and the moon lighted up the wide expanse of tattered leaf and blossom, a mournful chorus of howls arose near the dead buffalo bull. Until dawn the coyotes fought and snarled over the carcass, caring nothing whether poison or accident had provided them with the one full meal of their life! When the mists lifted in the first light of day, the slinking forms of these ever famished orbes of the prairie vanished with the other shadows of the night.

Fortunate for the lonely owl was it, that his offspring were well grown and would soon be able to take care of themselves. Two or three days of ceaseless labor—a thousand journeyings with mice and grasshoppers, and then, a little way from the mouth of the burrow, the boldest of the nestlings caught his first beetle! The others soon followed and even before they could fly they would scuttle back and forth from the burrow to the scattered bones and skin of the buffalo. Scores of burying beetles and carrion flies were to be had for the taking, each intent on its life-work of providing for its progeny. A half dozen shovel-headed beetles would surround a bit of flesh and dig with all their might, lowering the tiny shred of muscle and hair slowly beneath the surface of the ground. The flick of an owl's beak and all the array of black and yellow miners were exposed, and snapped up before they could move. Before night another squad arrived from far across the prairie and set to work right manfully.

[Concluded on page 861]



FOUR WILD BEASTS AND A COW

"JOHN!"

"Yes, dear."

"Would you mind seeing if you can work this example for Willie? I've tried and tried, but it won't come right."

John laid down his paper and smoothed a place on the library table. Mrs. John brought in a well-thumbed arithmetic, a tablet of paper, in which were many leaves covered with figures, and a pencil.

Willie followed, with firm confidence in his father's ability to make the hidden things clear.

John noted the example indicated: "If a lion can eat a cow in four hours and a bear can eat the same cow in six hours and a wolf can eat the cow in eight hours and a coyote can eat the cow in eleven hours, how long will it take the coyote to eat what is left of the cow after the lion has been eating two hours, the bear an hour and twenty minutes, and the wolf three-quarters of an hour?"

"Well, I'll do it for you," said John, taking up the tablet and pencil, "but it's a ridiculous thing, anyway. In the first place, a lion could n't eat a cow in any four hours. A cow would make a week's meal for a lion. Such nonsense to serve out to children in the way of examples! How would a coyote get a look-in at a cow when a lion was eating? Don't you see how ridiculous the whole thing is?"

"It does seem so," Mrs. John agreed; "but it's only an example. I suppose they did n't think of the logical part of it."

"Of course it's only an example," said John, sharpening the pencil and blowing the lead off his fingers; "but why don't they give children examples with some sense to 'em? When I was a boy we had to find out how many cords of wood in a pile of a certain size, and how much a stone wall of a certain size would cost at so much a cord, and other things of some practical value. We never had examples with a whole menagerie of cow-eating wild beasts to figure out."

"I tried to figure out the size of the cow, as a starter," said Mrs. John, "in order to get some idea about how much of it a lion would eat in two hours, but I guess mathematics are a little out of my line."

"The size of the cow would n't have anything to do with it," said John, with conscious knowledge. "That's a constant."

"Oh," she said, admiring the ease and flow of his language. "But then, all cows are n't the same size, you know. Now a lion might eat a small cow in four hours, but it surely could n't eat a cow twice as big in the same time. At least, that's the way it looks to me."

"But the size of the cow in this example has nothing at all to do with it," persisted John, putting some figures on the paper. "It is plainly set forth here that a lion *can* eat the cow in four hours, and that's settled, and it does n't

By JAMES W. FOLEY

Illustrated by Horace Taylor

make any difference about the size of the cow any more than it does about the color of it. Don't you see it does n't?"

"Well, maybe that's the reason I did n't get it right," she said. "I thought, of course, you'd have to know something about the size of the cow or you would n't know how much would be left for the bear and the wolf and the coyote."

"If you'll just wait a minute," he said, "I'll explain it to you. Now, here is a cow," and he laid the pencil down on the library table, while Willie looked on with interest, expecting to see a real cow from the earnestness of his father's tones; "and here is a lion," and he moved a paper cutter over by the pencil. "Now, if the lion can eat the cow in four hours," and he

passed his finger from the pencil to the paper cutter, "he'd eat a certain proportion of it in two hours, would n't he? Well, that's all there is to the matter about the size of the cow, don't you see?"

"I think I get the idea," she said, doubtfully.

"Well, then we'll get to work," he said, getting warmed up to the difficulties of the problem. "Now, first we'll put down sixty and multiply it by four."

"What do you want to multiply sixty by four for?" she asked. "It does n't say anything about sixty in the example."

"I know it does n't," he admitted, "but we've got to reduce the whole thing to minutes before we get at the real basis of the question."

"How do you reduce the cow to minutes?" piped Willie, seeing a flaw in his father's plan of action.

"William," admonished his father, sternly, "you'd better keep quiet and pay attention to me if you want this example worked. Otherwise you'll go to bed and possibly get punished to-morrow for not knowing your lesson. Now," he said, with dignity, "having reduced the four hours to minutes, four times sixty, we have 240, which we will set down as a basis to work from. Now, if a lion can eat the cow in 240 minutes, in two hours, which would be 120 minutes, he would eat half the cow, which we will set down here. And so we come to the bear."

"Our teacher worked it in his head," observed Willie, "but he did n't use any minutes. He just went to work and worked it, but I forget how."

"It does n't make any difference what teacher did," said his father, majestically, "the proper way to work this example is to get at the bottom of it, and that's minutes. Teachers are very

wise, but they don't know everything. Now we come to the bear, which can eat the cow in six hours, which is 360 minutes. The lion having eaten half the cow, there is half a cow left for the bear. The bear eats an hour and twenty minutes, which is eighty minutes. To eat his half of the cow would take 180 minutes, so we put down the fraction eighty one-hundred-eightieths. Then we proceed to the wolf."

"What is the eighty one-hundred-eightieths for?" inquired Mrs. John. "I don't see how that helps."

"Don't get ahead of the figures," John cautioned her. "You wait till it all comes out, and if it does n't come out right I'll buy you a new dress. Let's see—where were we? Oh, yes—we had just come to the wolf. Well, the wolf can eat the cow in eight hours, which is 480 minutes. He begins where the bear left off and eats three-quarters of an hour, which is forty-five minutes. So we put down forty-five four-hundred-eightieths here and go on to the coyote."

"Well, you've got to find out how much of the cow is left for the coyote, have n't you?" Mrs. John asked.

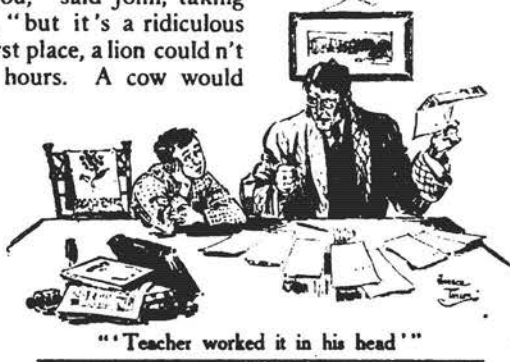
"You're always in too much of a hurry, except when you're dressing to go out," observed John, with some sarcasm. "I've worked these problems before and I know just how to go about it. Let's see—where were we? Oh, yes, at the coyote. Well, the coyote eats the cow in eleven hours, which is 660 minutes. He eats—"

"But he has n't any particular time to eat," she objected. "The question is, how long will it take him to finish it after the others have been eating. I knew those fractions would n't help any."

"Our teacher never used minutes at all," observed Willie again. "He said it's only mental arithmetic and you ought to do it in your head."

"If I'm going to do this example," said John, with some warmth, "I'm going to do it my way, and if you don't want it done my way,

[Concluded on page 867]



"Teacher worked it in his head"



"All cows are n't the same size, you know"



This is a photograph of Thomas W. Lawson's desk in his private office, 33 State Street, Boston. It is the repository of a score of treasures. Fresh flowers are frequently put in the vases. The office is never used, however. As Mr. Fayant explained in his first article, Mr. Lawson transacts most of his business in two rooms at Young's Hotel, Boston.

The Real Lawson

By Frank Fayant

Illustrated with special photographs by Thomas E. Marr, Boston

"Any one can make money in Wall Street—by driving a truck."

"Almost any good mathematical system can beat the ticker to a standstill—before 10 and after 3."

"Every yard of tape costs the public thousands of dollars, but think how white it is and how neatly the lettering is done."

"When you gamble in stocks it is you against the world, one mind against millions."

"The letters and figures used in the language of the tape are very few, yet they spell hell in 99 million different ways."

"The Stock Exchange closes each day at 3 to give the public time to go home and get more chips for the next day's game; otherwise it would never close."

"Tickery, tickery, tock;
The lambs ran after stock.
The stock it turned, and the lambs
got burned,
And now they're all in hock."

"Wall Street men who give advice are the ones who formerly took it. When it got through with them there was nothing left to do but advise."

"Wall Street advice is easy to swallow; it is intended to be."

—TICKER TALK OF THOMAS W. LAWSON.

ARE Lawson's stock market predictions always right?

After a study of his advertising campaign for the past three years, beginning with his half-page panic shrieks in December, 1904, in the midst of his "Frenzied Finance" autobiography (wherein he confessed his complicity in the "The Crime of Amalgamated"), up to his "Buy, Buy, Buy," pleadings of the past few months, the real question is:

EDITORS' NOTE.—Since we commissioned Mr. Fayant to delve into the career of Mr. Lawson there has been an enormous shrinkage in the market values of American securities, especially in the shares of copper mining companies, coincident with a slump in the price of copper (the metal) from 26 cents to 13 cents a pound. Mr. Lawson, in the meantime, has again taken his favorite rôle in the financial drama as a market prophet and investors' adviser—or, in the parlance of the "Street," a "tipster." He has been spending many thousands of dollars in newspaper advertising, advising his followers to "withdraw savings and buy stocks." The public is keen just now to know whether Mr. Lawson is a safe guide to follow in the stock market. We have therefore asked Mr. Fayant to depart from the chronological order of his story of Mr. Lawson's career to lay bare the Boston operator's record as a stock market prophet.

Are Lawson's stock market predictions ever right?

A word, first, about market prophesying. Stocks go down and stocks go up with the ebb and flow of prosperity and speculation. As Lawson pointed out the other day in a half-page advertisement, the shares of the Union Pacific Railroad in the past few years (including the receivership of '93) have had these violent fluctuations: \$131 to \$28 to \$71 to \$3 to \$133 to \$66 to \$195 to \$113—with hundreds of less violent fluctuations. Money is made in the stock market by buying low and selling high. When stocks have advanced to very high prices the wise prophet says "Sell,"

and when they have declined to very low prices the wise prophet says "Buy." This sounds absurdly simple. But, because of the peculiar susceptibility of the speculative mind to the immediate environment, most speculators buy when prices are high and sell when they are low. This is n't so simple, but it is the truth. And it is this psychological phenomenon that makes the stock market.

And now a word about market prophets, more especially about the most-talked-of prophet, Thomas W. Lawson, of Boston. The question on the tip of every layman's tongue is, "Why does Lawson spend so much money in advertising his predictions?" He said the other day

that he had spent between \$6,000,000 and \$8,000,000 in the past thirty-eight years in advertising; that he had spent \$385,000 in one short campaign. If Lawson manufactured breakfast food or soap or automobiles no one would stop to wonder why he spent millions advertising his product. But he produces nothing and sells nothing. Why does he advertise? The layman is the more mystified because Lawson is the only man in all the world who pours out his money in market prophecy advertising.

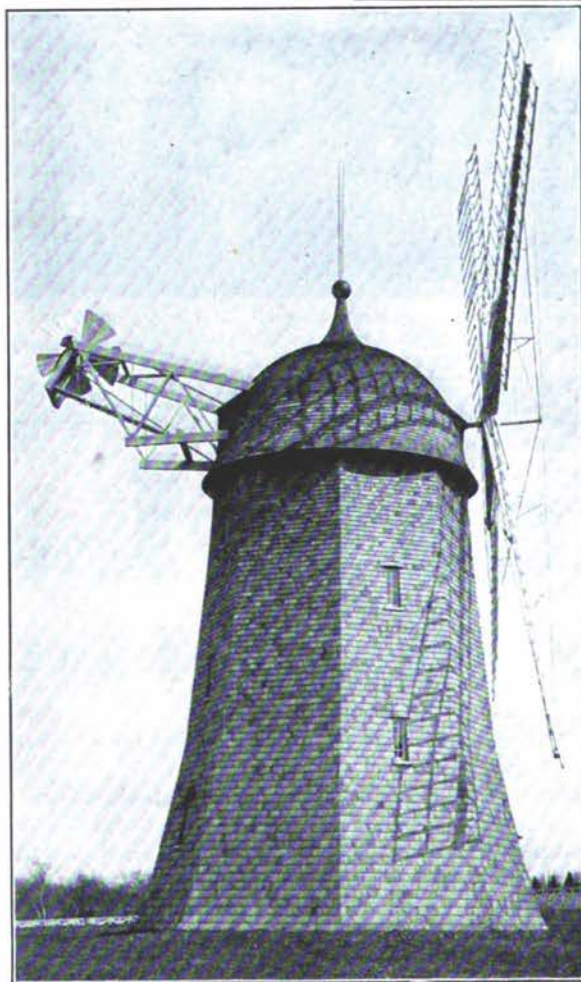
To show why Lawson advertises let us study the business of speculating for a living. Lawson makes his living by speculating in stocks—call it gambling in stocks if you like. Let us suppose that you make your living in this way, and, for the purpose of illustration, let us suppose that there is an anthracite coal-carrying railroad called the Pennsylvania Eastern. You have a notion that the stock of this road is cheap. You make a study of the value of this stock; you engage experts to go over the road's reports of assets and liabilities, receipts and expenditures; you compare its physical condition, its traffic, its management, its possibilities with rival anthracite coal-carrying roads; you delve into the anthracite coal business; you study the speculative position of the road's shares, whether they are widely distributed among small investors or closely held by large capitalists, and whether the shares are safely stowed away in strong boxes or loosely held by plunging speculators; and finally you look into the immediate future of the country's business to determine whether the time is ripe for a stock-market advance. After this study let us suppose that you become firmly convinced that Pennsylvania Eastern shares, selling in the open market around \$60, are intrinsically worth close on to \$100, and that in the course of three or four years, barring unforeseen financial disaster, they will be worth \$200. Now there are three ways for you to turn your knowledge and belief concerning Pennsylvania Eastern into money.

FIRST.—You can buy a block of Pennsylvania Eastern around \$60, and then "sit tight" and wait until the investing public acquires your knowledge and belief, and, by buying, so advances the price of the stock that you can sell your block at a profit. This is the small speculator's way.

SECOND.—You can buy a block of the stock and then go ahead creating an interest in Pennsylvania Eastern in Wall Street by sounding its praises among your friends, by bringing its possibilities to the attention of the newspaper financial writers, by resorting to all the tricks and devices of the Street that will induce others to buy the stock—including the device of "manipulation," or "making a market," that is, buying and selling the stock in volume to make an appearance of strength and activity, whereby you advertise on the ticker tape (the continuous record of stock trading) and in the daily newspaper market reports the value of Pennsylvania Eastern. In this manner you attract a Wall Street "following" in the stock, and through Wall Street a "following"



A team of Lawson's thoroughbreds used for sleighing at "Dreamworld"

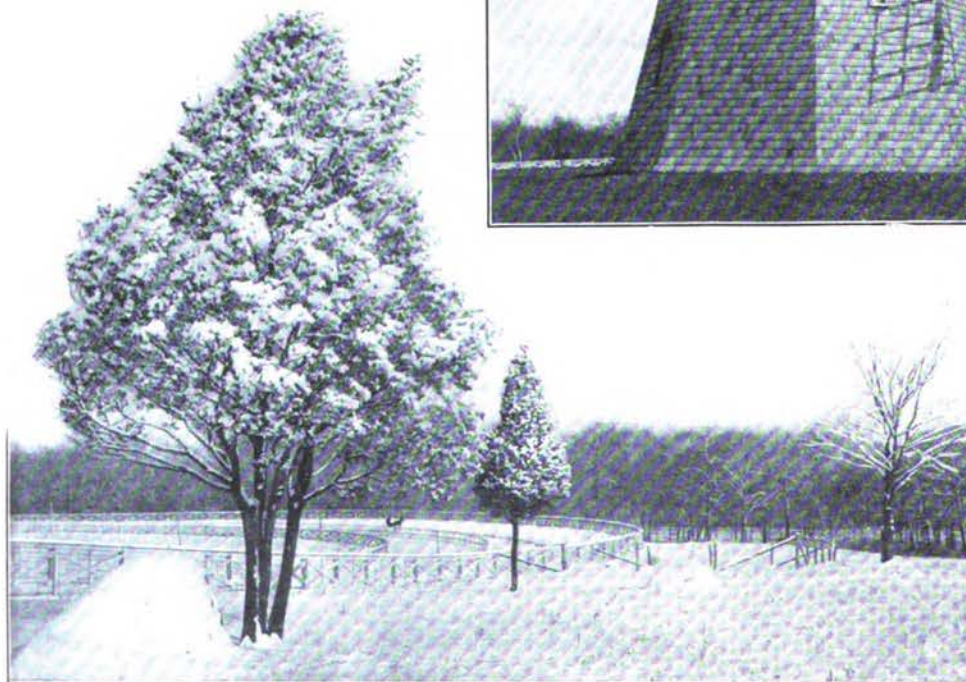


in the country. If you play your game well and don't stumble, there comes a day when Pennsylvania Eastern is in demand at a large advance above \$60, and you sell your holdings and take your profit. This is the method followed by nearly all the big operators in stocks, the method that James R. Keene has developed to a fine art. It costs money. The hire of brokers (who execute orders on the Exchange for fellow-members for two dollars a hundred shares) entails the expenditure of many thousands of dollars—sometimes hundreds of thousands in big campaigns; while the interest-cost of borrowing the sinews of war from the banks amounts to many thousands more. A half-million dollars for these two items in marketing a big block of stock is not uncommon, but when the gross profit runs into the millions the cost of interest and brokerage does not look so large.

You can go ahead "bulling" Pennsylvania Eastern in the approved Wall Street fashion as outlined in the second method, and add to this newspaper advertising—Lawsonian advertising. If the public can be induced to buy breakfast foods, soaps, and automobiles through advertising, the public can surely be induced to buy Pennsylvania Eastern, so long as you write your advertisements so convincingly that investors will believe that they will make money by buying Pennsylvania Eastern. Let us see how a publicity campaign of this kind works out.

You buy, we will say, a line of 100,000 shares of Pennsylvania Eastern at an average cost of \$65, or \$6,500,000 for the line. You then tell the public in advertisements why you believe the stock is going to advance to \$100 and \$200. For \$10,000 you can spread your half-page advertisement in the thirty leading newspapers of New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Pittsburg, and Chicago, and in a single morning tell your story to hundreds of thousands of investors. If you have a record as a wise prophet, investors will

The center photograph shows the costly windmill on Mr. Lawson's estate; that to the left his private speed track in midwinter





The Christmas tree at "Dreamworld." The photograph below shows the Lawson water tower

take your advice and buy Pennsylvania Eastern. Your speculative following in Wall Street will trail along. You go ahead "manipulating" the market and writing more advertisements. As your stock advances, your following grows, for rising prices are the most convincing advertisement of a bull market. If your campaign is founded on sound judgment (and you don't stumble) you lift Pennsylvania Eastern above \$100, and sell your holdings at an average price, say, of \$95, or \$9,500,000 for the block of stock that cost you \$6,500,000. Then, if you have spent \$200,000 in advertising, and \$300,000 in interest and brokerage, you have left a net profit of \$2,500,000. Pennsylvania Eastern may go on up to \$150 or slide back to \$50. But this is no concern of yours. If it slumps to \$50 you can say to your following, "I advised you to buy Pennsylvania Eastern at \$65, and it advanced \$35. If you failed to take your profit don't blame me."

Lawson has been an advertiser since he first began to pile up dollars in State Street. "I can do anything with words," says he. When he wanted the public to buy books in the old Rand-Avery days he advertised, when he wanted town boomers to build up a city in Kentucky he advertised, and now when he wants investors to help him boom or break the market he advertises.

"I have written for years that all speculative roads, all active roads, lead to loss and ruin."—THOMAS W. LAWSON.

Lawson has been a student of stock speculation for nearly forty years—he has been a plunger for nearly thirty years. Every recorded event in the world is of interest to him first in its effect on the prices of stocks. And he has made millions at the game. Surely, you say, if any man is able to fore-

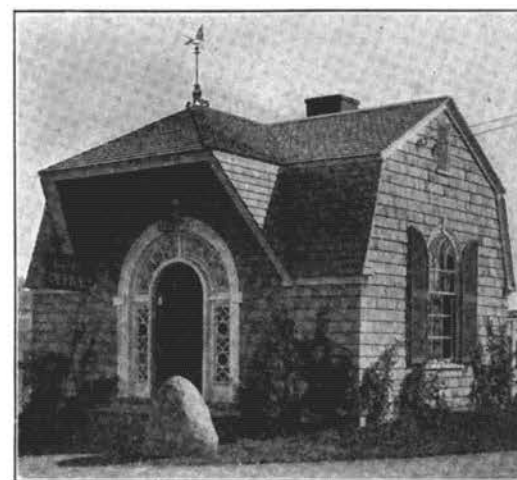
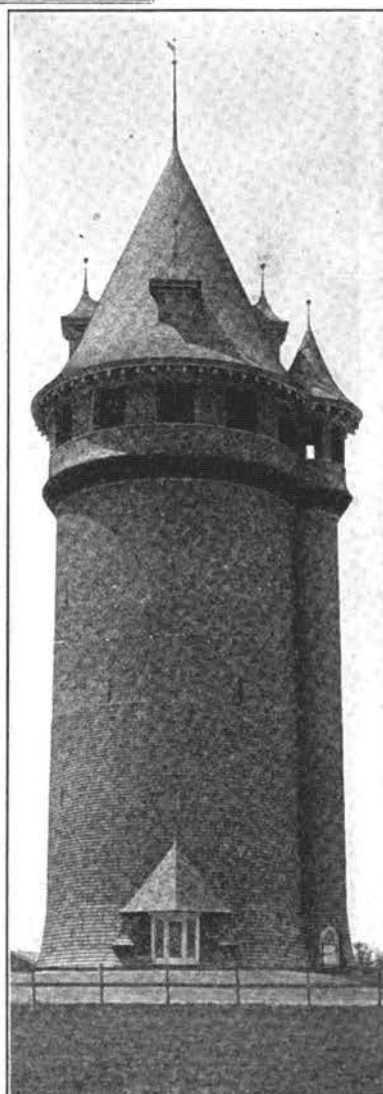
cast, from day to day, and from month to month, the rise and fall of securities, Lawson is that man

For three years Lawson has been spending money lavishly advertising his stock market forecasts. His most notable advertising campaigns have been during this period of thirty-six months, beginning with the week of Thanksgiving, 1904. To take his measure as a market prophet, first as a bear prophet and later as a bull prophet, let us check up his prophecies with the course of the stock market. In this period the leading railroad stock, Union Pacific, rose from \$105 to \$195 and has since fallen to \$108 (October 21)—up \$90 and down \$87; while the leading industrial, Amalgamated Copper, rose from \$59 to \$122 and has since fallen to \$44 (October 19)—up \$63 and down \$78. Surely, in this cycle of speculation, there has been a rare opportunity for the wise prophet. Has Lawson been a wise prophet? When Union Pacific started on its way from \$100 to \$200, and Amalgamated from \$60 to \$120—each stock doubling in price—did Lawson advise his followers to buy? And when these two stocks, together with the whole market, started on their long decline, did Lawson advise holders to sell them?

No, Lawson was a bear—a panic crier—all the way up; and he turned at the very top and has been a bull all the way down.

To get the perspective of the market at the end of November, 1904, when Lawson's bear campaign began, it is to be recalled that from the fall of '96, when Bryan was first defeated, until the fall of 1902, when the country first began to feel the effects of the overdose of industrial stocks, there had been a marvelous commercial growth from one end of the country to the other, and stocks had steadily risen. Then, through 1903 and the early part of 1904, we had a violent decline in the stock market, because of our "undigested securities." In the spring of 1904, the country having partially recovered from its speculative debauch, the market started upward again. Stocks advanced all summer. And at the beginning of winter, when Union Pacific had advanced from \$66 to \$117, Amalgamated Copper from \$34 to \$82, Steel preferred from \$50 to \$95, and other securities in proportion—and all the world was again putting its money into American railroads and mills and mines—Lawson opened his advertising campaign.

Lawson had for eight years been hand in glove with the Standard Oil crowd. He had been one of H. H. Rogers's handy men in Boston in gas and copper financing, he had been a partner with Rogers in \$100,000,000 of stock market deals. And then Lawson and Rogers fell out. The break came in the fall of 1903, when Rogers's Amalgamated Copper, which Lawson had recommended to investors all over the country as a bonanza at \$130, had slumped to \$34, with the reduction of the dividend from eight to two per cent. by the Rogers management. Lawson says he lost \$12,000,000 in the decline; his followers lost many millions more, for the market valuation of the Amalgamated's capital dropped \$150,000,000.



The post office for Lawson's "Dreamworld" estate



"The Office," where the business affairs of "Dreamworld" are conducted

Early in 1904 the ill-smelling Bay State gas mess was aired in Boston in the courts, and Rogers and Lawson swore to diametrically opposite testimony. Either Rogers or Lawson was a perjurer—or a man with memory lost. This was the final rupture of the Rogers-Lawson partnership. Lawson publicly announced that he would spend the rest of his days fighting his old allies. Not long after he began writing the inner history of his eight years' Standard Oil lieutenantcy, and when the amazing confession was in full swing, he began his market campaign.

On the day before Thanksgiving Lawson offered "A Thanksgiving Prayer to Wall Street," a page circular which read:

"Dear Associates in a Common Cause: In thirty-five years' active touching elbows with you I have never, as you know, asked a favor, but there must be a beginning to all things, and my beginning is here. It having come to my attention during the past few days that I am loaded to the gunwales with Amalgamated, Sugar, and Pacific Mail, to wit, 300,000, 80,000, and 40,000 shares, respectively, and as the market is declining, and I am on the point of being compelled to 'let go,' in which event there will be music, to a slow and low tune, I earnestly ask your assistance.

"If, after I have investigated the information as above, I find it correct, I will, in deference to the prayers of my friends and well-wishers of 'the Street,' dump over this line at 11 o'clock Friday next, the day following that set apart by our President for general rejoicing, and the favor I ask is that 'the Street' stand by and see that I get good prices, thereby perhaps preventing the financial ruin of one who has been caught tremendously short of discretion and mighty long of enthusiasm. Please, Wall Street, stand by on Friday next, and don't forget the hour, or the amounts and names of the stocks which I will be compelled to slaughter.

"THOMAS W. LAWSON."

"November 23, 1904.

"P. S.—I would throw over my lines to-day in accordance with the programme advertised by the financial critics, but for the fact that I wish to enjoy Thanksgiving Day, which I could not do if I knew I had been ruined.—T. W. L."

No one in Wall Street believed that Lawson was carrying such a big load of stocks, although it was known that he had been quietly advertising the purchase of Amalgamated Copper all the way up from \$43, its price in the stagnation of the late winter. His followers were buying the stock and were looking for higher prices. The advance had carried the stock to \$80. On the morning after Thanksgiving everybody in Wall Street said that nothing would happen at 11 o'clock—and nothing did happen. Not a ripple disturbed the placid surface of the stock market. About noon a loud guffaw was heard over Boston way and Lawson wired, "I was only fooling you; I find I have n't all those stocks to sell." The market crept up over the end of the week; Monday Lawson sent this wire:

"TO MY FRIENDS: This statement I make unqualifiedly: I—say—to—my—friends—I—would—not—be—surprised—if—purchases—of—Amalgamated—to-day—showed—good—profits—to-morrow."

Amalgamated closed at \$81½ on Monday and half a dollar lower on Tuesday, so that the "unqualified," dash-emphasized prediction turned out to be another joke. That Lawson was still a bull on the market was evident on Tuesday morning when the newspapers carried a big advertisement over his signature. He said:

"After coppers have been rising continuously, Wall Street last week, fearing that they were going too smoothly my way, concluded to call a halt long enough to break me, and to that end caused to be extensively advertised that I had such large quantities of Amalgamated, Sugar, Pacific Mail on hand that they were going to shake me out, and thereby once and for all eliminate me. (Poor Wall Street! Its jokes always have a morgueanese flavor.) To anticipate these noodlings, these Wall Street noodlings, I issued the day before Thanksgiving a proclamation to the effect that if I found that I had that 300,000 Amalgamated, 80,000 Sugar, and 40,000 Pacific Mail which Wall Street said I had, and was going to be ruined, I would attend to the ruin part myself by dumping them over at 11 o'clock Friday. As soon as Wall Street's spongy brain absorbed my words it went to work in that industrious way peculiar to Wall Street to anticipate my selling. Of course, Wall Street had for the thousandth time romanced about my condition, and as a result I made a few hundred thousand dollars.

"Since Amalgamated was created, I have unqualifiedly advised its purchase. I believe 'coppers' should be bought—that there will be lots of profits in them at anything like present prices. There are many reasons why 'coppers' should advance, but the principal one is the present and coming price of copper. The time will come soon when the profit returns [of copper mining] will be two hundred per cent.; in other words, there will be a copper famine. The quirks and kinks which manipulation put into 'coppers' have now been ironed out, and the metal is going to sell on its merits, which, I believe, will cause much higher prices than any seen for years."



The dovecot at "Dreamworld." The most costly and best appointed bird house in the United States

That Lawson was a bull on the market and had done his share during the summer and autumn to raise the market out of the slough of despond, there can be no question. A few days later he said over his signature: "From the creation of Amalgamated I have continuously believed in its worth and constantly advocated the purchase of its stock. I began a campaign [at the low prices of a few months ago] to induce my followers and the public to buy. This campaign I have prosecuted incessantly up to the present time." But a few months later, in his "Frenzied Finance," Lawson thus pictured the condition of the market:

"The 'System' was engaged at its old trick of inflating prices and spreading its nets for another gigantic plundering of the people. Nothing was heard for months but fairy tales of great earnings of railroads and industrials, fairy tales of new ore in old mines, fairy tales of great financial forces converging toward colossal combinations. These are the lures of the 'System's' hirelings. Before my eyes, with a blind and audacious defiance of my warnings, the old, old game was rigged in full view of the audience. Amalgamated ascended from the forties into the fifties and the sixties and even into the eighties. The wily manipulators rubbed their hands gleefully. The immense advance in prices was not brought about by any honest means or legitimate causes."

The picture Lawson draws of the "wily manipulators" advancing Amalgamated from \$40 to \$80 is interesting beside "his campaign to induce his followers and the public to buy"—a campaign "prosecuted incessantly."

Lawson's last bullish advertisement was that of Tuesday, November 29. During the rest of the week Amalgamated crept up to \$82, and on Monday, December 5, it touched \$82½, breaking to \$80½ before the day was over. During these six trading days Lawson secretly sold all his holdings of Amalgamated Copper stock and went "short" a big line.

Then he opened his attack. His first broadside was a half-page advertisement, "Amalgamated Stockholders—Warning," printed in New York and Boston Tuesday morning, in other Eastern towns on Wednesday, in the West and in London on Thursday, and in Paris and Berlin on Friday. It was phrased in Lawson's conservative, staccato style—no bad language, no extravagant statements—just a naked review of the field of battle. In brief the "Warning" was this:

- 1.—Lawson had been a bull on Amalgamated continuously, at \$33, \$80 and \$130, and had advised its purchase.
- 2.—But he had been recently told by the Amalgamated management that the stock was worth no more than \$45.
- 3.—He had helped along the advance that his following might sell at good prices.
- 4.—He now predicted that the stock would slump from \$80 to \$33, and he advised every stockholder to sell out at once.

Lawson had already sold his stock. He took time by the forelock and made his own position secure before telling his followers. Some months later, when asked whether the gossip was true that he had done this, he answered: "Before my first advertisement in December, at a time when I did not know whether stocks would go up or down, I took my chance in the open of making loss or profit and did sell large amounts of stock short, making some hundreds of thousands of dollars profit."

The Lawson broadside struck the stock market at the psychological moment. For five months stocks had advanced continuously, and the speculation for the rise had grown top-heavy. Moreover Congress had assembled the morning before, and at noon Tuesday, the day of the Lawson advertisement, the President's message was read in Congress. It was in this message that Mr. Roosevelt sent a chill through Wall Street by his flat-footed advocacy of the Government regulation of railroad freight rates. Lawson, of course, had read the message long before it was ticked off on the Wall Street news tickers. He had been studying it and measuring its probable effect on the market for several days. The President's message is most carefully guarded up to the very minute of its "release" to the country, but every big market operator gets a copy of it days ahead. One of the tricks of the big operator in stocks is getting news ahead of the common herd. Lawson timed his attack on the market to the hour. Had there been no President's message that week in December, 1904, it is probable there would have been no panic in the market; and had there been no Lawson attack there would have been no panic.

[Continued on page 868]



A snapshot of Mr. Lawson on his way from Young's Hotel, at the end of a panicky day, after writing one of his "Buy, Buy, Buy," advertisements



"The scrimmage was close and savage"

The Third Installment of W. C. MORROW'S

CHAPTER VII.

Secrets for Two

CAPTAIN MASON and I had a serious talk in our hut that night.

"Don't think for a moment," he said, "that my intentions with regard to Vancouver have been upset by a woman's pretty face."

"But she is very lovely," I interposed, anxious to turn his thoughts from whatever purpose he might have.

"That is as one thinks." I could not restrain a smile at his ungraciousness, particularly as I saw that Anabel's effect on him had impaired his frankness. "For that matter," he went on, "her father is blindly planning her destruction." In answer to my look he explained: "How can a man let his avarice and cowardice make such a fool of him! Can't he see that the king is using him as a tool to disrupt and destroy the camp, including his party?"

I knew, as well as I knew my own thoughts, that a terrible apprehension of a fate worse than death for us all rested on him, as on me; but we had not dared to give it tongue. Both had seen the naïve inconsistency between the king's desire that the island be not discovered and his promise to send us away one at a time, and so had Mr. Vancouver. No foreigner straying to the island had ever left, and none except our colony was alive on it to-day. But in what dreadful manner had they been disposed of? And why had

Great Romance of the South Seas

LENTALA

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. Beelo instructs Tudor and his faithful Christopher in the language and customs of the natives and teaches them to color their skin brown. Meanwhile there are internal troubles in the colony, Vancouver planning to save himself by treachery to the others, while Rawley threatens the harmony of the camp by undermining the Captain's discipline.

his scheme to betray the colony, and that we are determined to hang together, and fight it out to the end. I imagine that the natives are growing impatient for a victim. What do you suggest, Mr. Tudor?"

"I suppose I should continue in the rôle of the king's emissary and inform Mr. Vancouver that the sending out of the young men is postponed. Fortunately we have stopped that."

"We have done nothing of the sort," declared the president. "They shall go out."

Astonishment silenced me.

"They shall go out," he drove into me again. "To their destruction—and ours?" I asked.

"No. But they must go and take their punishment. Then they will hear from me. You can manage it through the native boy and his sister. Let her see that they are soundly whipped and sent back to the colony. She's your friend."

"That is unthinkable," I protested. "The risk is too great. Lentala can't—"

"Don't underestimate her. You have your instructions, sir." He rose. "I'll be on hand tomorrow when you call out the men for the fields."

I had risen, and stood facing a commander instead of an ally. After a moment's struggle with desperately rebellious emotions, I saw my own absurdity, and abruptly left, without a

word, to fight for patience and wisdom under the stars.

* * * * *

The smiling ease with which Rawley stepped forth when I called his name with the others next morning might have disarmed me had I not caught a look of understanding between him and Mr. Vancouver, and known what it meant. My dread had been on Annabel's account, but she did not appear.

Rawley worked faithfully in the fields that day, but I saw the furtive way in which he talked now and then with certain of the men, and I noted all whom he thus favored. None of them had a guilty manner, though a concealing one. It was evidence of Mr. Vancouver's shrewdness in plotting.

* * * * *

Annabel met Christopher outside the camp that afternoon and came with him to Beelo and me. The boy betrayed a singular uneasiness as they approached, and, drawing his hat down, stood in awkward embarrassment. It puzzled me, for he had been anxious to see her. In a glow of excitement, Annabel was conspicuously handsome, and though dressed in the rougher of the two suits which she had saved from the wreck, showed in every line the thoroughbred that she was. Seeing the lad's confusion, she spared him by giving him hardly more than a smiling glance with her warm handclasp, and breezily said to me as she held out an exquisite orchid:

"See what I found on the way. Isn't it beautiful?"

I took it and was fumbling to put it in the buttonhole of my lapel, when she stepped up and with frank comradeship adjusted it, remarking as she did so:

"He's very much like his sister, but smaller, and not so pretty and graceful." She did not realize that he understood English.

"I thank you—for Lentala," he constrainedly said, staring at her as his eyes began to burn.

"Oh!" cried Annabel in amused surprise. "But you are quite too good-looking for a boy, Beelo!"

He did not smile, but studied her with a disconcerting seriousness, and looked from her to me, as though watching for something which I guessed to be a sly understanding between Annabel and me that might mean ridicule of him. I saw that Annabel had innocently blundered into a wrong start. Evidently the pleasure that the lad had expected from the meeting had gone astray.

As though the words were wrenched from him by the striking picture that Annabel made, he said in a stolid, colorless voice:

"You are more beautiful than Lentala."

"Hear his disloyalty to his sister!" laughingly exclaimed Annabel, but I could see that the boy's bearing was trying her composure. "Come!" she added, "let's be friends, for Lentala and I are, and I want you to tell me about her." She coaxingly held out her hand as to an ill-tempered child.

But he ignored it, and lowered his head till his hat-rim concealed his eyes. Annabel looked at me in questioning surprise, but before I could say anything—being as much astonished as she—Beelo, without raising his head, asked half sullenly, half commandingly:

"Have you and—Choseph known each other a long time?"

"A year or so," Annabel promptly answered, anxious to show her friendliness. "He's been very kind. I became a skillful horsewoman under his teaching, and we've danced together and taken long walks in the country. He knows a great many interesting things. You see he was educated at West Point, where young men are trained to be officers of our army, and has fought in the war, and—"

Beelo broke in with a toss of the head and a laugh that sounded much like a sneer.

Annabel opened her eyes and looked in wonder from the boy to me. She was not laughing now; alarm was creeping into her face. I could think of nothing to say, but was confident that the two fine souls would find a way.

Without raising his face to Annabel, Beelo slowly looked round at me, and regarded me deeply and in silence. Sadness stole into his eyes, and with it reproach. The mystery of it touched me as I steadily returned his look.

As he did not speak, I did. "Beelo," I kindly said, "I don't understand you, and I don't like your conduct. You wished to see Annabel. To please me, she kindly took the trouble to come and tried to be friendly to you. But you treat her rudely. You are not worthy to touch her hand."

He blazed and went rigid. For a moment he was choked with passion; then, locking his hands behind him, and throwing back his head and shoulders, he said loudly, while his nostrils quivered:

"No! I'm not worthy to touch her hand! I'm glad of it! You send fine words to Lentala, who has not a white friend in the world! Then you bring the white girl to Beelo, that Beelo may see how different they are and go back to shame Lentala. Riding! Dancing! Walking! Ah, Beelo is a little fool—a fool no bigger than a toad! But he can be useful—he can make Lentala a fool too! And Lentala can be useful. She can trick King Rangan. She shall be the tool of the white people who want to leave!" He paused breathless, but there was more of despair than anger in his attitude.

Annabel had gone very white. She gave me a glance of new amazement, and then went forward, seized Beelo's arm, and forcibly turned him to look into her eyes. With a start she straightened, looking at me strangely, as if a great light had broken.

"There's a misunderstanding," she calmly said to Beelo and me as she apologetically held the quivering figure. To me she added: "You and Christopher please retire. I'll call you soon."

We left, and when screened and beyond earshot I gave Christopher a look of wondering inquiry. He blinked benignly at me, as a dog at his foolish master.

"What does it mean?" I demanded.

"Mean, sir?"

"Yes."

"You are asking me, sir?"

"Of course."



"I found his bright eyes peering at me from the trees."

He looked away, but not with a listening manner, yet the mystery appeared to demand it. I did not happen to remember that he was the most chivalrous and the least meddlesome man I had ever known.

"Well, I'll tell you, sir," he presently said, in his slow, gentle way; "it will be all right."

So it apparently was when Annabel called us back, for the two were chatting amicably as they sat on the ground. Annabel's serious mistake, by which she had imperiled my plans, had been turned by her to excellent account.

Christopher was waiting to conduct her back to camp; he would return, for Beelo had informed me that there were matters which he wished to tell us alone. The parting between him and Annabel was friendly and held promise, but Beelo's face was not wholly unclouded. Holding Annabel's hand and gazing into her face, he said, with a touch of sadness:

"Anybody, would love you."

Annabel blushed and turned laughingly away. "I'll see you again very soon!" called the boy.

Annabel turned and blew him a smiling kiss. The lad stood and gazed long at the spot where she was lost among the trees.

"You like her, Beelo?" I asked.

Much to my surprise, a little droop pulled at his mouth- corners.

"She is very lovely," he softly said.

"Is that a thing to be sad about?"

"Yes. Lentala can never be as sweet and beautiful."

"She is as sweet and beautiful as Annabel, and—and what shall I say?—more fascinating."

His face turned away and he was silent. After a while he faced me and said, while observing me closely:

"But she belongs to your kind, she is of your world."

"My heart finds my kind, and that is my world."

He again turned away. In trying to find a reason why any of this mattered to him, or why he appeared in a measure to resent Annabel, the old suspicion that had lodged in the corner of my mind came forth. The remarkable difference between Lentala and her brother on one hand, and the natives on the other, must have some special explanation, and Beelo must have a secret which he had a good reason for guarding. Christopher and I had probably been the only white men to touch their lives, and there was in them that which knew and claimed its own. It was a hungry demand, and jealous. To see the desired companionship subject to an older claim, such as Annabel's, was the finding of a barrier. I determined to probe for the secret by indirect means.

"The soul that finds its kind finds its world, Beelo," I said, "and souls have never race nor color. Would you like to hear a strange little story?"

"Yes!" he eagerly answered.

I sat down, and he seated himself facing me, keenly interested.

"A long time ago a white man—a gentleman, no doubt—was in a ship that was sailing the seas. A great storm came on. His ship was wrecked, and he was cast up on the beach of a beautiful tropical island. It was decreed by the natives, who were jealous for their country, that he should suffer the fate of all those who had drifted before him to those shores. But for some reason—that may be another story some time—he was spared, and the king gave him a wife from among the native girls. Two children were born to them, a girl and afterwards a boy; but their father had so strongly impressed his racial peculiarities on them that they were in an unfortunate position,—outcasts in a way, and perhaps in danger of their lives, by reason of the deeply planted native hatred for the white blood. So the king, who had spared the man, took them under his

protection, and as the queen had no children, she loved them as her own. But in time, as the children grew up, the white blood in them began to starve for its kind, and to whisper of a far country whence it had come. That is nature's way. She lets us go just so far from the plan on which she started us, and then she sends a voice that speaks deep within us. We may not know at first what it says, but—"

"Just a longing?" Beelo asked.

"Merely that. We want something very much, but don't know what it is. We are dissatisfied. That comes in youth, when the tides of life flow free, and before the soul is fully awake. Afterwards, when it has ripened and mellowed, it finds its kind and makes its home wherever—"

"After awhile. But now!" demanded Beelo.

I ignored him with a smile, and went back to the story.

"At last the sister had grown to womanhood and the brother nearly to manhood. A much larger company of white people than had ever before been stranded on the island came to its shores. The girl and the boy had been spoiled by the king, and they had much their own way. The girl demanded that she be taken with the king to see the castaways. It was the voice in her heart."

Beelo nodded, and then with nervous fingers, began to weave a twig-house in the sand.

"Do you like the story?" I asked.

He looked up in surprise. "Is that all, Choseph?"

"Is n't that sufficient?" I said.

He drew a deep breath. "She went there just to see them?" he said.

I smiled into his brilliant eyes. "I'll tell you the rest of the story some other time," I remarked, satisfied because at not a single point had he criticized my guessing. "There is one thing more," I went on. "Of course the children adopted the native dress, but their father's blood in them had lightened their native color, and that must be overcome."

His eyes kindled brighter; his lips had fallen apart. There was not a movement in his body.

"Lad, how did you learn to stain a fair skin so well that it looks like a native's?"

With that I seized the collar of his blouse, to tear it open and see the real color of his chest before he could prevent it.

CHAPTER VIII.

A Crumbling Edge

BEELO sprang away and scampered into the forest as though Satan pursued. That gave me no uneasiness. I gathered up his twigs and began laboriously to weave the hut.

A gurgling laugh raised my head. Twenty feet away, in a direction opposite to that in which Beelo had disappeared, I saw him lying on the ground, kicking up his heels, and, his cheeks resting in his hands, mischievously laughing at me.

"You have n't gone?" I said. "Christopher will come soon, and I have something to say to you first."

He rose, came forward gingerly, and halted a safe distance away. I sometimes wondered whether any other man would have borne with him at all. The wretch knew that I had grown absurdly fond of him.

"What do you want to tell me?" he asked, as he crept nearer and contemptuously regarded my hut-building effort.

In a few words I frankly told him of my ex-



"I found Annabel blocking the door"

perience as a Senatra with Mr. Vancouver. He listened absorbed and aghast.

"I did n't know," he breathed. "I am glad you told me. You do trust me, don't you?"

"Trust you, Beelo? Have I ever failed?"

"No, but you are always thinking of your people, never of Lentala and Beelo."

"You have taught me to think of you and Lentala, else I never would have told you about Mr. Vancouver and his plot. But don't you see? The king is using Mr. Vancouver to break up our colony, Beelo," raising myself in aggressive earnestness. "You talk of my trusting you. I have already put my life and more than two hundred other lives in your hands. But not for one moment have you ever trusted me."

He was deep in thought, and was distressed. Before I could ask him for the cause, Christopher came up.

"Something is going to happen very soon," Beelo said. "Christopher, what did you say to the native that came to see Mr. Vancouver?"

Christopher wore his stupidest manner.

Beelo reached round, picked up a stick, and threatened him.

"You know what I said. Now answer—quick!"

"Me?"

"Me?" mocked Beelo, and struck him. The nearest that I had ever seen to a smile on Christopher's face came then as a twinkle in his eyes.

"I'll tell you," he answered. "I told him Mr. Vancouver did n't never want to see him no more." That was a long speech for Christopher.

"Then what happened?" impatiently demanded Beelo.

"I done this a-way at him." Christopher crossed his eyes and made a grimace at Beelo. The act was so unexpected and terrifying that Beelo started back in alarm, and then rolled on the ground in laughter.

He sat up. "What did the man do then?"

"This a-way." Christopher's face assumed

a look of astonishment and fear.

"What then?"

"He runned away."

Beelo nodded thoughtfully, and said:

"The king will think Mr. Vancouver changed his mind. Very well. Now he won't wait any longer. He will make a demand for one of your people." His manner was grave.

He was surprised when I told him of Captain Mason's determination that the young men be permitted to leave the valley, and that Lentala should arrange for their being turned back,—I had no heart to say anything about their rough handling by the natives.

"I'll tell her," he said. "I think she can manage it."

"But are you sure?" I anxiously demanded.

"Don't worry, Choseph. You are too serious to be happy. Let's talk about the first man to go out when the king sends for one. Do you wish Mr. Vancouver to go?" The question came with a keen look.

"Not if it will expose him to any danger, or give him an opportunity to plot against us."

Beelo's look became suspicious. "What do you owe him, that he is not to be exposed to danger?" he asked.

Seeing the trend of his question, I was irritated, and sternly said:

"That is my affair, and I won't discuss it. If there's to be anything petty and spiteful in the matters of life and death that we are planning, I will stop everything right here, or demand that Lentala send some one else to me if it is impossible for her to come."

Beelo was staring at me in surprise. He turned inquiringly to Christopher, and saw gentler but none the less reproving eyes. For a second he floundered between resentment and irrepressible good-nature, and then with a laugh threw a handful of sand at Christopher.

"Choseph!" he cried; "I did n't mean anything, really I did n't. And I'll be good." After reflection he asked, "Who is Mr. Vancouver's best friend?"

"A man named Rawley."

"Do you think he knows Mr. Vancouver's plans?"

"He certainly does."

"Then let him be the first."

Darkness crouched behind all of this, but Beelo's intelligent eyes were a light ahead. Unquestionably his mind was working rapidly, but his speech was slow and had silent intervals. He and Lentala were evidently undertaking severe tasks and desperate risks the nature of which I could not even surmise. Some profound motive must be urging them on.

"When he is taken out of the valley," Beelo said after a pause, "I'll want you and Christopher to go too, with me. Will you?"

"We'll do anything you wish, Beelo."

"As natives."

"Good."

"It will be very dangerous."

"That is nothing."

"Not a soul is to know but your captain. Not Annabel, mind you!" he abruptly added.

"Certainly not."

"And you both promise that if your lives are threatened, you will not try to hurt or kill any one except as a last resort?"

We promised.

"Now," said Beelo, "I want Christopher to go with me at once, and we'll make a raft. When we go out of the valley it will be by way of the river."

[Continued on page 862]

Fear, and a "Good Times" Panic

ORISON SWETT MARDEN

THE recent spectacle of multitudes of people (many of them waiting in line all night) drawing their money out of perfectly solid banks and trust companies is a good illustration of the power of fear to bring about a financial panic, even in the midst of prosperity. There was absolutely no real cause for this panic which, for a time, played such havoc in the financial world. It was started by gamblers and promoters, who were posing as bankers; men who used sacred trust assets to rig the stock market, and to promote their own schemes generally. This financial storm came out of a clear sky, and when we were enjoying unusual prosperity. Capital was well employed; comparatively few people were out of work in the entire country. Almost any one, with any sort of ability, who was willing to work, could find employment. There was no extended economic disturbance anywhere, and the business of our marvelous country was never in better condition.

In all parts of the United States level-headed, conservative men are most optimistic. Representative business men, prominent merchants and manufacturers in different parts of the country have been interviewed, and they say that business was never more satisfactory. That the volume this year will greatly exceed that of last year. The demand for a better, higher class of goods is quite general all over the country; the demand on wholesale houses for spot and future goods is better than a year ago. Collections are good, and the fall business promises to be as large as last year's. In the West, business is reported better than ever before. A large Western merchant says:

"Formerly, we kept pretty close watch of the stock market, for any serious trouble there was sure to affect our business, especially in higher-priced goods. Now, we pay no attention to stocks. Too many people have the money to buy what they want. Wall Street slumps make no impression upon our trade."

Bank clearings show a marked increase over those of 1906, itself a record year. The gross earnings of railroads tell the same story of general prosperity in even a more marked degree than the banks.

From all parts of the country come reports that labor is scarce and dear. The secretary of the State of New York reports that the business of the state, instead of contracting, is expanding vigorously. In the three dullest months, July, August, and September, one thousand, four hundred new concerns were incorporated, an increase of more than one hundred per cent. over last year's returns for the same period. He also says that one hundred and fifty corporations during this time increased their capital stock nearly thirty-eight millions.

No greater proof of the soundness of American prosperity could be found than was shown in the marvelous way in which the temporary financial crisis was faced and checked by a few men, like J. Pierpont Morgan, in whom the country had confidence.

Many people seem to think that hard times or business panics are necessary once in so many years, and, after a long period of prosperity, when they think it is about time for another depression, they begin to prepare for hard times. They expect this condition, look for it, and bring it about, just as a great many people hasten old age by expecting it, assuming and holding a receptive mental attitude toward all that accompanies old age, and by imagining that their mental and physical powers, their efficiency and their activity are decreasing.

In other words, the mind is set toward the things they expect and believe are coming, and, of course, this tends to bring them about. If people would stop talking down and would talk up, they could arrest these mental hard-time panics, as confidence is almost omnipotent. Of course panics often have a real cause, as the shortage of crops, but even then they are exaggerated very greatly by fear, which always predicts infinitely worse conditions than actually materialize.

The moment a distrust is expressed by a few leading financiers in a town, weaker, less acute minds naturally magnify their fears and spread their doubts until the whole community is affected.

Then the panic contagion trickles down through the masses until we hear hard times talked about by the day laborer, discussed everywhere, in the cars, on the streets, in the saloons, and the imagination pictures multitudes out of work and hungry.

When a man becomes melancholy and discouraged about his affairs, when he is filled with fear that he is going to fail, and is haunted by the specter of poverty and a suffering family, before he realizes it, he attracts the very thing he dreads, and the prosperity is crushed out of his business. But he is a mental failure first.

If instead of giving up to his fear, a man would persist in keeping prosperity in his mind, assume a hopeful, optimistic attitude, and conduct his business in a systematic, economical, far-sighted manner, actual failure would be comparatively rare. But when a man becomes discouraged, when he loses heart and grip, he is not in a position to

make the effort which is absolutely necessary to bring victory, and there is a shrinkage all along the line. Courage must lead in any great undertaking. Efficiency will only follow confidence.

Fear is one of the most deadly instruments for marring human lives. It has a paralyzing, blighting influence upon the whole being. It impoverishes the blood and destroys health by impairing the digestion, cutting off nutrition, and lowering the physical and mental vitality. It crushes out hope, kills courage, and so enfeebles the mind's action that it cannot create.

Fear kills initiative. All work done when one is suffering from a sense of fear or foreboding, has little efficiency. Fear strangles originality, daring, boldness; it kills individuality, and weakens all the mental processes. Great things are never done under a sense of fear of some impending danger. It depresses normal mental action, and renders one incapable of acting wisely in an emergency, for no one can think clearly and act wisely when paralyzed by fear.

During the recent financial panic some people became insane, some committed suicide, and others so completely lost their self-control that they were totally incapable of acting wisely or doing the best thing for themselves, just as many people completely lose their heads during a stampede in a crowded theater when there is an alarm of fire.

It is well known that people often die under the influence of fear, as witnessed by the frightful havoc it has played during epidemics of great pestilences. Thousands of people have developed all the symptoms of cholera or some other dreaded disease before there was any physical possibility of contagion, and have died under the false conviction that they were afflicted with the malady they feared.

Whether or not the contagiousness of fear is due to a germ or some rapid mechanical change in the brain and nerve cells, it often sweeps like a storm over the people with such terrific force that whole masses become temporarily insane under its influence and are really not accountable for their acts. History teems with illustrations of the most horrible crimes that have been committed by people during the hysteria of fear panics, while in the clutches of this most terrible enemy of humanity.

One of the worst forms of fear is that of apprehension, foreboding of some evil to come, which hangs over the life like a threatening cloud over a volcano before an eruption.

Some people are always suffering from this peculiar phase of fear. They are apprehensive that some great misfortune is coming to them, that they are going to lose their money or their position; or they are afraid of accident, or that some fatal disease is developing in them. If their children are away they see them in all sorts of catastrophes,—railroad wrecks, burning cars, or shipwrecks. They are always picturing the worst. "You never can tell what will happen," they say, "and it is better to prepare for the worst."

The man who lives under this terrible shadow of impending danger, with this dread that something is going to happen to his business, his family, or himself, is in no condition to ward off the evil before which he cowers. His mental attitude lowers his vitality, lessens his powers of resistance, vitiates his efficiency, and ruins his resourcefulness.

I once met some people traveling in Europe who said they did not enjoy their travels because they were worried about affairs at home.

They said, if they only knew how things were going there, and that everything was right in the store or factory; if they only knew that those dear to them were safe and well, and that nothing would happen to them; if everything was prosperous, they could enjoy themselves. But this constant anxiety, this absence of assurance, kept them in a state of semi-terror.

I know women who never go on a railroad train without a sense of perpetual terror of a wreck. In their vivid imaginations they see trains colliding, cars plunging down an embankment or through a bridge, and they do not breathe freely until they are safe home again.

Nothing will stunt one's growth, and starve and strangle his vitality, like living in the constant atmosphere of fear.

Many people live so perpetually under the dominion of this demon, that they never develop normally. As children, their lives were starved and stunted; they were inoculated with the germ of fear way back in childhood when the mother was constantly reminding the little ones of terrible results which would follow if they did this or that. Fear shadows were constantly projected into their susceptible little minds, until the demon became so thoroughly entrenched in their lives that it follows them through the years like a hideous ghost, hovering round to destroy their peace of mind and happiness. "Every ugly thing told to the child, every shock, every fright given him, will remain like splinters in the flesh to

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Christmas Eve Stories



A Deputy Santa Claus

By Howard Brubaker

ILLUSTRATION BY G. W. HARTING

AT the Chamberlain household, Santa Claus was a real, tangible personality. He was not that mythical, invisible benefactor who visits uninteresting homes in the middle of the night, but a flesh and blood, though speechless one, with whiskers and a legitimate red coat. Moreover, he entered the house in the orthodox manner; at least he was always just emerging from the library fireplace when Harold was admitted. As that small, knickerbockered, curly-headed person besieged the locked library door on his fifth Christmas Eve, he believed he would be able to get in so quickly that he would catch the old gentleman in transit; such a large boy was he now and so surprisingly fleet of foot. Had not Marie only two days before chased him half way across the park before she could catch him? In a few days he would be able to outdistance his father.

Suddenly Harold remembered and grew thoughtful and found it necessary but difficult to swallow. How was there to be a successful Christmas tree without a father? Could his mother blow horns and beat drums and growl like a grizzly bear? During his five years' intimate acquaintance with her, she had never conducted herself in any such delightful juvenile fashion. The mere whistling of an imitation locomotive would give her a headache. Imagine his mother hiding behind the Morris chair while he went hunting boy-eating animals with a red gun! Fancy her in the capacity of a beast of burden while he brandished a Christmas whip!

For the first time, the perplexity of many weeks became anger. What had they done with his father—what right had they to do anything with him? Why should a father come one night and kiss his son and hold him very tight, and then go away? That had been a long time ago—before Thanksgiving—and Harold had been fatherless and horseless and lion- and-tigerless ever since. There had been a lot of unnecessary mystery about it, too. When he asked his mother, her face had grown hard and cold, as if he had upset the ink or broken a vase. Some sort of lame explanation had been offered, to be sure; he was to know about it when he was older; he was n't to talk about his father any more, but was to play with the cat and be as quiet as possible. He had broached the subject to Marie, but she had only reconstructed his necktie and irrelevantly told him to be a good boy and maybe he would get his father back. Thereupon he had spent a whole stupid day refraining from the production of noise and had eaten his bread crusts without protest, and yet the night had brought him no father. What was a boy to do who had such an elusive parent?

While Harold was confiding these youthful wonderings to the knob of the library door, important things were happening in the Chamberlains' basement.

Old Sam, his face

glistening like a grand piano, was preparing for his annual histrionic feat. The red cotton-trimmed coat and trousers occupied a chair, and a pasteboard face overgrown with riotous hempen beard smiled genially at the laundry ceiling. On the table stood a generous-sized bag, its bottom stuffed with something that looked suspiciously like pillows, its gaping top bristling with tin soldiers. Out of the storeroom Sam brought a pair of felt boots, built for reindeer-driving through Arctic storms. Placing them on the floor near the rest of the accouterments, he surveyed the entire outfit thoughtfully.

"Don't know how Ah'm evah goin' to get it all on right, without Mars' Chamb'l'n," he said, with a doubtful shake of the head. "Reckon it'll be a mighty sorry Chris'mas heah without him, anyhow,—the firs' Chris'mas he evah had without ol' Sam, too. Let me see—" The old man, forgetting the stern duties of the hour, indulged himself in reminiscences of Jim Chamberlain's plantation youth. He recovered himself with a sigh.

"Things ain' nevah gone right since—" But even in his soliloquy, the old servant would not be disloyal to the beautiful young mistress upstairs. "Anyhow, Ah wish Mars' Chamb'l'n was home again," he added. "Ah kin jus' see him totin' lil Ha'old aroun' on his shoules—Who dat come inte'ferin' heah on Chris'mas Eve?" he demanded, as the tinkling of the basement door-bell interrupted his reverie. No one being present at the moment to answer this question, he had to resort to a personal investigation.

When he opened the door, a blast of fine, hard snow struck his face, and he pushed the door partially shut

again, until only a foot of the night was visible. Through the narrow opening he saw a muffled figure.

"Yoh wan' somethin'?" inquired the old darky, in a tone only faintly suggestive of Southern hospitality.

"That you, Sam?" asked the visitor, briskly. "I want to see you."

The effect upon Sam was electrical. His hands flew out and the wind banged the door open violently.

"Well, ef it ain't Mars' Chamb'l'n!" he cried, grasping the newcomer with both hands. "Come back home on Chris'mas Eve! I done thought you nevah was goin' come back. They shuahly will be glad—"

"Quiet, Sam," said the young man, kindly. "I must see you alone—nobody must know."

The old servant proudly led the way through the dim hallway to the laundry. "Come right in heah," he said, more cautiously. "Let me get a good look at yuah face, Mars' Chamb'l'n. It suttin'ly is pleasin' to see you again."

"Sam," said Mr. Chamberlain, turning back his ulster collar, "I want you to do me a great favor to-night." His boyish face was anxious and troubled.

"Anythin' Mars' Chamb'l'n wants—" Sam interrupted himself with a doubtful glance toward the potential Santa Claus on the chair.

"I know, Sam," the young man replied, laying his hand on the old darky's shoulder. "I want your job a little while—that," he added, pointing to the costume.

"I want you to let me be Santa Claus!"

"Yoh wan' to s'prise 'em, Mars' Chamb'l'n," Sam chuckled, slapping his leg. "Ain' dat right?"

"Not quite, I'm afraid," he replied, shaking his head sadly. "I'm going to tell you something, Sam. You won't say anything?"

Sam's face was a protestation that he would be Sphinx-like till the end of his days, so Mr. Chamberlain did not wait for verbal promises.

"There was trouble, you know, Sam—you must know," he went on.

"Always a little trouble and finally a big trouble. I told your mistress I would never come back any more."

"It ain't ben the same without yoh," Sam replied, shaking his head sadly.

"I'm glad you missed me, anyway, Sam," Mr. Chamberlain continued. "I ought to have kept my word, but I could n't—I had to see the boy—on Christmas Eve."

The old man nodded his head in sympathy and winked his eyes rapidly.

"Let me be Santa Claus," the young man went on, earnestly. "She need never know—then I will go away. You understand, don't you, Sam?"

Devotion fairly beamed from the old man's eyes. In the joy of service, he forgot his seventy years and his rheumatism.

Locking the laundry door noiselessly, he helped his master off with the overcoat and made hurried, cautious preparations for the masquerade. In ten minutes the



"The boy clutched the arm of his mother's chair in nervous, half-frightened delight"

ancient saint, complete from boots to red-peaked cap, stood ready for service, overflowing pack in place, big woolen gloves on his hands. Making sure that no servants were in the kitchen, Sam called softly up the dumb-waiter that everything was ready; then, tiptoeing back to the laundry, he started Santa Claus upon his joyful mission.

Notwithstanding Harold's record-breaking rush, the old gentleman was already untangling his legs from the andirons when the boy dived into the room. The mother, pale and smiling, was seated in a chair by the reading table; Marie and the black Amanda stood in the doorway watching the fun. A Christmas tree, glistening with tinsel and bright with burning candles, stood in the middle of the room, and from the chandelier hung white-berried mistletoe. All this Harold saw in one quick, nervous glance; then it all faded and faded away in the brilliant gleam of a yellow sled.

As far back as Harold could remember, there had never been such a satisfying Santa Claus—such a delightfully capricious and irrational old party, such an active, joyous, foolish Santa Claus. And what a versatile person he was, too. In a twinkling he had become a reindeer, dragging the sled over the frozen library floor, almost upsetting Harold in his mad course and kicking over the fire tongs. The boy clutched the arm of his mother's chair in nervous, half-frightened delight; she, to whom he looked for assurance, was smiling uneasily. By the glistening tree Santa Claus drew up his caravan and noisily deposited his bag on the sled. With exasperating slowness he drew forth one delectable treasure after another, examining every article as it appeared. The inevitable tin horn had to be blown lustily to test its vocal chords; Harold's life was threatened with a murderous-looking popgun; the

jack-in-the-box came open unexpectedly and scared the benevolent old gentleman almost beyond all further usefulness. Harold gazed excitedly, rapturously, joy gradually displacing his fear. When the philanthropic St. Nicholas headed for him with a calico dress that was plainly intended for Amanda, when a Teddy bear, surely his own, was presented with deep bows to Marie, when the candy, which a well-regulated Santa would have put into stockings thoughtfully provided for that purpose, was scattered over chairs, mantel, and window-sill, Harold could contain himself no longer; he laughed at the eccentric old man; ridiculed him—discreetly; jumped up and down in pure delight.

Suddenly he remembered again. In his happiness he forgot his mother's objurgation.

"Oo, but I wish papa was here!" he said, fervently, looking up into her face.

"I wish so too," she answered softly, and this time her face was kind and sweet and kissable.

"Where is—"

Harold's question was interrupted by a piercing scream from one of the servants. He turned to see Santa Claus snatching at his burning beard and running toward the fireplace.

"Jim!" cried his mother, springing forward.

The old man's cap, hair, and beard came off in one tug and lay blazing on the hearth. Before Harold could realize what was happening, Santa Claus had disappeared—up the chimney, as Santa Claus should. The next thing the boy knew, he was in the vortex of a tumultuous family reunion under the mistletoe, clinging desperately to a cotton-batting collar, and getting hopelessly entangled in his mother's arms. And his mother—such are the incomprehensible ways of woman—was illogically weeping upon the shoulder of the red coat.

For his part, Harold has given up all hope of ever having another such Christmas Eve. The Santa Claus forever lost was completely forgotten in the father forever regained.

And what a boyish, carefree father it was that had come back to him! The house was hardly large enough for their requirements that night. On a fiery steed, Harold rode down to the laundry, whence they dragged forth the bewildered, grinning Sam, and where the fiery steed put on citizen's clothes. Then Harold chased his newly recovered parent, suddenly become a frightened elephant, all through the basement jungles, up stairway mountains, over hallway rivers and even into the dim, forbidding forests of the front parlor. Finally, he brought down his prey, found upon closer inspection to be a polar bear, in one of those immense snow fields so common in libraries.

So it went, intermittently, throughout that wonderful, joyous, hilarious evening. They tooted horns into each other's ears, and frightened Amanda into an unnatural pallor. When Marie announced that Harold's bedtime had come, the two conspirators locked her into the closet until she promised him immunity. It was nearly midnight before the tired, sleepy boy elected to go to bed. When he did so, he demanded as a bodyguard a parent for each hand. The reunited family sat upon his little bed while Harold's world faded slowly away.

"Why didn't you send Sam after the Christmas presents, 'stead of papa?" the boy drawled, sleepily. "He was gone away so long."

His mother assured him that the course he suggested would be strictly adhered to in the future, and Christmas was ushered in with the regulation Chamberlain triangular kiss.

The Bird and the Ballad

By Herman Scheffauer

ILLUSTRATION BY GERRIT A. BENEKER

HE SAT disconsolate upon the shore which swept to right and left in a convex curve of shining sand, white and, dazzling in the tropic sun. His eyes were fixed seaward upon the receding stern of a steamer threshing a white lane along the blue floods, while its black hulk and wallowing torrents of smoke grew less and less. It was the tramp "Jefferson,"—and he, Tight Terry, had been an able seaman aboard her for many months. Now he sat here alone upon the beach of this tiny tropical island; his ship with all his mates fading away from him—nothing but the blue sky with its merciless sun overhead, the smooth, smiling sea before him, and the white sands on either side. Behind him lay a matted forest, a forbidding looking

tangle of dark green with here and there a palm or other exotic tree rearing its crest above the undergrowth. No doubt there were wild animals there, thought Terry, and poisonous serpents, too. Once more he turned his eyes upon the diminishing "Jefferson," and then from his lips burst one word, intense with an awful anger and disgust: "Marooned!"

A battered yellow tin trunk bound up with ropes stood beside him, a few books, tattered and coverless, sprawled open to the day. There were also a bundle twisted into a bandana handkerchief, a folded square of canvas, a few coils of rope, and a large wooden chest that cumbered the sand. The able seaman's right hand was placed upon another parcel wrapped in stiff brown oilcloth, and upon that he fixed his gaze. The steamer had diminished to a tiny square upon the unbroken blue. The

surge slapped and the foam hissed monotonously upon the beach.

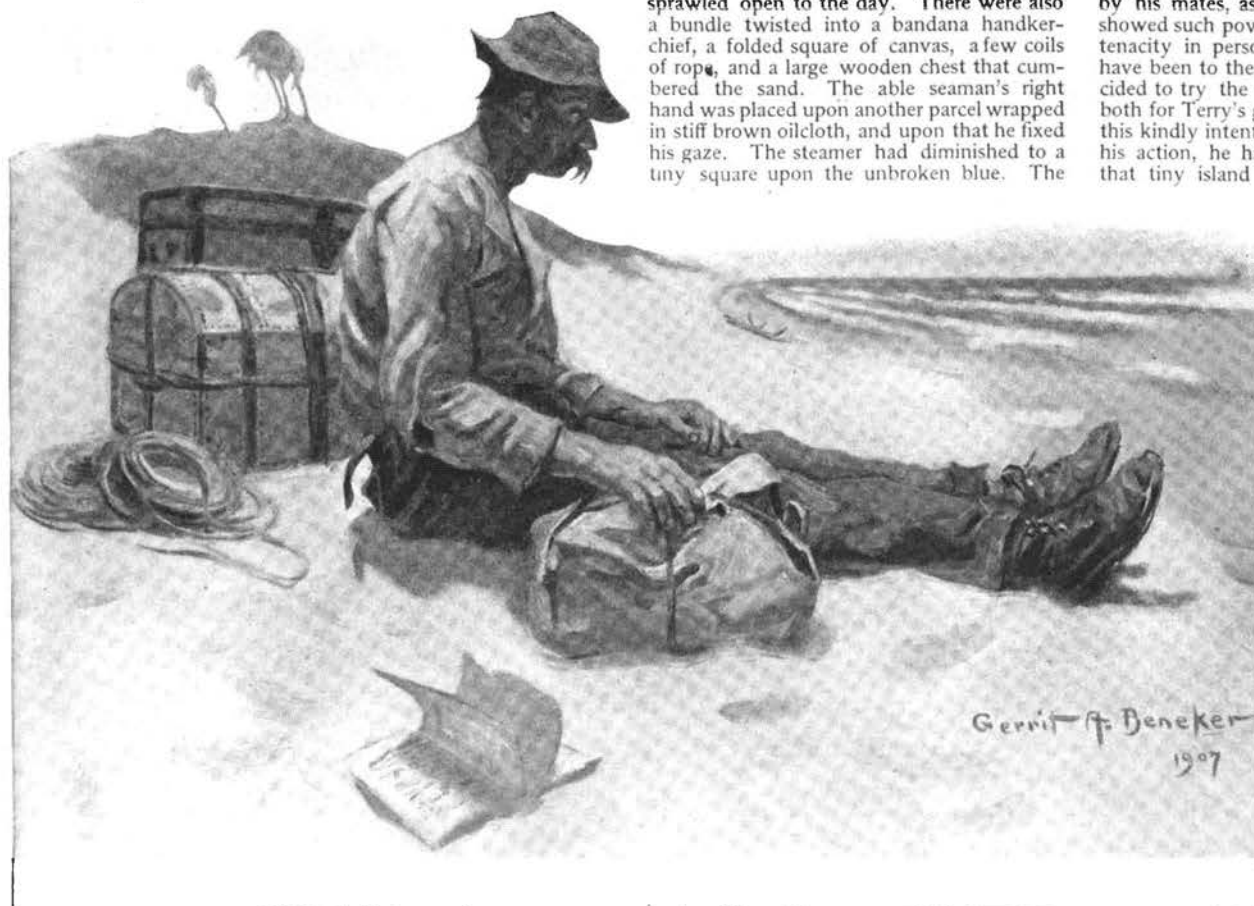
Of all obvious things, the most evident was that Terry was "marooned." Captain Marle's long-flourished threat had not been an idle one, and the warnings of the crew

had fallen all in vain upon his careless ears. Terry the red-haired giant, Terry the ill-tempered, Terry the fighter, had been riotously insubordinate ever since the "Jefferson" had left Boston Bay. Excellent seaman that he was and kind-natured to the core, he had, nevertheless, caused untold trouble among the crew. Not the dark pen, nor bread and water, nor deprivation of drink had tamed that fierce, recalcitrant spirit.

The sobriquet "Tight" had been conferred upon him by his mates, as particularly appropriate to one who showed such powers of continual intoxication and such tenacity in personal combat. Contrary though it may have been to the law of the sea, the captain at last decided to try the old-fashioned method of marooning, both for Terry's good and the peace of the ship. With this kindly intention excusing the seeming hardness of his action, he had ordered Terry to be set down upon that tiny island off the Brazilian coast, far from the common track of ocean travel.

What the captain's future intentions may have been, none but himself could know. The island was uninhabited but not barren—fruits, fish, and fresh water were there in plenty, so Terry was in no danger of starvation on this mid-ocean Eden. In size it was some three miles by four. Captain Marle spoke to the sullen man in a fatherly manner, gave him a box of utensils, added certain requisites for fishing and sport, a few words of cheer and hope, then sent him ashore with his grinning mates. So here he sat in the stark sunshine, a solitary human speck on a tiny spot of earth in the waste of South American waters hundreds of miles from anywhere.

Terry suddenly took up the parcel which he had been regarding with such attention, placed it between his outspread legs, and untied the fastenings. Then, for some moments, he fumbled in the depths of the stubborn oilcloth. There was a low hum and whirr, a wheezing and scratching, and then a volume of blatant, metallic noise burst over a region where no noise except the crashing of



"Then from his lips burst one word, 'Marooned!'"

the surf disturbed the air. It was a song in a harsh and vibrant baritone—"The Mariner's Maid." At the familiar words the dejection passed from Terry's face and his little eyes shone with a pleasure superior to the terrors of his predicament. Much of the song was broken by gaps of incoherent sound and by the rushing noise of the surge on the sands, but the chorus rang out clear and powerful:

"There's a lass in dear old Devon
Is waiting long for me,
And it's years a-growing seven
She's waiting been for me.

"And I'll sail no more the ocean,
Nor roam the world so wide,
For my heart holds one emotion
And Nell shall be my bride."

A talking machine on a virgin strand [beside a marooned sailor is something that renders explanation inevitable. This phonographic apparatus, be it known, was to Tight Terry as the very apple of his eye. It was a gift to him from a gentleman in Cardiff, for whom he had, during shore-leave, performed some yeoman service. "The Mariner's Maid" was Terry's favorite song, owing to the fact that he himself, some ten years ago, had known a maid, not in Devon, but from Devon. Her name was not Nell, but Lucy, and he had met her in a little seaport in Rhode Island. In regard to Lucy the facts of the ballad fitted his feelings well enough. The machine he had carried with him on all voyages, always taking the precaution to supply himself with several extra records of "The Mariner's Maid." No father could have loved his child more than Terry loved his phonograph. It had always seemed to him a thing of dark, inscrutable magic and mystery—not quite devoid of certain elements of a harmless demoniacal sort. It had become, as it were, a familiar spirit unto him. Therefore, it made him happy, even now, to hear its strident voice, and the sense of his utter loneliness left him for the time. Three times the song rolled forth upon the air, then Terry very carefully and tenderly wrapped up the machine and arose from the sands. In the distance only the haze of the "Jefferson's" smoke was still visible,—a haze most faint and thin.

Terry pitched his tent, consisting of an old topsail, close within the edge of the forest, in full view of the sea, and bravely prepared to face the conditions of his new life. In the days that followed he fished and set snares and traps for birds and ground animals, read his eleven books over and over again, treated himself to his favorite song—once in the morning and once in the evening—and kept a wary eye for signs of smoke upon the horizon. Once a steamer came within four miles of the shore, and a barkentine still nearer, but both of them passed by regardless of the great smoke Terry sent heavenwards from his driftwood fire,—ever ready to be lighted. He solaced himself philosophically, thus:

"What's best for this here son? Boss of an isle all my own, not so much as a bos'un to curse me roundabout, here with my own hands and feet—all my own—a plenty to eat and the fun o' getting it! Hunting and fishing and a sport's life. I'll go set my singer a-going—so a hang and a rope's toss for ye all!"

With these soliloquies would many and varied picturesque oaths be mingled whereof it were impossible publicly to produce examples. Soon after the spice-laden airs would be burdened with the vibrant strains of

"There's a lass in dear old Devon
Is waiting long for me,
And it's years a-growing seven
She's waiting been for me."

Tight Terry was almost content. His red visage, lacking the alcoholic draughts that had made it rubicund, was soon tanned to a chocolate brown. Sometimes he thought of his mates, generally with resentment, then again, with a penitent conviction of his own faults, he absolved them from all blame in his banishment. More often he thought of Lucy, wondered much, especially when under the mellowing influence of the song, as to how, where, or what she now was. At other times she grew a very dim memory, or was entirely effaced. Terry carved and fashioned a multitude of quaint and pretty ornaments from the yielding wood of a tree. There were ships of sail and steam, fancy brackets and grotesque animals some of which he decorated gorgeously with brilliant paints—part of the equipment of his chest.

One day, two months after his advent in the island, Terry caught a fine large parrot in one of his snares. He took the bird to his tent, deftly fashioned a cage for it out of some stiff creeper vines, and then endeavored to teach it to repeat some of the lurid phrases of which he was such a master. The parrot, however, remained obdurately silent. Convinced, despite its want of speech, that the bird was a female, Terry called it "Bicky," in memory of an ancient parrot he had known on another vessel. Bicky soon became very tame. When the talking machine was set in motion, the parrot would be strangely affected, flapping its wings and jumping about with wild, discordant cries.

Another month went dreamily by and the marooned mariner had become quite reconciled to his Crusoe-like life. He was no longer so expectant of relief or change; he no longer swore and raged when, at rare intervals, a steamer's smoke or a schooner's sail appeared on the

far-off horizon and passed indifferently by. Not the past nor the present nor the future troubled his mind—until—

Until one evening when all the skies were splashed and streaked and stained with the glories of a magnificent sunset, Terry, sitting on a log before his tent, realized that the last of the waxen phonograph records of his dearly-beloved ballad was growing strangely inarticulate. It gave forth only a line or two here and there, and wheezed and droned and blared, a dying thing. Finally it trumpeted forth mere disconnected words, until at last no trace of the human voice was left. That night Terry sat sore-hearted in his tent and, for the first time, a sense of his complete sequestration descended upon him like the dark and heavy oppression of the tropical night. There was now no human voice but his own in all the island; the solace of song was gone; the sentiment that had stirred his hardy breast was asleep, and life seemed void of purpose and of joy. Tight Terry grew very unhappy, and again he would scan the sea-wastes day by day, and at night would kindle his great beacon fires to draw the eyes of the watchers aboard the elusive, phantom ships that might pass by somewhere out there in the sea. A ship now seemed to him a place of bliss unutterable—particularly the "Jefferson," and no place so intolerable as the sun-burnt, fruitful little isle in which he was absolutely king. Often would he pour out his woe in long speeches to Bicky:

"A dog's life, Bicky!—may I be trussed like a Turk, if I'd not give all the moth-eaten, fly-bitten, rat-rotten isles south of the steaming Equator for the slimy deck of the tiniest pearly with a crew of naked niggers, or for the whiff of a frozen Bedford whaler trying out in the ripping ice-cakes."

Whereupon would follow, as of old, many thunderous imprecations upon the captain and the crew of the "Jefferson." Bicky sometimes cocked her head and sometimes her eyes in the wisest fashion, clucked in her very guttural manner, cracked nuts, but never by any chance caught or repeated a word. Terry now began seriously to think of building a raft and attempting the perils of a passage to the mainland, which lay at an unknown distance.

Upon a morning of a day in June, a day which Terry afterwards dignified by coloring red the corresponding notch in a long pole that served him for a calendar, a strange thing happened. Terry lay deep in his slumbers when suddenly a loud, harsh voice began chanting almost in his ear:

"There's a lass in dear old Devon
Is waiting long for me,
And it's years a-growing seven
She's waiting been for me.

"And I'll sail no more—"

He was shocked into instant wakefulness, and sat up staring about him, open-mouthed, with startled eyes. The song ceased. The tent appeared as usual; no one was visible; nothing was disturbed; in one corner stood the useless phonograph, with its cover just as he had placed it there. Terry turned and looked behind him, half expecting to see some terrible thing. But there was only Bicky sitting upon a stick above his couch. As soon as she saw her master regarding her, she began pouring out, with all the metallic resonance and timbre of the talking machine, the plaintive chorus of "The Mariner's Maid." Had some red, horned goblin, reeking with smoke and brimstone, suddenly risen before him and shouted forth that cherished song, Terry would not have been more startled. Had the imp of the machine left its prison of steel or wax and possessed the throat of the painted bird? Or was it free, and now voicing its unforgotten lay in the tree-tops overhead? But no, that unearthly phonographic voice certainly came from between the black bill of Bicky. She sat in the bright morning sunshine, resplendent in all the colors of her iridescent wings and breast, twisting her head from side to side and surveying her master curiously out of her little coral-rimmed eyes with an expression he thought altogether human—or fiendish.

"And Nell shall be my bri-i-i-ide!"

The last line was blared forth with weird and rasping vehemence, in exact imitation of the machine, and then Bicky ceased and began cackling and making strange, self-complimentary speeches in her own native tongue. Terry leaped from his bed and fell to dancing a fiery jig on the floor of his tent, his bare limbs flashing redly in the sunlight as they flew from right to left, while the parrot cackled lustily in answer to her master's exclamations of unrestrained delight.

"Bully Bicky! Dolly bird! Cocky dear! What a shine! Caught me up my 'Maid' and a-membered it all so! Cute 'un, a-keeping it all to herself! Sing him again, Bully Bicky! Open yer beak, polly pet! Anchor o' the 'Angel,' but she's a bully bird!"

Happiness abode within that little tent once more. Once more Terry's voice and his whistle were heard in the land. Bicky had become entirely domesticated, now. She would perch by the hour on her master's shoulder, would eat from his mouth and go to sleep close to his pillow. Sometimes Terry took the bird with him on his excursions to various parts of the island, nor did Bicky upon these occasions ever signify the slightest desire to rejoin her screaming, fluttering brothers and sisters who made the woods clamorous



OSTERMOOR

MATTRESS

from your local Ostermoor dealer **\$15.** or from us, express charges prepaid

BUILT—NOT STUFFED,

made of hand-laid Ostermoor Sheets that cannot harden, grow lumpy or saggy. Damp proof, dust and vermin proof.

More comfortable, more healthful, stays in perfect condition longer than any \$60 hair mattress ever made.

It has many imitators, but it remains the standard. Try it a month. If it does not prove to be the best sort of bed you ever slept on, we'll refund your money.

Write for Our Free Book

of 144 pages entitled "The Test of Time"—a hand some, illustrated volume which tells you all about all sorts of beds—a good many things will surprise you! It also explains the styles and sizes and prices of Ostermoor Mattresses, Church Cushions, etc. Write, to-day, and have this useful book in the house.

We Sell by Mail or Through 2,500 Ostermoor Dealers

Exclusive Ostermoor agencies everywhere—that is our aim; the highest grade merchant in every place. The Ostermoor dealer in your vicinity—be sure to ask us who he is—will show you the Ostermoor name and trade mark sewed on the end, so that an unscrupulous dealer cannot deceive you if you insist that it be there before you buy.

If your dealer has not the **Genuine Ostermoor**, write to us.

MATTRESSES COST	
Express Charges Prepaid	
4 ft. 6 in. wide, 45 lbs.	\$15.00
4 ft. wide, 40 lbs.	13.35
3 ft. 6 in. wide, 35 lbs.	11.70
3 ft. wide, 30 lbs.	10.00
2 ft. 6 in. wide, 25 lbs.	8.35
All 6 ft. 3 inches long.	
In two parts 50c. extra.	

OSTERMOOR & COMPANY

134 Elizabeth St., New York

Canadian Agency: The Alaska Feather and Down Co., Ltd., Montreal

Pears'

Pears' Soap furnishes all the skin needs, except water.

Just how it cleanses, softens and freshens the delicate skin-fabric, takes longer to expound than to experience. Use a cake.

Sold in every quarter of the globe.



Shakespeare's Heroines

Horlick's Malted Milk 1908 Calendar

reproduces *Rosalind, Portia and Juliet*, by C. Allen Gilbert, the celebrated portrait painter, in a superb art panel, 9½x35 inches in size, a charming decoration for the library, living-room, boudoir or den.

Mailed anywhere for 10c coin or stamps.

This calendar is exquisitely printed in colors while the reverse side shows a series of illustrations of Shakespeare's Seven Ages, each age represented by a noted character from the plays of the great poet. A very artistic gift.

Horlick's Malted Milk Company

746 North Western Avenue, Racine, Wis., U. S. A.

Horlick's Malted Milk—original and only genuine—pure milk and extract of malted grain, in powder form, soluble in water—no cooking—a food-drink for all ages. Agrees with the weakest stomach. All Druggists.

A CORRECTION

In the advertisement of the Edwin Cigar Co. of New York, which appeared on page 786 of the November issue of this publication, a typographical error was made. The date on which their extraordinary cigar offer expires was given as December 1st, although the Edwin Cigar Co. desired to make the offer hold good up to and including December 20th, in order to give those readers of Success Magazine who wish to secure cigars for Christmas gifts, the opportunity to avail themselves of this offer. The offer in brief is, 100 Key West Havana Seconds for \$1.00 and FREE with every hundred, a box of Old Fashioned Havana Smokers, to introduce a new method of cigar selling—from factory direct to smoker.

If you have not kept the issue above referred to we wish that you would write to the Edwin Cigar Co., 64-68 West 125th St., New York, who will send you a copy of the advertisement as it appeared.

PETER MOLLER'S COD LIVER OIL

is just pure cod liver oil—free from disguise, because none is needed. It is the **impurity or adulteration** in cod liver oil that makes it offensive to taste and smell. The purity of Moller's Oil makes it

Free From Taste or Odor

It is this purity that makes Moller's Oil so digestible and without that nauseous "repeat."

The genuine is sold **only** in flat, oval bottles, imported from Norway, bearing the name of

SCHIEFFELIN & COMPANY, NEW YORK
SOLE AGENTS

PATENTS that PROTECT

Our 8 books for inventors mailed on receipt of 6 cts. in stamps
R. S. & A. B. LACEY, Washington, D. C. Estab. 1869.

START A DIVIDEND PAYING BUSINESS for yourself, placing the wonderful "PREMIUM" MACHINES, immense profit with small capital. Premium Vending Company, Pittsburg, Pa.

with their shrieks and cries. Terry was insatiably fond of making Bicky sing, and it needed but a word or two to cause the parrot to pour forth her labored song—just as a touch upon the lever had set the talking machine to work. So these two lived their simple savage life for many weeks until destiny in the shape of a ship came once more to change the order of existence for the sailor and his bird. For it so befell that once when Terry had gone alone to the opposite side of the island to fish and look after his traps, a gray smudge appeared upon the far-off blue horizon line of the sea. This smudge grew steadily larger and more distinct as it advanced, until it finally developed into the lines of a goodly steamer in a halo of smoke, riding high in the water, her black sides covered with big patches of bright red rust. It was the "Jefferson," homeward bound after her seven months' trafficking along the western coast of South and North America. The steamer slowed up; a sudden rattle of chains was borne across the water, and soon a boat put off from her side and came foaming onward to the shore. But no one was there to behold it; only the calm, smooth beach with its shining sand, pebbles, and shells stretched to either side in a great curving line. The boat crunched into the shingle and the men leaped ashore, all in silent expectancy not unmixed with anxiety at the outcome of the captain's marooning experiment. Some of them had laid wagers that they would find Terry only in the shape of a pile of bleaching bones. The hut of the marooned one from its position in the margin of the forest was invisible from that point, and all was still as death. Then one of the men noticed, like a second Crusoe, certain well-marked foot or rather boot-prints in the firm, moist sand. They were very large boot-prints, and plainly enough indicated the recent presence of Tight Terry, whose feet had always been the wonder and jest of his messmates. The sailors split the air with their shouts:

"Terry—O! Terry—O! Ahoy! old fire-top! Ahoy!"—and then scattered in all directions as with the excitement of the chase and the sense of untrammelled liberty ashore. Two who had always been Terry's friends among the men, Swede Larsen and Tim Shane, had approached close to his canvas habitat lustily calling his name, when they were struck into rigid immovability by a sudden burst of violent sound which gradually, to their startled ears, assumed the form and fashion of a song well known to them—

"There's a maid in dear old Devon—"

"It's him! it's his crazy rubber grinder, a-grindin' of his ould chune," whispered Tim Shane.

"It bay—I tank it bay Terry—hooray!" yelled Swede Larsen, "he bay found! Where you bay, Terry? Koom oot!"

They saw the clearing and the tent and entered it. Silence and emptiness reigned there—nothing more. There was the couch, a rude rustic table, the battered yellow tin trunk, and the sea-chest; some of Terry's clothes hung against the tent-pole; there, too, was the talking-machine in its case, innocent of all action. Solemnly the two seamen stared at each other, and their thoughts became tinged with things diabolical. In their unfortified souls the ever-ready fear of the supernatural began to take possession. Now came a rapid salvo of wild and eerie laughter, and the two men dashed headlong from the tent. On her favorite perch, the branch of a tree directly over the door of the tent, was Bicky strutting gravely about, ruffling her feathers and performing gymnastics with claws and bill.

"Ha! Ha!" she shrieked. "Ho! Ho! Who-o-o! Oh, the perky pet! Ha! ha! ha!" and ended in a long-drawn whistle. Tim Shane and Swede Larsen still stood as if transfixed, staring at the festive bird, as their companions came running to the spot.

"It's a bird," said Tim; "a bird what's been singing of his ould 'Mariner's Maid'—or mebbe it's a black devil in the bird—mebbe it's Terry's own sowl damned into a parrot. He sings it jist like his ould rattle-box uster do. Shure I be thinkin' Terry's dead and gone, for the bird's got the same hot fire o' his right in his wicked eyes."

Unawed by this dreadful surmise of Terry's fate, some of the men began a diligent search for the missing man. At last they descried him sauntering easily along the ridge of a hill to the west. He had evidently not yet seen either the men or the boat on the beach. The steamer lay hidden by a higher tract of forest intervening between him and the sea. They saw his tall figure descend the slope of the hill and disappear in the tangled woods. Silently they waited his approach. Soon his heavy tread was heard crackling over the dried twigs in the path to his hut, and then Terry himself came into view, carrying a string of large fish in his right hand. When he saw the six men, his messmates, standing there before his tent, he stood instantly still and his jaw dropped in astonishment. Then, recovering himself, an oath flew from his open mouth, now fringed with a bright, tawny beard, then a hoarse sound as of one attempting speech. The fish fell to the ground. Tim Shane and Swede Larsen strode forward and shook him by the hand and then came the others. Terry clasped all their hands, his voice rather shaken, his eyes rather moist. To meet old friends, and even old foes, after six months' isolation from all humankind works wondrous changes in a man's heart. Terry's first demand was for some tobacco; his second, to know who had been elected President of the United

States and why they had returned to the island. "We've come to take ye off, Terry," said Tim Shane; "the captain thinks as you've been reformed sufficient and long enough, and had n't we 'a been delayed at Valparaiso by a Spanish quarantine, we'd a' got here a month afore. Come along, for the ould man's a-bilin' to get home—we'll stack up yer things. We've been scared, Swede here and me—a-hearin' of a bird, a polly-parrot, a sort o' Hebrew duck a-singin' the ould song you uster drive us daffy with on yer crank-winder. Yer maroonin' seems well to have agreed with ye!" Terry's eyes wandered about in search of Bicky.

"Yes, I've a good friend here," he said, "what's been to me a heap o' pleasure and dear company, and maybe I'd not be here now but for that same bird, for bird it is, boys,—my best friend—a living, piping phonograph as never runs down nor wants new rolls. Bicky goes where I go—or we both stay. Bicky! Bicky! Come here, Bicky!" But no Bicky appeared. The bird was gone.

"She's been a-scared by you so many," said Tight Terry, anxiously; but I'll go find her."

At that moment a white blast from the "Jefferson's" whistle shook the air as a visible and audible expression of Captain Marle's impatience.

"The ould man's crazy fer to git on," said Tim.

"Mates," said Tight Terry, earnestly, "I don't go without my Bicky. You can go back and tell the captain *that*." And he disappeared into the formidable depths of the jungle. He did not return until two hours later, without the bird, a mournful expression on his bronzed face. One of the men, in the meantime, had rowed out to the "Jefferson" in answer to the repeated whistlings, and told Captain Marle of Terry's resolve. He likewise softly informed the captain of an agreement they—the spokesman and his mates—had made between them to remain on the island until Terry had recovered his pet. The captain fumed in his impotent wrath, strode to and fro across the deck, and flung abroad dire threats against black-hearted mutineers. He swore to "maroon" the whole lot of them and man the ship himself with the cook and the cabin-boy. The impatient owners of the belated "Jefferson" in their offices in Boston came like a vision before him and bade him hurry and crowd on his steam. But that night Terry's shipmates camped with him about a roaring fire on the beach and feasted off the toothsome delicacies he had provided and prepared. Captain Marle came ashore, reasoned, commanded, implored, and threatened volcanically, but nothing could persuade Terry to leave his bird, and nothing could induce his mates to leave him. The disgusted captain returned to his steamer, marveling deeply at the importance a mere parrot may assume in maritime affairs.

Terry spent the whole next day in pursuing his pet, which seemed suddenly to have resumed its wild instincts and which flew from tree to tree cackling and laughing distractedly. At length, toward evening, after desperate coaxings and imploring calls, Terry induced the fugitive Bicky to descend, and, seizing her in his big, eager hands, he ran hastily to the camp. A cheer which rolled across the water and smote the ear of fretting Captain Marle went up from the frolicsome mariners, and in less than a quarter of an hour no human being was left upon the island.

After a few days of sickness and ill temper Bicky became normal and delighted the ship with her metallic notes.

Terry's conduct was irreproachable during the voyage, and when the "Jefferson" once more lay moored in Boston Bay, he thanked Captain Marle for the enforced exile he had imposed upon him.

"It's been the saving o' me, captain," said he. "I'd been drowned in drink in a year or two, but now I've got the better o' it. I'm a-thinking as I'll settle down ashore on a farm—got sorter used to it on the island, and having Bicky here and maybe being able to find some one I'd a-liking for years a-gone in Rhode Island." And Terry smiled foolishly. The captain, pleased with this affable burst of confidence, and with the evidence of his own successful method of reformation, patted Terry on the back, made him promise to say nothing of the marooning incident, and hinted at something beyond his full pay—as a bonus for excellent behavior.

Then Terry and Bicky went ashore, and man and bird were seen never again in the world of ships and sailors. For Terry's path in life was no longer a single, bibulous zigzag over earth's green floods, but a happy, tandem track over earth's green fields, a sailor's hompipe, as it were, danced to the tune of and with the aid of "The Mariner's Maid."

A Fool Might Say—

THAT the glitter of gold is better than the gray garb of brotherly love.

That it does not pay to be forgiving in a world which so rarely forgives.

That the one to whom the laurel is given necessarily deserves it.

That the plaudits of the mob are better than the appreciation of those who see most clearly.

That a million dollars is more to be chosen than a humble and happy home.

But what would you expect of a fool?

—ALFRED J. WATERHOUSE.

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Little Life Stories



Miss Mary E. Orr, the First Woman to Become a Director in a Big Corporation

By CLAUDIA Q. MURPHY

MISS MARY E. ORR, assistant treasurer and director of the Remington Typewriter Company, is the first woman ever to enter the directorate of a great American corporation. The fact that she has done so simply by her own efforts is also a wonderful phase of her life story. Beginning with a salary of six dollars a week, with no influence, no "pull," no relatives to advance her, she has placed herself with the few remarkable business women of the world.

Twenty-four years ago Miss Orr decided to abandon her plan to become a teacher, and, although she was already nearly through her normal training course, she began learning to operate a typewriter. After a brief training she took her first position as copyist in the Commercial Typewriting Office, in New York City, at six dollars a week. Miss Orr soon demonstrated that she could copy neatly and well—so well that her salary was soon advanced to ten dollars a week. Shortly afterwards her salary was raised again, this time to fifteen dollars.

Miss Orr had begun to "arrive." Next came a partnership with her former employer under the name of Stewart & Orr. The new firm did copying of all kinds. The office was located in the great financial and insurance district in New York, and business was good.

Shortly after this, Miss Orr opened another copying office under her own name, and while she was in business for herself, she entered a speed contest in order to demonstrate her ability to do typewriting fast and also to do it well. In August, 1888, an international typewriting contest was held in Toronto, Canada, in which she took part, winning the gold medal, which represented the championship of the world. There were ten contestants. Her record was 98.7 words per minute for ten minutes.

Speaking of this Miss Orr says:

"Perhaps you will be interested in knowing how I happened to enter that contest. A short time previous to this, D. Appleton & Co., in connection with an article on typewriters which they were preparing for their encyclopedia, had requested the different typewriter companies to select an operator to write certain matter on their different machines. One day while I was busy at my office Mr. John F. McClain, now vice president of the Remington Typewriter Company, requested me to write a short article for him from dictation. I did so, and when I had finished he said, 'That is the best result yet attained, and the others have been practicing for some days on the matter.'

"He then explained his mission, and said that he had tried several operators and had about decided on one, when a lady who ran a large copying office in this city asked him if he had seen me. He told her he had not, nor had he ever heard of me. He then decided to defer the selection and came over to my office. A few days later I was chosen to represent the Remington Company in connection with the encyclopedia article.

"Up to this time I had no idea that I could write faster than many others. From the beginning my ambition had been to have the copy that I turned out just right, and I think I owe much of my success to this. In the Toronto contest the committee commented on the accuracy of my copy, which was of course an advantage, as errors were deducted in arriving at the final result. Then I taught myself shorthand."

After joining the Remington house, Miss Orr's duties grew like the fabulous pumpkin vine. To-day all the confidential, executive and administrative matters of this great corporation pass through her hands. As acting treasurer she attends to the financial duties of treasurer and disburses as well as receives the funds of the corporation. She has entire charge of the [detail work of the secretary's office, but, in addition to this,

and, perhaps, her most important work, is her general oversight of the work of all the women employed by the Remington Typewriter Company. They number over a thousand and are employed in different capacities all over the world. It is Miss Orr's business to get in touch with them, to know them and to know their character and abilities, so that she may be able to make the proper recommendations whenever advancements, promotions, or dismissals become necessary. She made herself so valuable that the Remington people had no alternative but to make her a member of their board of directors.

In a personal letter concerning the opportunities and possibilities for young women who are planning to take up typewriting as a serious business, Miss Orr says:

"Regarding the possibilities that lie before a girl who takes up shorthand as a profession, I know of no field better calculated to insure advancement to one who

really attends to business and is ambitious to succeed. In her position as stenographer, the secrets of a business are entrusted to her. As a rule, a woman is selected in large corporations to fill the position of confidential secretary. The barrier of sex is fast being broken down, and the capable woman who grasps her opportunities is not confined to the narrow sphere that some would have us believe.

"We have heard a good deal of talk about the 'pretty' stenographer being the only one who need apply for a position, but that has more foundation in fiction than in fact; it is mainly newspaper talk. An employer is looking for a girl who can do things and do them right, and it matters little to him whether or not nature has endowed her with beauty, so long as she combines a neat and tidy appearance with a business-like manner. Ability is the thing that counts here as elsewhere. It is the girl of ability and the one who proves herself trustworthy who is wanted and who succeeds, and ability is oftentimes simply the 'product of one's talents multiplied into one's industry.'"



MISS MARY E. ORR

Director and Acting Treasurer of the Remington Typewriter Company

THE LOVER By LEWIS WORTINGTON SMITH

The silent splendor of her eyes alight
Kisses my forehead still with thoughts as fair
As ever mortal longing breathed in prayer
Beneath the maiden moon and starry night.

She must be looking on her garden bloom
Where all the dewy odors drift and steal
Upon her musing peace; and she must feel
That for such joy her heart has hardly room.

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BY

Woodrow Wilson, LL.D.
President of Princeton University

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For ALL Construction

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Our catalogue shows a complete line of concrete machinery, including Mixers, Brick Machines, Sill and Lintel Machines, Column, Spindle, Ball, Sidewalk, Step and Sill Moulds. It is a reliable guide to success in the concrete industry, and is sent FREE on application.

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UNIVERSITY EXTENSION LAW SCHOOL,
303 E. Erie Street, Chicago



Santa Claus' Tree

By WALLACE IRWIN

Illustrated by James Preston

THIS incident happened some centuries past
When wizards were active and giants were high,
When marvelous miracles multiplied fast
And kings were as common as ants in July.
'T was just about Christmas and fearfully cold
When Santa Claus, crossing the woods in his sleigh,
Back-checking his deer with a puzzled old leer,
Cried, "Maybe it's funny and maybe it's queer—
By Bory Aurory, I've half an idee
That I've plum lost my way!"

Enjoying the joke he sat down for a smoke,
But scarce had he uttered the words that he spoke
Than Boreas breathing sent all the winds seething
And squealing like millions of snow-babies teething.
Then Zig, the Snow Wizard,
Stirred up such a blizzard
That all the tall timberland roared in the breeze.
The cedars bent double
And moaned as in trouble,
The Hags of the Hurricane laughed in the trees,
The snowflakes came swirling and whirling and curling,
Came sifting and drifting, now shifting, now lifting
Until the good Saint, by adventure well grizzled,
Marked to himself, "I'm afraid we'll be frizzled!"
His reindeer, all huddled together, grew muddled
As close to their kindly protector they cuddled
Who, viewing his plight in a manner satirical,
Blew on his fingers and hoped for a miracle.

It happened there grew quite conveniently near
A green little Fir Tree of kindly intentions.
His conscience was tender,
His branches were slender,
(In fact he took pride in his perfect dimensions).
He heard the complaint of the puzzled old Saint
And said to himself, "My compassion compels me
To give 'em a lift, for my grandmother tells me
That blessings by dozens
and fortunes by
pairs
Await those who entertain
Saints un-
aware."
So saying his branches
he carefully twined
To form a small hut of
the Eskimo kind,
A shelter from storm
So cozy and warm—
A sort of a cottage and
stable combined.
Then quick as the click of
a whip on a stick
In flew the reindeer and
in flew Saint Nick
Under the boughs
soon beginning to
drowse,
Dreaming of summer and
cowslips and cows,
Till soon, through the
night and the tem-
pest's wild roars,
Trembled the tenor of
Santa Claus'
snores.

Now kindness of heart is
a virtue which Kris
Admires above all
othe virtues com-
bined ;

So he murmured next morning, "It's never amiss
To do all one can for a friend that's so kind.
I could n't do less than tee-totally bless
The wee
Little Tree
That extended to me
The right limb of friendship in time of distress."
Then he said to the Tree, "If some wood-chopping
clown
Should come from the town
And with whax
Of the ax
Cut you up, cut you down,
And trim you for Christmas, I hereby decree
That you shall do my will, not theirs, pretty
Tree.
May you serve without swerving
All cases deserving
And never neglect either needy or seedy.
Oh, yes, indeedly!
The selfish and greedy
With gold shall not rub you, with pride shall not
snub you,
For 'Santa Claus' Tree' is the name that I dub
you."
So saying Kris Kingle with many a jingle
Of sleigh-bells flew back to his home and his
ingle
And left with his blessings the Tree in its dingle.

Another year passed and the Tree grew so fair
That, I swear and declare, as it pointed in air
It lured all the brownies and pixies and elves
Who live in the forest enjoying themselves.
And there in the cone-tips the fairy lights twinkled
While little green goblins, all twisted and
wrinkled,
Remarked as they sparkled in their magical capers,
"O whangle-dee-dum
And whittle-me-thumb!
But the tips of those twigs would look tidy
with tapers!"
And scarce had they
spoke
This whim-whamsical
joke
Than straight from the
town
Came two woodsmen in
brown
Who, seeing the Tree,
cried, "The beauti-
ful thing!"
And wielding the ax
With redoubtable whax,
They carried it down
and took it to
town
And sold it for bushels
of gold to the King.

Though scandal's a
thing that I deeply
despise,
The truth of the matter
I cannot disguise:
The King was a callous
old crabbed cur-
mudgeon,
As glum as a gudgeon, as
blunt as a bludgeon.
His tricks were so
stealthy he made
himself wealthy
By placing huge taxes on
candies and toys,



"If some wood-chopping clown
Should come from the town"

Thus gaining contempt from all poor girls and boys.
He had seven children—one Princess and six
Small Princes, who looked on the gifts of St.
Nick's

On each Christmas morn
With expressions of scorn
And thought themselves very ill-used and forlorn.
They never quite got all the things that they wanted,
They never quite wanted the things that they
got;

They wore their gold crowns down to breakfast
and flaunted

Before the poor children across the back lot.
In fact they were elfish, indulgently selfish
And cold in their hearts as a species of shellfish.

In a palace like this how peculiar to see
The Christmas adornment of Santa Claus' Tree!
It sat in a box right in front of the throne
Attended by pages
Of various ages.

'T was laden with rubies and sapphires which
shone

On presents intended for Princes, so splendid
That any good child would find pleasure unended.
And toys—goodness gracious,
The pile was capacious!

Both fire-engines, steam-engines, go-carts, and sleds,
Little red wagons,
Mechanical dragons,
Jumping-jacks fitted
with comical
heads,

Little tin soldiers in
solid platoons,
Cotton baboons,
imitation bal-
loons;

Dolls in huge quan-
tities hung in
festoons,
Phonographs, cam-
eras, toys of all
sizes

That toy-sellers sell
and invention
devises.

On the eve before
Christmas the
Princess and
Princes

Peeked in with
their faces all
puckered like
quinces.

They gazed on
the Tree, and
beginning to
fret

Cried, "That's the
worst yet!
Aren't we going to
get

Some gifts that are
new? See that
old soldier set.

My! here's a nice
howdy—
Those jumping-jacks
rowdy

Are just like the rest of our presents—they're
dowdy!"

So saying, each wept and went up to his *own* room—
But when the next morning they came to the
throne-room,

They all rubbed their eyes, for they saw in surprise
That the Tree had been changed in a wonderful
wise.

The trunk was all tilted, the branches had wilted,
The rubies, alas!

Had turned back to cheap glass
And the candles were dull as a maid that is jilted.
And as for the toys they appeared very grubbish,
Some soiled, others spoiled, and the rest turned to
rubbish.

The Princess she squeaked and the Princes they
shrieked

And yelled for the King, as their noses they tweaked,
Who, seeing the Tree with its beauty all fled,
Threw it out of the window and went back to bed.

Now, the noise in the palace attracted a Boy
Who sold morning papers just outside the gate.
He saw the dead Tree and exclaimed in his joy,
"It's still time for Christmas—it's never too
late!"

'T was easy for him to seize hold of a limb
And drag through the snow-banks its branches so
trim,

While the neighbors all shouted

As though they misdoubted.
His sanity, "Where's the Tree going with Jim?"
And every wee lad in the neighborhood, glad
To help, bore the Tree through the village like mad
And planted it safely in Jimmy's front yard
As straight as a sentinel standing on guard.

It looked rather bare, standing starkly out there,
And Jimmy's poor mother, the picture of care,
And Jimmy's poor grandfather, lean as a Turk,
And Jimmy's poor father, who hated to work,
Set eyes

On the prize
With unquenchable sighs.
It isn't so pleasant to be a poor peasant,
To have to ride steerage

And bow to the peerage
And go through a Christmas with never a present!
And Jimmy remarked as he looked on his Tree,
"I wish I were wealthy as—well, let me see—
So rich I could rig

Every branch, every twig
With candy and peanuts and pop-corn and gum
Enough for each person who lives in a slum,

With shoes that have soles
And socks without holes,
With alpaca dresses for mother, and some

Small purses of gold, so that poor folks could come
And take on their
backs

Sacks and packs,
Stacks and stacks,
And always walk up
to the Tree for a
store

And never know
hunger and want
any more."

And (such was
the speed of
those magical
days),

No sooner the words
than the Tree
was ablaze

With bright-hang-
ing diamonds
dropping like
dew,

With fairyland
candles that
twinkled anew,
With toys so un-
stinted

You'd think they
were minted
For all the world's
children as fast
as they grew.

And big boys and
small boys,
And short boys
and tall boys,

Meek girls and
sleek girls and
slow girls and
spry,

Young folks and
old folks,
Modest and bold
folks

Came flocking each stocking of Christmas to try.
And Jimmy he stood by his Tree in his pride
And handed out presents to all who applied
Till each grizzled grandsire, each babe, youth, or
maiden

Departed with joys of the season so laden
That some were afraid that their shoulders would
crack

And saved themselves trouble by hiring a hack.

"Threw it out of the window and went back to bed"

Here's the strangest of all! When the winter was
past,
The Saint's Tree took root in the soil and grew fast,
And every Christmas it blossomed once more
With gifts to the poor who applied at the door.

And Jim grew so famous that when the King died
They gave him the crown which he wore without
pride.

The Kingdom improved
And he had the throne moved
To the porch of his house where he sat all the day
A-talking with neighbors in quite the old way;
But he always kept watch, as if kindly to guard
The magical Tree which still grew in the yard.

But just once a year, as the gossips still tell,
A genial old fellow drove by in a sleigh
And winked at King Jim saying, "Tree's doing
well!"

Then snapped up his reindeer and capered away.



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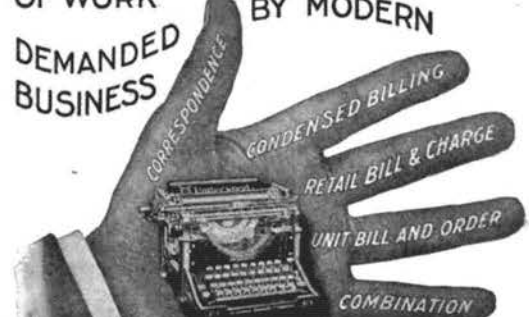
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The Pulse of the World

Inland Seaports

THE President's journey down the Mississippi has called the attention of the entire country to the proposal to make a great, deep inland waterway from the Lakes to the Gulf. It is a modest project to deepen the Mississippi River and the sanitary and ship canal until they are navigable for ocean vessels. The plan has the approval of President Roosevelt, not as a mere, isolated, half billion dollar undertaking, but as part of a gigantic national scheme which includes irrigation, drainage, utilization of water power, and the conservation of forests, mines, and alluvial soil. In other words, the President calmly proposes to remodel the United States of America for the greater comfort and happiness of our large and constantly growing family.

If seaports are such good things why should we have them only on the edges of our country? Why not scatter them generously along the Great Lakes and the Mississippi, Missouri, and Ohio Rivers? Pittsburg would love to be a seaport. Imagine Cincinnati in direct, all-water connection with Hamburg!

There are a number of gentlemen who do not favor the project. They are now engaged in hauling us and our chattels to and fro on railroads, and they seldom charge us more than ten times what it would cost us to go by boat. A raid on the treasury is what they call the proposed improvement. In making our plans we should remember how the impressionable railroad sighs and languishes for the public welfare.

Rural Progress



ONE of the most notable developments of the past five years is the movement of the American city toward the country. This means not that the stream of emigration has been reversed, but that the back water has carried the spirit of the city into the rural districts—over telephone wires and in trolley cars and automobiles, and in the rural mail wagons. The urban spirit has traveled with the men going back to the "home town" for their leisure days. Along with the material things has gone the city's message that man is a social being.

At a conference on rural progress held recently in Amherst, Massachusetts, the social development of the country and the small towns formed the subject of a series of remarkable papers. These conferences are being held in various parts of the country, and will be held more and more until the movement is of national scope. They form a record of rural achievement. One delegate tells how the village library became the social center of a community, another tells how a village became a civic unit and beautified itself, others relate the progress of industrial education and scientific agriculture. All manner of societies are represented—civic, agricultural, educational, and religious. When the rural districts reach that state of social and material welfare for which these conferences are striving, the city will no longer be able to draw off the young men. Perhaps the time will come when the country will be the goal of the ambitious young man of the town.

A Dry South



RECENT temperance legislation in Georgia and Oklahoma has called the attention of the North to the astonishing fact that a number of the Southern States are now "dry," while in the rest a majority of the counties are in a state of perpetual draught. West Virginia is considering laws to prohibit both the manufacture and sale of whisky, while Kentucky, ancient home of the moonshiners, has ninety-four counties that are as dry and parched as a Western desert.

This astounding result has not been brought about by good ladies wearing blue ribbons. Candor compels us to say that it was not accomplished by frock-coated clergymen, much as they may have sympathized with and aided in the movement.

It came like most reforms and revolutions and politi-

cal changes—from economic causes. The negroes drank whisky until they were useless to their employers and a menace to the community. The large and constantly growing class of small white farmers arose and swept away the saloon evil. Nothing since the abolition of slavery has had such a beneficial effect upon Southern industry.

It is hard to imagine the South without the cocktail; a picture of the Southern gentleman does not seem complete without a frosty mint julep. The thought of a Kentucky colonel tossing off his ginger ale is something at which the imagination balks. Yet if the present movement continues the time is not far distant when the South will be solidly prohibition. Thus will a prophetic significance be added to the famous remark of the Governor of North Carolina to the Governor of South Carolina, "It's a long time between drinks."

Reaction in Rome

A CURIOUS relic of mediævalism is the recent papal encyclical on "Modernism" explaining and amplifying the late syllabus. In this document, Pope Pius condemns "modernism" in philosophy, faith, theology, history, criticism, and reform as dangerous and conducive to atheism. The encyclical forbids the Catholic clergy and the faithful to read modernist publications. It commands that philosophy and positive theology be studied only in a Catholic spirit. It prohibits ecclesiastical congresses.

By this action Pope Pius, an excellent well-meaning man, has given weight to the current belief that the Roman Catholic Church is the enemy of science and progress. He has forbidden liberty of thought to four hundred million people; he has denied to the teachers and the scholars of the church the right of individual research.

Despotism, political, industrial, or religious, is wrong, and has no place in the twentieth century. That institution which forbids its followers intellectual freedom will lose its influence and its capability for good. By his decree the Pope appears to have condemned the Catholic Church to just such a fate. There will be those who will revolt, who believe that the search for the truth is bigger than any man or any institution. The majority will meekly obey the law of the encyclical, and a set back will have been given to the intellectual progress of the world.

The Huntsman Kaiser



AMONG the many trials that President Roosevelt has had to bear is the accusation that he resembles the Emperor of Germany. The fondness of both for hunting has been pointed out as an example of the like-mindedness of the President and the Kaiser. Statistics have recently been published which cast light upon the hunting achievements of William II. They make Theodore Roosevelt's occasional excursions in search of well-deserved rest and a few grizzly bears seem Sunday-school picnics by comparison. They put the strenuous occupant of the White House forever in the class of milksops and mollycoddles.

The official statistician to the huntsman kaiser reports that his majesty has bagged a total of 47,514 pieces of game in a period of thirty years. Over eighteen thousand pheasants were assassinated, and seventeen thousand hares were cut off in their prime. One can go on down the list of boars, rabbits, stags, etc., until there seems to be scarcely a variety of bird or beast that has escaped the imperial bullet. The Emperor even invaded the realms of Neptune, for we are told that one lone, solitary whale perished in supreme honor and agony. On one short winter's day the Kaiser, unaided, shot 1058 pheasants.

This is not the annual report of a Chicago meat-packing establishment, but a record of imperial achievement. In support of it, the "London Magazine" reproduces photographs of the royal nimrod picturesquely surrounded by deceased animals. We are shown boars about to depart this life, and stags which are prostrate in the imperial presence. "A cat may look at a king," but the wise German feline will stay under the Hohenzollern barn.

The Merry Chancellor

HUMOR, deliciously unconscious, drips from the facile pen of James R. Day; when he breaks the Sabbath quiet of Syracuse, blue Monday is abolished from the land. We have long been getting our faces in readiness for his promised book. Now that it has been given to the world, Mark Twain seems a dull old gentleman of a serious turn of mind and Mr. Dooley reduces us to tears.

"The Raid on Prosperity" is the facetious title of Chancellor Day's irresistible book; gravity of expression is its chief charm. In perfectly sober-faced type he tells us that millionaires are only a little lower than the angels. A President who investigates business interests of a large size and rebukes them for wrongdoing, who insists upon enforcing a hitherto harmless anti-trust law, the Chancellor denounces as a "reactionary." Combinations of capital, he finds, are unqualified blessings, while combinations of labor are arbitrary, tyrannical and un-American—showing that cleanliness of collar is next to godliness. In a series of realistic shudders, the author expresses his opinion of a man who would say unkind things about packing-houses and thus injure our trade in canned beef.

The American sense of humor is just as strong and willing as ever. "The Raid on Prosperity" ought to have an unprecedented sale.

A Sport for the Idle



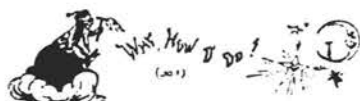
BALLOON racing is one of the most delightfully useless sports in which the opulent can spend an idle week. Pleasant as it is to ride over one's humbler fellow citizens in a motor car, it cannot be denied that the automobile has its uses. Even the exclusive and aristocratic private yacht betrays a vulgar, utilitarian tendency to reach the point for which it started. But the balloon shows an irresponsibility that only the idle rich can enjoy. A balloonist with a business engagement in Chicago invariably visits friends in Savannah, Georgia. An Aero Club man starts for a Seventy-second Street dinner and is found three weeks later eating bark in a Canadian forest. The aeronaut is of necessity a gentleman of leisure.

Perhaps we need not seek farther for the reason why those of us who get a pay envelope on Saturday were not wildly excited about the international balloon race. Of course it was interesting to read that gentlemen of various nationalities were subsisting upon cold chicken, and scattering sand bags o'er a smiling land. We terrestrial beings dodged the champagne bottles and wondered vaguely who would succeed in the great purpose of getting the farthest away from St. Louis. Our spinal columns shuddered politely when we learned that the winning German went forty hours and 880 miles without a smoke. There was mild regret because a favorite American contestant was unable to trust his country alone for more than a day.

We shall all be more interested in airships when they are able to take us home from our work quickly, safely, and without straphanging.

Ten-Cent

Aerograms

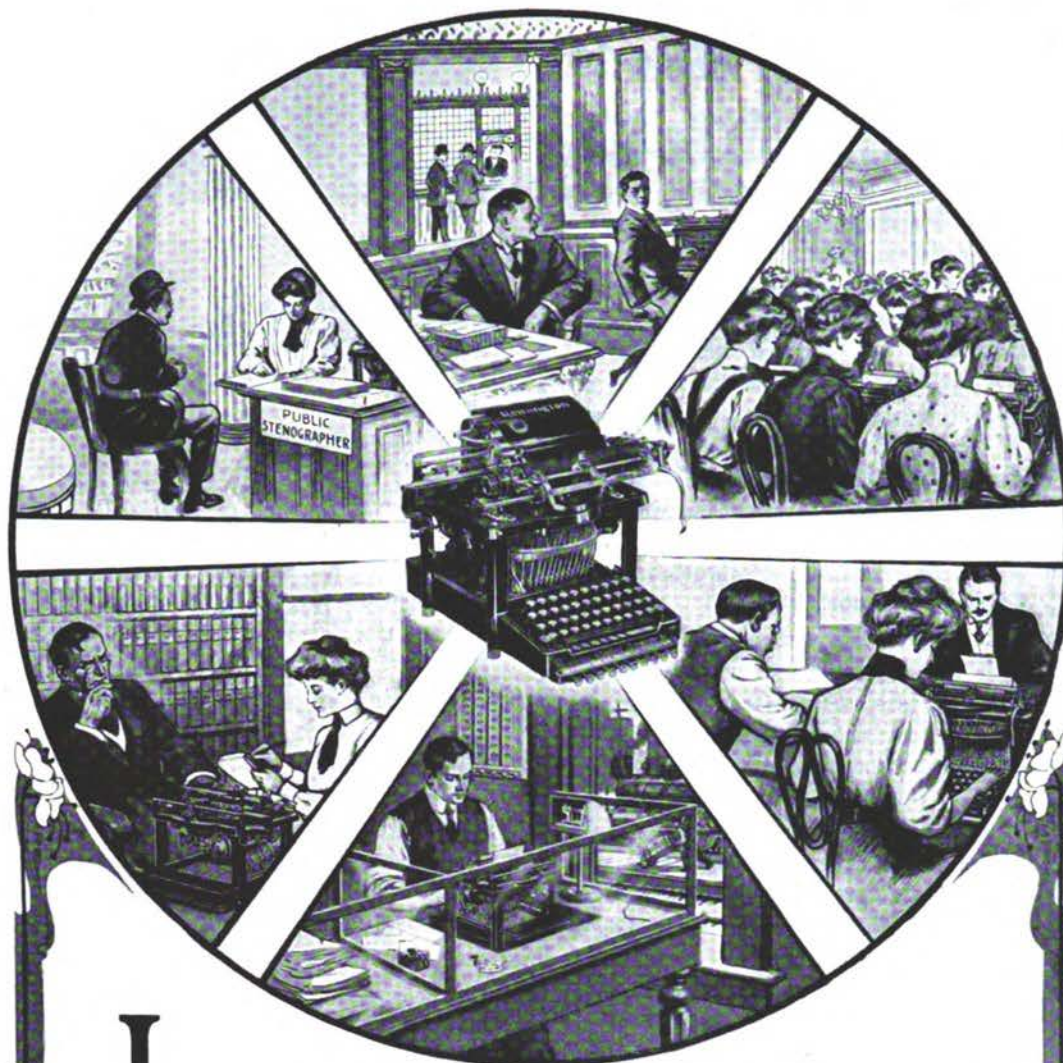


ON OCTOBER 17, William Marconi began a regular transatlantic wireless service across the Atlantic Ocean. Over five thousand words were transmitted from Glace Bay, Nova Scotia, to Clifden, Ireland, on the opening day. The instruments worked smoothly, accurately, and with great speed, and it can now be stated authoritatively that wireless telegraphy, for business purposes, is an assured success. The commercial rate for transatlantic messages is ten cents a word, instead of twenty-five cents, the rate which has so long prevailed for cablegrams. It is possible to send from forty to fifty words a minute by the wireless telegraph.

The official opening was quiet and unostentatious, yet it was one of the greatest events in the history of human progress. Since this incredible thing has been accomplished, there is no limit to the possibilities of the invention with the improvements that are bound to come. There will be wireless telegraphy—perhaps wireless telephony—world-wide, universal, connecting the uttermost parts of the earth. There are endless difficulties to be overcome, but none greater than sending mysterious waves across three thousand miles of water.

A Difference of Opinion

Most of us took a common-sense view of the recent panic—that it was due to wild speculation. Very different, however, was the opinion held by certain Wall Street men and the newspapers which they control—that Theodore Roosevelt and his policies were responsible. This is the attitude of the wayward small boy toward the switch-wielding schoolmaster, and of the second-story man toward the vigilant policeman. It is to the credit of the people that nobody outside of Wall Street took this view seriously. We no longer buy our opinions ready made on Park Row.



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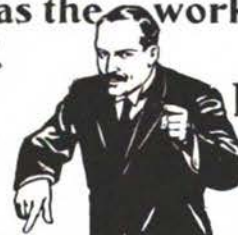
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Hints to Investors

By CHARLES LEE SCOVIL

THE complicated situation in the banking and trust company circles of New York City makes it impossible to foretell, at this writing, to what extent the business world is likely to be affected. That the condition is a critical one is apparent on its face. But, while the outlook is most discouraging, the bright side of the situation is that strong financial interests are working along honest and self-sacrificing lines to remedy a state of affairs for which they are in no sense responsible. Large sums of money are being pledged by old-line banks and investment banking firms, with the one specific object of bringing order out of chaos. In this work, too much credit cannot be given to J. Pierpont Morgan, who has assumed the leadership of the movement to relieve the situation and restore confidence. The bankers aiding Mr. Morgan in working out a solution of the difficulty are the kind of men who can be relied upon to exercise the great amount of tact and diplomacy which is so necessary under such trying circumstances.

The good faith of these men is evidenced by their loaning millions of dollars on call at from six to ten per cent., when such money was commanding all the way from 50 to 150 per cent. in the open market. They have also done much to support the prices of stocks listed upon the New York Stock Exchange, which has an important and significant meaning to all genuine owners of securities of this character.

It is difficult to state with any degree of absolute certainty just when this trouble had its inception, but it probably originated with the collapse in prices for stocks on May 9, 1901, which was the most sudden and drastic decline witnessed on the New York Stock Exchange since the panic of 1870. Reckless speculation, resulting in a rise in prices beyond all bounds of reason, was brought to a climax with the contest for control of Northern Pacific common stock. This outcome would have been an untold blessing to all financial and business interests if it had resulted in driving out of "Wall Street" a dangerous and highly speculative element—an element which has since been responsible for a series of manipulations so amazingly bold as to make the old-line banks and investment bankers view the situation with grave misgivings. On the contrary, since 1901 there has been operating in Wall Street a coterie of unscrupulous promoters who have permitted practically nothing to stand between them and the carrying out of their shameless exploitations.

The proof of this is that the stock market has not been free from the influences of *cliques* of this character for many years, and it is probably no exaggeration to state that while the upward movements of stock prices have been partly natural, due to the great prosperity of the country, they have been greatly, in fact unduly influenced by the manipulations of these *cliques*. The result is that to-day many speculators have doubtless lost practically every dollar they possessed, and a most unfortunate hardship has been visited upon the legitimate business interests. In this connection, future events will doubtless prove that those business men who have pursued a conservative policy will suffer no financial loss of a disastrous character. But, unfortunately, this is not so certain in the case of those who have been doing business upon the basis of large and extensive credits. These men are just as much speculators as persons buying stocks upon margin, the comparison being based upon the fact that they have been transacting a volume of business not warranted by their capital.

THE method by which these daring manipulators acquired control of certain banks was through the purchase of sufficient shares of stock, either in the open market or from private individuals. In some cases, the prices paid for the stocks were out of all reasonable proportion to intrinsic values. After a sufficient number of shares was secured, the manipulators pledged them as collateral for loans. By this means they got back from 75 to 80 per cent. of the actual cash outlay, and this money became available to be re-employed in acquiring the control of other banks.

For example, assume that it took \$1,000,000

to buy sufficient stock to control a bank; the manipulator would take this stock to another bank and pledge it as collateral for a loan amounting to from about \$750,000 to \$800,000. Then, with the control of the institution in his hands, he would force the officials and directors to resign, and substitute others whom he could rely upon as being "friendly" to his interests. This would give him control of the entire deposits of the bank—or, at least, the amount of deposits in excess of the legal reserve—and the officials and directors, working under his instructions, would make loans only as he might direct, the natural inference being that the money of the depositors became available for loans secured by pledge of the securities of the companies he might be promoting, affording him sufficient cash to manipulate these same securities in the stock market. The operations were not necessarily confined to stock market securities, but covered also speculative real estate and other ventures of a similar character.

THE injustice to depositors becomes apparent when we consider that the tradition is that banks were first created to provide manufacturers, merchants, farmers, etc., with the necessary cash, upon pledge of ample security, to transact their business. For instance, if most lines of business, commodities are sold and delivered many months in advance of the time of payment. Ordinarily, the merchant relies upon his bank to discount—or, in other words, advance him cash—for such part of "bills receivable" as may be necessary in the transacting of his business. If the bank carrying his deposit account will not extend him this accommodation, he is forced to transact his banking business with an institution in a position to furnish him with such funds. Assume that a business man whose deposit account ran as high as \$25,000 during certain periods of the year, and was never less than \$5,000, applied to the officials of one of these "controlled" banks for a line of credit warranted by his deposit account. He might first be told to wait a few days, and finally offered only 25 to 50 per cent. of the amount applied for; in fact, in some cases flatly refused any accommodation whatsoever.

Under the circumstances, it would not be surprising if he made up his mind to transfer his account to a bank that did not permit legitimate business to suffer in order that the deposits of the institution might be available for the uses of the controlling interests engaged in speculative ventures. Such unfair treatment is bound to become, sooner or later, a subject of general knowledge and discussion among business men, and will serve to illustrate, in some instances, one of the primary causes for the trouble existing at this writing in New York banking circles.

BUSINESS men and sound banking interests of this country are to be congratulated if as an outcome of the present upheaval this vicious and dangerous element is eliminated once and for all. Practically all right-thinking men will agree that such a result is worth the tremendous cost, notwithstanding the heavy losses that have been suffered.

The writer has referred to these happenings because the readers of this magazine may naturally be expected to look for some few words upon such an unfortunate state of affairs. It is not, however, a time for condemnation. It is a time when every consideration should be secondary to the one great effort to bring about a renewal of confidence in the business world, and good citizens should not lose sight of this fact. The situation is in the hands of those having the confidence of American business men, and it seems natural to believe that the trouble will be confined within practically narrow limits, for the reason that it cannot be possible for a few rash speculators to destroy the sound underlying conditions of this great country. It would be, indeed, a sad reflection upon the ability and conservatism of our entire business and financial systems if such a thing

were even likely to happen, and there is no good reason why substantial business men should permit themselves to become unnecessarily concerned, although it is not unlikely



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that some slight recession may take place in the business world, which would be nothing more than natural under the circumstances.

It is well to bear in mind these facts—and that they are facts is beyond all reasonable question. The United States Steel Corporation is reported to have on hand and in bank \$75,000,000 cash, notwithstanding the fact that since 1903 this corporation has put back into its properties out of earnings some \$208,000,000 for extra improvements, new property, and replacements. In addition, it is reported by reliable people, that there is another industrial corporation having \$10,000,000 cash in bank; and many others are undoubtedly in an equally strong and secure financial position. Moreover, one of the largest railroads in the country loaned as much as \$20,000,000 right in the thick of the trouble, when money rates were so ridiculously high as to make it seem nothing short of poor business judgment to fail to employ the cash in loans, secured by approved collateral of "gilt edge" character. The facts also indicate that the inherent strength of the vast majority of the railroads and industrial corporations of this country was never greater than at the present time.

The New York Clearing House Committee is to be commended for frankly laying the situation before the public, and in no wise disguising the exact state of affairs. The lesson for the business man is one that he should not fail to take home to himself. That lesson is the serious mistake he has made in refusing to recognize that the inability of the soundest corporations to sell their securities on a reasonable interest basis is a condition which must, sooner or later, have its important bearing upon the business world. Many men have argued in recent times that the country is entirely independent of conditions in Wall Street. And while this kind of talk has been going on, the honorable bank president and his directors, and the reputable investment banker and his interests, have been exercising every possible precaution to avoid a serious calamity. The experience and judgment of such men cannot wisely be ignored, and it is foolish for business men to so interpret the great responsibilities attendant upon the financing of large and important business enterprises.

FURTHER than this, whether or not the average man may have in mind the purchase of bonds or stocks, he fails to display good judgment if he does not take the pains to inform himself upon the conditions likely to effect his future money requirements, at the same time endeavoring to determine to just what extent it may be advisable to curtail his credits based upon the cue obtained from a study of events in established money centers.

The readers of this magazine holding sound investments can now congratulate themselves upon their wisdom in restricting their purchases to such securities. In cases where this policy has been followed, the buyers have every reason to be in a comfortable state of mind. While the cost figures may be considerably higher than those now ruling, it must be apparent that existing prices have no true relation to intrinsic values. This rule applies not only to bonds, but also to investment stocks of standard railroads, municipalities, and industrial and public utility corporations.

It is believed by competent judges to be a time of splendid opportunity for persons with surplus cash, having the good judgment to purchase only the best bond and stock investments. In buying securities at this time, there is no excuse whatsoever for departing from the sound policy of purchasing only those secured upon, or issued against, properties of established value, and it requires only ordinary precaution to guard against the purchase of highly speculative or undesirable issues.

The security offerings of the unscrupulous promoter and the irresponsible dealer should be ignored absolutely, and business should be transacted only through the medium of reputable investment bankers of the highest standing and integrity. It is reasonable to believe that if this policy is rigidly pursued, the danger of purchasing, through accident or otherwise, securities that are not sound and conservative investments will be reduced to a minimum.

It is important to point out—in fact, it would be misleading to neglect doing so—that some of the banks and trust companies which closed their doors were forced to do so on account of the scarcity of ready cash to meet the heavy withdrawals of excited and timid depositors, such institutions being free from speculative entanglements. It is claimed by many of these banks and trust companies, and believed to be a fact, that they are perfectly solvent, and that they have only suspended temporarily. In such cases the action is generally regarded as a wise precautionary measure. It would be almost impossible for the soundest bank in the world to meet the demands of all of its depositors at one time.

Men of mettle turn disappointments into helps as the oyster turns into pearl the sand which annoys it.

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A Plan to Protect Depositors

By C. E. BICKEL

THE recent money panic and its unfortunate results were due to lack of confidence in banks. Obviously, the preventive of such a condition is some system which will absolutely guarantee the instantaneous payment of every depositor in full. There is only one institution which can inspire this confidence, whose word is as good as gold in the vault. It is the United States Government. Therefore, there can be only one way out of our difficulty—government insurance of deposits. Let the Government tax the national banks to cover the losses, and then say to each depositor, "No matter what happens to your bank, your deposit is secure."

If every man, woman, and child actually believed that his savings were absolutely safe and inviolate when deposited in a properly authorized bank, then a long step would be taken toward mental composure and consequent peace and happiness.

Much has been said and written about "elastic currency," and an "adjustable money supply." The practical thing is to create and maintain a hopeful, trustful, and loyal public sentiment in the body politic.

A government that will not protect the weak and defenseless through its legally authorized banking system can hardly merit the respect of its citizens. It goes without saying that more drastic legislation and prosecution is needed for all mal-administrators of public and semi-public trusts. But we need more than this; while the malefactors are being punished, the innocent victims of bank failures must not be allowed to suffer deprivation and be handicapped for life, or perhaps driven to premature graves. The writer knows of personal instances of this kind.

In his native city of 20,000 people, a national bank failed, having some five hundred depositors; many of them had their all in this institution. In several instances old people, who had disposed of their homesteads preparatory to removing, had all their funds in the insolvent bank, and were thus left penniless.

A large per cent. of these depositors, people of average intelligence, were of the opinion that the nation stood sponsor for national banks. What a cruel awakening!

What these innocent people supposed the national banking law to be, regarding depositors, is just what the law should be and can be.

In connection with that incident and on the subject of government insurance of deposits, Comptroller Ridgeley wrote: "In my annual report to Congress in 1902 was incorporated an estimate of the average annual rate per cent. of loss to creditors of insolvent national banks, based on the average deposits in active national banking associations, which was shown to be eighty-three one-thousandths of one per cent."

In other words, a tax at that rate (83 cents per \$1,000) on the average deposits of active national banking associations, would have been sufficient to make good the losses sustained by creditors of insolvent banks.

By a test vote of national bank presidents it is shown that a generous majority are in favor of paying this tax and thus afford depositors this absolute security and mental comfort. The opposition is mainly confined to the large city banks. Let them publish their own reasons in the face of recent experience. With the national banks thus providing absolute protection to depositors, all other banking efforts would soon become equally secure or retire from business, as a matter of course. Canada has practically such a law, and losses to depositors from failed banks there, in forty years, have been next to nothing.

Money is only a symbol of value. Its object is to circulate in barter and trade. It is neither food nor clothing. People do not want to be bothered with large sums of it about their persons or homes. The banks are the natural custodians of money and to them it will be intrusted if our citizens are sufficiently insured. Hundreds of millions of dollars would flow back into the legitimate channels of trade, if the next Congress would authorize this trifling tax and forever guarantee depositors against loss.

With this law in force, there would be less demand for postal savings banks.

Senators and Representatives! Can we have this law? If not, why not?

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Christmas Entertainments

Little Ideas from Our Readers

FOR A UNIQUE DOLL PARTY make lady dolls out of stiff paper, coloring them, and pasting on faces. Cut out several sheets of plain white paper, the same size and shape and attach to the doll by means of a ribbon belt at the waist and a few drops of glue at the head. Men dolls are made in the same way for women. At the top print the words, "What She Wears," and "What He Wears," respectively. Then give a list of articles among apparel. For the men to guess, the following list may be given: refuse (waist); to steal (hook); a race of people (Basque); to run swiftly (dart); to wander along the edge (skirt); an important person (eye); to influence one's opinion (bias); a sweetheart (bow); to shut in (hem); obligatory (binding); a protection (shield); to peddle (canvas); blood (gore); to assemble (gather); cures (heels); ammunition of war (powder); part of a window (sash); part of a fowl (comb); a coin and a conjunction (diamond—dime and). This list may be given for the women to guess: a custom (habit); used by firemen (hose); anger (collar—choler); a set of horses (stud); used in playing golf (links); a blow with the hand (cuff); what a dog does in summer (pants); to help yourself (pocket); a musical company (band); to appear (seam); a sudden sharp pain (stitch); a letter and a fruit (l-appel); a letter and aged (g—old); an even vote (tie); a guard (watch); a fish (sole); to cover as with paint (coat); a fur bearing animal (seal); hangman (suspenders); what will explain these puzzles (key)?—G. M. S.

AT A CHILDREN'S PARTY, souvenirs representing policemen may be given to the boys and owls to the girls. The owls can be made of unroasted peanuts and tissue paper, with a little glue to make the clothes stay on. The paper is tightly drawn around the top and second nut and fastened with a bit of string. That end is then glued together, the ears and head fluffed out, the eyes are drawn with water colors, and the tail formed by drawing the lower end of the paper together flat and gluing it in place on the inside. The feathers are made with water color and the wings fluffed out. Toothpicks are used for legs, and wire, bent into shape, for feet.

The policeman is in brownie style, with a cap glued to the top, a comical face drawn on, and the lower peanut dressed as a long body with a blue coat made of dark blue tissue paper and gilt buttons painted on. The arms and legs are pasteboard, covered with tissue, the paper glued to the body to hold it in place. This should be done before the coat is put on. A real leather belt, and a small wooden "billy" fastened to the hand complete as cute a souvenir as I have ever seen.—G. M. S.

ASK YOUR GUESTS TO DRESS representing characters from Mother Goose. Jack Spratt and his wife will be specially interesting if the young people taking that part are sweethearts. The little man may bring his wife in a wheelbarrow, and cause much merriment. For refreshments have a Jack Horner pie. Request each girl to bring two sandwiches and two pieces of cake, made into a pretty package with her name on the outside. Place the packages in a big dishpan and put over this a paper cover, prepared beforehand to look like a crust. Each boy puts his hand under the crust and draws out his plum. He finds the girl, whose package he holds and eats with her. Serve hot chocolate with the lunches, and have Mother Goose riddles and games. After supper sing a verse of "Auld Lang Syne," and send the young people home with a laugh and a tender feeling for the half-forgotten heroes, and heroines of their childhood.—A MINISTER'S WIFE.

A PROGRESSIVE DINNER is useful in breaking up any stiffness. The guests are seated at small tables, and at the end of the first course the hostess taps a bell. Each gentleman picks up his napkin and glass and "progresses" to the next table. This keeps the conversation ball rolling as the changes are continued throughout the various courses. In case of an honored guest being present, it gives each one an opportunity to meet and talk with him.—ELINOR BRANCH.

FOR A CHRISTMAS EVE GATHERING, try prunes served like stuffed dates. Buy the largest, finest prunes you can get, soak them for twenty-four hours in sherry, drain, make an incision large enough to remove the pit, and fill with an almond; then roll in confectioner's sugar.—G. W. G.

VICTOR RECORDS

Make Christmas a Real Christmas

While the two rival vaudeville interests are vying with each other to star the leading popular artists, the *Victor* presents the best of both.

May Irwin, famous for her quaint witticisms; Vesta Victoria and Alice Lloyd, the famous English comedienes; that celebrated tenor, Richard Jose; clever Clarice Vance, with her irresistibly humorous song hits; Harry Lauder, the great Scotch comedian; and popular Eddie Morton, are some of the many artists who make records exclusively for the *Victor*.

Then there's Billy Murray, Harry Macdonough, Arthur Collins, Ada Jones, Harry Tally and other favorites who also sing for you on the *Victor*.

Ask any *Victor* dealer to play any *Victor* Record you want to hear.

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A thousand new Victor records every year—issued monthly. Simultaneous Opening Day throughout America on the 28th of the preceding month.



ADD TONE TO YOUR STATIONERY IN THE OFFICE, BANK, SCHOOL OR HOME BY USING ONLY Washburn's Patent

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There is Genuine Pleasure in their use as well as PERFECT SECURITY

These Fasteners are in a class by themselves. There are no others like them, therefore they can not be compared with the ordinary paper clips which depend entirely on friction for their holding power.

The "O.K." Paper Fasteners have the advantage of a tiny but mighty, indestructible piercing point which goes through every sheet co-acting with a small PROTECTING SLEEVE which prevents any liability of injury.

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The Editor's Chat



Christmas Giving

Two young girls were talking over what they were going to buy for Christmas. The wealthier girl said, "I have twenty-five dollars to spend on my family; how much have you?" The poorer one replied, "I have two dollars and fifty cents to spend, but not on our family. They do not need it. I am going to buy presents for poor children who have no money for Christmas."

We are apt to think too much about Christmas presents for our own family, and too little about gifts for those who have no Christmas money to spend.

Most people seem to think that if they have no money they cannot make Christmas presents. But even if they have no money they probably have something lying about the house or office which they do not need half as much as others, less fortunate than themselves, and which they could easily spare. There are plenty of things in many homes, put away in the attic as rubbish, which would be of very great service to somebody.

The trouble with most of us is that we are so selfish that we think of everything in terms of self. We may have clothing that we are very sure we shall never wear again, yet we cling to it, as we do to books which we have read and many other things, simply because we think we may want it sometime.

It is a good time to clean house, just before Christmas, and to pick out all the things which you do not really need. You will be surprised to see how many things you have to spare which would cheer and help somebody.

You will be surprised, also, to find how many poor children there are living not far from you who have never had such a thing as a doll or any other sort of toy. Not long ago in passing through a poor part of the city, I saw little children playing with a doll which they had made from a piece of broom-handle and some rags.

Many people have Christmas presents which they have been storing up for years, things that are in the way and of no earthly use to them, which they could pass along this Christmas to others to enjoy.

Do not cling to things simply because they were given to you, when you have no real use for them. Those who gave them should be only too glad to know that they are making somebody happy.

You will find packed away in the attic or basement, or somewhere else in your home, very likely, toys, pictures, books, and many other things which are not really of enough use to you to keep, and yet are too good to throw away. This is a good time for you to pass them on to others who will get from them, perhaps, as much joy and happiness as they gave you when you first received them. Open your heart, be generous, at this Christmas time, and see how many people you can make happy!

If there is any taint of self in your gift, any ulterior motive, like the hope of getting more in return or of advertising yourself, it will vitiate the spirit of the gift.

"If, after you have given, you are wounded because you are not thanked or flattered, or your name put in the paper, know then that your gift was prompted by vanity and not by love, and you were merely giving in order to get, were not really giving but grasping."

"Scrooge" in Dicken's "Christmas Carol" never knew what joy was until he awoke from his miserly selfish dream, and began to love and think of others. When he went to church and walked the streets, and watched the people hurrying to and fro, and patted the children on the head and questioned the beggars, and looked down into the kitchens and up to the windows of houses, he found that everything could yield him pleasure. He had never dreamed that such common things could give him so much happiness.

In unselfishly trying to make others happy, you will double and treble your own happiness.

Everyone should regard Christmas as an occasion for clearing his heart of all grudges, for forgiving all offenses, and all enemies. It is a good time to forget and to forgive, a good time to forget self and to think of others.

If you have no money and nothing else to give, give yourself, the best gift of all.

Boil it Down

AN AMATEUR journalist once wired a city editor: "Column story on —. Shall I send?"

"Send six hundred words."

"Cannot be told in less than twelve hundred."

To this the editor replied:—"Look at Genesis; first

chapter, story of creation, told in six hundred words. Try it."

Very few ever acquire the art of putting things so graphically, concisely, briefly, and transparently that any one can comprehend them easily and be interested in them.

A recent report of a Western governor to the Secretary of the Interior contained two hundred and twenty-five thousand words, which would be equal in volume to two large novels. Its great length defeated the very object for which it was intended. No one would read it through. The governor even took the trouble to print a primary school lesson by including in the report a description of the geographical situation of his state. The essential idea of this wordy document could be put into a pamphlet without any loss, and with the enormous advantage of making the report simple, clear, concise, readable, available, and much more effective than in its present form.

The President twice returned to Congress, for condensation, the Bristow report on the postal frauds. It contained one hundred thousand words, and was involved and intricate. Seventy-eight thousand words were finally cut out, reducing it to a pamphlet of twelve thousand words.

Clear thinkers, clean-cut writers, who can condense their thoughts, are so rare that they are in great demand. Everything is covered up with words, words, words. The whole tendency of modern life is toward diffusion. Rhetorical condensation is becoming a lost art.

A great many of the articles submitted to magazines are returned because the writers do not epitomize their thoughts, but take pages, sometimes, to say what could be said in a paragraph or two. Busy editors do not have time to boil down loosely written manuscript.

Not long ago, a publisher returned a story to a writer with these words, "We will pay you one hundred dollars for your story as it is. If you can reduce it by one third, we will pay you one hundred and fifty dollars; if by half, two hundred dollars. What is wanted is not a tub of water, however pure, with three drops of frangipani, but the concentrated essence of the story-teller's wit, to tell, and to tell well, in a few pages, what nine out of ten story-tellers give in half a dozen installments. This is what we want."

"Boil it down," used to be the motto of Charles A. Dana, the famous editor of the New York "Sun." There are writers in this country with such great natural ability and splendid ideas that they would leap into popularity at once, if they could ever learn the art of "boiling down."

* * * "Just Set"

A MAN who does not like work very well was asked how he managed to spend his time. "Well," he said, "some days I just set and think, and other days I just set."

A great many people "just set" without thinking. Mental laziness is fatal to all growth. Many people never think down deeply into any subject. They just browse around on the surface. They never have trained themselves to concentrate vigorously, to hold the mind tenaciously upon one subject; their thinking is of the hop-skip-and-jump order. This desultory surface mulling sort of brain action is not real thinking. To really think, we must focus the mind upon one subject and hold it there.

One reason why the majority of people lead such superficial lives is because their minds are not trained to think deeply and broadly. They do not go far enough into subjects to get a comprehensive view of them. Their thinking is so superficial that their whole lives are shallow.

It does not matter how good a brain one has, before it can accomplish anything worth while, it must be trained until concentration becomes an automatic habit. One of the great advantages of a college course is the training of the mind to think logically and deeply.

* * * The Habit of Kindness

A LARGE part of our unkindness is sheer thoughtlessness. Few people mean to be unkind. In fact, most people are kindly disposed toward others, and would be glad to help them; but they simply do not think. They are so intent upon their own affairs, their minds are so focused upon themselves that all thought of others or their needs are crowded out.

There is no other thing which will give greater satisfaction than the forming of a kindly habit, the habit of

holding a kindly spirit toward everybody, and of cheering and encouraging others.

If we persist in this habit it will drive out all petty little jealousies, all moroseness and gloom, envy and selfishness, everything that would seriously mar our lives.

If we hold the right mental attitude, sow the right mental seeds, sow the right thoughts, we should get the right habits.

What a splendid opening there is in the cheering up business for all sorts of people! Everybody ought to be in it, and especially at Christmas time. It is the grandest occupation in the world. See what a harvest it brings of satisfaction, joy, and helpfulness!

In addition to all this, it is a real money-maker, for it increases one's power of efficiency wonderfully. It keeps life's machinery lubricated so that it runs more harmoniously and consequently can turn out a great increase of product.

How many good things this kindly spirit brings to us, and how many unpleasant things it keeps away from us!

No efforts we ever may make can bring such splendid returns as the endeavor to scatter flowers as we go along, to plant roses instead of thorns; no investment will pay such fat dividends, as the firm effort put into kind words and kindly acts, the effort to radiate a kindly spirit toward every living creature.

Do not be discouraged, even if the people you try to help and encourage are ungrateful and unresponsive. You will be enlarged by your own shining, by your efforts to help others, just as the life of the one who loves is always enriched, even if the love is not appreciated or returned. Such efforts can never be lost, no matter how coldly they may be received. No one can honestly try to help another in vain. He is sure to be a larger, richer man himself for the effort.

When You Put the Latchkey in Your Door

WHEN you put the latchkey in the door of your home, drop your business or profession; drop all the things which have vexed and worried and nagged you during the day; drop everything disagreeable. Just say to yourself, "I will not allow these shadows in my home. This is a shrine too sacred for discord." Resolve that peace, harmony, contentment shall reign there.

If you insist on worrying during the daytime, do not drag your worries home at night. Do not bring the black fiends which have destroyed your peace in the office into your home. Leave your cares and your troubles behind when you enter its doors.

The habit which many married people have of talking their troubles over at night, and especially at the dinner table is a most vicious one. *The dinner bell should be a signal for the happiest time of the day.* Every member of the family should go to the table with smiles—each one should bring his best, brightest, and most cheerful things to it. No one should be allowed to complain or relate his unfortunate experiences there. The assembling round the dinner table should be an occasion for fun and laughter—the enemies of indigestion.

Christmas Don'ts

DON'T leave the cost mark on presents.

Don't let money dominate your Christmas giving. Don't let Christmas giving deteriorate into a trade. Don't embarrass yourself by giving more than you can afford.

Don't try to pay debts or return obligations in your Christmas giving.

Don't give trashy things. Many an attic could tell strange stories about Christmas presents.

Don't make presents which your friends will not know what to do with, and which would merely encumber the home.

Don't give because others expect you to. Give because you love to. If you cannot send your heart with the gift, keep the gift.

Don't give too bulky articles to people who live in small quarters, unless you know that they need the particular things you send them.

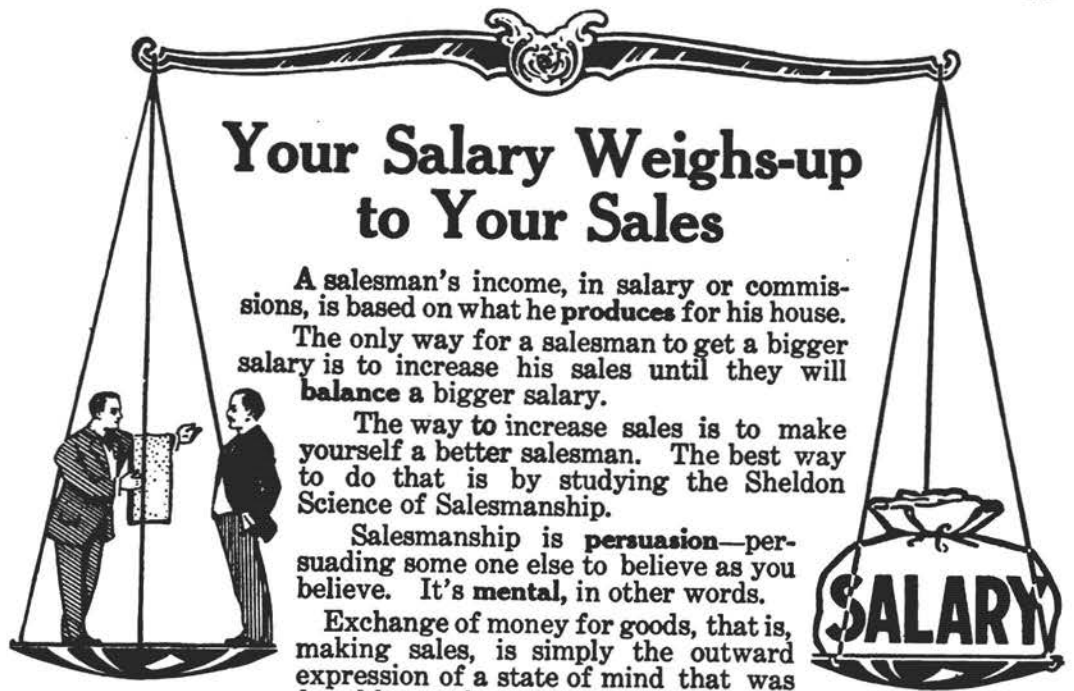
Don't wait until the last minute to buy your presents, and then, for lack of time to make proper selections, give what your better judgment condemns.

Don't decide to abstain from giving just because you cannot afford expensive presents. The thoughtfulness of your gift, the interest you take in those to whom you give, are the principal things. The intrinsic value of your gift counts very little.

Don't give things because they are cheap and make a big show for the money. As a rule it is a dangerous thing to pick up a lot of all sorts of things at bargain sales for Christmas presents. If you do, there is always the temptation to make inappropriate gifts. Besides there is usually some defect in bargain articles, or they are out of style, out of date, or there is some other reason why they are sold under price.

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Confidence is the key that unlocks the bank to the young man who is trying to establish himself



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The way to increase sales is to make yourself a better salesman. The best way to do that is by studying the Sheldon Science of Salesmanship.

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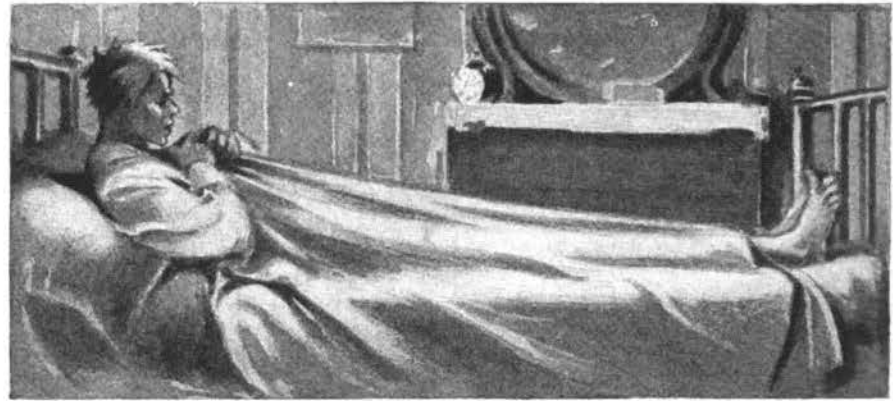
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The Sensible Bedroom

By CLAUDIA QUIGLEY MURPHY

Illustrations by LAURA E. FOSTER



"Who has not had his feet out from under the covers"

THE modern bedroom is very different from the one of twenty-five years ago. Then it was simply a sleeping apartment, now it is a retreat, a place where the occupant is expressed in the furnishings and adornments. It should be simple and plain, and everything chosen which will contribute to the harmony that confers complete rest. Stuff, awkward furniture is a thing of the past or is left to those who, having excessive means, desire everything about them to register their large cash account.

A tinted wall should be selected. A soft, warm tan or rich cream is a good background for furniture, all colors blending with it. If one desires a cooler effect, the soft grays, and even the more startling greens, browns, and yellows can be used to advantage.

Unless the woodwork is in hardwood, paint in cream or old ivory, as it is softer than dead white. It will soil easily, but you will know when it needs washing. A thing is not less dirty because it does not show dirt.

If the floor is not of hardwood, paint it, or cover it with linoleum that comes in hardwood designs. It has the effect of a polished floor, and can be washed up each week. It also has the advantage over matting that it does not allow the dust to sift through to the floor. Matting comes in beautiful effects and can be wiped up, but it is not wholly sanitary because it is so loosely woven.

Select small rugs, for they can be easily taken out of doors and swept. No sweeping with a broom should be done in the room. The dirt should be wiped up. This method insures less dust and less work.

Rugs and draperies should harmonize in coloring, but

draperies should be of washable or cleanable material. Use simple muslin or net at windows, and if side draperies are desired, the oriental prints, as they wash very satisfactorily and are artistic.

In selecting furniture, choose designs that are simple in outline, with very little if any carvings, and that set up from the floor, allowing opportunity to wash and clean underneath. This lessens each week the hard work of pulling heavy furniture from the wall.

Dresser and washstand spreads should be of linen, plain or with a little ornamentation, but some washable laces are very effective. Toilet articles of silver, cut glass, or china should be chosen, as they are cleanable. Trays for holding brush and comb, manicure articles, and pins can be procured at small cost.

In the choice of beds nothing else is more wholesome than those in iron or brass. They are very reasonable and come in various color effects and designs. This with a spring that has a metal frame completes a perfectly vermin-proof outfit.

In choosing mattress and springs, get thoroughly good ones, as one spends one third of one's life in bed, and no economy should be practiced here even if at the expense of other things which are less necessary for one's comfort.

Mattresses and Pillows

IN TIMES past, the old-fashioned hair mattress was passed down from mother to daughter, each in turn receiving it with reverence and pride, realizing its expense and care, for it required frequent renovating to keep it in any kind of desirable condition.



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Now cotton is handled in such a way as to provide us with the most sanitary mattress ever made. Grown in the sunny South, cleaned and packed with the greatest care, free from all animal oils and odors, the cotton or felt mattress is the ideal foundation for any bed.

I advocate the cotton blankets for mattress covers, as they are easily washed. The ordinary quilted mattress cover has cotton wool for filling, and this soon becomes hard and saturated with an odor that is offensive.

The pillows should be generous in size and covered with closely woven ticking or denim, so that the feathers will not sift through. Only live geese feathers should be used, about two and one-half pounds to a pillow. Stuffing too full makes it hard and uncomfortable. Soft, fluffy, puffy geese feathers last a lifetime and are a good investment, but chicken feathers are dear at any price.

Pillows need the air, and should not be tucked out of sight. That modern contrivance of wood called a pillow roll, with a receptacle in the back to crowd the pillows out of sight daytimes and covered with muslin and fancy ruffles and lace to produce an effect, offends the taste of a good housewife. Pillow slips need frequent changing, and a fresh, clean pillow does not need to be labeled, "sweet dreams." Fresh air, a clean bed, clean pillows, and a clear conscience guarantee good sleep. One does not need to adopt tent life to preserve health.

In hotels the beds look inviting with their wealth of linen neatly folded back at the head, but who has not had the experience of having his feet out from under cover, and of finding that all this display has been at the expense of the foot? Choose sheets at least three yards long, for the sheets can be easily laundered, and they preserve the mattress.

Use blankets for covering, they admit air, and yet are warm. A light "comfort" can be used for extra covering, but should be folded and laid at the foot in the daytime. Blankets, cotton or woolen, are a very sanitary bed covering, as they admit of washing. Use the fringed counterpanes, which come in beautiful designs and to fit all purses.

If a couch is desired, an iron one can be purchased, and craft washable cotton spreads can be used. Day cases for pillows can be made of washable prints.

Add to your furniture a good shirt-waist box, with one end partitioned off for collars. This can be covered with matting or denim, and, with a pillow or two, will add to the seating capacity of your room.

Be sure and select one low chair, as it is such a comfort to put on one's shoes without stretching and reaching.

Pictures should be simply framed and chosen with great taste. They should help make the room distinctly individual, and with the domestic touches consisting of the mending basket and ever-ready needle and thread, and a low side light, one finds it a joy to sew on a button or hook, or to mend a rent, while resting.

The restless thought rests the body, so let the bedroom be immaculate, well-aired, and orderly, filled with things that will change the mental state, thus insuring the real rest that one needs before retiring.

Making the Bed

It is just as much of an art to make a bed properly as it is to make good cake. The attractiveness of a clean, smooth, orderly made bed, is the result of but little practice.

Strip all bed clothing off and shake it well. See that the mattress is turned frequently, then cover with a pad or cotton blanket. Have the under sheet tucked all around tight, and you will never have to lie on wrinkles. Tuck the upper sheet generously under at the foot and have it long enough to leave plenty to fold over at the top. Lay the blankets so that the upper edge will come about eight inches from the top of the mattress. Tuck the sides, fold over the sheet, so as to protect the blankets from coming in contact with the body, and you will insure cleanliness. Then cover all with a clean, washable spread. This should not be used at night, but should serve to protect the bed clothing during the daytime.

Place a soft "comfort," folded in a neat roll, across the foot. Puff up the pillows and stand them at the head, and you will have a bed that will be inviting and sanitary.



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buys this beautiful, convenient Ladies' Desk, No. 728, (worth \$15) in Quartered Oak, Bird's Eye Maple or Mahogany finish. Width 27 in.

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If you are in doubt what to buy for mother, wife, sister or friend, remember that Bissell's "Cyclo" Bearing Sweeper never fails to please, and it is a constant reminder of the giver for ten years. It reduces the labor about 95%, confines all the dust, brightens and preserves the carpets and will outlast forty brooms. Prices: \$2.50, \$3.00, \$3.25, \$3.50, \$4.00, \$4.50, \$5.00, \$5.50.

A Free Christmas Gift Buy a Bissell between now and Jan. 1st, 1908, from any dealer, send us the purchase slip and receive free a good quality morocco leather card case, without any printing on it. Something any lady or gentleman would appreciate. Dept. 95.

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PIN MONEY PAPERS



Conducted by
**ISABEL
GORDON
CURTIS**



AFTER A BATHTUB IS FRESHLY ENAMELED, fill the tub with as much cold water as it will hold, letting it stand at least twenty-four hours; this will harden the enamel. A good many people delight in hot-water baths. By filling the tub first with cold, and then with hot water, the enamel on the tub will last much longer than when used any other way.—B. S.

TO CUT A PIECE OF PLATE GLASS it is thought a diamond cutter is necessary, but it is not. If the glass is not very thick it can be cut with a pair of scissors, a large pair being preferable. While cutting, hold the glass beneath half a foot or more of water and it can be readily cut any shape desired. A round piece of glass has been cut out of a good sized pane in just this manner. The scissors do not have to be extra sharp.—G. C. B.

MY HUSBAND'S OLD PANAMA HAT was very soiled. I tried cleaning it with corn meal, but to no effect. At last I thought I'd try sulphur on it, as I knew that to be good for other cleaning. So I wet sulphur and made a paste of it and rubbed it on the hat with a small brush. I let it stand in the sun until perfectly dry—then rubbed it off with a clean cloth, and you could n't have told the hat from a brand new one. The effect was marvelous.—Mrs. O. F. Mc.

A VERY VALUABLE REMEDY for cases of proud flesh, an obstinate outgrowth of flesh from small sores, consists of alum. A lump of alum is placed upon a heated stove just hot enough to enable it to turn to dry powder. The powder placed on the affected part repeatedly and covered with a bandage can be relied upon to effect a speedy and inexpensive cure. It has never failed to cure when even the services of a physician were vainly resorted to.—A. A. H.

IF PIECES OF TISSUE OR OTHER SOFT PAPER are lightly crushed and put within the loops of ribbon bows or rosettes on hats, belts, etc., when these articles are not being worn, the unpleasant flattening of the ribbon, so hard to remove, will be prevented and newness and freshness retained. This method of handling ribbon loops is of great advantage when they must be packed compactly for traveling.—Mrs. W. W. Hall.

AS WINTER IS APPROACHING, when children will be putting on their union suits, it will be found a good plan for mothers to sew tape straps at the bottom of each leg of the underwear; this will fit into the hollow of the foot and prevent the drawers from slipping up as the hose is pulled over them, thereby saving much friction and loss of temper while the children are dressing.—Mrs. C. W. Richmond.

HAVE YOU EVER WATCHED THE ICEMAN through a half-closed window blind leisurely cut a chunk from a large cake of ice and then without putting it on the scales carry it around to the back door? "Fifty pounds, lady," he announced with finality, did n't he? With ordinary household scales only weighing up to twenty-five pounds you had no way of proving him in error or of convincing yourself he had not given you short weight. In all probability, if you had weighed it, you would have found the piece very little out of the way. The iceman no doubt was an old hand at the business and weighed the piece by eye as accurately as by scales. You may do it yourself next time by using your tape measure. Fifty pounds of ice should contain 1500 cubic feet. That is, a fifty pound chunk should be 10 inches high, 10 inches broad, and 15 inches long. This applies to clear ice. Snow ice is lighter.—M. K. D.

IF ANYTHING MADE OF CHAMOIS SKIN, such as powder rags, dust cloths, etc., be washed in warm water in which a pinch of common baking soda has been dissolved, the chamois is not only cleansed but its softness, which so often is lost in the process of washing, is also entirely retained.—Mrs. W. W. Hall.

OCCASIONALLY ONE SPILLS INK upon a book which may be valued very highly. The best way to remove the ink stain is first to wash the paper with warm water, using a camel's hair pencil for the purpose. By this means the surface ink is gotten rid of. The paper must then be wet with a solution of oxalate of potash, or, better still, oxalic acid, in the proportion of one ounce to half a pint of water. The ink stains will immediately disappear. Finally wash the stained place with clean water, and dry it with white blotting paper.—E. R. G.

ON A CONVENIENT SHELF we have a cardboard box into which goes, neatly folded, all tissue paper taken from dainty parcels. In the same box we also have a supply of Japanese paper napkins, wax paper, and a few wooden picnic plates; nearby are piled up empty cardboard boxes. With these supplies on hand a picnic or a traveling luncheon may be quickly and daintily packed.—B.

LONG BEFORE FEBRUARY 14, I bring to light a box which holds the household's odds and ends for a year. There are bits of colored crêpe and tissue paper, scraps of paper lace from the inside of candy boxes, small, bright pictures, gilt and silver paper, morsels of tinsel, and baby ribbon remnants. Winter evenings, spent in manufacturing valentines, with the aid of a paste pot and paint box, have a fascination for the children that is not found in any valentine shop. Homemade verses adorn the homemade valentines. One with a golden curl, tied with the bluest of bows on the reddest of hearts, is treasured by the father of one little girl, even if its poetry is queer. It says:

"Don't lose or give away this curl;
It comes from your very nicest girl."

ELIZABETH MARCY.

BUY LEMONS when they are cheap and keep them in a cool place for two or three days. Roll them so they will squeeze easily. Squeeze the juice into a bowl, and strain it through muslin. Pour the juice into one-half and one-quarter ounce bottles, which are perfectly dry; fill them nearly to the top, then into each put half a spoonful of salad oil. Cork tightly and set in a cool dark place. When you want to use the lemon juice, open a bottle containing as much as you need. Wind a little absorbent cotton on a skewer, and dip it in to take up the oil, the juice will be as fine as when first bottled.—JENNIE F. MARBLE.

I HAD TRIED to enforce tidiness on my small daughter for several years, but the room she shared with a younger sister was in a snarl of confusion from morning till night. When she was twelve years old her birthday gift was a surprise, in the shape of a pretty room, which had been stealthily painted, papered, and furnished. It held a bookcase, a desk, a commodious bureau, a picture rail for all sorts of childish treasures, a brush and comb tray, handkerchief, ribbon, and glove cases, a shoe bag, a hat box, a big closet with a pole and hangers for frocks and coats, a laundry bag, and every small belonging necessary. In less than a week the untidy little girl had changed to as orderly a small person as I know, simply from her pride of ownership in a pretty room.—Mrs. JANE L. SAXTON.

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.





The People's Lobby

What It Intends to Accomplish With the Next Congress—An Appeal to Members

By HENRY BEACH NEEDHAM

THE People's Lobby is a year old. It was organized October twenty-second, 1906, with the assistance of SUCCESS MAGAZINE, by a large number of public-spirited men and women, resident in every state of the Union, who seek the re-establishment of representative government.

This non-partisan organization maintains a national intelligence office at the capital, for the purpose of giving absolutely straight, fearless and independent account of and judgment upon what is done by the servants of the public at Washington.

A report of the work of the People's Lobby during the last session of the Fifty-ninth Congress has been submitted. This report makes the following claim, which is admitted by those who are familiar with the activities of the organization:

"It can be said, without exaggeration, that every move made by the organization met with approval, and that success attended every effort to kill bad legislation and to further legislation in the interest of the whole people. Thus, the People's Lobby has earned and has secured a reputation for reliability which will be of great value in the future."

That the work has met with the approval of the members of the People's Lobby is evidenced by the manner in which subscriptions are being renewed, and particularly by the fact that contributors, recognizing the need for more money at the long session of Congress, are, in large part, increasing the amount of their subscriptions.

The people seem determined that their Lobby is to be a permanent institution.

* * *

The Approaching Session of Congress

FROM the present outlook, the approaching session of Congress will be the most noteworthy since the Civil War. Certainly no Congress in recent history has had to deal with so many complex domestic problems as will confront the coming Congress.

Such great questions as the following will be considered: the perfection of the Railway Rate Law, and the extension of the power of the Interstate Commerce Commission; increase of Federal control over corporations doing interstate business; Government control of coal and oil lands; inheritance taxation; income taxation; currency reform; publicity for election expenses; means for preventing railroad accidents; and the abolition of child labor. The "special interests" will be particularly active in fighting these legislative proposals. Are the people of the country to support their lobby in a manner which will enable it successfully to oppose the "special interests"?

* * *

To Contributors and New Members

EVERY member of the People's Lobby is earnestly requested to renew his or her contribution at the earliest possible time. Particularly is it urged that all those who can afford to do so increase the amount of their contribution. Inasmuch as Congress will be in session almost twice as long as at the last (the short) session, double the amount of money will be needed to conduct the work of the People's Lobby.

As an inducement for larger contributions the Governing Committee proposes to issue, with the convening of the Sixtieth Congress, an official bulletin. This periodical, devoted to the work of Congress and the relation of the People's Lobby thereto, will be published every fortnight while Congress is in session. No person who is interested in national legislation and in the quality of the service rendered by the political representatives of the people at Washington, can afford to be without this reliable publication—the publication issued by and for the people.

Contributions of a dollar or more to the maintenance fund of the People's Lobby covers the subscription price of the "People's Lobby Bulletin."

All persons interested in representative government should become members of the People's Lobby. Every contributor is a member of the organization. Contributions have varied from \$1 to \$500. They have come from every state in the Union, and from the Canal Zone, Alaska, Hawaii, Porto Rico, the Philippine Islands, and Cuba.

For further information address the People's Lobby, Munsey Building, Washington, D. C., where contributions and subscriptions for the "Bulletin" may be sent.

Heart Throbs: A Book Compiled by 50,000 People

HEART THROBS is a collection of scraps in prose and verse—the pathetic or humorous little things that have appealed to people as they sat at the fireside reading newspaper, book or magazine. President Roosevelt furnished his favorite selection. Hundreds of other prominent public men are numbered among the 50,000 contributors. Its chief value, perhaps, lies in the insight it affords into the tastes and aims of "the plain people of America," as Lincoln loved to call us.

Many of the selections were yellow with age, taken from mother's scrap-book, sacred with hallowed memories; some came from between the leaves of the family Bible or the old school-book in the attic; many clippings were worn threadbare and carefully repaired and strengthened; odorless with lavender, rose and orris, proving that the American people hold dear the sweet, tender sentiments associated with home and mother.

NOTE.—These excerpts on this page were selected from the book "Heart Throbs," by the editor of the London (Eng.) "Daily Mail."

MCKINLEY'S DYING PRAYER

"In the afternoon of his last day on earth the President began to realize that his life was slipping away, and that the efforts of science could not save him. He asked Dr. Rixey to bring the surgeons in. One by one the surgeons entered and approached the bedside. When they were gathered about him the President opened his eyes and said:



The Late Wm. McKinley

"It is useless, gentlemen; I think we ought to have prayer."

"The dying man crossed his hands on his breast and half closed his eyes. There was a beautiful smile on his countenance. The surgeons bowed their heads. Tears streamed from the eyes of the white-clad nurses on either side of the bed. The yellow radiance of the sun shone softly in the room."

"Our Father, which art in heaven," said the President, in a clear, steady voice.

"The lips of the surgeons moved."

"Hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done—"

"The sobbing of a nurse disturbed the still air. The President opened his eyes and closed them again."

"Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven."

"A long sigh. The sands of life were running swiftly. The sunlight died out, and raindrops dashed against the windows."

"Give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors; and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil."

"Another silence. The surgeons looked at the dying face and the friendly lips."

"For thine is the kingdom, the power, and the glory, forever. Amen."

"Amen," whispered the surgeons."

—James Creelman, in "On the Great Highway."

A BIT OF NEWSPAPER VERSE

She took up one of the magazines and glanced through it casually, but somehow it did not appeal to the old lady, and so she laid it down again. There was a volume of poems richly bound in vellum on the table by her side, and for a little while the story of its gallant knights and lovely maidens bewitched her. But soon the weight of the book began to tire her feeble hands.

After that, quite as a last resort, she took up the evening paper and glanced through it just to while away the time.

She had never taken much concern in politics, the latest Parisian fashion did not interest her in the least, but presently three little verses wedged in between a lurid account of a murder and a patent medicine advertisement caught her eye.

The poem was Eugene Field's "Little Boy Blue," and at the very first lines of it the old lady became all attention:

The little toy dog is covered with dust,
But sturdy and staunch it stands.
And the little tin soldier is covered with rust,
And his musket moulds in his hands.

Very slowly, as she read on, the tears came into her eyes and dimmed the spectacles so that she could scarcely see the lines of the second verse:

"Now don't you go till I come," he said,
"And don't you make any noise!"
Then, toddling off to his trundle bed,
He dreamed of his pretty toys.
And as he was dreaming, an angel song
Awakened our little boy.
Oh, the years are many—

Yes, they were many! It was more than half a century ago now. The paper dropped from the old lady's hand, and rustled to the floor. There was no use in trying to read any more, for her thoughts had flown away now to the time when she had had such a Little Boy Blue as that. Since then she had had lots of other children. Even now, as she sat there in the twilight, she could hear the shouts of her grandchildren at play not far away, but little Georgie had been her first-born, and somehow the others were different, and nobody knew just how but herself. She had daughters to console her in her widowhood, and when her married daughter had died, her children had been left. But with little Georgie it was different. They only knew of him by the little headstone in the graveyard: but to her—why, after reading that little poem, it seemed as though it were only yesterday that he was toddling along beside her, rosy and bright, and full of fun. And he used to say just those things—

she remembered.

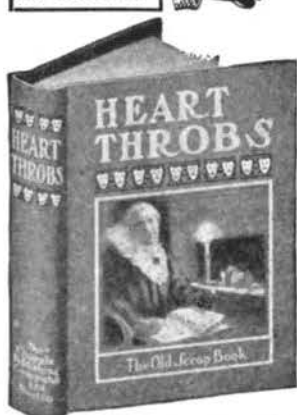
"Why, mother," said her daughter, as she came in, "you've been crying! What's the matter?"

"It was nothing dear," answered the old lady, as she wiped her eyes. "I was reading, you know, and it upset me a little. It was only a bit of newspaper verse."



MRS. JULIA WARD HOWE
Author of the "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," the lady who wrote "The Heart Throb," selected by President Roosevelt.

A POINT



Just as you would appreciate a copy of HEART THROBS coming from a friend, so your friend would appreciate a copy of HEART THROBS coming from you.

HEART THROBS suggests itself as the best gift for Young or Old

It is an ideal book to read aloud at the family or social gathering during the long winter evenings, with the children "hanging on the arms of the chair," drinking in the enduring life stories that come from its pages. It furnishes a journey through memory's hall, bringing to light the "piece" of your past. Every teacher should have a copy for the school room; every preacher for the pulpit; every "good old soul" for the memories it brings; every youth and maiden for the nobleness and optimism it teaches. A universal book with a range of emotion greater than Shakespeare; in comfort second only to the Bible.

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What's your tailor?

TRADE MARK REGISTERED 1908

If you are particular every day about the style and shape of the clothes you wear, you certainly do not want clothing that has been stacked up six months or a year in some retail store waiting for a buyer. It may look well for a few days, but not every day until worn out.

If you believe that personally measured clothes cost a lot of money, and are tied down to the ready-made system as a result, abolish the idea.

We are running a tailoring business on a big scale in a big city, sending samples of our cloths to the merchant in small cities and towns, and for \$25 to \$40 we will make you as good a suit or overcoat as can be made from high grade cloth and first-class workmanship.

These clothes have individual style and character, are made to fit the man who wears them and no one else, and positively hold their shape till thrown away—which means a long time.

Price Building

Merchant Tailors

Price Building Chicago

See our representative in your town and wear clothes made expressly for you.

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ED. V. PRICE & CO.

The Well-Dressed Man

CONDUCTED BY ALFRED STEPHEN BRYAN



FASHION is resolving itself more noticeably than ever into an expression of personal taste. Some years ago if the decree went forth that coats were to be very short and trousers very tight, most men heeded it. To-day such an "edict" would be ignored except by that singular class which takes its cue in dress from tailors' journals. This growing independence is wholesome. It makes well-dressed men, that is, men dressed rationally and becomingly and not fops, who fit themselves to the mode, instead of fitting the mode to themselves. Mark you, I am not decrying what is genuine and virile in style. Fashion has a distinct place and purpose, but it should be followed in its broad, not its narrow sense. "The well-dressed man" is not a puppet that obeys a hidden wire or a popinjay who regards himself merely as a frame upon which to drape clothes. He prizes dress as the expression of his personality and how, pray, can there be individuality in dress if men look like a lot of beads—all threaded on one string? Most of us have neither the leisure nor the means to pursue each vagary of fashion, but we may dress in both good taste and good form by choosing that color, cut, and cloth best suited to us. The particular number of inches that a coat measures and the particular pattern of the cloth are, as I have often said, of no consequence whatever. It is important, though, that the coat fit well, that it be cut with some style and that collar, cravat, shirt and so on be of good quality and spotlessly neat. The effect of the most "smartly" cut suit can be spoiled by lack of regard for the little details of dress, whereas a pleasing cravat, trim shoes, a becoming hat, and immaculate gloves often redeem a suit that is beginning to show signs of wear. Well-dressed men pay scrupulous heed to the seeming trifles, because they know for how much they count in helping to achieve the "air" correct.

THE fashion in overcoats this winter has undergone an important change—the approved garment, the Chesterfield, is loose all the way down from the shoulders. Both the form-fitting and the half-fitting coat have been discarded. The collar is very deep and of the same material as the coat, not velvet. There are broad turnback cuffs, a long center vent in the back and the skirts reach only to the bend of the knee. In short, the correct overcoat this season is roomy and swings easily from the shoulders after the style of four or five years ago, instead of clinging to the back and curving in to the waist. Certainly, the present fashion is much more sensible and comfortable. An overgarment ought to be loose. It can then be slipped on and off readily and will give the wearer freedom in walking, whereas a tightly fitting coat compresses the figure and drums the legs. Englishmen, who, whatever their shortcomings as to style, are the foremost exponents of rational dress, would not think of wearing the sheath-like, binding overcoats that we have sanctioned for several seasons. The newest colorings in overcoats are seal-brown and deep-green, the same that are modish in sack suits. Grays, though somewhat common, are still prominent in the lighter shades. Among patterns, stripes are preferred to plaids, though plain colors are, as always, good form. Care should be taken not to have the overcoat too long, as then it looks clumsy, nor too short, as that makes it resemble an elongated sack coat.

FUR-LINED overcoats have long been a luxury of the favored few and their cost would seem to bar them from consideration by the average man. Good pelts are scarce and the exceptionally skilled work required in tailoring fur garments adds to their expense. But while the cost of a sumptuous fur coat may run into thousands of dollars, a garment both serviceable and creditable may be obtained at a price really moderate. I do not wish to be understood as

recommending a cheap coat. Intended as it is to last a lifetime, the fur should be as fine in quality and the tailoring should be as perfect as one's means allow. The distinguishing marks of a fur-lined coat of quality are the softness and luster of the fur, amplitude of cut, and a certain rich simplicity of trimming. The over-

trimmed garment suggests a plentiful display of diamonds, waxed mustache ends, and other odious characteristics of the man who is possessed by, rather than who possesses, money.

FUR overcoats are lined and trimmed with Persian lamb, muskrat, Astrakan, Bocharin, mink, Hudson Bay, Russian sable, and the like. The cost depends not so much upon the kind of fur selected, as upon its fineness. Two "picks" of the same fur may be wholly different in quality. It is advisable to get the best, for in furs first expense is really later economy. Cheap pelts shed their hairs and turn color in a season. Good pelts retain their luster for years, though, to be sure, they require care to keep them free from devastating insects.

WHETHER a fur-lined coat be trimmed with fur on the cuffs, as well as on the collar, is a matter of preference, though there is an inclination to omit the cuff trimming as too ornate. The collar should be very broad and deep to avoid the suggestion that there is any skimping of fur, as well as to give generous warmth and enable the wearer to turn it up over his ears. All fur coats are cut extremely loose and hang straight downward from the shoulders. They are cut longer than ordinary overgarments, because intended for nipping weather, when the utmost protection is desired. Besides being adapted to the street, the fur-lined coat is an admirable garment for wear to the theater, the dance, the dinner, or in fact, any midwinter function that one attends in evening dress. It shields both body and clothes. In the evening the silk hat accompanies the fur coat. The "Opera" is rarely worn.

FOR motoring and driving in winter, fur coats are also important, but, of course, the rougher and less expensive furs will serve very well. Raccoon, Russian dog, squirrel, wolf, goatskin, and similar pelts are best for warmth and protection. The gloves to go with them usually match, and any sort of a fur cap with earmuffs may be worn. For strenuous outdoor sports these rougher furs are not only just as good, but they are also more appropriate than the finer and costlier furs would be. This must not be understood; however, as a recommendation of shoddy imitation furs or badly constructed garments.

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.]

BROOKS.—Soft hats are, strictly considered, more appropriate for country wear than for town, though they are not incorrect there. Gray derbies were introduced several years ago. They have not become "popular." What you call a "Tyrolean" hat, is a fur hat with a crown that tapers toward the top and has a gayly colored feather stuck in the ribbon. It derives its name from the Tyrolean peasants who have worn hats of this design for decades. They are very picturesque and well adapted to hunting, tramping, horseback riding, and mountain climbing. Tam-o'-Shanters are seldom used for any sport but skating, though they are quite as appropriate for winter golf.

R. L. R.—We discuss the season's styles in overcoats this month. The "Paddock" is much less worn than it used to be, and form-fitting overcoats are no longer in vogue. A



Muskrat coat for driving or motoring



The Hang Of It

It hangs on and doesn't hang you up with the "limps"—the Brighton Flat Clasp Garter. Lively movers wear comfortable

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\$150. MONTHLY PROFIT E. B. Roberts, Borthaire Co., Mass., makes selling Electric Combs, you can make it. DR. S. HULL, 1481 Penn Ave., Pittsburg, Pa.

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plain loose-back Chesterfield will serve your purpose best and remain in fashion for several years.

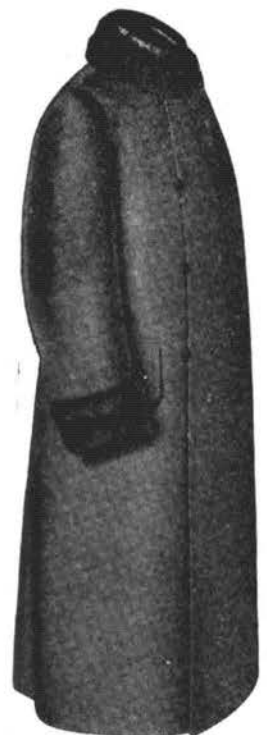
STERLING CITY.—Even if you have your sack coat cut to fit closely, do not have the side seams creased. This practice has been abandoned by the best tailors. We prefer a fairly loose coat that follows, rather than fits, the figure.



Sealskin cap

MANHATTAN CLUB.—As stated again and again, we cannot recommend tailors in this department. It is wholly independent of any outside influences and is conducted altogether in the interests of the readers of SUCCESS MAGAZINE. Neither can we express an opinion concerning the authoritativeness of departments similar to this appearing in other periodicals. All the fashion information published here is gathered expressly for this magazine, and without the least reference to what is printed elsewhere.

F. H. C.—Green is a "smart" color for sack suits. Brown is also much favored. As you only intend to order one suit, we suggest that you choose a subdued color like dark blue or dark gray. It is less conspicuous and you won't tire of it as quickly. Only he who can afford many clothes should take up daring colors.



Persian lamb coat for the street

ANXIOUS.—Chamois gloves are primarily for morning wear. They are sometimes worn with the frock coat, but never with the evening suit. Fur-lined gloves are perfectly proper, but fur-trimmed gloves, that is, gloves with fur-edged wrists, look, to us, a trifle effeminate.

H. T. P.—Don't you think that a black tie looks a trifle gloomy for everyday wear? Since you are fair-haired and have a good color, why not choose sprightly shades like purple, blue, gray, and brown? Even certain deep shades of red should be becoming to you. See that your tie matches your suit in color and you can't go astray.

A. B. A.—It will repay you to send your suit to New York to be dyed, as the best results are undoubtedly obtained here. Dyers in small towns do not, as a rule, use the latest processes. Hence your complaint that the dye rubs off and soils underclothing, collars, and cuffs. We cannot mention the names of firms in this department.

LYTTON.—Your tailor doubtless means well, but he doesn't know. Padded shoulders are no longer in vogue. The natural, sloping effect, which follows the outline of the shoulder is correct and has been for at least a year. It does not matter one jot what "fashion plates" your tailor shows you. They are often wrong and, in their stick-like attitudes, ridiculous.

Didn't Agree with Him

A CAROLINA man was recently inspecting a farm owned by him and operated by an old friend who had pressed into service every member of his family, including his aged father.

"The old man must be getting along in years," said the owner.

"Yes, dad's nigh on to ninety," was the reply.

"Is his health good?"

"Well, no. The old man ain't been hisself for some time back."

"What seems to be the matter?"

"I dunno, sir. I guess farming don't agree with him no more."

He Falls Asleep

PESSIMIST JONES.—"How is it, Smith, that you look so hale and happy and well?"

OPTIMIST SMITH.—"Every time I sit down to worry, I fall asleep."

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ANY STYLE OF RAZOR BLADE

—ordinary or safety—is clamped securely in the mechanism and given the smoothest, truest edge ever produced. Only with the Keenoh are such results possible.

The Keenoh makes it a comfort to shave. It cannot be misused, and will keep in perfect order a life time.

Any hardware dealer, druggist or jeweler has full authority to sell you the Keenoh Automatic Razor Sharpener with the absolute guarantee that you may return it to him within 30 days and have refunded the price, \$5.

Or you may remit \$5 to us and we will forward The Keenoh, prepaid. If you do not wish to keep it, express it back to us, charges collect, and the full price will promptly be returned.

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"THE RAZOR'S EDGE"

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Hosiery

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6 Months No Holes**

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To "Him"

A box of Everwear Hosiery—the much advertised Guaranteed hose for men or women—contains six pair and each box is guaranteed to last for twenty-six weeks or we will replace them absolutely free with new hose. Everwear Hosiery, seamless, shaped to the foot, and non-irritating to the most sensitive skin, is made from the finest Egyptian Cotton, flawlessly knit in fast colors. Everwear, strictly antiseptic, wears like iron, yet is as soft as kid. Washing does not affect Everwear Hosiery—water won't harden it in the least.

If your dealer has not Everwear in stock, write us color and size you want and order direct.

If, during Christmas season, you want to send a box to a friend, enclose us your card with your remittance, write us the size and color desired, and we will see that the order goes forward correctly.

The best dealer in each town sells Everwear at \$2.00 a box of six pairs, packed one size in a box, for either men or women. Women's hosiery is made in black, tan and black with white feet. Men's socks are made in black, black with white feet, blue and steel gray, and also in light and dark tan.

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SENSIBLE, USEFUL GIFTS for the HOLIDAYS

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THEY OUTWEAR THREE ORDINARY KINDS, WHICH MEANS THREE TIMES THE SERVICE OF USUAL 50 CENT SORTS

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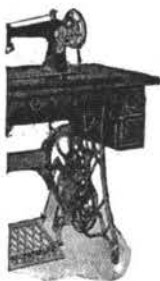
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poses, \$1.00 additional.

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three times this special price in any
other make—if not entirely satis-
factory in every respect return it,
and we will send you \$1.10 for it,
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trouble in writing us, and to show
our confidence in the Laughlin
Pen. (Not one customer in 5,000 has
asked for return of money.) Ask
your dealer and insist upon getting
the genuine Laughlin with name on
holder as in cut; if he will not sup-
ply you, send your order direct to
us, giving us his name, and we will
include in your order one of our
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Lay this SUCCESS down and write
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1/2 A SEWING MACHINE

1/2 a Sewing Machine's labor is saved by
oiling with "3-in-One." Every part runs
like new—bearings—
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One" oil doesn't dry out,
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City, the name of your
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Leased, also Moccasin Slippers, made of Genuine Moosehide,
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beautifully made and very comfortable. Men's sizes,
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Earning Money at Home

OCCUPATIONS FOR WOMEN

By

ISABEL
GORDON
CURTIS

First Article:

Making Candy for the Market



THE demand for work
which will enable wom-
en to earn an income at
home is nation-wide. Thou-
sands of women waste time
and money endeavoring to
find a market for work
which is unsalable. They do
not study local conditions
to find what is missing. There may be little missing
to-day, but there is much that could be done better
than it is being done. Therein lies opportunity.

One calling which presents a wide field to the
woman willing to perfect herself in the art is candy
making. I do not mean the amateur production of
fudge and walnut or date creams, made from powdered
sugar and white of egg, but real French *bonsbons*.
When perfect in harmony of flavor and coloring, neatly
dipped, shapely of form, fresh, and exquisitely packed,
such candy easily commands an extensive market at
seventy-five cents to one dollar a pound. Its cost
ought not to exceed—including the box for packing—
fourteen cents a pound.

The stock in trade is inexpensive. If everything
cannot be afforded at first, the profits on a few pounds
of candy will purchase other requisites. The articles
required to begin candy making are a marble slab (the
top of an old-fashioned bureau or table answers excel-
lently); a wooden spatula, which any carpenter can
make for fifty cents; a set of reliable scales; a four-
quart granite saucepan; a broad palette knife; ten cents'
worth of paraffin paper, and a few chocolate dippers.
By the way, I have experimented with all kinds of
dippers from those manufactured expressly for confec-
tioners to home-made affairs of twisted copper wire,
and I have come to depend on simply one dipper, a
small, slender, long-handled, two-tined fork which is
packed with a certain brand of *pimolas*. Its points are
turned up, but they can be easily flattened out with a
hammer. A word as to the spatula. It is made of
hardwood, about sixteen inches long, and resembles a
snow shovel. The edge must be as sharp as wood can
be planed, for its use is to scrape and lift the *fondant*
from the slab.

OF MATERIALS, first comes sugar, which must be of the
pure, granulated variety; if it is adulterated, you
will have no end of trouble. The best plan is to buy a
dollar's worth of sugar and try making a small quantity
into *fondant*. If it boils up, while still in the sirup
stage, with a dirty scum on it, or if it has a purplish
tinge when it melts, carry it straight back to your
grocer and demand pure sugar. He knows what is
pure and what is adulterated. If you prove to him you
have also achieved that knowledge, you will probably
get his "XXX" sugar in the future. Then you will
require an assortment of flavorings. Remember you
must have the best of everything for candy making. In
extracts this is especially important, not only because the
finest flavors are a necessity but because when the least
moisture is added to *fondant* it is more easily worked.
Half a teaspoonful of first class vanilla is worth an ounce
of a cheap grade which probably never had a speak-
ing acquaintance with a vanilla bean. For colorings I
would suggest violet, yellow, leaf green, *maraschino*,
orange, and fruit red as a plentiful supply. They are
put up in tiny glass jars, which
cost ten cents each, and will last
for years. Other supplies for your
candy cupboard are a small tin
of cream of tartar, a pound each
of shelled walnuts, pecans, and
almonds, a pound package of the

This is the first of a series of practical
articles, by ISABEL GORDON CURTIS, es-
pecially intended for women who, in their
spare moments, wish to earn money at home

best shredded cocoanut, one
pound of figs, a quarter of
a pound of angelica, half a
pound of assorted candied
fruit,—the bulk of the quan-
tity pineapple and cherries
—a stick of cocoanut but-
ter, two or three pounds of
finely sifted confectioner's

sugar, five cents' worth each of the oils of peppermint,
cloves, and wintergreen, and one pound of dipping
chocolate. This list provides sufficient material for the
professional candy-maker.

AFTER getting your stock together, take advantage of
the first propitious day to make *fondant*. If you
attempt the work in windy weather, the *fondant* will
be "grainy," if the weather is damp or rainy, it will
be almost impossible to produce *fondant* of any kind.
Fondant will keep indefinitely if stored in closely sealed
glass jars, so it is economy to make up a quantity on a
clear, bright day. The rest of the work may be carried
on in any sort of weather, although dipped *bonsbons*
dry more slowly on a wet or muggy day than when the
sun shines. Still they will dry, and that is half the
battle.

Now supposing we have a clear sky overhead let us
begin work. Weigh two and a half pounds of sugar,
pour it into the saucepan, add a quarter of a teaspoonful
of cream of tartar (this prevents granulation of the
sugar), then melt it with one and a half cupfuls of boiling
water. Stir till there are no dry lumps of sugar. Set
it on the stove to boil, and leave it alone; do not stir or
move it till the boiling process is finished. One stir of
the sirup would result in a mass of granulated sugar
you could never dignify by the name of *fondant*, which
is the French for cream. While the sugar is boiling—it
will take at least fifteen minutes before you can begin
the testing process—prepare materials for beating the
sirup into *fondant*. Set the marble slab *rough side* up
on a steady, level table. Warm a tablespoonful of olive
oil and rub it scantily into the marble. Have on hand
the wooden spatula and the palette knife.

Now to testing. If you have capital on which to
begin the candy trade, I should advise buying a sugar
thermometer which costs two and a half dollars. This
instrument is laid in the kettle of sirup and watched
during the boiling process till the mercury reaches 238
degrees, the stage a confectioner calls "soft ball." The
sirup must then be taken from the fire. After a little
experience, however, with careful watching, you can
tell the soft ball stage without a thermometer. Dip
carefully a teaspoon into the boiling sirup, then hold it
in a cup of cold water. If you can gather the clear,
gummy stuff into a soft ball between your fingers and
thumb, lift the sirup from the fire and pour it slowly in
larger and widening circles on the marble slab. It will
settle into a transparent mass. In a few minutes, it
may be rolled up at the edge, and it begins to show
wrinkles here and there on the surface. Now it is ready
to work. If you can have help at this point, you will
find it of real value, for at first the boiled sugar may
attempt to run off the edge of the slab. Let your as-
sistant use the palette knife while you work up the
fondant with the spatula, then the process will be
finished in five minutes. Put the spatula into the soft

mass, which will quickly begin
to grow cloudy, and scrape it en-
ergetically backward and forward
as if you were shoveling. Gather
every particle into the mass
of *fondant* and work steadily
till it becomes so stiff that the



spatula will not move. Then take your hands and knead exactly as if it were bread. At first it may feel as if it were crumbling or turning into blocks of hard sugar, but active kneading and squeezing with the warm hands will work out the lumps and speedily reduce it to creaminess. When it is perfectly smooth scrape it up and put into a wide-mouthed glass jar with a tight cover. Your work is finished now, for the *fondant* must stand at least twenty-four hours before being made into *bonbons*.

As a rule *fondant* has its flavoring added when it is molded into *bonbons*. There are two exceptions; the delicious coffee and maple flavors are best obtained during the boiling process. This is accomplished in coffee *fondant* by following exactly the same rule as for white *fondant*, but instead of moistening with water, use one and a half cupfuls of strong strained coffee. For the maple *fondant*, mix one and a quarter pounds of maple sugar with one and a quarter cupfuls of granulated sugar and boil exactly as described above. Do not be disheartened if at the first or even at the tenth time,



"When it reaches the 'soft ball' stage, take it from the fire"

your sugar resolves into something else than *fondant*. If it is too soft, too hard, or is grainy, put it back in the saucepan, melt with boiling water, and set it on the fire to again arrive at the soft ball stage. Keep trying. Once I saw a beautifully creamy *fondant* which was a success after the thirteenth attempt. It had a slightly yellowed tint, the result of repeated boilings, otherwise it was a decided

step toward the "knowing how" of the future.

Now you are ready for the next processes, the rolling of centers and dipping. This is laborious, but a little practice begets skill and one can quickly become an expert. The *fondant* must be at least twenty-four hours old before being used for centers, for it has to undergo a ripening process, which makes rolling a possibility. Before beginning work have the necessary materials at hand. Fruit or nuts which are to be used in the centers should be cut into small cubes or broken. A bowl of powdered sugar may be sifted; you will find it useful in drying the hands when the *fondant* proves sticky. Have plenty of paraffin paper ready, flavoring extracts and colorings, almonds already blanched, the grated zest of an orange, and tartaric acid to be added when you desire a touch of sharpness which no flavoring can give. Let us suppose you have a batch of white *fondant* and coffee *fondant* at hand. Decide what flavorings and colorings you wish, divide the white *fondant*, put each portion in a small bowl, then flavor and color. Recently in a confectioner's trade journal I read directions for making two grades of candy. It said, "Cheap candies, color and flavor highly, but for expensive choice grades both coloring and flavoring must be very delicate." This rule applies equally to home-made candy, and of course your ambition is the highest. The colorings are so intense that the amount lifted on the point of a toothpick is sufficient to tint delicately as much *fondant* as will make a pound of candy. Put this colored toothpick into half a teaspoonful of flavoring and tint the liquid evenly before adding it to the *fondant*, this will prevent a candy from having "streaky" centers. Use no more flavoring than is really necessary, not only for the sake of delicacy, but because you want as small an amount of wetting in the *fondant* as possible, moisture making it harder to roll. Work it in thoroughly, kneading as if the *fondant* were a bit of bread dough. If nuts or fruit go in the center, cut off a bit of *fondant*, about the size of a pecan, flatten it lozenge shape, put the nut in the middle, then roll it between the palms till smooth, nicely shaped, and the *fondant* has covered the nut completely. Set it on a sheet of paraffin paper and proceed to roll the rest in the same way. You may have various forms: oval, nut-shaped, or like marbles. If the *fondant* is of proper consistency, the *bonbon* will keep firm, only settling enough to be flat on the bottom. Certain colorings seem to demand certain flavorings; a delicate shade of green goes with almond or pistachio flavor, orange or pale yellow with orange or lemon flavorings, and delicate pink with rose. Cream tinted or white candies may have a flavoring of vanilla or pineapple.



"Knead it exactly as if it were bread"

AFTER THE centers have stood in a cool, dry place for twenty-four hours, they will be as hard as marbles and ready to dip. If you dipped them before they

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hardened, they would soften and lose their shape when dropped into warm chocolate or *fondant*.

Have in readiness, *fondant*, colored and flavored the same as the centers, one pound of sweet dipping chocolate, which can be purchased in a confectioner's store, a stick of coconut butter, halves of English walnuts and pecans, angelica cut into fine shreds, candied violet and rose leaves, blanched almonds in halves, an abundance of paraffin paper, and the two-tined fork, for dipping. Put the chocolate in a bowl and set it over the fire in a saucepan of hot water. Add a scraping of coconut butter and let it stand till completely melted. Add a little coconut butter whenever you find the chocolate becoming too thick to dip. This is the natural oil of the chocolate and thins it as nothing else does. When a beginner in the candy-making art, and knowing nothing of the properties of chocolate, I tried to thin the dipping medium with hot water. Immediately it cooked into a solid, dough-like mass. Its dipping days were over, all it was of use for, was to flavor chocolate puddings, cake, or cookies. It cannot be thinned with anything but an oil; olive oil or butter will do at a pinch, but coconut butter is the best and cheapest thing to use. Now for the method of dipping. Drop one of the centers into the thinned chocolate, submerge it wholly, then immediately lift it out on the slender fork. Let it stay on the fork for a moment to drip, for two reasons, you do not wish to waste chocolate and you want the *bombons* simply covered, not set in a base of chocolate. If the *bombon* is to be capped with a half walnut, pecan, or almond, drop it on the paraffin paper and put the nut squarely on the top; it will quickly adhere to the damp chocolate. When you do not decorate it in this fashion, make it look hand-dipped. Drop it deftly flat side down, then lingeringly, while the chocolate grows "tacky," lift the dipper, leaving an impression of the tines on the top.

Bombons are *fondant* dipped in exactly the same way. Warm the *fondant* in a bowl, stirring constantly till it grows creamy, then dip the centers. Stir the *fondant* between each dipping to keep it from crusting. It will thicken more quickly than the chocolate does; it can be thinned with hot water, but very carefully. I keep a medicine dropper for this purpose and add water, a few drops at a time. If it gets too thin by heating, allow it to stand till cool enough to make a good coating. You may decorate *fondant*-dipped candies with nut halves, cubes of candied pineapple, or, when dipping in delicate green, use a shred of angelica. With pink or violet centers, candied rose leaves or violets, rolled to crumbs, give a pretty finish. Another attractive *bombon* may be made by dipping delicate green or pink centers in white *fondant*, then, before drying, roll them in grated coconut.

Lend your most artistic taste to the making of candy. A white center is the only one which can be dipped in *fondant* of a different tint. Coffee or maple centers require a chocolate coating, or they may be dipped in their own *fondant* colored slightly darker with caramel. Do not dip a rose-tinted center into a pale-green *fondant*, the effect is not artistic and the pink glowing through the green gives you a nondescript sort of tint. If you wish, color the dipping *fondant* a shade deeper than the center, and you will get a good effect. When the dipping process is finished, allow the *bombons* to dry perfectly, then set away on trays covered with paraffin paper until ready to pack.

THERE are scores of *bombons* requiring no dipping which may be successfully produced at home.

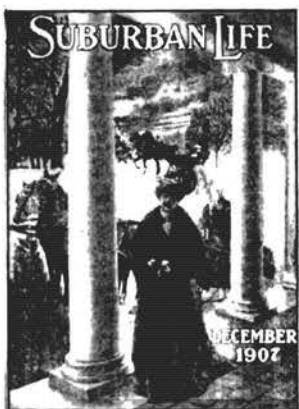
Among them are split almonds. Flavor a small amount of *fondant* with almond and color it delicately green. Roll into the form of a paper-shell almond, then press a blanched almond into it sideways, leaving the edge just showing. If you have seen a green almond on the tree, you will find this a realistic imitation.

DWARF ORANGES.—Add to a few tablespoonfuls of *fondant* the zest of a fine orange, a dash of orange flavoring, and enough *maraschino* orange coloring to give the tint of a fine ripe orange. Roll into tiny balls as big as a marble and flatten slightly at each end. When dry dip a toothpick in chocolate and paint at each end of the candy a mere touch which suggests the stem and blossom. Apples, pears, and peaches may be imitated in the same way, creating a peach slightly with the dull side of a knife to show its division.

WALNUT CREAMS.—Roll olive-sized bits of *fondant* colored and flavored in any way you desire, flatten them slightly, and on each side press half an English walnut. Pecan and almond meats may be used in the same way, only make the portion of *fondant* smaller.

COFFEE BEANS.—This tiny candy can be made from remnants of *fondant* and dipping chocolate mixed. Rub your hands with cocoa butter and between them form the chocolate into a long roll like a pipe of macaroni. Cut with a sharp knife in pieces the size of a coffee bean, roll each to a tiny round ball, then with the back of a knife mark the division of a coffee bean. These make nice little candies to fill crevices in a *bombon* box.

PEA PODS.—Mold a strip of green *fondant* into a roll as thick as a lead pencil, making it slightly pointed at each end. Cut into the middle lengthwise with a dull knife. Inside this lay a row of tiny *fondant* balls, a



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more delicate green than the shell. If properly shaped, you will have a quaint imitation pea pod.

GREEN PEAS.—Here is a tiny candy which will utilize a remnant of green, pistacho-flavored *fondant*. Roll into small balls, the size of peas. When dry touch each end with a toothpick, dipped in chocolate, to imitate the germ in a ripe pea.

PEPPERMINTS.—Put a lump of *fondant* in a small bowl and add to it six drops of oil of peppermint. Set in hot water and beat thoroughly while melting. When it reaches the consistency of cream, drop teaspoonfuls on paraffin paper. The *fondant* will spread like a thick lozenge. If you desire different flavors, use oil of cloves, or wintergreen, coloring the *fondant* green for cloves, and pink for wintergreen. They will cool almost immediately.

MAPLE CREAMS.—If you have maple *fondant* on hand, melt it and drop in lozenge shape exactly like peppermints. As they are dropped, press on each one immediately half an English walnut or a pecan. Coffee creams may be made after the same method.

NUTTED MARSHMALLOWS.—Buy five cents' worth of fresh marshmallows, stick each one on a hatpin, and dip it about half way down into melted chocolate. Drop on paraffin paper then stick the hatpin through half an English walnut or pecan, dip it flatwise down in the chocolate and lay one on top of each marshmallow.

PINEAPPLE POINTS.—Cut a slice of candied pineapple so that one end will have a sharp point while the other end is square. Hold the pointed end between the fingers and dip in pale-green *fondant* flavored with pineapple extract. Drop on paraffin paper with the pointed end up.

These are but a few of the *bonbon* varieties which can be made by women who possess good taste and originality. You may obtain many ideas by visiting the store of a first-class confectioner. Study his wares, as to shape, coloring, and decoration. If you have any conscience pricks, purchase a pound of assorted fine candies, then study and taste them at home. The dollar they may cost will be money well invested.

A Free Country

IT was in a lumber yard that Mr. Wiggles found his friend Mr. Shank, he being one of the fourteen who had bestowed themselves picturesquely over a pile of boards. These useful citizens faced a sign that said "No Smoking or Loafing," yet all of them were loafing and most of them were smoking.

Presently, however, feeling the need of exercise, Mr. Wiggles and his friend wandered into the suburbs and thence to rural regions. In the course of their walk they encountered many "No Trespassing" notices. Taking it for granted that such signs indicated short cuts to attractive places, they climbed many high fences and explored several acres of forbidden territory.

But on the homeward way Mr. Wiggles was thoughtful. He had an idea. And when Mr. Shanks persuaded him at length to break the unnatural silence, Mr. Wiggles said:

"I'm going into business, and I need help. I want you to paint me a dozen signs, with the words 'No Admittance' in big letters."

"What will you do with them?"

"Hang one at every door of my shop."

"A 'No Admittance' sign on every door of your shop?" the friend repeated, wondering.

"Even so," said Mr. Wiggles. "The man who sees such a notice will say to himself at once, 'Must be something interesting in there.' Then as he dwells upon it he will begin to argue, 'Guess this is a free country, ain't it? I'm going in to take a look around.' And in he will come."

"Thus, thanks to the spirit of independence bred within us, our national characteristic of wanting to find out things, and our racial habit of assuming that the other fellow does n't mean it anyhow, my shop will be crowded all the time. The only thing I fear," Mr. Wiggles added, "is that a good many customers will be killed in the crush."

Something in Oils

SHE approached the floorwalker and asked:

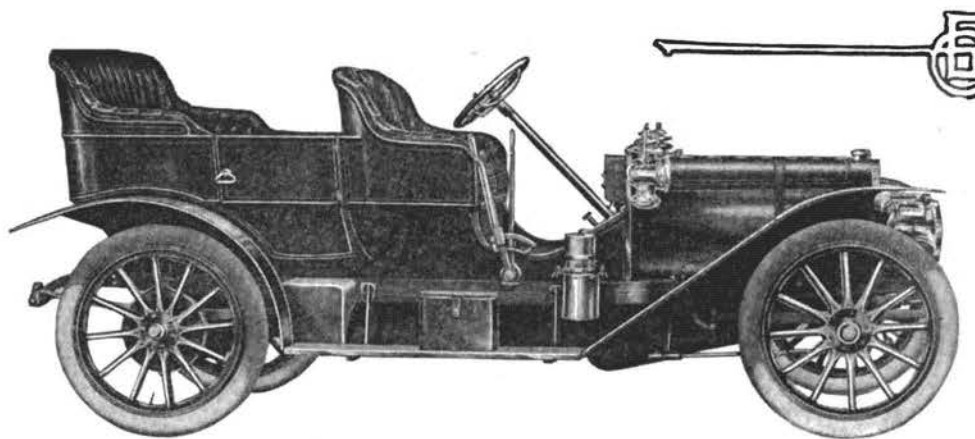
"Where shall I find something nice in oil for the dining room?"

"On the fifth—" began the floorwalker. Then pausing, he looked doubtfully at the inquirer. "Do you want a painting or something in the sardine line?"

Many an honorable career has resulted from a kind word spoken in season or the warm grasp of a friendly hand.

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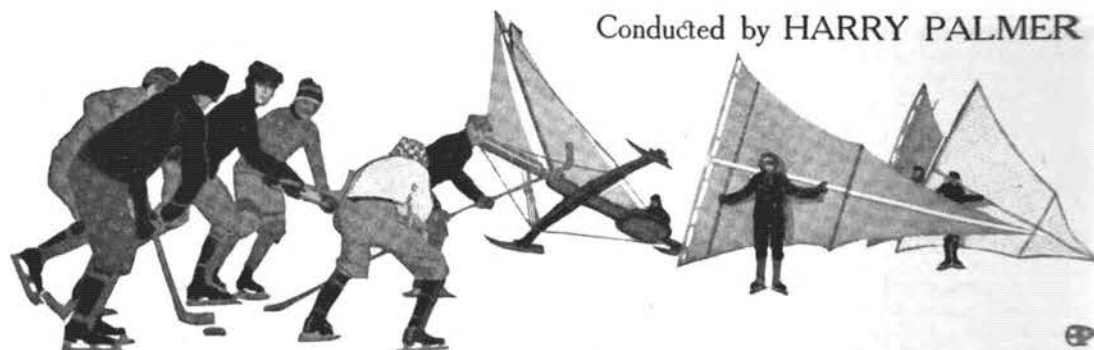
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The American

Herring Gull

Mrs M. B. Crowell

OFF the southern coast of Nova Scotia, on a small island known as Seal Island, there is a colony of the American Herring Gull. They are quite numerous, but are rapidly decreasing because they have no legal protection. Traveling over the island one will find nests in many different positions and of entirely different construction.

Some you will see on the tops of the tall spruces; others on the open ground, and still others on the beach, almost within reach of the waves. Those on the trees are constructed of large sticks and are lined with moss, on the ground they are almost entirely of moss and grass, while on the shore they are merely holes in the sand lined with sea weeds.

One day last summer I decided to photograph these beautiful birds in their homes, so, taking my little "4 x 5" camera, a piece of rubber tube fifteen feet long, and a bicycle pump, with which to work the shutter, I started off. Selecting a likely looking nest containing three lovely mottled brown eggs, I focused my camera, attached my tube and pump, and, concealing myself under some sticks, moss, and brush, I waited. Yes, that is what I did. Waited for three long hours before that gull decided that the sun was getting low and the eggs might be getting cold. So she flew down from the tree on which she had been sitting for hours, and walking up to her nest settled down. Just then I "snapped," and made the exposure. The sun was low, but I obtained a fairly good picture. Crawling out from under my pile of brush and moss, I hurried home to develop my plate, and, when I saw the image appear, I felt fully repaid for my three hours of waiting.

Tsi-ma-shoo and the Caribou

By Louis Augustin

IN THE hush of midday, a trapper, carrying a gun on his shoulder plowed his way through the snow in the heart of a forest. He advanced gingerly, looking to and fro.

Presently, as he came to a frozen bog, he stopped, removed his woolen *tuque* and listened. Then Tsi-ma-shoo, for that was the Indian's name, suddenly leaned his gun against his side, and putting his mittened hands above his upper lip called "Ruh, ruh,

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.

squatted on the snow. Another twig cracked, and, perceptibly, sudden sounds of "ruh, ruh," caught the Indian's ear.

"Hein, hein, attakwa," he murmured, with a twinkle in his beady eyes.

There was a huge birch tree a few feet away from the Indian, and to it he crawled swiftly. With his ax he noiselessly stripped off a long piece of bark which he deftly rolled into a sort of megaphone and applied to his mouth. "Ruh, ruh, ruh, r' r'," the Indian blew forth, and ere long back came the answer, "Ruh, ruh, ruh!"

At once Tsi-ma-shoo rubbed and knocked the tree with his ax, simultaneously calling "Ruh, ruh, ruh!"

The bull caribou who had answered the call heard the challenge and, snorting and bellowing gutturally, advanced toward the unseen challenger. The Indian crouched and did not reply. The caribou becoming suspicious stopped, threw up its head, and tried the air.

Again the bull caribou called—once, twice, thrice, and each time more defiantly, and, to emphasize the fact that he meant business, knocked and rubbed his palmated antlers mightily against the trees. The Indian, taking advantage of the caribou's impetuous mood, cocked his muzzle-loader and peeped forth at the caribou. The bull was standing thwart the on-looking Tsi-ma-shoo. Not far from the bull the Indian desisted two cows.

"Hein, hein, good meat for shooor," Tsi-ma-shoo thought, and his face wrinkled into a broad grin.

The caribou called again, snorted several times, knocked his antlers against the trees, and even roared. Savagely he pawed the snow, making it fly high over his back, but the Indian never answered. The cows, waxing nervous, moved toward their leader, calling, "Reuh, reuh." It was what the Indian wanted.

From behind the birch tree Tsi-ma-shoo leveled his gun and pulled the trigger. A loud, vicious report echoed through the frozen wilderness with a



American herring gull in her nest



The nest eggs



The young gulls

smacking noise. One of the cows emitting a half-choked bellow, leaped clear over a small cluster of young evergreens emerging fully four feet above the snow. Then in the act of making another bound she fell heavily on the snow—lifeless. The bull reared and crashed through the woods, roaring furiously as he went. The other cow, bewildered, leaped in all directions, and finally shot forth in the bull's tracks. The Indian repeatedly called through his megaphone, but this time the caribou paid no heed and soon both disappeared in the forest.

After Tsi-ma-shoo had reloaded his gun he went to the dead caribou. With his dagger he ripped it open and covered the carcass with a thick layer of snow—to prevent it from freezing—and while he mumbled something about sending his squaw to fetch the meat, he lit his pipe and retraced his steps.

Camping in a Snowstorm

By Elinor Marsh

MY SISTER and I had been traveling through the Southwest, and decided to try camping for a change. It was the latter part of April, and rather early for such an outing—so the old residents said.

We took an early train that ran up a mountain cañon seven miles to a lumber camp, where a dozen or more Mexican families were living in *adobe* houses. We pitched our tent across the river and opposite the camp.

Everything moved along perfectly for three days. The weather was warm and pleasant. One evening it commenced raining in a quiet way, and we had quite a time getting everything packed away in the tent and gathering in fuel for the morning. We made up our cots and went to bed, as the patter of the rain on the tent had made us sleepy.

The next morning when I awoke, there was a dark gloomy look in the tent that I could not account for. The top of the tent sagged down as if something heavy had been piled on it. I sat up and struck the tent with my hand, and there followed something that seemed to be a landslide. I called my sister and we looked out. We could not see anything for the snow, it was falling so thick and fast. We had spent the winter in a furnace-heated house, and now we were camping in a blizzard, with nothing to protect us from the storm but a tent. Our only means of getting back to the lumber camp was by walking half a mile to a railroad bridge, and that was impossible in a blinding storm. Surely some one would come to our aid.

The storm raged three days and nights. We were unable to find any wood, and our provisions were gone. Just as we were getting ready to struggle back to camp, a Mexican rode up and asked, in broken English, if there was anything he could do for us. I told him of the plight we were in, and he went away and returned shortly with wood and food.

Tennis on All Fours

By D. R. Piper

I AM by no means an expert at tennis, and have many things to learn. I recently had an experience which demonstrated to me that care, as well as speed and accuracy, is essential—an experience which cost my partner and myself the game. I was serving, and had just shot the first ball successfully over the net to my opponent, while I still held the second ball in my hand. My opponent made a quick return to the right "alley" and close to the net. I skimmed across the court toward it, and when about half way the other ball slipped from my grasp. I stepped on it, and was thrown to my hands. I finished the distance on all fours, and arrived not just in time but just an instant too late. Had I succeeded in reaching the ball it would have been a spectacular play. As it was I became the sport of the spectators.

State Laws and the Sale of Firearms

THE prohibition, through legislative enactment, of the sale of firearms in Georgia, South Carolina, and other Southern States, has aroused widespread discussion as to the constitutionality of state laws of this character. Fred. I. Johnson, of Fitchburg, Massachusetts, in presenting the situation from the viewpoint of the manufacturer, says:

"The movement by the Legislatures of certain states to prohibit the sale of firearms within those states is, beyond doubt, unconstitutional; it is detrimental to the business interests of the states in question, without in any way restricting the quantity of firearms purchased and in use; it is intended to deprive those who live in rural districts where police protection is inadequate, or wholly lacking, of the means to protect themselves, their families, and their property; it is a hardship to an excellent class of merchants, for, while the law proscribes the sale of firearms by hundreds of hardware stores in the states affected, it does not prevent their citizens from buying such arms elsewhere, and the money thus expended goes, not into the coffers of the local merchant, but into those of great business houses in other states. Such a result is demoralizing to the trade of the state in question, and to the firearms manufacturing industry as well.



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The Franklin engine is smaller because it works at the temperature of the highest efficiency, 350° or more. A water-cooled motor can't keep up to this temperature, the water would boil away. This is why the Franklin went 95 miles on two gallons of gasoline in the great Efficiency Contest, while the nearest water-cooled machine stopped at 48 miles.

* Type G, the light family touring-car, is a striking example of high power with light-weight and perfect strength. It does more and lasts longer than any machine at or near its price. It is the easiest on tires, fuel, and repairs, and gives the most service, dollar for dollar.

You'd better look into this matter of light-weight and the Franklin.

The 1908 Franklin catalogue goes very fully into the subject.

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"It cannot be denied that firearms have been misused in many instances, and have caused no little loss of life. The same is true, however, of many utilities with which civilization could ill afford to dispense. The trolley car, the railway, the passenger elevator, the steamship, the automobile, and other modern devices cost thousands of lives annually, yet what sane legislator would introduce a measure prohibiting the use of any one of these? In its own field of usefulness the small arm is fully as beneficial as any of them, and exacts a much smaller toll in human life. Only a very small percentage of the firearms manufactured pass into the hands of the criminal classes. The great majority of them are purchased by law-abiding householders and are kept in their homes for the protection of themselves and their families against law-breaking intruders. The burglar, the highwayman, and the assassin prefer the knife and the blackjack. Such weapons make no noise. The law-abiding citizen, however, when attacked, wants to make all the noise he can, and the revolver is, therefore, his ideal weapon for defense.

"The police force is an excellent institution, if only for the moral influence it exerts. In how many communities, however, is the police force inadequate? How many communities are there with no police force at all? And even in those communities enjoying the best police protection obtainable, how many instances are on record in which the police have arrived in time to prevent a robbery, instead of after the robber had fled? It is not the police that the housebreaker fears, but the defensive weapon of the citizen whose house he enters with criminal intent. Let the housebreaker and the second-story man feel assured that the houseowner is prohibited by law from purchasing or having in his possession a revolver or other small-arm, and he will work with impunity, for he will know that the greatest danger to himself—in fact, the only danger he fears—has been eliminated. The unconstitutionality of any state law prohibiting the sale of firearms is made plain by reference to Article II. of Amendments to the Constitution of the United States, which reads:

"A well-regulated militia being necessary to the security of a free State, the right of the people to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed."

"The provisions of this section are broader than they would seem to the superficial reader. They permit not only the militia to keep and bear arms, but they permit the people so to do. Had it been the purpose to restrict this privilege to the militia, the Amendment would have been made to read, 'the right of the militia to keep and bear arms;' but it distinctly says, 'the people.'

"The Legislatures of Georgia and South Carolina have acted hastily as well as unconstitutionally. Had they given careful consideration to both sides of the question, it is very doubtful whether such prohibitory laws would have been seriously considered."

American vs. Foreign Automobiles

THE two annual exhibits of automobiles held this winter and last in New York City were perhaps the most impressive that have taken place in the history of the motor car in America. The product for the season of 1908 proves that the American automobile industry is rapidly approaching the mark of perfection.

That this much-to-be-desired stage has been arrived at in this country is perhaps best attested by the recent action of several importers of foreign-built motor cars who have practically cut in two the selling price of their different models. For years, French, German, and Italian builders have scorned the merest intimation of comparison between their products, from the view point of structural merit and mechanical perfection, with American-built machines. They contended that there was no room whatever for arguments on these points—that the industry in America was in its experimental stage, and that Americans who wanted reliable, properly constructed cars, capable of "getting there and getting back," had no alternative but to purchase foreign makes. Four, or even three years ago there was no small degree of truth in this assertion, and, although the cost of a French car of from forty to sixty-horse power varied from \$9,000 to \$13,000, millions of American dollars went across the Atlantic for automobiles of foreign manufacture, and those New York importing houses enjoying the exclusive selling rights in this country of such popular foreign makes as the Panhard, Mercedes, Renault, Fiat, Daimler, and others, not only had no difficulty in getting their full prices, but also were put to their wits' end to supply the demand.

"There will be no reduction in our prices," said these importers, just prior to the annual shows of a year ago. "Why should there be? Notwithstanding our present prices we cannot comfortably fill our orders. When America learns how to build real motor cars, we may come down in our prices, but not until then."

Last month, one of the leading importers of New York announced so sweeping a reduction in price, as to bring his particular make down to a level with the prices of the higher grade of American-built cars. Within a week, other importers had taken similar action, and for the first time since the advent of the automobile in the United States, American and foreign built motor cars are in earnest, determined competition, price for price.

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Drugging a Race

By SAMUEL MERWIN

[Concluded from page 810]

talked them off on that particular day at Tientsin. "The opium growers always take the best piece of ground," he said, "in their land—the best fertilized, and with the most water upon it. They find that it pays them a great deal better than growing wheat or anything else." Around Chao Cheng, especially, they grow opium to a large extent just beside the rivers, where they can get plenty of water. The seeds are grown about the beginning of May, and they have to be transplanted. It takes until about the middle of July before the opium ripens. Just before it is ripe men are employed to cut the seed pods, when a white sap exudes, and this dries upon the pod and turns brown, and in about a week after it has been cut they come around and scrape it off. The wages are from twenty to thirty cents (Mexican) per day. Men and women are employed in the work. The heads of the poppy are all cut off, when they are dried and stored away for the seed of the next year.

"It is a very fragile crop, and until it gets to be nine inches high it is very easily broken. The full-grown poppy plant is from three to four feet high. The Chao Cheng opium is considered the best.

"In the Chao Cheng district the people have been more or less ruined by opium. I have heard of a family, a man and his wife, who had only one suit of clothes between them.

"In Taiku there is a large family by the name of Meng, perhaps the wealthiest family in the province of Shansi. For the past few years they have been steadily going down, simply from the fact that all the heads of the family have become opium users. In Taiku there is a large fair held each year, and all the old bronzes, porcelains, furniture, etc., that this family possesses are sold; each year more is brought out to be sold. Last year enough of their possessions was on sale to stock up ten or twelve small shops at the fair.

"Another man, a rich man in Jen Tsuen, possessed a fine summer residence previous to 1900. This residence contained several large houses and some fine trees and shrubs, but during the last seven years he has taken to opium and has been steadily going down. He has been selling out this residence, pulling down the houses and cutting down the trees, and selling the wood and old bricks. He is now a beggar in the streets of Jen Tsuen.

"All through the hills west of Tai Yuan-fu the peasants are addicted to the use of opium. About seventy per cent. of the population take opium in one form or another. I was speaking to a number of them who had come into an inn at which I was stopping. I asked them if they wanted to give up the use of opium. They said yes, but that they had not the means to do so. Everybody would like to give it up. The women smoke, as well as the men.

"The smoker does not trouble himself to plant seeds, nor to go out.

"The houses in Shansi are very good; in fact, they are better than in other provinces, but they are rapidly going to ruin owing to the excessive smoking of opium, and wherever one goes the ruins are seen on every side. On the roads the people can get a little money by selling things, but off the main roads the distress is worse than anywhere else.

"Up in the hills I stopped at a village and inquired if they had any food for sale, and they told me that they had nothing but frozen potatoes. So I asked to be shown those, and I went into one of the hovels and found little potatoes perhaps one half an inch across, frozen, and all strewn over the kang (the brick bed), where they were drying. As soon as they were dry they were to be ground down into a meal of which dumplings were made, and these were steamed. That was their only diet, and had been for the past month. They had no money at all. What money they had possessed had been spent on opium, and they could not expect anything to make up the crop of potatoes the following autumn. I noticed in a basin a few dried sticks, and I asked what they were for, and the man told me they were the sticks taken from the sieve through which the opium was filtered for purification. These sticks are soaked in hot water, and the water, which contains a little opium, is drunk. They were using this in place of opium. I gave this man twenty cents, and the next day when I returned he was enjoying a pipe of opium.

"While passing through an iron-smelting village I noticed that the blacksmiths who beat up the pig iron were regular living skeletons. They work from about five in the morning until about five in the evening, stopping twice during that time for meals. When they leave off in the evening, after a hasty meal they start with their pipes and go on until they are asleep. I do not know how these men can work. I presume that it was the hard work that made them take to opium smoking.

"On asking people why they had taken to the drug, they invariably replied that it was for the cure of a pain of some sort—for relieving the suffering. The women often take to it after childbirth, and this is generally what starts them to smoking.

"The wealthier men who smoke opium nearly all

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day cannot enter another room until this room has first been filled with the fumes of opium. Some one has to go into the room first and smoke a few pipes, so that the air of the room may be in proper condition.

"There was an official in Shau-ying who used to keep six slave girls going all day filling his pipes. The slave girls and brides very often try to commit suicide by eating opium, owing to the harsh treatment they receive."

The first night out from Shau-ying I slept at a nameless little village which, like so many of the others, was crumbling back to its native dust. The inn compound was in ruins. "Dirty—too dirty," muttered John, as he set up my cot. Late on the following afternoon we arrived at another heap of ruins known as Shih-tieh. For two days I had been journeying through a land so quaint, so primitive, so curious a blend of the Old Testament and the Arabian Nights (with a faint flavor of medieval Europe), that it seemed a lifetime since I had left the railway and the advancing twentieth century back there at Shau-ying. Sometimes we would wind slowly through the sunken roads, with the caves and the painted signs of beggars at short intervals. Occasionally there would come warning shouts and the tinkle of bells as a camel train or a donkey train drew near. Sometimes we would ride close to the surface, by fields of sprouting millet, and the blue-clad peasants, drawing water with hand windlasses to irrigate their crops, would pause and wipe the sweat from their foreheads, and look at me with curious eyes. Sometimes we would go lurching and creaking through the gates of a little city, and the ragged, sad-looking inhabitants would come to the doorways to stare. It was a blighted land, yet there was something honest and simple and sunny in the life.

At early evening the road wandered down into a broad river bottom, and spread aimlessly out into a fan-shaped radiation of trails. We forded the stream, and I found myself wondering, whimsically, how these infinitely patient travelers ever get along when the rivers are high and this age-old highway is blocked. Probably they stop as they are, and wait with Oriental resignation until the rivers go down again.

The sun sank red and splendid, and the yellow hills again turned purple and faded off in mystery. The bells of a distant camel train jingled a faint antiphony to the bells on our mules. We climbed a hill in the twilight, and, with shouts and clucks and trills from the driver, the cart lurched through a gateway into the innyard.

My room was musty and cold, and was crusted with a century of dirt. I threw my rug over the quaint wooden chair (it had been polished smooth by long use, as smooth as that famous seat of Dr. Johnson's at the Old Cheshire Cheese in London), lighted the lamp, and sat down to try to make myself believe that I was here. Even the lamp seemed unreal, for it was an iron vessel, filled with grease, with a rush-wick lying in it, and projecting a little over the edge; quite such a lamp, I imagine, as they used in Abraham's time. I felt that I had traveled through the Old Testament from Exodus to Job; but it was an Old Testament which had never known the magnificent, restless inspiration of the prophets, and which had stopped just short of the Psalms. The Chinese have not got to Psalms yet, and they are a thousand years or so from the New Testament. Whether the missionaries and the teachers can pilot them through a short cut is problematical, they have so much sheer living yet to accomplish. As an undertaking it loomed too big, too overwhelming, for the imagination of one bewildered traveler to grasp.

Perhaps that is China's tragedy: to be brought, a backward race, into the rush and whirl and clash of a modern world, into a world which is growing so small and is knitting its parts so close together that this huge, ancient empire cannot keep out of the onward sweep of world-history if it would. And such a baffling race as it is! The Chinaman seems to have the curiosity, the credulity, the sunny temper, the wanton cruelty, the cunning, the simple loyalty,—in a word, the complexity of a child. He is not of to-day. There are four hundred undeniable millions of him. With the world growing steadily smaller, he cannot be ignored. Whether it be to poison him, to enlighten him, or to butcher him, the world has him on her hands.

There was a knock at the door. I started, and turned. It was John.

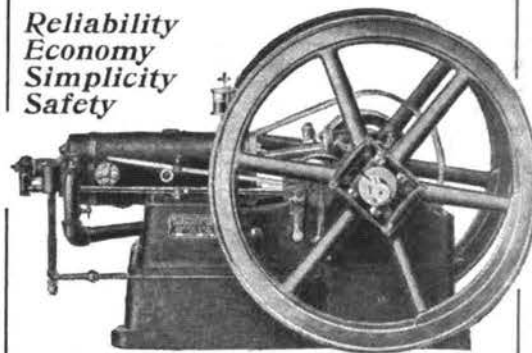
"Shave water have got," said he, in his low-pitched, apologetic voice. He set down the steaming basin, and slipped noiselessly from the room.

Another day of the hills, and then we descended into the broad valley of the Fen-ho, with glimpses of a thread-like river in the distance, and, farther still, range upon range of blue mountains. On a low hill, to the right, towered two thirteen-story pagodas. Then the guide pointed ahead with his whip, and I saw the great gate-towers of T'ai Yuan-fu. They stood out boldly, apparently scattered for miles about the plain, though the city they inclosed could not be seen. These gate-towers dominate the landscape as a French cathedral dominates its surrounding countryside.

Suddenly—and unexpectedly, to me—we rumbled into modern China. On our left, parallel to the road, extended the "grade" and the new telegraph poles of the Shansi railroad. A few months more and the trains, with first-class compartments and French con-

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ductors, and the other modern improvements, would be roaring through here, bringing in a new era with the first shriek of the whistle. We passed three square adobe forts, with sentinels on duty and dragon flags flying. There were level parade grounds, with turbaned soldiers drilling under Chinese officers with pigtailed. They were executing the German "goose-step" with precision, and with splendid muscular control. Bugles were playing European calls. The shouts of the officers sounded strangely like "the usual shallow-humps and shallow-hoops." There were open-air gymnasia, with familiar looking bars and swing-ropes and wooden "horses." The soldiers were all big, active fellows. No opium smoker is tolerated in the "new" army, for it is China's only hope.

We lurched up on the stone bridge that spans the moat, lurched down again (while I clutched at the sides of the cart), and rolled in under the great arch of the city gate. Two Manchu soldiers ran out and stopped us. They looked at me with a puzzled expression, and then looked at each other. Finally one of them asked John whether I was English or American. It seemed to me then, and it seems still, that this was a surprisingly intelligent question to come from a common Manchu soldier stationed three hundred miles southwest of Peking. Later I learned that the entire province was on the verge of revolution because a monopoly right to their richest coal and iron mines had been granted to a London syndicate, and that the provincial authorities were finding some difficulty in protecting Englishmen from the fury of the people. I had not been supplied with Chinese cards, but I gave the soldiers one of my American business cards, and they finally decided to admit me. The card was turned over to a policeman, who carried it to the end of his beat and then handed it on to the next policeman. We had to ride about the crowded streets for an hour before John could find an inn to his liking. And at every one of our many stops, the cart was surrounded by a crowd of ragged Chinamen, who stared and laughed among themselves, and now and then, jeered at me; while somewhere off ahead stood a policeman holding my card out in front of him between two fingers. The cart was open at the back, and I could hear them crowding close and jabbering behind me. The only thing I could think of to do was to sit still and look unconcerned. But I was glad when, at last, we entered an innyard and the big wooden gates closed behind us.

In the early evening a policeman called and asked my name. Later the "number one policeman," as John interpreted his rank, sent around his red card with the written request that I get the missionary to give me a Chinese name in the morning. Accordingly I sent a note, by coolie, to the Rev. Mr. Sowerby, of the English Baptist Mission, asking him if he had an extra Chinese name lying about which I might borrow for a few weeks. This request brought a courteous note and a bundle of red paper "cards" inscribed with the name, "Mieh Wun." A little later a small white card, printed in English, was brought to my door, followed by Mr. H. Wen, the provincial interpreter, a young mandarin, in robe, hat, and button, who spoke English that was quite understandable, and who proved to be a cultured Oriental gentleman. I was to call, in the afternoon, on His Excellency, the Provincial Judge; and Mr. Wen had frankly come to look me over and learn my business. They seemed to do things pretty thoroughly in T'ai Yuan-fu.

III.

EVERYWHERE along the highroad and in the cities and villages of Shansi you see the opium face. The opium smoker, like the opium eater, rapidly loses flesh when the habit has fixed itself on him. The color leaves his skin, and it becomes dry, like parchment. His eye loses whatever light and sparkle it may have had, and becomes dull and listless. The opium face has been best described as a "peculiarly withered and blasted countenance." With this face is always associated a thin body and a languid gait. Opium gets such a powerful grip on a confirmed smoker that it is actually unsafe for him to give up the habit without medical aid. His appetite is taken away, his digestion is impaired, there is congestion of the various internal organs, and congestion of the lungs. Constipation and diarrhea result, with pain all over the body. By the time he has reached this stage, the smoker has become both physically and mentally weak and inactive. With his intellect deadened, his physical and moral sense impaired, he sinks into laziness, immorality, and debauchery. He has lost his power of resistance to disease, and becomes predisposed to colds, bronchitis, diarrhea, dysentery, and dyspepsia. Brigade Surgeon J. H. Condon, M. D., M. R. C. S., speaking of opium eaters before the Royal Commission on Opium, said: "They become emaciated and debilitated, miserable-looking wretches, and finally die, most commonly of diarrhea induced by the use of opium."

When a man has got himself into this condition, he must have opium, and must have it all the time. I have already pointed out that opium-smoking not only is perhaps the most expensive of the vices, but that, unlike opium-eating, it consumes an immense amount of time. Few smokers can keep slaves to fill their pipes for them, like that wealthy official at Shau-ying. It takes a seasoned smoker from fifteen minutes to half an hour to

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prepare a pipe to his satisfaction, smoke it, and rouse himself to begin the operation again. If he smokes ten or twenty pipes a day, which is common, and then sleeps off the effects, it is not hard to figure out the number of hours left for business each day. When he has slept, and the day is well started, his body at once begins to clamor for more opium. He must begin smoking again, or he will suffer an agony of physical and mental torture. His ten to twenty pipes a day will cost him from a dollar (if he is a poor man and smokes the scrapings from the rich man's pipe), to ten or twenty dollars (or more, if he smokes a high grade of opium). I learned of many wealthy merchants and officials who smoke from forty to sixty pipes a day.

It is just at this period, when the smoker is so enslaved by the drug that he has lost his earning power, that his opium expenditure increases most rapidly. He is buying opium now, not so much to gratify his selfish vice, as to keep himself alive. He becomes frantic for opium. He will sell anything he has to buy the stuff. His moral sense is destroyed. A diseased, decrepit, insane being, he forgets even his family. He sells his bric-a-brac, his pictures, his furniture. He sells his daughters, even his wife, if she has attractions, as slaves to rich men. He tears his house to pieces, sells the tiles of his roof, the bricks of his walls, the woodwork about his doors and windows. He cuts down the trees in his yard and sells the wood. And at last he crawls out on the highway, digs himself a cave in the loess (if he has strength enough), and prostrates himself before the camel and donkey drivers, whining, chattering, praying that a few copper cash be thrown to him.

There are no statistics in China, so I can give the reader only the observations and impressions of a traveler. But Shansi Province is a heap of ruins. So are Szechuan and Yunnan and Kweichow, and half a dozen others. It is with the province as a whole much as it is with the individuals of that province. The raising of opium to supply this enormous demand crowds off the land the grains and vegetables that are absolutely needed for human food. The manufacture of opium and its accessories absorbs the energy and capital that should go into legitimate industry. The government of the province and the government of the empire have become so dependent on the immense revenue from the taxation of this "vicious article of luxury" that they dare not give it up. In the body politic an unhealthy condition not only exists, but also controls. Drifting into it half-consciously, the province has been sapped by a vicious economic habit. That is what is the matter with Shansi. That is what is the matter with China. All the way along my route in Shansi I photographed the ruins that typify the disaster which has overtaken this opium province. And a few of these photographs are reproduced here, all showing houses of men who were well-to-do only a few years ago. It will be plainly seen from the cuts, I think, that these ruins are not the result of age. The sun-dried bricks of the walls show few signs of crumbling. The walls themselves are not weatherbeaten, and have evidently been destroyed by the hand of man, and not by time.

IV.

Two letters have been sent to me by readers of my first article, "The Drama of a Drug," which I shall consider here, for the reason that they raise a question which I should sooner or later have to take up. One, written to the editors of this magazine, protests "against the slur cast by your correspondent on the Christian missions in China," and adds this: "To say that the Christian missions of China are 'a part of the opium drama' is not true." The other writer voices his protest in these words: "Samuel Merwin exposes a pitiful ignorance or a fiendish desire to shield 'civilization' behind the various forms of the word 'Christian.'"

The first protest, that I have cast a slur on the Christian missions in China, would hardly come, I think, in just those words from one who had read my first article carefully. The second and third protests, that the Christian missions are "not a part of the opium drama," and that I have employed the word "Christian" unfairly, have to do with a wholly different phase of the problem. I am glad the points have been raised, for it is my task to present this problem as it is—not as it might be, or as we might prefer to think it. It is my hope that I may present it clearly, so that every reader will understand it, because there is still time to do something about it. There is still time for the tremendous force of public opinion to help.

There is trouble brewing in China. On the Yangtse, and south of it, they were talking straight revolution last spring—anti-dynastic—Chinese against Manchus. Let it be remembered that the Manchu conquerors of China, excepting in so far as a few centuries have made them familiar, seem nearly as foreign to their Chinese subjects as German rulers would seem. Foreign merchants in the Upper Yangtse provinces told me that they were hesitating about entering into contracts—they feared the blow might fall soon. Since I left China I have observed several scraps of revolutionary news in the London and New York papers—eight thousand Mauser rifles seized at Tientsin—a murderous attack on the imperial officials near Canton—another attack farther up the coast. In Shansi Province, when I was there, the missionaries were wondering if it was not about time to call in their outposts and band to-

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gether for defense. I have now on my table quaint English translations of documents issued and widely published by "the gentry and people of Shansi," in which they threaten open rebellion. During the autumn news has come of other outbreaks, and of proposals from the Manchu rulers leading toward the establishing of a representative parliament—apparently as a concession to the people.

At first I made little effort to follow up these trails of information, for I was laboring under the impression that "my subject" was opium. That China's awakening is simply her growing acquaintance with foreign ideas, I, of course, saw. But that this long, tangled story of the bloody progress of foreign ideas through old China began with opium and is to-day inextricably bound up with opium, I had not yet come to realize. The Chinaman, like other humans, has a tenacious memory, and has, unlike some other humans, great patience. When the blow falls on Manchu and Christian foreigner alike, when the startling new cry of "China for the Chinese!" rings from Siberia to Siam, from the Yellow Sea to Tibet, do you suppose the Chinaman will have forgotten that it was opium which brought the first gunboats; that it was opium which opened, one after another, the "treaty ports" and the "foreign concessions"; that it was opium which gave the white man his first hold on Chinese territory, at Hongkong; that it was opium which first fastened upon him the "indemnity" problem (he pays some \$15,000,000 to \$20,000,000 indemnity money now); that it was the representative of a Christian power, backed by a foreign army, who forced him to legalize, in the same treaty, Christianity and opium? Do you suppose he will have forgotten these things? And can you wonder if his idea of Christianity and of the nations which stand out as products of Christian development, is confused? Can you wonder if Christianity bewilders him, when Christian powers fight harder for their opium than they fight for their missionaries, and then, after taking his seaports, slaughtering his friends and family, wringing a huge indemnity from him, proceed to mix up Christianity and opium in the same treaty?

Christianity, as we Christians see it, is beside the question. What we have got to reckon with is Christianity as the Chinaman sees it. In the interest of Christianity itself, I am trying in these articles to present the Chinaman's view of it, to show Christianity as it appears to the Chinaman. We must understand the question before we can act intelligently. The missionaries understand it. Any one of them will tell you of his difficulty in answering the century-old question, "If yours is a Christian people, why have they forced opium on us?" The missionaries understand, too, the difficulty of making the Chinaman understand the spirit of Christianity when it is taught to them in about one hundred and fifty forms by representatives of about one hundred and fifty religious sects, and the missionaries are to-day trying to draw closer together. As we observe this great drama (which may yet be a tragedy), with its rumbling undertone of bitter memories, of sullen hate, of seething revolution, we must try to keep our heads, we must try to put aside prejudices and see clearly. Tangled though it may be, it is bound up, willy nilly, with the opium drama; through it all runs the black thread of opium. For a hundred years or so we have been sowing the wind in China. Sooner or later—sooner, very likely—we shall reap the whirlwind. And if we have kept our heads and observed carefully the development of the drama, then, when the whirlwind comes, beside which the little unpleasantness of 1900 will appear for what it was, a straw in the breeze, then we shall perhaps have a fairly clear idea of what it is all about—not a chaotic, paradoxical Chinese idea, such as the "sinologues" and the "experts on China" will attain to; but a plain, superficial, human idea. And perhaps we shall understand it as well as the sinologues.

We cannot tell yet what form the whirlwind will take. Perhaps it will be a "yellow peril" in some unthinkable form now in the germ; perhaps it will resolve into a huge sore spot from which infection will spread through the world. No one can say. We can be sure of nothing more than that China is stirring in her poisoned slumbers, is stretching out her mighty arms, is struggling to awaken and get to her feet. Into her sluggish mind are seeping these strange new ideas of education, of science, of liberty, of a national self-respect. China is the world's greatest problem. What can be done about it? By way of a beginning, this: Great Britain brought her opium into China. Great Britain can be called upon, in the interest of Christianity, in the interest of common humanity, in the interest, if you please, even of world-commerce and a healthy market—to put an end to her opium traffic.

[To be continued next month]

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The Travis Coup

By ARTHUR STRINGER

[Concluded from page 813]

given before three o'clock in the afternoon. And that had been yesterday. Travis would stick to his pool room while the race returns were still coming in. It was ten to one that he had stayed there until banking hours were over. In that case the first and only thing to do was to see Travis himself, get face to face with the gambler, and buy in the cheque before its repudiation at the bank turned the whole thing into an open and irretrievable offense.

I left the sleeping man locked in, with a word or two to the house-detective to keep an eye on things in my room. Then I jumped into a hansom and made straight for the lair of Travis.

The more I thought of it the simpler the whole thing seemed. I even began to glow with a genial appreciation of a good deed well done. I fell to picturing the girl of the pearl-robe scene gazing up into my eyes, with her hand in mine, murmuring some broken phrase of gratitude. I seemed treading on air as I climbed the wide stairway that led up to the pool-room entrance.

Then earth and its realities were around me again, in the movement of a hand, in the touch of a bell button. For as the door swung guardedly back, a few inches, a burly and belligerent-eyed "thrower-out" confronted me.

"Well?" he demanded, insolently, with a ragged cigar in one corner of his mouth.

"I've got to see Travis!"

"Have you?" he said, without budging.

"This is a matter of personal business," I explained.

"It's pressing, important!"

The bulldog face blinked out at me, indifferently, apathetically, insolently. My patience was getting exhausted. So I pushed in further through the half-opened door.

"Nothin' doin'!" he said, blocking my way.

"I tell you I've got to see Travis!" I repeated desperately. A look of anger took the place of insolence on the face of this czar of the underworld.

"Git out o' here!" he cried, with an oath of finality.

"Not until I see Bob Travis!" I retorted.

"Git out o' this!" he bawled, bringing up a hand that looked like a ham.

I stepped back as it shot out at me. Before I could recover myself the great armored door was slammed shut and locked in my face. I stood there, blinking at it helplessly.

It began to dawn on me that a righter of wrong, a champion of the weak and fallen, needed a cleaner record than mine, if he did n't want his altruistic motives misunderstood.

IV.

MY FIRST feeling of defeat, as I went slowly down the stairs and out into the street, gradually changed into one of defiance. I began to realize the absurdity of making any such dive keeper as Travis see the disinterestedness of my position. Such things were foreign to his jackal-thoughted comprehension. He would have to be met and worsted on his own field: he would have to be fought with his own tools.

And I still had one of his tools, I told myself as I meditatively circled the block. I still had a weapon that could make him wince, that could make the game worth while, once I had it by the handle.

The problem was to find and grasp that handle. My first clue to its whereabouts lay in the fact that Travis and his office had not fallen a victim to the false wire-report confounding "Cedarton Sewell" with "Rolling Timber." That implied a thing that I had once suspected. Either Travis and his associates had had a hand in the "cooking" of a race, or he was the master of some secret and subterranean system of getting race returns direct from the track. The latter seemed the more reasonable inference. The wealth and influence of this king of pool-room keepers was indisputable. Those officials of the law who had not been "greased" into servitude with his gold had been coerced into subservience through his "politics." He had stood immune, through every fever of raid making. He was an autocrat of his district, a buccaneer behind his bulwarks of illicit wealth.

But had the man's cunning and audacity ventured to the limit of a secret wire between his office and the track itself? That was the thing I began more and more to suspect, and that was the thing I was going to settle in my own mind, once for all!

Halfway round the block I stopped and entered an office building which I felt reasonably sure abutted on the back of the Travis place. I stepped into the elevator, and was let out on the top floor. There I stood before the door of a face-balm agency, in a pretense of knocking, until the elevator sank out of sight. Then I hurried to the back of the hall, where a locked door confronted me. The lock of this door I promptly picked, and found myself in a small storeroom where a narrow iron stairway led to a roof-transom. It was only the work of a minute or two before I had made my way to the roof itself.

This roof, I saw, was overshadowed by two adjoining office buildings. In other words, every move I made

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would be in full view of half-a-hundred windows. So I slipped back down the narrow iron stairway. Hanging on the wall there I had already caught sight of a pair of overalls and jacket. They were of coarse drilling, much soiled and stained, and had once been the property, I assumed, of some engineer or janitor in the building. Underneath them hung a peaked black cap, also the worse for wear. They were exactly the things I needed.

Two minutes later I emerged on the roof, roaming about with the careless self-confidence of an engineer on a casual round of inspection. In half an hour I had made my observations, looked over my ground, descended again to the storage-closet, peeled off my soiled drilling, left everything just as I found it, closed and locked the door after me, and calmly rung the bell for the elevator.

In less than two hours from the time I stepped out of that elevator I had worked out my plan of campaign and got my outfit ready. Then I bought fresh linen for young Ebert, and hurried back to the hotel with my suit-case outfit. In the crowded rotunda, ironically enough, I brushed elbows with a bejeweled individual I knew to be a "steerer" for the Travis gambling rooms. It reminded me, as I hurried on my way upstairs, how complex and far-reaching was the machinery I was to fight against. But the thought did not disturb me. In five minutes I had shaken the drowsy youth into semi-sensibility and was plying him with a second cup of black coffee. It would have been safer, I knew, to let him sleep out his sleep. But I needed his help, little as it might be. For once I was face to face with a situation where I could not work alone.

V.

I HAD expected a few hours of forced sleep to make a new man of young Ebert. But I had looked for a little more amiability than that of an unfed grizzly prodded out of its cave.

His first few minutes of sullen torpor gave place to a more active ugliness of temper, a sour and cynical resentment to what he kept mumbling about as my interference in his private affairs. By the time he was washed and dressed, however, the *café noir* had begun to establish its influence, and he turned and studied me with impassive distrust. There was something exasperating about his apathy, now that I was in mid-current of this new and sweeping enterprise.

"What are you trying to do, anyway?" he complained, sitting weakly down on the tumbled bed.

"I'm trying to keep you from blowing out what few brains you've got!" I retorted. He peered up at me fretfully.

"And is keeping me from doing that going to put any of this thing straight again?" he complained.

"Yes, it is," I declared. "And it's going to put you straight! Aren't you acting this way for a mere matter of five thousand dollars?"

"It's not the money!" he groaned. "It's the way I got it!"

"But suppose it's returned? Suppose you make good, to the last cent?"

"There's no supposing about it! It can't be done! Everything's gone too far!"

"It can be done!" I cried. "And you and I are going to do it!"

He looked at me incredulously, pityingly. "How?" he asked.

"We're going to get this money back from Travis, to-day!"

"You might as well talk about getting a beefsteak back from a Bengal tiger!" He laughed a short and mirthless laugh. "What do you know of Travis and his ways?"

It was like arguing with a lunatic. His mind had never learned to walk by itself. He knew nothing of the primal order of things, of the Law of the Open. He sat before me there on the bed, impotent, irresponsible, exhausted, only passively conscious of the depth of his wrongdoing, one of the beautiful by-products of an age of unparalleled and arrogant wealth. But I had to stick by him now, through thick and thin.

"I know this about Travis and his ways," I cried, "I know that he runs a crooked game!"

The other man stared at me.

"And I also know that the five thousand dollars he got from you he got in a crooked way!"

"Who are you, anyway?" suddenly demanded the man on the bed.

"I'm not a coward!" was my retort. I had n't expected enough good blood in his flaccid veins to make him wince as he did.

"But why should you want to do things like this—for me?" His life had left him wary and cynical and suspicious of his fellows.

"I'm not doing it for you!" I promptly answered him.

"For whom, then?" he asked, in wonder.

"For the woman you took this money from, for one reason!"

"Please leave that woman out of this!" he cried, wrathfully.

"Why should I?"

"Because she is my sister!" I stood amazed at his perverse and foolish pride. I also resented his expression, as he looked me up and down, a little contemptuously.

Practical Talks on Shorthand



Why the "Average" Stenographer?

TAKING the "average" stenographer as a representative of the followers of the shorthand profession, it must be admitted that he or she is a mighty poor proposition. So true is this, that when one gives his business as that of a mere "stenographer," the one addressed associates him with the \$8 to \$15 a week class. Yet no profession offers greater opportunities—opportunities in which the possibilities are really great—than does shorthand to those who really master the art.

And there is a reason for this—in fact, several of them. In many instances, the would-be stenographer has no education—does not know anything about spelling or punctuation. Again, pupils in the average school are encouraged to rush through the principles of shorthand in order that they may take positions. Frequently, the one who, under proper training would make a success, is caught by one of the "thirty-day" or "light-line system" rubbish, which, when mastered, condemns him to mediocrity and limits his or her possibilities. Then, too, schools which have good systems of shorthand, employ teachers who have never been through the mill of experience—instructors who are not successful stenographers themselves—and consequently cannot teach those who would succeed.



J. M. McLAUGHLIN
Official Reporter
Burlington, Ia.

What is the Ideal School?

FORTUNATELY, however, not all schools come under the above classifications. There is a school which will not accept illiterate, uneducated pupils, and which, in its circulars, points out the qualifications which a pupil must have who would succeed in shorthand. The school referred to, has at its head the best-known shorthand experts in the United States—people whose work has qualified them for the teaching of others who would succeed. The system taught is the one used by these experts, and their graduates are known throughout the United States because of their efficiency.

Some Private Secretaries.

IN LAST month's issue of SUCCESS MAGAZINE, reference was made to the work of Roy D. Bolton, the nineteen-year-old private secretary to J. M. Dickinson, the general attorney of the Illinois Central Railway Company, president of the American Bar Association and counsel for the United States in the Alaskan Boundary Arbitration. This boy is earning a salary greater than that of most men of twice his age. He was taught shorthand correctly from the beginning, was trained in the higher branches of the profession, and his success was assured. Among other private secretaries may be mentioned William R. Ersfeld, the assistant secretary to United States Senator Hopkins, of Illinois; Louis C. Drapeau, who holds a similar position with United States Senator Perkins, of California; George P. Mundy, private secretary to Governor Swanson, of Virginia; Lee LaBaw, private secretary to the Freight Agent of the Illinois Central railroad, H. W. Mills, private secretary to the president of the Columbus, Memphis & Pensacola Railway Company; Frederick D. Kellogg, private secretary to John R. Walsh, the Chicago millionaire and railroad president, and many others. These people were qualified for their positions—they really wrote shorthand—and the positions were ready for them. They were taught by the Success Shorthand School of Chicago and New York.

What Court Reporters Earn.

THE most expert shorthand writer is the court reporter, and because of ability, he or she is paid from \$3,000 to \$6,000 a year. The men and women engaged in this business are members of a profession which is one of the most remunerative of

any. In these columns last month, the work of J. M. Carney was detailed, showing how this 25-year-old boy became competent to earn \$5,000 a year. A page from the ledger of D. M. Kent, the official reporter at Colorado, Texas, shows that in one month he made \$650.25, while J. M. Lord, the official reporter at Waco, in that state, did \$1,282.00 worth of business in thirty days. These men were all taught by this school, as well as the following experts:

C. W. Pitts, official court reporter, Alton, Ia., taught shorthand and perfected for expert work in seven months.

Ray Nyemaster, private secretary to Congressman Dawson, of Iowa, taught in seven months.

Helen V. Stiles, official reporter, Peru, Ind.

Carrie A. Hyde, official reporter, 7 Erwin Block, Terre Haute, Ind.

A. J. Harvey, official reporter, San Juan, Porto Rico, William F. Cooper, official reporter, Tucson, Ari.

G. F. LaBree, court reporter, Criminal Courts, Chicago, Ill.

W. A. Evers, official reporter, LaCrosse, Wis.

W. A. Murfey, court reporter, Chicago, Ill.

J. W. Neukom, court reporter, St. Paul, Minn.

Earl Pendell, court reporter, Fort

Smith, Ark.

L. D. Webber, court reporter,

Aurora, Ind.

A. H. Gray, court reporter, Blake-

ly, Ga.

Charles E. Sackett, court reporter,

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J. R. Sienker, official reporter,

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Hattiesburg, Miss.

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C. R. Linn, court reporter, Chicago

Opera House Building, Chicago.

J. M. McLaughlin, official reporter, Burlington, Ia.

G. E. Elliott, official reporter, Mason City, Ia.

W. R. Hill, court reporter, Chicago Opera House

Building, Chicago.

S. S. Wright, official reporter, Corydon, Ia.

G. L. Miller, court reporter, Ottumwa, Ia.

C. E. Pickle, court reporter, Austin, Tex.

L. J. Crollard, court reporter, Wenatchee, Wash.

G. L. Gray, court reporter, Louisville, Ky.

W. C. Lindsay, court reporter, Tacoma Bldg., Chicago.

Clyde C. Downing, court reporter, Durant, Okla.

W. A. Seiler, court reporter, Kansas City, Kan.



CARRIE A. HYDE
Official Reporter
Terre Haute, Ind.

Do You Know Shorthand?

IF NOT, you should write at once to one of the schools and ascertain how they can teach you the expert shorthand which the above experts use. Under the plan of this school, you will find that you can learn shorthand thoroughly. A two-cent stamp may be the means of you taking up this study, for it will cost you that much to ascertain how these people succeeded. Simply fill out the coupon printed below and send to the school nearer you. Do it to-day. Your opportunity may come to-morrow.

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"Then you have always treated her like one?" I asked. He jumped to his feet and confronted me shaking.

"I prefer keeping her out of this, I tell you!" he raged.

"You should have preferred that two days ago!"

I saw him wilt under that unfair blow, and I almost hated myself for it.

"I won't have her mixed up with a beast like Travis, whatever it costs!" he declared doggedly.

"She's not our kind!" he added, after a second or two of gloomy silence. And I caught myself wondering why something within me should resent the claim that this luckless child of wealth and I stood on the same ground.

I looked at my comrade in crime more critically. After all, I did not have much to work with. I even wondered if I could depend on him, if he was worth it. Then I remembered the girl of the pearl-ropes, and my hesitation vanished.

"Look here," I said, "we're only working at cross-purposes and losing time. This gambler has got your money. He's got more than your money—he's got your whole family's good name and honor along with it. He got that money in a crooked game—that I know. And we both know that no moral suasion on earth or in heaven would even make him unload. So the one thing left for us is to fight Travis with his own tools, fight fire with fire. I mean, let dog eat dog!"

"You can't touch Travis!" declared the youth. "He's below the dead line, and he's got everything greased!"

"We can touch him! We can cut into him by the very knife he's cutting into other people. Listen: Travis makes a pretense of getting all his track returns by telephones and 'runners.' He protests that this sort of hand-book game is all the police will let him operate. But you yourself say he has the police under his thumb. So he must have some motive for putting up that bluff. I'll tell you what that motive is: to give him an excuse for posting a late report, for announcing his returns three or four or even five minutes later than the actual wire report leaves the track!"

"But what good would that do him?"

"It does him good because he's got a secret wire right from the race track to the back of his own pool room!"

Young Ebert started up, with a little gasp.

"What's more, I have seen that wire; I've found it where it goes sneaking along a hundred feet of cornice and skulking up across a back-wall and slinking down a chimney into his private office, curling and twisting out of sight like a snake trying to hide from a farmer's heel!"

"Then he gets every return from the track before his last bets are laid, before he makes his killings?"

"In nine cases out of ten he knows every winner before the last odds are flashed. Then he plays and juggles the book to suit himself. He has to drop a little, now and then, for the sheer sake of appearances. But probably you know as well as I do that he went into this thing without a thousand dollars. He now owns a quarter of a million dollars' worth of tenement houses. And that money has poured in to him, slinked and crept and skulked in to him, along one little steel wire!"

"But how could he keep it up, with that Wall Street crowd that he has?"

"Those Wall Street followers of his are plungers, blind gamblers, all of them. They have the fever of it in their blood, whether they're winning or losing. So he portions them out their bait money, like loaves to a bread line—just enough to hold them, and no more. Even a rakeup of a thousand dollars a month, for two hundred bettors, means an average of nearly seven thousand dollars a day!"

"But what on earth can we do about it?" cried the youth before me. I was beginning to infuse a little life into him, after all.

"I can run a 'jumper' from that wire back behind the elevator shaft-head on the roof of the next building! I mean I can carefully adjust my instrument, equalize my current, and cut in on that wire, without Travis or his operator ever knowing it. If it were a regular Postal-Union circuit, with a quadruplex system, it would not be possible; but this is a single wire. It leaves me free to 'ground it off,' to attach my relay, and to read the message there on my sounnder as it comes in from the track. Two minutes later, after I've made sure of the name of the winner, written it on a slip of paper and dropped it in this pigskin cigar case down the light-well, where you'll be waiting to pick it up, I can turn back and send on the intercepted message to Travis's operator. But in the meantime you've got the name of the winner, have hurried up to the pool room, placed your bet, and done nothing to excite the suspicion of any light-fingered gentleman in that whole gambling joint!"

Young Ebert drew in his breath, sharply. He made it almost a whistle. In a moment he was on his feet, pacing the room.

"But what money have we got to bet?" he cried, with a flash of his old-time suspicion.

"I've got just eleven hundred dollars here—if we can't get a five or six-to-one shot, we'll have to hit them twice. But there'll be a ragged field to-day, with long shots enough. All we have to do is to decide on which event we intend to play!"

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"And I take this eleven hundred of yours up to Travis's, and play it to the limit?" he repeated, watching me as I caught up my hat and suit case and motioned for him to make ready.

"To the limit!" I replied, unlocking the door and seeing that the way was clear.

"But what do you get out of all this?" he still asked, in utter perplexity.

"I get the fun of playing the game!" was my answer. It sounded enigmatic to him, I knew. It sounded enigmatic, even to my own ears, until some vague line about the shoulder and head poise of the figure in front of me brought back certain memories that my colleague of a day would never understand.

VI.

I FELT almost at home again, once I had reached the roof, and began busying myself with my preparations. As I sat there in my oil-stained drill overalls, bending over the familiar old instruments, I felt that both the more dangerous and the more difficult part of my work was done.

I had carried my No. 12 "jumper" wire to the rear of a shaft head, where I could work more or less screened between a wall angle and a chimney row. As I sat and watched the magnetic needle of my "detector" galvanometer dip and register the strength of the current, I tried to picture the scene that was already taking place in the pool room below me; the crowded betting room, thick with cigar smoke, the quick, mechanical calling of the odds, the posting of events, the announcing of weights and jockeys, the passing back and forth of money, the wolfish and waiting faces, the blighted spirits gripped by the hunger of unearned gold.

As I cautiously turned back the graduated handle of my rheostat and the resistance coils were one by one thrown into circuit, I thought first of the miracle of electricity, and then of the madness that made men gamble, that made them shrink from effort and adventure, from independence of thought and action, and crawl, sick and drowsy, to the lap of Chance. Even the life of the buccaneer, I consoled myself, was incomparably better than that of the gambler; the one was the boisterous but clarifying ripple of a busy stream; the other was the bubbling stagnation of a malodorous marsh.

Then, as I cut quietly into that little metal artery of intelligence before me, without one moment's "bleeding" of the circuit, and my Bunnell sounder started to click and clutter with the Morse reports from the far-distant race track, I thought of the familiar scene about the level ring, the crowded grand stands bright with color and movement, the hubbub of sound, the book makers and rail birds and touts and runners and gamblers, the gay-jacketed jockeys, the start, the race, the straining flanks and flying feet, the roar of voices at the finish.

Then I gave all my attention once more to the spasmodic "send" of the track operator on the far end of the wire, making careful note of his characteristic tricks and slurs, for the "event" on which we had banked everything was at hand. This man's "send," I realized, would have to be imitated to a nicety as I sat there forwarding my intercepted message—for to the trained ear the sound of a Morse key is as variable as the sound of a human voice.

But when the moment came, my hand was as steady as though I had been pounding the brass with the opening paragraph of a consular report. I sent the arrested dots and dashes hurrying on their way again, and when the first lull came I cut out my "jumper," patched together the breach I had made in the circuit, flung my tools into the suit case, and hurried back across the roof to the transom door, elated with a sense of victory.

As I opened that narrow door, I came to a sudden standstill, and the elation went out of my body. For there, halfway up the stairway, stood a burly giant of an engineer, in blue jeans. He advanced another step or two with his arms akimbo, gazing at me with a look of silent rage and resentment. He made me a bit uneasy. "Come right in!" he called out mockingly. I realized, as I looked down at him, that he was a veritable Hercules in strength.

"And were yuh lookin' for me?" he demanded, with a beguiling coyness that warned me that he was only holding back for some final spring.

"I'm looking for anybody who'll give me a hand up with this wire coil!" I equivocated, with a pretense of ignoring his wrath.

"Then how did you get that door open?" he suddenly demanded. He was a harebrained autocrat, I saw, merely jealous of his domain and his authority.

"What do I know about your door?" I bawled back at him.

"You opened that door!" he howled menacingly.

"I've got bigger jobs than smashing in doors and talking to fools! Do you think I'm a housebreaker?"

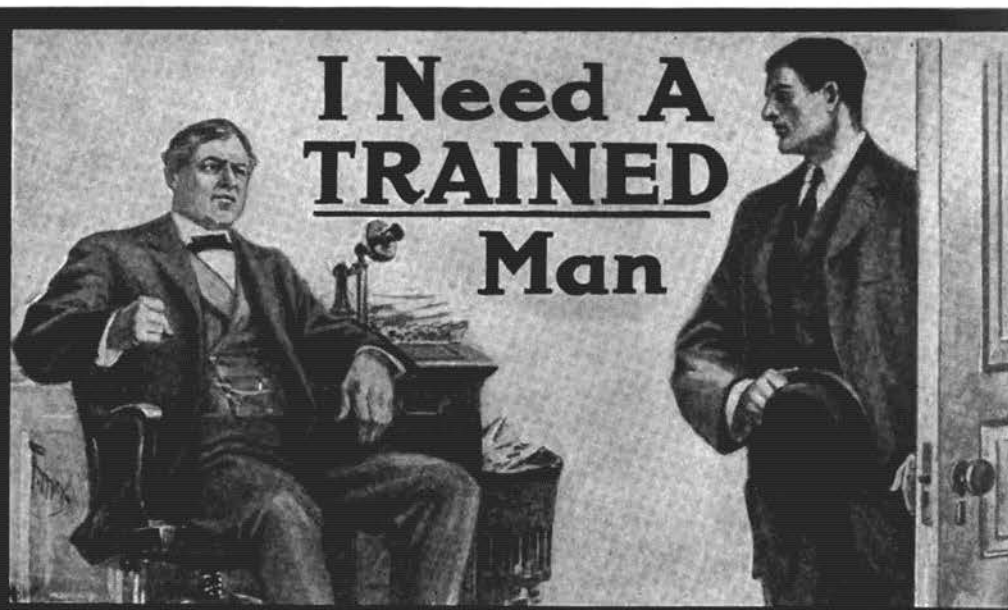
"What are yuh, then?"

"I'm a Postal-Union lineman, you idiot—and I've got a wire to string across to the Biddle Building!"

"Then where's your permit?"

He came up the narrow iron stairs, slowly, suspiciously.

"Are you going to give me a hand with that wire coil?" I demanded impatiently, without so much as a further look at him.



"Yes, I'm sorry, too, that you cannot fill the position, but what I need is a trained man—a man who thoroughly understands the work."

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Write for our circular, "A Business Opening"

Success Magazine, Washington Square, New York

"Open that suit case!" he commanded. I did as he ordered, petulently, but with no show of resistance. He seemed less skeptical as he looked down at the instruments and tools.

"Now where 's this wire coil yuh 're talkin' of?" "Hanging over that wall there!" And I pointed to the south side of the roof where a power-wire swayed loose on its insulator. The giant got slowly down on his hands and knees and peered along the roof ledge in search of it.

I was through the transom door before he had a chance to look up. I had the hasp snapped shut over the great iron staple and was peeling off my suit of drilling before he got to the stair head. I could hear his thunderous kicks and blows on the door above me as I caught up my hat and coat and suit case. I could hear his bellow and oath of rage as I locked the storage-closet door behind me, went to the elevator, and rang the bell. I descended to the ground floor, whistling, passing out to the street as decorously as a traveling salesman leaving a jobber's office.

VII.

FOR the second time that day, however, my elation was short-lived. My heart sank as I stepped up to the four-wheeler that had been left waiting for us on the far side of the block. Ebert was not there. He was not in the carriage; he was nowhere in sight. He had failed me in some last moment of emergency!

As I stood there, in helpless bewilderment, an officer in uniform plucked me by the sleeve. The sight of him made my blood run cold. For a brief moment, before he started on his patrol down the square once more, the faintest shadow of a smile played about his pugnacious Celtic mouth.

"Your friend 's in Nicchia's café!" he had said knowingly, and yet casually, as he touched my arm and passed on.

It took me a minute or two to understand just what he meant.

Then I turned westward for one block, rounded the corner, and entered Nicchia's by a side door. Ebert was there, waiting for me, in a little room behind the telephone booth. There was something fiercely exultant in his white young face.

"Quick, or it'll be too late!" he cried, leading me down through a billiard room to a narrow corridor.

"Hurry, man, hurry! They're after us!" he whispered, and he ran through the corridor and mounted a flight of steps.

"Who?" I asked, as I raced after him. He was no longer the listless being of three hours before.

"Travis—all of them!" he cried, as he led the way into a many-odored kitchen where two Italian cooks repeated orders from a stream of hurrying waiters.

"But why? Why?" I demanded, as I followed him through a door out into a back alley and then through another door and a corridor into the street itself. He did not stop to answer.

"You made your bet? You got your money up?" I still persisted, as he motioned for a passing hansom.

"The money went upon a twelve-to-one-shot," he exulted, as I climbed into the cab after him, breathless. We swung about, at an order from Ebert, and tore toward the Grand Central Station. "We stuck him—to the hilt!" he repeated, with a little gasp of indignation.

"Then why—then what's all this fuss for?" I demanded. I glanced down and noticed for the first time that young Ebert's right hand was bound up in a handkerchief.

"It's because I can't stay in this town for half an hour!" he cried. "He's setting every thug and floater of his north of Canal Street after me! They're holding him down there—he's going on like a wild man!"

"But what happened?" "He's after my scalp—he says he'll get me where I belong! But I'll fool him!"

"What happened?—tell me what happened!" I repeated, in exasperation.

For answer, he flung three one-hundred-dollar bills into my lap. I caught them up and looked at them, as I listened to the man at my side.

"Everything went just as you said it would. I got Dorlon, the cashier, to the wicket when I put up my money. He told me my two cheques had never been put through. Then my thirteen thousand dollar coup against his book hit him so hard he agreed to sell the cheques back at face value. He had to keep enough in the bank, he said, until Travis came in and fattened it up again. So he passed through the two cheques and was counting out the money to me, bill by bill, when Travis shot in from downstairs. I'd got the two cheques and the three one-hundred dollar bills in my hand. Travis fought to get them back—he intended to bleed my folks with the bad paper—he knew it was all wrong, from the first!"

He stopped for breath. "Go on!" I cried. "I got away with what I held, and fought for it. I tore the cheques up, under his nose. Then he called me a forger, and a lot of other stuff. Then I lost my head and let loose on him and told him to get that track-wire out of his chimney!"

I sat up, with a whistle.

"That set him raving—it was hitting him where he lived. He jumped for me like a hyena. I hit him—just once. He tried to draw a revolver when he was

down. But the crowd jumped in on him, smothered him. They could n't make out what the row was. Neither could his bouncers. They threw me out, before Travis could get free again. A policeman who stood in with Travis picked me up and helped me into Nicchia's. He advised me to cool down, not to be a fool and make a charge. Then he tipped me off how to get through the back way!"

"And where are you going now?"

He looked at me, in wonder.

"I'm going to get just as far away from New York as I can get! I know what Travis is, and I know what he'd like to do! But I'll fool him, or know the reason why!"

"Then where are you going?"

"I'm going to take the Transcontinental Express from Montreal, to-morrow, for Calgary. And when I get to Calgary I'm going to team forty-five miles overland to that horse ranch of mine!"

A silence fell over him, and, as we swung round into Forty-second Street, I put the three bills back in his hand. He held them, mechanically, unconsciously, his thoughts elsewhere.

"You'll need them," I explained. But still he did not look at them.

"I want you to go up and explain to her—to Peggy," he said in a lowered and more deliberate tone. Then he looked down at the bills, and the faintest touch of color came into his lean cheek.

"It'll take me a good long time, I guess, to square this with you, to pay all these things back! But I'll do it, if you give me time! I'll do it—or my name is n't Ebert."

We looked at each other, for a moment or two. Then we shook hands, man to man.

"I've been a fool," he broke out, bitterly. "All kinds of a fool—but I want you to tell her everything, as well as you can!"

A moment later the great, vaulted station had swallowed him up, and I sat back in the hansom, alone, thinking of the girl of the pearl rope.

Beneath the Prairie

By C. WILLIAM BEEBE

[Concluded from page 817]

Hawks were always to be guarded against, rattlers seemed forever hungry and relentless, and by autumn the weakened parent and five of the young owls had succumbed. Three, alone, huddled close together each night and shivered in the bitter cold.

One day a dozen or more owls from farther north flew by, hunting mice as they went, and suddenly the instinct of migration came upon the trio and away they flew without a backward glance.

The underground home was deserted, the parents dead, the surviving young scattered far to the south—just as a thousand other homes were deserted on the wide prairie that year, just as other families of little burrowing owls had met death and separation for thousands of years before the white man, before the red man!

Yet a few years more and the last hillock of earth will have been ploughed under, the last tunnel mouth closed; the owls will flutter to and fro over roads and houses and cities and find no place for a home.

All Were Prime Ministers

AN EMINENT surgeon, was once sent for by Cardinal Du Bois, prime minister of France, to perform a very serious operation upon him. The cardinal said to him, "You must not expect to treat me in the same rough manner that you treat your poor miserable wretches at your Hotel Dieu."

"My lord," replied the surgeon, with great dignity, "every one of those miserable wretches, as your eminence is pleased to call them, is a prime minister in my eyes."

The Way to the Station

A PARTY of automobilists was touring through Virginia. An accident to the car forced its occupants to take a train home. As they walked down the road seeking some one of whom they could inquire the way, they met an old darky.

"Will you kindly direct us to the railroad station?" one of the party asked.

"Cert'n'y, sir," he responded. "Keep a-goin' right down dis road till yo' gets to where two mo' roads branches out. Den yo' take de lef' one an' keep on a-goin' till yo' gets to where de ole post office uster be."

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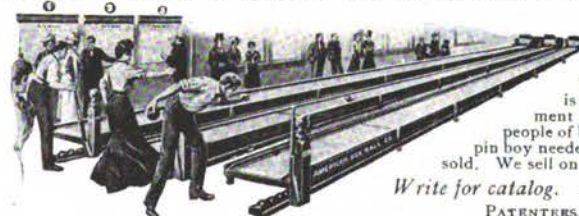
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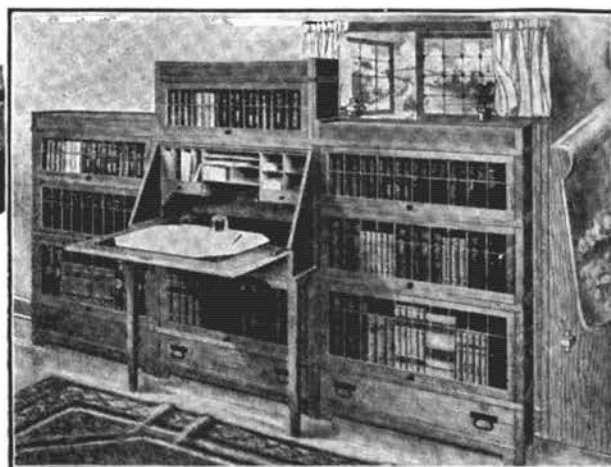
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LENTALA

By W. C. MORROW

(Continued from page 825)

"That is fully agreed to, dear little brother," I said firmly, "but some things must be understood. The first is that no harm shall befall any man taken out of the valley by the king's order."

"You don't trust me, Choseph," he replied, looking hurt.

"Far more than you trust me," I kindly but emphatically said. "While I know that wisdom and a noble purpose are in your and Lentala's every plan and act, I have heavy responsibilities, and I know that four heads would be better than two in this matter. I have no right to go ahead in the dark, and I demand to know what the plans are."

The pain in Beelo's face deepened, but there was no resentment.

"It is n't that I don't trust you, Choseph," he said, an appealing look in his eyes.

"What is it, then?"

He looked hunted and blurted out:

"That's what you and Christopher are going with me for,—to keep from harm the man whom the king will send for, and—"

"What is the danger to him?" I insisted.

"I don't know! I can only imagine!" he passionately said. "It's horrible. I think you understand. And you are to lay plans with Lentala for saving the colony."

I was about to press the matter further but a look from Christopher stopped me.

"I am sorry to have pained you, dear little brother." I took his hand. "Will you forgive me?"

"Yes," with a smile.

He rose, and his relief was shaded with anxiety. This parting was the first sad one. I also had risen, and the boy was looking up into my face.

"I am trusting you," he said, "trusting you with my life and Lentala's, and the lives of many others."

"Yes, and you'll find me worthy, dear little brother."

"I know." He withdrew his hand, took Christopher's arm and pressed it to his own side, and peered deep into his eyes. "Do you love me, old Christopher?"

"Me?"

Beelo gently slapped Christopher's cheek.

"Answer! Do you love me?"

"Yes."

"Christopher," impressively, "if my life were in danger, and you could save me by giving your own life, would you?"

"Me?"

"You need n't answer if you don't want to."

"Yes, I would die for you."

In a burst of laughter Beelo drew his big head down and laid his cheek against it. "What an absurd old Christopher!" he cried. "Come."

He stepped back, and again turned to me.

"Choseph, one thing more! As the king's messenger will you again see Mr. Vancouver?"

"Yes, if you wish."

"It's better. Tell him to send the young men out whenever he pleases, and to take the passage by which you entered the valley."

"I understand."

"That is all. Good-by." He walked away slowly with Christopher, and for the first time I noticed that he looked as though bearing a burden heavy for his strength.

After laying the matter before Captain Mason, I prepared my disguise and visited Mr. Vancouver that evening. He and Rawley occupied the same hut; Annabel slept in one adjoining. I had previously taken care to note that as Annabel was helping a young mother with the care of an ailing infant, she would not likely intrude on my visit.

The two men were startled when they found me standing silently before them. In the dim light of a nut-oil lamp I saw Rawley's face blanch, and I wondered how he would bear the ordeal fronting him outside the valley.

"Well?" eagerly said Mr. Vancouver.

After instructing him as to the sending out of the young men, I informed him that the king was nearly ready for a man, and added that Rawley would be acceptable. Mr. Vancouver was disappointed that he himself could not go, but cheerfully said:

"Certainly. Mr. Rawley will be glad to go."

I enjoyed the young man's dismay. Not so Mr. Vancouver.

"Why, man, it's the opportunity of a lifetime!" he declared to Rawley. "There is no danger. The king will furnish a safe-conduct—won't he?" he added, turning to me.

"I suppose so. Your friend could n't find the way otherwise."

"Of course! Brace up, Rawley, and thank your stars for your good fortune. You'll have important things to tell me when your return." For all his cheer-

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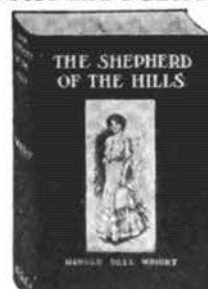
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ing manner, Mr. Vancouver could not conceal his contempt. To me he said: "Give the king my thanks. Tell him that his kind offer is gratefully accepted, and that Mr. Rawley will be ready at any time."

Rawley was a bluish white.

"Very well," he faintly said; "I'll have to go, I suppose; but who knows what is really to be done with me? I don't—" With a gesture Mr. Vancouver stopped the indiscreet speech.

"Give the king my message of thanks and grateful acceptance," he snapped out, in his old business-like way. "Mr. Rawley will go whenever he is summoned."

I bowed, and turned to leave, but found Annabel blocking the door. Here eyes were wide with surprise. She had never before seen natives near the camp at night, and never one alone. With unexpected firmness she refused to let me pass.

"Father, Mr. Rawley, what does this mean? Where is Mr. Rawley going?"

The men sat dumb. Annabel's instinct told her that treachery was in the air.

"Does Captain Mason know about this?" she asked.

Mr. Vancouver was the first to recover, but he underestimated his daughter's shrewdness.

"Not so loud, daughter. It is all right. Let the man pass. I'll explain."

Among Annabel's charms was a certain rashness. Here she stood between affection and duty, and it would be interesting to observe the outcome. I was glad that she continued to bar my escape.

"If it's all right," she said, "let us three go with this man to Captain Mason and—"

"We'll have no more nonsense, daughter! Are you aware what your attitude toward me means?"

"I don't know, father. I—I don't understand. You have never spoken this way to me before. Surely—"

"This foolishness must stop here," her father brusquely said, rising and advancing, with the evident intention of dragging her from the door; but something in her face stopped him. It was time for me to interfere, lest she spoil everything. The risk was in lending my voice to her sensitive ear.

"He knows," I gruffly said.

"Captain Mason?"

I nodded.

"Come with me and say that to him," she demanded.

I nodded again. The exasperation and fear in Mr. Vancouver's face did not escape his daughter.

"I won't have it!" he nearly shouted. To me, "Don't you go, or I'll—"

I stopped him with a knowing look, which he rightly understood to mean that it would be well to allay her suspicions by going, and that I might be depended on to handle the matter satisfactorily. In truth, I was enjoying the situation too much for thought of graver things. And I had never seen Annabel so superb.

"Father," she said, "you owe this to me and I owe it to you."

Mr. Vancouver's uneasy face betrayed his predicament. Might he trust my ability to deceive Captain Mason? was his evident thought. The peril was great. I was maliciously happy over the grinding of the man. Suppose I should make a slip with Captain Mason? that would mean the hangman's noose for Mr. Vancouver—I knew he was thinking all that. I could not resist the temptation to harry him.

"I go," I said to Annabel.

She wavered but her courage rose, and with reckless heroism she stepped out without looking at her father. I followed in silence. She did not glance back, and I think she was glad that the men remained in the hut. With her head held up by the high purpose within her, she walked as though she were above the stars and they were her stepping-stones. Once she stopped short. I was certain that love had conquered and that she would tell me my willingness to go satisfied her, and so would send me away; but she went desperately on.

There was a brilliant tropical moon, and the captain was sitting in the shine of it on the outer bench of his hut. He rose in surprise.

"Captain Mason," panted Annabel, "I found this native in our camp just now, and I wondered if you knew."

He had recognized me, but Annabel did not see the twinkle in his eyes. He knew that I had blundered in letting her discover me with her father. I was amazed at the fine delicacy of the man. Instead of asking her questions, he demanded an explanation of me. With great caution not to betray myself, I said that I had the king's permission to take Rawley out, that he might see something of the island, and procure some of the gems so abundant there.

The moonlight revealed the shame that burned Annabel's cheeks because she had doubted her father. Would Captain Mason have the tact to cure her hurt?

"May I take your hand?" he asked. She wonderingly yielded it. As he held it and looked down into her lovely face there came into his voice a gentleness, a tenderness, that I am certain had been hitherto strange to it. "This is a wonderful thing that you have done, —the noblest, bravest thing that I have ever seen in my life. It was so not alone because it might have meant a matter of life and death, but because it was hard to do. I am proud to know and be trusted by such a woman."

Tears were slipping down her cheeks as he released her hand.

"If you have that kindly regard for me, Captain

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Mason," she said, "let it extend to my father. He meant nothing wrong in violating the rule."

"He has special privileges, Miss Vancouver. I will pay no attention to the incident."

CHAPTER IX.

An Iron Hand Comes Down

NEXT morning the young men in Mr. Vancouver's plot passed secret looks and words, and Mr. Vancouver and Rawley wore an indifferent air too conspicuously.

Annabel emerged late; she and Dr. Preston had been with the suffering child that night; but she looked much more worn and depressed than the night's vigil warranted. I greeted her cheerily, and her quiet smile was ready. I saw nothing to indicate that she noted anything unusual afoot. Captain Mason gave her a pleasant bow.

The colony had early integrated into small social groups, particularly at meal times. We sat on rough benches at two long tables under trees. There was a rearrangement of groups at breakfast this morning, so as to bring the conspirators together at an end occupied by Mr. Vancouver and Rawley. Annabel sat with the children. The maneuver of the men did not escape Captain Mason, who was some distance away and at the other table, having rigidly held himself aloof from all social preferences. After breakfast he gave me an unobtrusive look, and left. I soon followed, and found Christopher with him in our hut.

"You noticed, Mr. Tudor?"

"Yes. They will go out of the valley to-day. Lentala will see that they are turned back. What shall I do?"

An amused look came into his eyes. "You may abandon your usual plan of calling the names of those who shall go to the fields, and announce that only volunteers need go. That will spare such of the idiots as are on your list from sneaking out of the fields on pretense of headache. Give them a long rope. Everything is moving beautifully to a crisis. Take your men to the fields. Christopher will stay here."

With the insistence of trifles thrusting themselves into a tense situation, every small thing of the morning marched with me back to the tables. I must observe the progress of some insatiably hungry nestlings in a tree, and laugh at a round scolding from their mother. Never had I heard so many birds singing at once. The solemn cadence of the waterfall sent a Sabbath spirit through the air. The forest shadows quivered with mysteries and portents, and the air was drunk with the perfume of many flowers.

Annabel's glance showed that she had noted our leaving the tables, but a cheery word from me allayed her uneasiness.

Relief appeared in some faces when I announced that only volunteers would go to the fields that day. Mr. Vancouver studied me, and Rawley was nervous. A small crowd responded to my call, and then amused shame swept over the men as I good-naturedly laughed at them, with the result that a larger squad than usual came forward. I kept Mr. Vancouver in sight, and was not surprised to catch him throwing a look at a conspirator here and there, causing the guilty to stand forth with the innocent. I knew that he suspected something in my departure from the usual way lately of calling out the men.

The work in the fields went with a smoothness that gave no hint of trouble beneath the surface. The conspirators dropped away one after another, with my pleasant assent. Rawley remained. That meant his want of courage to join the daring expedition. When the remnant started for camp I went to the spot where I expected Beelo and Christopher.

The time for Beelo's appearance came and passed. I had an irksome wait, and, in spite of my confidence in his skill, I grew uneasy lest he had fallen into difficulties. Never before had he failed to keep an appointment. His endurance and pluck had been extraordinary. From his home at the palace to our meeting-places had been a number of miles, without counting his trouble and ingenuity in avoiding detection, and the hard labor of scaling the valley wall; yet he had never failed, never complained, never mentioned the heroism for which his conduct stood. I bitterly accused myself and Captain Mason for our selfishness in accepting the boy's allegiance and labors as a mere incident of our struggle to escape. My heart went out to him now; I had been remiss in appreciation. Had he been of a more aggressive nature, less gentle and timid, relying more on force than ingenuity, perhaps my conscience would have been easier. The task which it had been so easy for me to assign Lentala with reference to the malcontents, must have been severe for her, and must have involved her brother.

Christopher came at last, but not Beelo. The man reported all well in camp; Annabel had been down-cast until Captain Mason cheered her; Mr. Vancouver was painfully restless; none of the conspirators had returned.

We waited until all hope of Beelo's arrival was futile. Christopher had been listening, but I dreaded to question him. Finally I remarked that we must go, as we could not expect Beelo so late. The readiness with which Christopher acquiesced assured me that he had not expected the lad, but I had no heart to ask him whether he thought that trouble had been the detaining cause. We returned to camp.



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Dr. Preston had much patching of cuticle to do that night, for the young men returned after dark. There had been an uneasy hush over the camp all day. Upon their arrival, which was accomplished with all possible unostentation, a buzz arose and gossip leaked. I was with Captain Mason, who sat silent and in grim content as I told him what was going on. We were both curious to see what Dr. Preston, a quiet young man of fine intelligence, would deem his duty after the urgency of his offices had passed. After a while he came, excited and a little frightened.

He reported that there were no serious hurts, and that the men would be about the next day.

"What account do they give?" inquired Captain Mason. The twinkle in his eyes was lost on the earnest young physician.

"They were peaceably exploring the valley, Captain,—just a lark, you know, although it had the serious purpose of finding out anything that might be useful in the escape of the colony,—when they were set upon by an overwhelming horde of savages, the evident purpose being to take them away by force. Our men, though so greatly outnumbered, held their ground, but the scrimmage was close and savage. They would have won without the fan-bearer's interference, but her coming up with a personal guard put an end to the affair, as she called the natives off."

Captain Mason's amused attention sharpened to a keen interest. "The king's fan-bearer?" he echoed.

"Yes; the one we saw at the feast."

The president nodded. "They have all told you the same story, I suppose," he remarked.

"Yes."

"Thank you. That is all."

In leaving, Dr. Preston looked surprised that Captain Mason should appear so indifferent.

Captain Mason announced no plans concerning the young men that night, and there was nothing unusual in his bearing next morning when the colony assembled for breakfast. All watched him narrowly. When breakfast was over, and before we had risen from the tables, he sent Christopher for me, for I sat some distance away. As I rose, I had a strong feeling that something extraordinary was about to fall to my hand, for I knew Captain Mason's nature and his trust in me.

That brought Beelo vividly to mind. He had seen hardly more than the gentler side of me. Indeed, it had doubtless been his own gentleness, his innate delicacy and refinement, that had held in subjection the ruder elements in me, so deep was my fondness for him. And it had never been irksome, though the conduct which it had almost forced upon me was strikingly different from that which usually governed me. While I was glad that Beelo was not present to see what I knew was coming, still his spirit was with me, and so strongly that it was tangible. My whole outlook was filled with him, and I could not shake off the feeling that he was really near and observing. Under the impulse, I sent a trained glance into the shadows about the camp, and suddenly stopped, for I found his bright eyes peering at me from the trees. A closer look discovered that underneath the almost conscious mischief that sparkled in his eyes was apprehension. I had a moment of anger that he should be there, and tried to give him a look that would send him away; but he made a face at me, and with deep misgivings I went to my duty, striving to put him out of my mind.

"Call for order," Captain Mason directed, "and make a complete statement of the affair, omitting Mr. Vancouver's connection with it. Then tell off twelve steady men for a guard, and have them arrest all of the young men who disobeyed the rule. Manage the details in your own way. I'll take command after the arrest."

Obedience to authority was a law of my training, but I was aghast, and wondered if the man realized that he might be touching a match to a magazine.

As Mr. Vancouver was the danger center, I glanced at him. He had been closely observing the president. I shall not forget the picture that he made as I called for order and proceeded with the speech. By no effort could he control the emotions that surged to his face,—his consternation at the appalling correctness of my account, his ferocious resentment and anger, his sense of being baffled and humiliated while being spared from open shame, his white fear that at last he would be exposed as the arch-traitor.

I observed Annabel also, and saw her puzzled uneasiness as I reminded the colony of the king's injunction and the great danger of disregarding it; her furtive glances at her father; her amazement when I hinted at the plot for undermining Captain Mason's authority, and spoke of its secret working toward the destruction of the colony; the blanching of her cheeks when I described the effort of the young men to slip out of the valley, their being beaten and bound, and the mercy that had spared them, whipped and wounded, to sneak back in darkness to camp; and the lie they told to cover their treachery and shame.

There was a tense pause when I had done, and then I called out the names of the guilty. So overwhelming had been the presentation, that, as Captain Mason must have foreseen, there was no time for immediate reaction toward mutiny. I called out the guard. A death-like stillness followed. Captain Mason was standing with the silence and firmness of stone. I stole a

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glance at Beelo and saw that he had slipped round through the trees to be nearer.

I rapped out an order for the guard to step forward. They looked round curiously at one another, some with a half-smile as they glanced at Captain Mason, to see if he approved. His face was expressionless. I repeated the order, more peremptorily, and in slowly rising they regarded me curiously and in some wonder, as they had never seen me with such a bearing. Whatever they saw and heard quickened their action. There was an impressive solemnity in the proceeding, and it strengthened them moment by moment. I did not hurry them, since it was clear that a sense of serious responsibility was rising in them.

"Lenardo, step forward and submit to arrest," I sharply said to one of the recalcitrants, a decent young carpenter.

He paled, then flushed, and blunderingly turned to Mr. Vancouver. But that gentleman was gazing at me with all the hate of his soul. Annabel shrank under the significance of Lenardo's silent appeal to her father. Receiving no guidance from Mr. Vancouver, the young culprit sent a fluttering, desperate look abroad, picking out his guilty associates. All the comfort he got from them was a frightened glance in return.

The impaled man wriggled awkwardly to his feet,—for I was giving him time,—and with a grin and shrug made a pitiful attempt to treat the arrest as a pleasantry.

"Stand facing that end of the guard line," I ordered, pointing.

"Come, Henry," he said to one of the conspirators. The bravado was clearly sham.

"No talking!" I ripped out.

It jerked Lenardo straight, and he came forward and stood where I had directed.

The young man addressed as Henry slouched up with a faint trace of Lenardo's swagger, but my sharp "Step lively!" electrified him into firmer action, and his grin went sour.

"Hobart!" I next called. I selected him for the third, for I knew his independent, rebellious nature, his courage and pride, and wished the severest test of the discipline to come at once.

Because we had been good friends and he knew that I respected him, he stared incredulously, but found me a stranger. Then a vicious look flared in his face, and, still sitting, he fingered the handle of a heavy iron vessel on the table while regarding me defiantly.

I waited, and then called him again.

"I won't be made a fool of in this way!" he cried, rising, his face blazing, his hold on the iron vessel tightening.

"You two guards on the left, do your duty!" I commanded.

They hesitatingly advanced upon him. Making a great scattering of frightened women and children, Hobart stepped back, brandished the vessel, and shouted:

"I'm a free American citizen, I am! I'm a law-abiding man and I know my rights! Stand back, there," to the guards, "or I'll—"

"Two more guards from the left. Step lively!" I called.

The advance of the four guards was checked by a diversion. Mr. Vancouver, who had been sitting in apathetic silence, suddenly spoke out with biting clearness:

"Hobart, it is the duty of everyone here to submit to authority."

The young man opened his mouth in astonishment, and instantly drooped; the vessel clattered from his hand to the ground.

"I won't make trouble now," he grumbled, "but we've been played low down by somebody, and I'll—"

"Silence!" I said.

With a threatening shoulder-lift at Mr. Vancouver, which deepened that gentleman's pallor, Hobart sullenly fell in. I quickly called out the other culprits; all obeyed and stood in line facing the guard. Then I looked round at Captain Mason for orders.

(To be continued in SUCCESS MAGAZINE for January)

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Just why Dr. Wiley, the Government's pure food expert should have cared to take chances with restaurant food is not known. Not long ago he walked into a Washington *café* and took a seat. He evidently knew just what he wanted, for, waving aside the bill of fare the bowing waiter proffered, he said:

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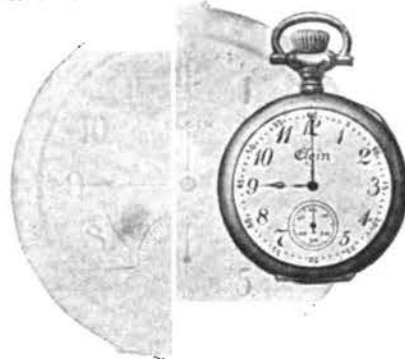
A few minutes later it was set before him, brown and hot, and with a smile of anticipation he broke the crust. To find, just beneath, a three-inch feather.

"Take this away!" he commanded. "What does it mean, anyway; tell me that?"

The waiter was evidently a man of resource, for he immediately leaned over and said in a confidential voice:

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Four Wild Beasts and a Cow

By JAMES W. FOLEY

[Concluded from page 818]

why do it your way and I'll go back to my paper. I'm not doing these examples for amusement, for I've had a hard day's work and I'm tired. But I'm willing to do it for you if I'm allowed to do it the right way, and I'm not asking any teachers for advice. I've worked these examples before your teacher was born, and I'll work 'em again after he's forgotten. The trouble is that you talked so much, both of you, that I forgot to figure out how much of the cow was left after the bear got through. Now, we'll go back to the bear—" and he went back over the figures to find out where he had left off. "I had that all figured out, but I don't see it on here. Willie, did you see that sheet of paper with the bear's eating time on it?"

"I don't think you figured that out, John," interposed Mrs. John, meekly.

"Of course I figured it out," declared John, hotly. "I had it all down here in fractions—what the bear had to do after the lion got through eating."

"I did n't see it," Willie declared. "Anyway, it was n't like our teacher did it. Teacher—"

"Alice, if you'll take that youngster to bed, maybe we will get some light on this bear business," he suggested. "I can't work problems with a din like that buzzing in my ears. William, you go to bed, and in the morning I'll have this all worked out for you and explain it before school. It's time for you to be in bed, anyway—it's nine o'clock."

William was hustled off to bed, protesting that, "Teacher did n't do it that way."

"I would n't work on it any longer, John," suggested Mrs. John, when she came back. "You're tired, and it is n't important, anyway. You'd better read your paper."

"I've got it practically all done, if I could find those bear figures," he said. "All you have to do is to find out how much is left after each one eats until you come to the coyote, and then divide what's left by eleven."

"But it does n't matter, John," she protested, "I would n't bother with it any more."

"Well, I'm going to finish it if it takes all night," he declared firmly. "If you didn't want me to finish this thing you had no business to get me started on it."

Down went more figures—fractions, equations, multiplications, and divisions.

"Did you find the bear figures?" she asked timidly, after a time. "It's ten o'clock, John—let's go to bed."

"You can go if you want to," he said gruffly, "but I'm not going till I get this cow eaten up and the bones licked clean. I'm not going to let four wild beasts and a dead cow get the best of me—not by a long shot."

Mrs. John went to bed, and at twelve thirty John sat down on the edge of the bed.

"Did you work it, John?" she asked sleepily.

"Certainly," he said, pulling off his dressing jacket. "After all that noise stopped it was simple as clockwork. The coyote never got near the cow at all. How could he, with a lion and a bear and a wolf standing around? It's one of those joke questions to fool children with."

"They do give them some pretty hard ones," she admitted, still sleepily.

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THE greatest satisfaction in this world is the feeling of enlargement,—of growth,—of stretching upward and onward. There is no joy which can surpass the consciousness of feeling one's horizon of ignorance, or of superstition, being pushed farther and farther away; and the joy of progressing,—of making headway in the world,—of not only getting on, but also of getting up in the world, is very great.

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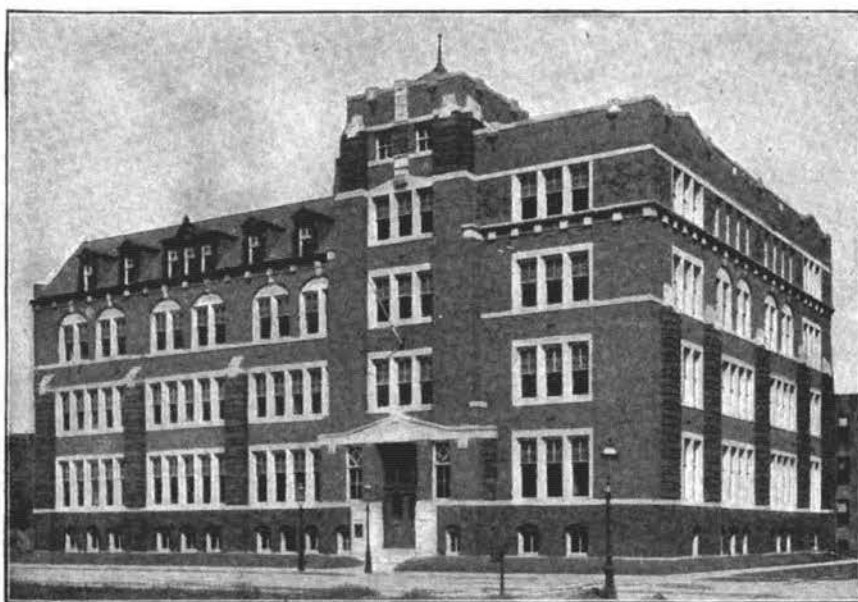
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THE MACHINE THAT MAKES THE MONEY

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WE OWN THE PATENTS AND ARE PROSECUTING ALL INFRINGERS



The Real Lawson

[Continued from page 822]

But the broadside from Boston and the broadside from Washington coming at the same time have caught Wall Street unawares, and the "Lawson panic"—one of the strangest, shortest, and most ridiculous panics in the Street—was the result.

Amalgamated Copper led the panic, and then it spread through the market—coppers, industrials, and railroads—crashing under the pressure of enormous sales by panic-stricken speculators. The following record of the trading in Amalgamated Copper shares in New York shows in cold figures what happened in the two weeks from December 5 to 17:

	Range of price	Shares dealt in	Shares of all stocks dealt in
Monday.....	\$82½—\$83½	75,000	1,600,000
Tuesday.....	80½—76½	150,000	1,500,000
Wednesday.....	77—68½	366,000	2,400,000
Thursday.....	68—58½	288,000	2,900,000
Friday.....	69½—63½	175,000	1,600,000
Saturday.....	71½—68½	69,000	800,000
Total, first week.....		1,132,000	10,800,000
Monday.....	\$69½—\$61½	224,000	2,000,000
Tuesday.....	66½—61½	193,000	1,600,000
Wednesday.....	66½—63½	84,000	1,100,000
Thursday.....	66—63½	77,000	800,000
Friday.....	68½—65½	71,000	900,000
Saturday.....	69½—67½	35,000	600,000
Total, second week.....		684,000	7,000,000
Total, two weeks.....		1,816,000	17,800,000

Wall Street was not sure the first day of the panic that it really was a panic. The break in Amalgamated was only \$4 a share. That night Lawson telegraphed broadcast over the country and to Europe:

"Pay no attention to Wall Street's mouthings about my being short of Amalgamated. I did not personally, directly or indirectly, sell a share to-day."

Which was a gray lie, for Lawson had sold a big line of stock "short" just before.

The next morning Lawson published a small advertisement in New York and Boston—his big broadside was running in Chicago, Pittsburg, Washington and other towns. "Every holder of Amalgamated," he shouted, "owes it to himself to sell his holdings at once. In the next few days there must be a terrific break. Amalgamated, in my opinion, will sell at 33." Amalgamated broke wide open \$8 more, the trading in this stock alone reaching a third of a million shares. During the day he telegraphed, "The people have been able this time to exchange their watered chromos for the 'frenzied financiers' cash." And late that night he sent this wire over the country:

"Sell Amalgamated to your last share. I will make the stand on it for a short time this morning at 60 to assist you in getting fair prices. Then it will smash."

On Thursday morning came the deluge. Amalgamated broke precipitously to \$58½, and the rest of the market tumbled. It was the biggest day on the Exchange since the Northern Pacific panic. Plunging speculators, who had been carrying big lines of stock on slender margins, were forced to sacrifice their holdings. Lawson kept the wires hot with his frantic shrieks:

"Sell Steel, sell Sugar, sell Southern Pacific, Union Pacific, Atchison; sell all the pool stocks. It would take one hundred Morgans, one dozen Standard Oils, and a few Banks of England to take what will be sold this trip."

"If I change my position, which I have clearly defined in my advertisements, I will confess myself a cur and forever leave the Street. You may rely upon this. The question now is simply who is going to take the millions of shares which they were prepared to unload off their hands? I tell you they will be compelled to keep them, and then it will be for you to make the prices. Bear in mind in thirty-five years I have never given you my word for a thing flat-footedly and deceived you."

"If I change my position I will confess myself a cur and forever leave the Street."

But in the midst of that panic, when Lawson's position was absolutely that Amalgamated would smash to \$33, and that every holder should dump his shares into the market, Lawson covered his short sales (made around \$80) and cleaned up hundreds of thousands of dollars. While his followers were sacrificing their property at panic prices he was buying for his own profit. "When in the middle of the disturbance," he confessed some months later, "I saw how seriously the people took my message and that there might be a great panic, I began to buy, and thereby sacrificed a million of profits."

When the panic was at its height that Thursday, the powerful Standard Oil speculative party, that had taken its support from the market on the appearance of the President's message, again came into the market to buy stocks in volume, and it was this buying that turned the tide. The urgent selling by frightened speculators ceased, and prices began to cover, rapidly at first, and afterwards more slowly. At the end of the week the market had quieted and had regained half its loss. But the enthusiasm of the last week of November was gone. All Wall Street was blue. On Monday morning, Lawson, made bolder by the success of his first attack, fired another broadside at the market in the form of a half-page advertisement, "Investors and Speculators—Warning!" It contained nothing new—not a single new fact—but it was filled with personal boasting and typical Lawsonian bombast.

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For full information concerning A-R-E Six's write:

American Real Estate Company
Founded 1888
618 Night & Day Bank Building
5th Avenue & 44th Street, NEW YORK
Assets, - \$9,446,095.89
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Interest compounded semi-annually is paid on savings accounts by this institution. Depositors may withdraw funds (under \$100.00) any time, without notice. The safety and convenience of banking by mail is a demonstrated fact—thousands of people in all parts of the country have money on deposit with this Company which affords unquestioned safety through conservative management and large resources.

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"I am going to strike again," cried Lawson, "suddenly, sharply, sensationally, and in a way that will produce effects upon prices and upon markets so much more destructive than the effects will appear by comparison as milk to vitriol. The result must be terrible for Wall Street and the 'System,' and nothing can avert it. I want all to know now, so they will not blame me when the slaughter is on. My first and only warning will come in the form of a public notice that certain named stocks should be sold the day my advertisement appears. Bear in mind when Amalgamated sells at 33 that I have warned you."

Again the market was shaken. The stock tumbled a sheer \$8 to within \$3 of the panic price of the week before. Amalgamated did not break again, however, into the 50's. Lawson's second attack on the market lacked the vigor of his first.

On the following day what had been almost a tragedy suddenly became a melodrama—and a very ordinary Bowery melodrama at that. As an aftermath of the panic in Amalgamated of the week before, there was violent liquidation on Monday in the stock of the Greene Consolidated Copper Company. The Greene mines in Chihuahua, Mexico, had been developed rapidly during the copper boom by Colonel William C. Greene (everybody called him "Bill" Greene), a picturesque character in the Southwest, and the cowboy miner had become a millionaire capitalist in New York. But Greene, intoxicated by his sudden rise to wealth, had overreached. He was borrowing millions to make more millions, and when, on Monday, some of his stockholders began dumping their shares on the market, he was powerless to stem the tide. His stock fell from \$34 to \$21, and his copper fortune was about to take wings. Greene, in despair, had to vent his rage against some one, and as the Boston operator was shrieking panic and begging investors to sell their stocks, Greene fired away at him. The newspapers on Wednesday morning carried a half-page savage attack on Lawson over the signature of William C. Greene. It was a perfect piece of work, so perfect that it was plainly evident that Greene had not written it. Only a master, a man schooled in the use of invective, could have penned that terrible indictment. Greene closed his attack with this threat:

"To-morrow, in Boston, I shall call upon you. I for many years have stood as a worker, as a man who has built up and who has created, and I know the savings of a lifetime of many honest investors have been swept away by the falsehoods that you have spread abroad through the public press. To-morrow, at your office, I shall denounce you for what you are. The Master long ago said: 'By your works ye shall be judged.' Personally I shall call upon you for your answer to-morrow."

"Bill" Greene had the reputation of being a gun-fighter. He had killed his man—there were notches on his gun stock. In the Wall Street game it is always allowable to empty the other fellow's pockets, but murder is tabooed. And so Wall Street gasped, and then laughed, at the copper miner's threat. Wall and State Streets eagerly awaited the encounter. Greene, despite the entreaties of his friends, hurried over to Boston (in the luxury of a New Haven limited train) and went to the Touraine (Boston's most luxurious hotel). Lawson stuffed three pistols in his pockets and announced that he would wait for the Arizona gunfighter on the steps of the old State House. The selection of the old State House steps for the scene of the climax of the drama was worthy of Belasco, the playwright. Lawson waited there on the steps for Greene, while the expectant crowd of passers-by eagerly awaited the meeting. But Greene did not come. Then Lawson went boldly up to the Touraine and—sent up his card. The gunfighter accepted the challenge. He asked Lawson to come up to his rooms. The two men met. No shots were fired. A little later the Wall Street news tickers received this bulletin by telegraph:

"Greene and Lawson bombarding each other with champagne corks. No lives lost, but great damage done to the Touraine wine cellars."

Hours afterwards Greene and Lawson appeared arm in arm, and each told what a good fellow the other was. And the melodrama became a comedy—a farce. That was the end of the Lawson panic. Stocks began to recover, and the bull market was soon going merrily along again. Investors who had sold their Amalgamated Copper and other securities at panic prices could repurchase them only at a heavy loss, and they saw, to their chagrin, that they had been stampeded by Lawson like a herd of frightened cattle. They guessed, too, that Lawson had made a fortune out of their hysteria, for it soon became common gossip that the Boston operator had sold a big line of Amalgamated at top prices before he shrieked "Sell," and had bought it back from his followers cheap in the midst of the panic when he was shrieking "Sell," the loudest. And this gossip was the naked truth. Lawson had made hundreds of thousands of dollars beyond the cost of his advertising.

To fear or to worry is as sinful as to curse.
They who give nothing till they die, never give at all.

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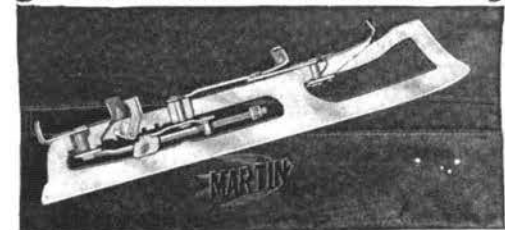
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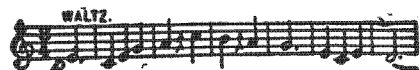
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Presented at Court

[Concluded from page 807]

their equerries have the garden entrance reserved for them. The *corps diplomatique*, and those privileged women who have what is called the *entree*, also have a door of their own, while the general company use the state entrance and another in Buckingham Palace Road. We envied the *entree* women that night, if only because of their right of early presentation.

How we got out of the carriage without unfolding our tremendous trains, I don't know. The quadrangle was ablaze with electric lights and we had a glimpse of a vast, scarlet-clad marble staircase, with powdered flunkies and court officials bearing gold-headed staffs, Yeomen of the Guard, and archaic soldiers carrying dreadful looking battle-axes. We hurried through the great hall and sculpture gallery to the Bow Library, which is used as a cloakroom at such times. There we left our wraps, and passed up the wide staircase glowing with flowers, rare rarities, and bronzes.

"Presentation or attendance?" murmured the ushers in blue and gold at the top. We moved onward with the throng, through the long picture gallery, filled with a brilliant throng in magnificent uniforms and superb gowns, laces, and jewels, into the great ballroom.

Finally the last barrier was passed, and not one of us had so far forgotten herself as to offer her fan or bouquet in place of the precious card. Nor did we stumble or do any of the silly things recorded in palace annals. My train was deftly taken down and its great shimmering length smoothed out. I was conscious only of a great silence, broken only by the loud utterance of my name.

At length I beheld Queen Alexandra in a satin gown of great beauty and simplicity, veiled with snowy *mousseline*, and decked with the incomparably beautiful Brussels given her, on her marriage, by the Belgian king. She wore the *manteau vénitien* she specially approves, and her crown, necklaces, and corsage gems were one glorious coruscation of lambent fire. Such little color as the queen wore was borrowed from her diamonds and from the blue ribbon of the Order of the Garter that crossed her breast prominent beside her other orders. King Edward appeared in the uniform of a general, and the Princess of Wales was in white satin and jeweled lace, her train a beautiful cloud of silver tissue, and a foam of poppy petals at her feet. Their Majesties stood upon a splendid carpet of velvet pile, with no dais nor thrones, while a throng of peeresses and high official ladies or *entree* guests lined the walls and added to the dazzling scene.

I advanced and courtesied first to the king and then to the queen, who smiled and bowed with as much gracious charm as though I, myself, were the sole and honored guest of that brilliant night. Then I passed on; and no sooner was the exit reached than my train was lifted and placed over my arm. The long-dreamed-of ceremony was over—had passed in a flash, like a dream.

People have asked me if I admired the marvelous Grüner decorations of the ballroom, which cost \$2,000,000; or the friezes by Raphael, whose "Twelve Hours" are there displayed, set in panels of satinwood. I fear I saw little of these. I carried out a vague sense of flashing jewels, gorgeous dresses, resplendent uniforms, dazzling orders, and soft music. But I did see the sweet and gracious queen, and her splendid crown scintillating like living fire as she bowed and smiled at poor little me.

Mother, Eva, and I met in the *salon* beyond and eagerly compared notes. "It is like a wedding," Eva said; "once it is finished you want to go through the whole thing again, this time to enjoy it."



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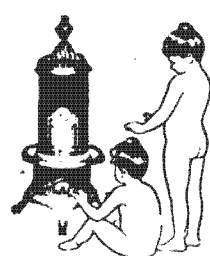
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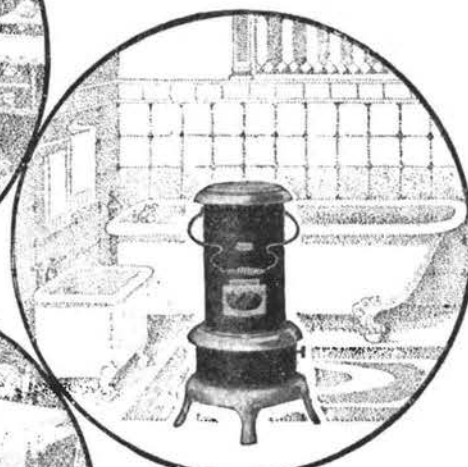
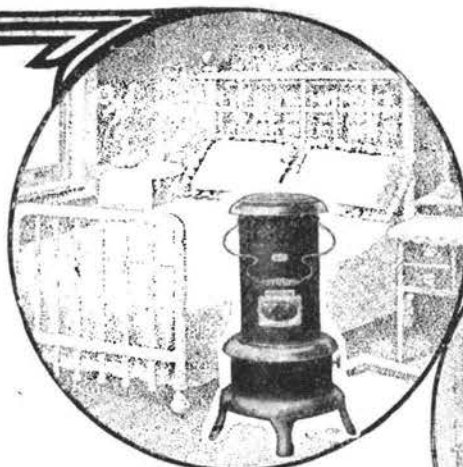
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Fear, and a "Good Times" Panic

ORISON SWETT MARDEN

(Continued from page 826)

torture him all his life long. Anxiety, fear, horror, will twine themselves round these memories.

The mother little realizes the cruel thing she is doing when she impresses upon the child's plastic mind the terrible image of fear, which, like letters cut on a sapling, grows wider and deeper with age.

A noted nerve specialist says: "Thousands of times I have been compelled to recognize the sad fact that at least eighty per cent. of morbidly timid children could have been cured and saved, in time, by common-sense principles of psychological and physiological hygiene, in which the main factor is suggestion inspired by wholesome courage."

What a terror many children have of darkness! Their little imaginations picture all sorts of hideous things, because their minds have been filled with fear suggestions. Nurses and mothers often tell them that if they do not go right to sleep a great big bear, or some other terrible, hideous creature will come and eat them up.

A perfectly normal child, with no inherited fear tendencies, would not know the meaning of fear. It was not intended that we should be followed and hounded through life by this demon. It is a creature born in our own brain, the offspring of our own thinking and acting. Everywhere we see the terrible havoc that fear has wrought in human lives. The premature wrinkles, the gray hair, the stooping shoulders, the anxious faces we see on all sides are the out-picturing of foreboding fear thought.

We all know how violent fear has bleached the hair in a single night, and how terror of some great impending doom or danger has taken years out of a life in a few days. Many soldiers have died in battle who thought they were mortally wounded, when they had not been touched by the bullets or shells, and when not a drop of blood had been drawn.

Fear is a canker worm which is always gnawing in some form at the heart of many people.

As a nation we are too sober, too sad, and take life too seriously. Our theology, our creeds have too much anxiety and fear, too much of sadness and seriousness in them, and too little of joy and gladness; too much of the shadow, and too little of the sunshine of the soul.

When I was a boy in New England, I lived with a clergyman and his wife who scarcely ever smiled. I got the impression that ministers were not supposed to laugh. The faces of the minister and his wife were long and sad; they always seemed anxious about the future. They carried a great load of anxiety for the welfare of others' souls. Everything was solemn and sad about their house, and when I ventured to laugh, one Sunday, the minister told me I had better be reading my Bible.

The most fearful waste of energy in human life is caused by the fatal habit of anticipating evil, of fearing what the future has in store for us, and under no circumstances can the fear or worry be justified by the situation, for it is always an imaginary one.

What we fear is invariably something that has not yet happened. It does not exist; hence is not a reality. If you are actually suffering from a disease you have feared, then fear only aggravates every painful feature of your illness and makes its fatal issue more certain.

The fear habit shortens life, for it impairs all the physiological processes. Its power is shown by the fact that it actually changes the chemical composition of the secretions of the body. Fear victims not only age prematurely but they also die prematurely.

Fear comes from the consciousness of weakness, the possibility of our not being able to cope with the situation which we dread when it arrives. If we knew we would be equal to it we should not fear it.

Sensitive, nervous people, and those who are physically weak, suffer most from fear. We all know how the imagination tends to exaggerate everything, and people with sensitive, nervous organizations, and those in feeble health usually imagine that the worst possible will happen. Strong, robust health itself will kill a great many fears which cause intense suffering when the vitality is low and the power of resistance is weak.

Quit worrying, fearing things that may never happen, just as you would quit any bad practice which has caused you suffering. Antidote your fear thoughts by holding persistently the thoughts that tend in the opposite direction.

The chemist quickly destroys the corrosive power of an acid by adding its opposite—an alkali. We can neutralize a fear thought just as quickly, by applying its natural antidote, the courage thought, the assuring, confident thought.

Many people struggle very hard to overcome their fears by sheer force of will power, by suppressing them. This cannot be done. The only way to neutralize fear, to crowd it out or kill it, is by applying its antidote, holding persistently the courage thought, the confident thought, the thoughts directly opposite to the things you fear.

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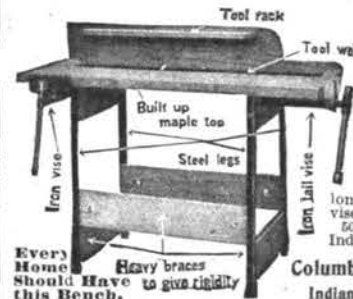
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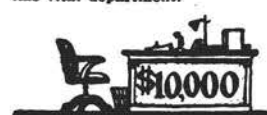


How to Get Money by Mail

- How to write ads.
- How to begin a letter.
- How to turn inquiries into orders.
- How to formulate a convincing argument.
- How to get your reader to ACT at once.
- How to write trade-winning business letters.
- How to cover territory salesmen can't reach.
- How to keep tab on results of all mail work.
- How to key ads, circular and all mail sales.
- How to secure attention and arouse interest by letter.

How to Insure Safe Credits

- How to judge credits.
- How to collect by mail.
- How to handle "touchy" customers.
- How to be a good collector—and how to hire one.
- How to organize a credit and collections department.
- How to weed out dishonest buyers from the safe risks.
- How to know every day the state of your accounts receivable.
- And valuable information, obtainable in no other way, for credit men, collectors, accountants, and every business man interested in this vital department.



How to Get and Hold a Position

- How to apply for a position and get it.
- How to answer a want ad, in person or by letter.
- How to compose a strong, original letter of application.
- How to secure the highest market price in selling your services.
- How to prepare and apply for advancement.
- How to master the entire routine, the science, the duties, the problems of an executive, a department head, a general manager.
- How to master the work and secure the position of sales manager.
- How to study the work of the man above you, without offending or antagonizing him.
- How and what to study in spare moments to increase your earning value.
- Not good advice merely, but practical, down-to-earth instruction in all branches of business that will enable the ambitious employee to actually earn more.



How to Handle Men

- How to pick men.
- How to weigh, judge, analyze ability in a prospective employee.
- How to read human character from facial characteristics.
- How to train and coach new employees.
- How to inspire men with desperate determination and untiring loyalty to work, to think, to act, even to fight in your behalf.
- How to keep in personal working touch with an entire working force, making each man feel your special interest in him.
- How to develop strong individual personality.
- How to approach and impress men.
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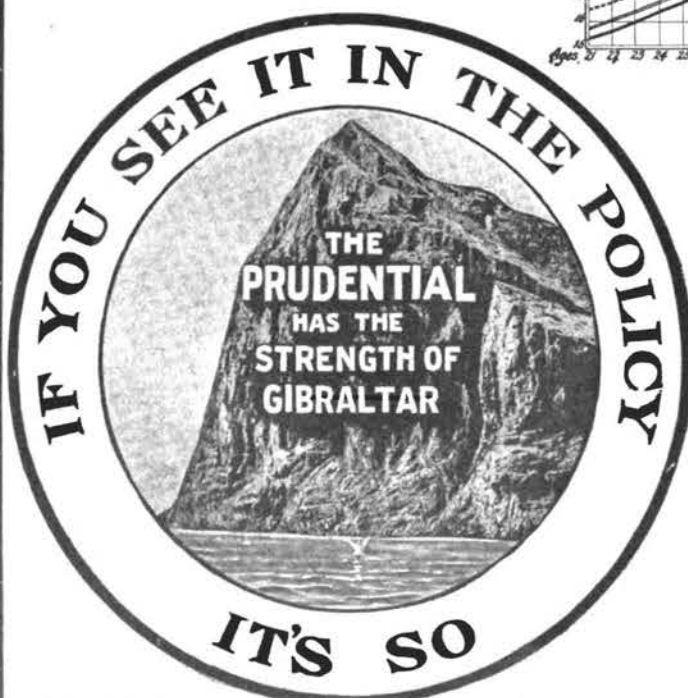
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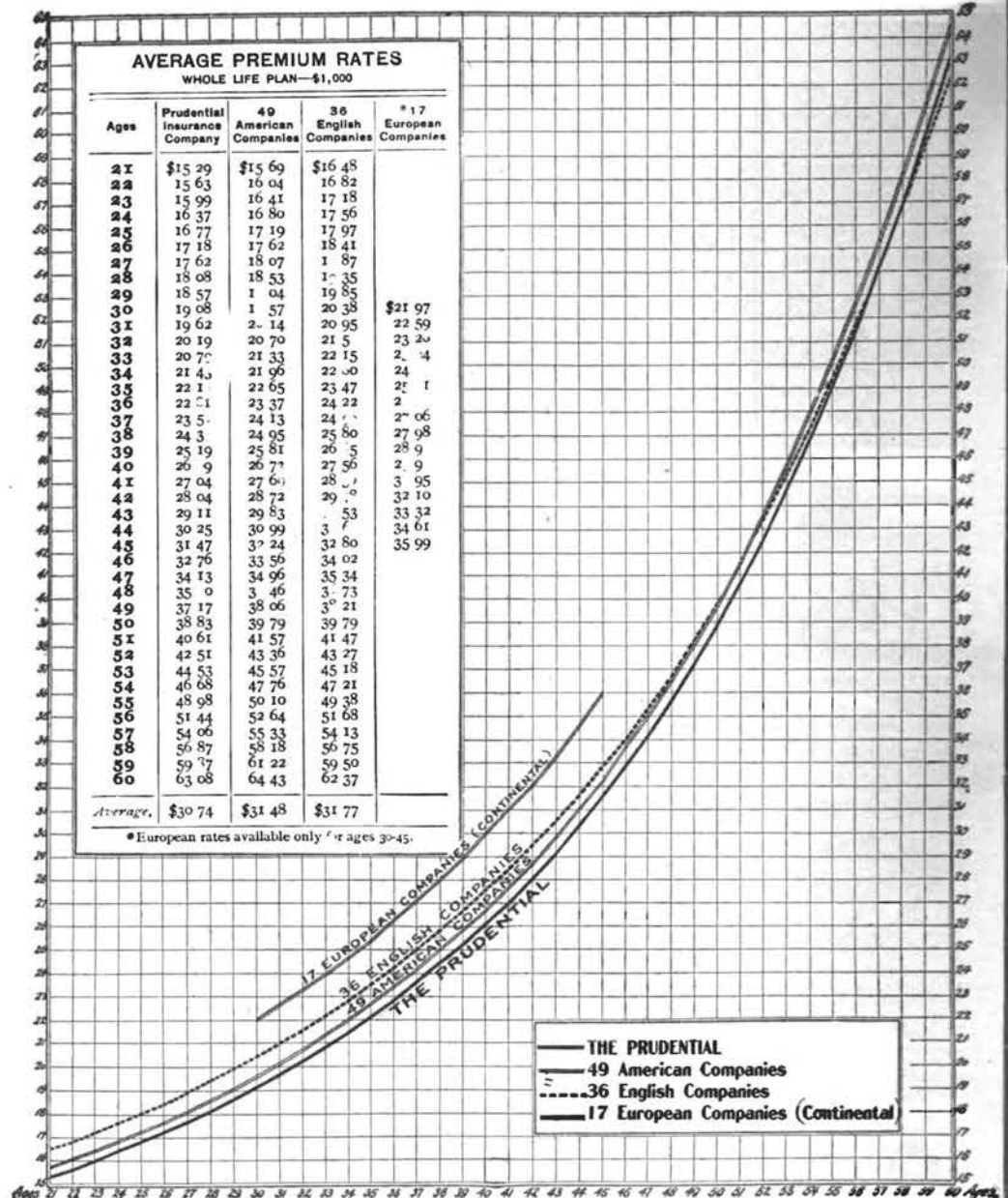
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