

SUCCESS MAGAZINE

N. S. EDITION.



JANUARY
1908

THE SUCCESS COMPANY
TEN CENTS NEW YORK ONE DOLLAR

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FAIRBANK'S Soap Products

SHOULD · BE · IN · EVERY · HOME



Gold Dust

is the greatest dishwasher ever invented, and when you stop to think that dishes have to be washed 1095 times a year, its use means a great saving. GOLD DUST will cut the grease and dirt like magic, make your dishes spotlessly white, and drive out every semblance of dirt or germs.

GOLD DUST Washing Powder starts to work the moment it strikes the water. It cleanses quickly, easily, thoroughly.

For washing dishes, scrubbing floors, cleaning woodwork, oil cloth, silverware, and tinware, polishing brasswork, cleaning bath room pipes, refrigerators, etc. washing clothes, softening hard water and making the finest soft soap.

"Let the GOLD DUST Twins do your work"



Fairy Soap

Many people pay as high as 25c a cake for toilet soap, thinking to secure a purer soap, when in reality they are paying for costly perfume and fancy coloring matter, which make the soap less pure, and oft-times are used to disguise cheap, impure greases.

FAIRY SOAP is white—and stays white—because it is absolutely pure. It is made from edible products and contains no coloring matter or adulterant of any kind; yet, FAIRY SOAP costs but 5c a cake. Why pay more, since there is no better soap at any price? Why even pay the same price for any other soap, and take the chance of exposing your skin to the discomfort and danger of cheap, inferior soap materials?

"Have You a Little 'Fairy' in Your Home?"



Sunny Monday Laundry Soap

We know every housewife in the land will be interested when we say that *Sunny Monday Laundry Soap* *(N. R.) will double the life of her clothes. The reason is that *Sunny Monday Laundry Soap* *(N. R.) is all soap, without rosin or excess moisture, and contains remarkable dirt-starting qualities which begin their magic work the moment the soap touches the clothes.

Sunny Monday Laundry Soap *(N. R.) can be used in any kind of water—hot, cold, hard or soft, is kind to the hands, and will not shrink woolens and flannels or injure the most delicate fabrics.

*(N. R.) means "No Rosin." SUNNY MONDAY LAUNDRY SOAP contains no rosin. Rosin is an adulterant and will rot and ruin clothes. Because it is all soap, one bar of SUNNY MONDAY LAUNDRY SOAP will do the work of two bars of any other laundry soap.

THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY, Makers, Chicago

SUCCESS MAGAZINE

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ASSOCIATE EDITOR.



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Success Magazine

A Periodical of American Life

Published Monthly by

THE SUCCESS COMPANY.

EDWARD E. HIGGINS, Pres. O. S. MARDEN, Vice Pres.
FREDERIC L. COLVER, Sec. DAVID G. EVANS, Treas.

HOME OFFICE

University Building, Washington Square,
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Subscription Prices

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

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1 year's subscription, \$1.00
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5 " " " " " 3.00
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Long-time subscriptions not accepted.

In Canada:

1 year's subscription \$1.50
2 years' subscription 2.50

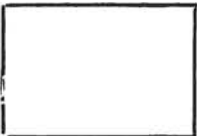
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Expirations and Renewals

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



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

Our Advertisements

We guarantee our subscribers (of record) against loss due to fraudulent misrepresentation in any advertisement appearing in this issue provided that mention of "*Success Magazine*" is made when ordering. This guarantee does not cover fluctuations of market values, or ordinary "trade talk," nor does it involve the settling of minor claims or disputes between advertiser and reader. Claims for losses must be made within sixty days of the appearance of the advertisement complained of. The honest bankruptcy of an advertiser occurring after the printing of an advertisement by us only entitles the reader to our best services in endeavoring to secure the return of his money.

Our Agents

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

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

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

The Editors' Outlook



A Little Talk With Our Readers About Some Things We Are Doing

A NIGHT at the opera! This opens a world of fancies to all lovers of music, and music is as important to the human being sometimes as food and drink. There is no other city in the world where so much money and so much talent is lavished on grand opera as in New York. Two large and beautiful opera houses scarcely hold the crowds of people during the season. The competition and rivalry existing between these temples of music is a most interesting phase of the development of grand opera. It will be brilliantly described in our February number and illustrated with many new photographs of the principal singers. There will be portraits of Miss Geraldine Farrar, of the Metropolitan Opera House, and of Miss Mary Garden, of the Manhattan Opera House, by Ernest Haskell, one of the most unique and original portrait artists in the United States.

* * *

ONE of the most remarkable movements that ever convulsed a nation is the wave of prohibition which is sweeping over the liquor traffic of America. Ever since the nation was born, prohibition has been promulgated but with only a moderate success. Although a few states "went prohibition," the rest of the country harbored the evil traffic, and the few commonwealths that stood adamant were but inspiration for the jester and the jokesmith. To-day, in nearly every state, legislative measures are being taken to suppress the saloon, and, singular as it may seem, the flame of the new movement was started in the South, in which section, it has always been laughingly said, the man and the mint julep were one and inseparable. When the old colonial state of Georgia put a ban on the traffic, the country stood aghast and would not believe its eyes. When Alabama followed suit, and other communities swung into line, we saw that King Alcohol was doomed. You may be surprised to know to what an extent prohibition has got a foothold in this country. It is alarming—to the liquor interests. In an early issue we will give our readers a detailed account of this astonishing movement which has already put a number of states into the prohibition column and made a large percentage of others entirely "dry."

* * *

"WHAT Uncle Sam Is Doing for Women" is the attractive title of one of our February articles. Few people know how busily our good, old, white-bearded uncle keeps looking after the household affairs of his nation. He is forever hunting up new systems, new schemes, and even new recipes to make the burden of the housewife a little easier. Just how he goes about all this, just what he has done and what he intends to do, and just how you must approach him for assistance, will all be told in our February article.

* * *

As we have stated in the Editors' Note to "The Romance of Tammany Hall," in this issue, this will be, per-

haps, the most exciting political year in the history of the country. Whether or not Mr. Roosevelt will accept another term, whether or not the Democratic interests will nominate Mr. Bryan again, whether or not new candidates and new issues will be before the people are still unanswerable questions. From the hundreds of letters that come to our editorial desk, we know that a large number of the people of this country, especially of that part which lies in the West and the Middle West, want Mr. Roosevelt to run again. The President has said very emphatically that he will not. Mr. Bryan's enemies in the Democratic party claim that he cannot lead them in another presidential race. In many corners are arising opposition to both these men, and new issues are being manufactured on which to hang some hope of success. All these interesting phases will be carefully watched by our special writers. We believe that the American people take more interest in politics than in any other national matter, and we are going to give them this year both sides of all questions, so that they shall find *SUCCESS MAGAZINE* a source of information on all phases of the coming politics. We also wish to announce that we are prepared to answer any questions that may be asked us. Any letters pertaining to political matters, wherein questions are asked, will be answered just as speedily as possible.

* * *

WE ARE firmly convinced that "Edwin Markham's Eyrie" will prove to be one of the most unique and original departments ever conducted in a monthly publication. Unlike most arrangements between editors and writers, our deal with Mr. Markham was without stipulation as to subject matter, treatment, or policy. We leave it to him to say what he pleases in his own way. We have placed no weights on his mind. We have put no shackles on his opinions. His pages will be unto him as if they were of his own publication. Our readers may disagree with him sometimes and agree with him often, but we venture they will never find him uninteresting.

* * *

"I HAVE a dislike for occult and ghost stories," a young woman in Putney writes, "and any articles bearing on that line. I am glad that I have never seen such subjects treated in *SUCCESS*." No, young woman, and you never will, unless it is to condemn such things as roundly as our energy will permit. There are no such things as ghosts, there are no such things as demons or devils or supernatural beings, and people who hold to such time-worn beliefs are a little more enlightened than the savages. If we had our way, among the first things that we should abolish from the earth would be superstition and fear, the deadliest enemies of the human race. And we agree with the man who wrote to us recently saying, "Fear is a condition that should be abolished by law."



THE world is growing more enlightened every year. In the last twenty-five years it has advanced more than it had previously in any two centuries of its existence. Can you imagine what would have happened to Luther Burbank, the California wonder, a little over a hundred years ago? The chances are he would have been burned at the stake as a wizard. Thomas A. Edison, whose wonder work we describe in this issue, would at one time have been pilloried as a menace to public morals. Progress has wrought havoc with lots of theories and traditions in the last quarter century. The great light of intelligence and high thinking is showing us a wonderful path of righteousness. We are going to have something very startling to say about these matters pretty soon, and no doubt what we say will surprise not a few people.

“THE GOLDEN DAYS OF PIRACY,” is a collection by H. Addington Bruce, of some hitherto unpublished facts and stories of the by-gone buccaneers of the main, whose most illustrious leader, perhaps, was Captain Kidd. These remarkable demons of the deep, who sailed the high seas with skull and cross-bones at their peak, are, fortunately, no more. But they left literature a legacy which we cannot afford to overlook.

TWO new stories by William Hamilton Osborne were recently added to our fiction list. They are written in Mr. Osborne's strongest vein—terse pictures of city life, wherein human beings move in the full figure and energy of life.

THE following letters were selected from many received since the publication of our November number:

EDITOR, SUCCESS MAGAZINE,

Dear Sir: I wish to convey my mite of praise to the noble workers who are exposing the most atrocious and tremendous crime of civilization—the drugging of the Chinese race by the Anglo-Saxon. I include the Anglo-Saxon race in its entirety, although every nation of Europe, as well as the United States, is an accomplice in this case. The Boxer War was the greatest blight on Christianity that it has ever known—setting it back a hundred years, at least.

I desire to add my testimony to the depth of intellect, the height of nobility, and the tremendous force of courage which SUCCESS MAGAZINE and Mr. Merwin have displayed in the conception, institution, and promulgation of their exposé of this dastardly crime,—which, worst of all, was deliberate, and—premeditated.

If any journal and journalist have ever, of their own initiative, conceived, planned, and executed a greater, grander undertaking, I have yet to learn of them.—C. E. M.

EDITOR, SUCCESS MAGAZINE,

Dear Sir: The writer has been following your story of “The Real Lawson,” now running in SUCCESS MAGAZINE. It looked at the outset as though your version of the real article was going to be in favor of the plunger himself. However, in the December number, after you have checked off his tips for the past three years, it looks as though you were giving the exact history of the “real thing.” I am going to confess to being idiot enough to have believed every word of his “Crime of Amalgamated,” and believing in him as I did, I followed his tips as published in the public press until I finally became ruined financially, even mortgaging my home—the home of my wife and children—in an attempt to regain my first losses. Strange, is it not, how the public can be induced to part with their savings through the publication of this double-dyed villain's advices in the press of the country. It is easy to see it all now.—J. M. R., Toledo, O.

To Those Who Need Money

MONEY is a subject of paramount importance just now. How to make it is the problem confronting many of our readers.

It has been our privilege to point the way to pleasant money-making employment for so many of the big Success family, that this time seems particularly opportune for giving the good tidings to the thousands of new readers we have gained within the past few months.

As this issue of SUCCESS MAGAZINE reaches its readers, hundreds and even thousands are being spent in every community, in subscribing for magazines. Old subscriptions are being renewed, and new magazines are being added. Millions of circulars from magazine publishers, and catalogues from subscription agencies, are reaching the public through the mails, and these are supplemented by a tremendous amount of publicity through magazine and newspaper advertising. All of these things mean that the public mind is now focused upon a consideration of the question, “What shall we read this season?”

We very much doubt if the majority of people realize the wonderfully profitable field which exists in every well-populated town or county in the United States for securing and handling this immense magazine subscription business. Most of it is now being sent either direct to the publishers, or to some of the large catalogue subscription agencies. If there is a publisher's representative on the ground, however, he has every advantage and can get a good share of the business by merely making it generally known that he is prepared to accept it.

A few far-sighted individuals have seen the possibilities of harvesting this annual subscription crop, and their earnings in commissions, and the large amounts of prize money which are offered by the various publishers this year, have exceeded even their fondest expectations. One man, who is securing subscriptions for all the popular magazines by personal solicitation in and about a large Eastern city, earns more than \$10,000 a year right along. In many other cities there are individuals who are earning \$25.00 to \$50.00 a week, month in, month out, in the same manner.

SUCCESS MAGAZINE is peculiarly equipped for handling, not only its own large volume of subscriptions but also those for all other publications. The latter are accepted at prices usually as profitable for the representative as though sent direct to the respective publishers, and even more profitably in some cases, because of the way in which such business figures in our cash prize offers.

The volume of subscription business secured by our representatives is so large that we are paying the large sum of \$2,500.00 in cash prizes for subscriptions sent us in the month of December alone. All of these subscriptions have secured their senders, in addition, a large cash commission, and credit in competition for other cash prizes to be distributed at the end of a term of several months.

In spite of this enormous business, the ground has scarcely been scratched. In perhaps not more than one out of ten communities, where a highly profitable magazine business could be built up, are we represented by active agents.

The following are excerpts from a few of the hundreds of letters we are constantly receiving, which breathe an enthusiasm begotten of successful money making. Is it not worth your while to get the full details of our plans and offers by dropping a line to-day, before you forget it, to—

SUCCESS BUREAU OF AGENCIES, WASHINGTON SQUARE, NEW YORK?

Eighty Subscriptions in One Day

Last Wednesday I took just eighty subscriptions for magazines, singly and in clubs. Now I think that record was due to the fact that I had made that town regularly for eight years. My old customers not only wait for me, but they speak a good word to their neighbors. It pays to work your town year after year.

O. W. HENDER, Neb.

\$147.30 on One Street

I feel somewhat elated that the business which I have done for The Success Company during the month of October, amounting to \$147.30, is the result of soliciting done on but one street in —, Kansas. I attribute my success wholly to the literary merit of SUCCESS MAGAZINE.

R. LEE POWELL, —, Kansas,

P. S.—Out of the eight subscribers whose “subs.” expired with the October number I have renewed seven. The eighth was out of town.

A Magazine That Sells Itself

The inclosed order is the result of some roundabout work. The subscribers gave the order to an uncle of mine who just subscribed himself lately, and who sent it on to me. He says in his letter: “The Christmas number of SUCCESS MAGAZINE is at hand, and is so handsome that it has gained you two new subscribers. Please have the magazines sent to —, etc., * * * beginning with the Christmas number for both subscribers.”

This merely goes to show that you need no agents, as every copy of SUCCESS MAGAZINE printed is a whole staff in itself.

E. T. PAXTON, —, N. J.

Our Treatment Best

Never in my experience of soliciting for other companies have I received such prompt and courteous treatment as at the hands of SUCCESS MAGAZINE. You surely do your part to help the new solicitor to success.

Accept my sincere thanks for the generous commission and cash prize.

C. W. KELSEY, —, Ohio.

Has Been With Us Six Years

Your letter with check inclosed for \$75.00, being ninth prize in the last contest, received, for which I tender you my very sincerest thanks; it came as a great surprise for the number of points I sent in. I cannot find words to express myself as I would like, for the very fair way The Success Company treats its representatives. I have been nearly six years with the Company, and I find month by month it pays well to spread the “Gospel of Success.” I am not tired of it yet; far from it; and hope to be on the prize list next month.

W. J. SHIPWAY, —, Pa.

Pleasant Words for the Agency Department

I have been taking orders for — and other magazines, but I find that The Success Company does more for its agents, inquires more concerning their welfare, and gives them more helps to work with than any other company has done for me.

SUCCESS MAGAZINE is my best magazine. I seldom carry a copy of any other magazine, as I believe it to be the best. The Success Company is more willing to grant “out of the way” favors than any other company. The company offers more prizes than I believe any other company ever offered, which speaks very well for The Success Company. I will not forget it when I commence work again.

PAUL A., WARSABO, —, Mich.

What a Hustler Can Do in Spare Time

Am certainly well pleased with the result of my last month's work; the commission on 133 subscriptions and \$15.00 prize money added make me a neat sum, and “entirely on the side.” I worked in an office every day in the month, with the exception of one Sunday. Each week day I worked twelve and a half to fourteen hours, and got my subscriptions on my way to my meals and coming and going to my work, and from people I could dodge out and talk to for a few minutes during the day without neglecting my work; also chance times while going to the post and express offices. Was fortunate in running across several traveling men who were kind enough to give me their orders.

I secured thirteen subscriptions one morning while going to the express office, and was not away from work over thirty minutes. Also got forty-nine subscriptions out of the first fifty people solicited. Some were renewals and some were new ones.

I stepped from my office into the hallway one afternoon to talk to one man, and three others came up and listened to what I had to say. I got the four in about five minutes.

Some subscriptions were gotten so easily that I was ashamed to take the money, while I honestly earned some of the others.

The secret of the whole thing is in The Success Magazine and what it stands for everywhere.

Thanking you for the prize and also for your kindly letters, I am,

Yours truly,

J. G. SNOWDEN, —, Ohio.

How Is This for a Canadian Record?

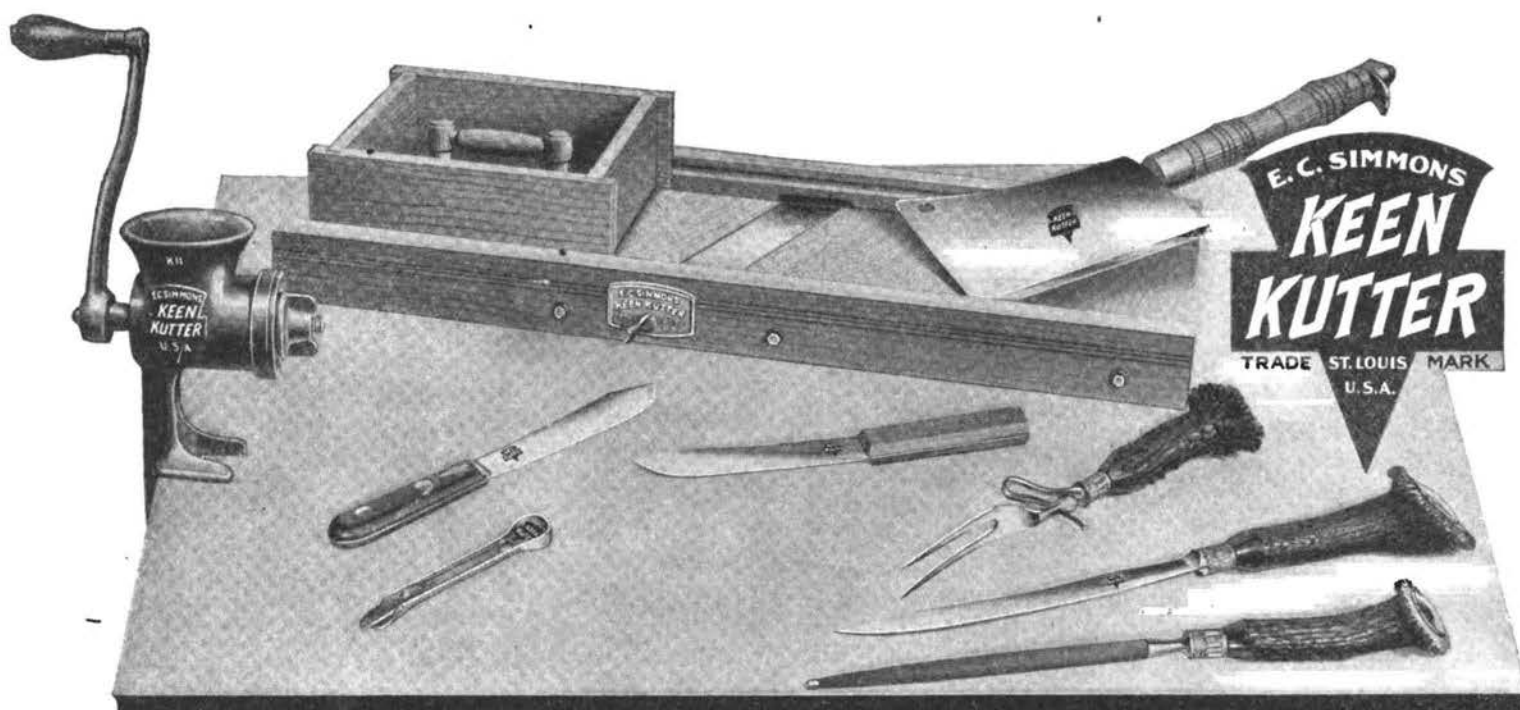
I received fifty “subs.” in less than a week and have three letters of introduction to prominent business men here. Expect to see these men to-day and then begin in earnest Monday morning.

Values the Training

In sending in my new enrollment as your representative this year, I want to tell you that I am in for business now and to personally thank you for the training I have received in this work through representing SUCCESS MAGAZINE. It has been worth a great deal to me, and the courteous treatment I have invariably received has been a great encouragement, and I hope this will be a banner year.

Very truly yours,

MARGARET A. McDERMOTT.



Domestic Tools

"Show me a woman's kitchen and I will tell you what sort of housekeeper she is."

A good housekeeper needs good tools as much as an expert pattern maker, and she can buy the best with the same confidence. A good workman always orders tools by name—you can buy household tools the same way and all you need to remember is the one name:

KEEN KUTTER

Tools and Cutlery

KEEN KUTTER TOOL CABINETS

contain an assortment of tools suitable for home, farm or shop. The right tool for every use, a place for every tool, and every tool in its place. The only complete outfit of first-class tools sold under one name, trademark and guarantee. Various styles and sizes from \$8.50 to \$85.00.

Then you are sure of tools that will give you good and lasting service. Every Keen Kutter Tool is absolutely guaranteed and all dealers are instructed to refund your money if anything goes wrong.

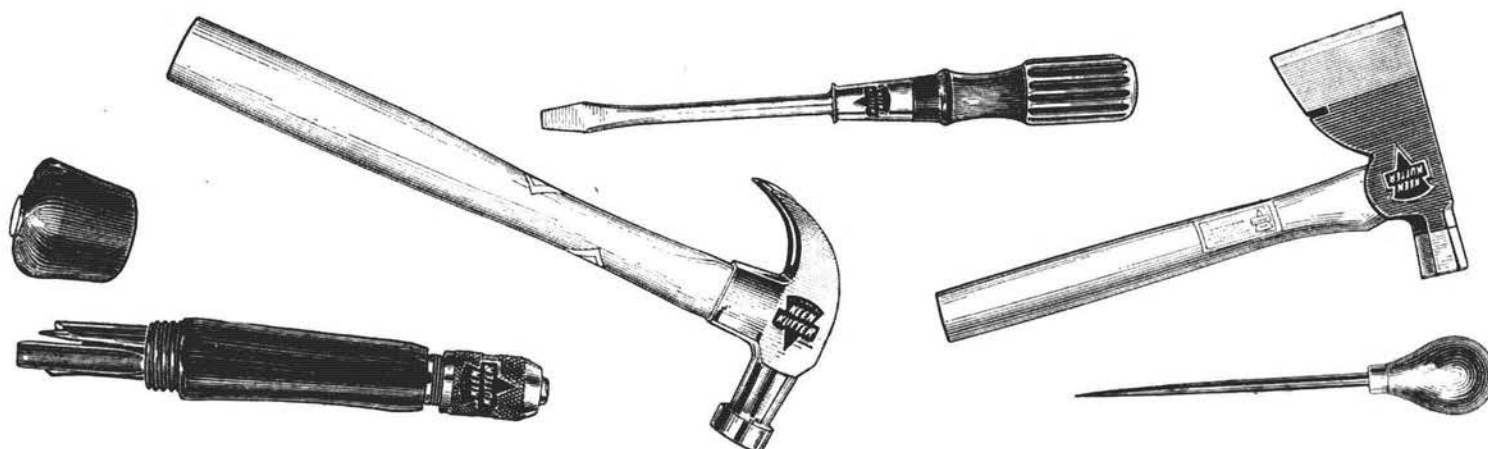
Whether you want a can-opener or a meat-chopper—a carving set or a bread-knife—an ice-pick or a hatchet—remember the name Keen Kutter—ask for it by name. See that the trademark is on it and you are sure you have the most serviceable and lasting tool you could buy anywhere.

Sold for nearly 40 years under this mark and motto:

"The Recollection of Quality Remains Long After the Price is Forgotten."—E. C. Simmons.
Trademark Registered.

If not at your dealer's, write us.

SIMMONS HARDWARE COMPANY (Inc.), St. Louis and New York, U.S.A.





From a stereograph. Copyrighted, 1907,
by Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

THOMAS A. EDISON IN 1908

"All Newspaper Reports of My New Plans Have Been Misleading," Says the Great Inventor. "I Want SUCCESS MAGAZINE, in This Article, to Set Them Aright." Mr. Edison Will Revolutionize House Building by Erecting Homes That Will Rent for \$7.50 a month. He Hopes to Abolish Squalid Tenements

By ROBERT D. HEINL

THOMAS A. EDISON, the indefatigable, will accomplish, in 1908, a feat that will be more nearly a miracle than any that has thus far made him famous. The dean of American inventors says he has been distressingly misquoted and misrepresented, especially about his latest invention, and uses this opportunity in SUCCESS MAGAZINE, exclusively, to correct erroneous representations of his plans. Mr. Edison promises to mold, with concrete, three-story, two-family dwellings, everything but the kitchen ranges, with the same ease that a pound cake is shaped. It will take only twelve hours to "pour" such a house. A thousand dollars will cover the cost, and \$7.50 a month rent, per family, will pay the owner a profit on his investment.

This achievement, it is hoped, will sound the death knell of squalid tenements. With the aid of ever-extending trolley lines the man of small income will be able to live in a veritable suburban mansion at less expense than the rent of two miserable rooms in a crowded, noisy city.

Henry Phipps, the philanthropist, and architects and builders employed by him to give an unbiased opinion, have examined Mr. Edison's invention, and have pronounced it practical. It is Mr. Phipps's intention to build colonies of, say, 1,500 houses each,

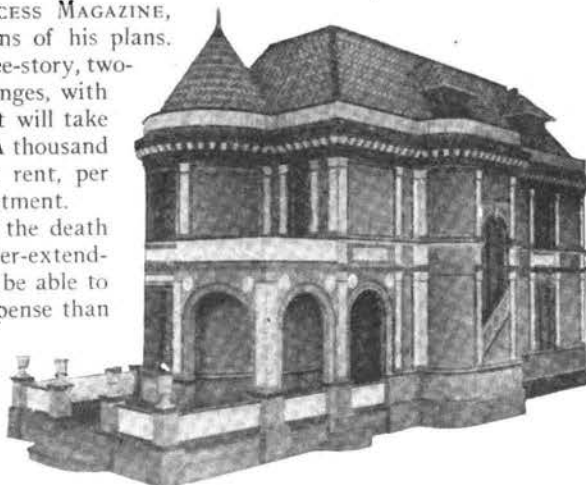
not far from New York and Philadelphia, as an experiment in finding a solution of the problem of relieving the congestion in great cities.

Under the Edison plan, building homes will be little more annoying or complicated than the expressing of a wish. It will be almost a mere matter of waving a magic wand.

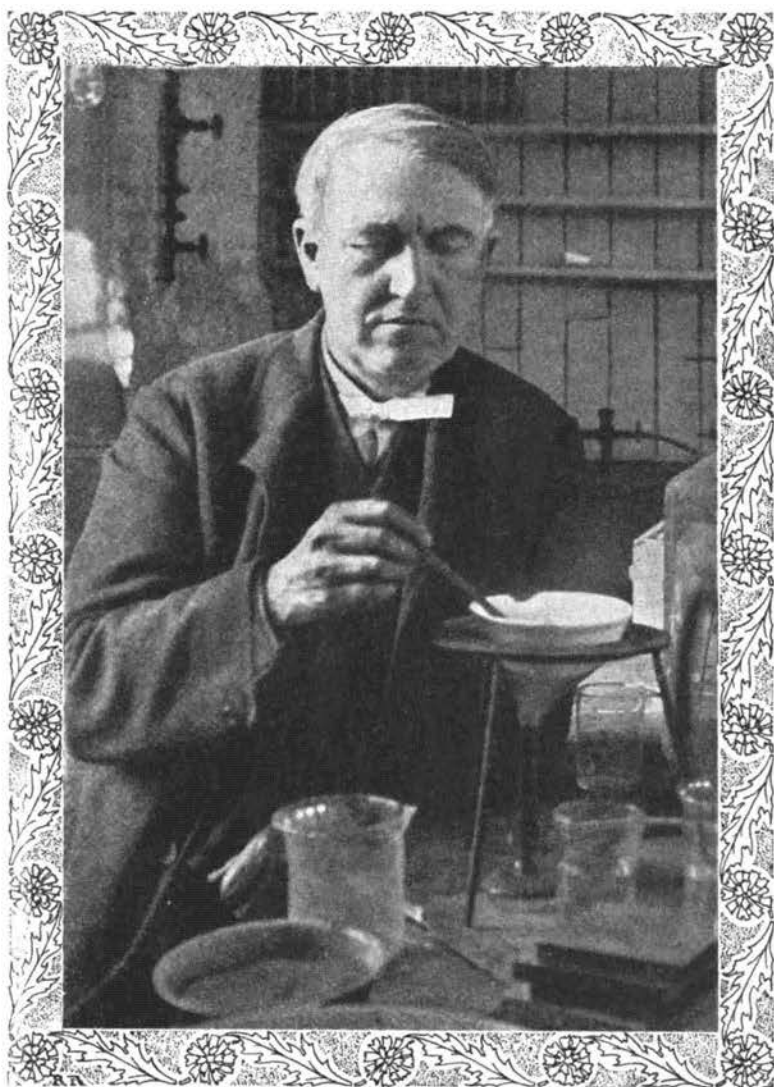
The owner chooses a park on which he is to build his houses—for they are to be manufactured in large numbers, exact duplicates—and then selects the kind of houses he wants poured from models exhibited. The builder has the houses erected on the lot next morning, that is if he can be induced to work over night. Some bolting together of iron frames (later to be removed), some mixing of concrete with sand taken from the cellar excavation, some pouring of the muddy mass into the mold, and presto, the trick is done.

Astounding as this achievement seems, the most wonderful of American originators explains it all.

"I have constructed a model for a Queen Anne cottage, and next spring I intend to build a house of this pattern," says Mr.



A model of the new house that Mr. Edison will build from a mold with concrete. It can be erected in twelve hours, he says, at a cost of only \$1,000



From a stereograph. Copyrighted, 1907, by Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

"The Wizard" in the seclusion of his private laboratory

Edison, coatless and hair tousled, at his laboratory in Llewellyn Park, N. J. "I'm going to put her up in twelve hours, or try to do it—don't forget that! The expensive part of concrete construction, to-day, is the erection of wooden frames that can't be used again. With the aid of molds, it is possible for any contractor to build a house of solid concrete, 25 feet wide, 45 feet deep, 3 stories high, capable of housing two families, for \$1,000, with plenty of room.

"The most important feature lies in the molds which are of iron, for the concrete is anybody's. Wooden framed concrete structures are built section upon section, after each section has been allowed time to solidify. This takes an annoying lot of time, varying, according to the size of the building. Concrete in the iron frame can be stripped in six days, and the forms erected on another lot.

"By pouring in concrete, which is to be hoisted to the top of the house and dumped in from there, until the mixture fills the mold, it will be possible to complete the structure in twelve hours. Are you on?

"The forms are of cast iron and for \$1,000 the entire house can be built. This includes heating pipes of concrete, staircases of concrete, mantels of the same, roofs of concrete that won't leak, plumbing, wire conduits, and even bath tubs of concrete," he said, speaking vigorously.

"Such a house will stand forever. The houses which withstood the San Francisco disaster were concrete. Fire insurance will be a thing of the past with the new dwellings. Children may play with axes, but, chop as much as they like, they can't injure the structure. There will be no need for repairs.

"But here I must show you the model—you have n't seen the model," the inventor broke off suddenly.

The Inventor and the Model

Then he hurried out of the room, almost on a run. "The Wizard" is sixty-one years old, but you would n't think it, to see him ascending the steep stairs to the floor above. The writer, a young man who thinks he is light on his feet, took two steps at a time, but Mr. Edison kept his lead, and had time to take a key from a secret corner under the stairs, and to unlock the door of the room where the guarded treasure is kept, before the follower arrived.

Sure enough, there was the cottage, and a beauty, too. It stood in the middle of the room with a background of several crude wooden phonograph horns, a grand piano, some batteries, a dust-covered automatic piano player, and stacks of phonograph record boxes.

Mr. Edison smiled, and said: "Is n't she a dandy?"

"It surely is," was the answer—and my honest opinion.

"I worked this out with the man in mind who gets a dollar and a

half a day," continued Mr. Edison, his face still animated. "In New York, Chicago, or any of the other big cities, a man is n't able to get much of a flat, for nine dollars a month, say, and at that price he is usually in a pretty disagreeable neighborhood. Deduct ten cents a day car fare that he'd have to pay if he lived in the suburbs—it leaves, roughly, seven dollars and a half. I'm aiming to build the new house so cheaply that it will be possible for it to be rented at that price.

"The man formerly cooped up in the city can, without paying more, have a delightful country home, with plenty of fresh air, light, a garden, and lots of room for his children to romp in. Such structures would do the growing country an immense amount of good and not harm the cities. It would be a healthy move and everybody concerned would be benefited.

"It will cost the contractor \$25,000 to get the molds with which to build the house, but he will be able to build an unlimited number of houses with one set of molds. These eventually will be of all sorts and shapes. We will aim to make them more and more artistic. This, of course, is a detail to be worked out. For instance, in the present model we have arranged, that, if it is so desired, there will be no upper balcony. That part may be detached before the dwelling is 'poured,' in case it is to be a one-family house. You see in this house each family is to have access to a veranda.

"Don't get the idea that I'm going to build these houses. My task is working out the problem of constructing what may be called the foundation house. I'm simply going to show that it may be practically done, and will erect a house here, as I say, within the next few months. But, judging from the numerous queries, and the many persons who have visited me to talk about the new idea, means will not be wanting to make the plan a reality. Already I am able to convince the most skeptical that I know what I am talking about."

Mr. Edison's Versatility

It is a far cry from phonographs and storage batteries to cement houses, but it shows the versatility of the inventor. Oddly enough the cement house idea was worked out by Mr. Edison as a diversion, at least he announced on his last birthday, several months ago, that he was going to knock off work and have a little fun experimenting. This is the first word heard from the playground, except that he has so far perfected his storage battery that it will live long enough to stand charges to carry a truck over fifty thousand miles. The perfected battery will pull twice the load of the ordinary truck, will have double the speed, and only take up half the space. It will modify, to an extent hardly appreciated, the congestion of the down-town streets, for an electric truck equipped with the batteries will be half as long as the present unwieldy wagons. Being twice as fast, there will be only one eighth of the present congestion in the streets under the new system of speedy motor trucks.

But Mr. Edison is n't talking much about storage batteries these days. In fact, although volumes are printed about him, he is always reticent. Writers become so worked up when describing his plans as to displease him with their enthusiasm. He says they seldom get things straight.

"I have been repeatedly misquoted. The editors never send technical men to talk to me. No wonder articles get in upside down," he says.

"Folks are too impatient. I predict a thing, and if it does n't happen the next day the public is disappointed and thinks I don't know what I'm talking about."

Ten-Thousand-Dollar Men Needed

Thus it is becoming harder and harder to get an interview with him, and woe be unto the cub reporter who approaches the inventor, especially if he comes forward with paper and pencil in hand to take notes.

"Don't do it, don't do it!" the inventor cries, an expression of agony crossing his face. "The man who takes so many notes is the one who gets things balled up—and I notice little of his stuff sees daylight."

Mr. Edison, however, takes a deep interest in young men and offers them much encouragement. "To-day is youth's zenith in this great country," is the way he cheers them on.

"The United States is starving for ten-thousand-dollar men. Corporations are actually clamoring for them; and the younger the better. But the man to-day must be technically educated. Modern industrial, financial, and commercial conditions are more complicated than ever before and it takes a trained mind and a level head to get to the front.

"In the technical world we could stand a dozen more institutions like the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Great concerns such as the United States Steel Corporation gobble up the graduates as fast as they are turned out. I had my name on the college's waiting list for a time, and so it goes.

"The demand for educated men, chaps that have brains, exceeds anything that I have ever known. They are doing the work, too; that's why more are wanted. So now is the time for the man who is going to make something of himself to get busy. If he is any good he won't be out of a job long; not much. There is entirely too much work and too few of the right kind of persons to do it.

"If you don't believe it, take a peep into the gigantic plant of a concern like the Bethlehem Steel Company. Yes, sir, we are starving for brains—or ten-thousand-dollar men, if that way of putting it appeals more strongly to the young American instinct."

And Thomas A. Edison, although he says he is playing, would be a

pretty good example for the young man to pattern after. It is doubtful if many could stand his pace, even to-day, but the training would improve their wind.

"The Wizard" is in his laboratory every working day in the week, and is so deeply occupied, that oftentimes even his assistants hesitate about disturbing him. There are no frills about the place and few persons get even a peep at the mysterious interior. Allowing that they get into the little guard-house sort of an office, at the entrance to the stockade, this sign does not give them much encouragement:

Thomas A. Edison Laboratory

No permits will be issued to ANYONE under ANY circumstances to go through this laboratory.

You can't even see the man who calls to you through a cubbyhole asking your business: "Have you an appointment with Mr. Edison, and if so when did you make it?"

Once you have satisfied that individual as to your identity, after carefully trying the lock on the door between you and him, he disappears, but is back in a minute.

If Mr. Edison is going to see you he does not keep you waiting—and as he sees and cross-examines everyone personally that comes into his sanctum he has a job that would keep some men busy.

His Long Look into the Future

If you are to be received, you are ushered to the second floor of what appears to be a good-sized factory building, and, in a large front room, bending over a rough table, figuring with a lead pencil on scraps of yellow paper, the greatest inventor of the hour is discovered. He appears exactly as his pictures depict him, and this makes one feel acquainted at once.

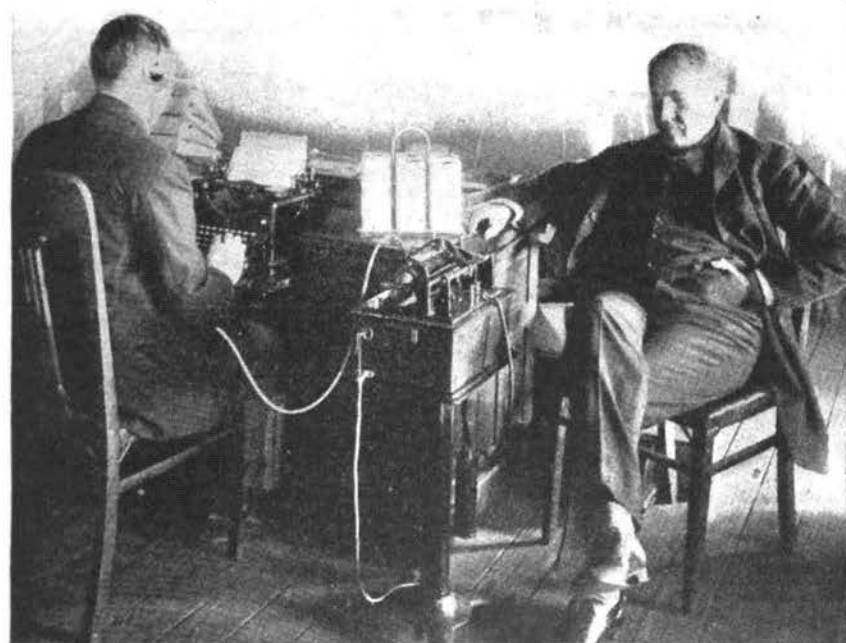
If you happen to be an interviewer you should be prepared to be interviewed, for he puts you through the pace and asks you to answer questions that make it necessary to unlimber the thinking gear in a hurry. His kindly face is made more picturesque by the storm-tossed iron-gray hair. He wears his glasses on the very end of his nose and looks over them when talking. His eye is piercing and his gaze steady.

He has grown very deaf, but he makes a brave effort not to lose a word and lets little get by him. His audiences are not always short but they are distinctly to the point. He does most of the talking and indicates the finish by turning abruptly away. Here his wonderful power of concentration is made apparent, for, the next instant, he is just as deeply occupied with another person about a subject far removed from his late line of thought.

He is not the dreamer he is often represented to be but a far seer. At a recent convention of war-time telegraphers (for Thomas A. Edison manned a key in those trying days), one of his bunkies told how far the inventor used to look ahead.

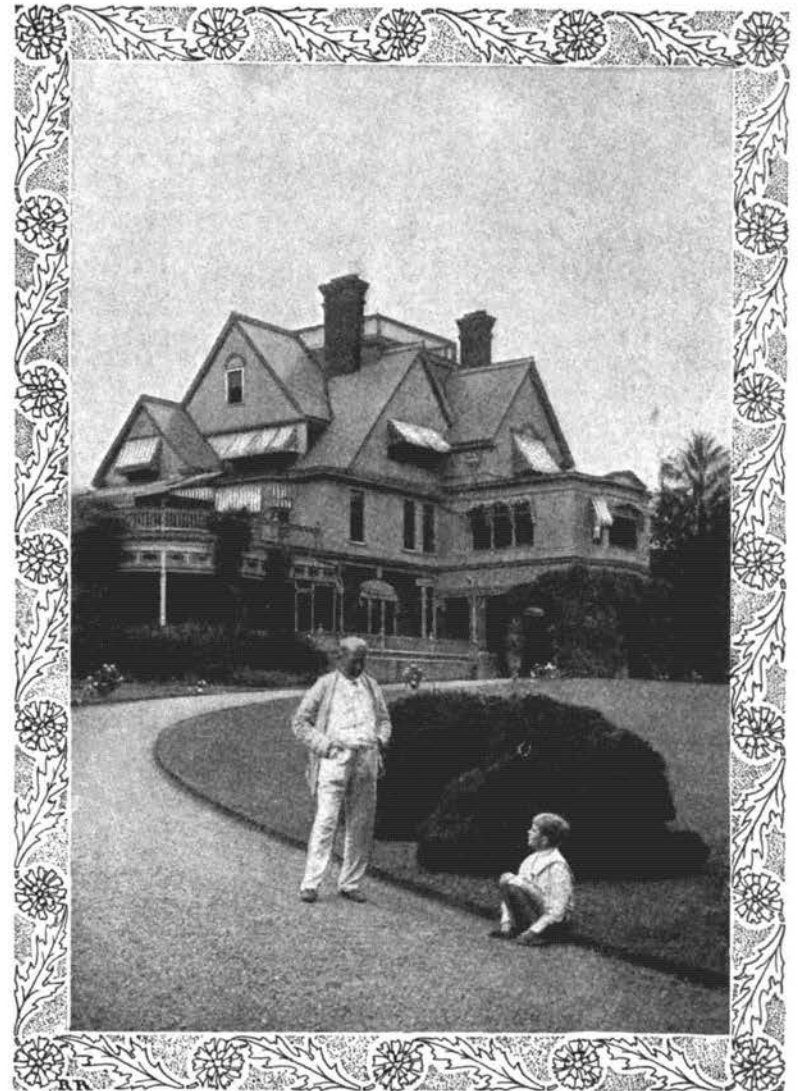
Turned Theories into Realities

"Tom would lie awake nights thinking how he could make the bed fold up," said the man who told the story. "Then he complained of the kerosene light. Finally the boss fired him for trying to send and receive a message on one wire at the same time."



From a stereograph. Copyrighted, 1907, by Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

Mr. Edison watching his stenographer taking a letter from his new phonograph, which had been previously dictated



From a stereograph. Copyrighted, 1907, by Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

Mr. Edison and his son, Theodore, on the driveway of their home

Edison kept constantly at work making realities out of his theories and devised the duplex system by which four men, two sending and two receiving, may work over the same wire.

Then followed his quadruplex and sextuplex transmission instruments, the carbon telegraph transmitter, printing telegraph, the microtasimeter, for detecting small changes in the temperature, the megaphone, to magnify sound, the phonograph, the aeroplane, the incandescent lamp and light system, the kinetoscope, and scores of other marvels. Once he sent 5,000 words a minute by telegraph between New York and Philadelphia with the aid of one of his machines.

For a contrivance, devised early in his life, after sleeping in New York parks for a week and living on a borrowed dollar, he received \$40,000 in cold cash. That's what happened to the poor telegraph operator who lay awake nights exercising his brain. And when one thinks of his wonderful concrete house, it appears that "The Wizard" isn't losing ground.

Mr. Edison's simplicity is impressive. That is because he is natural and sincere. He has a way of saying, "don't" that is the key to the determination that has marked his career. This tireless worker accents the negative softly and with a firmness that is n't mistakable.

He seems to be master of everything but that great, all-enveloping mind of his. Notwithstanding the wonderful control he exercises over his brain, it often breaks through the restraint. Once fully under way it does not let his body stop for food or sleep. Hours run into days, and days into weeks; thus it goes on until the problem is solved.

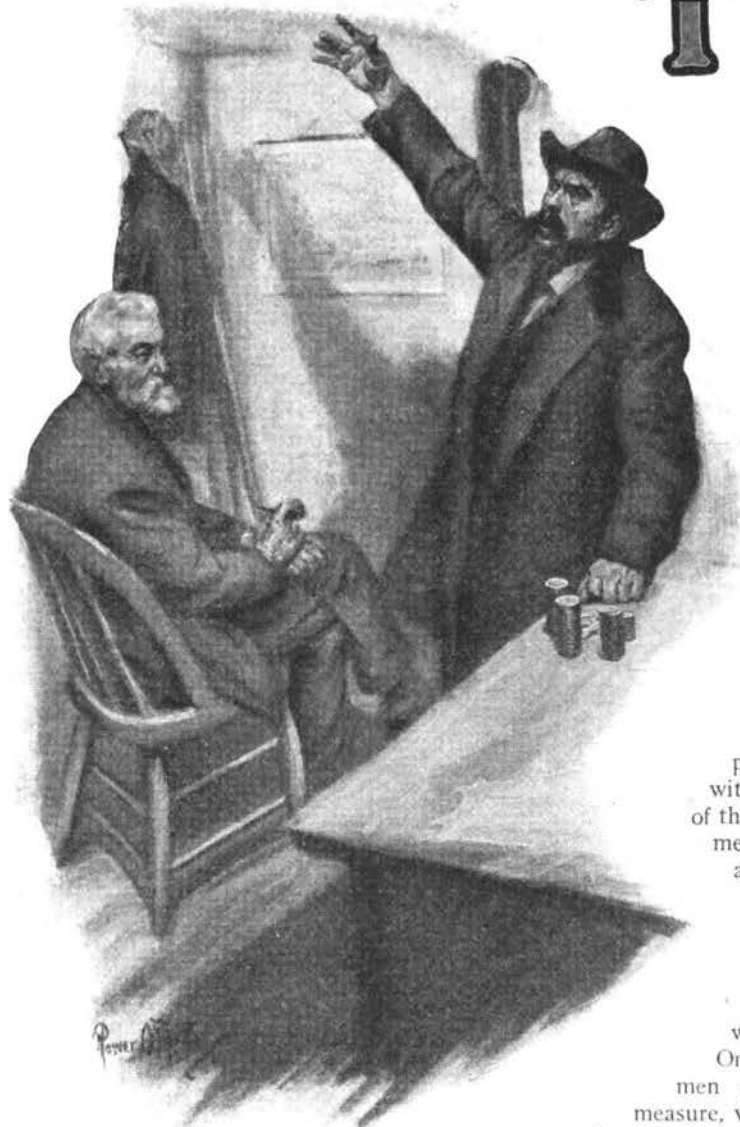
Mr. Edison is in splendid health, judging by his appearance, and by the eagerness with which he grasps things that come to his notice. Although he walks and moves rapidly, the inventor speaks slowly, and seems to search for the word to express his meaning most clearly. He stops quite frequently and asks the listener if he understands.

Mr. Edison predicts marvelous progress for the wireless telegraph during the new year. He regards Marconi as the man equal to the occasion. He does not think much of the possibilities of the wireless telephone.

He is much interested in the recently announced invention which makes possible signaling from ship to ship or from shore to ship under the waves. He said that he had made experiments in the transmission of sound through water, and that the development of the new idea of water telegraph would occupy his mind in the future.

"To Kill the

By E. Spence De Pue



"What's it for?" asked Captain Morain

AT FIVE o'clock the first puff of wind came out of the east, whipped the water of San Francisco Bay into little ripples, and shook at the loose canvas of the vessels along the water front; at six o'clock it had so grown in strength and volume that it mocked at the strong in-running tide, lashed it into fantastic white shapes which it rudely dissipated into spray. An hour later the storm had full sway.

A glorious, powerful, self-confident storm it was! A fifty-mile wind with a stiff backbone; and it dashed the water hither and yon, and picked it up and laid it low, or whipped it clean out of the bay and carried it tauntingly to the land as a mist. And it howled, did this wind; and it roared; and it drove small craft scampering to hide in cozy burrows; and it made good ships tremble and tug at their anchor chain; and it laughed and it roared and it mocked; and it bent and wrenched at tall, proud timbers till they shrieked aloud with pain; and in sheer wanton cruelty it ground ships' aching sides against the wharves.

The rattle of shrouds, the bang of spars, and the scud of loose things was the sport of the storm; and it watched the darkness fall on water and land with an unholy glee, and it gloated that it drove men before it—that is, all but one man, a thick-set, bundled man, who came side on down the wharf, and grumbled back at the east, and shook his fist to the storm, and scorned the lee of any protecting thing, and wormed his way along the side of the wind.

The very weight of the man was an insult to the storm, for he was built like a rock, and the ponderosity of him held him down to the planks; and, though the skirts of his long coat streamed off to one side, his body leaned not with the wind, but against it.

"Bravo, storm!" he cried. "Who laugh-a the element but me?"

He hugged himself in an ecstasy of pride as he went on and on, till a light caught his eye.

Straight to the door of the cabin marched the man, and raised his fist and beat upon the panel.

"Well?" rumbled a voice from within.

"Open," bellowed the man without, and his voice put the storm to shame, so heavy it was, and so full.

The door flew open, partly because of the pull from within, but more from the push of the wind without, and the two men stood facing each other for a moment before the stranger set his foot within the door.

A well-matched pair they were, this hardy foreigner who scorned the storm, and the sturdy, time-seasoned waterman who received him.

Only a bare moment the two men stood taking each other's measure, while the wind rushed in at

the open door and twitched the charts from the wall and the rugs from the floor, and set the lamp-globe swinging. Then the stranger stepped into the warmth of the room and shut the door behind him.

Now that the light shone on the man from without it showed how well his face matched the storm, for it was heavy, and stolid and square, even to the black, bristly beard that was chopped off as if with a knife.

Captain Morain sank comfortably into his chair before the stove, determined that it must be some powerful inducement indeed to lead him to risk the launch "Flyer" on a night like this.

The stranger wasted no time in words, but, reaching into his pocket he drew out a white cylinder six inches in length, and broke it across the edge of his hand, letting a flock of golden double-eagles loose to soar over the table.

The old captain fixed his gaze on the gold for a second, then let his eyes rove innocently over the heavy face and thick-set form of the visitor, who fixed him with a gaze much more intent than his own.

"Well?" the captain drawled, uninterestedly, then turned his gray eyes to the fire.

The stranger, saying never a word, stacked up the gold into its six-inch pile, produced another roll, which he stripped of its paper; and another and another, till there were four piles of golden double-eagles, each pile six inches high.

"Look!" the stranger cried. "Look, is it not good?"

The captain turned his seamed and furrowed face to the heap of gold, carefully estimating how much lay before him, and resolutely keeping out of his eyes any expression of the fierce greed that ate its way into his fierce old heart.

"The boat's worth more than that," he said indifferently. "And it's the loss of the craft to take her out in a blow such as this; and it's

worth more than merely her price to lay her bones and mine on the beach. Hark at that!"

He raised his hand at the moan of a good ship as she scraped off her skin on the wharf.

The stranger placed two more heaps by the side of the four.

"What's it for?" asked Captain Morain.

"'Tis for libertee. 'Tis for the right to think, to act, to feel, to do! For the right to be free!" cried the man, uplifting his arm.

"Liberty." The waterman repeated the word slowly, as if it had an unfamiliar sound to him.

"For the downtear of law and the uprise of peace. Libertee and the right to love without law. You believe?"

The captain nodded. Why should n't he believe in liberty and the downfall of law, he who had ever laughed at such things? There was only one objection, he told himself; if there was no law there would be nothing to outwit and circumvent, and the zest of life would be gone; the game be played to its end. But then, was n't it worth it, for a man growing to the end of his days, to play the final trump and laugh the law to scorn?

"Yes, ah, yes, you would be of the brotherhood?"

The captain mumbled an incoherent something, his eyes once more sweeping the gold.

"Is it for the love of countree you live?" asked the stranger, impressively. "No? Is it not much better then for the world to be our countree, yours and mine? All to have all!" He pointed his query with a deep-throated laugh.

The waterman, catching the other's point of view, but still impatiently waiting for the divulgence of the mission in particular, nodded violently.

"Then there is no countree and no law, and we are oppressed unjust. Viva libertee! Down with all the flags of the world! Only the red flag shall wave!"

"Yes." The captain nodded again. "What do you want me to do?"

The foreigner looked at him sharply a moment, and weighed him.

Captain Morain, leaning a little forward in his chair, one half of his mind on the gold, the other half on the probable adventure, was a picture of quiet recklessness.

The stranger, having satisfied himself, lifted his fist, doubled it so tightly that the knuckles cracked, and brought it down on the table.

"It is the glorious work we have to do, to make the rescue of a brother from the law," he cried. "We go into the storm and the black of the night, to laugh at it and make it ashamed."

A baleful light flashed from his eyes and his voice lifted again in competition with the wind.

"Yes."

"Ah, you show the love of libertee! Make close the attention. A brother, a leader, is come to this countree. He is come on the one great mission; come to strike a blow for the cause!" The stranger paused, but as the waterman said nothing, he went on again:

"The law-dogs have imprison him on the island called Angel."

"Angel Island!" said Captain Morain. "He is in quarantine?"

"Yes, yes, that is the word. He is sick near to die. He can see no friend or brother, and is confine in that hell-place, and can make not the chance of a message of what to do."

President!"

Illustrated by Power O'Malley

"Wait!" Captain Morain's eyes flashed with an eager light. A man in quarantine, guarded and watched! The foolhardy daring of the wild scheme appealed to him, somehow. Could he take this quarantined prisoner out of the hospital under the very eyes of the attendants? He chuckled lowly. If he could do it, would he not have the satisfaction of knowing that he had done that reckless thing which no one else would have attempted.

"I'll do it," he said abruptly; "I'll do it." He chuckled hoarsely again, as some whimsical side of the proposal struck him. Then, without further ado, he swept the pile of gold into a canvas sack, which he threw into a locker on top of a lot of old rubbish. Then he put on his oilskins over a thick pea-coat, chuckling over and over again, till the stranger bade him desist.

Like a flash, the smile was gone, and the old look of cunning hardness came into his face once more.

"Come," he said abruptly, and threw open the door.

Coldly, fiercely, spitefully the wind struck at them, but they bored their way into it with bent bodies and heads.

The plank creaked and screeched, and rose and fell with the float as they went down it, and the water dashed savagely against the piles, daring them to brave it. The "Flyer," the only launch at the float, banged at the bumpers along her side, and rose and fell with the waves. And all this was only at the landing float, where there was comparative calm.

The stranger clambered aboard and into the cabin; if he knew fear, he did not show it.

The "Flyer's" searchlight flashed out and over the water between the wharves, showing what a filthy night it was. The wind wailed and moaned in the caverns under the wharves, and the black water snickered there, and the mud sobbed piteously. Once in the open, however, and what had been left behind was as nothing.

Now on the crest, where her propeller raced at the air, hung the "Flyer," then plunged into the pit where she wallowed. It took brave hearts to venture into such a night, where wind and wave fought at each other.

The stranger said nothing, but held firm to the locker and studied the man at the wheel.

For an hour they ran on, battling for the lives of themselves and their craft, the stranger with his face pressed over against the glass, his eyes on the searchlight's beam, that either pointed toward the sky or toward the bottom of the bay.

"Libertee!" he cried, at length, merely because he had kept silence so long.

The captain answered nothing, only stood with his feet well braced, and hand on the wheel, giving now and then a dry crackle of a laugh at the thought of the things yet to come.

It was a fearsome trip, was that, with the silence between the two men within, and the roar and shout of storm without. How many times the small boat was within an inch of her life; or how many times she shook off the sea that would crush her under, only God knows. Any other boat than the "Flyer" would have foundered. But the hard old rogue at the wheel knew his craft too well to let her do that; and the tons of water, having pressed and pushed till they could do no more, went rolling off to the side again.

So they struggled on in the open; staggered on in the black; ate into the space of the night, where the storm raged fiercest and the tide ran strongest. The speed may have been slow, but it was sure. Then, all at once, in the wink of an eye, there was no wind, or hardly any, and the billows were angry no more, only rowdyish, and the searchlight shot forth a level beam over the sea. The stranger demanded the cause of the startling change.

"In the lee of the island," answered Captain Morain, and shut off all light.

The wind still blew, of course, but it was such a baby wind, so weak and shorn of its strength, that the waterman opened a window and let in the fresh air.

"There is the island," he said; "and the lights of the quarantine station."

They both looked to where the lights nestled together in a nook of the land.

"Now, if you know where he is."

The stranger laid a soiled yellow paper by the binnacle light. On one side of the paper were squares and oblongs, and on one of the squares was a cross.

"This big one is the barracks, where the suspects are detained; and this—he has some contagious disease!" the captain exclaimed sharply.

The man mumbled.

The captain studied the chart again. After a little he traced some lines on the paper with his finger nail.

"Here's the shore," he said. "And here's the wharf. I don't know how many guards there are, nor where they are placed. There ought to be two at the shore end of the wharf. How sick is the man?"

The stranger did not know.

Captain Morain thrust the paper into his pocket.

"We'll land," he said. "If a guard sees us, he'll shoot. Don't talk, and try to keep close to me."

He turned the "Flyer" toward the lights and



"He gave him a mighty wrench"

felt along for the end of the wharf. A little later the boat bumped softly.

Captain Morain seized a pile with his hook; then the two men stood listening, peering into the darkness. No human form was to be seen on the wharf, and no sound of a sentry's tramp came to them. The only distinguishable noise was the roar of the storm, as it swept by the end of the island. They climbed cautiously onto the wharf, the captain quiet and contained, the stranger with an eagerness that matched not his bulk.

Off beyond the end of the wharf the lights of the cottages twinkled; now and then a shadow passed before a light, showing where guards were stationed. Captain Morain and the anarchist crept cautiously to the end of the wharf, but found no guards there. Almost in front of them, and probably two hundred and fifty yards away, was the largest building, in which those immigrants were detained who had as yet developed no disease. Off to the right and left stretched smaller buildings, the size of which was roughly determinable by the number of lighted windows. It was toward the second from the end on the extreme right that Captain Morain and his companion directed their course. The ground over which they traveled was absolutely unobstructed.

Soon they had approached near enough to see the guard, who paced back and forth. It was

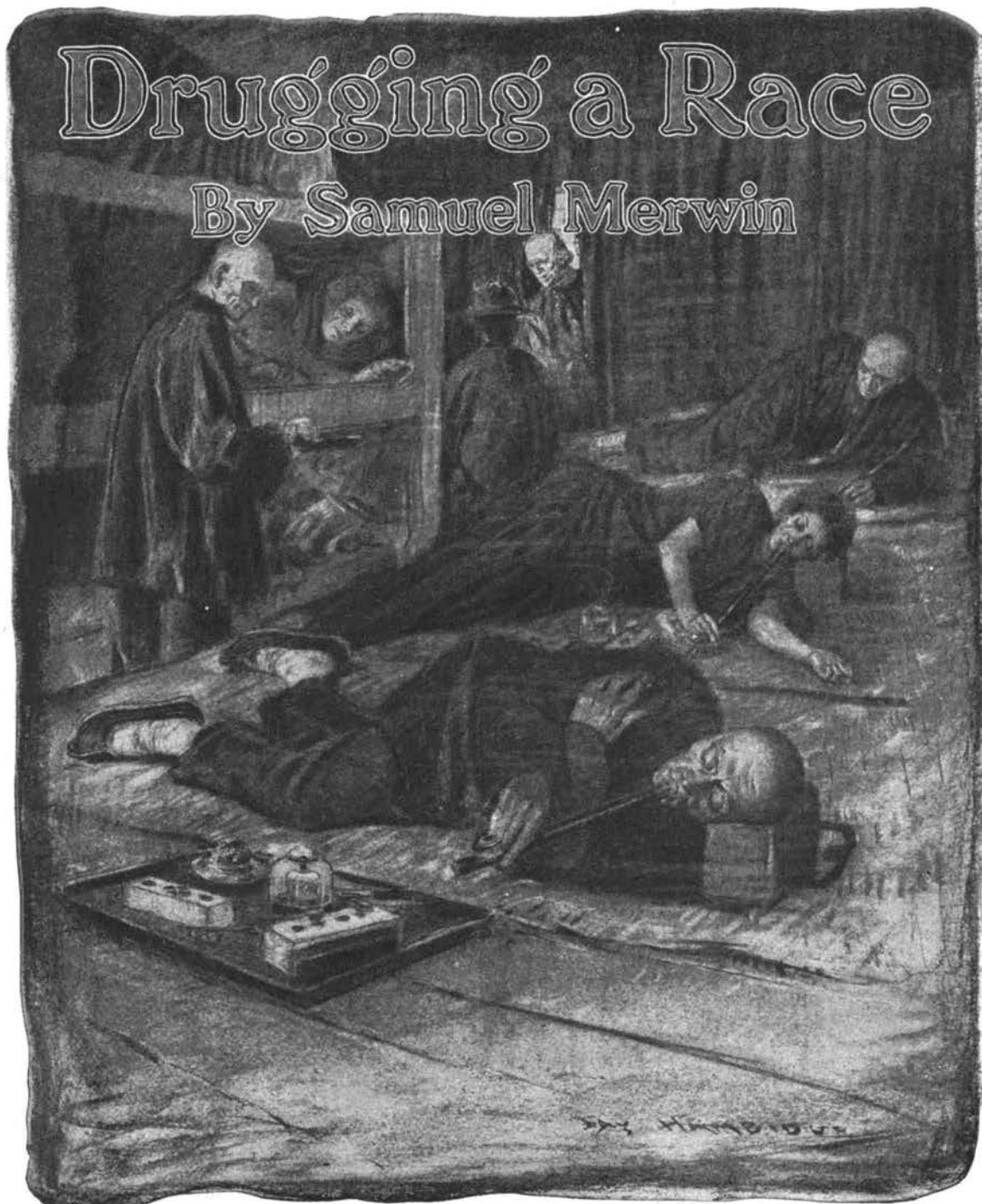
[Concluded on pages 52 and 53]

Editors' Note

WITH this installment of Mr. Merwin's article, we present five studies of opium faces, drawn from life in Chinatown, New York City, by Mr. Jay Hambidge, an artist whose accuracy in detailed facial studies preëminently fits him for such a task. These types distinctly show the manner in which the character is depraved and the faces weakened by the continued use of the drug. Compare Mr. Hambidge's studies with that of the normal face of the Chinese gentleman on the next page. It is a photograph of one of the highest types and most learned representatives of the race.

In the preceding articles Mr. Merwin has established the fact that the opium curse was fastened on China by Great Britain, and that, as a consequence, the yellow race is withering under a blight which makes progress and enlightenment impossible. In the present article, he begins the story of the heroic and partially successful warfare which the Chinese Government and people are waging against their master-vice, while the Western World looks on and cynically questions their "sincerity."

Mr. Merwin will continue to answer the most significant of the questions put to him by his correspondents. Next month he will take up in detail the question, "Is Opium More Harmful Than Alcohol?"



A sketch, made by Jay Hambidge, of the interior of a New York "opium joint"

Part IV.—A Case of Sink or Swim

CHINA is the land of paradox. If it is an absolute, despotic monarchy, it is also a very democratic country, with its self-made men, its powerful public opinion, and a "states' rights" question of its own. It is one of the most corrupt of nations; on the other hand, the standard of personal and commercial honesty is probably higher in China than in any other country in the world. Woman, in China, is made to serve; her status is so low that it would be a discourtesy even to ask a man if he has a daughter: yet the ablest ruler China has had in many centuries is a woman. It is a land where the women wear socks and trousers, and the men wear stockings and robes; where a man shakes his own hand, not yours; where white, not black, is a sign of mourning; where the compass points south, not north; where books are read backward, not forward; where names and titles are put in reverse order, as in our directories—Theodore Roosevelt would be Roosevelt Theodore in China, Uncle Sam would be Sam Uncle; where fractions are written upside down, as $\frac{1}{2}$, not $\frac{2}{1}$; where a bride wails bitterly as she is carried to her wedding, and a man laughs when he tells you of his mother's death.

Contradictions in the Chinese Character

Chinese life, or the phases of it that you see along the highroads of the northwest, would appear to be a very simple, honest life, industrious, methodical, patient in poverty. The men, even of the lowest classes, are courteous to a degree that would shame a Frenchman. I have seen my two soldiers, who earned ten or twenty cents, Mexican, a day, greet my cook with such grace and charm of manner that I felt like a crude barbarian as I watched them. The simplicity and industry of this life, as it presented itself to me, seemed directly opposed to any violence or outrage. Yet only seven years ago Shansi Province was the scene of

one of the most atrocious massacres in history, modern or ancient. During a few weeks, in the summer of 1900 one hundred and fifty-nine white foreigners, men, women, and children, were killed within the province, forty-six of them in the city of T'ai Yuan-fu. The massacre completely wiped out the mission churches and schools and the opium refuges, the only missionaries who escaped being those who happened to be away on leave at the time. The attack was not directed at the missionaries as such, but at the foreigners in general. It was widely believed among the peasantry that the foreign devils made a practice of cutting out the eyes, tongues, and various other organs of children and women and shipping them, for some diabolical purpose, out of the country. The slaughter was directed, from beginning to end, by the rabid Manchu governor, Yü Hsien, and some of the butchering was done by soldiers under his personal command. But the interesting fact is that the docile, long-suffering people of Shansi did some butchering on their own account, as soon as the word was passed around that no questions would be asked by the officials.

Apparently, the Shansi peasant can be at one time simple, industrious, loyal, and at another time a slaying, ravishing maniac. The Chinaman himself is the greatest paradox of all. He is the product of a civilization which sprang from a germ and has developed in a soil and environment different from anything within our western range of experience. Naturally he does not see human relations as we see them. His habits and customs are enough different from ours to appear bizarre to us; but they are no more than surface evidences of the difference between his mind and ours. Thanks to our strong racial instinct, we can be fairly certain of what an Anglo-Saxon, or even a European will think in certain deeply human circumstances—in the presence of death, for instance. We cannot hope to understand the mental processes of a Chinaman. There is too great a difference in the shape of our heads, as there is in the texture of our traditions.

But we can see quite clearly that the Imperial Government of China is, while it endures, a strong and effective government. It is significant that the Chinese people rarely indulge in massacres on their own account. Why not? The hatred of foreigners must be always there, under the placid surface, for these people rarely fail to turn into slaying demons once the officials let the word be passed around. There





The normal face.
A Chinese official

have been thirty-five serious anti-foreign riots and massacres in China within thirty-five years, besides the Boxer uprising of 1900; and among these there was probably not one which the mandarins could not have suppressed had they wished. The Boxer trouble was worked up by Yü Hsien while he was governor of Shantung Province. When the foreign powers protested he was transferred to Shansi, which had scarcely heard of the Boxer Society, and almost at once there was a "Boxer" outbreak and massacre in Shansi. The Peking Government meanwhile carried on Yü Hsien's horrible work at Peking and Tientsin. The siege of the legations at Peking was conducted by imperial soldiers, not by mobs. During all the trouble of that bloody summer, Yuan Shi K'ai, who succeeded to the governorship in Shantung, seemed to have no difficulty in keeping that province quiet, though it was the scene of the original trouble.

Chinese Honesty

Chang Chi Tung, "the great viceroy," subdued the Upper Yangtse provinces with a firm hand, though the Boxer difficulty there was complicated by the ever-seething revolution. In a word, the officials in China seem perfectly able to control their populace and protect foreigners. As Dr. Ferguson, of Shanghai, put it to me, "No other government in the world can so effectively enforce a law as the Chinese Government—when they want to!"

You soon learn, in China, that you can trust a Chinaman to carry through anything he agrees to do for you. When I reached T'ai Yuan-fu I handed my interpreter a Chinese draft for \$200 (Mexican), payable to bearer, and told him to go to the bank and bring back the money. I had known John a little over a week; yet any one who knows China will understand that I was running no appreciable risk. The individual Chinaman is simply a part of a family, the family is part of a neighborhood, the neighborhood is part of a village or district, and so on. In all its relations with the central Government, the province is responsible for the affairs of its larger districts, these for the smaller districts, the smaller districts for the villages, the villages for the neighborhoods, the neighborhoods for the family, the family for the individual. If John had disappeared with my money after cashing the draft, and had afterwards been caught, punishment would have been swift and severe. Very likely he would have lost his head. If the authorities had been unable to find John, they would have punished his family. Punishment would surely have fallen on somebody.

Family Responsibility

The real effect of this system, continued as it has been through unnumbered centuries, has naturally been to develop a clear, keen sense of personal responsibility. For, whatever may occur, somebody is responsible. The family, in order to protect itself, trains its individuals to live up to their promises, or else not to make promises. The neighborhood, well knowing that it will be held accountable for its units, watches them with a close eye. When a new family comes into a neighborhood, the neighbors crowd about and ask questions which are not, in view of the facts, so impertinent as they might sound. Indeed, this sense of family and neighborhood accountability is so deeply rooted that it is not uncommon, on the failure of a merchant to meet his obligations, for his family and friends to step forward and help him to settle his accounts. It is the only way in which they can clear themselves.

All these evidences would seem to indicate that the Chinese people, on the one hand, have an innate fear of and respect for their Govern-



ment and their law, such as they are; and that the Government, on the other hand, is, in the matter of enforcing the traditional law, one of the most powerful governments on earth. None but an exceedingly well organized government could deliberately incite its people to repeated riots and massacres without losing control of them. The Chinese Government has seemed to have not the slightest difficulty in keeping the people quiet—when it wanted to. The story of Shantung Province makes this clear. It was driven into what appeared to be anarchy by a rabid governor. But only a few months later this governor's successor, had little difficulty in keeping the entire province in almost perfect order while the adjoining province was actually at war with the allied powers of the world and was overrun with foreign troops. No; a government which has within

it the power, on occasion, to carry through such an achievement as this, can hardly be called weak.

The Wheels Within Wheels of Oriental Diplomacy

We begin, then, by admitting that the Chinese Government has the strength and the organization necessary to carry out any ordinary reform—if it wants to. The putting down of the opium evil is, of course, no ordinary reform. It is an undertaking so colossal and so desperate that it staggers imagination, as I trust I have made plain in the preceding articles. But setting aside, for the moment, our doubts as to whether or not the Chinese Government, or any other government on earth, could hope to check so insidious and pervading an evil, we have to consider other doubts which arise from even a slight acquaintance with that puzzling organism, the Chinese official mind. If the Chinese business-

man is, as many think, the most honest and straightforward business man on earth, the Chinese official, or mandarin, is about the most subtle and bewildering. His duplicity is simply beyond our understanding. He has a bland and childish smile, but his ways are peculiar. Most of us know that our own state department has a neat little custom of issuing letters to travelers ordering our diplomatic and consular representatives abroad to extend special courtesies, and sending, at the same time, a notice to these same representatives advising them to take no notice of the letters. In Chinese diplomacy everything is done in this way, but very much more so. Documents issued by the Chinese Government usually bear about the same relation to any existing facts or intentions as a Thanksgiving proclamation does. You must be very astute, indeed, to perceive from the speech, manner, or writing of a mandarin, what he is really getting at. Motive underlies motive; self-interest lies deeper still; and the base of it all is an Oriental conception of life and affairs which cannot be so remodeled or reshaped as to fit into our square-shaped western minds. No one else was so eloquent on the horrors of opium as the great Li Hung Chang, when talking with foreigners; yet Li Hung Chang was one of the largest producers of opium in China. When the Chinese Army, under imperial direction, was fiercely bombarding the legations in Peking, the Imperial Government was officially sending fruit and other delicacies, accompanied by courteous notes, asking if there was not something they could do for the comfort of the hard-pressed foreigners.

This indirection would seem to be the result of a constant effort, on the part of everybody in authority, to shirk the responsibility for difficult situations. Under a system which holds a man mercilessly accountable for carrying through any undertaking for which he is known to be responsible, he naturally tries to avoid assuming any responsibility whatever. An official is punished for failure and rewarded for success in China, as in other countries. And the official on whom is saddled the extremely difficult job of pleasing, at one time, an empress who believes that a Boxer can render himself invisible to foreign sharpshooters by a little mumbling and dancing, a set of courtiers and palace eunuchs who are constantly undermining one another with the deepest Oriental guile, a populace with little more understanding



and knowledge of the world than the children of Israel in the Sinai Peninsula, and a hostile band of keen, modern diplomats with trade interests and "concessions" on their tongues and machine guns and magazine rifles at call in their legation compounds, is not in for an easy time.

It hardly seems, then, as if we should blame the Chinese official too harshly if his whole career appears to be made up of a series of "side-steppings" and "ducks"—of what the American boxer aptly calls "foot work." On the other hand, it is not difficult to sympathize with the foreign diplomat who has, year after year, to play this baffling game. He is always making progress and never getting anywhere. He has his choice of going mad or settling down into a confirmed and weary cynicism. In most cases he chooses the latter, and ultimately drifts into a frame of mind in which he doubts anything and everything. He takes it for granted that the Chinese Government is always insincere. It is incredible to him that a Chinese official could mean what he says. And so, when the Chinese Government declared against the opium evil, the cynical foreign diplomats and traders at once began looking between and behind the lines in the effort to find out what the crafty yellow men were really getting at. That they might mean what they said seemed wholly out of the question. But what deep motive might underlie the proposal was a puzzle. At first the gossips of Peking and the ports ran to the effect that the real scheme was to arouse the anti-opium public opinion in England, and force the British Indian Government to give up its opium business. Very good, so far. But why? In order that China, by successfully shutting out the Indian opium, might set up a government monopoly of its own, for revenue, of the home-grown drug? This was the first notion at Peking and the ports. I heard it voiced frequently everywhere. But it proved a hard theory to maintain.

In the first place, the Chinese Government could set up a pretty effective government opium business, if it wanted to, without bothering about the Indian-grown drug. Opium is produced everywhere in China. The demand has grown to a point where the Indian article alone could not begin to supply it. But, on the other hand, the stopping of the importation is necessarily the first step in combatting the evil; for, if the Chinese should begin by successfully decreasing their own production of opium, the importation would automatically increase, and consumption remain the same.

In the second place, if it is wholly a "revenue" matter to the Chinese Government, why give up the large annual revenue from customs duties on the imported opium? In asking the British to stop their opium traffic the Chinese are proposing deliberately to sacrifice \$5,000,000 annually in customs and *liking* duties on the imported drug, or between a fifth and a sixth of the entire revenue of the imperial customs.

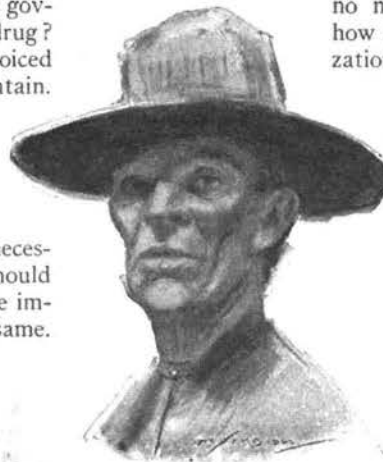
Proof of Sincerity

One very convincing indication of the sincerity of the Chinese Government in this matter, which I will take up in detail a little later, is the way in which the opium prohibition is being enforced by the Chinese authorities. But before going into that, I should like to call attention to two other evidences of Chinese sincerity in its war on opium. The first is the patent fact that public opinion all over China, among rich and poor, mandarins and peasants, has turned strongly against the use of opium. I have had this information from too many sources to doubt it. Travelers from the remotest provinces are reporting to this effect. The anti-opium sentiment is found in the highest official circles, in the army, in the navy, in the schools. Within the past year or so it has been growing steadily stronger. Opium smoking used to be taken as a matter of course; now, where you find a man smoking too much, you also find a group of friends apologizing for him. I have already explained that opium smoking is not tolerated in the "new" army. There is now a rapidly growing number of officials and merchants who refuse to employ opium smokers in any capacity.

Now, why is the public opinion of China setting so strongly against opium? Even apart from moral considerations, bringing the matter down to a "practical" basis, why is this so? I will venture to offer an answer to the question. Said one Tientsin foreign merchant, an American who has had unusual opportunities to observe conditions in Northern China: "If the Chinese do succeed in shutting down on opium, it may mean the end of the foreigners in China. *Opium is the one thing that is holding the Chinese back to-day.*"

Ten or twelve of the legations at Peking now have "legation guards" of from one hundred to three hundred men each. In all there are eighteen hundred foreign soldiers in Peking, "a force large enough," said one officer, "to be an insult to China, but not large enough to de-

fend us should they really resent the insult." Twelve hundred miles up the Yangtse River, above the rapids, there is a fleet of tiny foreign gun-boats, English and French, which were carried up in sections and put together "to stay." At every treaty port there are one or more foreign settlements, maintained under foreign laws. The Imperial Maritime Customs Service of China is directed and administered throughout by foreigners; this, to insure the proper collection of the "indemnity" money. Foreign "syndicates" have been gobbling up the wonderful coal and iron deposits of China wherever they could find them. And so on. I could give many more illustrations of the foreign grip on China, but these will serve. And back of these facts looms the always impending "partition of China." The Chinese are not fools. They have sat tight, wearing that inscrutable smile, while the foreigners discussed the cutting up of China as if it were a huge cake. They have seen the Japanese, a race of little brown men, inhabiting a few little islands, face the dreaded bear of Russia and drive it back into Siberia. Now, at last, these patient Chinamen are picking up some odds and ends of western science. They are building railroads, and manufacturing the rails for them. They are talking about saving China "for the Chinese." In 1906 they mobilized an army of 30,000 "modern" troops for maneuvers in Honan Province. If they are to succeed with this notion, they must begin at the beginning. Opium is dragging them down hill. Opium will not build railroads. Opium will not win battles. Opium will not administer the affairs of the hugest nation on earth. Therefore, no matter what it costs in revenue, no matter how staggering the necessary reform and reorganization, opium must go.



How China Suppresses Opium

China may be a puzzling land. The Chinese officials may be capable of the most baffling duplicity. But we are forced to believe that they are "sincere" in putting down the opium traffic. It appears, for China, to be a case of sink or swim.

The next question would seem to be, If the Chinese are really trying to put down the opium traffic, how are they succeeding? We will pass over that part of the problem which relates to Great Britain and the Indian opium trade, with the idea of taking it up in a later article. Let us consider now what China, flabby, backward,

long-suffering China, is actually doing in this tremendous effort to cure her disorder in order that she may take a new place among the nations.

The plan outlined in the edicts prohibiting opium is clear, direct, forcible. It was evidently meant to be effective. It provides (first) that the governors of the provinces shall ascertain, through the local authorities, the exact number of acres under poppy cultivation. The area of the land used for this purpose shall then be cut down by one ninth part each year, "so that at the end of nine years there will be no more land used for such purposes, and the land thus disused"—I am quoting here from the Chinaman who translated the Regulations for me—"shall never be used for the said purposes again. *Should the owners of such lands disobey the decree, their lands shall be confiscated.* Local officials who make special efforts and be able to stop the cultivation of poppy before the said time, they shall be rewarded with promotions."

Government Regulation of Smoking

The plan provides (second) that "all smokers, irrespective of class or sex, must go to the nearest authorities to get certificates, in which they are to write their names, addresses, profession, ages, and the amount of opium smoked each day." Latitude is allowed smokers over sixty years of age, but those under sixty "must get cured before arriving at sixty years of age. Persons who smoke or buy opium without certificates will be punished. No new smokers will be allowed from the date of prohibition. The amount of opium supplied to each smoker must decrease by one third each year, so that within a few years *there will be no opium smoked at all.*" Officials who overstep the law are to be deprived of their rank. In the case of common people, "their names will be posted up thorough fares, & will be deprived of privileges in all public gatherings."

Opium dens, as also all restaurants, hotels, and wine shops which provide couches and lamps for smokers were to be closed at once. If any regular opium den were found open after the prohibition (May, 1907), the property would be confiscated. No new stores for the sale of opium could be opened. "Good opium remedies must be prepared. Multiply the number of anti-opium clubs. If any citizen who can, through their efforts, get many people cured, they will be rewarded. . . . All officials, and the officers of the army and navy, and professors of schools, colleges, and universities, *must all get cured within six months.*" And further, it was decided to "open negotiations with Great Britain, arranging with that Power to have less and less opium imported into China each year, till at the end of nine years *no opium will be imported at all.*" The Chinese, it is evident, are not wanting in hopeful sentiment. Reading this, it is

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Paulin's Little Brother

By Aldis Dunbar

Illustrated by LESLIE W. LEE

COUNTERING the look of listening suspense on the boy's face with one of impassive blankness, the stolid panels of the great weather-beaten door stared outward in the pale dawn light; but the clumsy brass knob, that Martin Garrity had allowed him to polish, mocked at him, giving him back as his own the image of a broadly grinning distortion.

Incessant years, whose plodding feet wear down old things beloved, may tread away the high box hedges, the green-wayed alleys of Restover; but never, while its wide porch withstands them, can they take from Egan his utter certainty of that spot on the upper step whither he retreated in forlorn hesitation at sound of nearing footsteps within, or the memory of the instant when the heavy door swung open, and he, a humble, unknown worshiper, met the steel-dark eyes of Nicholas Paulin.

"A morning caller?" The young man gravely set down a shabby valise and lifted his hat with formality. "I'm sorry that no one answered the bell. Perhaps the wire has given out, like other things. Though we are short of retainers at Restover," he added, "and the second footman may have missed your summons."

"I—I did n't ring!" stammered Egan, in confusion, trying to cover one bare foot with its fellow.

"No? You were admiring the view? As a fellow day-dreamer, you have my sympathy,—also much regret that I've no time to make your acquaintance. You'll understand that with a mile to walk and a most uncertain train to catch, I—" But his motion to take up the bag was forestalled by Egan, who grasped it and courage together.

"P—please, Mr. Paulin, let me carry it for you? I'm good an' strong, an' I c'n walk fast. I c'd run with it, if you wanted."

"On my word, I believe you could!" exclaimed Paulin, with surprised approval, as the boy, at his nod of assent, swung the solidly packed valise to his shoulder and marched down the steps, holding himself erect in spite of the hot embarrassment with which he felt those eyes marking each play of muscle beneath his tattered blue-cotton shirt.

"Do I infer—" went on the quiet, half amused voice, as they kept pace down the dim, grass-grown footpath under swaying boughs, "that you called at Restover, this morning, merely to carry my grip to the station?"

Egan looked up with quick, shy deprecation. "I did n't know you'd have one along. I was just waitin' till you'd p'raps be comin' out,

so's I c'd ask you somethin'. But the—the ain't anythin' I would n't like to do, that you wanted, if I c'd be let to stay on 'round here. I don't do no harm to the little cabin, Mr. Paulin. Cap'n Garrity 'll tell you so."

"Ye-es!" The word struck down between them like a sudden icy film in the early autumn air. "Then you are the young man to whom Garrity owes thanks for a good calling down! Your name?"

"Egan," returned the boy, trudging ahead with eyes on the worn turf, his heart wavering within him at Paulin's manner. "I—did n't s'pose any one 'd mind me sleepin' there. 'T was so far from any one's house. He—Cap'n Garrity—did n't ever guess where 't was I'd been livin', till in the summer. 'T was n't his fault I found the cabin. I'd been knockin' 'round, 'thout any place to go, for weeks."

"No one looks after you?"

"Unh!"—unworded, primitive denial. "I—I used to stay with McCarthy, 'at kep' the ferry runnin', but he had a chance to go out West, an' could n't be bothered havin' me along. He said I was big enough to look out for myself. Last winter I was farm boy for a man down the Inlet; but he was always kickin' the dogs an' horses an'—an' me. So I come away, an' slep' where I could. I c'n mostly find work, enough to keep me, an' I like chores out o'

doors better 'n in a factory, or where the's streets every where."

He glanced up appealingly. Paulin's thought seemed far away, but the story was to be told, and Egan struggled on with it—very hopelessly.

"An' then, one day when I was down in the woods, yonder, I heard a noise like somethin' 'slammin'. 'T was the door o' the little shanty, bangin' itself to bits in the wind. An' I thought I c'd stay there, 'thout bein' in any one's way. The' was only Cap'n Garrity at your house, an' lots o' times he'd let me help him 'round the place, from when I was a little chap—splittin' wood an' rakin' leaves, an' diggin'. So then one time I told him, an' he thought p'raps you would n't mind me stayin'. I'd kep' the cabin good an' clean, an'—but I c'n easy go, if you'd rather I—"

"How long have you been there?" interrupted Paulin, without looking at the ragged, sturdy little figure.

"I guess 't was just beginnin' to be spring when I come," admitted Egan. They were passing under the gate arch into a deserted country road, now, and he thrust aside from his face, with a desperate fling of his free elbow, a tangle of Virginia creeper that was trailing down from the rusty ironwork. "The' was withered old vines grown up through the cracks o' the boards, an' I pulled 'em out, an' mended the door latch with a nail an' a bit o' wire, so 's it 'd stay fastened. An' I cleaned out the spring, 'cross the hollow, an' cleared away the weeds an' dirt an' dead branches from the path goin' down to it, an' put back the stones 'round it, all I c'd find. An' I'd pretend things, after Cap'n Garrity said how you an' your brother, when you was only as big as me, would—"

"Don't go on!" A hand on Egan's shoulder gave emphasis to the deliberate words. "But—if you were so anxious about my allowing you to stay—why did n't you let me think that you were waiting on the porch to carry my valise? I'd have believed you."

The boy looked at him, only half understanding. "'T would n't ha' been so, 'cause I was n't. But I wanted to, right off," he added hastily.

"I see!" The keen dark eyes grew boyish and oddly kind. "You'll not find life all roses, taken from that standpoint: but it's the only one from which any life is worth living. Never forget that! So you think I need another retainer?"

"Does that mean some one that wants to help Cap'n Garrity when he's got work to do 'round the place, just for bein' let to stay?" asked the boy, eagerly.

Paulin's clear-cut face flushed painfully. "I fear it does, Egan, in the present state of my finances. But so soon as— What's that comin'?"



"My compliments on your choice of a livery"

From somewhere behind them, around the bend of the road, sounded an appalling noise, growing ever louder. Even as Egan halted, clutching the valise in cold, breathless terror, a thing wonderful, astounding, swooped by them in a great cloud of steamy dust, with a flash of scarlet and dull silver, slowed beyond them, seemed to rear, plunge, and swerve around, then, with an eldritch hoot, came "chf! chf!"—ing back, straight at them!

The boy sprang toward a rift in the hedge, to dive into safety beyond it, then, in the same breath, checked himself, turned—and grew woe-fully red and abashed at the glint of amusement in Paulin's face.

"Is—is n't it a dragon?" he gasped.

"Only a modern equivalent. It coughs, but it does n't bite," explained the young man, gently. "A little kindness will do wonders in taming it."

Through long summer days had Egan hearkened with untiring eagerness to the old Irish boatman's loving tales of "Masther Nick," until the belief that no other boy save, perchance, that "little Masther Davy, as died," ever equaled this hitherto unseen hero in light-hearted daring,—that no man could compare with him in resolute courage,—was in the very fiber of the lad's heart. "Masther Nick" could swim farther, fight more valiantly, ride more fearlessly and win through vaster perils than even those fairy prince-champions of old Ireland, whose amazing adventures Garrity would sometimes recount. Yet it took all Egan's faith in Paulin's prowess to hold him there, as "it" came throbbing heavily toward them. His companion, whose brow knit swiftly, gave an exclamation under his breath.

"Cecil!"

Sudden light came to Egan. Through settling dust he saw, not a ravening monster, but a haughtily beautiful, bright-eyed princess, wonderfully wrapped in tawny silk,—whose magic silver car must be alive, for it fumed and protested under her controlling hand. Such marvels had never before come rushing into the boy's ken. He stood gazing as one entranced.

"It is you, Nick! But at what unearthly hour?" came a clear greeting, as the princess held out a slender, gloved hand. "Is this a land of miracles?"

"Surely, for you appear in it, Cis." Paulin went to the side of the car. "Pleasant morning for a spin, is n't it?"

Her laugh was like a cool, silver bell.

"How restful you are, Nick! No one believes me when I assert that what withheld me from breaking off with you was simply that you were the one man I could trust never to be sentimental, but it's quite true. You do credit to my training."

Paulin stepped back with a slight shrug. The boy could not see his face.

"From what cloud have you fallen?" he asked. "I thought you a thousand miles away."

"Overshooting the mark by nine hundred and eighty! For three days I've been at Marathon Springs with Peggy Oswald and the Farquhars. When the car came, yesterday, I resolved on exploring the country alone, before the sun was up, this morning."

"And you discovered—"

"A portent! I knew Restover to be in this direction, but of all things I least expected to come on you at daybreak, tramping the by-roads with a—What is that, anyway, Nick?"

Hearing the petulant question, Egan had a second impulse to seek the cover of the hedge,

for it was at him—barefoot, undeniably ragged—that the fairy princess was looking with most entire disdain.

"That?" carelessly. "My dear Cecil, to-day I doubled my retinue. *That* is the other one."

"My compliments on your choice of a livery!"

"Appropriate, is n't it?"

She leaned back impatiently. "Nicholas Paulin, do you really expect to convince me that you are reduced to employing such a ragamuffin? Where's your queer old sailor? He would n't disgrace you on the open road."

"Garrity has a very lame knee, and can only hobble. I should have been my own porter, but Egan, here, would not allow it. Excuse my leaving you in haste. I'm forgetting how late it is."

"Where are you going?"

"To catch the early train. Bethune expects me at eight. It's the day for my initial step into business life."

"What? You'd actually have carried out

Egan, suddenly disburdened and left alone at the roadside, watched the flying cloud of dust recede,—then turned and trotted doggedly away.

"Any how, I went back to him 'fore I knew 't was n't a dragon!" he asserted aloud. "An' if it had been one, why, I was goin' to fire that heavy bag right in its teeth, good an' hard—an' that would ha' stopped it, I guess. Leastways, till he 'd picked up somethin' to fight it with."

A little later he flung himself panting, face downward, on the warm grass beside the log where Martin Garrity, gaunt and stoop-shouldered, with white hair and kindly, deep-set eyes, rested in the morning sunshine, whetting an old scythe.

"'T is runnin' ye 've been, lad," he commented, taking the short black pipe from between his teeth. "But ye 've come too late, if 't was anny use yer spakin' to him, an' I doubt that same. 'T was ill-plazed Masther Nick was that anny had been livin' in the little cabin him an' Masther Davy built."

"But he's—he's let me stay, Cap'n Garrity!" averred the boy, excitedly.

"The good word ye say!" straightening up where he sat. "Ye 've seen him, then?"

"Seen him?" Egan looked up swiftly, his sun-browned young face and honest hazel eyes almost glorified as he propped his chin on his hands and broke into full recital of all that had happened between early dawn and the moment when the princess had whirled Paulin away in her "modern 'quivalent."

Garrity's shoulders worked with silent laughter. "That for a way o' callin' it! Lad, have ye never before seen anny o' they autymobiles, as go skitin' along with locymotives in their insides? An' yer princess,—ay, that must ha' been Miss Cecil Yorke herself, now. Had she great rolls o' light-colored hair, an' proud lookin' eyes, a bit sharp?"

Egan nodded. "An' she did n't like it that he was goin' to the city."

"Not she!" Garrity puffed hard at his pipe for a moment. "'T is a grand leddy she is, with money an' plenty of her own; an' the day was nigh on set betwixt her an' Masther Nick, when that bank o' bad fortune failed, an' divil a penny did it lave him, barrin' Restover." Garrity paused to look back exultantly at the old graystone house among the trees.

"Masther Nick 'd ha' given over marryin' her, afther that," he went on,—"him bein' poor an' her that rich,—but she 'd not hear o' breakin' it off. Ay, there's none keener nor that leddy for rulin' others her own way.

So belike there 'll be a weddin' some o' these days, an' then Masther Nick 'll have no more need o' worritin' over earnin' his livin' by workin' in them hot ould offices o' Misther Bethune's, down be the docks. An' 't is in yon big hotel over at Mar'thon Springs she 'll be stayin', ye say?" rising and limping toward the house. "Then come, lad. Fetch rake an' broom in the ould wheel-barry. 'T is ourselves 'd better be reddin' up what we can, afore we're caught unexpected like."

It was with a novel sense of "belonging" that Egan at once threw himself, head, hands, and feet, into Martin Garrity's plans for "reddin' up" Restover. Never Highland clansmen labored more loyally to advance the honor of their chieftain than did these two over the grass-blurred edges and scanty gravel of what had once been a stately, well-kept avenue.

At last Garrity stiffly rose from a circle of withered weeds, uprooted where the driveway curved sweeping under a primitive *porte cochère*,

[Concluded on page 54]



"You've burned what he worked over"

that absurd scheme, in spite of me, if I had n't come in time to intercept you? Here!" with a willful gesture of command. "Get in! Promise me to say no more about the nonsense, and I'll try to forgive you for so nearly outwitting me. Be sensible, Nick. It's too banal! Come! Let the rag-bag take your valise back to Restover, and we'll surprise Peggy at the breakfast table. How she will stare!"

Paulin, raising his hat without a word, beckoned to the wondering boy and turned to go on; but the princess laughed, and by some sorcery set her red and silver chariot to moving slowly around, with puffing snorts.

"Conclusive and courteous, Nick," she remarked. "Very well. I give in—for the time being. I'm too hungry to argue. You'll be sick of Mr. Bethune's old office in twenty-four hours. In with you, and I'll have you at the station in a breath. Is that your train whistling?"

"Yes! No trick, Cis!" warningly.

"Not this morning. I'm on honor."

The Romance of Tammany Hall

By FREDERICK UPHAM ADAMS

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RICHARD CROKER.
He caused Tweed's downfall, and became Tammany's most autocratic leader

EDITORS' NOTE.—This will be, perhaps, the greatest political year in the history of the American nation. The cycle has rolled around when the American people must again elect a President. During these national elections we become better acquainted and learn more about our government than at any other time. Benjamin Harrison once said in *SUCCESS MAGAZINE*, that he considered a Presidential election the greatest of all public educators. We have arranged for a number of remarkable political articles for this new year, and begin with this first installment of the Romance of Tammany Hall, the most powerful political organization in the world, and, aside from the Roman Catholic Church and the German Army, the most powerful institution in the whole world. Mr. Adams has gone pretty far back into history, but when

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JOHN F. CARROLL.
He was second in command in Croker's day, and tried very hard to succeed him

you read his first installment you will find that this has been necessary in order to build a complete structure. Owing to the terrific pressure on our space, it will not be possible to publish Mr. Adams's articles in succession, but they will appear between this and election at the most regular intervals possible.

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CHARLES F. MURPHY.
The present leader. His differences with Mayor McClellan have caused factional fighting which almost split the organization



TIMOTHY D. SULLIVAN,
Known as "Big Tim." On the Lower East Side his word is the only law known



WILLIAM F. SHEEHAN,
Noted for his futile effort in organizing the County Democracy to supplant Tammany

TAMMANY HALL, the most powerful political organization in the world, was born on May 12, 1789, just twelve days after George Washington was inaugurated President of the United States. In writing these articles it will be necessary for me to depict the men of those days in the light of their known records, and I shall throw on the screen as truthful a picture of their surroundings as is possible from the scanty details which have been handed down to us.

No nation on earth knows as little of its real history as does ours. With hardly an exception our historians have acted, not as stern and unbiased judges of events, but rather as partisan special pleaders who have carried themselves off their feet in the ardor of their championship of certain ideas and their deification of certain heroes. As we read and lay aside their books we close our eyes and conjure up a race of brave, unselfish, and patriotic colonists, who were led by inspired generals and statesmen. We picture the new republic as one composed of free and independent voters, a nation impregnated with the spirit of democracy, a race the first to cast off the chains of royalty, and one looked up to and envied by the lovers of liberty throughout the world.

Thus we have been taught in our popular histories, our school text-books, in our classic orations, and in our songs. We teach it in our public schools, we expound it from the pulpit, our historical novels depend upon it for their thrill, our political orators never lack applause when they sound the praises of the men who lived when the republic was founded, and it has thus come to pass that we look back at those days with reverence, and we mark them as an era in which general patriotism reached its sublimest height, and we sigh as we reflect that we live in a sordid age which has fallen immeasurably below the standard set by our ancestors.

When Patriotism Was Wanting

All of which is moonshine. In order to comprehend the causes which led to the founding and the growth of Tammany, one must look through the glamor which has been cast about that period and fix his eyes on the cold facts. If he will delve into the records he will learn that in 1789 there was less love of country, more disloyalty, more selfishness, less democracy, and a higher percentage of despicable corruption and political intrigue than there is to-day. This is doubtless treason to the pedagogue and his well-thumbed school history, but I cannot see what is to be gained by maintaining the stupid and false theory that we are the degenerate children of an immaculate ancestry. If we are dishonest we came by it

honestly, and calm study will prove to us that most of the political and social evils from which we suffer can be traced back to those pioneers whom we have invested with halos.

It would be an idle task to trace merely the political history of The Tammany Society from the day of its inception until the present time. This has been done again and again, but I have had the privilege of reading a record of its past and present which gives a valid reason for the fact that it has endured and thrived for more than a century despite crimes and exposures which failed to uproot it. It is useless to deny that the political conditions in our towns and cities are disgraceful. They shame us before the world. Billions upon billions in money and in franchises have been stolen by politicians and their moneyed allies, and only at brief intervals have the plundered grasped from thieving hands the reins of power. Tammany's fame, or ill fame, rests on the unquestioned fact that it is the pioneer, and the most perfect political machine ever devised for selfishly or corruptly controlling the offices and patronage of a municipality.

An American Institution

The systematic plundering of a city by its elected and appointed officials is peculiarly an American institution. It may obtain in China or in other Oriental monarchies, but it is unknown in Great Britain or on the Continent, with the exception of Russia, where the officials are appointed, not elected by those they rob. Now there must be a reason for this curse which has been ours in all the years since the nation was founded, and I believe that a close scrutiny into the conditions which obtained when Tammany was founded will reveal the secret and point the remedy.

When the men of Massachusetts defied the British monarchy in 1776, the population of the American colonies was fully 2,500,000, and was probably nearer 3,000,000. According to all authorities there were fully half a million of American men of fighting age, and most of them were equipped with arms and knew how to use them. The schoolboy gains from his studies that the Battle of Concord was the signal for a revolt in which the rugged colonists rose practically as one man and placed themselves under the leadership of Washington and other generals. They did nothing of the kind. I repeat, there were fully 500,000 men of fighting age in the country. Surely it was possible to mass half of this number against the British. In a much later and in a presumably less patriotic age the Boers hurled more than 200,000 fighters against the same foe, and the Transvaal then contained about half the population of the American colonies in 1776. Yet



SAINT TAMMANY.
The patron saint for whom Tammany Hall was named

we find that a British force which never numbered more than 50,000 soldiers, including Hessians, was able to hold the Revolution in check for seven long years, and our histories tell us that the final triumph of Washington was brought about by the aid of French troops, sailors and officers.

After the Battle of Long Island, Washington retreated into New Jersey with only six thousand men. He made the historic crossing of the Delaware with about 3,000 men. We read the story of his campaigns and never do we find him in command of 20,000 men. Where were the remainder of the 500,000 patriotic Americans of fighting age? Why was it possible for a handful of British to hold New York City during the entire period of the war? How did it happen that a few regiments of redcoats, operating three thousand miles from their base of supplies, were able to defy the prowess of three millions of enraged and liberty-inspired Americans? I ask these questions not for the purpose of detracting in the least from the fame which is Washington's, or to impugn the valor of the brave men who fought in his ranks, but because we shall never be able to understand the story of that day or to profit by it unless we dismiss from our minds the impressions conveyed by our popular histories and our Revolutionary literature.

Had the American people responded as a whole with their arms and their wealth against Great Britain the war would have been ended in sixty days. The foe would have been swept out of New York with the same ease with which they were overcome in New England. But they did not thus respond. There was little of the national spirit. Each colony cared less about the fate of the others than it did for itself. Unless directly menaced they hesitated to furnish troops, and it is a matter of record that the Battle of Saratoga and other successful engagements were fought largely by farmers who took no interest in the war until the British troops marched over their fields. The men who fought in the South under Morgan and Greene had no more sympathy with the revolutionists of New England than we have with one of the warring factions of a Central American republic. This is not to their discredit, since there were a thousand reasons for this lack of national spirit, and these reasons need not be narrated here.

Early Phases of "Liberty"

This lack of homogeneity was not the leading cause which delayed the coming of American independence. The aristocracy of the country, the great bulk of the wealth of the country, the conservative class—in other words, the Tories of America, were loyal to the English crown. There were exceptions—George Washington was one and Robert Morris another—but the records show that most of the merchants and importers, the leading bankers, brokers, landed proprietors, and a large percentage of the great slave owners were openly or secretly opposed to independence. Some of them fought side by side with the British troops, others hired substitutes, others sneered at the "ragged mob" which was fighting for liberty, and yet others were delighted to fawn on and entertain in New York City the British officers who were directing the slaughter of their countrymen. The cry of liberty was met with jeers.

New York was Tory to the core. Those who think it sordid and commercial to-day should pore over the records of the actual history of its men of affairs in the years when the "common people" were fighting battles for independence. No soldiers marched out from its streets to join the ranks of the men under Washington. Its wealth paid no taxes for the support of the Revolutionary cause. The future metropolis was dominated by alleged Americans who believed that independence menaced their vested interests. They were convinced that democracy threatened their social prestige, they were instinctively fond of the gauds and trappings of royalty, they set money and position above country—they were the *laissez faire* of half a century later, and the smug prototypes of the Bourbon reactionaries of to-day.

It was their influence which prolonged the war of independence. They believed that only the power of royalty could keep the despised mob under control. They had stubbornly and successfully resisted every attempt of the masses to secure even a vestige of political right. They dreaded lest a time should come when men with ballots in their hands should attempt to confiscate their property. They had no more patriotism than a modern corporation seeking to evade its taxes or to steal a franchise. This numerous and powerful class did its best to

thwart American liberty, and when it was won despite them there was consternation in the mansions of New York. With tears and forebodings they watched the evacuation of the city by the British; some of them fled, but most of them remained, thanks to the espousal of their cause by Alexander Hamilton, now the patron saint of their descendants by birth and accumulation.

Bear in mind, therefore, that the New York of 1789 contained more lovers of royal authority than any other place in the country, also that very few of its inhabitants had fought for the independence which then was theirs. Bear in mind that though the present Constitution had been adopted, it did not guarantee the right of men to vote because they were citizens of the new republic. In New York State, as well as in most other states, one could not cast a vote for Presidential electors, congressmen, or other high officials unless he owned landed property of a taxable value of \$200. A large percentage of the soldiers, who had risked their lives in the struggle for American freedom, were thus denied all participation in the affairs of government, and were permitted little or no part in the administration of the country their bravery had created. This fact is not found in the schoolbooks, and even more dignified historians fail to comment on it, but it is a fact, and one which throws a vivid light on the lack of real democracy in that period of our



The first wigwam of Tammany Hall was the old building known as "Martling's," which stood on the corner of Nassau and Spruce Streets. This was in 1798. It is the building shown in the upper part of this picture. The lower building was the wigwam from 1812 to 1867. It stood on the site of the present New York "Sun" building, on the corner of Frankfort and Nassau Streets.

national existence.

The truth of the matter is that the spirit of democracy or republicanism had not yet been aroused. The distrust and contempt of the masses was by no means confined to the royalists and Tories. If one thinks that wealth is more revered and more powerful to-day than in the year when George Washington took the oath as President, he is deluded by historians who have seen fit to ignore or obscure the facts. There was no discussion of the rights of men; all the problems which engaged the framers of the Constitution pertained to the rights of property. Let those who think to challenge the accuracy of this statement read the official and only record of that Constitutional Convention as it has been handed down to us by James Madison. What will they find? They will find that the representatives of the various states spent months in an attempt to draft a document which should secure the greatest possible advantage to their respective sections. There were days and weary weeks spent in weighing the rights of fish, molasses, tobacco, slaves, and various other forms of property, but the people

were seldom mentioned except in terms of contempt or consternation.

The Declaration of Independence, with its glowing and glittering generality to the effect that "all men are created equal," was not taken seriously. It was difficult to accord it much reverence at a time when the President and most of his cabinet owned slaves, and under a system in which the man who owned only one hundred and seventy-five dollars' worth of land was denied the vote which was the "unalienable right" of his neighbor who happened to be twenty-five dollars richer. There were few books, no libraries, no newspapers worthy of the name, the masses of the people were densely ignorant, most of them did not even aspire to political equality—the Spirit of Democracy had not yet been born.

The Birth of Tammany Hall

Between the upper and the common classes there was a gulf as wide as that which now separates the aristocracy of Great Britain from the habitants of Whitechapel. The elevation of a small farmer, petty tradesman, or laborer to any official position was not to be dreamed of. Wealth ruled with the free consent of a poverty which pleaded only for reasonably fair treatment.

I have dwelt on this phase of the conditions which then existed for the purpose of giving the reader of this story of Tammany a decidedly different view of the people of that day to that generally offered. It is very necessary to the plan that I have outlined. Some will doubtless resent this defacing of their historical idols, but they should find recompense in the fact that we are political giants compared with the ignored masses of 1789. Surely it is more flattering to believe that one is advancing rather than receding. Wealth dominated in the early days of the republic because it had no opposition. The masses had no weapons with which to resist or regulate its aggressions. It certainly is some progress to have secured a free ballot; perhaps in another hundred years we shall have learned how to use it.

William Maclay and Robert Morris were the first senators from Pennsylvania, and both attended the initial session of Congress in New York City. Senator Maclay kept a journal of its proceedings, and his comments and deductions are the delight of close students of history. Under date of May 12, 1790, we find this entry:

"This day exhibited a grotesque scene in the streets of New York. Being the old First of May, the Sons of St. Tammany had a grand parade through the town in Indian dress. I delivered a talk at one of their meetinghouses and went away to dinner. There seems to be some sort of a scheme laid of erecting some sort of order or society under this denomination, but it does not seem well digested as yet. The expense of the dresses must have been considerable, and the money laid out on clothing might have dressed some of their ragged beggars. But the weather is now warm."

This rugged and fearless old hater of royalty and aristocracy had participated in the celebration of the first anniversary of the founding of the Society of Tammany, and we know little more to-day of that embryonic organization than he did then, but we need not seek far for the causes which inspired its forming. Tammany was the political successor of the "Sons of Liberty," called in some sections of the country "The Liberty Boys."

The Sons of Liberty

Our historians give scant attention and credit to this organization and its leaders. It was a secret federation of workmen, of small farmers, and was called into existence with the passage and attempted enforcement of the Stamp Act and other odious and coercive measures against the colonists. There is little to show that the merchants, importers, and the property class as a whole would have resisted Great Britain had not the common people thrown the tea overboard in Boston Harbor, and had not the landless and voteless element appealed to force in redress of their real or fancied wrongs. Affluent Toryism frowned at these excesses, but its influence was not sufficient to prevent these obscure and despised men from lighting the flames of revolt. They fell before the British guns at Concord, they invested Bunker Hill with glory, it was from this class that Washington drew his troops, and they fought for seven long years while the gentlemen of the country idled under the protection of English cannon in New York. They held few offices, civil or military, they were not consulted in the drafting of the Constitution of the new republic, most of them were denied the right to vote, and it is the mockery of fate that Fame has

placed its laurels on the shrines of many a character who had for these unknown heroes nothing save contempt.

Tammany was founded by William Mooney, an Irishman by descent, an American by birth, an upholsterer by trade, and an organizer, and doubtless an agitator, by instinct. Had Mooney been born in our day he probably would have belonged to more secret societies than there are days in the week, and would have been active in all of them. No adequate pen portrait of the founder of Tammany has been handed down to us, but we have a right to picture him as an energetic and talkative citizen who was anxious and able to do things. His head was full of plans, he possessed the gift of imagination, he was the sort of a man we always find as chairman of important committees—in fact he would have shone in any capacity from that of the head of a Sunday school to the leadership of a great political organization.

William Mooney did not rise to the heights of greatness. His mental capacity was not such as to force him far to the front. There are a score of men now living who rule far greater societies than the Tammany of Mooney's day, and it should not console them to reflect that the average Tammany member never heard of William Mooney, and that no bronze or marble perpetuates his likeness or his memory.

Mooney and most of the men associated in the founding of Tammany had been members of the Sons of Liberty. With the close of the Revolution this society was disbanded, it being assumed that their work was done. The suspicions of the proletariat were aroused when Alexander Hamilton threw his powerful influence and protection over the hated Tories. They found themselves powerless to prevent the election to office of men known to have been royalists. They had no votes with which to prevent this, and the proud patricians smiled scornfully as they paused at the doors of coffee houses and taverns and listened to the denunciations of these landless and therefore disfranchised patriots. Almost to a man they opposed the ratification of the Constitution, and it is an undisputed historical fact that this document would never have been adopted in its present form had the mass of the people been permitted to vote upon it. They held that it was deliberately designed to throttle the majority and to give undue power to wealth, but whether they were right or wrong is not a question to be discussed here.

Propertied Classes in Control

Consider, therefore, that when Washington took the oath of office democracy was only a name in this country, and a much-despised name. Manhood suffrage was not seriously considered. Property cast the ballots, held the offices, and only the more daring agitators protested against its domination. The aristocratic wealth of the new nation openly favored a monarchy with George Washington for king, and the masses were yet further affronted by the organization of "The Society of Cincinnati," a federation of the officers of the Revolutionary Army, in which it was provided that representation should descend through the eldest lineal male, thus preserving the hated rule of primogeniture. While the popular suspicion of The Cincinnati was unwarranted, it still prevailed, and was one of the factors which gave impetus to Tammany and to the whole democratic and anti-Federalist movement.

The tavern was the forum of popular debate in those days, and if we were permitted to examine the original drafts of many famous and patriotic documents we would likely find them stained with ale and Jamaica rum. It was a day when the preacher drank his toddy in the pulpit, and in which neither temperance nor abstinence was esteemed as a virtue.

Conspicuous among the resorts frequented by our ancestral New York proletariat was Barden's, or the City Tavern. This was located on Broadway, not far from Bowling Green, and within a stone's throw of the present Standard Oil Building. Here it was that the founders of Tammany met at some round table, like their London contemporaries, Johnson, Boswell, Garrick, Goldsmith, and others who frequented the Cheshire Cheese and founded the Literary Club to the clinking of glasses and the munching of food.

A Tavern Meeting

Let us roll back the scroll of the years and quietly enter Barden's on an evening when its representative patrons are assembled. Within the radius of the heat of a huge log fire are seated such men as William Mooney, who does much of the talking. The participants in the debate bear such names as White,

IF

By JOHN
KENDRICK
BANGS

*If I were fire, I'd burn the world away.
If I were wind, I'd turn my storms thereon.
If I were water, I'd soon let it drown.—Cecco Angiolieri.*

IF I were fire, I'd seek the frozen North
And warm it till it blossomed fairly forth,
And in the sweetness of its smiling mien
Resemble some soft southern garden scene;
And when the winter came again I'd seek
The chilling homes of lowly ones and meek,
And do my small, but most efficient part
To bring the warmth of comfort to the heart.

If I were wind, I'd turn my breath upon
The calm-bound mariner until, anon,
The eager craft on which he sailed should find
The harbor blest toward which it hath inclined;
And in the city streets, when summer's days
Were withering the soul with scorching rays,
I'd seek the fevered brow and aching eyes
And bring to them a taste of paradise.

If I were water, it would be my whim
To seek out all earth's desert places grim,
And turn each arid acre to a fair
Lush home of flowers and oasis rare.
Resolved in dew, I'd nestle in the rose.
As summer rain I'd ease the harvest woes,
And where a tear to pain would be relief
A tear I'd be to kill the sting of grief.

If I were gold, I'd seek the poor man's purse.
I'd try to win my way into the verse
Of some grand singer of man's brotherhood,
And prove myself so pure, so fraught with good,
That all the world would bless me for the cup
Of happiness I'd brought for all to sup.
And when at last my work of joy was d'er,
I'd be content to die and be no more.

The Fourth Installment of W. C. MORROW'S

Chapter X. The Finding of a Man

THE president said nothing, but gave a signal to Christopher, who brought up a basket containing rope-ends and strips of cloth, of native manufacture. I understood what I was next to do, and under ordinary circumstances should have thought of nothing but the doing; but now a coldness seized my heart, for I thought of Beelo, as a horrified witness.

There was a craning to see what the basket held, and then came a quick drawing of the breath and afterwards a hiss as the truth dawned on those of quick perception.

Picking up a rope-end, I stood facing the crowd in silence until perfect stillness had come. Then I went to Lenardo, the first in line, and said to the guard:

"Are any of you experienced in tying a man's hands?"

A head-shake was the response of each.

"Then observe how this is done," I said. And to Lenardo, "Turn your back and cross your wrists behind you."

All the blood fled his face. He glanced about with a shamed, beseeching helplessness, his eyes wide with horror and his look an appeal for protection from the outrage.

"Turn, and cross your wrists," came my command as evenly as before.

The prisoner obeyed, his hands trembling.

"Cross your wrists." My tone was such as a farrier might use to a horse he was shoeing. Lenardo crossed them.

"Observe," I repeated to the guards, as I quickly wound the cord and knotted it.

Hobart watched the proceeding narrowly, his face growing more livid, his eyes bulging farther, his breathing uneven. Once he sent a flaming glance at Mr. Vancouver, who winced under it, and sat with a sickly, shrunken look. I knew that the supreme test of discipline lay ahead, and I was warming to the situation.

"Tie the next one," I said to two of the guards, handing them a strip. At the same time, no longer able to resist a glance at Beelo, I found in his stricken face so strange a look that it disconcerted me for a moment. It looked to be both horror and appeal. But my duty was plain.

I stood by and observed the clumsy work of the two guards in tying the second man, who, meeker than Lenardo—although both were manly fellows—submitted more promptly.

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. Beelo and Tudor make plans for the colony's release. Vancouver is won over, and Captain Mason proceeds against the other traitors.



"The man threw up his hands in the surrender of terror"

Hobart's turn came next. He was looking about as a trapped beast, and he swayed and muttered. It was clear that under the approaching degradation he was letting his wits tangle.

Some women, sickened by the scene, and fearing tragedy from Hobart, slipped away, a few softly crying, others very white. They hid in a huddle behind the storehouse, the mothers taking their children.

"One more turn. Tighter. Work faster," I ordered the guards tying the second man.

They obeyed with nervous eagerness.

Then came Hobart's turn. I stood before him. He knew what to do without my order, and I was silent.

"Haven't we any friends among you people?" he bellowed, stepping back and hardening every muscle. "Are you all cowards, to let these brutes ride roughshod over you?"

"Submit, Hobart," cut Mr. Vancouver's voice.

I turned upon him, but said nothing, and his cadaverous face whitened still more under my stare.

"We need no assistance from you, sir," Captain Mason coldly said.

He started; a momentary flash enlivened his sunken eyes.

"Step up here in line," I said to Hobart.

He wavered toward submission under Mr. Vancouver's order, but my prompt suppression of that intervention thrust upon him an angry despair. "To— with you!" he shouted to me. "You bully! You cur! Here, fellows," addressing his comrades in line, "don't be whipped dogs! We are free American citizens, we are! Break away!" He stepped still farther back and edged toward the table. "Stand by me! Be men! We'll settle this thing! Come on!"

The line swayed.

"Guard, re-form the prisoners in line," I ordered.

They stepped forward.

"Fight, boys! Arm yourselves at the tables!" Hobart's fierce words thrilled the camp.

"Lively there!" I snapped to the guards. "Seize Hobart first."

"The tables, boys!" shouted Hobart. "Romer," he added, to a husky young man of the party, "tackle Captain Mason. I'll attend to Tudor!"

Hobart sprang at Romer, gave him a shake, and shouted, "Get to work!" and then advanced toward me as Romer was

hardening for assault.

As Hobart had rudely calculated, the moment was snatched by the other prisoners for a rush on the guard and the tables, and they broke on the bound as Hobart hurled himself upon me. But he was too precipitate, and lacked training.

It is doubtful that any in the camp except myself saw how the next thing happened. There was a muffled crack, and Hobart's feet cleared the ground, his limbs whipped the air as though he were drowning, and he sprawled on the earth in a disorganized, quivering heap. A glance showed me that Romer had been stopped two yards from Captain Mason by a look such

as he had never encountered before, and he stood staring like an imbecile.

A low cry broke from fifty feminine throats when Hobart's body made its impact with the ground. But the entire rush had been paralyzed; it was clearly the impression that Hobart had been killed, and all were staring from him to me. The guard had responded; the prisoners were in subjugation, some by a collar-grip of the guard, others panting on the ground under urgent knees, still others standing inert.

"Hands off the prisoners. Re-form the line," I ordered.

When this had been done, the young men sullen, sheepish, and silent, and viewing with awe the still body of Hobart on the ground, I looked round upon the circle till I found the man I wanted. My glance had included Captain Mason and found him stolid and motionless as he observed my procedure.

"Dr. Preston, come forward," I said.

He instantly responded.

"Please examine Hobart's jaw and neck," I directed. "One or the other may be broken."

As he was turning away to obey he discovered a red trickle from my right hand.

"Are you hurt?" he inquired.

"No."

He carefully examined the heap on the ground. "Only a contusion and a slight brain-concussion," he announced.

"You two," I promptly said to two of the guards, "buck and gag Hobart. Do you know how?"

They shook their heads, but under my direction accomplished what appeared to be a disagreeable task. The process consisted in tying Hobart's hands and feet, flexing his knees, slipping his arms over them, and thrusting a stick under his knees and over his arms, thus reducing him to a helpless knot. Then they thrust a towel between his teeth and tied it at the back of his head.

"Shall I do anything to revive him, sir?" asked the doctor. It was interesting to hear the "sir" slip from his tongue.

I looked to Captain Mason for directions, but his face remained void.

"No," I said. Then to two of the guards, "Take him to the shade over there, on the ground," indicating a tree near by and in full view of the camp.

Meanwhile, the tying of the other prisoners had gone on rapidly and smoothly. When it was finished, I ordered the men taken to the shade and lined up behind Hobart, who lay on his side, the guards standing by. The prisoners were a very sober-looking crowd.

Then came a lull. I had regarded the subjugation of the men as merely the lighter preparatory work for some grave procedure which Captain Mason would direct after that was accomplished. At first I was doubtful of my wisdom in withholding restorative measures from Hobart, but I had done so hoping that it would have the effect both of softening Captain Mason and of impressing the other prisoners and the camp at large. Now I had to face unknown plans, but Captain Mason still remained mute. It was evident that, since quiet had come, it was from him rather than me that the camp awaited the next move; it was his crushing mastery that all felt; it was his iron hand that lay on every heart. He quietly seated himself, and without a glance at me waited, his face wearing the undisturbed calm that distinguished it always in dramatic situations.

The women in hiding peered out cautiously, and then joined those on the scene. A slight stir, accompanied with murmurs, rose in a spot where the women stood thickest, and a shrill voice came angrily.

"Yes, I will! You can't stop me! I say it's an outrage, and I'm going to untie that boy and take that strangling thing out of his mouth." She was advancing, a middle-aged woman, with a determined air, and she walked

straight toward Hobart, ignoring me as I stood near him. "I just want to say to you, Mr. Tudor, that it was enough to knock the senses out of him, and that it's inhuman and brutal to keep him tied up like an animal. If the men in this camp can be bullied and scared, I'll let you know that there's a woman who can't. I'm going to untie that lad, and—"

I had stepped forward and laid a kindly hand on her arm as she spoke, but she threw it off.

"Let me alone!" she cried. "If you want to strike a woman dead, you murdering bully, do it! I dare you!"

Nodding to two of the guards, I said: "Take her to her hut, and keep her there. If she makes the least noise, bind and gag her."

"You brute! You coward!" she cried, making a dash forward.

The guards gingerly seized her, and she talked and struggled wildly. But they dragged her away, and no sound came from the hut. Captain Mason gave not the slightest attention to the incident, which greatly deepened the depression on the camp.

Hobart's slow, heavy breathing became regular, then fluttered; his eyes opened, and rolled unseeing. Intelligence began to dawn in his face, and with it came an unconscious straining at his bonds. That hastened his recovery. A wild, clear look that roved a moment and settled malignantly on me, showed that he had come to himself. His astonished glance at his helpless state preceded an effort for speech that his gag turned to a growl, and he made a mighty tug to snap the cords. That failing, he twisted his head to see the line of prisoners standing bound. Then his gaze found Captain Mason, who was not observing him, and he savagely growled and champed his gag.

I looked furtively round for Beelo, and found him staring at me as at something strange and monstrous. It was more than I could bear, and on looking away I discovered the gathering of clouds, and then heard low thunder in the distance.

Hobart's fury wore itself out. Humiliation took its turn. Toward the end came a humbled spirit and dumb pleading. A quickening ran through the crowd, and eager, appealing eyes were upon me from every direction; but I waited. From humility Hobart sank lower, for the pain of his cramped muscles grew worse and worse, making him writhe and groan and strain. Still the moment had not come. I knew that many a life hung on the precision of my conduct, and Captain Mason did not interfere to the slightest extent. At last, when Hobart's dumb pleading had settled on my face and did not rove, I said to Dr. Preston:

"The gag—nothing else—may come away."

He removed it, and Hobart panted:

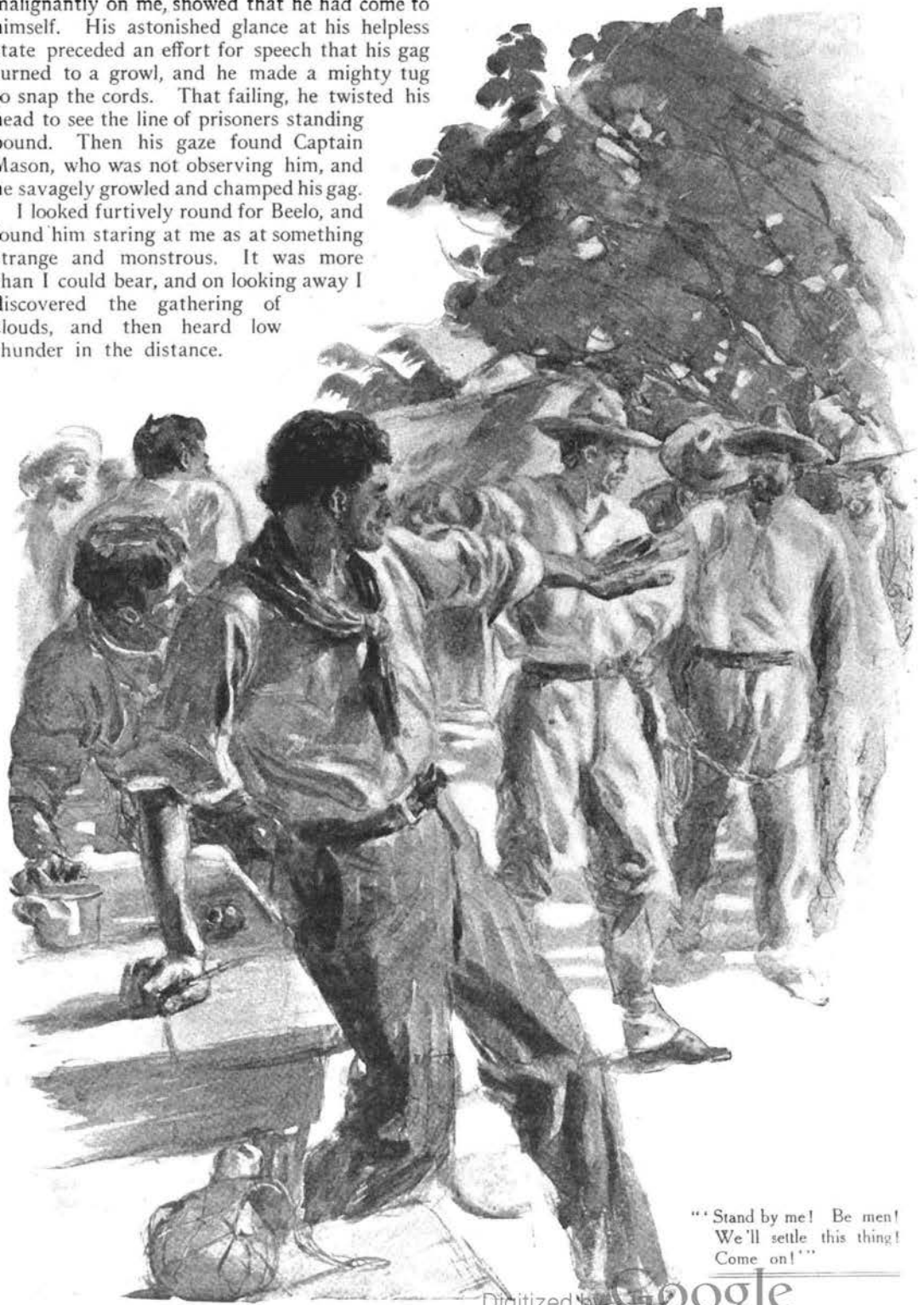
"Thank you, doctor. Take the others off, please."

The physician looked at me, but I gave no sign. That started a movement in the crowd, and I had to quell that with a look.

"Let him take 'em off, Mr. Tudor," the prisoner begged.

I nodded, and he was free. He labored weakly to a sitting posture, Dr. Preston assisting. His head rolled, but he breathed deeply, and steadied himself. Dr. Preston felt his pulse.

"May he have water and a wet towel, sir?" he asked me.



"Stand by me! Be men!
We'll settle this thing!
Come on!"

I nodded. Hobart drank greedily. Dr. Preston mopped his head and face, and bound the wet towel over his forehead.

"Bring a seat for Hobart," I said to a guard. Hobart was lifted to it, and thus sat facing the crowd. His face wore a finer look than I had ever seen upon it; he had passed through purgatory. He looked openly at the people, and at last his glance rested on Mr. Vancouver. It seemed to hold a deep meaning. Mr. Vancouver shrank even more than when he had seen the iron hand come down.

I went up to Captain Mason and reported that Hobart was conscious.

The captain nodded, came forward, I beside him, and looked down on the beaten man.

"May I say a word, Captain?" he asked. "Certainly."

Hobart turned to me. "You are a hard man," he said, "but square and brave. So are you, Captain Mason. I deserved what I got, and a good deal more. But I'm sorry for what I did, and I ask you to forgive me."

There was undisguised admiration in Captain Mason's face, for he was observing another strong man emerge from the first hard lesson in a discipline that the sailor had known for many a year.

"May I say something to the boys?" asked Hobart.

"Of course."

Hobart worked round to face his fellow-conspirators, and silently looked at one after another.

"Boys," he said, "we made a mistake, and are beginning to pay. I don't know what's going to be done with us, but, whatever it is, we must bear it like men. We made an agreement when we came into this valley, and we violated it. What we did might have cost the life of every member of this colony."

He paused, for he was weak, and a deep emotion tore him.

"Boys, if I had been Captain Mason and Mr. Tudor, and had protected and trusted the people as they have done, and they had tried to undermine me, and to benefit themselves to the harm of the others, I would have had them taken to the nearest tree, and have had them hanged."

Not a word of that astonishing speech missed an ear in the crowd. When Hobart had ended, his head dropped in dejection.

After a long minute of silence, Captain Mason gave me a look. I went to Hobart, who raised a sad face to mine. But when he saw my smile and my extended hand, a glad surprise leaped in him, and his clasp was that of a drowning man.

I walked away. Dr. Preston next received Captain Mason's glance, and the scene was repeated. I did not observe the hint that the president must have given; but while some of the guard came and took Hobart's hand, others were untying the prisoners, and they also came in their turn. There were tears in Hobart's eyes, and his speech had fled by the time Captain Mason came up and took his hand.

"You are a man, Hobart," said he, and without noting the effect turned to the other conspirators. "Young men," he went on, "you are at liberty. The incident is closed."

Without a glance at the assembled colony, he turned away and went to his hut.

I looked for Beelo, and saw his signal to follow him. A buzzing rose from the crowd. A hard, fixed look was in Mr. Vancouver's ashen face. Annabel's head rested in her arms on the table, and she was sobbing. From every direction I found furtive glances upon me, and wondered whether I had become a pariah. The idea was dispelled by the friendly responses that my advances found, but I was uneasy on the score of Beelo.

Chapter XI. Faces Set Toward Danger.

BELO was much excited and torn with impatience when I arrived. Despite that, he regarded me with an odd mixture of awe and fear. "Choseph!" he exclaimed, "you are terrible

and cruel! I could n't have believed—" His breath gave out.

"What's the news, lad?"

The gentle solicitude in my voice steadied him, and he looked up at me, with his bright, sunny smile.

"You are a dear old Choseph, are n't you?" he said. "Oh, everything has happened!" he flung out. "The king is terribly angry with Lentala for interfering with the arrest of the young men yesterday. I had to stay with her, and could n't come. I don't know what trouble will come out of it, but the king is going to bring matters to a head at once, before we are nearly ready! Choseph! those young men ought not to have been let out of the valley. Gato is now on his way to the colony for a man, and you must go there immediately to attend to it. You must decide which man is to go."

His news, breathlessly given, stunned me. It was essential that we both be calm.

"Tell me what happened to the young men," I said.

"They climbed the wall, and expected to slip through. Why, Senatra men rained on them! Lentala got there as soon as she could with her private guard, but it was too late to save them from a terrible whipping. The guard had them bound and were taking them to the palace when Lentala arrived. She's afraid now that the king will do what he has threatened,—either lock her up or give orders that will tie her hands so that she can't do anything.

I hesitated. "If she is powerless, Beelo, there will be no one to protect the man who will go out with Gato."

His distress was poignant, and he dropped to the ground in a weary little heap.

"Lentala is equal to any task, lad," I said quietly.

He looked up brightly. "Do you believe that much in her, Choseph?"

"She's our one hope, lad, and she'll never falter; and she has your wise little head and your bold heart to help her."

He came strongly to his feet. "She can do anything if you think *that* of her, Choseph," he gently said. Another moment found him his eager, active self. "A great deal will depend on the man you are to send out," he said.

"Why? What awaits him?"

The answer was an appealing look. His remarks about the earthquakes and the storms had puzzled me, and while I knew that the subject was repugnant to him, I was forced to revive it. I repeated a remark by Captain Mason that a storm was brewing. Beelo straightened.

"Captain Mason ought to know!" he cried. "The king's wise men have told him the same thing. Choseph, Choseph! It would be horrible!"

"Why, lad?" I can't work in the dark."

His look was appealing.

"I must know," I said. "You are acting like a child, and this is work for men. Tell me what the storm and earthquake have to do with us, or I'll refuse to surrender a man to Gato, and we'll fight."

"Choseph!" he exclaimed, frightened; then, after a pause: "The people think the Black Face must have all the castaways, or it will shake the ground with earthquakes and maybe send a volcano to destroy everything. But if the earthquake is heavy, it terrifies the people. In that way you might escape if Lentala's plan fails. It was a great earthquake I was hoping for."

"The Black Face must have all the castaways?" I repeated. "How?"

"I don't know!" he desperately cried. "Lentala does n't know. It has been concealed from us. But it's something horrible! A storm is coming, but it may bring no castaways, and the king won't wait any longer. He can't control the people."

"What kind of man should we send out, Beelo?"

"One who's brave and fears nothing," he promptly answered, studying me oddly.

"Then Rawley would n't do."

"No. Mr. Vancouver."

I had felt it coming. Of course he deserved any risk, any fate, but—

"You are thinking of Annabel," said Beelo.

"Yes. She is innocent. Unless Lentala can keep him away from the king and save him from harm, I won't—"

"There, there, Choseph!" said the boy sweetly. "She'll manage. You'll send Mr. Vancouver?"

"Yes."

"Good! That will make the king think you are n't suspicious. As soon as he has gone with Gato, you and Christopher come here, and then we three will go out of the valley."

Captain Mason's heavy hand still lay as a hush on the camp when Gato, the giant leader of the soldiers, arrived an hour later with a band of his men. Christopher and I met him, and he informed us that he had come for the man who was to be taken out. I dispatched Christopher for Captain Mason, whom I had informed of the decision to send Mr. Vancouver out. The storm had been gathering with a slowness that indicated destructive preparation. Mr. Vancouver was in his hut with Rawley and Annabel. Rawley's haggard face peered out at intervals and sent a straining look at me such as I had seen in the faces of the condemned peering through the cell-grate for any messenger that might bear a reprieve. They were not aware of our decision that Mr. Vancouver should go.

The president, cool and serious, came with Christopher.

"Summon Mr. Vancouver," he said.

The three came out. Mr. Vancouver, though pale, had a firm look, and it went straight to Captain Mason. Rawley was ghastly. Annabel held my attention most. Undoubtedly Mr. Vancouver had been trying to prepare her for the contingency of his leaving, and had made poor work of it.

Her glance first sought Captain Mason, and found a blank face with no eyes for her. Next she looked at me, and caught something that I was too slow in hiding. Thenceforward during the scene I knew that the ache within me for her sake was large print to her eyes. Her bearing was an accusation, a challenge for frankness, an appeal for protection.

The president said:

"Mr. Vancouver, the king has sent for one of our men. It would be my duty to go if I could be spared. Will you go?"

"Certainly," came the prompt answer.

Annabel shrank, and then bravely stepped forth. Her voice lost its quaver as she proceeded.

"Why send my father?" she demanded. "Are there no young men here with the courage to volunteer?"

She scanned the crowd eagerly, not heeding her father's restraining hand on her arm. Being a woman, she could not understand why not a man made a sign, so heavy was the weight of Captain Mason's hand.

"It is a shame!" she exclaimed, passionately. "I had thought there were more manliness and gratitude in the world." She turned upon me.

"Mr. Tudor, I know *you* will go."

I could not bear it. "May I tell her in confidence what I am to do?" I asked Captain Mason under my breath.

"Not now," he answered. "Miss Vancouver," he said aloud, "Mr. Tudor cannot go. I beg to remind you that you are interfering with the business in hand."

Recollection of the morning's scene, when a woman had been sent away under guard, must have been what whitened her face with fear and then flushed it with anger. The lion in her father crouched at Captain Mason, but instantly remembered.

[Continued on pages 47 to 50]

We have woven in the above heading some of the sayings that Thomas W. Lawson has used in his startling advertisements. They form a frame for the photograph of Henry H. Rogers, vice president of the Standard Oil Company, whom Lawson charged with being the prime leader of the iniquitous system of that company. He is Lawson's "worst enemy."

went on record unqualifiedly as
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would break suddenly to lowest price recent years. I spoke from knowledge. If at liberty, I could publish ten lines and break would be reality. So sensational will be the smash believe it will carry entire market into panic."

This was an "unqualified" prediction from a man who knew copper—no "ifs" or "ands." It was a spectacular prophecy, for the copper industry was booming, and everybody in the copper world was confidently looking for higher prices for the metal. Lawson stood alone. Three days after sending this telegram he published in the newspapers of America and Europe an announcement of a "Ten-Million-Dollar Copper Pool" in this absolute fashion:

"The price of copper will break suddenly to a very low figure. This is not a prediction. It is not a surmise or a manipulation. It is a statement of fact. There are extraordinary, but absolutely legitimate reasons—sensational but fundamental reasons—for the coming break, I know them. In time all the world will know them. There will follow a terrific slump in copper and smelting stocks. In order that my friends may participate in the profits I foresee in the forthcoming crisis, if they so choose, I will conduct a ten-million-dollar pool for the purpose of selling copper and smelting stocks short. I anticipate the profit will be 150 to 200 per cent. on the total sum risked."

Lawson did not predict this smash in copper. He knew it "absolutely" as a "fact." But, in spite of his absolute knowledge, there was not a tremor in the copper world. The metal rose to sixteen cents. Lawson wrote a new advertisement every few days, reiterating his prophecy and inviting subscriptions to his sure-money pool:

September 1.—"I have sure knowledge of a coming crash in copper stocks."

September 6.—"I have in my possession information which, when published, will break the price of copper, the metal, wide open, and, as a consequence, the price of copper stocks, particularly Amalgamated and American Smelters."

September 7.—"My coming advertisement, giving the facts in my possession, will appear simultaneously in America and Europe."

September 29.—"There is at present hanging over the copper share market an ominous cloud. Any day it may burst, and that day the price of copper, the metal, will drop to a lower figure than any of recent years, and remain there, and there will be temporarily no market for copper stocks—no market other than one so much lower than now prevailing that widespread disaster will ensue. The cause of this coming catastrophe is known to but few men in the world."

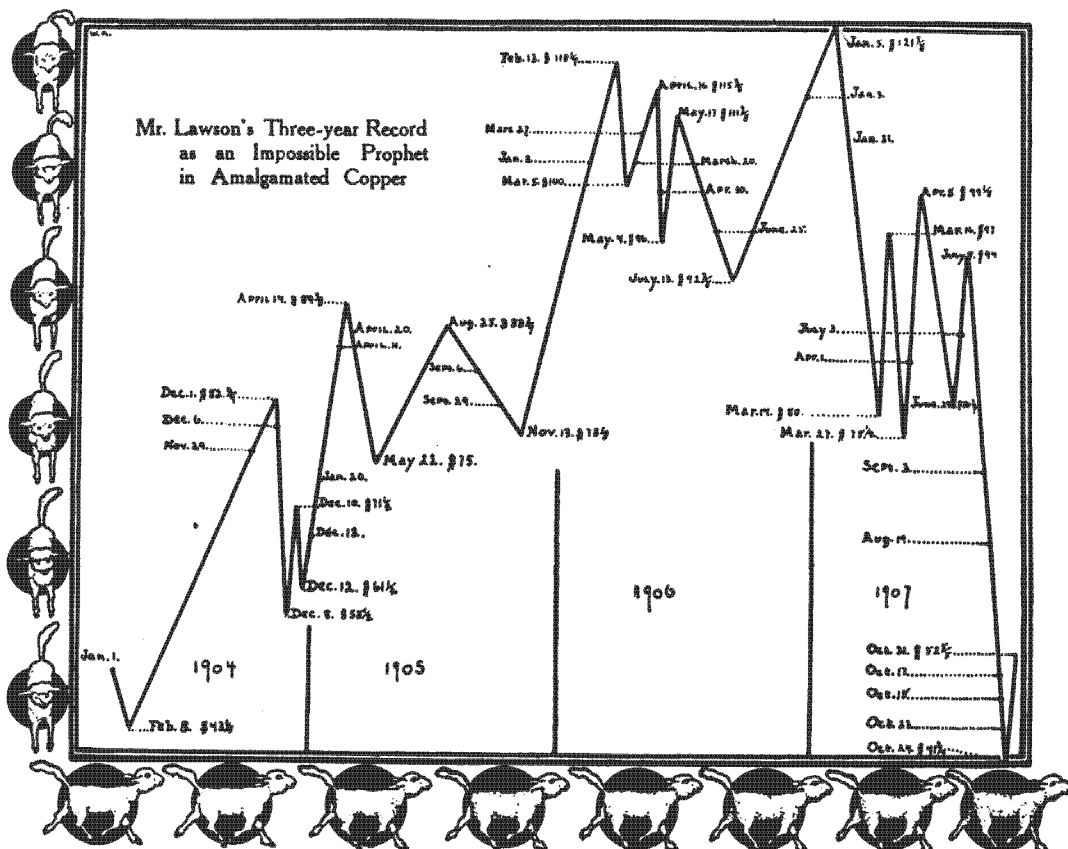
October 19.—"Copper crash. During the past nine months I have gone on record repeatedly. 'Between Stock Exchange opening and closing there will be a tremendous crash in both the metal and copper shares.' I have seen every crash in coppers during the past thirty-five years, and, with these frightful lessons before me, I unqualifiedly predict the coming crash will cause greater disaster than any of the past. The declaration of the dividend on Amalgamated to-day marks the doom of the present copper boom."

November 13.—"The frenzied financiers are on the verge of panic."

A Comedy in Opposites

But the crash did not come. The metal rose to eighteen cents, the highest price since the boom market of '99, in which Lawson recommended Amalgamated Copper as the greatest copper investment in the world. The mines could not supply the legitimate demands of the booming copper industry. All copper stocks were rising, and Boston was again putting millions of dollars into the development of new mines in Montana, Arizona, British Columbia, and Mexico. Amalgamated Copper stock, which Lawson, twelve months before, had advised investors to dump overboard at \$58, was in demand at \$100, and still rising. The "Ten Million Copper Pool" proved to be another sure thing gone wrong. On December 14, Lawson published in the newspapers a very small advertisement in very small type, stating that the pool had suffered a loss of \$3,400,000. But he still knew that the crash was coming. The next day he asked for \$5,000,000 more for a new pool. He said:

"My portion of the \$6,600,000 remaining of my first pool of \$10,000,000 and of the \$5,000,000 addition, \$11,600,000, embraces every dollar of my fortune. If my operation is unsuccessful I shall lose all of it, which will mean I shall have lost \$15,000,000 belonging to myself and to those who have had enough faith in me to join me. If my operations which began to-day are successful, I expect to secure profits of 100 to 200 per cent. upon the amount with which I tackle the System. My share of these profits I will devote to the further exposure of the System's methods until such time as I destroy it. If I fail, the world will know it by my public bankruptcy. I warn the 'Street' that if I get them going my way they need look for no mercy, for I shall smash



STUDY this chart carefully. Mr. Lawson cried "sell" all the way up, and turning at the very top of the copper boom cried "buy" all the way down. The chart shows the fluctuations in the price of the stock. His predictions, which correspond with the dates on the chart, are published herewith. It is probably the worst record any prophet has ever made.

November 29, 1904.—"I believe 'coppers' should be bought." December 6.—"Amalgamated will sell at 33." December 8.—"Sell Amalgamated to your last share. If I change my position I will confess myself a cur." December 12.—"Sell your stock before it is too late."

January 20, 1905.—"The slaying time is almost here." April 11.—"Get ready to catch the pieces." April 20.—"Panic coming. The only direction prices can take is downward." May 22.—"This crash has got to come." August 28.—"A terrific crash in copper stocks is coming." September 6.—"Amalgamated will break wide open." September 29.—"An ominous cloud hangs over the market." October 19.—"Between Stock Exchange opening and closing

there will be a tremendous crash in copper stocks. The copper boom is doomed to-day." November 13.—"The frenzied financiers are on the verge of panic."

January 2, 1906.—"Stocks will crash." March 20.—"Don't have stocks on hand at fraud-made prices." March 27.—"Amalgamated's next drop from these prices should bring it down to 85 or 75." April 30.—"Panic is coming." May 17.—"About June 28th a world-wide catastrophe will come along." June 25.—"Amalgamated will sell at much less than half to-day's prices." July 14.—"Amalgamated will drop fifty points more."

January 3, 1907.—"We are on the eve of a tremendous boom in coppers." January 31.—"Everything in the copper world is harmonious." April 1.—"I advise the people to invest their savings in Amalgamated from 85 (to-day's price) to 107 1/2." July 3.—"The purchase of Amalgamated at 87 will show 60 points profit." September 3.—"Withdraw savings and buy, buy, buy stocks." August 19.—"Buy Amalgamated." October 17.—"Buy Amalgamated." October 18.—"Buy Amalgamated." October 23.—"I hesitate."

to the last possible atom, regardless of who is beneath."

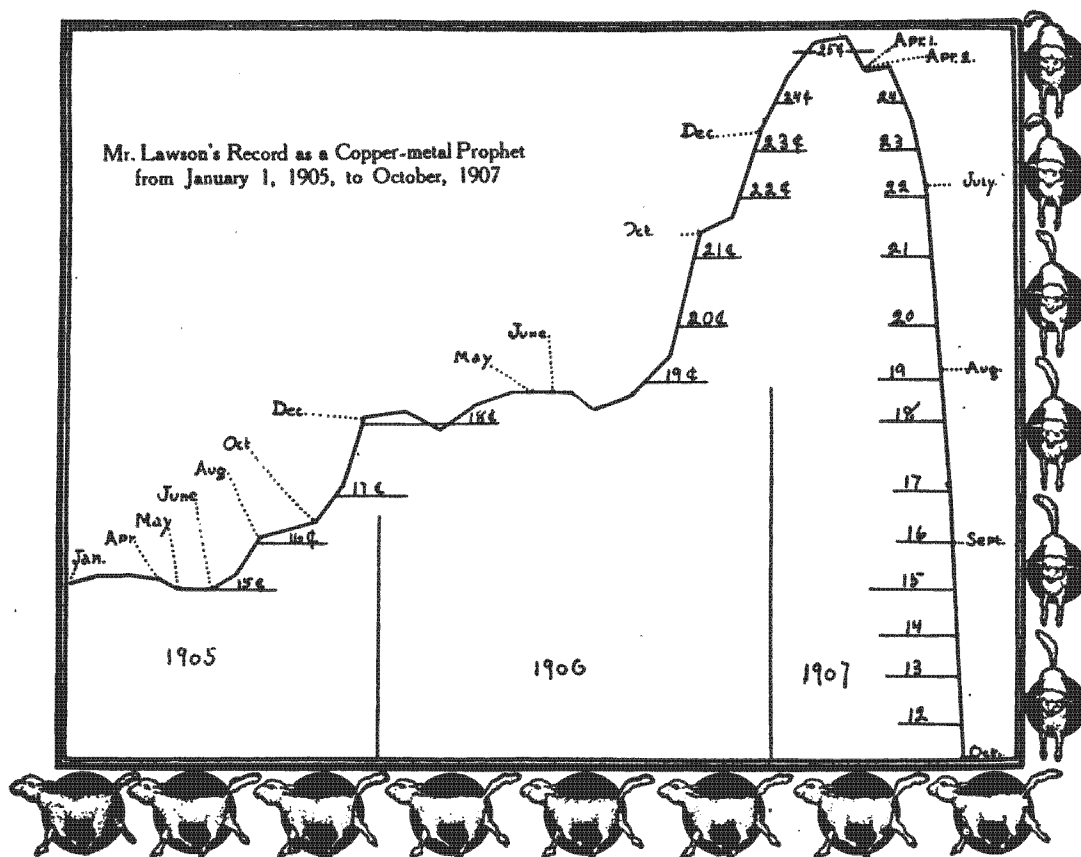
He sent this cable to a London newspaper: "I want the honor of destroying the most hellish band of robbers since Adam's day, and I will have that honor the day the world knows what I do—that the price of copper, the metal, is to be, from legitimate causes, for all time below ten cents, and the sun is rising on that day."

But copper held firm as a rock above eighteen cents; Amalgamated Copper stock rose to \$111, the highest price in four years, and Anaconda Copper, one of the constituent companies of Amalgamated, rose from \$100 to \$295. A Chicago newspaper asked Lawson what he thought of it, and received this answer by telegraph:

"Just what the diver thought, who, caught around the legs by the drag anchor of an experimental airship, found himself miles up and still going—'The air is so rarified I am thinking fast, but the thinks don't weigh much measured by the only standard that counts, the one up here.' I am in up to my hair roots; but as I have found a way to use each hair for a funnel, my draft is still working."

With Amalgamated at \$111 and copper at eighteen cents at the beginning of January, 1906, Lawson, in an advertisement headed, "The Swindle of the Age," went right on predicting disaster. Amalgamated, he said, was selling "at a height which challenged the intelligence of the world." But only a little while before, Lawson had quarreled with Rogers because the Amalgamated dictator would not put the stock up to this "height," and before that Lawson had been urgently beseeching the public to buy the stock at a still greater "height"—and later on, as this record will show, Lawson was again bulling the stock at this "height." In "The Swindle of the Age" advertisement he said: "While we are quite an amount poorer than at last accounting, I have affairs so well in hand that if the crash comes, as I believe it will, during the next few days, the lines I have out will instantly recoup all losses and bring large profits." The "swindle of the age," in Lawson's opinion, was the settlement of the Montana copper war between the Standard Oil and Heinze forces. He had tried to settle it in his own way, several years before, when he was a lieutenant under Rogers, and had failed—and this settlement without his aid did not please him. The end of the war, that for years had made Montana justice a mockery, boomed Amalgamated Copper to \$118 in February, and the metal held strong at eighteen cents.

Logically, the bull market in American Securities that had begun



THIS chart shows the monthly fluctuations for three years in the price of copper per pound, with Thomas W. Lawson's predictions. It shows that Mr. Lawson was a "bear" all the way up, and then reversed his position and was a "bull" all the way down. It is almost a clear record from first to last of utterly mistaken predictions. We give herewith the utterances of Mr. Lawson at the different dates marked on the chart.

January, 1905.—"The slaying time is almost here." April.—"Get ready to catch the pieces." May.—"The crash has got to come." June.—"Copper will break strongly to lowest price in recent years." August.—"Copper will break to very low figure." October.—"Tremendous crash in

copper stocks coming." December.—"Copper will sell for all time below ten cents."

May, 1906.—"World-wide catastrophe will come next month." June.—"Copper has struck high noon." October.—"Coming crash will cause great disaster." December.—"The high price of copper is a certainty."

April 1, 1907.—"Copper boom is coming." April 2.—"I believe copper will break three or four cents." July.—"Buy copper stocks." August.—"Withdraw savings and buy stocks." September.—"Buy, buy, buy." October.—"I hesitate."

Mr. Lawson actually predicted nothing but disaster while copper was rising, and sternly advised to buy when it took its terrible fall from April last to the present writing.

gamated' look like an elephant-stepped-on-banana by comparison." If anything was on the way, from the bowels of the earth or canal-stripped Mars, Lawson was the only man who could catch sight of it. And Lawson was never able to make anybody else on earth see it.

Then he switched back into copper stocks. On May 17th he gravely announced in his "Wall Street Balloon": "About June 28th a world-wide catastrophe will be along." This was printed in black, on a background of a red devil's head. If any credulous investors took to their cyclone cellars, they soon emerged looking sheepish. Two weeks before the "catastrophe" Lawson issued a bulletin, "Amalgamated will, if I know my game, sell at lower prices than any yet made. On or about June 28th, I will give to the world the facts of 'The Swindle of the Age'—facts about copper. The medium will be a full-page advertisement in the leading papers of Germany, France, Great Britain, and forty odd American cities." A week later another bulletin: "Put me on record for a quick drop to \$85 on Amalgamated; Steel Preferred (now \$105) will go below \$50." Three days before the "catastrophe" a final red-ink bulletin, "Wake Up": "Is it possible that the copper investors of Massachusetts, ordinarily a live-headed, show-it-to-me lot, have lost their jack-rabbit sense? It is almost incredible to me, knowing as I do these people, that they have turned fools. The price of the metal has struck high noon. It is on the point of breaking wide open. Amalgamated will sell at less than half to-day's price (\$98). Let the holders of copper stocks paste this up."

Those investors who did "paste up" the Lawson prediction that the metal (then under nineteen cents) was going to "break wide open," and Amalgamated sell at \$49, must have concluded that if any Boston copper man had turned a "fool" and had lost his "jack-rabbit sense," that man was none other than the

two years before should have halted then, instead of a year later, as it did. The wise prophet was justified in advising, in February, 1906, the sale of railroad and industrial securities at the extremely high prices then prevailing. The dearth of money, because of the rapid expansion of business and speculation all over the world, and especially in this country, was becoming more and more evident. If the readjustment had begun then there would have been no panic in 1907; but some of the richest plungers in the market, men like Harriman, of the Union Pacific, went on buying stocks. True, there was a reaction during the first half of the year, and a temporary violent decline after the San Francisco earthquake in April, but, led by the Harriman Union Pacific party, the market went on up again.

Lawson kept right on shrieking, "Panic coming," but he had less to say about a crash in copper. After the February reaction in stocks, which carried Amalgamated back to \$100, Lawson continued to predict a violent panic. On March 20th he warned investors, "Don't have stocks on hand at fraud-made prices," but stocks went up; on March 27th, "Amalgamated's next dip from this price (\$108) should bring it down to \$85 or \$75," but it went up to \$115, and did not sell at \$85 until a year later, when Lawson was urging investors to buy it. In April came the San Francisco earthquake, but even with an earthquake to help Lawson, Amalgamated fell to only \$96. The earthquake saved the Lawson market pool, and, at the end of April, in an advertisement headed, "Panic Coming," the panic crier announced that the \$5,000,000 pool had been dissolved with a profit—not of 150 or 200 per cent., as he had predicted, but of sixteen per cent. The first pool of \$10,000,000 had been brought up even by the earthquake. This pool was continued and Lawson switched its panic discounting operations into Steel Preferred stock, then selling a little above \$100. "The handwriting is on the wall. The System knows the fall elections will ring the doom of the Steel Trust." On May Day Lawson published a half-page panic advertisement, "To the Investors of the World." He made this flat-footed assertion: "Any holder of Steel Preferred who sells at above \$100 cannot lose, and, when the crash comes, he will be in a position to buy four shares for the money he now receives for one." But holders of this investment stock, including the 50,000 wage earners in the steel mills who had put their savings into it, made no mad rush to unload. The stock held strong as a rock above par. (Even in the present panic, when old-line railroad stocks have been sacrificed at ruinous prices, Steel Preferred has been one of the bulwarks of the market.) In his "Wall Street Balloon," an occasional Lawson bulletin of prophecies, sandwiched between his newspaper advertising he printed this startling warning: "Hell in Steel. Make a note that I have said there is something on the way in United States Steel which will make the 'Crime of Amal-

prophet, Lawson, for Amalgamated, a few months later, was selling above \$121, and the metal rose rapidly to twenty-five cents, the highest price in more than thirty years. In mid-July, Lawson sent this bulletin from Dreamworld: "It is now just two weeks since I have given any thought to the market. A glance at the doings of that period tells me unmistakably that those helpless idiots of Wall Street, the sucker speculators who have been swallowing press-agent yarns for the past six months, are hanging on, grimly and desperately, while Rogers and the 26 Broadway crowd—the men who, six months from to-day, will either be in penal institutions or beyond the jurisdiction of the American authorities—are feeding out the last shares the market will take." And then, a day or two later, a final red-ink bulletin, "Slug 'Em! To My Friends of the Old Guard. We are going to have one of those rare killings you and I have seen before: General Electric, 119 to 15—104 points profit; Sugar, 92 points; Cordage, Tobacco, etc., 100 points. On every rally go at them fearlessly, knowing there is 50 points more in Amalgamated, an even 125 in Anaconda, 50 to 75 in Reading, 50 sure in Steel Preferred—and no possibility of being caught this time."

The "world-wide catastrophe of June 28" was only a dream.

The "crash in Copper" was only a dream.

The "hell in Steel" was only a dream.

Some More of the Great Bostonian's Dreams

Why, you ask, did this brilliant speculator, who had studied copper all his life, and who boasted of his intimate knowledge of the industry, put himself among the fools who had lost their "jack-rabbit sense" by predicting, at the beginning of the most extraordinary boom in the history of copper, that the market was going to smash all to pieces, and that the metal would sell "for all time below ten cents"? It is a curious story. In the spring of 1905 Lawson was asked by some leading English chemists and capitalists to investigate a secret process for making copper. A Glasgow investigator believed that he had discovered a way of obtaining copper from baser minerals, at a cost of two cents a pound. If he really had this great secret, it meant a revolution in the copper industry, for not one copper mine in a hundred could produce the metal at four times this cost. Two-cent copper would mean the bankruptcy of many hundreds of millions of dollars of copper mining companies. And it would mean the amassing of colossal fortunes by the fortunate men who exploited the great secret. It was an Aladdin's Lamp dream. Lawson scoffed at it when men came secretly from London to tell him about it. They believed in it; they believed that the world was on the verge of a copper revolution; and they wanted Lawson,

Don't Live 1909 in 1908

ORISON SWETT MARDEN

FEW people live *to-day*. Many live in the past, regretting their mistakes, lamenting their lost opportunities, or they live in the future, in air castles, dwelling on the wonderful things they are going to do, the things they are going to enjoy. Thus they miss the splendid present, with its magnificent possibilities for growth, enjoyment, and achievement.

Most of us look on to-day as a mere resting place, a stop-over point where we do not unpack our baggage but take out the few articles we need for the night and leave everything ready for the journey of the morrow. It is rare to find a person who does not feel that he is still *en route* to something beyond. The interest centers in something a little further on, not here.

There is always this "beyond." We are always getting ready for to-morrow, for the time when we are really going to live, when everything will be settled, and all wrongs righted, when we shall get out of discord into harmony, out of error into truth, when we shall get freedom from the things which annoy and shall be surrounded by our friends in the midst of comforts and luxuries. All our faculties and energies are focused on some distant picture; and when we arrive at the point where we thought attainments dwelt we shall probably find that the rainbow has moved on and is as far in advance as before. So multitudes of people impress us as always on the hunt for the real object of their lives, and as not yet having found it.

No one can do his best work while he is trying to live in the past or the future. He must focus his mind vigorously and persistently upon the present. Habitual dreamers of the past or of the future usually get a very small percentage of their ability into the practical in life.

That only becomes ours which we live, and, if we are habitually living old days over again or living in anticipation, we get very little out of the present.

One of the greatest delusions that ever crept into a mortal's brain, is that which robs one of the blessings, joys, and comforts of to-day either by regrets for the past, or the expectation of something better to-morrow. Our future is in our present.

Looking for some far-off glory, some future joy, some unknown happiness that may come, shall we lose the present joy of home and friendships, and the daily opportunities to do good and scatter flowers as we go along?

When we struggle to get away from the disagreeable routine and drudgery of the present, in the hope that we shall find, in a mystical future, freedom and happiness, we labor under a delusion similar to that held by those who think that, if they could only get rid of the thorn which pricks at the moment, or of the gravel in the shoe, they would be happy.

Yet how do we know that they who do not laugh to-day, will laugh to-morrow? If the enjoying faculties are not used, will they not wither and atrophy? If we do not cultivate a habit of enjoying as we go along, that portion of our brain-cells in which the faculty of enjoyment centers will shrivel and decay, and we shall soon lose the power to enjoy, just as Darwin lost his passion for music because he did not exercise it as he went along. He thought he would take it up again when he had the leisure; but, *when the leisure came, the power had gone.*

Everywhere we see men restless in their business, pacing their stores or offices,—like animals in their cages, which dream of liberty in the jungles or the forests,—dreaming of the glorious future, the freedom and the happiness which wealth will bring. In the meantime, they thrust from them and pass over, without appreciation, the little pleasures and enjoyments that are within their grasp each day as they go along.

If we could realize that only the present is real, that only the present exists, or ever can; that there is really no yesterday or to-morrow; that we can never be certain of anything but the moment we are living in; that we cannot project ourselves into the future, nor can we step backwards; that there is only *one eternal Now*—and that the years, the months, the days, the minutes are mere arbitrary divisions of the eternal Now,—if we could only fully realize this, how it would multiply our power and increase our enjoyment and efficiency!

People who live in

the present, and use it to the best possible advantage, who do not spend their time in regrets over their mistakes, or over what they failed to do yesterday, nor waste their energies in dreaming about the possible to-morrow, are much more successful and get infinitely more out of life than those whose gaze is always turned forward or backward.

Many people find it almost impossible to concentrate their minds with power on the present moment. They have dreamy natures, wandering minds, and they have allowed too many things to fight against their focusing on the present; there are so many confused images in their minds that to-day slips away from them before they weave it solidly into their life-work, for they have only put a tithe of their energy and their efforts into it.

If they waste a large part of their precious energy and time, living in the past, brooding over their mistakes, castigating themselves for not having done better, or if they anticipate the future in dreaming, they have little left for the living, ever-present now.

Could we let the yesterdays and the to-morrows take care of themselves, we could do something worth while.

* * * * *

I know a young lady who has a very pleasant though modest home and a comfortable income, but who never seems really to enjoy anything she has. There is always an absent-minded, far-away look in her face. She is always thinking of others who are better off than she is, lamenting that she cannot afford this or that, always comparing herself with those who are richer. She does not take much interest in what she actually has, but lives dreaming of better times, a better home, a larger income, and more luxuries; dreaming of the time when she can travel and live in ease, freedom, elegance, and luxury.

It is a great art to learn to extract the most out of our own.

Many people go through life dissatisfied and unhappy because they do not have what their neighbors have. They allow themselves to be constantly nettled by comparing themselves with others better off.

About as poor business as one can engage in is that of going through life with one's eyes so fixed upon what others have, that he cannot enjoy or appreciate his own.

Everywhere we see prosperous people who are making a great deal of money, and yet they are dissatisfied, discontented, unhappy, restless. They rove about from place to place, trying to find pleasure in this thing or that, but are always disappointed. They think that, if they could only get somewhere else than where they are, could only do something else than what they are doing, if they could only go abroad, travel over different countries, in a touring car or in an automobile, they would be happy. Their eyes are always focused upon something in dreamland instead of something in the land of reality.

What Constitutes

Real Happiness

They mistake the very nature of happiness. They put the emphasis on the wrong things.

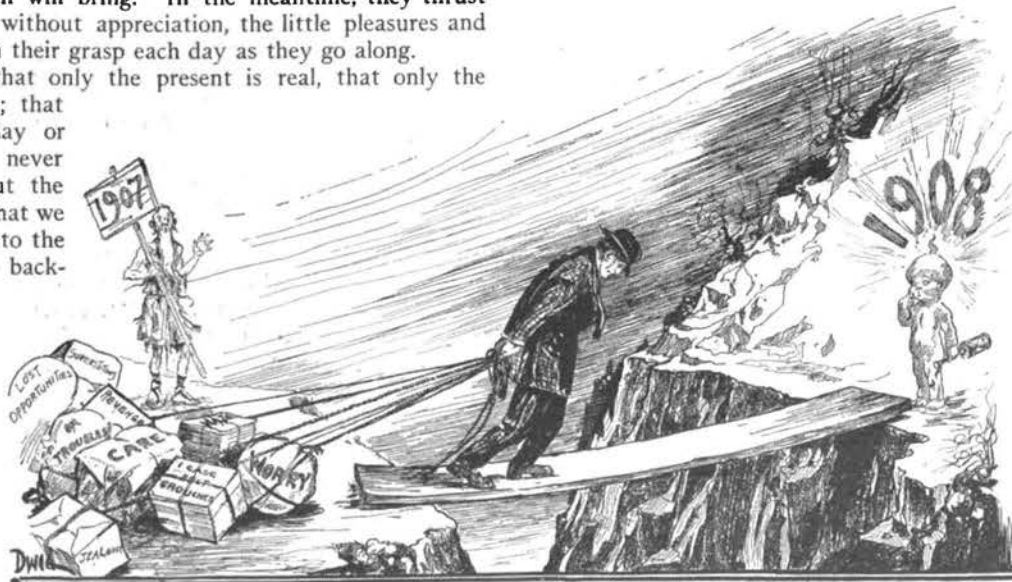
The secret of happiness is not in your fortune, but in your heart. It does not consist in having but in being. It is a condition of mind.

Real happiness is of such a nature as to satisfy us day by day as we go along, now or never. Like the manna which the children of Israel tried to hoard, if we try to keep it for to-morrow it spoils. There are men everywhere who can see ease and usefulness to-morrow, not to-day. The opportunity for doing good they are too busy to attend to to-day. They will neglect friendships to-day, social duties to-day. They postpone all little charities, because they are going to make some great donation when they get a little further on, and have a little more money.

What pitiable failures we see everywhere,—unhappy men who have gained wealth, which they thought would be the solvent of all their woes.

Most men seem to think that when they once get their fortune they can change their

[Continued on page 41]



Taking All His Old Friends Along with Him

PREVENTING THE NEXT PANIC



By David
Graham
Evans

EDITORS' NOTE.—The country is rapidly recovering from its recent attack of "nervous prosperity." Many remedies have been suggested, should a panic come again. We present herewith one of the most practical ideas that has come to our attention, fully believing that it should be adopted by the United States Government.

FEW men agree as to the real basic cause of the recent money panic. In fact, there were so many causes, every one contributing, as it were, to the general result, that it is indeed difficult to know the one that traveled with most force. One gathered up the other, reinforced by this and that violation of good, sound, old business laws and principles, until with a mighty force our financial system was struck by a combination that tore it from its very foundation, and out of the wreck came the loud and most earnest demand for honest financiering.

Mr. Plain Citizen was the first to hear the demand, and the sins of the past became understandable to him. As a result, he simply locks up his money, until the panic fear wears away and business and finance resume their functions.

The honest banker who has not felt the thrills of manipulation, bad loans, and speculation, and does not want to, takes the same course as Mr. Plain Citizen. He forthwith draws on his correspondents and increases his reserve from 25 to 50 per cent. The result everybody knows—a currency famine. Every man of influence, from the President down, gives voice to one thought, one creed, and one cure, as if it were not obvious to all thinking men that confidence would start the wheels of commerce with a speed that our flourishing country demands.

You are everywhere advised to return your money to the channels of trade. If you never before knew that dollars, real dollars, are the blood corpuscles of trade, that it is the circulation of these corpuscles which makes trade possible, that any impairment of this circulation affects every one of us, I will venture to guess that you know it to-day. Will you act on the advice given? Will this great obligation to your country pull you back to the bank with your money? No; not until popular confidence is restored, because you are only human. And, being human, won't you withdraw again at the first thought of distrust? Yes. So confidence must be permanently restored in order that trade may have your money indefinitely. So long as you can convince a man that his money is safe in the bank he will let it stay there.

Safety Dependent Upon One Man

We saw during those closing days of October the giant figure of one man towering above the mad scramble in Wall Street, the figure of J. Pierpont Morgan. At a time when bankers were paying out millions upon millions of real dollars every day to the persistent line that passed the windows of the paying tellers, when stocks were crashing on the Exchange, when the money rate had bounded up to 100 per cent. and cash was bought and sold at a 4 per cent. premium, Mr. Morgan took the helm. He spent his days in directing the battle against fear, his nights in counsel. Not only the bankers, but also the whole country looked to Mr. Morgan for relief. His authority was that of a general in command. The Secretary of the Treasury, himself a master mind, sat at his desk in the United States Sub-Treasury, across the street from the Morgan office, listened to the reports of the aides who passed back and forth, and released the reserves at Mr. Morgan's call. It was a great fight, ably conducted, well won. The bank runs were checked. The falling stocks were steadied, money tumbled down from 100 per cent. to 10 per cent. The nerve-racking situation was held in hand while \$60,000,000 in real gold was rushed across the Atlantic and poured into the arteries of commerce.

But admitting the heroic quality in Mr. Morgan's work, is it not extraordinary that this task of saving a nation from disaster should have fallen to an individual and not to the government of state or nation? It was not the Comptroller of the Currency but a committee of fellow bankers that made the effort to straighten out the affairs of the doubted banks and avert future trouble—an effort that failed. It was not the State Superintendent of Banking but J. Pierpont Morgan who dictated terms to the officials of the doubted trust companies. Suppose that Mr. Morgan had been sick, or that he had chosen to cruise on his yacht, was there another man in the financial world whom the public and the papers would have trusted as they trusted Mr. Morgan? In the want of a governmental banking control, which would make such disasters unlikely by imposing and rigidly enforcing penalties for unsafe banking (which

means handling unsafely the money of Mr. Plain Citizen), are we to trust to luck that a J. Pierpont Morgan will always turn up in time of trouble? And at that, even Mr. Morgan, with all his army of financiers and his coöperating government, was unable to go to the root of the trouble. He was unable to restore popular confidence in the banks. He has done nothing to make the next panic impossible or unlikely.

It should be plain that real money, when it is in the safe deposit vault, or in the stocking, or in the bank reserve, is not of the slightest immediate use to anybody. And yet the vault, or the stocking, or the bank reserve, is precisely where the bulk of the real money will always go when the plain everyday citizen loses his confidence in banks. On November 18, President Roosevelt and Secretary Cortelyou took an extraordinary step in the hope of solving this extraordinary problem. They announced the issue of \$100,000,000 in 3 per cent. treasury notes. Why did they take this step? Perhaps because Mr. Plain Citizen has confidence in the Federal Government. He could only obtain the treasury notes by exchanging some part of his real money for them. As soon as real money begins to reappear from the vault and the stocking, the banker loses his fear and begins to "loosen up" his reserve hoardings. The real money flows back into the channels of trade, the wheels of industry revolve again, the panic is over. But Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Cortelyou have done nothing to make the next panic impossible or unlikely.

Government Insurance of Deposits

Now there was tucked away, in the back pages of the December issue of SUCCESS MAGAZINE, a brief communication from Mr. C. E. Bickel, which contained what has impressed many thoughtful students of the money problem as a specific cure for such an ailment of our national circulation as this latest and most remarkable of our panics. Briefly put, this is the plan. Most of us will find, if we will look into the back of our minds, where lies that jumble of vague notions and impressions which govern many of our semi-conscious actions, that we have always supposed that the Federal Government stands, in some unexplained way, behind the national banks. But when, as comes about now and then, a national bank gets into trouble, and we look around behind it, the Government does not seem to be there. If the bank's assets were sufficient, we get our deposits back in due course of time; if the assets were not sufficient, we do not get our deposits back; and that is all there is about it.

The new plan is that the Government *should* stand behind the national banks and protect the depositors. Paternalistic? Wait a bit! This is the only great civilized nation in the world in which the Government does not, either by postal savings banks or by some other governmental device, directly protect the savings of the people. It would seem no more paternalistic to give an effective guarantee to depositors in national banks than to give an ineffective guarantee, as at present. Bring the banks into politics? Wait again! This is not a plan to increase the power of the Government. You may call it government insurance for depositors in national banks; or, if you prefer, you may call it *the establishing of a safety fund to repay depositors in insolvent national banks*, and then you may say that such fund would be entrusted to the national Treasury as custodian. That is the plan.

In getting at the question of raising such a fund, we are confronted with an array of statistics which it is hardly necessary to go into here at length. Ten years ago, when this plan was struggling precariously along in the hands of a few far-seeing bankers in the Middle West, an interesting estimate, based on the report of the Comptroller of the Currency, was issued, in which appeared the following statement:

During the thirty-four years (1863 to 1896) covered by the comptroller's report, the annual average of deposits held by all the national banks was.....	\$1,537,500,000
And if during those years a tax of one tenth of one per cent. of the average deposits had been put into a safety fund for depositors, the total fund would have been....	52,275,000
Total loss to depositors deducted therefrom.....	33,691,128
Would give an accumulated surplus in the safety fund of,	\$18,583,872

[Concluded on page 40]

EDWIN MARKHAM'S EYRIE

EDITORS' NOTE.—This is Mr. Markham's own personal department. The opinions expressed in it are entirely his own. We have no voice in them. When we engaged Mr. Markham to do this work, we said to him, "We want you to write about whatever you please. We want your own personal views on anything that may come to your mind, even though they are at variance with the most closely

guarded policies of the magazine." We do not believe that any other magazine has given a writer so free a rein. Mr. Markham is one of the most intelligent thinkers and brilliant conversationalists in the United States. Hundreds of people journey to his home to listen to his discussions on timely affairs. We are glad that our million and a half readers will have this opportunity for a "conversation" with him.



Photograph by Gossford, N. Y.

EDWIN MARKHAM,

Author of "The Man with the Hoe, and Other Poems"

CLIMB up with me, friends and comrades, into my eyrie among the tree-tops. Here is half a year of happy trouble in the leafy nests, and half a year of naked boughs scribbled across the sky.

My eyrie home is firm on the high rock, up where the breaking East shines in. I have a window opening toward the sun: I have a chimney, too, that smiles across my room when the long rainy evenings come down upon the hills.

Come, friends, stand with me at my eastern window and listen to the voices of the morning; and when the dark shuts out the world, we will sit together at the chimney shrine, and warm our hands at the fire of courage.

I am an Optimist

COURAGE is one of the world's great words. It has molded the past with its deed, and it carries the future in its dream. If you turn your face from courage, if you stammer and falter before life, you will find scant fellowship at my fire, for I am an optimist to the marrow of the bone, and am a willing conscript in the long battle. Even when evil men sit in the seats of power, and when the fabric of society totters, I still have faith in the future; for I still have faith in the final victory of man over the evil he has created. Once during the dark days of the Civil War, Wendell Phillips was delivering a speech full of grim and hopeless omen. Suddenly Sojourner Truth, the eloquent negress, rose slowly in the audience and cried out in protest, "Wendell, Wendell, is God dead?"

I am with wise Sojourner in believing that God is very much alive. Indeed, I believe that the long purpose of the Great Potter cannot in the end be balked by these little potters that he has called out of nothingness.

Yes, I am an optimist, but not a weak optimist who sees no failure in life, and therefore sees nothing to mend. I am of the sort who feel that thousands of things have gone wrong in this big beautiful world; but who feel also that there is no wrong that cannot be righted. "There is something wild in the world," says Professor William James. Yes, but man can tame it, as he has tamed the gray wolf and the wild apple. Not only do I believe that human ills are curable, but also that they will be cured some day through the awakened will of man. Let us arouse that will; let us put into its clenched hand the sword of purpose.

"Whatever Is, Is Right"

THUS sings copybook Pope. But this stave is only a half truth. Yet it is a half truth; for whatever exists, has come about as the result of the Law that is at the bottom of all life. All is the result of law, the result of iron consequence. Things are this way as the lawful outcome of man's thinking and doing down the ages—as the inevitable effect of iron causes. All social and personal evils have sprung from law misused or unused. The law that blesses may also blast. The fire that warms may be a flame that burns; the engine that draws the load may wreck the train. We are in the world of the Imperfect, a world that it is our business to make perfect. So I would put a new edge on Pope's old saw and say:

"Whatever is, is right" and—wrong!

Theodore Roosevelt

I AM always scanning the political horizon for a glimpse of the men of inflexible principle. I am rejoiced when I see figures of courageous honesty like Bryan, Folk, La Follette, Charles A. Towne, Brand Whitlock, and Tom Johnson. Such leaders keep alive my faith in humanity and fortify my hope for the future.

As I look abroad, I see also the picturesque figure of Theodore Roosevelt, a leader whom I believe to be a man of fixed integrity. He may not always see the whole truth: he may not always do the wise thing. Yet I feel certain that he is moved in his doings by a devotion to the public welfare. His heart is with the people.

I am supported in this opinion by the fact that he has incurred the hatred of all the commercial rogues and political tricksters in the

country. They look upon him as "a dangerous man." He is dangerous to them and their whispered treasons. So is the gardener "dangerous" to the gophers gnawing the roots, and to the grasshoppers gobbling the leaves. The sure mark of an honest man is this: that he always arrays against him the associated villainies, and calls out the sneers and snarls of all those who are patriots for pay.

Creators vs. Corallers

BUT my heroes are not always to my liking. I am pained to find that President Roosevelt shows signs that he is under the popular super-

stition that our real prosperity depends upon financiers and capitalists. The New York "Sun," after foolishly charging our recent panic to the President's bold denunciation of business buccaneering, goes on to point out as "a hopeful sign" the fact that our "financiers and capitalists are to be welcomed to the White House in the next few weeks, in order to afford them the opportunity of making suggestions that may help the President in drafting his annual message to Congress." This is the only "hopeful sign" mentioned. We are not told that the builders and farmers and millers and miners have been invited—the men most needing prosperity, and doing the most to furnish the materials for it. These are the foundation men: why are they ignored?

In a just order of things, the producers of wealth would be given the first voice in the national council. Assuredly those who create the dollars should have at least an equal voice with those who corral the dollars.

Hail, Oklahoma!

NEW ZEALAND is the world's best object lesson of the excellent results of progressive politics. And now comes the new state Oklahoma, a close second to New Zealand in her rejection of antiquated ideas in government. New-born Oklahoma seems to have no more respect for obsolete statecraft in running present-day politics than for ancient stone hatchets in chopping present-day wood-piles. Indeed, Oklahoma might be supposed to be of the order of those who "speak disrespectfully of the equator"; for she implies that Jefferson and Hamilton didn't know all about the drafting of constitutions; and she flings off their outworn political precedents as she would their powdered perukes.

Some of the provisions in her new and radical constitution have much disturbed the comfortable moles of the political world. She prohibits the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors except for medicinal purposes. Conniving physicians with the easy "prescription" for the "thirsty" patient will be fined and jailed.—The old common law rule was, "The greater the truth the greater the libel"; but in Oklahoma that moss-hung maxim is now museumed for the eye of the curio-hunter. For in the new state the truth of the matter alleged to be libelous may be presented to the jury, and the man charged with libel may go free if the matter charged as libelous is true, and was written or published with good motives and for justifiable ends.—This young state, alive to the fact that the gristle of to-day is the bone of to-morrow, has determined to save the children from the blight of child-labor. So children under fifteen are prohibited from work in mills, mines, shops, and factories; and compulsory education is decreed for all between the ages of eight and sixteen. And here I must lift my hat and say, "A woman led the deed!" For the right of the child in Oklahoma was secured to it chiefly through the sleepless devotion of Miss Kate Barnard, now the Commissioner of Charities in that state.

When Oklahoma came to the corporations, she touched them on a live rib. This is the spear she prods with:

The records, books, and files of all corporations shall be at all times liable and subject to the full visitatorial and inquisitorial powers of the State, notwithstanding the immunities and privileges in this bill of rights.

Here is a bright spear of publicity pushed into the locked darkness where the criminal corporations plot their treason against the People. Honest men of course have nothing to fear; but the criminals are howling.

Perhaps, however, the most far-reaching thing in the new constitution is this assertion of the right of the state:

The right of the State to engage in any occupation or business for public purposes shall not be denied or prohibited; except that the State shall not engage in agriculture for any other than educational and scientific purposes and for the support of its penal, charitable, and educational institutions.

Here is a door open to endless possibilities in the line of government ownership and direction. If Oklahoma wishes, she may quell the oppression of a high-handed corporation by entering into competition with that corporation. It is in her power to laugh at Standard Oil and open her own state refineries; to shrug shoulder at coal barons and set to digging her own coal; to whistle at theater combines and run her own playhouses. This right of the state to mind its own business is made doubly secure by the adoption of what is known in progressive politics as the Initiative and the Referendum, the two powers essential to a real government by the people. In adopting these two safeguards, the people have reserved to themselves the right to propose laws and amendments to their constitution, and to approve or reject them, as well as to approve or reject all acts of the legislature.

Here is progress; here is common sense springing up as a national surprise. Of course these reasonable measures were fought to the death-hug by carpet-baggers, liquor-forces and shifty corporations; but the radicals were victorious three to one. So now for the first time in our history, the people of a state have asserted their right to fling a noose over the neck of the treasonable law-maker. More than this, they can examine the books of crooked corporations, and can starve them out by state competition. Indeed, it is likely that in Oklahoma the People will be felt as they have not been felt since the first clang of Independence Bell.

"Let God Arise!"

THE Ironsides of Cromwell went into battle singing, "Let God Arise!" In some such spirit did the New Covenanters of Oklahoma gather at Guthrie late in 1906, for the intellectual battle of their Constitutional Convention. The hills and prairies billowed to the far horizon with acres of corn and cotton land, and with leagues of pasture alive with flocks. The delegates gathered from the four quarters. There were farmers horny-handed from the plow; cattle-men dusty from the hoof-beaten ranges; pioneers sunburnt from their ranches in the low hills; men from offices and from schools—all with a determined look upon their faces. They came as men that carried memories of their struggle with the grim powers of the wilderness, and of their yet harder struggle with the more merciless powers of greedy corporations. Hovering about this band of yeomanry was a horde of shysters and lobbyists—the jackals and vultures of civilization. But there was everywhere in the gathered host of patriots the fire of an aroused moral passion. Even to read of it stirs the soul.

The last days of the convention draw near. Outside the great hall, the ground is green with the first leaves of 1907. There is hope in the world, and there is a hushed determination in the honest hearts of the young commonwealth. It is the day for the ballot on the Initiative and the Referendum; and the air is full of whispers that the "interests" have been bribing delegates. Dark looks are on the faces of the resolute farmers. They have fought boodle for years. Are they to lose their long battle on the very edge of victory? The hour has come for business. Hon. "Bill" Murray, the chairman, lithe and straight, thumps the table with his gavel. "Let the convention come to order," he cries. "Delegates, take seats: loafers and lobbyists, get out! We will begin by all singing 'Nearer, my God, to Thee.'" The delegates rise; the walls resound with the music of the old, triumphant hymn.

Such was the temper of the men who molded the fate of Oklahoma. Would to heaven that we had men of this fine temper to direct the fortunes of all the states!

How Long Our Legs Should Be

IN the Oklahoma Convention, religion seems for once to have got its feet down to the earth. This reminds me of a forgotten story of Lincoln. One day two artists in his presence were debating as to how long a man's legs ought to be—how long in proportion to the rest of the body. To resolve this doubt, they appealed to Lincoln, who answered sagely: "A man's legs ought to be long enough to reach to the ground!" This reply furnishes a good test of a live religion—it must have legs long enough to reach to the ground—to reach down into the every-day doings of man. The more a tree goes up into the air the deeper the roots should go down into the earth.

The Air-Ship on the Horizon

MAN is wonderfully and fearfully made; and wondrous are the dreams that are rising out of his mystic brain and taking form in our thronging inventions. We stand on the brink of unknown mysteries. The air-ship seems almost ready to dip into the silver spaces of our sky. Some day it will be here, and the wagon and the car will be set away beside the spinning wheel and the "prairie schooner." In the coming time I fancy that air-ships will be moored to our upper windows as gondolas are moored below the doorways of Venice. They will go darting to and fro over our heads like crows over a cornfield.

Melba's Voice Imprisoned

WONDERFUL will be the air-ship, but perhaps no wonder of the future will ever surpass what we already have—the gramophone or talking machine. The music we hear on the phonograph at the railway station sounds like the wheeze of asthmatic cats. But the music of the talking machine is almost as pure and clear as the human voice itself. It has caught into a kind of immortality the voices of many of the great singers of our time. Only yesterday I chanced to hear one of Madame Melba's songs reproduced through this miracle of mechanism. The machine, with its almost human genius, is indeed "wonderful," as the great Melba herself has said. This song that shook my heart was Victor Hugo's, "If my Verses Had Wings." The tones came fluting silverly, drenching the spirit with a rich delight. Have you ever heard this divine song as Melba sings it? It seems to be a voice out of another world—immortally beautiful!

The Poet in Politics

SWEEPING the horizon of events, I am happy to behold the rising figure of Dr. Edward Robeson Taylor, another honest man at the head of affairs. He has just been elected mayor of San Francisco, in spite of a confederacy of all the grafters and grabbers. Dr. Taylor is a poet, a scholar, and a man of strict honesty. I do not need to name his party ties. We need only to remember that all rogues are of one party, the Plunderers; and that all honest men are of the other party, the Patriots. When public thieves are besieging San Francisco, Taylor will stand like adamant. He will be worth more to the city than twenty battle ships.

Moulded Feathers

All sin is selfishness.
Emotion is the sail, reason the rudder.
Mere fact is less than truth: truth is fact plus the ideal that completes the fact.
Woman as well as man should have part in the world's political affairs; for government is only national housekeeping.

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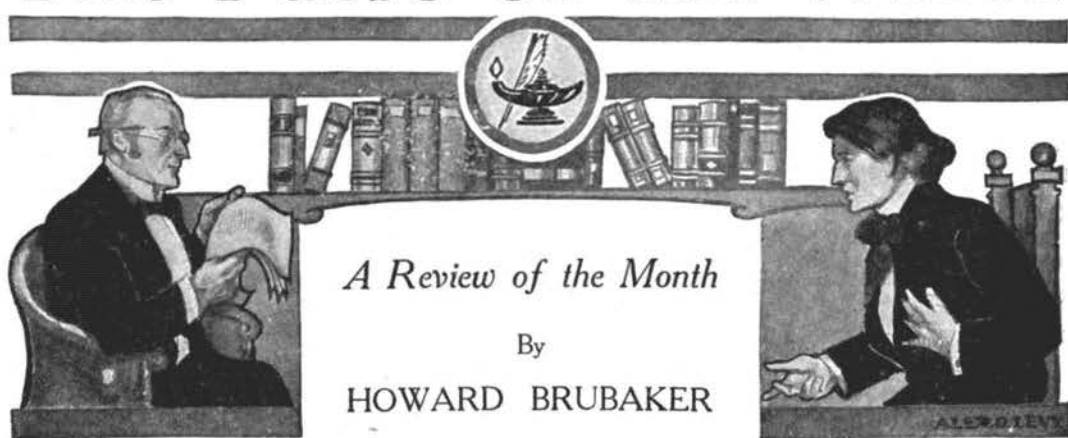
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The Pulse of the World



A Review of the Month

By

HOWARD BRUBAKER

Our Rich Uncle

THE President calls attention to the significant fact that in 1893, when the panic began, we had but \$161,000,000 in gold in the government treasury while we now have \$904,000,000. Ten years ago the circulation *per capita* was \$23.23, now it is \$33.23. We had hard times then because the country was poor; now the country is rich. The United States' total stock of gold is about \$1,600,000,000. There is no other government on earth that can approach this figure. Opulent Germany and prosperous France fall far behind; England is poverty stricken by comparison; Austria-Hungary has in her banks a beggarly \$236,000,000.

Uncle Sam's business is thriving. Every Saturday night he locks up a comfortable profit in the safe. The money is getting to be a nuisance. If he wished, he could pay off almost the whole interest-bearing debt with yellow chunks.

We do not always get the best use of our prosperous relative's money. Our currency system was made when the wolf was howling about the front door and the old man had nothing but car fare; it gets embarrassed at the sight of real money. But the capitalists will have to hoard very hard and the grafters will have to steal industriously and the laborers must loaf a long time before they can bring about a real panic in a country which is so shamefully rich.

The Hopeless Duma

WHEN the Czar of Russia convoked the third duma, he made it plain just what kind of a duma he wanted. Nobody who had any ideas of his own, who forgot the name of the supreme boss, or who ever uttered the word "liberty," even in his sleep, was allowed to apply for a job in the new parliament. There was to be no repetition of the outrageous conduct of the two previous congresses which had presumed to express opinions about their own government.

When the third attempt at a representative assembly met in St. Petersburg, the Czar told it how he loved it and how he was sure it would keep quiet and make no trouble, and that maybe it would last until spring. From its reply this amazing duma, by a large vote, struck out the word "autocrat" as incompatible with the emperor's promises of October, 1905. The monarchists left the meeting as a mark of their contempt and disgust.

It was a disheartening situation. Nicholas has been devoting his entire reign to convincing his people that he is an autocrat. By many touching little acts, such as burning villages and executing people who think aloud, he has endeavored to convince them that he is their "little father." For his own friends to misunderstand is base ingratitude. A people so obtuse can hardly be fit for representative government.

A Sidetracked Revolution

SOMEBODY who was so fortunate as to have a ten-dollar gold piece recently discovered that his country had carelessly left off "In God We Trust," from the new issue of that denomination. Thereupon an outraged and righteously indignant people (whose name we have forgotten) demanded to know the reason why the nation had suddenly relapsed into heathendom. A number of ministers of the Gospel neglected more useful work to "resolve" about it. When the President explained that he was tired of hearing comic weekly jokes and music hall parodies and campaign jibes at the expense of a noble sentiment, a lot of people despaired about his immortal soul. Papers organized symposiums on the subject. It was made clear by the country-savers that we would no longer collect the rent or pay the gas bill in a reverent spirit if the motto were dropped. Where formerly we had always trusted in a higher power, in transactions of twenty-five cents and over, unless we used paper money, now we were drifting toward the shoals of disbelief. Outraged and Righteously Indignant People would rise in his might. The administration was doomed.

But the revolutionists overlooked one important con-

sideration. The average city dweller will fight if the paying teller offers him gold. There are smaller communities that have not fondled a ten-dollar gold piece since the crime of '73. Nobody can get very much excited about a mythical medium of exchange. Mr. O. and R. I. P., himself, was so busy trying to wreck his bank by drawing out money, with or without mottoes, that he forgot to overthrow the government. Thus, somehow, the crisis passed. Thus another anti-Roosevelt revolution went to join the great silent majority.

Mr. Bryan Is Willing

THE announcement by William Jennings Bryan that he will listen to the voice of reason is apparently tantamount to a nomination. The Democratic Party will certainly give him the nomination for President. If it does not, if in its despondency it swallows another statesman of the Judge Parker type, it will provide the most notable case of ingrowing assassination on record.

For, in spite of his two defeats, Mr. Bryan is still the most popular man in his party. Wherever two or three Democrats are gathered together in one county, the praises of W. J. Bryan are sung. He has seen a great light on the silver question; his soul is no longer troubled by the fear of American imperialism.

Until the time is ripe, he is willing to keep the lid on the government ownership of railways, clinging desperately to the weatherbeaten idea that the trusts can be dissolved. Otherwise he is a person of progressive tendencies. He is an honest man; he has broad democratic sympathies. If, by some sort of latter-day miracle, he ever reaches the White House, the financial powers that be will never get beyond the front gate.

What better can the party of Jefferson and Jackson do for a living? Voting for a Southerner has never proved a profitable occupation; Folk, of Missouri, is a reformer, not a statesman. The party is not well enough acquainted with Johnson, of Minnesota, and is too well acquainted with Hearst, of New York. It must either choose Bryan and fight for it, or take William Stuyvesant Chanler and be gathered to its illustrious fathers.

A New Role for Kipling

UNOFFICIAL announcements from Stockholm proclaim Rudyard Kipling winner of the \$40,000 Nobel Prize for literature. This honor is designed for the writer who has "provided the most excellent work of an idealistic character" during the period. The fund was established in 1901, and this is the first time it has gone to an English writer, the previous recipients of the award being Sully-Prudhomme, Mommsen, Bjornson, Mistral, Echegaray, Sienkiewicz, and Carducci. In the opinion of the judges, Mr. Kipling must be the foremost writer of English to-day.

This is a judgment that will find hearty support in America, where we weep over Gunga Din and howl with Mulvaney. It is a current belief over here that Mr. Kipling is the author of the finest imaginative and descriptive prose that has graced our language in a generation, and that he is the real poet laureate of England. We are glad to have anybody give him a medal.

In the matter of idealism Rudyard Kipling's case is not so clear. There are people who might find it hard to reconcile idealism as conceived by the giver of the Nobel Peace Prize and Mr. Kipling's glorification of war and imperial conquest. To Kipling, however, glorification of directed labor and the spirit of service in the common interest as represented in the British army is the truest idealism. For the contrary-minded L'Envoi and the White Man's Burden are types of another kind of idealism. And nobody can deny Mr. Kipling's ability to work miracles with the English language.

Old Age Abolished

A HOMELY on right living is the life of Edward Payson Weston, the veteran pedestrian. The whole country knows how, at the age of sixty-nine, he walked from Portland, Maine, to Chicago, 1288 miles, in twenty-

six days. We read with wonder that he lowered his own record of forty years ago by twenty-nine hours. Almost incredible was the report that he swung into Chicago after a day's stroll of ninety-six miles!

What a triumphal march this youthful old man had; how the cities cheered him and the villages grasped his hand! With what pride each police force and fire department escorted him upon a little of his hilarious way across one third of the continent!

There is a lesson for everybody in the achievement of this plucky pedestrian who refuses to grow old. Abstinence and fresh air are his creed; exercise his cure for all bodily ills; sunshine his greatest care destroyer. The young man of to-day with his nervous life and his hard hours and his neglect of the physical might learn a lot from Mr. Weston. The man or woman preparing mournful countenances for the descent of the western slope can cheer up again. Weston's philosophy makes fifty the beginning of a long and useful life. In the light of his good-natured smile, Dr. Osler's theory fades away. Somewhere in Weston's three-score years of walking he must have come upon the fountain of perpetual youth.

Football and Brains

WHEN tender-hearted Public Opinion laid a restraining hand upon American football in the interest of safety, lovers of the game wasted a lot of good tears. Last year's radical change of rules has brought a lessening of danger, but it has produced also what only the wise old gridiron veterans foresaw, a revolution in the game itself. From a narrow, restrained battle of beef and brawn the great American college sport has become a free, open contest in which strength, skill, and ingenuity are blended. The bull has been invested with the cunning of the fox.

This revolution was not immediate, and it is not yet complete. In 1906, the forward pass, the onside kick, and all the moves permitted by the new rules were tried gingerly and with grave shaking of head guards. This year more of the teams adopted the new plays and used them successfully. There is still much to be desired, but no one who watched the tactful, ingenious, varied play of Yale, Princeton, or the Carlisle Indians last fall can doubt that the old game of football has sustained concussion of the brain, a wrenched kneecap, and a broken collarbone.

A Progressive Message

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT's message to the Sixtieth Congress is the best refutation of the charge that he is making an attack on business. This document is constructive rather than destructive in its recommendations; the measures suggested are the most progressive ones which are immediately possible in this country.

The President reiterates his previous statements as to the necessity of government regulation of large corporations. Centralization in business, he points out, requires exercise of control through the authority already centralized in the national government by the Constitution. The anti-trust law should be so amended as to forbid only harmful combinations of capital. He shows that the control of railways would be to their own benefit just as the pure-food and meat-inspection laws have benefited those industries.

Among the President's more important recommendations are: emergency currency for the sake of elasticity; tariff changes along business lines next year; income and inheritance taxes; federal inspection of railway equipment; extension of employers' liability for accidents and of the eight-hour day in government work; compulsory investigation of industrial disputes; a comprehensive plan for inland waterways; the reclamation of swamp and arid land and the preservation of forests; government retention of coal, oil, and gas fields and leasing to working companies.

They're Going Back

It is estimated that about 70,000 emigrants left America for Europe in the last week in November. Every east-bound vessel was loaded with apprehensive working men just as every west-bound vessel was seeking to allay apprehension by bringing in yellow gold. Alarmists who were not quite exhausted from their noble work of destroying confidence, found a new way to produce sleepless nights. In our balmy July weeks, they told us, we never welcomed so many Europeans: ten years of this thriving export business would reduce the population of the United States one third. Something must be done quickly to prevent our busy country from becoming a howling wilderness.

What the pessimists saw and failed to understand was an interesting example of the mobility of labor that comes with cheap transportation. When there was a letting down in industry, the husky Italians left us; as soon as we need them again they will break all the Ellis Island furniture in their rush to get back. Sentiment and the love of home or of freedom play little part in the economic struggle.

The situation is to be welcomed, not deplored. It presages the time when labor and gold and the world's goods shall flow freely and swiftly across national boundaries and over seas until they find needs to supply.



In the Scottish Highlands

"A friend and I were cycling through Scotland last Summer. We wheeled from Glasgow to the village of Luss, on Loch Lomond. It was raining copiously.

"Up a mountain road against the driving storm we pushed our wheels. Arrived at Stronachlachar we found the steamer we intended to take across Loch Katrine—was gone!

"We were compelled to go back "overland" on our wheels, and on the road became hungry as bears. No shelter was near.

"Down we sat on a streaming rock and ate Grape-Nuts. Fortunately I had bought a package at Glasgow "against a rainy day"—and here it was! We ate two-thirds of it and in the strength of that meal, pushed our wheels over the humpty-bumpty road in the rain 17 miles to Aberfoyle, and at the end felt no sense of "goneness" but were fresh as larks. I cannot imagine how we could have endured the journey without

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HON. WILLIAM J. BRYAN.

Whose address to stenographers is contained in "A Book of Inspiration"

Hon. W. J. Bryan to Stenographers

I AM here for two reasons, one a personal one and the other a professional one. First, I am here because Mr. Rose is interested in this school. He has been with me in two campaigns, and I have found him the most efficient stenographer that I ever came in contact with in my political career; and he has not only been very efficient, but he has been very faithful, and because he combines the element of skill in his profession and friendship as well, I am interested in anything that concerns him.

My second reason for being here is professional. I am interested in the profession for which you are preparing yourselves. I have had much to do with stenographers in the last ten or fifteen years and I have come to rely very largely upon the stenographer and typewriter. * * * I congratulate you doubly on being in a school where stands, as one of its heads, one in whom I have so much confidence, and second, on being in a school which is qualifying you for such large and such important service.—Extract from address of Hon. W. J. Bryan to pupils of Success Shorthand School. Full address given in "A BOOK OF INSPIRATION."

and the evidence of those who have found this to be true is given in such manner in this book as to bring the facts home to those who would succeed in the business world. Such notable successes are quoted as Hon. George Bruce Cortelyou, William Loeb, Jr., Edward D. Easton, president of the Columbia Phonograph Company; Benjamin Rosenthal, the great Chicago merchant, who attributes his success "to my knowledge of shorthand at the beginning of my career"; former Senator William E. Mason, Passenger Traffic Manager Charles S. Fee, of the Southern Pacific Company; Special Agent Frank E.



W. R. ERSFELD,
Assistant Secretary to U. S.
Senator Hopkins

CONSPICUOUS success by others is the best tonic for the ambitious. Who has not received inspiration from Lincoln the rail-splitter, Webster the saw-mill boy, Grant the tanner, and the scores of others who, with the mere instruments that God gave them, and which every one possesses, have overcome apparently unconquerable obstacles, and have found an honored place in our history? Those of steadfast purpose—which is a mere synonym for industry—who have made intelligent endeavor, have tasted of success limited only by their zeal and ambition.

And while success of others is an invigorator, a knowledge of the means adopted by those who have risen above the ordinary is of practical good, for it points out the path which others may follow in order to succeed. For this reason, "A Book of Inspiration," just from the press, made up of contributions from men and women who have won success through a knowledge of shorthand, cannot fail to create a thrill of inspiration in each reader, and, knowing, that by pursuing the same course as those who give so freely from their experience, success must result, it will act as an incentive to laudable endeavor.

Never before has there been gathered in a single volume so exhaustive a work showing the possibilities in any profession, and to those young men and women who have not looked into the great opportunities afforded, it will be something of a revelation. The convincing evidence contained in this book, given by those who have succeeded, demonstrates that as a profession, one can choose none better than shorthand, if that subject is studied in a manner calculated to yield the best returns. Hundreds of commercial stenographers tell how ability was secured which gave them an opportunity to enter the business world. Private secretaries to Congressmen, United States Senators, Governors, railway officials, bankers, millionaires and captains of industry, tell how they succeeded, and give sound advice to those who would follow in their footsteps. Court reporters—those men and women who earn salaries of from \$3,000 to \$5,000 a year, and even more, tell of their work and the methods adopted by them in order that those not informed of the possibilities in this line may secure information which will lead to their advancement.

The Commercial Stenographer's Opportunities

The opportunities in the business world afforded competent stenographers are fully set forth by those who have found shorthand the best stepping stone to executive positions in business houses. It has been shown that no other medium offers one such excellent means to study a business as does stenography,



LEE LA BAW,
Private Secretary to Railroad
Official

Nevins, of the rural free delivery at Washington; Theodore F. Shuey, the head of the official reporters of the United States Senate; Edward V. Murphy, James W. Murphy, and Charles Riordan, other official reporters in Congress, while more than one hundred contributions from others who have found a knowledge of shorthand of the greatest benefit, detail the methods whereby they secured the ability so necessary in order to attract the attention of those high in the business world.

Private secretaries to men prominent in the political and business world are men and women who, because of their ability as shorthand writers, are able to fill these responsible and remunerative positions. The work of George P. Mundy, the private secretary to Governor Claude A. Swanson, of Virginia, as set forth in "A Book of Inspiration," should give an impetus to each young man who would succeed, whether he knows shorthand or desires to begin the study to qualify for such a position. Then, too, the experience of Ray Nyemaster, of Atalissa, Ia., who, after devoting his spare moments for seven months to the study of shorthand, received the appointment of private secretary to Congressman Dawson, of that state, is given in detail. No less inspiring are the contributions from W. R. Ersfeld and L. C. Drapeau, who tell how they secured the ability to hold their positions as assistant secretaries to U. S. Senator Hopkins of Illinois, and U. S. Senator Perkins of California, respectively. In the railroad world, the private secretary

of to-day is the executive officer to-morrow. Roy Bolton, the nineteen-year-old private secretary to J. M. Dickinson, the general attorney of the Illinois Central Railroad, president of the American Bar Association, and counsel for the United States before the Alaskan Boundary Commission during the arbitration proceedings before that body, makes an interesting presentment of his experience; while Lee LaBaw, the young private secretary to the general freight agent of the same road, also gives the means which enabled him to succeed in this work. H. M. Mills, now the private secretary to the president of the Columbus, Memphis & Pensacola Railroad, was in Mexico when he studied shorthand, and his experience should serve as another inspiration to those who seek success. Then there are recitals by other private secretaries, among them being F. D. Kellogg, private secretary to John R. Walsh, the Chicago millionaire; Paul Cooke, private secretary to the business manager of the *Chicago Examiner*, and many others.

The work of the court reporters and the emoluments earned by these experts, as detailed in this book, will be astounding to those who have not investigated the subject. It is told by people who are in a position to know what they are talking about, and the prominence of the persons who write concerning this field of endeavor, precludes any doubt of the truth of the statements made. An article written by William E. Curtis, and first printed in the *Chicago Record Herald*, is reproduced, and shows the amazing sums made by the expert shorthand writers in the Windy City each year, one firm—that of Walton, James & Ford—doing a business of more than \$100,000 annually, while every competent man or woman counts his or her earnings by the thousands. An article taken from the *New York Sun*,



CARRIE A. HYDE,
Official Court Reporter,
Terre Haute, Ind.



S. S. WRIGHT,
Official Court Reporter,
Corydon, Iowa



W. A. EVERS,
Official Court Reporter,
LaCrosse, Wis.



MARY E. BLACK,
Shorthand Reporter,
Ashland Block, Chicago

INSPIRATION

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describing in detail the work of reporting the proceedings of the great Anthracite Coal strike commission by Messrs. Hanna & Budlong, of Washington, lasting but three months, and which paid the shorthand writers \$50,000, is also given. A page from the day book of James A. Lord, the official court reporter at Waco, Tex., is reproduced, showing that his earnings in a single month amounted to \$1,282, while Dudley M. Kent, of the little city of Colorado, Tex., made \$650.25 in one month. Then there are narrations of the methods employed, in order to become expert, by William F. Cooper, official reporter at Tucson, Ari.; George F. LaBree, shorthand reporter, Chicago, Ill.; Arthur J. Harvey, official court reporter, San Juan, Porto Rico; W. A. Evers, official court reporter, LaCrosse, Wis.; W. A. Murfey, shorthand reporter, Ashland Block, Chicago; John R. Slenker, official court reporter, Peoria, Ill.; Lane D. Webber, official court reporter, Aurora, Ind.; G. H. Harden, official court reporter, Hattiesburg, Miss.; J. M. McLaughlin, official court reporter, Wapello, Ia.; C. W. Pitts, official court reporter, Alton, Ia.; G. L. Elliott, official court reporter, Mason City, Ia.; S. S. Wright, official court reporter, Corydon, Ia.; George L. Miller, official court reporter, Ottumwa, Ia.; Joseph M. Carney, shorthand reporter, 624 Wells Building, Milwaukee, Wis.; E. S. Park, official court reporter, Portage, Wis.; D. P. Higgins, shorthand reporter, Milwaukee, Wis.; J. A. Lord, official court reporter, Waco, Tex.; D. M. Kent, official court reporter, Colorado, Tex.; Charles E. Pickle, official court reporter, Austin, Tex.; Oscar A. Swearingen, official court reporter, Lockhart, Tex.; Louis J. Crollard, shorthand reporter, Wenatchee, Wash.; N. C. Garbutt, court reporter, Fort Collins, Colo.; Charles E. Sackett, court reporter, Butte, Mont.; F. C. Eastman, official court reporter, Warsaw, N. Y.; E. C. Winger, official court reporter, Point Pleasant, W. Va.; J. H. Homer, official court reporter, Provo, Utah; R. L. Sanner, official court reporter, Decatur, Ill.; W. J. Fulton, official court reporter, Sycamore, Ill.; George Ball, court reporter, Grand Opera House Building, Chicago; W. C. Lindsay, shorthand reporter, Tacoma Building, Chicago; Paul Jaqua, official court reporter, Portland, Ind.; George L. Gray, court reporter, Louisville, Ky.; Clyde H. Marshall, court reporter, 60 Wall Street, New York; Walter S. Taylor, official court reporter, Duluth, Minn.; F. N. Steele, court reporter, Seattle, Wash.; Elmer G. Powers, shorthand reporter, Beaver, Ia.; F. E. Quigley, assistant official court reporter, Ypsilanti, Mich.; W. R. Hill, court reporter, Chicago; Oscar E. Swan, court reporter, Muskogee, Okla.; C. R. Linn, court reporter, Chicago; Earl Pendell, court reporter, Fort Smith, Ark.; H. R. Howse, court reporter, Chicago; J. B. Knoblock, court reporter, Chicago; all these, and many others, tell how they became expert in shorthand, and give advice to those who wish to prepare themselves for the best paid shorthand work.

The Work of the Court Reporter



A. J. HARVEY,
Official Court Reporter,
San Juan, Porto Rico

la.; F. E. Quigley, assistant official court reporter, Ypsilanti, Mich.; W. R. Hill, court reporter, Chicago; Oscar E. Swan, court reporter, Muskogee, Okla.; C. R. Linn, court reporter, Chicago; Earl Pendell, court reporter, Fort Smith, Ark.; H. R. Howse, court reporter, Chicago; J. B. Knoblock, court reporter, Chicago; all these, and many others, tell how they became expert in shorthand, and give advice to those who wish to prepare themselves for the best paid shorthand work.

The women who desire to enter the field of stenography, or who are now stenographers and desire to perfect themselves for the highest class of work, will find much of interest in the contributions from other women who are now expert court reporters, and who tell how they acquired the high degree of skill necessary to perform the most exacting work, and to receive the great emoluments earned by these experts. Of particular interest to women stenographers holding mediocre positions will be the contribution of Helen V. Stiles, who, one year ago, was a commercial stenographer, working for a small salary, and who is now the official reporter at Peru, Ind.,—a position paying in the neighborhood of \$3,000 a year. Similar to her experience was that of Miss Vivian Flexner, who perfected herself from a commercial stenographer to a court reporter in Portland, Ore.; while the advancement of Miss Eva C. Erb, of Ogden, Utah, Miss Mary E. Black, of Chicago,

Advice from Expert Women Court Reporters

commercial stenographer to a court reporter in Portland, Ore.; while the advancement of Miss Eva C. Erb, of Ogden, Utah, Miss Mary E. Black, of Chicago,

William E. Curtis on Expert Shorthand

It is estimated by those most competent to express an opinion that the court reporters of Chicago divide in fees about \$1,000,000 a year. One-half of this is paid them for regular reports of law suits; the other half for taking the proceedings of political meetings, lectures, conventions of all kinds and various outside work. This estimate does not include the earnings of the thousands of office stenographers.

Walton, James & Ford is the largest shorthand firm in Chicago, and does more business probably than any other general shorthand firm in the world. They occupy a suite of fourteen rooms, have six telephones, as well as telephone connections with all the court rooms in the court house, and employ thirty men and women. They do a business which approximates \$100,000 annually.

A large share of the reporting in courts is done by women, who are quite as reliable as men. It was a woman (Mrs. R. Howard Kelly) who was first appointed an official reporter in the Circuit Court of Cook County by Judge Murray F. Tuley, and he, without question, exercised his keenest judgment in selecting her from among the most competent.—Extract from article by William E. Curtis, in Chicago Record-Herald. Full article printed in "A BOOK OF INSPIRATION."



WILLIAM E. CURTIS,

Whose article on the earnings of expert stenographers is contained in "A Book of Inspiration"

Miss Carrie A. Hyde, of Terre Haute, Ind., and many other women court reporters, will give encouragement to the many ambitious young women who have heretofore regarded the court reporting field as one exclusively for men. Other contributions from successful women in the various branches of the shorthand business will tend to inspire the young women to take up this study, at which so many have succeeded.



HELEN V. STILES,
Official Court Reporter,
Peru, Ind.

Not the least interesting part of this book is the "History of a Successful School," which shows the wonderful work of the Success Shorthand School of Chicago and New York. Four years ago last September, the great court reporting firm of Walton, James & Ford—the firm which William E. Curtis gives the credit of performing the largest amount of shorthand work each year in the world, established this school for the teaching of expert shorthand to beginners and to stenographers who desired to become expert. Later, other expert reporters of national reputation became associated with them, among them being Mr. Frank R. Hanna, formerly of the firm of Hanna & Budlong, referred to by the *New York Sun* as the firm which made \$50,000 in three months reporting the Anthracite Coal Strike investigation. Another expert with the school is Robert F. Rose, the official reporter of the Democratic National Convention in 1900, and the reporter traveling with and reporting the speeches of Hon. William J. Bryan, during his two great campaigns.



EVA C. ERB,
Official Court Reporter,
Ogden, Utah

History of a Successful School

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Mrs. Curtis's Corner

An Intimate Talk with Young Women on Some Matters Not
Connected with the Routine of the Household



WE ARE facing a New Year. Stop and think what that means! New Year's Day stands for something a little different from any other first day of any other month in the year. It is more than turning over a new leaf, it is the opening of a new book, the first entry in a fresh ledger. It means stronger determination, new ambitions, higher hopes. When the year is growing old, one may look back sadly on ambitions unrealized or work undone, yet if life could be analyzed and measured up you would find the beginning with the New Year meant a great deal in help, in comfort, even in inspiration.

I remember once in childhood going to sleep one New Year's Eve in a quiet old country village where I was a stranger. The ringing of church bells awoke me. They were not pealing a call to church. They rang slowly and solemnly for a half hour; it was the waning of the year's last hour. Then the old sexton began to pull with all his strength. It struck twelve. The New Year was being ushered in. It was a merry, impetuous, heart-cheering jangle such as the solemn old bell indulged in once a year. Somehow that message of the bells reached to the innermost heart of a child. I lay in the dark thinking of how life might be made happier for other people, of how lessons might be more perfectly learned, of dull schoolmates who needed friendship and help, of a hundred things a child could do, in her own small sphere, to make herself and others happier and life more hopeful. That message of the bells was not quickly forgotten. Its echo kept sounding long after amid the grind of school work, the heedless happiness of play, and in the round of home duties. Sometimes the memory was a whip lash, sometimes it brought happiness for tasks well done and days made brighter by genuine effort.

ONE New Year's Day I found a business woman tossing aside old calendars and old wall texts—you know the things I mean, the up-to-date bits of strenuous advice which have replaced the faded "God Bless Our Home" mottoes. They run from such wise caution as "Don't Hurry; Don't Worry," to the silliest stuff imaginable. This woman covers the wall about her desk with such a medley of inspiration that my mind seems to get into a snare of perplexity, when I try to get something out of it. Still she assured me they help her infinitely. "I could not get through the day without them," she said.

PERHAPS it is because we editorial people want everything boiled down that my "inspiration" goes into one frame. It is contained in four lines but I have never found anything better, it satisfies and it does not get tossed aside with the calendar each year. I know it by heart, still every time I raise my eyes to it, I find something new, something hopeful, something which gives fresh courage. Here it is. You may find in it what I do:

"Honest endeavor is ne'er thrown away,
God gathers our failures day by day,
And weaves them into his perfect plan
In a way that is not for us to scan."

Do you want to know who wrote it? It is culled from no great poem, it came straight from the heart of a gentle, beautiful woman, who might have been a poet or a famous musician if she had chosen to make everything of her talents. She did not, however, she gave all her life, all her energies and heart to making the happiest spot on earth of a simple home. She worked harder than many of us do. She reared a large family, made a small income stretch to its utmost limit and left inspiration and love wherever she went. To-day her memory lives only in the heart of those who knew and loved her, but it seems to me I would rather go, leaving to the world this short uplifting quatrain than the most wonderful and inscrutable of Browning's poems. It is like "Home Sweet Home," millions have sung that song, loved it, wept over it, been cheered and comforted and helped by it, who never heard of Beethoven, Schubert, or Mendelssohn.

WITH Pin Money Papers recently came this item. "I wish to pass along an idea by which we made quite a nice little sum at our church Easter sale. Each woman

picked out a large department store in one of the great cities and sent for samples of fine novelty ribbons, silks, velvet, and laces. Every store sent us generous samples and we had a great collection of stuff. Our clever girls made the prettiest stocks and collars imaginable from medallions and bits of laces, while from silk and velvet the elder women turned out lovely pin cushions, hat-pin holders, sachet-bags, even sofa pillows. The beauty of it was we had perfectly fresh goods to work with, the latest novelties, and they did not cost us a cent."

Somehow, when I thought of that group of church women calmly sitting down to write for a lot of samples, without the slightest idea of using them in an honest way, it struck me as deliberate stealing. I don't believe one of them would rob her neighbor's clothes-line overnight, still I would rather not live in their vicinity. It was simply one of the unaccountably unmoral things women often do. I wonder if there was not a conscience in the crowd. Our great dry goods houses acknowledge they spend thousands of dollars a year on sample cutting, still it is a custom they cannot drop because the mail order business is growing bigger all the time. The merchant is wholly at the mercy of his customers, an envelope of samples may result in a hundred dollar order, or it may mean nothing but the gratification of a woman's whim for patchwork, and in the latter case it seems to me very like out and dishonesty. But to turn such stealings into a church treasury!

HUNDREDS of ideas which come into my department have to do with what women call "novelties," things made from stuff that would otherwise go into the junk barrel. They describe hassocks evolved from tomato cans, candy boxes turned into whisk-broom holders, empty spools gilded and be-ribboned to masquerade as table legs, bookcase spindles, key racks, tie holders, and goodness knows what. I wonder how many of our readers will uphold me for *not* using these ideas? My reason for it is, that such things are generally so ugly, so inartistic, so useless, that there is no excuse for their being. I have been in hundreds of homes that were completely disfigured by such stuff, either the "novelties" were faded and dusty or, if they were clean, it meant keeping one overworked housewife just a trifle busier. I should have liked to have packed them all out of sight and shown what a sweet, homelike, comfortable place the farmhouse living room was without them. Such gimcracks were not in keeping with homely rag carpets, cretonne cushioned rockers, the treasured old pictures on the wall, and beautifully braided rugs. Men have such a downright hatred for useless rubbish of this sort that I often wonder why women will persist in cluttering up a home with it.

FOREIGNERS talk of us as the most wasteful nation on earth. We are, in some ways; but it is not waste to throw away such things as empty spools and tomato cans. Indeed, I never heard of but one really sensible use for old cans, that is in Alaska where the poor half-frozen natives beat them into shingles to protect their wind-swept dwellings. But talking of false economy, a woman asked me the other day about some way to preserve fruit so it would keep in cracked glass jars. I suppose she could convert all her fruit into jam, by the use of about three times as much sugar as canning demands. Only, the price of the extra sugar required would have bought new jars and one tires of a whole winter of jam! Cracked glass jars are good enough for dry groceries, this is one more case of where economy is waste.

AMONG the most intimate letters which come to me are those from women telling the same pitiful story of husbands who are kind enough, indulgent enough in all but one thing: they dole out money so penuriously that life is almost intolerable.

"I don't care," writes one woman, "if you print what I say. I believe if my husband read it he might see my situation in a new light. I can run bills at three or four stores, so he can't understand when the children and I are well fed, well clothed, and well shod, why I should want money for anything more. He even keeps me liberally supplied with street-car tickets, but for weeks at a time I have not a single coin in my purse. He pays the hired girl \$4.00 a week every Saturday night. Oh! if he could only understand how poor I feel when I find the bills she lays carelessly—anywhere. Occasionally, as in every household, there are weeks between the going and the coming of a servant. Then I do all the work, but do you suppose I ever received four dollars on Saturday night? Never. I don't know what I should do with such wealth. I do not debate the subject with my husband. I used to, but it meant so much unhappiness and misunderstanding that I keep silent now. The misery of it is, my case is not a lonely one. There are thousands, tens of thousands of women, joined for life to husbands who are neither cruel nor really stingy, but who cannot comprehend why a woman feels like the meanest thing in creation when she is utterly penniless."

FREQUENTLY a minister gets together an audience of "men only" and preaches to them on salvation, honesty, morality, all the old subjects which have been threshed and rethreshed since the time of the prophets. I should like the chance of a talk to "men only," to the sort of men who pay all their employees except the faithful, loyal, hard-working wife. She gives a lifetime to bearing and rearing children, to making home the blissest spot in the world, and she does it for love, not for money. Where could these men find any other human being willing to work for such wages? Money in itself means little to the woman who wrote the letter I quoted. Doubtless she would use it wisely and carefully; it is not wanted for the gratification of selfish whims. Coin of the realm would stand to her for the token of a husband's trust in her wise stewardship, for the tangible share of a life partnership. It would mean the self respect no human being can possess who walks the world with empty pockets.

I WAS waiting once in a city prison to see the police matron. She passed through the room leading a woman whose face was full of shame and misery. I asked the matron about her, for the prisoner was not of the everyday breed of "jail birds."

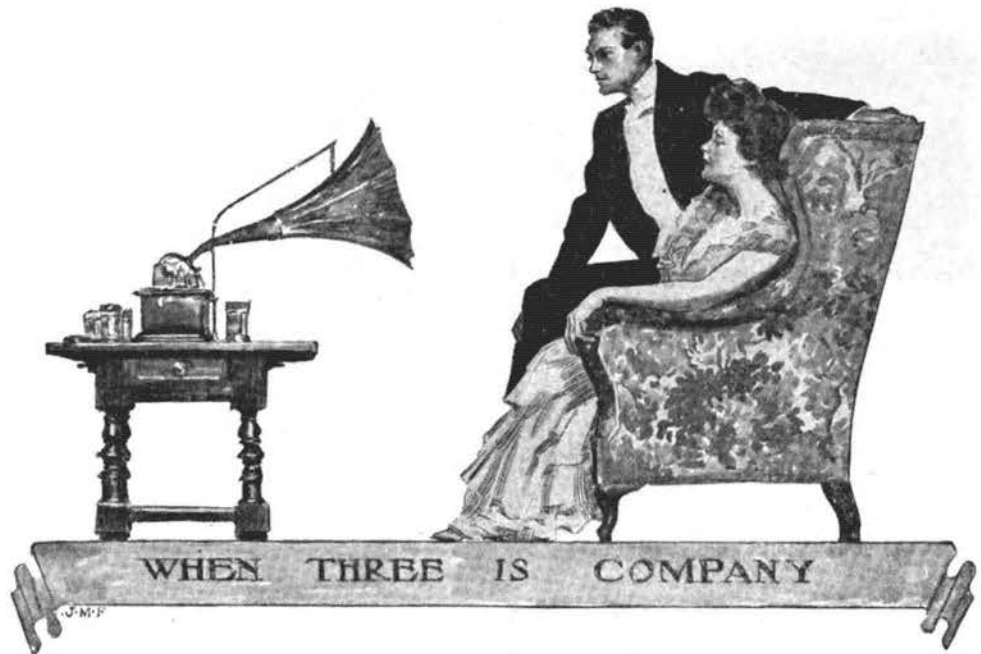
"Her story is as sad as any I ever heard," said the matron, gravely, "though every day of my life is spent in listening to tales of misery and sin. I knew that woman in her girlhood. I used to watch her trip past to school, the gayest of a group of happy children. Her home was a simple one but full of love and happiness. When she was seventeen she went to work in an office. She was so bright and efficient that at twenty she was earning a larger salary than most girls of her age. A few years later she married and people said she had made a good match. She had a fine home on the outskirts of the city. Yesterday she was brought into court charged with stealing money and jewelry from a room at the Hotel Royale, and I was shocked enough when I recognized her. I sat up till midnight trying to quiet her, for she was half insane with horror and misery. She told me her story. The man she married was kind enough and gave her all she needed as well as a good home, but he did not understand how a woman wants to be treated. He never gave her money. In girlhood she had always had her own earnings and spent them as she pleased. She could not bring herself to ask her husband for money. She grew bitter and unhappy and reckless. She began to pick her husband's pockets at night when he was asleep. He did not miss small coins, so she grew bold enough to take bills. When he discovered a loss he never suspected her. Her pilfering seemed to grow into a habit, a passion. Her husband grew too careful to carry much money about with him, so she stole from other people, from friends who never dreamed of her being a thief. At last came discovery, punishment, retribution. You saw me yesterday leading her away to serve a two years' sentence. Her husband came. She would not see him. She sent me to tell him her story. I shall never forget the horror that seemed suddenly to age his face. 'God!' he whispered. 'She never told me. If I had only understood! It's too late now.' There's many a woman like her," said the matron, "and many a man like him."

WHEN a girl gives up her chances of wage earning and goes to make a home for a man, if she is n't worth a servant's wages, she is n't worth marrying. There are thousands of women just as proud as this one who went down hill, too proud to ask her husband for a dime. After a term of facing the world in a penniless condition a woman loses her self respect, then, with self respect gone, who can foretell her future?

A Rejection Slip

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The Editor's Chat

Triumphant American Optimism

OPTIMISTIC philosophy is the dominant note in American life. It permeates all classes. The grumbler, the calamity howler, the predictor of evil, the man who thinks that the country is going to the dogs, and that American institutions are deteriorating is the exception, not the rule.

Who can ever estimate what we owe to that splendid wave of optimism which has swept over this country since the panic.

Everywhere we hear strong business men talking optimism, trying to reassure the people, cautioning them against the fatality of spreading the pessimistic note.

The optimism of the press has had a wonderful effect on the masses, especially the ignorant and the timid. In Chicago, especially many of the business and social organizations have done a splendid work in allaying the fears of the people.

If the recent panic had occurred twenty-five years ago, it would have been very much more serious. People were much more pessimistic then than they are to-day. The leaven of optimism is working a marvelous change in our people. We are more hopeful, more confident.

There are not so many people to-day as there were formerly, who believe that things are going to the dogs. We have more faith in ourselves, more faith in our country, more faith in that great creative principle which finally rights all wrongs, and which, in spite of all disaster and seeming wrong, finally brings harmony out of discord.

Our people have unbounded confidence in America's future, and this vigorous American optimism will ultimately make any very extended financial panic impossible. Our resources are too vast, our people too gritty, too resourceful, too inventive, too determined, too hopeful, to long be materially affected by any financial disturbance.

Nowhere in the world is there crowded together such untold resources, such vast unexplored wealth, as in this country; and nowhere else have the inventive, resourceful faculties of man been developed to such an extent as here in America. And better than all this, is the fact that the hopefulness of the individual matches our national optimism, for here no youth is hampered or manacled in his race for success. His only limits are in himself.

We have as yet scarcely scratched the surface of our vast resources. Even during the recent panic we knew that the confidence of our people as to our future greatness and grandness was not shaken in the least. Everyone knew that it was only a temporary storm; that behind it the sun of American progress and enterprise was shining and would soon dissipate all the clouds.

Running all through the American people, is a great underlying philosophy of optimism. *Hope, not despair, carries the American banner.*

Business Panics Make Merchants

I HAVE traveled through a Western town the day after a tornado. Only a very few giant trees and a few of the staunchest buildings on solidest foundations remained standing. Only the strongest things had been spared. All of the saplings and trees weakened by age and rotten hearts, all of the weak, flimsy, temporary buildings had been swept away by the tornado's terrific force.

It was a splendid illustration of the effect on men of a great financial panic, in which only the fittest survive. The weak, and superficial merchants, those with little capital, and without great mental resources and character reserve, those who had not fought their way up from the bottom, but were boosted into their positions by influence or wealthy fathers go down. Only the giants and the stalwarts, the men with stamina and grit, ultimately survive.

In good times, when everybody is making money, men of ordinary ability can do business; but only the giants survive hard times and great business panics.

The tornado panic which has just passed over this country, has swept away some of the weak men, those who were not well-grounded and rooted in business principles and integrity. Many mushroom merchants and other poor business men have gone to the wall, but the wise man will benefit from the lesson of this panic.

Look Forward

DO NOT tell your troubles this year, because the fewer people who know of the things that have handicapped you the better it is for you. You will then be spared the influence of the unfortunate suggestions which your hard luck stories make upon other people's minds.

Then, again, every time you repeat the story of your misfortunes, your troubles, your trials, your failures, you etch the dark picture a little deeper in your own mind; make a little more real to you what you ought to erase forever. What cannot be cured should be erased forever. What cannot help us, what can only hinder, should be forgotten, discarded once for all.

Many people hang on to their old troubles; they cling to their old sorrows and misfortunes, and their failures, their past sufferings, until they become a terrible drag, a clog, a fearful handicap to their progress.

The only thing to do with a bad piece of work, with an unfortunate mistake, with a sad experience is to let it go, wipe it out, get rid of it forever. Never allow the hideous image to come into your presence again to mar your happiness or sap your strength.

It is a good time to resolve that whatever has happened to you in the past, which has caused you unhappiness, which has disgraced you, which has made you think less of yourself, and made others think less of you, you will drop it, you will not drag it through the door of the new year, that you will lock it out with the old year; that you will clean house, that you will only take with you the things which can brighten, cheer, and help you.

Whatever else you resolve to do, determine that nothing shall enter the door of the new year which cannot in some way help you add to your happiness, your efficiency. Resolve that you will leave all of the old enemies of your success and comfort and happiness behind.

Why will people insist upon clinging to the disagreeable, the unfortunate; upon dragging along with them such loads of fear, of worry, of anxiety; such loads of mistakes and blunders and failures and misfortunes? Why do they insist upon keeping the things alive which should be dead, buried, and forgotten?

No matter what slips you have made, no matter if you have made a fool of yourself this last year, forget it, blot it all out of your mind. Remember that every time you rehearse these unfortunate experiences you only revive the sad memories, and make them so much more real to you and so much harder to get rid of and to forget.

It is wonderful what a strange fascination one's mistakes, failures, and unfortunate experiences have for most people. I know people who seem to take a morbid delight in sitting for hours and thinking over the terrible things that have happened to them; rehearsing their old troubles, their misfortunes, their mistakes. A wound which is constantly probed never heals.

Do Not Decide Important Questions When Discouraged

I HAVE often heard people in mature life say, "If I had only kept on as I had begun, if I had only persisted in carrying out my ambition, I might have amounted to something and been infinitely happier."

Multitudes of people have led miserable lives of regret, with thwarted ambitions constantly torturing them, simply because, in a moment of weakness and discouragement, they turned back.

I know a number of talented young men and young women who went abroad to study music or art, and who returned home when they were discouraged and homesick, only to regret it ever since.

I have seen medical students with great enthusiasm, who became so disheartened by the drudgery in anatomy and chemistry and the revolting sights in the dissecting room, that they left college with disgust and went home, only to despise themselves ever after for not having the pluck to go far enough to know whether they were really fitted for a physician's career or not.

Young men often go to law school with the idea of becoming great lawyers, but, in trying to wade through Blackstone and Kent, they get completely discouraged and drop their studies, feeling that they are not cut out for lawyers.

Boys who have never been away from home before sometimes go to college and decide, during a fit of acute homesickness, to throw up the whole thing and return home. They usually feel humiliated ever after for their cowardice and weakness.

How many boys have gone back to their country homes from the city because of homesickness or discouragement, when, if they had held out a little longer till things brightened up, their whole careers would have been changed!

How many young writers and artists, and young people, learning trades, have given up in a moment of discouragement and gone into vocations against which their whole natures rebelled, and did not change later because they were afraid of being laughed at, or were not sure enough of themselves, or did not have sufficient confidence that they could hold out and would not give up again!

If there is any time a person needs nerve, grit, and

stamina, it is when tempted to turn back, when the coward voice within says, "Don't you see how foolish it is for you to try to do this thing? You have not the means nor the strength. How foolish to sacrifice years of comfort and pleasure at home among the people who love you for the sake of doing what you have undertaken! It is better to turn back and acknowledge your mistake than to go on and sacrifice so much."

Whatever you do, or how heavy the burden, do not lay it down at such a time. No matter how dark the way, or how heavy the heart, wait until the "blue" depression or the discouragement has passed before taking any decided step.

An important decision requires your best judgment, your soundest, clearest vision, your best sense. You cannot afford to make a turning point in your life when the world looks dark and everything looks distorted to you. The turning point in your career, the great decision should be made when you are at the top of your physical and mental condition.

Never take any important step in life, or make a serious decision, when you are "blue," or depressed, because your mood will warp your judgment.

When one is suffering with great mental depression or discouragement he is likely to take almost any step which will afford temporary relief, regardless of the greater ultimate good. Girls have decided to marry men, whom they did not really love, when they were suffering from some bitter disappointment, or from discouragement which made them doubt their ability to make a living for themselves.

Men are sometimes tempted into bankruptcy while suffering under some great temporary discouragement, when they might have pulled through and succeeded if they had only held on.

People sometimes commit suicide under acute suffering, even when they know that their trouble is only temporary and that they are sure to get relief. It is impossible, while suffering, to get the right perspective, to see things in their right relations. We cannot use our good sense, our better judgment, or a fine discrimination, when tortured on the rack of physical or mental pain.

It is a very difficult thing to be an optimist and to use good judgment in our decisions when hope is shut out of our vision, when everything looks dark and discouraging. But it is under such circumstances that we show the stuff we are made of.

The real test of a man's ability is shown in his power to stick to his task when everything goes wrong, and when his friends are trying to persuade him to give up, and telling him what a fool he is to try to go on when "fate is against him."

Inventors, discoverers, and most men who have accomplished great things in other fields, owe their success to the fact that they persisted when others gave up, kept going when others turned back, kept struggling on when there was no light or hope ahead.

Anticipating Work

WHEN Beecher was asked how he managed to accomplish so much with so little friction, he replied, "By never doing my work twice." Many people do their tasks a dozen times over in anticipation. They waste as much energy in thinking about their work in advance, in dreading it, in wondering how it will turn out, as in actually doing it.

For most of us, the actual day's work would not be so hard if we came to it fresh in mind and body, instead of weary and discouraged from dreading it, worrying about it, and anticipating the troubles which we are likely to meet in its accomplishment.

Anticipating our work, doing it over and over mentally beforehand, is fatal to the greatest efficiency. It cuts off a large percentage of our power.

Many business men, instead of relaxing completely when they retire at night, begin to plan and perform their next day's work mentally, anticipating in connection with it, all sorts of difficulties and troubles which never come. They go to sleep with a troubled, anxious mind, and wearing, grinding, exhausting mental processes go on during sleep. The result is that instead of feeling refreshed and vigorous in the morning, they wake up tired and exhausted.

These men ruin their minds for real creative work, and destroy their ability to grasp opportunities and seize situations efficiently. By constantly anticipating their business, thinking about it out of business hours, they lose that mental freshness and buoyancy of mind which make a man resourceful, inventive, and original.

Many people when they retire not only pass in review even the minutest detail of the work of the next day, but also go through the experiences of the past day in retrospect.

Doing work over and over before one really comes to it, has a very disastrous effect upon the disposition. It makes a man fractious, irritable, touchy. His nerves become unstrung; his mind loses its elasticity, its freshness and buoyancy. The constant strain upon his brain wears him out, and, before middle life he is an old man.

The man who locks his business in his office at night, who positively refuses to talk business or think business out of business hours, accomplishes very much more in a year than the man who is always doing his work over and over again mentally.

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Earning Money at Home



CAKE MAKING

By ISABEL GORDON CURTIS

I KNOW a woman who bought a home, educated her children and has to-day a comfortable bank balance, earned entirely by cake making. She lives in a city of 75,000 inhabitants, and I feel perfectly safe in saying that more than 1,000 of these people eat her cake every day. She began in a small way, being compelled, as so many women are, to care for a fatherless family. Her friends advised her to teach music, for she was a fine pianist, but she wisely realized that the city already had more than a sufficiency of music teachers. "No," she said, "my chance lies in the work I can do best. Music is a luxury; everybody wants cake."

She began by filling orders from friends who knew how fine her cakes were. It did not take long for her fame to spread, and in less than a year from the time she began work she had put a competent girl in charge of her housework. She added a kitchen to her house and engaged a man with a wagon to deliver her orders about town.

I will give you an idea of how her work is done. The kitchen, in which nothing is done except cake making, is small and exquisitely clean. At one end is built a long zinc-covered working table; behind it and below are cupboards which hold every ingredient and utensil required for cake. Everything is so conveniently arranged that no useless steps are necessary, and every labor-saving device is on hand. The finest of eggs and butter are used, as well as the best grade of everything else, and the great range with its capacious oven is the most satisfactory baker in the market.

Orders are taken every day for the next day's baking. They include every sort of cake, from delicious gingerbread to expensive pound cake. The cake maker does every bit of the work herself, from measuring to baking. She trusts nothing to a helper except dish washing and tidying. Her success is chiefly due to the fact that she does the work herself, and it is well done. Her daughter relieves her of bookkeeping and marketing cares, and all her energies are devoted to turning out the finest cake possible.

After a cake is made, coated, and frosted, it is daintily wrapped in paraffine paper and neatly packed in boxes—round, square, or oval, according to its shape. On each box is printed the address of the cake maker, also a list of her output and prices. These prices are not cheap—they could not be cheap with the materials used. It is not the people who care for cheap cake that buy it; still she makes an excellent profit on her work, because she is a skilled buyer. She purchases sugar by the barrel, flavorings, fruit, and extracts at wholesale prices, and firkins of butter from a creamery, while she takes the entire product of one henner. She is constantly adding to her "cake repertoire" new dainties. She fills orders for the most artistic of wedding, birthday, and Christmas cakes. She puts up boxes of goodies for boarding-school treats, has a large trade in church-social cakes, and is steadily finding that her popularity is increasing.

People have urged her to add pie, bread, and doughnuts to her bakery list. "I can't do it," she says; "my cake customers now take all my time and energy, be-

sides there is nothing I can make as well as cake." That is the secret of her success.

Her story is simply an incentive for other women thrown upon their own resources. It

may be some time before they can achieve the conveniences with which she has surrounded herself, only no one could begin work on a more economical, or humble scale than she did. Still, to each cake maker can come equal success if she will carry out the same rules this woman makes imperative.

Here are some of them: use nothing but the best of materials; have a scale of excellence, and never drop below it; fill every order, no matter how "finicky," exactly as it is given; send out goods neatly and securely boxed, and, above all, work upon a strictly cash basis.

Now, for the knowledge of cake making, which is essential for every one who would succeed in this line of work.

When it comes to learning how to make cake, if one has mastered the art of measuring, mixing, and baking there are only three cakes you have to know—sponge, butter, and fruit cake.

The Formulas

Every other cake among a hundred recipes belongs to one of these classes, and there is only a slight variation in its being richer or plainer, differently flavored, or—differently named. When children are taught cake making in a cooking school, the teacher tabulates for them on a blackboard quantities and directions, something after the fashion illustrated at the bottom of this page.

It seemed to me such an excellent method, that I printed in black ink, for my own kitchen, a large card, holding recipes of all the cakes that are favorites in our household. It hangs over the baking table, and it has saved maids, as well as myself, much time in looking up recipes. I left some space at the bottom, and, occasionally, to it are added new and good recipes.

One of the most important things to learn about cake making is to begin by having all the utensils and ingredients on hand. The cake process will not wait, if you have to search for things. A half-beaten batter will fall flat before you are ready to attend to it again. Make up the fire, so the oven will carry you through the baking process for at least an hour. Have the flour sifted, pans greased and floured, the eggs separated, and everything ready to work with. Let us think of the utensils, which to-day an up-to-date cooking school demands for cake making. There is a bowl for beating the batter. I prefer the white enamel bowl to one made of yellow earthenware, partly because it is light enough to handle easily, then it is unbreakable, and it can be kept beautifully clean. This bowl must be deep and narrow



Fruit cake



Wedding cake



Loaf cake



Fancy cakes

NAME OF CAKE	BUTTER	SUGAR	EGGS	MILK	FLOUR	SODA OR BAKING POWDER	FLAVORING	MOLASSES	FRUIT
Loaf or Layer Butter Cake,....	$\frac{3}{4}$ cupfuls	2 cupfuls	4	1 cupful	$3\frac{1}{2}$ cupfuls	5 teaspoonfuls baking powder	1 teaspoonful vanilla
Sponge Cake,....	1 cupful	4	1 cupful	1 tablespoonful lemon juice
Dark Fruit Cake	$\frac{1}{2}$ cupful	$\frac{3}{4}$ cupful brown sugar	2	$\frac{1}{2}$ cupful	2 cupfuls	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful soda	1 teaspoonful cinnamon; $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful allspice; $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful mace; $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful cloves; $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful lemon extract	$\frac{1}{2}$ cupful	$\frac{1}{4}$ cupful raisins; $\frac{1}{4}$ cupful currants; $\frac{1}{4}$ cupful citron

enough at the bottom to allow the spoon to turn over the ingredients and do its work thoroughly. The deal cake mixing spoon is a wooden one, with a slitted bowl, just long enough for the top of the handle to reach your elbow. The old-fashioned spoon collects butter and sugar in a lump, while a slitted spoon is constantly driving the creamed mass through it, and that, of course, makes it lighter. The slitted spoon beats without any noise, and it leaves no black marks on the bowl. Then, for the other utensil, you will need a good flour sifter, cake pans which have been used long enough to become rather black—for new tin will never make a good crust—two glass measuring cups, a bowl, a Dover egg beater with which to beat the yolks of eggs, a large pliable Teller knife, a flat, wire egg whipper, which is called the Daisy beater, and a wire cake cooler, with feet which raise it high enough for the air to circulate around the cake and carry off the steam.

The only way *always* to have good cake is to stick to level measurements, as is taught to-day in all the leading cooking schools. The flour, sugar, butter, indeed, every ingredient, is leveled off perfectly flat with the Teller knife. Grease your cake tin with lard, or olive oil, using a butter brush (butter is not satisfactory for this, as it blackens the crust); then sprinkle flour inside the tin. Jar the pan lightly on the table, tipping it around so the flour will adhere to the greased surface. This gives a perfectly even surface to the bottom of the cake. If you wish to line the tin with paper, use parchment paper, which comes by the roll. Lay the tin upon it, top down, mark around with a pencil, then cut it an inch or two larger. Fringe the paper with a scissors down to the pencil line, and slip into a greased pan. Paper is frequently used with a fruit cake, because that cake burns more readily than any other. Still, by using it for other cakes, you can get a nice, smooth surface for icing.

Ingredients that Make a Cake Lighter

Before we begin the process of cake mixing, let us see what makes a cake light. Compared with the making of bread, cake raising is a very swift process. It is brought about partly by blending an acid with an alkali. Air bubbles are created that make the mixture frothy before it is poured into the pans; heat begins to expand the bubbles and later to set them. Eggs thoroughly well beaten add further to the lightness of cake, for air is entangled liberally when the albumen is whipped.

According to what other ingredients are used in a cake, we add baking powder, soda, and cream of tartar, or soda alone for the raising power. Baking powder is simply a scientific mixture of cream of tartar and soda with the addition of a little flour to preserve it from getting lumpy. It must *always* be used with sweet milk. The same combination, of course, is made with cream of tartar and soda, the formula generally given in older cookbooks. Soda alone is used when there is some powerful acid in the liquid, such as sour milk or molasses. If one has nothing but sweet milk on hand and no cream of tartar, the soda will do its work almost as well by adding a small quantity of vinegar or lemon juice.

It is never economy to use poor ingredients in cake. Strong butter, and eggs that are not absolutely fresh cannot have their flavor concealed by the most liberal addition of vanilla. Also, when you possibly can, use pastry flour. You can easily tell the difference between it and the flour from which we make bread, by gathering up a handful. It will stick together in a lump within your hand, while bread flour falls apart. Bread flour may be used in a contingency, but, after measuring it, take out two level tablespoonfuls from each cup, as your batter is liable to be too thick and the cake may crack as soon as it begins to crust.

The First Process in Baking

Now for the simplest form of cake—a good sponge cake. Separate the eggs, drop the yolks into a mixing bowl, and the whites upon a large platter. If the eggs have been kept in a refrigerator or cold pantry, they will froth much more quickly. With the wooden spoon, beat the yolks steadily till they begin to grow thick and lemon-colored, adding gradually one cupful of sugar. Put in one tablespoonful of lemon juice and the grated rind of half a lemon, then one cupful of sifted flour with a quarter of a teaspoonful of salt in it. This amount of salt ought to be added to every cake. It overcomes the flat taste which it would otherwise have. Beat the batter thoroughly, till it is bubbly and well mixed. If an assistant, meantime, has been whipping the whites of the eggs for you, so much the better. A Dover egg beater does not begin to achieve the amount of frothy white you can get by whipping them with a Daisy egg beater. Tip the platter slightly downwards as they begin to froth. Swing the arm upward and downward; turn over the mass of froth, which will grow larger every second. When the platter is fairly heaped and every foam speck has a dry appearance, it is ready to add to the batter. Scrape it in with a Teller knife, and with this useful utensil, cut the froth in, across this way and that, lifting it lightly, until it is thoroughly blended and looks like delicate foam. If it should be beaten at this point, you will simply destroy all the bubbles of albumen you achieved by the whipping process. Scrape every particle of cake batter with the knife cleanly from the bowl into a cake pan, preferably a deep, narrow one.

[Concluded on pages 56 and 57]



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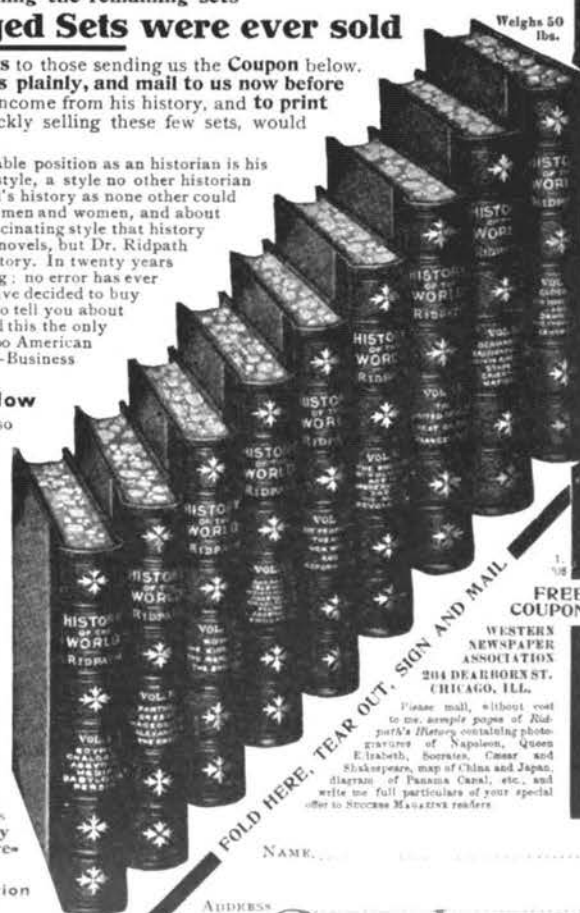
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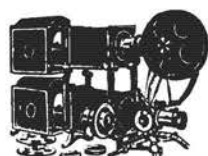

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Little Hints From Our Readers That Will Lighten the Burdens of Everyday Life

THE LID OF A JAR that cannot be loosened, will easily turn after a few brisk rubs with the hand around the lid. By this motion you expand the lid.—MRS. J. H. WHALES.

PUT TARNISHED SILVERWARE in sour buttermilk, then wash in hot water, and it will be beautifully polished.—A. W. B.

LEATHER FURNITURE CAN BE BRIGHTENED by being rubbed with a cloth which has been dipped in the white of an egg.—G.

A LUMP OF ORRIS ROOT, dropped into the boiler on wash day, leaves a pleasant fragrance with the clothes even after they have been ironed.—E. M.

IF YOU WISH TO PREVENT citron, raisins, or currants from sinking to the bottom of your cake, have them well warmed in the oven before adding them to the batter.—L. H.

TO REMOVE A SPLINTER, fill a wide-mouthed bottle two-thirds full of hot water; place the injured part over the mouth of the bottle and press slightly. The suction thus produced will extract the splinter and remove the inflammation at the same time.—MRS. R. C.

TO KEEP BUTTONS FROM PULLING OFF and tearing little holes in the back of thin lingerie waists, sew the buttons on through the hem and a narrow piece of tape or baby ribbon placed on the under side of the hem.—M. E. W.

SO THAT IT MAY BE LENGTHENED easily I allow for a tuck when making a dress, and instead of running it above the hem I put it in the hem, but on the under side, using a strong thread which can be easily pulled out leaving no holes to show.—L. FERREE.

A GOOD DRESSING FOR SHOE SOLES may be made by dissolving rosin in alcohol until you have a saturated solution. Apply to the shoe soles and allow to dry before wearing. It makes the soles waterproof, and also makes them wear longer.—A. M. V.

AFTER WASHING THE HAIR, in order to have a pretty, soft pompadour, divide the hair across from ear to ear. Then comb the front back over a roll of newspapers about three inches in diameter, fastening securely with hairpins. Do this when the hair is still half wet, and when dry it will "pomp" nicely.—E. V.

A CONVENIENT METHOD of removing the close-fitting cover from a new can of baking powder, shoe polish, etc., is to place the can on its side on the floor with a piece of paper under it and stepping on the cover roll it back and fourth under the foot. This will cause the tightest cover to drop off with very little trouble.—A. M. H.

THE PRACTICE SOME TYPEWRITERS HAVE of using a pin to dig out the ink which dries in the type and makes the letters blur is ultimately destructive to the edges of the letters, besides being tedious. Instead, try a bit of cloth saturated in gasoline. The cleansing effect is magical. You not only save your machine but also economize on time. A clean machine improves your work and enhances your value.—M. K. D.

WHEN SPINACH AND DANDELION are expensive, try cooking celery leaves exactly as you would other greens, boiling them in salted water, then chopping slightly and seasoning with butter, pepper, and salt. By saving the leaves from three or four bunches and keeping them bouquet-fashion, with their stalks in water, you may soon accumulate enough leaves for a small, savory dish of celery greens.—ESTHER GOODWIN.

EVERYONE—MAN, WOMAN OR CHILD—who wears what is called "hose supporters," knows just how exasperating it is to have the tops of socks or stockings torn into holes and the stitches run down into the leg—for no hook has yet been invented that will not, sooner or later, cause this damage—long before the toes and heels are worn out. To avoid all this, turn the top of the stocking under about an inch, then clasp the hook and see how much more secure and comfortable it feels and how much longer the stocking will last.—C. C. J.

BELTS AND NECKWEAR are such expensive items that my plan may be of value to other business girls. When I have a new shirt-waist made I have a stock collar and belt made of the same material. It should be a straight-piece belt, and attached to an attractive buckle; it looks far better than the ten-cent duck belts that some girls consider so economical notwithstanding the buckle's rapid rusting. With such a "set," one is also spared the vexation of having a clean office shirt-waist and nothing to wear with it but lingerie neckwear and ribbon belts.—MARIE PHELAN.

TO CATCH LARGE FISH, get a large, clear glass bottle, such as chemists use, diameter about ten inches. Put from 15 to 30 live minnows in it with water; fasten the top with wire netting. Before lowering into the stream attach a chip to it by a long cord which will reach to the surface. Lower the bottle in a likely spot and put your bait near, being guided by the chip. The water circulates in the bottle and the minnows swim around, attracting the attention of larger fish. Not being able to get the minnows and bumping into the glass and each other, they become confused and grab at almost anything, including the bait.—TIGE.

HATS PACKED IN THE HAT BOX of a trunk often reach their journey's end in a crushed, dilapidated condition simply because it is difficult to pack them so they will hold a firm, even position throughout the journey without packing them so closely with paper or other light matter that they become crushed. This difficulty is avoided by nailing the hats to the walls of the box with small tacks. Places may always be found in the hat where a mark left by a tack will not show, but if the hat is nailed firmly and evenly it will ride steadily and no mark be left. If carefully adjusted the vacant spaces around need not necessarily be filled.—MRS. W. W. HALL.

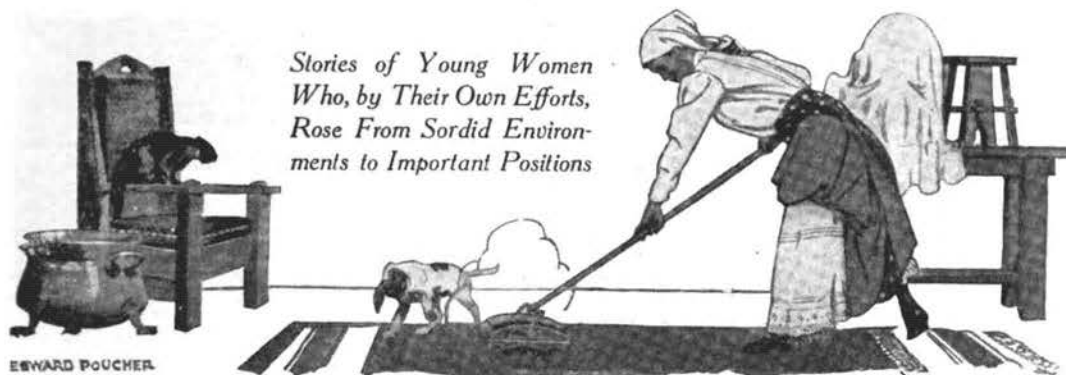
A MUSTARD PLASTER mixed entirely with the white of an egg will not scar or blister.—L. H.

HERE ARE SOME USES FOR SALT.—To beat eggs quickly add a pinch of salt. This also applies when whipping cream. Place salt in the oven under the baking tins, in order to prevent the scorching of their contents. Put salt in the water when you wish to cool a dish quickly. Use salt to remove ink stains from carpet, when the ink is fresh. Salt sprinkled on the pantry shelves will drive away ants.—L. H.

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.

HOW I MADE GOOD



Stories of Young Women
Who, by Their Own Efforts,
Rose From Sordid Environ-
ments to Important Positions

EDWARD POUCHER

A Road to Journalism

By G. S. M.

I was employed on a country weekly and had considerable time which I was anxious to devote to increasing my salary. I wrote to several leading dailies, applying for an appointment as local correspondent, but they all replied that the Associated Press covered everything.

Finally, a noted United States official, a resident of my town, was the victim of a horrible accident and was taken to a local hospital in a mangled and dying condition. The accident occurred in the early evening. One of the big morning papers to which I had written wired me to cover the accident, and, if death occurred before three a. m., to send details. A friendly nurse, at the hospital where the dying man was, agreed to keep me informed during the night of his condition.

I prepared my story and when at 2:30 o'clock a telephone message told me of his death, the accident and obituary were ready for the telegraph operator.

Day was breaking when I returned from the telegraph office. I was weary with my first all-night's work, but I felt repaid, when the morning papers came, to find that the one I represented, had the exclusive news of the death of one of New England's foremost men, and the details concerning it.

Now I do regular work for several dailies, special work for a Sunday paper, and some magazine work, and my salary has been more than tripled.

Gained Recognition as a Substitute

By E. L. S.

I was a struggling musical student in a small city full of keen competitors. My parents had worked hard to educate me under fine teachers, and I had toiled unceasingly to master the art. I was capable of doing good work, but had no means of displaying my talents, and was just on the verge of discouragement, as I could see no way of helping myself, when one day, through the illness of a prominent soloist, I was called upon to supply her place.

It was a large concert and many prominent critics were present. I realized my opportunity and "made good." It proved to be a turning-point, for since then I have had no trouble in getting solo work and a large and growing class of pupils. In summer, as I am a violinist, I play at summer resorts and am able not only to earn a good vacation but also to lay by a snug sum for future study.

How Reward Came to One Stenographer

By M. M. C.

DETERMINING to seek a better situation than the one I held in my home town, I located in a large city of the Middle West. Going immediately to one of the typewriter agencies, I filled out an application blank in the employment department, and in a day or two called on a firm advertising for a stenographer and accepted the place at a salary of eight dollars a week, rather than remain unemployed, and with the understanding that I should give up the position if anything better presented itself.

Finding that the ribbon on the machine I operated was of the poorest quality and that it did not show up my work to the best advantage, without mentioning the fact to my employer, I went, during lunch hour, to the typewriter office for a new ribbon of a good quality. The employment manager, seeing me, asked me to go immediately to the office of a certain important manufacturing company, where a competent stenographer was desired. By taking only a few moments for lunch and hurrying considerably, I found the time to call, and, although the place was only a temporary one, I decided to accept it, at fifteen dollars a week.

I exerted every effort to do good work, to be punctual, and to please in all respects. In addition to the regular correspondence, in two weeks, during spare moments, I addressed twenty-six hundred envelopes for circulars.

My employer was so well pleased with the results that he recommended my services to one of his friends—a gentleman at the head of a large corporation. On accepting this place, by means of careful, painstaking work, my success was such that in less than three months, I was offered twenty-five dollars a week to go with the office force, on removal of the headquarters to an Eastern city. This bit of good fortune dated from my dissatisfaction with the poor appearance of work accomplished with a cheap, poor quality of typewriter ribbon. Nothing is too insignificant to be disregarded in the business world.

A Difficult Lesson Learned

By C. E. M.

A FRIEND of mine, a music teacher, told me of a peculiar hardship that befell her while in training for work.

Her teacher gave her as a lesson a very difficult and unattractive accompaniment. She implored to be excused, saying that she could never possibly have use for it after all her work, but the teacher remained firm and the task was mastered.

"Years after," she said, "I was in a strange city making my *début* as an instructor. One night, while in attendance upon a classical concert, in an emergency I was unceremoniously summoned from my seat as auditor to play a violin accompaniment. With trepidation I opened the music, to recognize with joy my despised lesson of long ago. How glad I was to be able to acquit myself with credit, when it might have been humiliation if I had forsaken a disagreeable duty. This taught me, that the common, everyday duties are but opportunities in disguise.

Willing to Work Overtime

By A. M.

WE WERE all clicking away at our typewriters, when our employer appeared before us, his thumbs thrust into the armholes of his vest, and smiling apologetically, asked: "Will one of you ladies oblige me by staying awhile this evening?" He turned to Her Superiority (the head stenographer), who met his apologetic smile with one of her own, and lamely explained that it was impossible for her to stay that evening. Having met with a different excuse from each of the others, he turned to me as a last refuge. I was only awaiting my chance and gave a decisive "Yes, sir," which disclosed my eagerness even though I desired to conceal it. "Thank you," he replied indifferently, well aware of my incompetency to transcribe as difficult a letter as he was about to dictate.

I must admit that my heart jumped into my mouth more than once at the "jaw breakers" he used; but I was determined to accomplish that task if I never did anything else the rest of my life. On leaving his private office, he gave me a scrutinizing glance from under his bushy eyebrows, with the encouraging remark, "Do the best you can, we'll try to get it through somehow." This only strengthened my determination, and great was his surprise and pleasure when he scanned that letter, neatly and perfectly written. Had he known that the words "Do or Die" were ever floating before me while writing the letter, he probably would not have been quite so surprised.

Not long afterwards I found myself in a seat previously occupied by our head stenographer and, when I looked up at my employer with a face expressing surprise and doubt, he answered, with a smile: "Patient and persistent labor has its reward."

EDITOR'S NOTE

WE are looking for stories for this department. They must be true, they must be brief, and they must be told as simply as possible. All accepted and printed will be paid for.

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Experience and Organization

Based upon many years' experience, we have constructed an organization designed to aid the individual investor in selecting investment securities that will not only protect his principal, but will also yield him a liberal rate of income. An organization of this kind is most essential to the individual investor, who rarely has at his command all of the facts upon which to base his judgment of an investment.

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We are identified with the management and supervision of many properties, the securities of which comprise sound and conservative investments suitable for the most discriminating buyers. We are also members of the New York Stock Exchange and can execute orders for all listed securities.

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Hints to Investors

By CHARLES LEE SCOVIL

Editors' Note.—In view of existing conditions, we have concluded that the interest of our readers will be best served by an article on the general situation. Therefore, we have decided to postpone, until our February issue, the publication of Mr. Scovil's article upon the management of properties and the relation of the income yield to the intrinsic value of investments.

THE natural resources of this country are greater than those of any other nation in the world. In minerals, in lumber, in agriculture, and, in fact, in practically all things taken from above and beneath the earth's surface, we are rich beyond compare. In addition to our own vast needs, we find the great countries of Europe dependent upon us for many of the necessities of life, and the energies we display in supplying these demands have gained for us the reputation of being the most hustling people in the world. The development of our natural resources is only in its infancy; and yet we have been forced to work overtime in taking from the mines, the forests, the hills, and the valleys, the riches bestowed on us by Nature, converting them into things useful for man, and transporting them to all points the world over.

IN the accomplishment of these great tasks, it is not unnatural if, at times, we arrive at points where we find that we have over-reached ourselves. It is not altogether undesirable that we should be compelled to have our quiet hour of meditation, so to speak. It gives us time to discover whether or not carelessness or arrogance has fastened its hold upon us in the conduct of our business.

While these periods of reaction are due to natural causes, they are aggravated by the element in our midst that is lacking in conservatism and reckless in its ventures. For instance, when our banks are requested to extend lines of credit of from fifty to one-hundred per cent. in excess of the amount warranted, the credit is refused, no matter how serious may be the effect upon those seeking it. Credit of this nature should always be refused. It may be extended, and sometimes is, by institutions that are not wisely managed, or that are faithless to the interests of depositors; but these same institutions ultimately find themselves compelled to seek aid from those conducted by wise and conservative men. If this assistance is not forthcoming, the result is suspension or failure.

IT is at this point that the real outbreak occurs, and it is due largely to the circulation of false or greatly exaggerated rumors. The timid man becomes frightened, and no matter if his bank is in a perfectly sound and healthy condition, as is true of practically all of the banks in this country—he determines to withdraw his deposit. This leads to similar action on the part of other men of his kind, and is responsible for the hoarding of large sums of money.

During these periods of reaction, level-headed people, in a position to take advantage of the situation, are afforded the opportunities of a lifetime. Persons with money are placed in a most advantageous position, in that they can employ their funds in the purchase of investments at prices having no relation to intrinsic values. And yet, unfortunately for themselves, many people fail to grasp these opportunities. Their scope of vision is narrow; they cannot look beyond the day in which they live. If they could, they would understand that the extent of any business reaction in this country is only properly to be measured by the time it takes us to get back to the first principle of sound business, which is, a universal and proper regard for the laws of credit.

WHY is it that during these periods of reaction, men will hoard their money? If they are so timid that they lack confidence in all railroads and corporations, is there any good reason why they should fail to, at least, buy the bonds of the United States Government? Surely, they cannot question the ability of the Government to pay its debts! While the purchase of Uncle Sam's bonds may not mean much in the way of income return, they yield something, which hoarded money does not. Hoarding tends to clog further the wheels of industry, prevents the movement of crops, and throws out of employment thousands of men. Moreover, the hoarder runs the risk of losing his own position, through the inability of his employer to obtain cash; a condition

of affairs for which the hoarder himself is partly to blame.

WHEN money is scarce it is the time of all times that it should not be hoarded. While it is perfectly proper to become economical, all surplus money should be deposited in good banks or invested in sound securities. The importance of this action was touched upon by the writer in his first article in SUCCESS MAGAZINE, in which he said:

"People should know what sound investments represent, their affiliations with progress and prosperity, and their direct bearing upon the comfort and independence of wage earners. Our railroads, public utility and industrial corporations—in fact, the bone and sinew of every industry are dependent upon sound investments. Municipalities and the Government itself rest upon this solid foundation. It takes money, the money of individuals collectively, to finance and maintain all of these interests."

These words are now repeated because they seem to adapt themselves to the present situation; not that people must buy securities in order to ease their consciences. On the contrary, to crush out the earning power of dollars by withdrawing them from banks, or by failing to employ them through the purchase of legitimate investments, especially when money is so sorely needed, reflects other than a desire to contribute to the restoration of normal business conditions.

UNFORTUNATELY, the hoarding of money is not confined to individuals, but is practiced by many of the institutions throughout the country. They thus increase their cash reserves to an unnecessary extent, adding to the acuteness of the existing need for currency, and hampering the relief measures of the Government and the large banks.

That the corner has been turned is indicated by the fact that we have now reached a point where the demand for money is for legitimate purposes only, and where the efforts of the Government and the banks to render financial aid to the commercial world will accomplish the greatest good. Speculation is being discouraged on every hand, and margin accounts temporarily refused by the conservative members of the New York Stock Exchange. Moreover, payments of premiums for currency have brought forth many millions of dollars, a large portion of which was doubtless hoarded money. When currency can be sold at a profit, the same as any other commodity, people are tempted to part with it, for the reason that hoarded money earns no interest, and is a source of uneasiness and worry to those possessing it. The story is told of one man who took out \$40,000 in cash from his tin box in a safe deposit vault; another, of a woman who was found to have \$70,000 in crisp bills; and, still another, of a man who drew a considerable sum of money from his bank, tucking it away in the inside pocket of an old coat in his closet at home. His judgment in selecting such a secure place for its safe-keeping might have been prudent, if he had not overlooked taking his wife into his confidence. As it was, the good woman innocently sold the garment, money and all, to a dealer in second-hand clothes for the munificent sum of fifty cents!

THE premiums paid for currency have ranged from about one and one half to four and three quarters per cent. or at the rate of from \$15 to \$47.50 for each \$1,000. Round amounts, ranging from \$50,000 to \$250,000 have been purchased by New York institutions for the account of their out-of-town correspondents; the money being raised, chiefly, against the importations of gold. Smaller amounts, ranging between about \$1,000 and \$25,000, have been purchased by business men to provide cash for pay rolls. Many of the large railroads and corporations have been paying employees by check, thus avoiding the payment of premiums for currency. This has been done also by

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Currency is usually bought and sold through the medium of money brokers, the commission charged being from one sixteenth to one eighth of one per cent. The transactions are simple. The seller gets a certified check—as is well-known, a certified check is one drawn by a depositor and endorsed by that bank as its obligation—for the amount of the currency, plus the premium. He deposits the check in his own bank, where he is credited with it, and can draw his own checks against it. Of course, he could not obtain currency for the certified check for the reason that his bank would doubtless decline to give him the cash.

SO FAR as sound investment securities are concerned, they are now selling at lower prices than have existed for years. Even the 1893 panic saw no such drastic declines, and, most assuredly, the railroads and corporations, as a class, are now physically, financially, and intrinsically stronger than they were at that time. Nevertheless, it would be foolish to deny that we have, as a nation, been traveling at too fast a pace. In the midst of our prosperity of last year, when we lacked sufficient capital to finance the needs of general business, we had a warning of what was reasonably to be expected, and conservative bank men were then predicting that a recession was due.

Now, however, these same men are practically all contending that the conditions underlying our business and financial structure are sound, and that the difficulties are certain to be overcome and confidence restored. These men contend also that the primary considerations must be earnest effort and cooperation by sane business and banking men, proper and reasonable support by the Government, and a sense of loyalty on the part of employees. In this respect, every man should put forth his best energies, and work his hardest to contribute to the restoration of normal conditions in his particular line of business.

ANOTHER way to bring about better things is for the people to throw off the yoke of the selfish politician who caters to the popular prejudice in the hope of furthering his own interests. It is a time when legislatures should be careful to consider all of the facts, calmly and deliberately. A law that retards one part of the country is bound to have its ill-effect, to a greater or less extent, upon all sections. Our interests are so interlaced that this is inevitable. Legislation of the character that the railroads of the South are suffering from to-day only complicates a bad situation and causes great distress. Contrasted with the wisdom of the minds that created the Public Utilities Commission of New York State, and prevented the hasty enactment of railroad laws, such legislation becomes all the more deplorable.

We are now having a practical demonstration of the strong bond of affection that exists between the average man and his money. The effort to convert assets into cash has been most urgent, and, so far as securities are concerned, has been responsible for a range of prices far below intrinsic values. When the need for money becomes acute, banks and individuals are compelled to sell their holdings of securities of the highest grade, because such securities resist forced liquidation to a greater extent, and command considerably higher prices, than low grade or speculative issues.

While the brunt of the burden of liquidation falls upon securities, it frequently happens that banks and individuals are forced, by the heavy demands for cash, to insist upon the payment of real estate mortgages. In view of the fact that real estate mortgages, unlike good securities, have not a free market, their cancellation at such times is often a genuine hardship to many people. In cases where the property reverts to the owner of the mortgage, it is most unsatisfactory all around, for the reason that what is wanted is money, not real estate. I am not stating that good real estate is not a safe investment; I merely contend that it is a mistake not to invest at least a part of one's money in good securities, as do the saving banks, life insurance companies and many other institutions.

AN INVESTMENT banking firm was recently informed by the transfer agent of one of the prominent transcontinental lines that his railroad had transferred within the past few weeks about 53,000 shares of stock to odd-lot holders, and that its number of stockholders had increased in the past year from between 3,000 and 4,000 to about 8,000. The importance of this odd-lot buying as bearing upon the general situation cannot be overestimated, or the great significance of having a vast army of small investors interested in the securities of our best corporations. It is also a refreshing and wholesome expression of their confidence in the managers of the majority of our railroads and corporations, and reflects a high degree of judgment in taking advantage of the existing investment opportunities, which, to many, are offered only once in a life-time.

The term "odd lot," as applied to stocks, means less than one hundred shares, and to bonds less than \$10,000. Thus far, the transactions in odd-lots have aggregated many millions of dollars. The purchases of bonds have been in amounts of from about \$1,000

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the most perfect ever devised for handling accounts from depositors anywhere. When you send money to us for deposit, we issue, instead of the old, clumsy "pass-book," with its dangerous features, our Bank Money Orders. They show, on their face, the amount of principal and interest—you know what it is at a glance, without figuring. They are Certified Checks on this Bank, the safest form of commercial paper, and when you need money,

You Can Have These Bank Money Orders Cashed Instantly—Anywhere

with interest at 4 per cent. The plan is ideal—your money is always on deposit, yet you have it constantly in hand ready for instant use in time of need.

Deposits accepted for any sum from \$1.00 up, and from the moment your money reaches us it draws

4 PER CENT. INTEREST.

If you have deposits anywhere, or if you contemplate opening a savings account, you owe it to yourself and those dependent upon you to investigate this remarkably convenient and safe method.

Write for Booklet "H" today, or send us your deposit and we will mail you BANK MONEY ORDERS for the full amount. The booklet is free—write for it now.

THE DEPOSITORS SAVINGS & TRUST CO.
TOM L. JOHNSON, President. CLEVELAND, OHIO

AMERICAN REAL ESTATE COMPANY
INCORPORATED

Non-Speculative, Non-Fluctuating 6% Bond Investment

Based on the Ownership of New York Real Estate

THE shrinkage in values of securities should point you to investing your funds in such a way as to relieve you of worry. Such an investment should have the elements of *Reliability* and *Realizability*, and in addition pay a *normal* but *just* return.

If your money is invested in A-R-E SIX'S, it is *always* worth principal and accrued interest to date. For twenty years they have never varied a dollar in value, and more than \$3,000,000 has been paid on the stroke of the clock. The 6% interest they pay is a *net* return.

Issued in either of two forms:

6% Coupon Bonds—for Income Earning—purchaseable at par in multiples of \$100.

6% Accumulative Bonds—for Income Saving—purchaseable on instalments during 10, 15 or 20 years.

THE security back of A-R-E SIX'S does not fluctuate; and is not subject to manipulation or depreciation. Conservative investors seeking real values should write the

American Real Estate Company
518 Night and Day Bank Building, 5th Ave. and 46th St. New York
Founded 1888
Assets \$9,446,096.89 Capital and Surplus, \$1,519,518.20

Specimen Specimen

SAFETY FOR MY MONEY

is an absorbing thought just now. Among accepted forms of high class securities—none are so near ideal as

TAX BONDS.

We own such Bonds of the Great Central West

Netting 5%, 5½% & 6%

Denominations of \$100—\$250—\$500—\$1,000, parts of large issues—carefully selected under unusual conditions existing now. They include School, City, County Drainage Bonds, approved by attorneys of National repute. Buy now. Savings Bank depositors can file orders now for future delivery.

Booklet D, "An Argument for Tax Bonds," mailed on request.

References everywhere. We have satisfied customers in 26 states. Send your name for our mailing list.

WILLIAM R. COMPTON COMPANY
22 Wardell Building, Macon, Missouri

to \$5,000, and of stocks from about five to fifty shares. Business of this character has been heavier than at any time in the history of the New York Stock Exchange. The volume of the purchases has resulted in delays in making deliveries, and the clerks of brokerage and investment firms have been forced to work many extra hours. In some cases, brokers have refused to be held responsible for any failure to promptly execute orders for odd-lots of securities, accepting them only at the owner's risk.

Preventing the Next Panic

[Concluded from page 27]

Six years later the Comptroller of the Currency, Mr. Ridgely, incorporated in his annual report to Congress 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. (.083). In other words, a tax at that rate (eighty-three cents per \$1,000.00) on the average deposits in active national banking associations would have been sufficient to provide in full for the losses sustained by depositors in national banks.

In this estimate no allowance is made for the accumulation of interest, which would probably make it practicable to put the tax on deposits as low as fifty cents per \$1,000, or one-twentieth of one per cent. There would seem to be little doubt that this method of insuring deposits would be a good thing for the depositors. How about the banks themselves? They would have to bear the tax, in addition to the state, county, and municipal taxes which they bear at present. Would it be to their interest to do this?

When they were last called upon for a statement of views, out of 3,500 odd banks to which circulars were sent, 352 responded. Of these, 256 were in favor of pressing some such plan on Congress, and 96 were opposed. It is fair to add that among those opposed were some of the large city banks, always the most "conservative" and most fearful of any change whatsoever, representing a slightly larger total in deposits than the greater number of banks on the affirmative list. Probably the most attractive feature of the plan, to the sound, conservative banker, is the prospect it holds out of doing away with many of the evils of competitive banking. Of late years the national banks have frequently, in the keen fight for business, been led into offering more liberal inducements, in the form of interest on checking accounts, than is consistent with safe banking. Under the new plan it would hardly be necessary to pay interest on such accounts. There is no inducement, no allurements, quite so attractive to the man responsible for money, as absolute security. This plan would make the money of the depositors as nearly secure as anything on this earth can be made. The deposits would stand or fall with the United States Government. It would take an utterly disastrous war or some unthinkable cataclysm to shake that security. It is unlikely that there could ever be a run on a national bank. In a time, such as may come, of real national adversity, the strong chain of national banks would stand, as solid as the government that had agreed to protect their clients. That dreaded moment of panic fear would never come while the government endured. With such a system, sensational, speculative banking would have to give way. Adopt it, and you will have solved the problem of the next money panic; for the next money panic will hardly come. At least confidence in our national banking system will be forever restored.

A Bargain

"WHAT!" exclaimed the husband. "You drew your savings from the bank, went to a broker's office, and bought Z., X., and Y., stock at 14, when it has been dropping like a rock?"

"But, my dear," argued the wife. "It was such a bargain. Why, during the short time I was in the office I saw the man mark it down to 14 from 45!"

6% New York Central Realty Bonds

An Investment for Your Savings

Our 6% GOLD BONDS are secured by First Mortgages on NEW YORK REAL ESTATE, deposited with the WINDSOR TRUST COMPANY, TRUSTEE; \$105,000 of First Mortgages being deposited for every \$100,000 of bonds issued. These Bonds provide an investment which pays 6% and, after the first year, offers the same privilege of withdrawal as a Savings Bank.

For sums smaller than \$100 we issue Instalment certificates, to apply on our full paid Bonds, in amounts of

FIVE DOLLARS AND UP

each instalment bearing interest from the date of its payment and subject to withdrawal at any time.

For the large or small investor our 6% FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS combine the three essentials of the perfect investment: Absolute Security—High Earning Power—Cash Availability.

Write for booklet. It explains how you can stop that loss of one-fourth to two-third in interest earnings.

NEW YORK CENTRAL REALTY COMPANY
Suite 1737, 1133 Broadway, New York

PERHAPS 4 PER CENT. is paid on your savings, reckoned to and from dates arbitrarily fixed.

5% For Full Time

is paid in dividends to our patrons, reckoning from day of receipt to day of withdrawal.

Experience, large capital resources, a specially favorable field of operations, and always enhancing security, are some of the advantages that enable us to pay 5% and grow in strength.

Under New York Banking Department Supervision and regularly examined by same.

Assets \$1,750,000

Write for detailed information

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3 Times Bldg., Broadway and 42d St., New York

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by studying the best Financial Books edited by the most Conservative Writers.

The following three are especially recommended to small investors and will be sent post-paid upon receipt of price:

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"OBSOLETE SECURITIES," (containing names of 28,000 distinct securities which we believe to be worthless or unsafe) - - - 5.00

"INVESTMENT STOCKS: WHAT AND WHEN TO BUY," (describing rules followed by the most conservative and successful investors) - 2.00

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Compiling and Printing Dept., Wellesley Hills, Mass.

We also operate Correspondence Courses on Investments especially designed for Beginners, details of which will be sent gratis on request.

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CAPITAL \$100,000.00 BILLINGS, MONT.

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Don't Live 1909 in 1908

[Continued from page 26]

life habits, that they will not be anxious. They do not realize that they are the victims of their life habits, that they are no more likely to get away from these than a leopard is likely to change his spots.

What a mockery most of us make of our lives! They are but the burlesque of the life we were intended to live. We know that the Creator intended life to mean more, to be infinitely richer, nobler, happier than it is. This brutal game of money-football, which so many of the human race are playing, this restless pushing, and crowding for place, this lust for power and wealth, had no place in the Infinite plan for the race.

A strong resolution to be contented every day, to wear a cheerful face, and to speak a pleasant word to the newsboy, the elevator boy, and the office boy, to be civil to the waiter in the restaurant or hotel, to speak cheerily to the servants, to everybody with whom we come in contact, would not only add enjoyment to the ordinary industries of life, but would also keep the wheels of our ordinary social activity well lubricated.

It is a great art to learn to see the things close to us, to enjoy life as we go along.

So do not spoil 1908 by trying to crowd 1909 into it; do not try to live February in January. Do not be lean and stingy this month, this year, because you are aiming for next month, next year.

Do not trample on the violets and the daisies to-day, never seeing the world of beauty and marvel all about you, under your very feet, because your eyes are fixed on the stars.

Resolve that you are going to enjoy the horses and carriage you own now, and not spend your time riding in imagination in the fine automobile you are going to have next year; that you are going to enjoy the clothes you have this year, instead of anticipating the sealskin coat, the fine furs, and the elegant dresses you feel sure you are going to get in 1909.

Just make up your mind that you are going to make the most of your little cottage, the home you have; that you are going to make it the happiest, sweetest place on earth to-day and every day, and that you are not going to try to live in that long-dreamed-of new house until it is finished.

Resolve that you are not going to mar your life, ruin your happiness while single, in planning what you are going to do when married. Instead of all the time thinking what you are going to do when you have a home of your own, enjoy what you have now,—not stingily, not with a part of yourself, but completely, royally, wholly. *Fling your whole life into the present moment.* Do not plan to get ninety per cent. of your happiness out of to-morrow while you take one per cent. to-day. *Get a hundred per cent. out of the day you are living in.*

Learn a lesson from happy, care-free, childhood. See the abandon with which a child gives himself to the joy of life. There are no "ifs" or "buts" or "wherefores" in his bright sky. No care-filling thought of time or money haunts his vision; he simply gives himself up to the passing moment; enjoys himself unshadowed by dreams of what is to come.

This does not mean that we should never plan for to-morrow or have pleasant anticipations of things that are to come. It only means that we should not so focus our eyes and attention on the future, and be so absorbed in anticipation of to-morrow, that we get nothing out of to-day; that we lose its pleasures, its opportunities, and its joys.

It is not intended that we should always live in anticipation. Imagination, that blessed faculty, was given us as an occasional retreat from suffering, from trying conditions, a retreat to which we can fly and get a better outlook on life, where we can refresh our minds and renew our fancies.

Living too much in the imagination makes life seem dry and dreary. It makes our vocations drudgery instead of the delight which they were intended to be. It destroys our power for enjoying the life that now is.

If you have made a botch of 1907; if it has been a failure; if you have not succeeded in your undertakings; if you have blundered and made a lot of mistakes; if you have been foolish, have wasted your time, your money, do not drag these ghosts over the new year line to haunt you, to destroy your happiness. Let it all go. Forget it; bury it. Do not let it sap any more of your energies, waste any more of your time, destroy any more of your peace or happiness. You cannot afford to give it more thought or attention. "Leave thy low-vaulted past."

Resolve that when you cross the line between the old and the new year, you will throw away all useless baggage, drop everything that hinders, which can rob you of joy or power, that when you enter the door of the new year, you will not be mortgaged to the past and will never look back.

Live in the here and now. Let this be the bugle call for the new year. Live your life fully, completely, richly. Do not make this a mean, stingy, poverty-stricken year. Pack this year, not next year with all the good things you can command. Live as you go along.

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EDITED BY ALFRED HENRY LEWIS

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is absolutely original. There is no other magazine dealing with people exclusively. It is filled from cover to cover with stories and pictures of people and will keep the entire family posted as to the actions and doings of all the prominent ones of the entire world. It has the greatest writer in this country of vigorous, virile, pungent, forceful, piquant English as its editor-in-chief, the caustic contributor to The Saturday Evening Post, Cosmopolitan, Success and many other representative periodicals; the author of "The President," "The Boss," "Wolfville," and other books of story and adventure, every one scintillating with strenuous life.

Mr. Lewis' fingers are always upon the public pulse; he knows what the public wants, and he gives them running-over-measure; his knowledge of men and things is as wide as the wide, wide world. HUMAN LIFE is up-to-date in its fresh, original matter from the best authors and best artists, and filled to overflowing with human interest.

The Black Side of Life

Beginning in the December issue of "Human Life" will appear a series of Pinkerton articles. There are but few in the civilized world to whom Mr. Pinkerton requires an introduction. His fame as the head of the great Pinkerton Agency is known wherever life and property need protection, and thieves break through and steal.

The criminal fraction of humanity, whether it be on either side of either ocean, respects and fears the Pinkertons as it never feared or respected Scotland Yard, London, or the New York Central Office in Mulberry Street. The Pinkerton eye is everywhere; its vigilance never naps.

In the forthcoming essays he will treat of "Yeggmen," "Forgers," "Sneak Thieves," "Train Robbers," and other specific criminal types. He will show that crime never yet paid the criminal, and will demonstrate in what sketches he gives of the lives and deeds of particular criminals, that the way of the transgressor is inevitably hard, and the end invariably bitter.

The article in our December issue from the archives of the Pinkertons will be on Adam Worth, the greatest criminal of any age. It will tell for the first time the true story of the stealing of the Gainsboro painting of the Duchess of Devonshire, for which 1,000 pounds (\$5,000) reward was offered.

It is an interesting human life story.

The Emperor of Germany

Mr. Vance Thompson, one of the best known and ablest of writers, is now abroad in the interests of "Human Life," and will send us twelve human life character stories, same to appear monthly during 1908. The first, appearing in our January issue, is a wonderful human life story. It will hold the attention from beginning to end, and is entitled "The Imperial Comedian," the Emperor of Germany.

Mr. Thompson will write human life stories on the "Czar," "King Edward," the "Pope," "Bernhardt," and other celebrities of the old world, whom Mr. Thompson has met personally.

These articles will be illustrated by photographs taken especially for "Human Life."

John D. Rockefeller

Mr. Charles Edward Russell is one of our greatest American writers. His series of articles, "Where Did You Get It, Gentlemen?" now appearing in Everybody's, is attracting world-wide attention.

We have completed arrangements with Mr. Russell for a series of human life stories of men and women prominent in the public eye. Mr. Russell's first article will appear in our January issue. It will be the greatest human life character story on John D. Rockefeller. Mr. Russell's analysis of Mr. Rockefeller is new, novel, original and instructive, and gives one an insight into the very heart and soul of this remarkable man. It should be read by every man, woman and child.

"Human Life" is an exceptionally good magazine.

We also give our subscribers every month a page of cartoons, a page of beautiful women, a page of poems we have liked, two pages of stories by our boys and girls, a page of financial matter "The Money we Save," by Walter L. Sawyer, and two pages of human interest items for women.

"Human Life," the Magazine About People, for thirteen months from December, '07, to December, '08, inclusive, and a genuine silk flag, large size, 2x3 feet,

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ONLY ONE
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If you will send us a one dollar bill, post-office or express money order for \$1.00, or fifty two-cent postage stamps, we will enter your subscription for thirteen months, starting with our December, '07, issue, and send you, free and post-paid, a very fine quality, extra heavy, genuine silk flag, 24x36 inches. This flag purchased alone in any store at \$1.50 would be good value.

We make this liberal offer as we want to make "Human Life" known to a half million magazine readers.

As our supply of flags is limited, write now—to-day. Address Human Life Publishing Co., 91-95 Broad street, Boston, Mass.

If the above liberal offer does not appeal to you, send us twenty-five one-cent postage stamps, and we will send you "Human Life" for six months, starting with our December issue.

If you reside in the Boston Postal District, Canada or a foreign country, add twenty-five cents to either of the above offers to cover extra postage.

Upon receipt of a postal card request, we will send a sample copy of "Human Life" to any address.



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OLD GLORY

Extra fine and heavy genuine silk flag, 2x3 feet, and "Human Life," 13 months, all for \$1.00.

TOM L. JOHNSON

says

"GO AHEAD"

The seven years' war for three cent fare in Cleveland was practically settled on Nov. 5th, when the people elected Tom L. Johnson as Mayor for the fourth time, and endorsed his policy with an enthusiasm that was convincing and masterful. The Forest City Railway Co. is the three cent fare line. Its capital stock is \$2,000,000 of which \$950,000 has been sold to the people of this city by popular subscription, the holdings of 700 of the stockholders averaging only three shares each. When we were fighting our battle, the old street railway monopoly raised the cry

"THEY CAN'T FINANCE IT"

We knew the enterprise could be financed and our appeal to the people received generous response. We now desire to sell another portion of stock and propose to give the people of the whole country an opportunity to secure this splendid, safe, conservative, investment in Forest City Railway stock at 6 per cent, Guaranteed, backed by the good faith of the people of Cleveland.

Personal Statement by Tom L. Johnson:

In my judgment the stock is as safe as city bonds, with the difference that bonds draw 4 per cent. while Forest City Railway Stock pays 6 per cent. This street railway is being financed without water or bonds and to it the city owes its release from the grasp of a monopoly. I hope the new offer of stock will be taken speedily, that further construction of authorized routes may be pushed to completion. The people have spoken in no uncertain terms and the command is "Go Ahead."

TOM L. JOHNSON.

This stock is now for sale at par (\$100.00).

A sound 6 per cent investment is offered and you can buy as much or as little stock as you wish, without brokerage or other charge. Pays 6 per cent from the moment your money is received and we will buy the stock back at any time, instantly, at the price you pay, with 6 per cent accrued dividends added.

The stock is not subject to market fluctuations; it may, and probably will, be worth more but never less than you pay for it, and all the time your money will earn 50 per cent more than any savings bank will pay.

This stock will sell rapidly and you should investigate at once if interested. You can buy one share or one tenth of a share and the dividend, regardless of the amount, will be 6 per cent. Write now—to-day—for Booklet with map showing proposed lines and those now in operation. Make checks payable to The Municipal Traction Company or The Depositors Savings & Trust Co. Address A. B. DUPONT, Pres., The Municipal Traction Co. No. 460 SUPERIOR BLDG., CLEVELAND, O.



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A pair in a wallet; will fit any shoe.

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No useless straps or buckles.

The Double Crown Roller
found only on The Kady Suspender
makes it adjustable to any position
of body—no discomfort or strain
on buttons.

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The Well-Dressed Man

By ALFRED STEPHEN BRYAN

CARDIGAN jackets and "jerseys" are much used for skating and hockey. There are solid colors like navy, black, maroon, and gray, and striped designs in orange and black, gray and royal blue, scarlet and white, navy and cardinal, and so on. Striped ribbed stockings are worn in colors to match. Hockey "knickers" of white or black sateen, hockey leather leg and shin guards, and hockey gloves with pliable ventilated palms are a few of the many articles intended for the habitual player. The regulation skating cap is of Shetland wool, in the toque or Tam O'Shanter shape. Some toques are made to guard both face and neck. Skating gloves are also of wool and worn high to keep both hands and wrists warm. To have the cardigan jacket, the long stockings, and the skating cap of the same color and material lends to one's costume an agreeable appearance of uniformity. Scarlet and blue are the favorite colors when separate skating caps are worn, and they look undeniably picturesque.



Shetland Wool Jacket

Time was when house suits and room robes resembled blankets more than anything else, and no attempt was made to have them fit, much less to imbue them with style and grace. The old-fashioned dressing gowns that made the wearer appear like an Arctic explorer are wholly passé. The latter-day man seeks in his clothes for indoor wear the same distinction and individuality that he requires in garments for the street. Silk house suits are luxurious garments for those who can afford them. The jackets are cut to button up closely in front and, if desired, a white silk handkerchief may be worn around the neck. Lounging robes have deep lapels like those of a coat and are slightly curved to cling to the waist. Indeed, a feature of the newer house clothes is that they are not alone comfortable but have style and good looks as well.



Skating Cap

Distinctly unordinary is an afternoon waistcoat of ribbed flannel in shades of lavender, tan, and gray. The fabric is very much like corduroy, but is extremely soft and pliant. Most of the newer waistcoats are collarless and have deep side vents so as to cling to the waist

and arch over the hips. A pleasing effect is produced by having the shirt and waistcoat of the same material, linen, the stripes in the one extending across, and in the other up-and-down. The idea is to avoid that incongruity which often attends the use of a fancy waistcoat and shirt of vivid hue.



Angora Skating Gloves

Leather has long been a favored material for traveling and room use. There are leather collar boxes, handkerchief cases, whisk-broom holders, and razor rolls, as well as leather-backed clothes brushes, hairbrushes, and a dozen and one other articles. The advantages of leather are that it is soft, light, and compact. In choosing a leather toilet bag for traveling it will be found much more satisfactory to select an unfitted one and buy the various articles to go in it separately. Thus we may obtain just what is needed, instead of cumbering ourselves with useless things.

For the motor car many becoming as well as appropriate garments are now to be had. One need not at all bundle up bandit-like. Indeed, to do so on short runs is the badge of the tyro. A capital waistcoat for motoring is cut just like a day waistcoat, but the lapels may be turned up and adjusted over the chest, thus guarding it from raw winds while skimming along. It has side buckles instead of the usual back buckle. These can be loosened in a twinkling when one has to potter about the car or—unhappy thought—crawl under it to find out just why it has got a fit of sulks.



Cardigan Waistcoat

Initialed handkerchiefs become ordinary beside the new squares of linen adorned with crests and coats-of-arms. To be sure they are expensive, and one can find them only at a few shops. The fad is an English one and appeals chiefly to those men who, as a caustic tongue puts it, "would rather be dead than be commonplace."

A NEW YEAR'S MOTTO

"Look to this Day for it is Life, the very Life of Life. In its brief Course lie all the Verities and Realities of Your Existence—the Bliss of Growth, the Glory of Action, the Splendor of Beauty. Yesterday is but a Dream, and To-morrow is only a Vision. But To-Day well lived, makes every Yesterday a Dream of Happiness and every To-morrow a Vision of Hope"

The Real Lawson

[Continued from page 25]

the world's most daring copper speculator, to take charge of the speculative campaign that would amass millions in the revolution. Lawson consented to look into it just to prove to the credulous Britons that it was all a dream. And when he had looked into it he stopped scoffing. He became interested, and, finally, when an Atlantic liner brought over to Lawson the first pig of the new copper, he, too, became convinced that the wonderful revolution was at hand. Then he burned all his bridges behind him (or, perhaps, all but one) and took the captaincy of the company of Aladdin's Lamp dreamers. What happened in the copper market has been here related. Copper went up and up, when Lawson was sure it was going down and down. The dream of the Scotch

investigator, like the dream of the alchemists of old, remained a dream. He failed to produce cheap copper. It was another Grand Rivers episode. At Grand Rivers Lawson was going to revolutionize the iron industry, and later "it turned out there was no iron in the mines"; in Scotland he was going to revolutionize the copper industry, but the cheap copper never materialized. A few months ago, in Paris, Lawson remarked, reminiscently: "They are still searching for the secret of a great heat—heat sufficiently great, and for a method controlling it, so that you can throw into a pot some stones or dirt or something else which is very cheap and get from it metal or metals which are now supposed to be elemental; experiments are still going on up in Scotland; I do not know what the result will be."

[Mr. Fayant's series, "The Real Lawson," began in October, 1907. It will be continued in the next number.]

Drugging a Race

By SAMUEL MERWIN

[Concluded from page 14]

almost impossible to forget that India needs the money. "There is another drug, called morphia, which have done [Thus my Chinaman's translation.] or is doing more harm than opium. The Custom authorities are to be instructed to prohibit strictly the importation of it, except for medical uses."

A clean-cut programme, this; apparently meant to be effective. It was with no small curiosity that I looked about in Shansi Province to see whether there seemed any likelihood of enforcement. The time was ripe. It was April; in May the six months would be up. Opium had ruled in Shansi: could they hope to depose it before the final havoc should be wrought?

The nub of the situation was, of course, the limiting of the crop. Theoretically, it should be easier to prohibit opium than to prohibit alcoholic drinks. Wines and liquors are made from grains and fruits which must be grown anyway, for purposes of food. It would not do to attempt to prohibit liquor by stopping the cultivation of grains and fruits. The poppy, on the other hand, produces nothing but opium and its alkaloids. In stopping the growth of the poppy you are depriving man of no useful or necessary article. The poppy must be grown in the open, along the river-bottoms (where the roads run). It cannot be hidden. As government regulating goes, nothing is easier than to find a field of poppies and measure it. The plans of the Shansi farmers for the coming year should throw some light on the sincerity of the opium reforms. Were they really arranging to plant less opium? Yes, they were. Reports came to me from every side, and all to the same effect. West and northwest of T'ai Yuan-fu many of the farmers had announced that they were planting no poppies at all. This, remember, was in April: planting time was near; it was a practical proposition to those Shansi peasants. In other regions men were planting either none at all, or "less than last year." The reason generally given was that the closing of the dens in the cities had lessened the demand for opium.

The officials were planning not only to make poppy growing unprofitable to the farmers, they were planning also to advise and assist them in the substitution of some other crop for the poppy. But here they encountered one of the peculiar difficulties in the way of opium reform, the transportation problem. All transportation, off the railroads, is slow and costly. No other product is so easy to transport as opium. A man can carry several hundred dollars' worth on his person; a man with a mule can carry several thousand dollars' worth. That is one of the reasons why opium is a more profitable crop than potatoes or wheat. But the law descended without waiting for solutions of all the problems involved. The closing of the opium dens all over Shansi had the immediate effect of limiting the crop. It also had the effect of driving out of business a great many firms engaged in the manufacture of pipes and lamps. Sixty-two manufacturing houses in one city, Taiku, either went out of business altogether during the spring months, or turned to new enterprises. I add an interesting bit of evidence as to the effectiveness of the enforcement. It is from a missionary.

"I was calling on one of the foreigners in T'ai Yuan-fu and found a beggar lying on one of the doorsteps, with his pipe and lamp all going. I told him to clear out. I asked him why he was there, and he told me he had nowhere else to go, now that the smoking dens were all closed, and that he had to find some sheltered nook where he could have his smoke."

It was not the plan to close the opium sale shops; theoretically it will take nine or ten years to do that. But after closing all the places where opium was smoked socially and publicly, it should become possible to register all the individuals who buy the drug for home consumption. It was the closing of the dens, the places for public smoking, in all the cities of Shansi, which had the immediate effect of limiting the crop and the manufacture of smoking instruments. The one hundred and twenty-nine dens of T'ai Yuan-fu were all closed before I arrived there. In T'ai Yuan-fu, as in Peking, you could buy an opium smoker's outfit for next to nothing. Cloisonné pipes, mounted with ivory and jade, were offered at absurd prices.

One of the saddest features of the situation in Shansi is the activity of the opium-cure fraud. The opium-smoking habit can be cured, once the social element is eliminated, as easily as the morphine or cocaine habits—more easily, some would claim. I do not mean to say that a degraded, degenerate being can be made over, in a week, into a normal, healthy being; but it does not seem to be very difficult to tide even the confirmed smoker over the discomfort and danger that attend breaking off the habit. In Shansi, as in all the opium provinces, "opium refuges" are maintained by the various missions. The usual plan is to charge a small fee for the medicines administered, in order to make the refuges self-supporting. It takes a week or ten days to effect a cure by the methods usually followed. The patient is confined to a room, less and less opium is allowed from day to day, stimulants (either strychnine or atropine) are admin-

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istered, and local symptoms are treated as may seem necessary to the physician in charge. Some of the missions at first took a stand against the reduction method, believing that medical missionaries should not administer opium in any form; but after a death or two they accepted the inevitable compromise, recognizing that it is not safe to shut down the supply too abruptly. But the number of these refugees is pitifully small beside the extent of the evil. They have been at work for a generation without bringing about any perceptible change in the situation. There are now fewer refugees than formerly in Shansi Province, for none of the missions is fully recruited as yet, after the terrible set-back of 1900.

The opium-cure faker in China, as in the United States and Europe, usually sells morphia under another name. Dr. Edwards, the author of "Fire and Sword in Shansi," last year spent five weeks in traveling northwest of T'ai Yuan-fu, and reported finding a great many men employed in selling so-called anti-opium medicines. The demand for cures existed everywhere. Now that the popular sentiment is setting in so strongly against the opium habit, the Chinese are peculiarly easy prey for these rascals. They have no conception of medicine as it is practiced in western countries, and eagerly take whatever is offered to them in the guise of a "cure." The following, told to me by an Englishman who lives in the province, illustrates this:

"There is a lot of mischief being done in Shansi just now by men who have bought drugs in Tientsin, are selling them at random, and making a good thing for themselves. I was traveling one day and was taken violently ill, and I happened to reach a place where I knew a man who had some drugs, so I sent for him and asked him to bring me some medicine. He came along with three bottles, none of which was labeled. He could not tell me what any one of them contained. He said they were all good for stomach ache, and proposed to mix the three up and give me a good, strong dose. It is needless to say I refused. That man is running a proper establishment and making a lot of money on the drugs he sells, and that is all he knows about the business."

The upshot of my investigations and inquiries in Shansi was that the anti-opium edicts were being enforced to the letter. This conclusion reached, I naturally looked about to find the man behind the enforcement. Judging from the work done, he should prove worth seeing. Further inquiries drew out the information that he was one of the three rulers of the province, with the title of Provincial Judge, and that his name was Ting Pao Chuen.

Calling upon a prominent Chinese official is, to a plain, democratic person, rather an impressive undertaking. The Rev. Mr. Sowerby had kindly volunteered to act as interpreter, and him I impressed for instructor and guide through the mazes of official etiquette. It was arranged that I should call at Mr. Sowerby's compound at a quarter to four. From there we would each ride in a Peking cart with a driver and one extra servant in front. There was nothing, apparently, for the extra servant to do; but it was vitally important that he should sit on the front platform of the cart.

A Peking cart is a red-and-blue doghouse, balanced, without springs, on an axle between two heavy wheels. The sides, back, and rounding roof are covered with blue cloth. A curtain hangs in front. In the middle of each side is a tiny window, and it is at such windows that you occasionally get the only glimpses you are ever likely to get of Chinese ladies. There is no seat in a Peking cart; you sit on the padded floor. When you get in, the servant holds up the front curtain, you vault to the front platform, and, placing your hands on the floor, propel yourself backward, with as much dignity as possible, taking care not to knock your hat against the roof, until you have disappeared inside. If you are long of leg, your feet will stick out in front of the curtain, leaving scant room for the two servants, who sit, one on each side, with their feet hanging down in front of the wheels. The two carts, two drivers, and two extra servants, set out from the Baptist Mission compound, to convey Mr. Sowerby and me to the Yamen, or official residence, of His Excellency.

Every Yamen has three great gates barring the way to the inner compound. If the resident official wishes to humiliate you, he has his man stop your cart at the first gate and compels you to enter on foot. Fortunately for us, since it was raining hard, His Excellency had chosen to treat us with marked courtesy. The carts halted at the second gate while Mr. Sowerby's servant ran in with our red Chinese cards. There was a brief wait, and then we drove on through a long courtyard to the inner or screen gate, where massive timbered doors were closed against us. Soon these swung open; the carts crossed a paved yard and pulled up under the projecting roof of the Yamen porch; and we scrambled down from the carts, while two tall mandarins, in official caps and buttons, dressed in flowing robes of silk and embroidery, came rapidly forward to meet us. One of these, the younger and shorter, I recognized as Mr. Wen, the interpreter for the Shansi foreign bureau.

The other mandarin was a man of unmistakable ability and charm. Some of us, perhaps, have formed our notion of the Chinaman from the Cantonese laundryman type which we may have seen at his bench or

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on the Third Avenue elevated railway. This would be about as accurate as to call the coster at his barrow the typical Englishman; just about as accurate as to call the Bowery loafer the typical American. His Excellency appeared to be close to six feet in height; he was erect and lithe of figure, with marked physical grace. He greeted Mr. Sowerby by clasping his hands before his breast and bowing, then turned, and with a genial smile extended his right hand to grip mine. He used no English, but the Chinese language, as he spoke it, was both dignified and musical, and not at all like the sing-song jabbering I had heard on the streets and about the hotels.

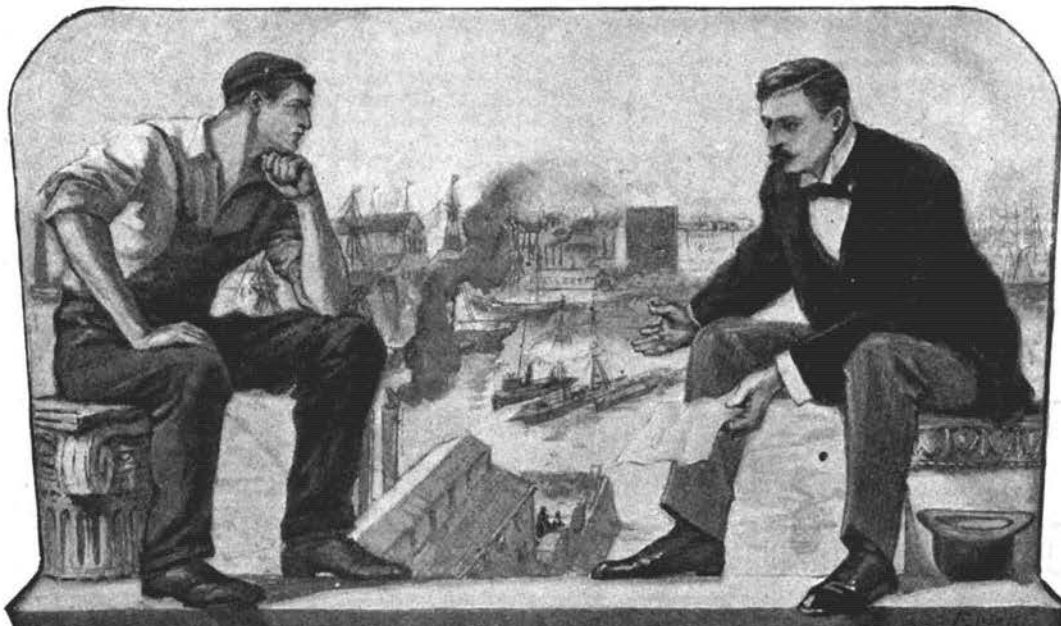
Ting led the way into a reception room which was furnished in red cloth and dark woods. There was a seat and a table against each side, and two red cushions on the edge of a platform across the side of the room, with a low table between them. An attendant appeared with tea. Ting took a covered tea bowl in his two hands, extended it toward me, bowed, then placed it on the low stand—thus indicating the seat which I was to take, on the platform. Mr. Wen said, in my ear, "Sit down." Mr. Sowerby was placed at the other side of the stand; the two Chinese gentlemen seated themselves at the two side tables, facing each other. One thing I remembered from Mr. Sowerby's coaching—I must not touch my bowl of tea. I must not even look at it. The tea is not to drink; it is brought in order that the caller may be enabled to take his leave gracefully. The Chinese gentlefolk are so wedded to life's little ceremonies that guest and host cannot bring themselves to talk right out about terminating a visit. The guest would shiver at the notion of saying, "Well, I must go, now." Instead, he fingers his tea bowl, or perhaps merely glances at it; and then he and his host both rise.

His Excellency fixed his eyes on me and uttered a deliberate, musical sentence. "He says," translated Mr. Sowerby, "that you have come to help China." I am afraid I blushed at this. It had not occurred to me to state my mission in just those words. I replied that I had come, as a journalist, to learn the truth about the opium question. We talked for an hour about the wonderful warfare which China is waging against her besetting vice. "China is sincere in this struggle," he said. "Public opinion was never more determined." He asked me if I had investigated the new Malay drug which had lately been heralded as a specific for opium poisoning. "If," he said, "you should learn of any real cure, while you are investigating this subject, I wish you would advise me about it." I promised him I would do so. I had already heard from a number of sources that Ting was personally giving two to three thousand taels a month (a tael is about seventy-five cents) to the support of opium refuges and for the purchase of drugs for distribution among the poor. "China is sick," he said; "she must be cured so that she may hold up her head among the nations."

Shortly after we had driven back through the rain and had mounted the stairs to Mr. Sowerby's library, a Yamen runner was shown into the room, bearing presents from the provincial judge. The runner bowed to me and presented his tray. On it, beside the large red "card" of Ting Pao Chuen, were four bottles of native wine, or "shumshoo," two cans of beef tongue, and two cans of sauerkraut!

I left T'ai Yuan-fu, for the return journey to Peking, on a raw April morning. The two soldiers, whom the provincial judge had provided as an escort as far as Ping-ting and the railroad, rode into the innyard promptly at eight o'clock and dismounted at my door. They wore dark blue clothes, with Chinese characters in red on the front and back of their blouses, and blue turbans. Carbines, of Chinese manufacture, hung from their saddles. Their blue cloth belts were stuck full of cartridges. A few minutes more and the mule-litter, with two drivers and four pack mules and donkeys, came into the yard.

The mule-litter of Northern China would furnish, anywhere, a reasonable basis for a circus parade. It is a large sedan chair, or palanquin, suspended from heavy poles between two mules. The box, or car, is about two and one half feet wide by four and one half feet long. The outside is covered with bright red and blue cloth. I found that there was room for all my hand baggage under the seat; over the seat went mattress, rug, and pillow. There are hinged doors on each side, with a little glass window in each. This, perhaps, sounds as if there might be some comfort in a mule-litter. If it does, let me hasten to correct the impression. I know of no more interesting experiment in the realm of applied physics than this method of riding two mules. It is close to the infinite possibility of complicated motion, with the laws of inertia and momentum and of gravity demonstrated in hopelessly crisscross lines of force. The trouble is in the mules. There is no provincialism or Chinese conservatism about the Chinese mule. He is cosmopolitan in his quaint originality, and in the range and variety of his methods. The palanquin rolls and pitches; usually both at one time. Sometimes the mules give up all hope of progress, and settle down to an attempt to pull the cart apart. If they should move smoothly along for a quarter of an hour, they will devote the next hour to a rapid fire series of experiments in changing step unexpectedly. All of which affects the involun-



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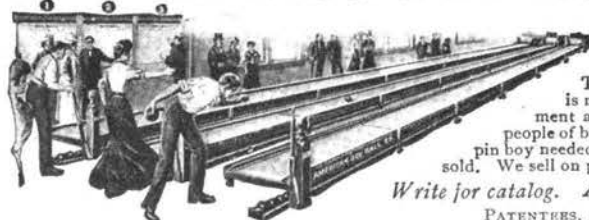
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tary activities of the seafaring mariner within the car. There are a great many cañons in the Shansi hills; and whenever possible the mules pick their path on the very edge of a precipice a hundred feet or so in depth, so close that if you look out your side window you can see straight down. What adds a zest to this sort of thing is the knowledge that the footing is not rock, but earth.

We moved slowly out through the ingate, with much shouting and jingling of mule bells. One soldier rode ahead and cleared a way through the crooked, crowded streets to the city gate; and then we swung out on the return journey through the Old Testament—past the same adobe forts and the modern soldiery, past the same wizened, wrinkled, roadside faces, through the same ruined villages, along the same sunken roads, and on up, mounting steadily, into the hills. We reached Shih-tieh late in the afternoon, after traveling seven and one half hours without a stop, excepting as it was necessary occasionally to disentangle the caravan from a donkey or camel train.

On the second day we cruised out of the Old Testament into the Canterbury Tales. All day the high-road was gay with life and color. We passed a great many mule-litters with their attendant pack animals, and overhauled long trains of carts laden with huge earthen bottles of "shumshoo." A generation ago, I was told, there would have been more of these carts; but the spread of the opium habit has all but driven the wine manufacturers out of business. During the morning we passed one very big mandarin. He was riding languidly in a sedan chair with sixteen bearers. A corporal's guard of soldiers preceded his caravan; and following the soldiers came two closed mule-litters, each with a pretty painted face peering out through the tiny window. There were eight two-mule pack litters in his train, and fourteen or fifteen other pack animals, with another guard of soldiers bringing up the rear.

In the mid-afternoon of the third day we rode lazily down a stony valley, with moldy, gray villages clinging to the hillsides. Sleepy vendors of cake and fruits fringed the roadside. Now and then there was laughter, or the crooning falsetto song of a passing muleteer. Children, clad and unclad, rolled in the dust or stood at the roadside, and, with big eyes, watched us go by. Across the valley, foaming against the hillside like surf, were peach blossoms—half a mile of them. The advance soldier looked back and pointed on ahead with his whip. On the heights, only two or three miles away, was a cluster of European buildings. "Ping-ting," said John, from his pack saddle. Our little journey through the centuries was about over. The Old Testament and the Arabian Nights and Canterbury Tales would soon cease to be realities, would shut with a slam and a cloud of dust at the first glimpse of the railway track, and would slip discreetly back to their places on the shelves.

Progress has stamped its vigorous mark on Ping-ting. The inn was clean. The "number one" room seemed almost palatial. The floor was of new brick. The paper squares which made up one side of the room were unbroken; it was necessary to punch out a dozen of them to secure ventilation. The woodwork was new and freshly painted—blue, green, red, and black. The plastered walls were almost white.

At early twilight, after a hearty supper, and after paying off the two muleteers and dismissing the soldiers, I sat in my room looking out through the open doorway. The yard was gay with activity and color. Boys and young men were moving about. One tried to lift a heavy box; and the others grouped about him, laughing and bantering. Two or three of the guests came to their doors, sipping their bowls of tea, and smiled at the sport. On the roof of the new gate house the tiles were still at work, though it was growing dark. From the road came the tinkle of mule and donkey bells, and the heavier sound of the camel bells. Through the open gateway I could see them passing—saddle donkeys, pack donkeys, and long strings of camels. Of the donkeys, only the heads and slender legs were visible under the packs. The camels bore great bales of wool that swayed with their deliberate tread.

I lighted a pipe, strolled out across the yard and through the gate, and stood near a group of well-dressed young Chinamen who were chaffing each other with the sunny good humor which seems characteristic of the race. On the higher ground, across the road, three boys were skillfully kicking a paper ball from one to another.

The evening train came in from Chen-tou, and the innyard was bright with the light of many paper lanterns on poles, and crowded with bales of luggage and with chattering, jabbering coolies. One very complacent, silk-clad young gentleman entered in a sedan chair, on the shoulders of four coolies; and there was much bowing and removing of spectacles.

I lighted my prehistoric lamp and tried to work by its uncertain light. Some one was singing, a quaint, quavering melody. In one of the cells an instrument that sounded not unlike a banjo was twanging. Primitive, insanitary, superstitious this Chinese life might be, yet there seemed something attractive in the simple nature of the yellow people who live it. When they were fairly and honestly dealt with, when the crude, greedy forces of civilization were not impressed too abruptly on their simpler habits—

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LENTALA

By W. C. MORROW

[Continued from page 22]

"Daughter," he peremptorily said, "spare us further humiliation. I am going."

"Then, I will go with you!" she exclaimed.

The entire colony was assembled, and all were expecting another measure of authority; but Captain Mason stood in patient silence.

"Impossible, child!" said Mr. Vancouver.

"Yes, I will go!" she cried. "I have a right to go, and I will!"

Mr. Vancouver sent Captain Mason an inquiring look, and found that the blue eyes had hardened. He knew the meaning of that; he must at once eliminate his daughter.

"Child," he coaxed, inclosing her in his arms, "it is impossible,—dangers would arise that would not come if you were absent."

"I can't bear it,—I can't bear it!" she half sobbed. She struggled to free herself. Rawley came forward. "Don't touch me!" she cried. "Is not there a man?"

A glance from Captain Mason sent Christopher to her side.

"It's me, ma'am."

Her father released her, and she turned in astonishment to Christopher. Annabel had a sense of the ludicrous, but one of tenderness also. She saw the angel behind the clown. Smiles went with her tears as she gave him her hand.

"You must not go," leaked his thin voice.

"Why?"

"They need you." His gesture swept the camp.

She was silent while she dried her eyes.

"Yes," she said, "but—"

"Them there savagers ud eat you."

"But my father—"

"He ain't nice to eat."

Christopher had laid a daring finger on the mystery, but his words found all unheeding except Mr. Vancouver, who looked startled. The suggestion was evidently new to him.

"Very well, Christopher," Annabel said, smiling sadly, "I'll stay. Captain Mason," falteringly, "I ask your pardon." She turned to her father and embraced him. "Father, go. I'll pray for you." She held him off and looked long into his face. "You'll come back, won't you?"

"Of course. I shall see the king, and I know I can arrange everything happily for the colony."

Captain Mason beckoned Gato. Mr. Vancouver turned his face to the darkness and marched away with the guard.

When he had gone, Annabel still gazed. Rawley watched her for a look that might permit his consoling offices, but she did not see him. Only Christopher knew what to do.

"It's a-wanting of you, ma'am," he said.

She started. "What, Christopher?"

"It's mother, too."

"Yes, yes—I'd forgotten." Without a glance at any of us, she went to the ailing child.

The colony began to stir. After a hurried conference with Captain Mason, Christopher and I left to keep the appointment with Beelo. We were ready for him when he came all out of breath. It made me uneasy to note that he studiously avoided my eyes and made no reference to the scene in camp.

"There's not a moment to lose," he said. "Come; follow me—cautiously." His manner betrayed a nervous haste.

"Beelo!" I said, seeing that he was too much excited.

He stood panting while he got himself in hand, but still kept his face turned from me.

"Now I'm all right," he said.

He threaded the jungle as though every shrub and tree and turning-place were familiar, and held a course on that side of the valley which brought us under the Face.

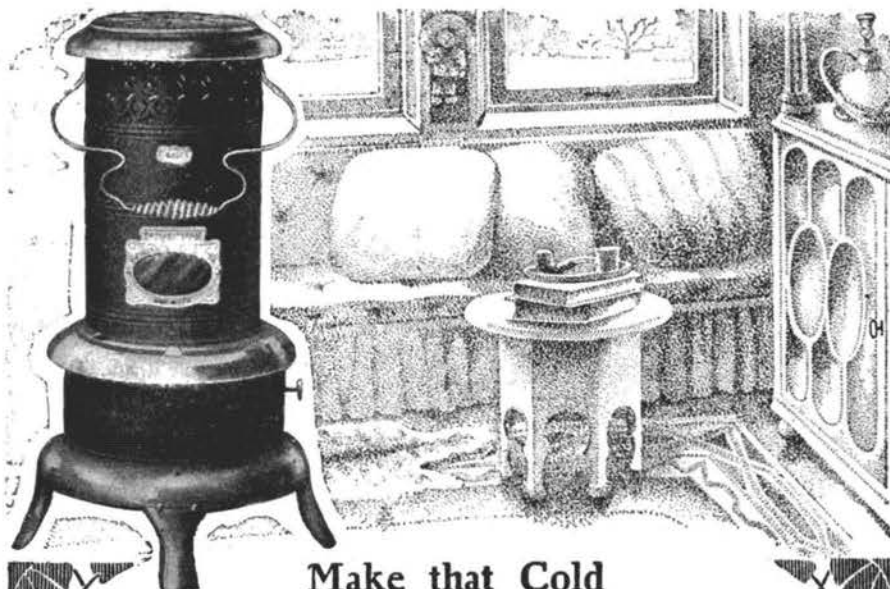
His agility taxed me. Not so Christopher: his deftness equaled Beelo's. We were a silent trio.

The transverse ridge was crossed, and we entered strange territory. Beelo's eyes and ears were incessantly on watch. Now and then he would come to an abrupt halt and hold his breath, but nothing appeared. We kept to the deepest shadows, which were further blackened by the steadily thickening darkness of the sky. I feared a downpour.

Without mishap we finally reached the lower end of the valley. I had been trying to see the opening through which the stream must run, but even when we halted near the cliff, not a break appeared.

Beelo dropped to the ground. "We'll rest," said he. I found the adventure exciting, but was unprepared for its effect on Christopher. His usually dull eyes had intelligent vision; his slouchiness was gone.

After a few moments' rest Beelo rose, and led us to the stream. It was deep and slow here, and crept through a dense overhanging growth. We pushed through the tangle, and soon came to a little clearing near the bank, but screened from it. The bamboo raft which he and Christopher had made lay there.



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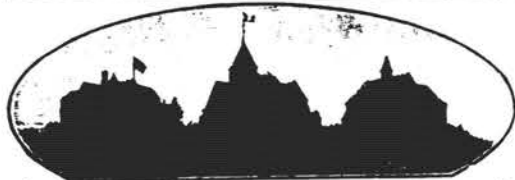


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We launched it. Christopher produced a pole from another hiding-place, boarded the raft, and knelt on the forward end. Beelo and I followed.

"Christopher," the lad inquired, "can you see in the dark?"

"Yes," and Christopher shoved off.

The vegetation grew denser as we slipped along, and its shadows combined with the darkness of the day to plunge us into night. Presently I realized that we must have traversed more than the distance between the launching-place and the wall.

"Where are we, Beelo?" I asked, but the sound of my voice informed me before the boy's answer:

"Under the mountain. We are going through."

To describe my sensations would be impertinent. Beelo's reticence was more than silence. The only sound was the swish of Christopher's pole as it dipped and scraped while we drifted. Beelo, sitting a little to the rear and at one side of me, crept nearer.

"Talk," he begged, edging still closer, till our arms touched.

"Very well, lad. Shall I tell you a story?"

We must have been on the floor of a lofty cavern, for my words came back.

"Hush!" he whispered.

His hand was groping for mine. Perfect blackness encompassed us. I took his hand. A slight tremor thrilled it, and I put an arm about his shoulders, drew him close, and pressed his head down in the hollow of my neck. There was none of his refractory wildness now. Poor lad! For all the pluck that he had shown in the past, the silence and the darkness of this gruesome passage had unmanned him. It was good to hear the comfort in his sigh, the fading of the tremor, and the firm grasp of his hand.

Evidently Beelo had never made this trip before, but I wondered that at least its upper end had been left unguarded and why it was not a highway for the natives. In a whisper I asked him:

"It is guarded," he answered; "but when a storm or an earthquake comes, the men are afraid that what is in here will come out; and, besides, they think a storm is a better guard than they. But they were n't far away. I knew how to avoid them."

"Yes, but—"

"Down!" came sharply from Christopher simultaneously with a dull blow.

I flattened Beelo and myself.

"Up," said Christopher.

Had his face or head encountered a low-hanging rock? Yet he had thought of us.

"Are you hurt?" I asked.

"No, sir."

"Did your head strike?"

"Arm, sir."

Perhaps an inscrutable power had given him the sense to raise his arm and guard his head at the moment of peril. I finished my question to Beelo:

"What is in here the natives fear?"

"The voices that send your words back."

"Surely they are familiar with the echo in the mountains."

"Not this kind, Choseph." He had never called me that so easily. I hugged him closer, and he nestled like a kitten.

It was indeed a startling echo. At times even our whispers seemed to multiply and flock on wings, and come rustling back.

"There's something still worse," added Beelo.

"What is it?"

"I don't know. They would never tell me."

I wondered whether he had felt the sudden leap of my heart. He must, for he snuggled closer, withdrew his hand from mine, caressed my cheek, and whispered, assuringly:

"We'll be brave."

"Yes, lad, but if we knew only a little we should be the better prepared."

He was silent.

"You know nothing about it?" I insisted.

"Nothing at all."

"But natives have gone through safely, else they would n't know."

"Some did, a long time ago. That was the last."

"Some did? Not all that started?"

"Not all. The others went mad. Don't talk about it, dear Choseph."

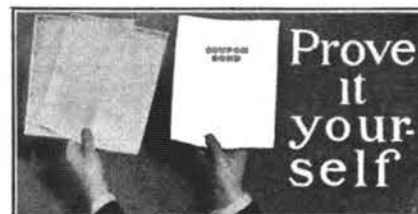
Assuredly Beelo had been driven to a desperate extremity to choose this way of escape from the valley. It showed how closely the ordinary outlets were guarded.

Chapter XII. Dramatic Discoveries

THE passage was crooked. The darkness was unqualified, and so dense that it seemed resistant and hard to breathe. It was the sort of blackness that penetrates to the heart and quenches the light there. Matches had long ago disappeared from the colony, and I had no means of making a light. Nor had Beelo provided against the blackness. All time reckoning had been lost, but our rate was slow, and I knew that the passage must be long.

Thus far the odors had been of the sun-sweetened water crossed with those of the underground dank, and were pleasant. But presently a faint pungency invaded the cold air. I knew by the change in Beelo's breathing that his quick sense had discovered it. It suggested

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things over which my memory halted. Christopher gave no sign. With unflagging watchfulness, aided by a perception far keener than mine, he kept the raft free in the stream, except for occasional bumps.

"Do you smell it, Christopher?" I asked.

"Yes, sir."

"What is it?"

"Sir?"

"What is it?"

There was an interval before his answer, "Fire, sir." Beelo cowered in my embrace. Since Christopher had mentioned it, I knew it was fire; I cannot say how I knew, because the odor was unlike that from any combustion I had ever known.

"Do you know what is burning?" I asked.

"Me, sir?"

"Yes."

This silence was longer than the other; Christopher must have listened far.

"The world, sir."

Beelo shook with a silent chuckle, and squeezed my hand; but I knew that Christopher's words had a meaning.

"The world?" I quietly repeated.

"Yes, sir. I hear it."

Beelo and I straightened up and set our ears on a strain.

"I hear nothing," I said.

"I hear it, very faint," Beelo breathlessly returned.

It made no difference with the steadiness of Christopher's work. The odor gradually grew more pronounced, and then I recalled an iron smelter that I had seen in boyhood. Presently I too heard a distant roar as of a furnace that ground while it burned. Beelo crept close under my arm again. I could feel his quick heart-beats and shortened breathing against my side.

Creeping through these increasing sensations came the deep note of falling water. Why ask Beelo whether he had ever heard that our stream took a subterranean plunge? Christopher kept coolly at his task. The sharp striking and scraping of his tireless pole had long ago informed me that rock made our channel and shores, which were uneven and dangerous. Now and then the raft would make a sudden swing to avoid underwater rocks that Christopher's soundings had discovered. At other times it would come to a lurching halt until the man carrying our lives in his hand had made sure of the way.

"What do you think of that water falling, Christopher?" I asked.

He waited a long time, and his slow answer chilled me:

"I don't know, sir."

"You'll go slow when we come nearer?"

"Yes, sir."

Beelo gave me a hand-pressure intended to silence my foolish tongue.

With a growing intensity in the odor, in the furnace roar, and in the rumbling of the waterfall, came stealing something new and surpassingly uncanny. It was a very dim glow, with no visible source, and without the power to make anything seen but itself. Apparently it was but the darkness in a more oppressive phase. In vain did I strain my eyes to see Christopher, Beelo, the raft, the water,—anything that light could make visible; but the glow was as impenetrable as the darkness.

Beelo was going to pieces under the weight of this encompassing awe. I knew that his weakness was born of his yielding to an extraneous reliance—Christopher and me. He put his lips to my ear and softly whispered:

"I'm afraid."

"Steady, lad. You are our guide; you are responsible for us."

"Yes, I know." He made a pathetic effort to regain his composure. "This light—don't you feel it, Choseph?"

"I do, dear lad, but my name is n't Choseph."

"Yoseph!" he triumphantly said.

"Joseph," I insisted.

"Mr. Tudor!" In a whirlwind he threw both arms round my neck, and laughed softly. The old Beelo was on guard again, except that with his recovered courage he was uncommonly gentle and affectionate. I wondered if I should ever reach the end of the boy's phases.

From some indeterminate direction came the muffled sound of an explosion.

"Hold tight!" cried Christopher, violently lurching the raft round and jamming it sharply against high jutting rocks on the bank. "Down!" he suddenly exclaimed.

A mighty rush as of many winds came tearing up the passage far ahead. I threw Beelo face down, and flattened my body. Then came the blow, and hurled Christopher backward upon us. In a moment he had recovered himself. The impact must have strained Beelo's ribs, but he lay still.

It was a combination of atmospheric concussion and hot gases, principally steam, that had struck us. I raised my head, gasping for breath. Beelo was inert. I lifted him. One arm feebly groped for my neck, and clung there.

"We are safe!" I said cheerily. "Where is my brave little brother?"

He only held me the closer. Indeed, speech was difficult, since the air was packed with smothering

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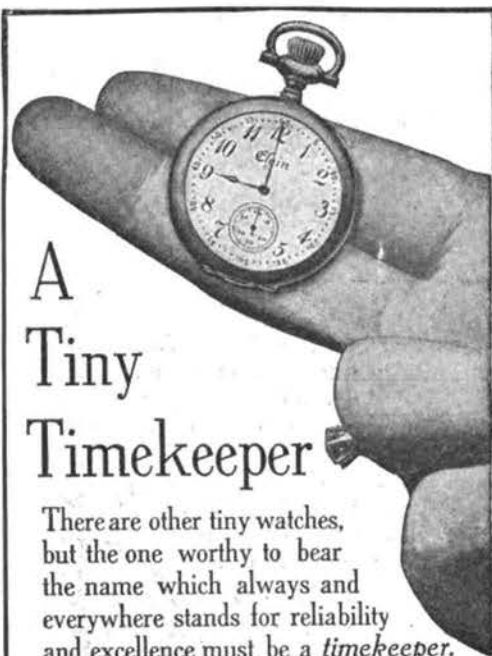
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vapors. The desire to breathe was checked by an instinctive fear to inhale.

Christopher cautiously pushed out, and again we drifted free. The pole dipped and clicked and scraped. But a change had come. The furnace roar had ceased; the waterfall grew louder. Most striking of all was the unearthly luminosity of the steam filling the tunnel. That vapor, rapidly chilling in the cold of the passage, increased in opaqueness, but glowed the more. Before long the light became radiant and faintly illuminating, and the air sweetened. I had known by Beelo's breath on my cheek that his face was upturned to mine, and near. Thus it was that after long peering I found the light in his eyes. My arms were inclosing him.

"I see my lad!" I said in gladness.

A queer little movement of withdrawal began. I tried to hold him, but found no yielding. Gradually he slipped out of my clasp, and sat alone.

Christopher slowly took body in the haze, a ghostly Charon on the Styx. The color of the glow grew from white to rose, with an occasional effulgence of bluish purple. The surface of the earth knew no such tints in fire; these were royally plutonic. The black rocks overhead and on either hand assumed a vague, grim definition, and to my keyed fancy displayed grotesque suggestions. Blank spaces a shade darker than the grimacing, minatory rocks fell away; these I supposed to be cavernous reaches out of the passage, for from them came echoed multiples of the pole-sounds.

The temperature began to rise as the waterfall grew louder, the light more revealing, the haze weaker. We swung round a wide curve, and all at once a terrifying vision sprang forth in a blood-red light. Our stream opened into a small lake, which was violently churned by a cataract of crimson water brilliantly illuminated and plunging out of the overhead darkness into it. The roar was deafening.

Beelo, scrambling in terror to his feet, his eyes blazing with the red madness that packed the cavern, required a strong hand to subdue him. He struggled in my grasp, pointed frantically backward with implorings that we return, and fought my restraint with sheer animal desperation. Christopher's conduct, though showing extraordinary exhilaration, betrayed no fear, but only a grimmer hold on our situation. With a rearward glance and the discovery that I was holding Beelo securely, he stood up, a gigantic red figure, and with all his might shot the raft forward into the maelstrom. The frail thing plunged in the surge, but Christopher's eye and arm were sure. The suck of the water, curving downward where the cataract struck the pool, was cunningly avoided as he circled the rim of the lakelet, having as able work to do in avoiding the dripping rocks there as in keeping out of the breakers.

I thanked God there was light, formidable though it was; it helped me in my control of Beelo, whose struggles were becoming weaker, and enabled me to find a good grip on the raft, for there was danger of slipping off. Through all the wild lurching Christopher kept a sailor's feet; and, although his back was toward me, I saw by his quick movements that all his shrewd forces were in the fight.

Whence came the light? It appeared to be in the cataract itself, a living flame in the heart of its greatest enemy. The water was joyously, terribly alive.

The raft described an arc of the pool, slipped out of the boiling churn, and, before Christopher was aware, caught an eddy and went swinging and lurching in behind the cataract. The man so strong in both soul and body threw up his hands in the surrender of terror, for a thing more awful than the red light and the waterfall confronted us. He dropped the pole. Its middle struck the edge of the raft, and our one weapon of defense rebounded into the water. Beelo saw the catastrophe. He clutched me frantically about the neck, nearly strangling me before I broke his hold.

Christopher looked about for the pole, and saw it bobbing on end as it struggled against submergence in the downthrust behind the fall. It was twenty fatal feet away. The ferocity of elemental self-preservation seized on the man and transformed him. This was not the attitude of patient, gentle Christopher, the humble, serving Christopher, but that of a bayed animal. My hands were tied by the necessity of Beelo's care.

The spectacle that had unmanned Christopher was in a profound recess reaching indeterminately out of the cavern and behind the waterfall. It had not been visible until we rounded the fall and went scurrying behind it in the eddy. Apparently far back—I cannot guess how far,—ran a broad, high, fantastically irregular tunnel ending in a pit of boiling lava, at an unknown depth below the level of the tunnel, which itself was slightly above the surface of the pool. Deep rumblings issued from it, as from a heavy ebullition, punctured with smothered detonations. Rising from it were thin, cloud-like masses of vapor, like the pale mauve haze of distant mountains. In its rolling it thickened concealingly here and opened revealingly there, with constantly shifting effects.

The dominant color was a deep, transparent crimson of a tint such as may be seen in the cooling iron of a foundry or in the great crater of Kilauea; but following the detonations came leaping flames of bluish purple. It was the red shining through the water that had made the cataract a fall of liquid crimson when seen from the front.

This, then, was the funnel of a volcano, with a lateral vent. Was it one of Pluto's cooling forges?

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Was its present activity transient? Was this the beginning of a seismic convulsion that might blow the valley rampart into the sea?

I cannot say when those questions arose. The urgency of an immediate threat demanded all attention. Beelo was in an ecstasy of terror, and Christopher was desperately casting about with all his re-assembled wits. In the tumult of noises our voices were useless. We had been flung out of the larger eddy into a smaller one swirling between the back of the fall and the tunnel-mouth. It had a swifter and more dizzying whirl. Soon it seemed that we were still, except for the ceaseless rolling of our craft, and that the roaring fall and the grumbling, blazing tunnel were swinging round us. With the rest passed the bobbing pole, a live, insane thing, nodding this way and that, approaching the downpour gingerly, diving under a sharp water-blow, and leaping up with nialicious sprightliness a few feet back. At any moment it might be caught sidewise and crushed.

There was another danger. The centrifugal force of our swing in the eddy was carrying us out to the periphery of the swirl. On one side were the rocks at the mouth of the tunnel; opposite was the waterfall, the slightest blow from which (since it fell from a height of at least a hundred feet) would mean the end. Our swinging was taking us nearer to both those dangers.

Something roused within, overcoming my pity for Beelo. I shook him and slapped his cheek. Astonishment and anger blazed in his eyes, and then with a mighty indignation he crawled away and sat glaring at me. At another time the comical picture would have amused me, for the boy behaved just as a proud kitten under similar treatment. Having secured the desired result with Beelo, I worked to the edge of the raft, and prepared to make a leap for the pole. I was waiting till the raft should swing round and bring me nearer. Before that happened, two soft arms were flung round me from behind, a cheek pressed mine, and I was borne down backward. Two small, firm hands held my wrists down. For the moment I was helpless.

Of course, Christopher knew that our nearer approach to danger brought us closer to hope, which lay in the pole. He was biding the moment, and it came. He crouched on the raft, and a long arm shot out. Beelo's nerves were quivering till Christopher rose; then they stilled, and he released me.

Christopher had learned from experience, and it was a surer hand now that gripped the pole and sent the raft spinning out of the eddy. To keep it somewhat trimmed against Christopher's movements had been a small part of my task hitherto, so thoughtful of everything had he been; but now that he saw Beelo and me better used to the situation, he quietly gave us something of that to do, thus securing more freedom of movement.

He found the egress of the stream from the pool, and pushed out. Slowly we crept through the gloomy, misty light, which paled as we went. Christopher must have felt a dread that oppressed me—the danger of recurrent explosions—for he worked with less extreme caution than before, and our progress was better. After a time the light was too dim for me to see Beelo sitting in his sullen pout; and when darkness again fell, he crept up beside me and stole out a hand for mine. The noises had nearly ceased, and Beelo no longer feared the weird echoes.

"I'm glad it's past," he sighed, nestling against me.

"Are n't you, Choseph?"

"Joseph."

He hugged my arm and laughed softly.

"Yes, I'm glad," I answered.

It seemed many hours since we had entered the passage, and I hoped we should emerge in the morning of the day following that of our start.

New conditions began to arise. Above the cataract the stream had been slow, with few approaches to rapids. Those had been the worst danger-points. Now we discovered that the current was swifter and the rapids more numerous and turbulent. The celerity of Christopher's movements increased. He no longer tried to spare us the water dripping from his pole as he repeatedly shifted it and groped for bearings. This made me more apprehensive. I wondered whether, even with better facilities, we could return to the valley through this passage, and how the two hundred and fifty colonists could manage to come safely through.


[To be continued in February]

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THE passengers were suddenly startled by a shower of rice that fell from the bride's parasol when she took it from the rack. The bridegroom, a dark, stalwart chap, observing the smiles, placed his arm about his blushing bride, and then faced the passengers with the following remarks:

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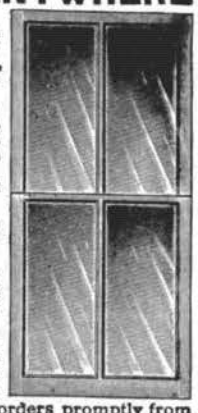
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"To Kill the President!"

[Concluded from page 11]

at once evident that for three cottages at this end there was only one outside guard. What there might be inside the cottage was another question.

"Let us kill him," the anarchist hissed in the captain's ear, at the same time unsheathing a knife.

"You'll not! I'll run this game!" the captain returned; and, before the man could realize what was happening to him, he felt his arm twisted sharply, and let the knife fall to the ground.

The guard, all unsuspecting, was coming toward them again, and they were directly in his path. The captain and his companion crouched, the former stripping off his coat. Slowly the man came on, humming a song. When he was almost upon them the waterman abruptly rose, and, with a quick motion, enveloped the man's head in the folds of the coat, and clasped him in his powerful arms.

There was no outcry, hardly a struggle, even, it was all done so swiftly. The guard lay bound hand and foot on the ground, a handkerchief tied over his mouth. The only sound had been that made by the man's fall, and that had reached no other ears.

The conspirators carried their prisoner to the side of the cottage. Then the old waterman stepped to the window, looked in, and started back with a muffled cry. So fearsome and pain-distorted was the face that glared at him from the bed, that for a moment it made his old heart quail. The beard was black, short, and bristly, and the eyes round and void of intelligence. The nurse's back was toward the window, but a single glance had shown him to be a small man.

"Is that him?" the captain asked, recovering himself at once.

The stranger drew shudderingly away. "It is him," he said. There was a tremor in his voice that all the fury of the storm had not compelled. "We must get him now."

"We will," the captain whispered resolutely. Then he paused for time to turn the matter over in his mind. The first thought was to put on the uniform of the guard, but it was quite too small. He looked into the room again. The nurse had turned and his face was half toward the window. It was a strong, determined face, despite the smallness of the man. Force might do but strategy would be better, thought the old waterman quickly, so he crushed his southwester under his coat, and put on the cap of the guard. Cautioning his companion to silence, and directing him to stay outside, he walked to the door, boldly opened it, and entered. He gave one quick, comprehensive glance at the scantily furnished room, and the back of the nurse's white uniform, before the latter turned upon him.

"Get out," said the nurse hastily. "Go out, man, you'll catch it." He waved him back with his hand.

"Catch what?" the captain asked.

"Ship fever, man, typhus; it's contagious. Get out!" The waterman wavered, his wrinkled old face pasty. Then he got a grip on his nerve again.

"I've had it," he lied, as calmly as he could. "Orders that you report at headquarters for instructions at once."

The nurse looked at him suspiciously. "Who said so?" he asked.

"The doctor," answered the captain, ready all the while to pounce upon the man, should he show that he detected the ruse.

"Where's your uniform?"

"New guard, sir," the captain returned. "Get it to-morrow."

The nurse was perplexed. "I can't leave him alone," he said.

The strain was telling on the waterman's nerve, iron though it was. That hideous face and the sick-room nauseated him. A little more bandying and he felt that he would be compelled to spring upon the nurse and overpower him. A horrible groan rose from the bed, and they both turned their eyes on the patient, muttering fiercely in a foreign tongue.

"How long will it take you?" asked the captain.

"Fifteen or twenty minutes."

"I'll stay."

The nurse gazed at him long and earnestly, but apparently deciding that there could be nothing wrong, went out the door.

The waterman stood staring at the bed and the repulsive figure swathed in a restraining sheet. When he judged that the nurse had got far enough away, he went to the door.

"Quick," he called to his companion. "We must hurry."

The passenger came bounding eagerly in. "It is him," he cried. "My friend! Luigi!" Then he said something to the sick man in his own tongue.

"He is not comprehend," he said, turning to the captain.

"No, delirious. Let's get him out."

The patient fought them with mad weakness, the passenger talking low to him all the while. They quickly wrapped him in the bedclothes and the canvas restraining sheet, fearing each minute to see the nurse return, or to hear the alarm sounded. Out through the door they carried the limp weight.



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They reached the shore end of the wharf before the alarm was sounded. Then they started to run. On down the wharf, stumbling in the dark, staggering under the heavy load, they went, while the voices behind them trailed off in different directions. Then lanterns appeared, and some came toward the wharf.

Captain Morain sprang down to the "Flyer's" deck and the passenger handed his companion down. The waterman staggered with his burden into the cabin and laid it upon the floor.

The lanterns were then at the end of the wharf. Captain Morain cast off, started the engine going, and headed for the open bay there to meet the height of the storm.

There was no longer need for concealment, but nevertheless the captain switched on only one light in the cabin. The sick man lay writhing upon the floor, talking, mumbling in his alien tongue. The passenger bent anxiously over the mottled face, asking questions of it, but receiving no reply.

All at once, whether it was from the tossing of the boat, or the rough handling he had received, the sick man gave a raspy cry, and began to talk rapidly.

"He is well," cried the passenger.

"He is dying," said the captain, his eyes taking in the man's condition at once.

The "Flyer" rose on a wave and sank into the hollow. The anarchist eagerly questioned his comrade.

"I have it!" he cried. "The duty is fall upon me. It is my hand will strike the blow, my hand tear down the flag, my hand kill the President!" he cried harshly, then bent over his dying companion again.

A rattle in the throat, a convulsive quiver of the limbs, and Captain Morain's prediction had come true.

"Kill the President!" The words rang in the waterman's ears. This man was going to kill the President of the United States! He turned his eyes out on the mountainous waves, and his brain throbbed with riotous thoughts. He had never before given much thought either to his country or to its ruler, but now, somehow, it came to him as a surprise that he cared. After a little he turned and regarded the passenger, scrutinizing him closely. As he gazed he felt a sudden loathing; felt his heart beat high with an emotion that had never been there before. He was conscious of a sudden love of country, and a fire of patriotism, new and strange.

"Is it not grand!" the passenger demanded. "We, you, and me, we are brothers now. *Viva la anarchist!*"

All at once something happened. The engine missed its stroke. Then its throb ceased.

The "Flyer" veered out of her course and a wave struck her a mighty three-quarters blow.

"She's broken," said the captain, quietly. "You'll have to lend me a hand."

Another wave tumbled on the launch and pressed her down into the deep and threatened to roll her over. The waterman hurried to the engine, stepping over the dead man to do so. The passenger followed him.

The "Flyer" was in the trough now, and she rolled helplessly. The old captain worked feverishly at the engine, apparently searching in vain for the trouble, but in reality perfecting the plan that had suddenly taken possession of him. Every moment threatened to be the "Flyer's" last.

The anarchist was stooping over, trying to assist. Wearied, the captain raised his bent form, so that he was directly over the head and shoulders of the passenger. An instant later the anarchist started to raise his head to see why the other had ceased working; but before he could straighten himself, the old waterman pounced upon him, seized him below the shoulders, and pinioned his arms to his side, and gave him a mighty wrench.

But the thing was not so easily done; the men were too evenly matched for an easy victory for either. Down on the floor went the two men, gasping for breath, their faces almost against each other, their eyes burning into each other's brains, their breath scorching each other's faces.

The "Flyer," wallowing in the trough, turned till the floor stood at a fearsome angle, throwing the combatants against the wall. But the captain, suddenly taking advantage of a moment's weakness in his adversary, twisted his arm behind him, and followed it up by reaching for the end of a coil of rope, which he wrapped swiftly about the body, binding it from head to foot.

"There!" he panted, rising.

The "Flyer" turned on her other side, throwing the captain to his knees and sending the dead man rolling against him. But the old waterman got to his feet, pulled a lever that set the propeller going, and made his way toward the wheel. A few seconds more and the brave little "Flyer" was out of the trough, the engines driving with every ounce of power in them.

But now the launch's nose was not pointed toward home, but straight back toward the quarantine station whence she had so recently come. The knowledge of what he was about to do, and the consequences he was about to suffer, did not deter the old man, even though he knew that he must undergo the quarantine, and trial and punishment after that. A look of peace, of happy resignation, of love of country, was in the hard old face, making it glow in harmony with the new-found patriotism that warmed the calloused heart of a rogue.



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Paulin's Little Brother:

By ALDIS DUNBAR

[Concluded from page 16]

and looked back along that same avenue with open satisfaction.

"'T is not that bad for a mornin's work," he declared, "but we'll both be the better o' restin' for a bite o' bread an' cheese, lad."

"Mr. Paulin'd like the way it looks now, don't you think?" asked Egan, tossing a last gleaming of dock and dandelion on the pile in the barrow and wheeling it along beside the old man.

"Ay, lad," Garrity nodded musingly. "More shame to me o'uld bones that I've not seen to it better. But there, 't was ten year an' more he'd never set foot nigh Restover. Says he: 'I'd be afther missin' Davy an' the General whichever way I turned, Martin. Stay you, an' kape life an' warmth in Restover, till I've grown past the feelin'."

"And you've been livin' here alone for ten years?"

"Ay," rambled on the old man. "His gran'father, as brought up him an' Masther Davy, when they was orphans, tied up Restover in his will, never to be sold nor shut up. 'No Paulin yet,' says he, 'c'd kape money tight; but ye'll not lack one home ready an' open for ye, Nick,' says he. Ay, never was a man more set in his way, for, bye, 't is Masther Nick, as never turns back, wanst he's chosen a path an' walked away on it. 'T was like as two oars in a skiff they were, when ye'd see the young spalpeen standin' facin' the o'uld general, afther bein' in some shraope. Manny's the time he'd ha' got off aisy, by houldin' his tongue. But not he! Ten words o' questionin' an' 't would all come out, fearless an' downright as ye please! I mind the day he sailed the sloop down the river alone, an' out the inlet to rough wather, no one dhreamin' I was n't along lookin' afther him—"

Egan, leaving his load in the sun, had followed the speaker into a wide old kitchen, whose windows were dingy with dust, rain-splashed with mud, and from whose dark rafters floated sooty cobwebs, above the open stone fireplace. He stood working his shoulders uneasily for a moment, while the old man peered into dim cupboards, as one uncertain what was within.

"Cap'n Garrity!"

"Eh?" looking around.

"D—d' you think I'd ought to tell Mr. Paulin 'bout things I—I've been pretendin'?"

"An' what's them?"—cutting thick, uneven slices from the loaf he held.

The boy dropped his head, then blurted out—"Bout bein' his brother. No,—I ain't goin' to eat nothin' till I tell you. 'T was after one time you said he wouldn't never ha' used low down talk like I'd learned from that farmer, even if 't was n't real swearin'. An' I said the 'was n't no one cared how I talked, an' I could n't never get to be nothin' like him, an' what'd it matter? An' you said any one c'd get to be what they wanted, if they made up their mind an' stuck to it, an' how I was n't no more alone nor him. Well, I never had no brother, an' I could n't help wishin' I c'd ha' been his; so I just tried pretendin' how it'd seem if I was one, another one, you know, that he thought a heap of, an' that was always tryin' to be like he was when he was n't any bigger 'n me."

"An' that's how it come ye took them words off yer tongue?"

Egan nodded. "An' when the 'was storms at night, it did n't seem half so lonesome, way down there in the woods, if I made believe we was out campin' together, an' he'd be 'shamed o' me if I was n't real brave. An' I pretended he told me how to do things, the way he used to. I'd shut my eyes an' be 'most sure he was there,—lookin' like that picture in the big room that's full o' books,—'cause I'd never seen him, himself. So, when you said how he was comin' here, I knew I'd ought to ask him did he mind me stayin', so's I c'd help 'round. An' I waited from 'fore 't was light, on the front porch, an'—an' kep' thinkin' 't was my brother'd be comin' out after a while. Then, when I saw him, I s'posed I ought n't to made believe things 'bout him,—not havin' no right to. An' it seemed like p'raps I'd have to tell him—"

"Whist, Egan, lad!" interposed the old Irishman. "Ate yer bread an' harken. Tell no one of it, Masther Nick nor anny other, if ye're the self-respectin' lad I think ye. An' here's why. So far naught but what is like to aid in makin' ye a brave, honest man, has come of yer makin' believe. 'T is far different from if ye'd been pretendin' it anny other way, to folks as 'd take it ye were thyrin' to make yerself out kin to him, or so himself 'd hear of it, an' think ye puttin' yerself in his way to gain favor. If ye'd grow fit for brother to man like Masther Nick, lad,—never ye be aught o' the beggar. What ye get, get honest, as himself would. There's no harm pretendin' the dhry bread ye've earned is cake, to make it go down aisy, but if them strange heard of it, they'd likely ask how ye come honest by cake, an' might n't believe 't was all fancy, while if one as had cake 'd be passin', ye 'd not want him to think ye were hintin' for some to be give ye."

"You—you know I never would!"

"Ay, lad, I do that same. Yet ye've manny a thing to learn, an' one is this. Ever you spake truth, Egan, but remember there's times for sayin' naught, an' no shame to none. 'T is another matter if anny asks ye what he's a right to know. D' ye see?"

Egan did see, clearly. Through the golden afternoon of that autumn day, while he toiled up the porch steps with splashing pails of cool well water, to be sent swashing over the dusty boards when the sun vanished among hazy western hills, and when Garrity, weary with unwonted exertion, let him roast the potatoes on the hearth and milk the one cow that stood lowing at Restover pasture bars, and as he went down into the green gloom of the darkening woods, along a twisted path devised years before by the two Paulin boys, to bewilder any approaching their secret citadel, he pondered the old man's wisdom with boyish frown and compressed lips.

"He did n't mean I'd ought to stop, so long as I kep' it to myself, square an' honest," was Egan's conclusion, as he fastened the door of the queer little bark-covered shanty on the inside, climbed into a rude bunk filled with hay, and groped around for his one possession, a worn army blanket.

"I s'pose he knew I'd be awful lonesome 'thout even a pretend brother. An'—oh, Nick, I would be!" Egan's face burned suddenly in the darkness, for he had spoken aloud.

"You know I'd never ha' told—folks!" he went on, in an earnest whisper. "Don't you? Nor him, neither, 'less Cap'n Garrity said I must? So, if nobody knows at all—I promise, sure an' certain, word of honor, they shan't ever know—why, they can't ask me nothin'. Not even Mr. Paulin,—'cept the way you're him. O' course I mean the one I won't tell is n't—is n't just you—" Sleep caught the drowsy boy still trying to define the difference; and for several days thereafter poor Egan was haunted by a strange sense of disloyalty to the dear shadow, aforesaid so real, who now seemed fading from him.

At the end of the week, when Paulin returned from the city, the tangle resolved itself. Before the train whistled, Egan had been perched on a flat-car, up the siding, dejectedly trying to regain for himself the brother-boy of Garrity's tales. He sprang down as the engine rushed by, and at sight of the dark eyes, dream and reality became one, beyond reverence. What though, after an absent greeting, his hero plainly forgot him—striding off toward Restover without a backward glance? Egan, proud of office, followed contentedly with the rusty leather bag.

His opposition to Garrity's plan that he give up sleeping "down the woods, when there's room and plenty, to say naught o' the o'uld trundle bed, in the attic over the kitchen," now vanished. If Mr. Paulin was coming and going between Restover and that big, vague city, Egan ought to be somewhere handy, in case he wanted errands run. To this view Garrity gravely assented.

With quaint reversal, it was Egan who now became the shadow; Egan whose boyish entreaties drove Garrity to invent for him endless trivial tasks around the rambling old house; Egan who fed the fire of his devotion on a passing word, kindly or merry—on a rare, sudden glance of sympathy from Nicholas Paulin.

Far into many a night, starlit or somber, the boy haunted the porch by the long windows of the library where Paulin—so intent on his work as never to suspect the silent, wistful presence—wrote, resolutely, at the clumsy oak table. He had little need to caution Egan against laying hand on the papers that were strewn around. The lad, watching the drawn, weary face he loved clear and grow ardent with absorbed interest in the scrawled sheets, knew them sacred, as by instinct, and his golden dreams were of a glorified library wherein Paulin, the beautiful princess ever at his side, should be free to write thus all day, if he so desired—with no dreary office to claim him.

"An' p'raps, if I had new clothes, an' ran quick to do things for her, an' was n't ever in the way, she'd like me more 'n she did, an' let me stay an' do the chores," was the constant thought which rounded all.

It was a lowering, windy morning when Paulin came on the boy, standing rapt before a bookcase in the hall; and his casual question roused up hunger long repressed.

"Yes, sir, I c'n read, some; but I ain't got even a primer. Oh, Mr. Paulin, d' you s'pose somewhere 'round the 'might be any old books I c'd learn things out of? I'd be awful careful!"

"Yes!" This time the power of the one word was like a hand-grip, warm and strong.

Paulin left the boy breathless before a heap of worn schoolbooks,—trying to stammer thanks which words were dull to carry; and hours that passed found Egan still on the settle beside a smoldering wood fire in the library, where Paulin had established him, poring over a well-thumbed history. Not until a flash and mutter of coming storm roused him did he look up, with strained eyes, to the wall from which a boy's head,—vivid, spite of gathering darkness, faced him right gallantly.

"Them's all your own books!" he said aloud. "An' you let me have 'em, just as if I was your real brother, 'stead o' just a pretend one that you don't know about. Oh, Nick! I—I'd rather have you for my make-believe brother, the way you are, than have any one else that ever lived for a real one! Why, I—I'd climb over mountains, or chop down trees, or—"

go in where 'twas on fire, or swim 'way 'cross the inlet, or do anythin' in all the world you wanted, Nick, 'cept only what I promised 'bout never lettin' you know how I've been havin' you for my brother!"

"Your what?"
Sharp through the swish of rain, driven against the windows, rang the demand. Egan sprang to his feet, the cherished books falling unheeded as he stared, wordless and aghast, at—the fairy princess!

"You insolent ragamuffin!" she went on, scornfully. "You thought yourself safely comfortable in here, I suppose, the master of the house not being at home to catch you! To whom were you talking? Not old Garrity, for he let us in. Oh, I heard you! Was it, perhaps, to that picture?"

The boy nodded miserably.
"Nicholas Paulin's portrait! Upon my word! Here's a romance! I wonder how long it will take him to turn you out when he learns what I overheard?"

Egan found his voice in startled appeal. "You would n't tell him! I—I'd not so much mind havin' to go away, if only he did n't find out why. It was n't no harm to any one. I—I never had nobody really my own. Course I know I could n't never be good enough to have him care 'bout me, the way I do for him, but I did try to be the kind he'd want, an' I did n't ever s'pose it'd hurt if I pretended—"

"Impertinence!" she broke in on his faltering excuse. "Peggy! Peggy Oswald! Think what I heard this wretched little tramp saying!" as a second apparition, all in rose-pink ruffles, looked through the doorway.

"Nothing very dreadful, I reckon," returned a good-natured voice.

"He dared—No, I'll keep it hanging over his head until Nick arrives."

"Why torment the child, Cis?"

Miss Yorke turned on her. "Why? Because the mere presence of such a scarecrow at Restover is a phase of Nick's obstinacy! His farce of independence is passing all bounds! Haven't I plenty of money? Yet our engagement is his one and only reason for drudging in Bethune's office!"

Mrs. Oswald laughed. "You prefer a dependent slave, my dear? Then give up Nicholas Paulin. Men of that stubborn race will never be idle hangers-on to a rich wife; though you know half a dozen who'd have no such scruple. Lift a finger, and they'll flock around. You don't mind plain speech, Cis. Call it off, or you'll be sorry. Neither of you took the engagement seriously until he went smash, and you persisted in holding him."

"I'm stubborn, too," said Miss Yorke, shortly. "Look at all this, Peggy! Scribbling!" She swept up a handful of manuscript. "Poetry! and impassioned prose!" with a chilly laugh. "You understand, Peggy Oswald! He's had no time to spare me, at Marathon!"

"Bravo! I take it back, Cis! You must care, if you're jealous!"

"I? Because I resent his wasting days on rubbish?" To the boy's horror, his dream princess deliberately tore across the papers she held, crushed them into a tight ball, and flung it into the fire, where it blazed high. She turned for more, but fear of pending disgrace vanished in hot anger as Egan caught her hands and clenched them with all his young strength.

"No one ever dares touch his papers!" he stormed. "You've burned what he worked over, night after night! You shan't have the rest! You shan't!"

Peggy Oswald, sitting comfortably in an easy chair, clapped her hands softly. At the sound, Cecil Yorke stamped her foot. "Let me go!" she cried, vainly trying to wrench free.

"Promise, first!" Egan's eyes fairly blazed with wrath.

"Cis! There's the door!" Mrs. Oswald sat up, alert. Egan, hearing quick steps, loosed his adversary and stood, waiting for doom to fall.

"Was my train so late?" asked Paulin, at the door. "No. We saw the storm coming, and fled before it," explained Mrs. Oswald.

"You'll take us back?" asked Miss Yorke, in a low voice. "Surely, this time, Nick?"

Paulin looked at her. "Unfortunately, Cis, I've a weird hankering after self-respect, and Marathon is n't on that road."

"Is 'that road' Bethune's office, or—" a gesture toward the table.

His expression became almost brilliant. "Cis, I've almost come to hope—the latter! You never care much for verse, as a rule, but Orme, of the 'Stylus,' wants my sonnet sequence as soon as the last two are finished; and you must see—" searching about the table. "Why! Egan!" noticing the boy. "Have you been at my papers?"

In the very breath of denial, the boy shut his lips. What if Mr. Paulin guessed the real offender? He must not! He would be angry—and then—the princess would go, and never return to share the dream-palace! "Egan! Answer me!" Paulin's tone was very cold. The boy's heart beat heavily.

"I'll go away an' never come back!" he whispered.

"Wait!" cried Cecil. "Keep him until I've spoken, Nick! He never touched your trumpery sonnets! I lost my temper and flung them into the fire! I've good reason! You have office hours, but no time for me. Instead, you shut yourself up here with old Garrity and a ragged urchin, picked up Heaven knows where. You'd never guess the result! Your protégé has

adopted you—save the mark!—as his brother! I caught him in a rhapsody before your picture, vowing fealty to your ideals, as well as devoted affection for yourself! 'Nick'—he had the assurance to call you! When he saw me, he nearly collapsed—begged me not to betray him to you—pleading that he'd never had any one 'really his own.' In the next breath he attacked me like a young fury for touching your papers! I'm at the end of my patience, Nick! I'm fully justified in objecting to share you with that! If you keep that boy here, after to-day, and continue to ignore my wishes, our engagement ends. Choose your course!"

The rain had ceased, but the room was very dark. "In plain words," began Paulin, "you would have me fling back love that came unsought,—have me choose between my path of self-respect and—"

"Mr. Paulin! Don't! I'm goin'!"

Egan, desperate, rushed toward the nearest window, unfastened it with shaking fingers, and stumbled out across the sill—catching his foot and falling heavily against a pillar in a half-stunned heap.

From somewhere, far away, strange noises came to his ears—loud, thudding, panting—but swiftly growing fainter. The cruel princess, in her dragon-car, was hurrying away. One stormy sob shook his thin body.

A strong arm was slipped around his shoulders, raising him up,

"Little brother!" said Paulin.

The Money King

By ALOYSIUS COLL

WHAT is the mighty light

That leads you on? What night-
less sun

Shines on your purpose and your inward
sight,

That dark and doubt, in you, are done?

Is it the luck alone

That crowns the kings and binds the
slaves

Which blesses you, or Manhood on its
stone

Foundation that so helps and saves?

Is it a gust of gold

Which over you the harvest blows,
And on your heart and your ambition bold
The rich reflection throws?

Is it some inward word

That not in every bosom sings,
Which gives you faith where others have
deferred—
Your happy surety in things?

Nay. 'T is the juster end

Of one who guessed the loss and gain—
Who, in the idle hour of foe and friend,
Himself was busy building brain!

A Correction

THE following communication, signed by Mr. C. C. Wilson, president, and Mr. S. S. Bogart, treasurer, of the United Wireless Telegraph Company, of 42 Broadway, New York City, we gladly give space to here. It will set aright any wrong impression that may have been given in Mr. Frank Fayant's articles entitled, "The Wireless Telegraph Bubble."

Editor, SUCCESS MAGAZINE, Sir:—

In the June and July numbers of the SUCCESS MAGAZINE, articles appeared on wireless telegraphy written, as we understand, by Mr. Frank Fayant.

In both articles he refers to the Atlantic DeForest Wireless Telegraph Company as a subsidiary to the American DeForest, and as the only part of the DeForest System that was producing a revenue and that said subsidiary company was owned and controlled by Mr. Abraham White. Mr. Fayant was advised that this statement was incorrect and misleading and was damaging to the United Wireless Telegraph Company, as that Company owned and operated the so-called Atlantic DeForest Wireless Telegraph Company as the Marine Department of the United Wireless Telegraph Company, having in its treasury 99,882 shares out of a capitalization of 100,000 shares. The remaining shares are owned by Directors and the Treasurer of the Atlantic DeForest Wireless Telegraph Company. Mr. White at no time owned over five shares of the stock of said Company. We believe in justice to us that this statement should be given prominence in your Magazine, to relieve the erroneous impression created by the articles above referred to.

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Let the mixture rise a little higher on the sides than in the middle, then set to bake in a slow oven.

The first process in baking is to get a cake thoroughly heated through, during which time it ought to rise steadily without crusting. When it has been half an hour in the oven, the rising process should have finished and a delicate crust have begun to form on top. The last half hour is given to its becoming solid, brown, and crusty.

Precautions to Be Observed

At the end of the hour it ought to be ready to take out, but test it first with a toothpick. If the toothpick comes out perfectly clean and has no sticky feeling, lift the cake out, turn it over on the wire cooler, tap the bottom of the pan gently here and there, and in a few minutes it will drop out clean and whole. Although there is really scientific work in the mixing of a cake, there is quite as much in the baking of it. Remember, if there is a sudden jar, even the bang of an oven door, during the first half hour, when the cake is a bubbling mass of air cells, the vibration would break these, and result in a heavy, flat cake. The same trouble sometimes ensues by having the oven too hot, or by setting the tins on a top shelf, where the heat is greater than below. A top crust is quickly formed which is too solid for these delicate bubbles to raise, their force is wasted, and they fall back, broken. Then, too, the heat may be greater at one side than at the other, and a cake will rise in an uneven fashion. To prevent this, the tin must be gently moved, which is a ticklish thing to do. Or you may screen that corner with strips of asbestos paper, made like a little fence around the tin. A thin cake, such as those used for layers, needs a hotter oven than a loaf cake.

An old-fashioned test for the heat of an oven is this: lay a piece of white writing paper on the bottom shelf. If the paper is tinged a rich, yellow color at the end of five minutes, the oven is hot enough for sponge cake. Should you wish to bake a butter cake, or pound cake, a lighter yellow is the proper shade. For gingerbread and cookies, the paper should turn dark brown in five minutes.

The butter cake, given in the table I quote, is an excellent one to use either for a layer cake or for loaf cakes. It makes two good-sized loaves, and is really quite inexpensive. Set three quarters of a cupful of butter in a place where it will soften, but not melt, and beat it to a cream in the bowl with the spoon. Add gradually two cupfuls of sugar and the well-beaten yolks of four eggs. Put in alternately with one cupful of milk, three and one half cupfuls of sifted flour, to which five teaspoonfuls of baking powder have been added. Flavor with a teaspoonful of flavoring and half a teaspoonful of salt. Beat the batter thoroughly, this helps to give the cake its fine grain; then, cut into it the whites of the eggs, whipped to a dry froth. Turn it into the pans and put it at once in a moderate oven.

The fruit cake given in the table is a plain one, but remarkably good, and, if well made, it will keep moist for a week or two. Cream together half a cupful of butter with three quarters of a cupful of brown sugar, beating thoroughly before the eggs are added. In this cake they need not be separated, but must be thoroughly well whipped. Put all the spices with the soda into the flour; and sift it in after adding half a cupful of molasses and half a cupful of milk; beat thoroughly, then flour the fruit and add it at the last. This cake requires about one hour's baking in a moderate oven. This recipe for a fine fruit cake was obtained from an English cook, and is so excellent that it is worth trying:

Twelve eggs, one and three quarter pounds of butter, two pounds of brown sugar, four cupfuls of flour, two pounds of raisins, two pounds of currants, one half pound of mixed lemon and citron peel, one pound of dates, one half pound of almonds, four teaspoonfuls of cinnamon, one teaspoonful of cloves, one teaspoonful of allspice, one half cupful of molasses, one half cupful of boiled cider, one teaspoonful of soda, two teaspoonfuls of cream tartar.

Stone the raisins, clean the currants, cut the citron and lemon, blanch the almonds, cut them in quarters, lengthwise, wash the dates, stone and cut them in quarters, lengthwise. Sift the flour with the soda, cream of tartar, and spices, saving a cupful to sift over the fruit. Cream the butter, add the sugar, and beat till creamy. Add the eggs, well beaten, then the cider and molasses. Stir in the floured fruit with the peel and nuts. Line the pans with three thicknesses of buttered paper. This cake takes from an hour to one and a half hours to bake in an oven which at first is fairly hot, then cool.

Pretty Designs in Icing

Now, for the smoothest of icings, drop the whites of three eggs in a bowl, add two tablespoonfuls of confectioner's sugar; beat it with a wooden spoon until thoroughly mixed. Add one and a half cupfuls of fine sugar, which has been thoroughly sifted; and drop in gradually one tablespoonful of lemon juice. This will not be sugar enough to bring the icing to the desired thickness, but it is almost impossible to give measurements, as the liquid quantity of eggs greatly differs. Sprinkle the cake thickly with flour, dusting off all you possibly can, as it is only used to make the icing spread more evenly. With the Teller knife, dipped occasionally in cold water, spread it evenly, and allow the first frosting to get dry before putting on the ornamentation. For this purpose, you need a pastry bag.

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DAVID LAUBER, Manager, Tampa, Florida

It is an expensive thing to buy ready-made, but is cheap and easily contrived at home. Purchase one third of a yard of the thinnest rubber sheeting, which makes two bags. Cut it in two, and sew up each piece in triangle shape, allowing the seam to come on the wrong side of the cloth. Cut off the point, and insert a tin pastry tube. The two bags and tubes will not cost you more than forty-five cents, and, if well cared for, they will last for years. One bag may be kept for mashed potato—the other for *meringues* and frosting. To the frosting that remains, add more sugar, so that it will keep in shape after being forced through the tube. When you think it is thick enough, take a knife, wet it in cold water, and cut the icing. If it remains parted, and seems to have body enough to stand alone, it is of the proper thickness. Drop it into the mouth of the bag, having some one hold it open for you, then press it through into any shape desired. A good plan is to study elaborately frosted cake, as seen at the bakeries, and get an idea of the forms into which the bakers persuade frosting to go. Pretty effects for a wedding or birthday cake may be produced with bowknots, true lover's knots, a sort of festoon arrangement, or roses.

Little Notes About Cake Making

If you find your cake is rising in a cone in the center you may be sure your oven is too hot.

Never mix a cake until the oven is ready to receive it. It is liable to fall and be heavy.

In adding citron to a cake, shave it into thin slices. Flour it, and lay it between layers of the batter.

Coarse granulated sugar should never be used for cake. It gives a hard crust and a coarse texture.

One teaspoonful of baking powder is equivalent to one teaspoonful of cream of tartar and half a teaspoonful of soda.

When baking cake, try to have nothing else in the oven, then set the loaves as near the center of the bottom shelf as possible.

If you think there is any danger of the oven becoming too hot, set the cake pan on a sheet of asbestos.

Never leave cake standing in the pan in which it is baked—for even a minute. The steam cannot escape, and even a good cake can be made heavy in this way.

Break the eggs into a saucer before dropping them in the dish they are to be beaten in. You might possibly strike a stale egg, which would otherwise ruin the whole combination.

If the butter is hard, and you have not time to moisten it thoroughly, put the sugar in the mixing bowl and set it in the oven to warm. This is better than partly liquifying the butter.

When you are dipping into a new bag of flour make a small cake. Flours differ so largely in wetting properties that sometimes a recipe which agrees thoroughly with one flour does not with another. In summer, more flour is needed in cake than in winter.

A cake should never contain more than one third to one half as much butter as there is sugar, otherwise it would be too rich. Allow about half as much liquid as flour. Remember that butter or any shortening is counted as a liquid, because it melts in the oven.

The Romance of Tammany Hall

[Concluded from page 19]

Matlock, Phillip Hone, John Campbell, John Burger, Thomas Greenleaf, Cortland Van Buren, Oliver Glenn, James Tylee, Gabriel Furman, Jonathan Pierce, Abel Hardenbrook, Joseph Goodwin, Thomas Ash, and John Pintard. Good American names these, and they stand for the first sachems and officers of the Sons of Saint Tammany.

The age was one in which orators indulged in flights which now would be considered bombast. The pamphlets and other political documents which have been preserved abound in classical and mythological references, and all classes dearly loved the legendary and mysterious. Thus it was that the poetic but shrewd Mooney selected Tammany, the Indian saint, or god, as the patron and name of his society. Since the new organization was to be American to the core, it was fitting and imperative that it should hark back to a great and ancient American figure, and the heroic and wise Tammany most admirably met all requirements.

Back through the misty ages there comes the tradition of the great Chief Tammany, who lived and ruled beyond the Alleghany Mountains, and whose power and wisdom excited the envy and enmity of the Evil Spirit, with whom Tammany had a succession of fearful but triumphant conflicts. The Evil Spirit scattered stinging nettles in the corn, created snakes and great droves of mammoths and other monstrous creatures to consume the corn and fruit of Tammany's subjects, but that wise chief found ways to destroy them. Then the Evil Spirit raised the waters of Lakes Huron and Michigan, thus to flood the land of the Indians, but Tammany cut exits where now roll the Detroit Rapids and Niagara Falls.

Then Tammany and the Evil Spirit had a personal encounter, the fight lasting fifty days, during which time they tramped down the prairies where now wave the cornfields of Illinois and Iowa. Tammany finally won, and banished the Evil Spirit to the desolate regions of Labrador and Hudson Bay, and having secured permanent peace devoted himself to the development

of agriculture and other useful arts. The legend asserts that Tammany journeyed to Mexico and held a conference with Manco Capac, Great Inca and Descendant of the Sun, who desired Tammany's advice concerning the best form of government for his people. After a solemn and satisfactory interview and the exchange of compliments each returned to his own country.

It was after his return from this long journey that Tammany instituted his greater reforms. He divided his people into thirteen tribes, assigned specific duties to each, and gave each tribe a model or symbol to remind them of these duties. It was likely due to the coincidence that the United States was composed of thirteen former colonies that led William Mooney to select Saint Tammany and his system of organization as a model. The symbols of the thirteen tribes created by the great Indian chief were, in the order named, as follows: the Eagle, Tiger, Deer, Wolf, Buffalo, Dog, Beaver, Squirrel, Fox, Tortoise, Eel, Bear, and Bee. For his own state the discriminating Mooney selected the tiger, and no figure in the world of caricature is better known than that of the "Tammany Tiger" in victory or defeat.

The original Tammany thus addressed the Children of the Second Tribe, to whom this animal was held up as a model: "The Tiger affords a useful lesson for you. The exceeding agility of this creature, the extraordinary quickness of his sight, and, above all, his discriminating power in the dark, teach you to be stirring and active in your respective callings, to look sharp to every engagement you enter into, and to let neither misty days nor stormy nights make you lose sight of the worthy object of your pursuit."

Possibly this is the language of the flowery Mooney and not the admonition of Saint Tammany, but it must be admitted that successive generations of Tammanyites have been remarkably diligent and successful in following these instructions. One is prone to wonder if the New York branch of Tammany would have had so remarkable a career had it been assigned to the Eleventh Tribe, whom Tammany thus addressed:

"Children of the Eleventh Tribe: I recommend to your attention the wholesome counsel derived by man from the Eel. He was never known to make a noise or disturbance in the world, nor to speak an ungentle sentence to a living creature. Slander never proceeded from his mouth, nor does guile rest under his tongue. Are you desirous, my children, of modest stillness and quiet? Would you like to live peaceably among men? If such be your desires, learn a lesson of wisdom from the Eel, who, although he knows neither his birth nor his parentage, but is cast an orphan of creation, yet shows, by his strength and numbers, the excellence of the mode of life he has chosen."

The detractors of Tammany may assert that it has the preëminent quality of the Eel—slipperiness—but "modest stillness and quiet" is not their portion. It would distress the most imaginative of cartoonists to create an ever-changing "Tammany Eel." The founder of Tammany used tact and had prophetic instinct when he chose the tiger, and in the chapters which will follow I shall attempt to trace its growth from a puling and harmless cub into the most majestic beast of prey the world of politics has ever known.

PROGRESS

By STRICKLAND W. GILLILAN

NEAR the town of Up-against-it, in the land of Root-or-die,
We have found our very finest inspiration, you and I.
Toiling up the hill called Have-to, with Compulsion for a guide,
We have made the sort of effort that was never yet denied.
In the way were Can't and Could n't, with their brother, What's-the-use,
While our dearest foe, Born-weary, seized with joy each poor excuse.
Yet behind us, unrelenting, drove our heartless master, Must,
And our feet essayed no lagging, spite of hill or heat or dust.
It was there we grew the sinews for the struggle—you and I—
Near the town of Up-against-it, in the land of Root-or-die.
Near that village, Up-against-it, in the land of Root-or-die,
We discovered possibilities undreamed of—you and I.
Were there heartaches in that journey? Little, then, our master cared,
As along that stony highway under whip and spur we fared.
Bread-and-butter trudged beside us, with a keen and ruthless goad,
That should quicken halting footsteps if we loitered on the road.
Pride and Spunk, two comely sisters, lured us on with myriad wiles—
All the master's welts were painless as we feasted on their smiles.
So our hearts grew strong to conquer, as we plodded—you and I—
Past the hamlet, Up-against-it, in the land of Root-or-die.

Look to Your Feet

By ANNE WARNER

"WHEN you come to think of it, our feet are at the bottom of half our troubles," was the ingenuous remark.

"Of all of 'em," was the quick retort.

Joking aside, foot covering is at the bottom of most foot suffering. Our shoes need resting as much as our feet—at least, rest is quite as necessary to their well-being. Never wear, if you can help it, the same pair of shoes two days in succession.

* * *

IT is not wise to expose leather to extreme heat, as it will become hard and crack easily. If shoes are wet, dry at a safe distance from the fire, and, to expedite the process, they may be filled with oats; lacking these, the uppers should be pulled as flat as possible and the shoes placed on their sides.

* * *

MUD STAINS clean off best with a woollen cloth and vaseline. Be generous with the lubricant, and put the boots onto trees, or stuff out with crumpled newspapers and leave for a day. Then black them over and they will look almost new. Having found a dressing that you like, and that has proved to be good, stick to it and do not stray off after strange polishing pastes because somebody else likes them. Shoes last better when one dressing only is used upon them. Keep a pair of "shoe-trees" for every pair of shoes you have. When not in use, shoes should be carefully kept on "trees." Not only the shape, but also the shoe is preserved.

* * *

WHEN SHOES are wiped over with milk before applying the polish, it is said to preserve and freshen the leather wonderfully. I think that boots and shoes keep better, if the owner cleans and cares for them herself. It is not a difficult nor especially disagreeable task to do this if one brings together all the ingredients in a box reserved for the purpose—the polish, the vaseline, a piece of flannel, a small firm brush, and a pair of old loose-fitting gloves.

* * *

IF A shoe pinches in any particular spot, lay a folded cloth wet in hot water over the part, removing it when cold. It will give immediate and lasting relief to the foot, since it expands and softens the leather. It is better, however, to do this when the boot is on the tree.

* * *

NATURALLY these rules apply to leather foot-gear alone. One thing I have thoroughly learned about canvas shoes, which is that the liquid dressings and "quick-whites" necessarily used so often, shrink the shoes beyond relief. If one knows this, and has the courage and grace (or small enough pedal extremities), to buy shoes a size too large, she will feel better about her purchase the longer she wears it.

* * *

LOW SHOES that slip at the heel should have the heel lined throughout, sole and all, with velvet; the heel will then cling to the stocking. Some persons prefer a suede lining or a band of wide elastic braid tacked across the back of the heel at its upper edge.

How to Get Poor Quick

Do not try to save your loose change. It is too small an amount to put in the savings bank. It would not amount to much anyway, and there is great comfort in spending it. Just wait until you get something worth while before you deposit it.

Do not try to economize. It is a nuisance to be always trying to save a few cents here and there. Besides, you will get the reputation of being mean and stingy. You want everybody to think you are generous.

Just look out for to-day. Have a good time as you go along. Just use your money on yourself. Don't deprive yourself for the sake of laying up something for other people to fight over. Besides, you are sure of to-day. You might not be alive to-morrow.

At Jamestown

A NEWLY married couple were taking in the Jamestown Exposition.

"There's our biggest man-of-war, dear," said the husband, pointing to one of the vessels in the harbor.

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"And is the little one a tug-of-war, Tom?" asked the wife.

* * *

What is a gentleman? I will tell you, a gentleman is one who keeps his promises made to those who cannot enforce them.—Hubbard.

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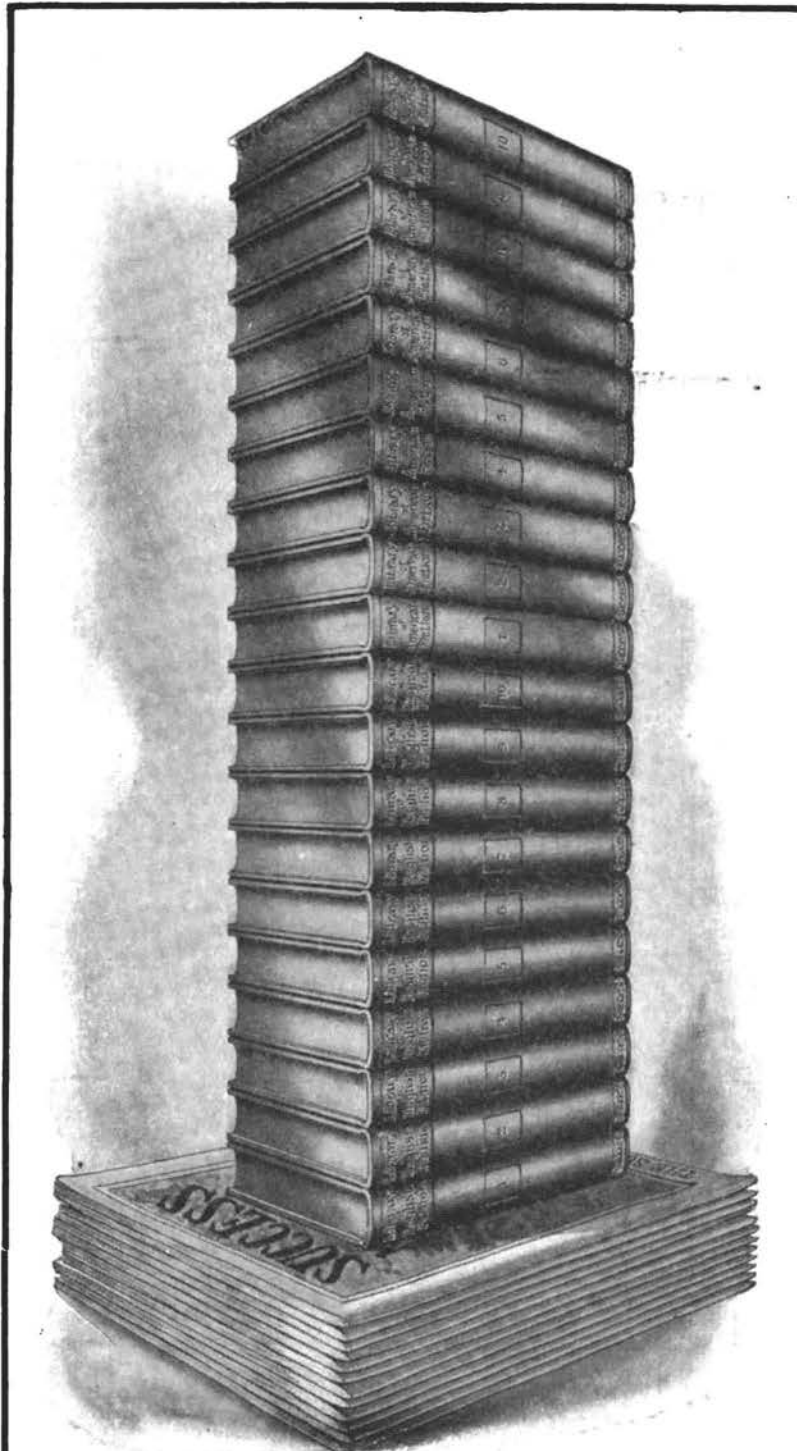
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It is impossible for a water-cooled engine to work as efficiently as a Franklin. **REASON:** Water boils at 212° which is far below the jacket-temperature of about 350° at which a gasoline engine does its best work. The Franklin, however, having no limitation of temperature, (whether of boiling or freezing) maintains the best-working temperature, and gets the most possible work out of the engine. **PROOF:** In the great Efficiency Contest the Franklin went 87 miles on two gallons of gasoline, while the nearest competitor (a water-cooled machine) went only 48 miles.

You had better look into this subject of light weight. It means dollars saved, trouble avoided, and a comfort and enjoyment in automobiling not known in water-cooled machines.

Franklin, the light automobile for heavy traveling—deep snow, deep mud, rough roads—and the reliable automobile for every day in the year.

The best book ever written on this important subject of high power and light weight is the Franklin catalogue for 1908.

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