

SUCCESS MAGAZINE

FEBRUARY

N. S.

EDITION.

1908



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New York City

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SUCCESS MAGAZINE

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Editor and Founder

ROBERT MACKAY,
Associate Editor

Cover Design by J. C. Leyendecker

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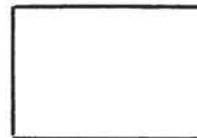
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Expirations and Renewals

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



Subscriptions to commence with this issue should be received by February 5th. Subscriptions to commence with the March issue should be received by March 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 PUBLISHERS' OUTLOOK

Our New Home

TEN years ago SUCCESS MAGAZINE was born. Its birthplace was a little bedroom on Bowdoin Street in the city of Boston, where the editorial manuscripts for the first issue of SUCCESS MAGAZINE were prepared for the press.

A year later, small offices were taken in Cooper Union, New York, where the publication lived until the early days of 1900, when its expanding business compelled another move—this time to its present home, in the University Building.

For eight years we have been happily living here with friendly neighbors and a broad outlook upon fine old Washington Square, with its many landmarks and traditions of old New York; for eight years we have been *growing*—growing to such an extent that three years ago we absorbed all the space we could possibly get in the University Building, and were forced to take quarters elsewhere in the neighborhood for certain of our departments. But the past year has witnessed an expansion of our business so extraordinary that now again we are forced to move and tear ourselves away from the home where we have lived so pleasantly. Up-rootings, whether of homes or magazines, are sometimes heartrending and *always* expensive; and this time we have determined to carry into effect plans which have been maturing for two years past, and to acquire a permanent home of our own, large enough to surely answer our requirements for many years to come.

We are fond of "breathing space." We do not like to be cooped up in the usual city street, surrounded on all sides by grimy buildings and with the noise of much traffic in our ears. We like an outlook of trees and grass where we can plan, and dream, and build, and take a little pleasure in life as we go along. And so we have been rarely fortunate in obtaining for the "SUCCESS MAGAZINE BUILDING" a most unique and attractive location. To those who know New York, Madison Square is one of the most delightful of the city's garden spots. Around its sides are grouped the best known buildings in America. On its southwest corner stands the magnificent "Flatiron Building" and directly across the street is the Fifth Avenue Hotel, which, for fifty years past, has been the center of the great political movements of the Republican Party. Just above it are the Albemarle Hotel and the Hoffman House, the latter the great Democratic Headquarters of political plot and skirmish. On the north side stands the old Delmonico's, once the

THIS magnificent bird's-eye view of Madison Square, New York, the most famous public square in America, is taken from our editorial and business offices in the new "Success Magazine Building," 29-31 East Twenty-second Street, just completed for our occupancy

center of many brilliant revels of the olden day, and now again living a new life as the Café Martin. At this point, Fifth Avenue and Broadway—the two most famous streets in America—find their crossing. On the northeast side of the Square stands Madison Square Garden, perhaps the largest and finest building of its kind in the world. On the eastern side stands the new Appellate Court House, and the great building of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, which with its forty-eight-story tower, now under construction, will be the tallest building in the world. Along the south side of Madison Square runs Twenty-third Street,



The Birthplace of Success Magazine,
43 Bowdoin Street, Boston

the busiest crosstown street in New York, and on its south side are numerous comparatively low buildings as yet untouched by the rage for "sky-scrapers." Rising clear above these buildings, in full view from all parts of Madison Square—and itself commanding, contrariwise, one of the most beautiful bird's-eye views of the Square imaginable—is the "SUCCESS MAGAZINE BUILDING"—a twelve-story, fire-proof structure—built in the most modern and up-to-date fashion; its upper stories, which will form the editorial and business offices of

SUCCESS MAGAZINE, surrounded with light on all sides.

From "The Editor's Outlook," the eye sweeps west to the Hudson, north to Madison Square and upper Fifth Avenue, east to the East River and the

Williamsburg Bridge, and directly south—through a curious rift in the "sky-scrapers,"—clear to the tall tower of the new Singer Building, on lower Broadway, near Wall Street. Truly an admirable outlook, and one the inspiration of which to its editors ought to be reflected in the columns of SUCCESS MAGAZINE for many years to come.

This is our new home, almost as rich as is Washington Square in the associations of Old New York, and the true literary center of America. Twenty great book and magazine publishing houses are within a half-mile radius of this spot. The city's principal transportation lines—surface, elevated, and underground—center in and near Madison Square. Soon we shall be settled here quietly and peacefully, pursuing our daily work, and anxious for the company of our friends. *You* who read these lines, if you are one with us in hope, in ambition, in spirit, in desire to help those in the world who need a helping hand, will be cordially welcomed to our Library and "Club Room," where assistance will be cheerfully given to those who wish help in solving the problems of "seeing New York"—or in solving any other problems where our extended facilities for obtaining information can be serviceable. We hope to make the "SUCCESS MAGAZINE BUILDING" a *home*—possibly we had better say a *club*—for those of our subscribers and friends in any part of the world who may be sojourning in New York.

.....

The Business Situation

WE are among those—now happily a rapidly increasing class—who refuse to believe that because of the money pinch of last fall, the entire country is "going to the demnition bow-wows." The "panic of 1907" was wholly different from the panic of 1893—different in cause, different in intensity, and different in results. It almost seems as if America *needed* a panic of this kind, in order to demonstrate to the world the tremendous extent of its resources, just as it needed the Spanish War to demonstrate the fact that it was really a world power.

We now have ample evidence that the worst of the money pinch was due to a scare of the *bankers*—not of the business men or manufacturers

of the country. It was the country bankers who hoarded their money; who, in fear of a possible run, ran their reserves up to 40, 50, and even 70 or 80 per cent. of their obligations. Theirs is the shame—not the credit—and little more than contempt is due to the many bank officials who refused to grant credits to their customers, and boasted to their directors that “this bank is absolutely safe.” At such times, it is a banker’s duty to allay fear and to lend freely, just so far as ordinary reason and prudence will possibly justify; and if this had been done by the country bankers of the United States, there would have been no panic, or, at all events, no serious one. As it was, what happened? Why, simply this: Europe, which owed America some \$200,000,000 on trade balance, was obliged to pay \$100,000,000 in gold instead of bank drafts; and Europe was itself largely to blame for this necessity, because of certain changes in banking policy made within the past year with respect to America and American exchange. The best financial opinion available points to a period of exceedingly easy money and low interest rates soon after March 1, partly because the money for moving of crops will have returned to the financial centers, partly because of the great mass of foreign gold which has been injected suddenly into our currency, and largely because the panic has thrown out a danger warning and checked new enterprises calling for borrowings.

How It Affected Us

Through all this “money panic,” the great body of the American public has gone right on harvesting crops and selling them, putting money in the bank, paying off mortgages, and buying household supplies and goods—just as if the Wall Street bulls and bears were not paying fifty or sixty per cent. for money to tide them over from day to day. The public has been subscribing to magazines, too, to as large an extent as in previous years, if not even larger. In our own case, our cash receipts for magazine subscriptions showed an increase in October of 51 per cent. over October, 1906; in November 107 per cent. increase over November, 1906; and in December 21 per cent. increase over December, 1906. Our advertising earnings, too, were larger in our December number (which closed in early November, at the height of the panic) than they were last year, and the advertising earnings of our January and February numbers were only slightly less than those of the corresponding months last year. Our new contracts for 1908, prove to us that the merchants of this country still believe in advertising as much as they did before the “panic” came.

We give these figures freely, feeling that it is the duty of each to contribute what he can to the up-building of optimism and courage. Altogether, we feel that the business outlook is bright, not gloomy.

During times like these, it has been, and will be, possible to pick up “bargains” of all kinds—and the wise man is he who is courageous enough to seize the psychological moment and buy when the pessimist is willing to sell at a bargain. “Take your courage in your hand” and do the thing that your business judgment tells you is good, provided that you do not by this act plunge yourself too seriously into debt or possible difficulties.

New Editorial Features

Going to the Theater by Proxy

By Lilian Bell

WE HAVE engaged Miss Bell to conduct a novel dramatic department for us. It is entitled, “Going to the Theater by Proxy,” and it will aim to give those of our readers who live in the country and never see the great successful plays of the metropolis a chance to know just what they are like. Her articles will not be in the usual form of dramatic criticism. They will analyze and describe the plays so that those who read them may have a perfect idea of just what they are like. Miss Bell is well known to all readers of popular literature. She

charm of personality and manner of dress, she really has a remarkable influence upon our everyday affairs. We have scheduled Oliver Opp’s article for our March number. It is an interesting analysis. It will be illustrated by the best specimens of the work of Harrison Fisher, Thomas Mitchell Peirce, C. Allan Gilbert, Edmund Frederick, Karl Anderson, Clarence F. Underwood, and other artists who have made the American girl famous.

The Revolution in Steamship Travel

By Captain T. Jenkins Hains

THE giant turbine liners, “Lusitania” and “Mauretania,” which cross the Atlantic in four days and some few hours, have marked an important mile post in the progress of the world. These giant boats are simply floating hotels with telephone service, elevators, *a la carte* restaurants, gymnasiums, and all manner of modern improvements. They have reduced travel to such simple conditions that women and children travel on them alone in perfect safety. Besides all this, the mechanical wonders of these big steamers have a romantic side. Captain Hains is well known to our readers as a master of sea stories, and he is eminently fitted to tell in a popular way of the wonders of these great ocean liners.

The Presidential Possibilities

By Gustave Meyers

JUST now all the promising Presidential candidates are looming large in the public lime light. Our article will deal intimately with them. It will tell of their personalities, their chances, their great hopes, their political ambitions. It will be snappy, brisk, and authoritative, and the author is a man who knows whereof he speaks.

The Age of Publicity

By James L. Ford

THERE are people who are constantly trying to advertise themselves, who go to all manner of extremes to keep themselves before the public. Some of them have risked their lives, others have employed press agents. Almost countless are the schemes, the chicanery, and the lying to gain public notice. Mr. Ford, who is a close observer of human follies knows—and will tell.

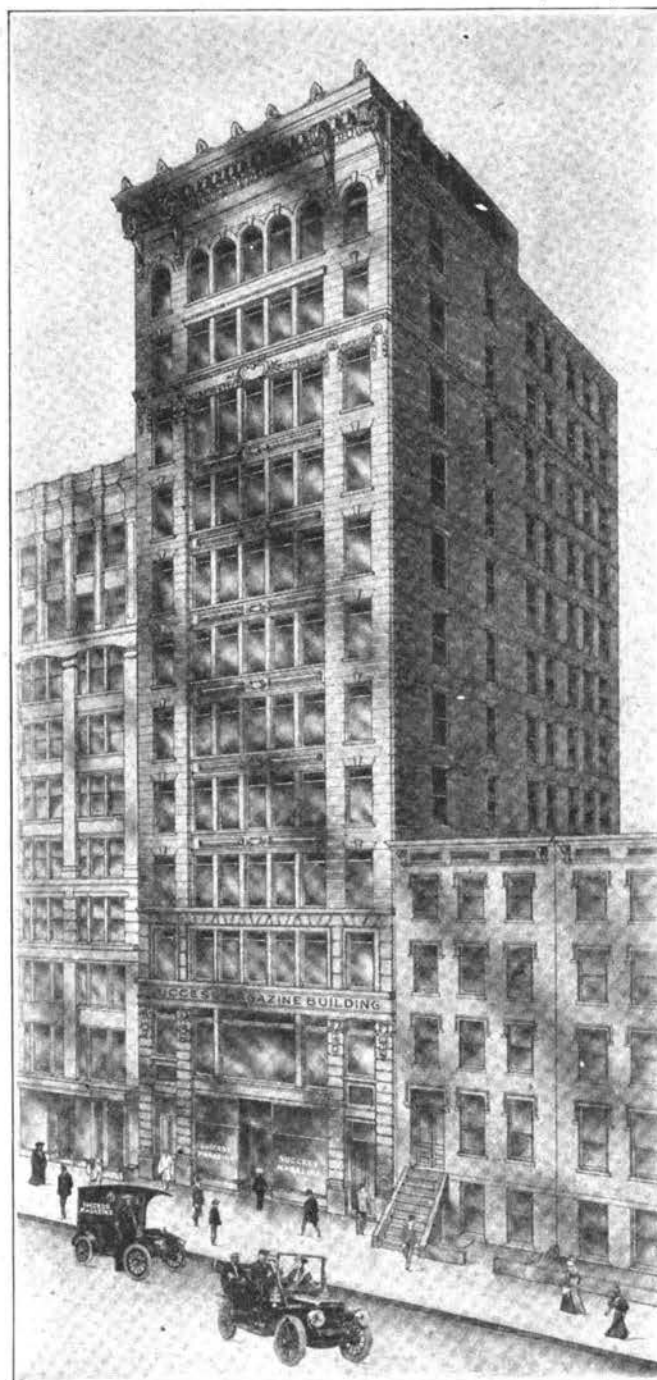
What Uncle Sam Does for Women

By Isabel Gordon Curtis

MRS. CURTIS, editor of our home departments, is in Washington preparing a series of articles which will explain a side of Uncle Sam’s life but little known to many of our readers. Through the Department of Agriculture, our government is giving valuable aid—aid that is practical and helpful—to the women of this country. Household matters are dealt with, and even cooking recipes are prepared for distribution—but Mrs. Curtis will soon tell us all about it.

What Our Readers Like

WE ARE always glad to have our readers tell us what does or does not please them. We have had some valuable letters in the past; we want more in the future. Do not hesitate to speak your mind. Tell us frankly how the magazine pleases you, because we are building it for you.



SUCCESS MAGAZINE BUILDING
29-31 East Twenty-Second Street, New York

wrote “The Love Affairs of an Old Maid,” “From a Girl’s Point of View,” “The Expatriates,” and other works which are clever and brilliant and which give her a distinct place as a writer.

The American Girl

By Oliver Opp

FOR some time the sternest critics of America have said that we have no distinct type—no individuality here. We beg to differ. The American girl is a creation. She holds a unique place in the femininity of the world. Aside from her



A Free Trip to **EGYPT** and the **HOLY LAND**

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

How You Can See It At Our Expense

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

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

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

GRAND EDUCATIONAL PRIZE CONTEST

The List of Prizes includes

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

AND EIGHTY-THREE OTHER PRIZES OF SIMILAR CHARACTER

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

FOR FULL INFORMATION SEND IN THIS COUPON TO-DAY

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

SUCCESS MAGAZINE,
University Bldg., Washington Sq., New York.

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

Name _____
(February)

Occupation _____

City or Town _____

County and State _____

S U C C E S S M A G A Z I N E

New York
February 1908

Volume XI.
Number 165



Meyerbeer Donizetti Berlioz Schumann Wagner Verdi Gounod Bizet Massenet Puccini Leoncavallo Mascagni



Farrar

Miss Geraldine Farrar is the leading soprano of the Metropolitan Opera Company. She is the daughter of Sydney Farrar, once a famous baseball player. She is twenty-five years old, and was born in Boston. When a mere child she showed a fondness for singing, and at the age of fifteen developed a promising voice. Her parents were too poor to give her the proper instruction, and Mrs. Bertram Webb, of Boston, supplied the means. Miss Farrar became a pupil of Mme. Lilli Lehmann. She made her debut in Paris, but it was not until she went to Berlin that she attracted attention as an artist. In Germany she is a great favorite with all classes, having received personal recognition from the emperor. His influence secured for her a life engagement at the Royal Opera at Berlin, and she is in America on a leave of absence. She has a voice of remarkable purity.



Garden

Miss Mary Garden, of the Manhattan Opera House, created a new interest in grand opera this season by her rendition of French operas—"Thais," "Louise," and "Pélleas and Mélisande," being part of her repertoire. None of these works was heard before in this country. Miss Garden was born in Scotland, but came to America in 1897, when a young girl, and sang in a Chicago church choir. Finally she decided to study for grand opera and went to Paris. Jules Chevallier, of the *Opéra Comique*, was one of her instructors. She achieved instantaneous importance in 1900, when she appeared in "Louise," having been suddenly thrust into the rôle to take the place of a prima donna who fell ill. She is the idol of Paris just as Miss Farrar is the idol of Berlin. She studied the rôle of *Louise* without a piano, because a person in the house where she lived was ill and could not endure the sound of the instrument.

The Grand Opera War

UNDER the spell of Mary Garden's marvelous rendition of "Louise," the audience filed through the lobby of the Manhattan Opera House. It was a brilliant American crowd, gathered together to do honor to a brilliant singer on a "first night." Just where the slow-moving stream emptied into the whirlpool of lights and carriages without, a portly man turned to his companion.

"The American dollar," he said, with pride, "is luring the greatest singers of Europe to our shores."

In a recent interview, Herr Direktor von Holsen, of Emperor William's Royal Opera at Berlin, said: "I am sorry to think that no measures can be taken for checking the movement which, with two wealthy New York opera houses outbidding each other, is destined to become worse before it becomes better."

Here are two opinions of an amazing movement, yet neither man is wholly right. Primarily, America is a music-loving nation. Grand

EDITORS' NOTE.—Year by year the season in music in New York grows in its interest for the general public. The great competition between the two rival houses—the Metropolitan, directed by Heinrich Conried, and heavily subsidized by New York millionaires, and the Manhattan, owned and operated solely by Oscar Hammerstein—has brought to America the greatest singers and musicians in the world. Over \$6,000,000 will be spent this season on foreign talent. New works that have gone begging for a hearing will be brought to light. Opera is no longer the privilege of the few, but the interest of the multitude has been aroused. The fight is a merry one, and the public is the winner.

By ROBERT MACKAY

With portraits of Miss Farrar and
Miss Garden by Ernest Haskell

opera has become a necessity. Music is one of the noblest arts. The opera singer is one of the most honored of all human beings; the opera composer is the most genuinely inspired of men. If we are guilty of spending large sums to foster and promote and better acquaint our people with opera music, we are rounding out one of the grandest of the world's ambitions. Music owns kinship to human passion. The one is awakened by the other. Shakespeare's "boundless, countless human view" was expressed in language. Wagner was to music what Shakespeare was to literature. No other two men understood humanity as did these great masters.

No one who has attended a performance in New York's two opera houses can assert that the people assemble there to applaud some singer who is receiving a thousand dollars or more for his night's work, or to look with snobbish envy on that part of the audience whose



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MAURICE RENAUD
Manhattan

A French baritone who is also a remarkable actor



Mlle. MOROCHINO
Manhattan

One of the new Italian sopranos who form a prominent group



OLIVE FREMSTAD
Metropolitan

As Isolde in "Tristan and Isolde" she scores her greatest triumph



ALESSANDRO BONCI
Metropolitan

One critic says of this tenor, "He has tears in his voice"



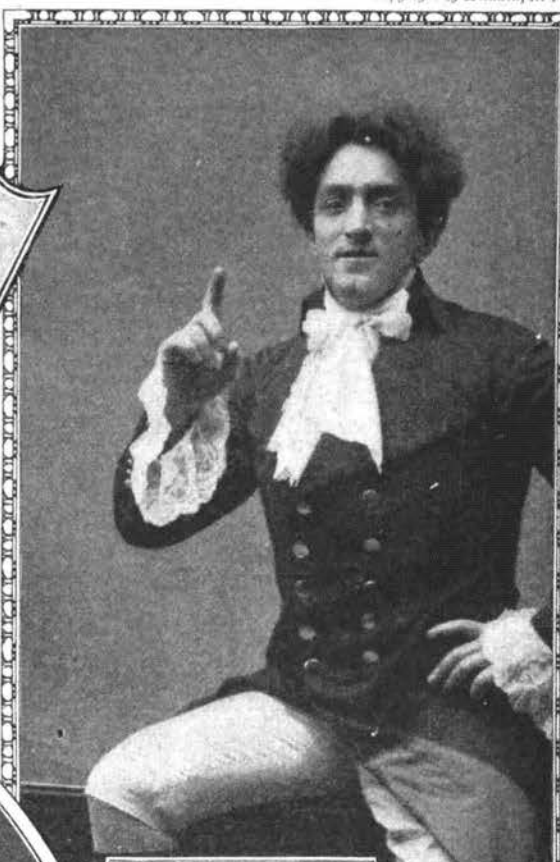
MARCELLA SEMBRICH
Metropolitan

For over thirty years she has held her place as a soprano

Copyright, Rice & Franks, Milwaukee



RITA LA FORNIA
Metropolitan
A new California soprano who is named for her state



C. DALMORES
Manhattan
The French tenor as he appears in the "Tales of Hoffmann"



Mlle. GERVILLE-REACHE
Manhattan
In "La Navarraise"



AMADEO BASSI
Manhattan
As Tonio in "I Pagliacci"

Copyright by Mishkin, New York



EMMA EAMES
Metropolitan

In 1888, when Emma Eames made her debut, most singers of Anglo-Saxon origin could not achieve distinction without Italianizing their names, because the name had to be possible of pronunciation by the Italians, in whose country the opera singer develops, and because Anglo-Saxons appreciated a singer more for his name than for his merit. But Emma Eames's name was no bar to her success

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MARIO ANCONA
Manhattan
As Mephistopheles in Gounod's "Faust"

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GIAVANNI RUSS
Manhattan

Who sings nearly every important soprano role



MARIO SAMMARCO
Manhattan

A baritone with a remarkable range



LINA CAVALIERI
Metropolitan
The most wonderful of all Italian sopranos



VITTORIO ARAMONDI
Manhattan

Whose fine mellow basso is heard in old Italian operas



FEDOR CHALIAPINE
Metropolitan

The Russian cobbler who startled the world as a basso

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MME. CISNEROS
Manhattan

As she appears in Verdi's "Aida"



Mlle. TRENTINI
Manhattan
In "Carmen"



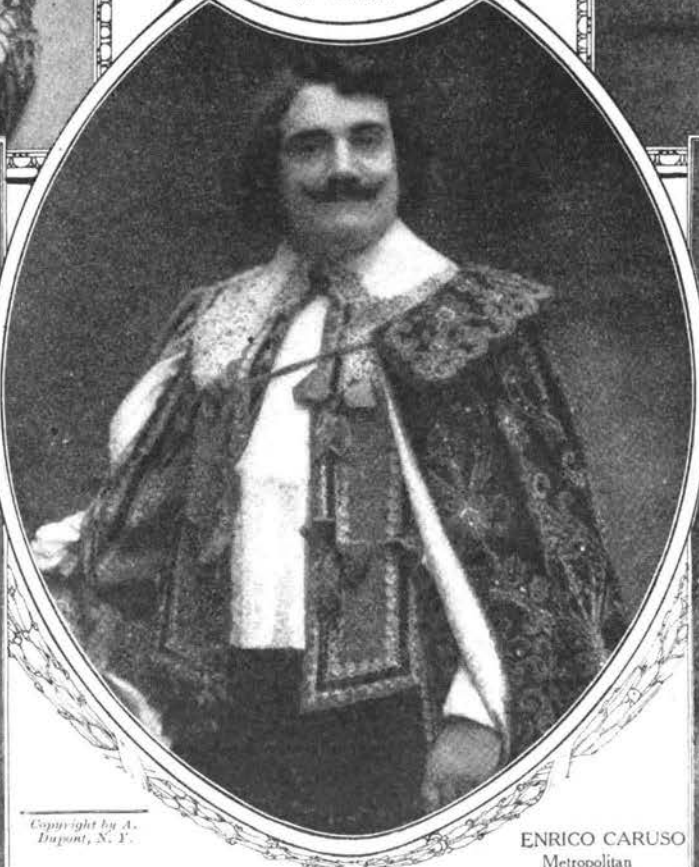
Mlle. ZEPILLI
Manhattan

As the doll in the "Tales of Hoffmann"



GIOVANNI ZENATELLO
Manhattan

A new tenor who made his first appearance in America this season



ENRICO CARUSO
Metropolitan

For the past ten years Caruso has been recognized as the only successor to Tamagno and Jean De Reszke. It is said that Caruso will sing, this season, Verdi's "Otello," the opera which that master composed for Tamagno, and in which no tenor has sung since Tamagno's death, owing to its difficult music. If Caruso sings this opera successfully, it will be the crowning glory of his career.



M. DIDUR
Manhattan

One of the many new baritones brought here by Mr. Hammerstein

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jewels and finery are on brilliant display. The spectacular and elaborate background of scenery, the eminent singers, the harmony of the chorus, the orchestra, held in sway by a seemingly magic wand, the well-dressed audience, representing all that the metropolis affords in culture, wealth, and refinement, crowding the immense hall from the pit and the boxes to the lofty roosts of the gallery—all these contribute to the spell which the opera casts about its devotees. It is true that we are rapidly acquiring the old Venetian habit of long waits between acts, so that an opera may be made a social as well as an artistic success. But I have yet to see any one in an American audience who is so impolite as to interrupt a performance by talking while the curtain is up. We have been much villified and abused for this alleged failing. It does not exist. It is one thing we have not yet brought across the water.

Mr. Oscar Hammerstein's *début* as an *impresario* gave the entire operatic world a thrill. When this man, single-handed and alone, broke ground in New York City on which to erect a new home for grand opera, and announced that he would conduct such a place with his own money, there were not a few who considered him a fit subject for an insane ward. But he is a far-seeing man,—a peculiar, rare blend of artistic temperament and business ability. Mr. Heinrich Conried has an annual backing of many hundred thousand dollars, subscribed by New York's wealthiest citizens. J. Pierpont Morgan is the leader of the Metropolitan stockholders. But with all its wealthy backing and possibilities, the house fell into a rut. It had everything it needed except competition. French operas with German tenors were produced; many highly paid artists sang only to receive their money, and cut-and-dried performances were not infrequent.

Hammerstein's Turning Point

Things were running into a groove. Mr. Hammerstein, who is a born musician and a composer of some real ability, foresaw the ultimate public interest if rivalry could be aroused. So he built his opera house. The first two weeks of its existence almost swamped him financially. The public seemed unusually slow in responding to his invitation. It almost looked as if he would have to close up and bow to the prophets of the insane ward. But one night he produced Georges Bizet's "Carmen" with Mme. Bressler-Gianola and that incomparable baritone Maurice Renaud, and Charles Dalmores, one of the best of French tenors, in the principal rôles. Mme. Bressler-Gianola had no fame. She had been touring the United States and Mexico in a small opera company, but Mr. Hammerstein knew she had great dramatic ability. Renaud had never before been heard in the United States, but Europe had proclaimed him one of the few real singing and dramatic artists of the time. Dalmores was a hard, sincere worker with the ability to feel an audience and sing for it rather than at it—and Richard Wagner had once said that Bizet was the greatest of all French composers. This combination suddenly turned the Manhattan Opera House from a hopeless failure to an astounding success. The receipts up

The two men who are most directly responsible for New York's grand opera performances.



GUSTAV MAHLER,

Musical director at the Metropolitan

For the past ten years he has been general manager and musical director at the Imperial Opera House, Vienna. He is forty-seven years old, and is one of the strictest disciplinarians known to the musical world.



CLEOFONTE CAMPANINI,

Musical director at the Manhattan

He is the brother of the late tenor, Italo Campanini; he has a wide and varied knowledge of music, and while conducting seems to inspire both orchestra and singers. He was born in Palmo, Italy, in 1860.

to this time had averaged a little less than \$1,400 a night. Mr. Hammerstein's weekly expenses are \$50,000. We can easily see how fast his savings were fading away.

The fault was his own, but he remedied it quickly. He had begun with cut-and-dried performances, but he quickly saw that the people want novelty and freshness, even in grand opera. Today Mr. Hammerstein is, perhaps, the most daring opera producer in the world. No singer, no matter how great his reputation may be, or how large his salary, can remain with the Manhattan forces if he fails to please the public. Mr. Hammerstein has even refused a second hearing to a singer whose *début* bespoke lack of study and training. Important operas that had before been shelved for lack of enterprise have been brought forth by him. New works are being tried. There is an air of wonderful musical culture about the Manhattan. Giving all other grand opera houses their due, it is safe to say that a better drilled, more tuneful, more harmonious chorus, and a more perfect orchestra in *finesse* of detail, has never been heard than that at the Manhattan. Mr. Hammerstein engaged as his conductor and operatic director that most remarkable of all the men who ever wielded a *baton*, Cleofonte Campanini.

The word "master" has been applied to many men who have devoted their lives to music. Few have deserved it more completely than Campanini.

Conried Put His House in Order

All of this competition put Mr. Conried on his mettle. He was at first inclined to assume that Mr. Hammerstein had made a mistake by entering the field which he dominated. He even went to law on several occasions to block the game of his rival. But public opinion is a tidal wave that is hard to brook. Once Mr. Conried saw that the people were taking his adversary seriously, he revolutionized his own house, and, with the aid of the great fortunes back of him, secured some remarkable talent, letting go a number of "old favorites" whose voices were fading away. He engaged Miss Geraldine Farrar, an American *prima donna*, young and beautiful, who had won hosts of sincere admirers in Germany, from the kaiser down. It may be a broad statement, but no woman on the stage to-day possesses a more wonderful soprano voice than this American girl. Mr. Conried also engaged Mme. Lina Cavalieri, a beautiful Italian woman with a rare voice, and, to master his orchestral forces, Gustav Mahler, the greatest musical director in Germany. He also secured Fedor Chaliapine, the young Russian giant who struggled through the misery and poverty of being a cobbler's helper in his down-trodden fatherland, to give his most masterful rendition of *Mefistofele*. Upon "Mefistofele" Arrigo Boito had spent years of work, finally winning belated fame. For decades this great masterpiece had been kept in the background by the overshadowing influence of Gounod's "Faust." Three operas were based on the Faust legend, the two here mentioned and "The Damnation of Faust," by Hector Berlioz. In the Boito opera *Faust* and *Marguerite* and *Martha* are only episodes compared to *Mefistofele*, and both these operas are less tuneful, if

[Concluded on page 111]



MME. LUISA TETRAZZINI,

The Italian soprano who was the rage of London, and is now creating a furor in New York. She is considered by many the greatest soprano since Patti

Mme. Tetrazzini is a sister-in-law to Cleofonte Campanini, director at the Manhattan. She is apparently a singer by divine right, as she has had but six months' training with a teacher in all her life. While she sang with considerable success in Europe and South America, San Francisco, up to this season, was the only city in the United States in which she had appeared—it was at the Tivoli Opera House, in 1903. She was pronounced then the greatest soprano in the world, and was said to take high "E" and hold it for nearly three minutes. San Francisco went into a frenzy over her, but New York, which at that time had only one opera house, passed her by, although Mr. Conried secured her by tentative contract for three years, at one hundred dollars a week, should she care to sing in America. Mme. Tetrazzini preferred to sing elsewhere, and since her San Francisco engagement has been heard in South America and Europe. This year her singing created such a furor that Mr. Hammerstein engaged her. She is a remarkable vocalist, with a clear, sweet, powerful voice, which she uses in a natural and still a most daring way.

The Real Lawson

By Frank Fayant

AFTER having dumped his quarter of a million General Electric profits in an ill-timed plunge in Sugar stock in the panicky days of '93 (as related in the November installment of this series), Lawson started again at the foot of the financial ladder. He was poor in money, but rich in experience—unusually so for a man of his age, 36 years. And he soon had an opportunity to bring all his varied experience of twenty odd years in State Street as a speculator, promoter, and financial strategist to bear on problems much greater than he had ever tackled before. In '93 Lawson was scarcely known outside of State Street, although he had made and lost fortunes, had plunged to the depths of the fascinating game of stock gambling, and had done more real work than most men do in all their lives. But Lawson's name in finance was made in the ten years following the depression of '93; his name outside of Wall and State Streets, as a self-appointed financial reformer, was made still later, but that is another story.

Lawson played his first stellar rôle in the financial drama in the Boston gas war. It was this that brought him in touch with Henry H. Rogers of the Standard Oil party, paved the way for the promotion of the Amalgamated Copper Company, and thus led up to his bitter, revengeful, spectacular campaign against the "System." To understand Lawson's part in the gas war, it is necessary to get a bird's-eye view of gas finance.

From Oil to Gas

The Standard Oil capitalists, when their fortunes began to grow rapidly in the 80's, naturally began to look about for new fields of financial conquest. From illuminating oil to illuminating gas was a natural step. The Standard Oil men first gained a foothold in New York, where they now have a monopoly of all gas and electric lighting, and then reached out into other nearby towns. Their usual method was to form alliances with leading capitalistic groups rather than to undertake their gas ventures single-handed. In Philadelphia, for example, they allied themselves with the Elkins-Dolan franchise syndicate in the United Gas Improvement Company, a corporation which now controls public utility corporations from Maine to Florida, and from the Atlantic seaboard to the Rockies. In New York they dominated absolutely in the Consolidated Gas Company. The delay in rounding up the Brooklyn gas companies was the real cause of the Boston gas war. For in that delay J. Edward O'Sullivan Addicks, a meteoric financial and political juggler, and perennial candidate for United States Senator from Delaware, ran afoul of Rogers.

Addicks, with a string on the new water-gas method of producing illuminating gas, had abandoned flour merchanting for gas promoting, and in '87, after cleaning up a snug sum in Chicago gas promoting, moved on to Boston. He introduced Philadelphia high finance into conservative State Street, consolidated several of the rich old independent gas companies into the Bay State Gas Company of Massachusetts, and made a fortune—estimated as high as seven millions. Addicks at once became very ambitious. A shrewd trickster, whose touch turned everything into gold, he believed he was on the highroad to great wealth and power. It was in '92, when Addicks was at the height of his power, that Rogers, captain of the Standard Oil gas forces, discovered, in shaping up the Brooklyn gas field, that Addicks had slyly gained a foothold for himself in Brooklyn. Rogers at once took the step usually taken by the Standard Oil forces when they find their territory invaded by an outlander. He sent word to Addicks to "get out." Cautious captains of finance ask for a truce when they receive this ultimatum from 26 Broadway. But Addicks, flushed with success, laughed at Rogers, and refused to get out. The story goes that, on receipt of Rogers's ultimatum, he wrote across the face of it this ironic phrase of a

well-known Rogers threat, "I'll see you in heaven first."

This meant war without quarter, for the Standard Oil forces fight to the death when an enemy thus hurls a defiance back into their teeth. Rogers set his Boston lieutenants on the warpath, and Addicks woke up one morning to find the enemy's tents pitched in the heart of Boston. Rogers had bought control of a small independent company, the Brookline Gas Com-

pany, with a charter to lay pipes in every thoroughfare in the town. This was in '94. Rogers made it known that he would parallel all of Addicks's pipes and sell gas at a dollar a thousand in competition with Addicks's rate of \$1.25. Boston knew that Rogers meant what he said, and that Addicks's fate was sealed, for Rogers would give gas away, if necessary, to bankrupt the Addicks companies. When the Standard Oil forces were rounding up the oil business into a monopoly they resorted to this trick to kill competitors, and Rogers was using the trick over again in gas. Rogers secretly attacked Addicks in every vulnerable spot—in the stock market, in the legislature, in the city government. Addicks's financial credit received a sharp setback, and his securities began to decline in the market. Attacking an enemy's credit through the stock market is a favorite device of financial strategists. It draws blood. When a captain of finance finds his securities attacked, he must raise money to support them; he borrows the money on the declining securities; as they go lower and lower, he himself is forced to unload a part of them to provide the sinews to protect the rest—and finally, if the enemy is rich in the sinews of war, he must let go of everything, or ask for quarter. Addicks, early in '95, was on the verge of retreating from the Boston field in a rout.

How Addicks Nibbled the Bait

Here Lawson entered. The manner of his entrance into the Boston gas war is of particular interest to those who would form a clear conception of the real Lawson. Lawson had watched the rise of Addicks, he had measured the man, and he had noted the coming of Rogers and knew what it meant—the downfall of Addicks and the Addicks companies. As soon as he was convinced that Addicks was marked for slaughter he went into the stock market and sold Addicks stocks. By Addicks's fall he would profit. When the crash came he would buy back the stocks he had sold "short." It is this sort of an opportunity that the financial guerrilla eagerly takes advantage of. Keene is a master at this. He scents financial disaster from afar. Lawson's biggest winnings up to this time—the Lamson and General Electric bear campaigns—had been made in this way.

Lawson's activity on the bear side of Bay State Gas became so threatening that Addicks became alarmed. And so Addicks sent for Lawson to make terms. Lawson's own story of this is as follows:

"It was part of my method of conducting my stock-brokerage business to expose through the medium of the press or through market letters the stocks of corporations I thought rotten. I had watched the Philadelphia's operations and had my eye marketwise on his bonds and stock, particularly on his stock, Bay State Gas Company of Delaware, which became very active in the market. I thought I saw in the scheme the ordinary, cold-blooded, stock-jobbing, unloading-on-the-public affair. I had heard recounted the man's wonderful doings, particularly his recklessness in the purchase of the Boston companies; I 'sized up' his mighty effort to be a tremendously rich good fellow as inspired by the idea and the purpose of giving his 'stuff' in the stock market a good send-off; and from the start I had put his property on my 'to-be-watched memoranda,' as one I might at the proper time let daylight into. I was tearing large strips from its values when Addicks's bankers, who happened to be business friends of mine, sought to enlist me on their side of the gas war. I remember expressing my opinion frankly about the contestants and their contest at the time, stating that so far as morality, fairness, or justice went, I could see little to choose between Addicks and 'Standard Oil.' I continued to bear the stock until one day my banker friends brought me an earnest request from the Delaware financier that I go to New York and talk things over with him."

Lawson did not know Addicks as well then as he did later on, but



EDITORS' NOTE TO PART FIVE

HERE is told how Lawson "held up" Addicks in the Boston gas war, took command of the forces against Rogers, and kept State Street in an uproar for years; how Lawson fought under every banner in the field and finally was left without an ally. Here is also told how Lawson gained the confidence of Rogers and the Standard Oil crowd in the great Boston copper boom and won them over to his dream of an enormous Copper Trust; how the trust failed and investors were despoiled through Lawson's unbridled enthusiasm and Rogers's cold-blooded machinations, and how Lawson and Rogers finally fell out.



HENRY M. WHITNEY.

Who Played a Big Political-Financial Rôle in the Boston Gas War

"If it were my own brother instead of Henry M. Whitney who aspired to be governor of Massachusetts and I knew he had done what you have done, even though I were assured that the shock and disappointment of defeat would kill him, my attitude towards his candidacy would be exactly that I have toward your own. I would oppose what I regard as a profanation of the altars of our country. No man can wipe out his past. However repentant, his sins live to curse him and trip him in later and perhaps better years when he dreams that they lie obliterated and forgotten behind him.—Mr. Lawson, in a letter to Mr. Whitney, September, 1907.

the banker I was not anxious for the job, but, as he urged his own interest, I jumped on the noon train and in the evening was again in New York."

he had taken the measure of the man, and it was probably only different in detail from his final "sizing-up" several years later, which was:

"J. Edward O'Sullivan Addicks, votary of rotten finance, perpetual candidate for the United States Senate, wholesale debaucher of American citizenship, and all-around corrupter of men—a corporation political trickster, who has done more to hold up American laws, American elective franchises, and American corporations to the scorn of the civilized world than any other man of this or any previous age—a man without a heart, without a soul, and, I believe, without a conscience."

Lawson went to New York and had a twenty-minute talk with Addicks. It amounted to this:

ADDICKS.—Lawson, you are pounding me in the market. What will you take to quit and fight for me?

LAWSON.—I'll take \$250,000 in cash for myself, \$1,000,000 capital, and cut the profits in two.

ADDICKS.—I'll give you \$50,000 cash and \$250,000 capital.

LAWSON.—Nothing doing. Addicks, you're nearly bankrupt. Good night.

What happened the next morning is better told by Lawson himself:

"I got back to Boston next morning, and at the opening of the Stock Exchange I sailed into the Bay State stock in earnest, for I felt surer than before that Addicks was nearing his finish. A few minutes after the Exchange opened, Addicks's banker rushed into my office and said the Delaware financier begged I would return to New York at once, and whispered to me that in a conversation just held on the telephone, Addicks had stated he would accept my terms. I informed

The Second Interview

The second interview with Addicks was held on the Delaware promoter's yacht on the Hudson. The substance of the interview was this:

ADDICKS.—Lawson, you're pounding me in the market again, and I see I must come to your terms.

LAWSON.—Now, Addicks, you've fooled a good many men, but you can't fool me. I don't trust you. You've got to do business on my terms. Where do you stand?

ADDICKS.—I'm down and out, and at your mercy, but if you hitch up with me we can down Rogers.

LAWSON.—All right, I'll tie up with you.

That was the end of Lawson's attack on the Addicks securities, and that was the beginning of the Lawson-Addicks alliance, as picturesque an alliance as ever was seen in high finance. "At some particularly hazardous halting-place in after years," relates Lawson, "Addicks and myself have often laughed as we have talked over that August evening. I was easy, he asserts, and I must admit that he is right—I was easy." Lawson went back to Boston in full command of the Addicks forces.

The Truth About Bay State Gas

The story of the Bay State Gas is a sordid tale of high finance and wild-cat finance, of looting and thievery, of bribery and corruption, of tangled receiverships and complex reorganizations—as foul a blot as there is on the whole history of American finance and politics. On one hand were the citizens of Boston making their rich daily contributions for gas for light and fuel, these accumulated contributions constituting the Stake; on the other hand were Rogers and Whitney and Addicks and Lawson and a horde of financial buccaneers reaching out greedily for this Stake. And the watchword of Rogers and Whitney and Addicks and Lawson and all the rest of the horde was, "Where do I come in?"

Having forced his way into the fight

by "holding up" the vulnerable Addicks, Lawson opened a merry war on Rogers in newspaper broadsides. So vigorous were his thrusts that the sly old fox of 26 Broadway was tempted to come out of his hole and snarl back at Lawson. "A change became apparent in public sentiment," relates Lawson, "the rottenness of Addicksism was overcome by the stench of Standard Oil. Rogers captured the reform mayor of Boston, Nathan Mathews, and gained the city lighting contract for his Brookline company. Lawson, undaunted, craftily approached the mayor and bought him over to the Addicks forces. The price was the presidency of the Addicks companies for three years and \$75,000 salary. "It was a difficult task," relates Lawson, "but after much maneuvering I landed my big fish." But Mathews did n't perform to suit Lawson. "There is nothing more despicable," says Lawson, "than a man who, after having consented to be 'put' will not stay 'put.'" Addicks squeezed out of the bargain and refused to pay Mathews his price. There was a compromise—some money was paid. All of which raised a nice smell in Boston, and it was difficult to differentiate between the "rottenness" of Addicks-Lawsonism and the "stench" of Standard Oil.

Making Rogers Toe the Mark

Lawson then attempted to cut the Gordian knot by going straight to Rogers. This meeting took place in New York in August, 1895, at Rogers's house. It was their first meeting. Lawson's proposition to Rogers was this:

"You join us, or buy us out, or sell out to us, or I'll put Bay State in bankruptcy in three days and break up your whole game."

Rogers said he would sell out. But when Lawson went to the Bay State strong box to get the wherewithal to pay Rogers his

price, \$4,500,000, he found that Addicks had been there once too often. So Rogers could n't be bought out.

Then, a few months later, Henry M. Whitney, the street railway promoter, took a hand in the game by asking the legislature for a charter for his Massachusetts Pipe Line Company, which was going to make gas at a low cost from his Nova Scotia coal. Lawson immediately turned his batteries on Whitney.

"Let me in or I'll bust your game," was Lawson's slogan.

So Whitney let Lawson in just as Addicks the year before had let Lawson in. While the new Whitney-Addicks-Rogers combination was shaping up Lawson had a nearly fatal attack of appendicitis and for a week lay between life and death. In this week Addicks threw Lawson overboard in the negotiations. One morning, when everyone thought Lawson was at home in bed, he suddenly appeared, swathed in flannels, with his doctor and nurse, at a meeting of the Whitney and Addicks forces at the Algonquin Club.

"Let me back in or I'll bust your game," was the sick man's ultimatum, and he was let back in.

When he was well again he reopened negotiations with Rogers, and a new deal was made to sell out Bay State gas to Rogers. When the time came, six months later, to pay Rogers, the Addicks company had n't raised the money, and so Rogers took possession of large chunks of the Addicks properties in trust. Whitney, in the meantime, went ahead in the gas business, organizing the New England Gas and Coke Company in '97. His Massa-



JAMES STILLMAN,
Whose Great Bank Backed the Amalgamated Promotion

The crime of Amalgamated constitutes a specific breach of the banking laws of the state and nation. But the legal aspects of the offense are trivial in comparison with the great moral crime which was consummated by Henry H. Rogers and James Stillman, in the National City Bank on that night in May, 1899. Through false representations and specious pledges and the credit of the names of "Standard Oil" and the National City Bank, thousands of people were beguiled into investing their savings in this Amalgamated Copper Company. Because of the promise of great gains other thousands mortgaged their homes, appropriated their wives' savings, even their employers' funds, and embarked in this fair-seeming enterprise. The greatest bank in America aided and abetted the conspiracy by the loan of its funds to lure the victims deeper into the toils. All in, the trap is sprung: the thousands are despoiled of their savings by familiar devices of finance, and throughout the land is spread a wave of misery, madness, and despair.—Mr. Lawson, in "Frenzied Finance."



F. AUGUSTUS HEINZE,
Who Fought Standard Oil in the Montana Copper War

He had ability akin to genius of the order that wins eminence in bunco and confidence operations; boundlessly ambitious, inordinately egotistic, he was totally devoid of moral perception. Among the keepers of (Butte) gambling halls and barrooms he was reckoned a prince of good fellows. Even in those days, before he had made his first strike for fortune, Heinze's colossal egotism—which is of the I-must-be-in-the-lime-light-when-it-strikes-the-grand-stand order—had made itself felt. This overweening vanity is the keynote of Heinze's make-up. Popularity is the breath of his nostrils, and he was cowardly enough to deny his Jewish origin because he thought it would detract from his distinction.—Mr. Lawson, in "Frenzied Finance."

chusetts Pipe Line Charter had come out of the legislature with a sixty-cent gas rider, making it next to worthless. Whitney and Rogers cooked up a scheme to end the gas war by consolidating the gas properties in the New England company. They went ahead without consulting Lawson. He dug around, and found what was going on.

"Not a thing could I find," he relates, "that left us a cent or a hope. I grew hot. I determined to upset the plan at any cost, and went about laying a string of fuses for an explosion which would blow their scheme skyward."

Lawson sent the usual ultimatum to Whitney:

"Let me in or I'll bust the game."

Whitney offered Lawson \$1,000,000. Lawson spurned the offer. Then Rogers took a hand. He offered Lawson a million to keep quiet. This was also spurned. Then Rogers took the tack that always wins with Lawson.

"Lawson," pleaded he, "I'm sick of this whole mess, and want to get out. For my sake keep quiet until I get my money out, and then bang away to your heart's content at the other fellows."

So Lawson, as a personal favor, waited until Rogers got his few millions out of Boston gas, and then went ahead pounding Whitney in the newspapers.

"At last one morning," relates Lawson, "I played my trump card. I massed together a lot of facts in such shape that its publication would surely blow the enemy sky-high, and I notified Whitney. So he might know what to expect I allowed him to inspect the bomb."

"I Want a Million," said Lawson

This time Whitney was wise. He sent at once to Rogers for help, and Rogers sent for Lawson. Rogers told Lawson a sad story of the misery that would come to a well-known family if Lawson persisted in attacking Whitney. Lawson threw up his hands and again agreed to quit fighting. The bomb was put away in a bomb-proof vault. For several years after that, during the copper boom, there was an armistice in the gas war. Lawson was too busy booming copper stocks and floating



JAMES R. KEENE,
Who Sold \$22,500,000 of Amalgamated for Rogers's Pool

For over a quarter of a century James R. Keene has amazed Wall Street by his infinite strategy and daring. Time and again Wall Street has stood by with blanched face and frozen heart while Jim Keene has launched his thunderbolts and touched off his hidden mines. Keene keeps no press agent to flaunt his kindly acts, but from the noble things I know he has done, and the things others with whom I am personally acquainted know he has done—men, women, and children saved from misery, pain, and death, at the risk of ruin to himself—I'll warrant the celestial scroll shows to his record as many deeds of mercy and noble daring as are credited to any soldier or philanthropist who has achieved worldly fame in recent years.—*Mr. Lawson, in "Frenzied Finance."*

would have been difficult, if not impossible, to reorganize the New England Gas and Coke Company upon any basis which would have yielded to the creditors and stockholders of that company what they were entitled to receive." The bankers made an agreement with Rogers that "if Lawson would do nothing to oppose the New England Gas and Coke reorganization, would not speculate in its securities, and keep his hands off in every way, they would pay Rogers ten per cent. of any net profits" for Lawson's benefit. Instead of \$1,000,000 Lawson received only \$93,000 from Rogers.

This was the end of the gas war. The next year the Bay State Gas Company went into a receiver's hand and the receiver has since been busily engaged in recovering from Rogers, Addicks, and Lawson funds belonging to the treasury. The profit made by Rogers in selling the trusted Bay State securities to the New England Gas and Coke Company he has been compelled to disgorge. From Lawson the receiver has recovered \$350,000, to pay which Lawson mortgaged his Boston town house. The receiver also recovered a small amount from Addicks, but you can't draw blood from a stone. Addicks is only a memory in finance and politics.

* * * * *

"Amalgamated Copper has been responsible for more hell than any other financial thing since the world began."—THOMAS W. LAWSON.

The root of all the evil in modern high finance is this:

You may buy a property—whether it be a copper mine, a steel plant, a street railway, a fleet of steamships, or what not—for \$10,000,000; form a stock company with \$20,000,000 of securities; trade the property for the securities; and then sell the securities to the public for \$20,000,000. This is the modern easy road to wealth.

From his early days in State Street, Lawson dreamed of making a great fortune in this way. The opportunity came in the great copper boom of 1896-1901. Boston for years had been the home of copper promotions. New England capital had opened up the wonderful mines of the Lake country, and solid fortunes had been made by Boston financiers in this development. In Wall Street the stock speculation was in railroads, in Boston it was in copper mines. Lawson began speculating in Coppers when the industry was in its infancy, and when the great boom began in '96, Lawson, quick to seize a speculative opportunity, plunged into Coppers. This was in the midst of the Bay State Gas war, after Lawson had met Rogers.

Lawson's first big copper speculation was in "Butte and Boston," one

of the Montana mines, and it was in this speculation that Amalgamated was born. "Butte and Boston" stock was selling around \$25 when Lawson discovered that the insiders were unloading. So Lawson followed suit. The stock was smashed to \$2, the stock went into the hands of a receiver, and in the reorganization the stock was assessed \$10 a share. Lawson, by selling the stock short in the 20's and below, and then buying it back below \$5, made a snug profit. He dived around and discovered that the property was really valuable and ought to be worth much more. The great copper boom was just starting to move. So Lawson took his bear profits and turned bull. He bought all the cheap stock offered, paid the assessment on it, and opened a public bull campaign. He accumulated 46,000 shares, nearly one fourth the capital stock, at a cost of about \$600,000. [This same stock was sold to the public by Rogers and Lawson, through the Amalgamated Copper Company, for \$4,600,000, and is

(Continued on page 46)

Photograph by Aimé Dupont, N. Y.



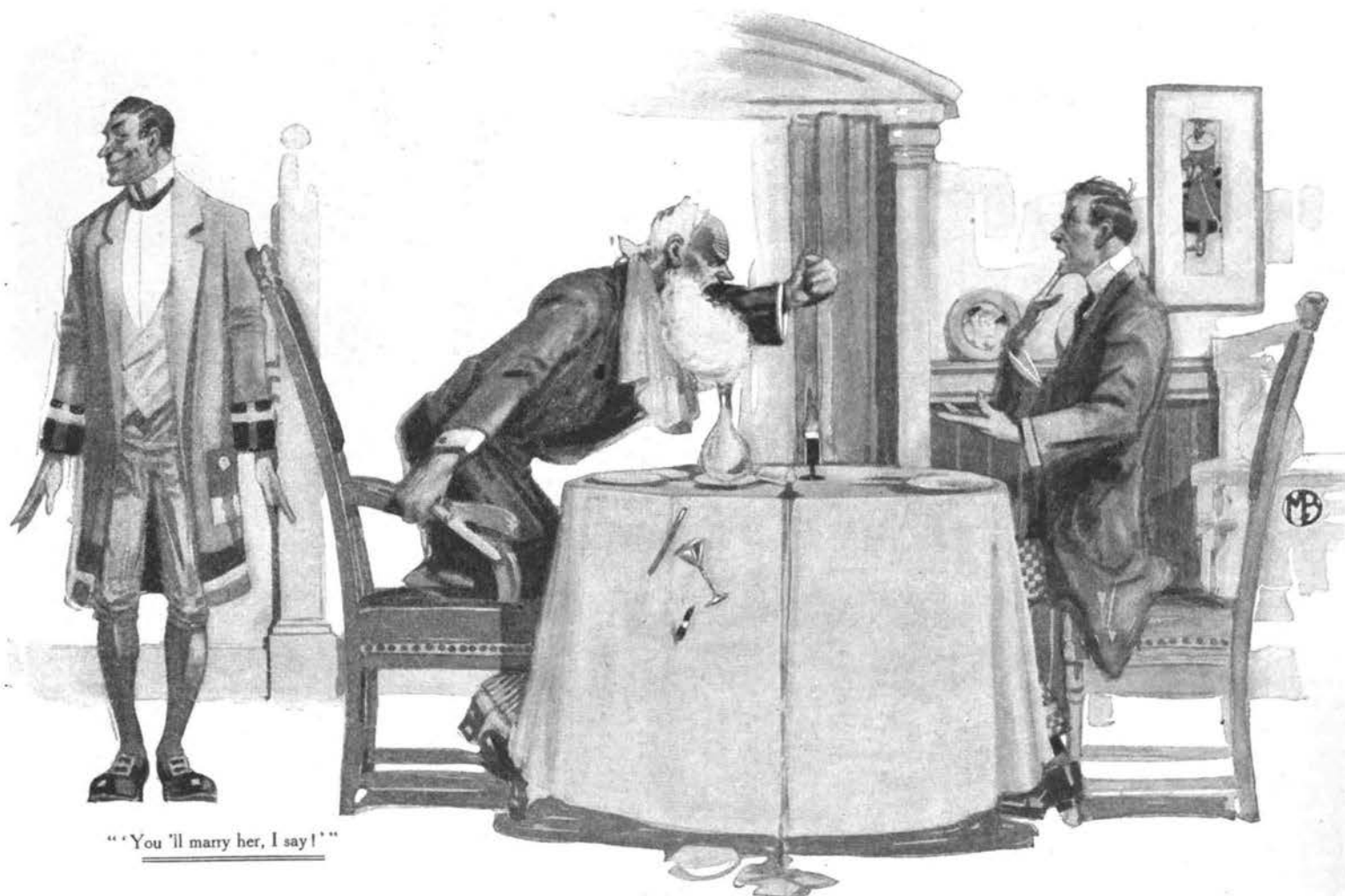
HENRY H. ROGERS,
Who Made Lawson's Copper Dream a \$155,000,000 Reality

Away from the intoxicating spell of dollar-making this remarkable man is one of the most charming beings I have ever encountered, a man whom any man or woman would be proud to have for a brother; a man whom any mother or father would give thanks for as a son; a man whom any woman would be happy to know as her husband, and a man whom any boy or girl would rejoice to call father. Once he passes under the baleful influence of "The Machine," however, he becomes a relentless, ravenous creature, pitiless as a shark, knowing no law of God or man in the execution of his purpose. Between him and coveted dollars may come no kindly, humane influences—all are thrust aside, their claims disregarded, in ministering to this strange, cannibalistic money-hunger, which, in truth, grows by what it feeds on.—*Mr. Lawson, in "Frenzied Finance."*



J. EDWARD O'SULLIVAN ADDICKS,
Who Fought Standard Oil in the Boston Gas War

This financial guerrilla was J. Edward O'Sullivan Addicks, votary of rotten finance, perpetual candidate for the United States Senate, wholesale debaucher of American citizenship, and all-around corrupter of men. J. Edward O'Sullivan Addicks, a corporation political trickster, who has done more to hold up American laws, American elective franchises, and American corporations to the scorn of the civilized world than any man of this or any previous age. Here we have a man without a heart, without a soul, and, I believe, absolutely without conscience—the type of man who even his associates feel is likely to bring in after their deaths queer bills against their estates as an offset for what he owes them.—*Mr. Lawson, in "Frenzied Finance."*



"You'll marry her, I say!"

HOW IT HAPPENED

By PORTER EMERSON BROWNE

Illustrated by M. L. Blumenthal

ON BOARD THE "NYMPH."

Somewhere between the Arctic Circle, the Columbus Circle, and the Isthmus of Panamama, and I don't care just where. June somethingth.

DEAR BILL:—In your letter forwarded from the Madison Square Branch of the General Post Office at 5 A.M. (and I am too polite to ask why), you request a detailed account of the true inwardness of what has happened. In the words of the poet, that so aptly apply to present exigencies, it's a long story, Bill. But here you are; and if it cause you to miss your afternoon nap, don't blame me.

Of course you know the start-off—how, on my happy return from the halls of learning, bearing under one arm a sheepskin diploma with a cash valuation of \$2.11, but representing an actual outlay of eleven thousand, and in my head a rare assortment of classical misinformation, Uncle Jared sprung on me the fact that he had it all framed up to skid me down the red-carpeted ways and into the Sea of Matrimony, ker-plop and *instantly*.

It was at dinner when we were seated discussing the viands and cussing the new *chef*. Not unnaturally I ventured a mild and gentlemanly protest against any such Old World proposition. But Uncle Jared wagged his whiskers wildly and brought his fist down upon the table so hard that his coffee did a high dive off onto the floor while the china and silver gave a most realistic representation of Beef-steak John's on a busy evening.

"You'll marry her, I say!"

he howled. "You'll marry 'r I'll know the reason why!"

"But," I objected, "I've never even so much as seen her!"

"What difference does that make?" he

yelled. "You will before you're married." And then, "She's a fine girl. A lot too good for you or any other young know-it-all!"

"If that's the case," I returned, "it seems to me that the only logical thing for her to do is to stay single—for otherwise she would be forced into a *mésalliance*; and you would n't be so unkind as to want that to happen, would you?"

Uncle Jared put his right elbow in his butter, and, resting his whiskers in a totally inadequate palm, eyed me with marked disfavor.

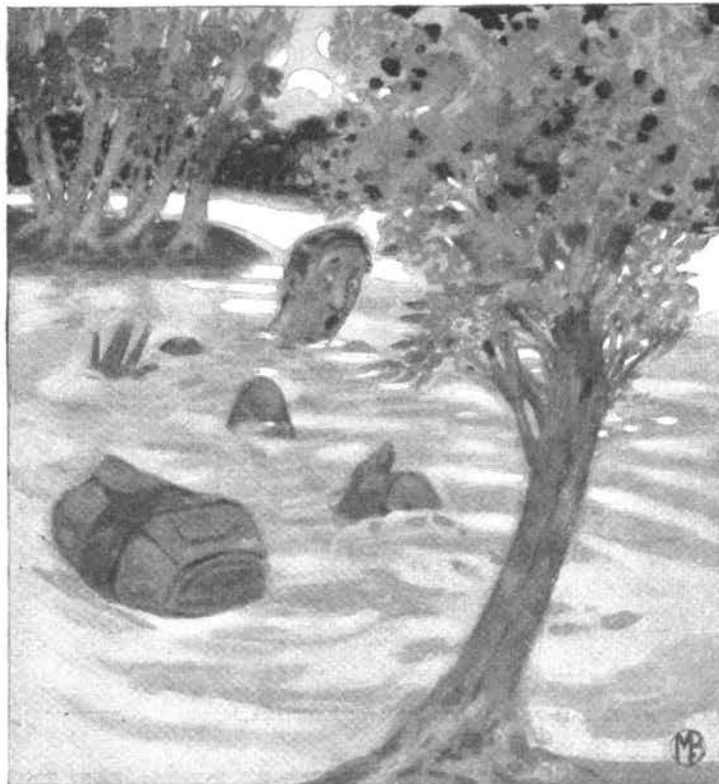
"You think you're smart, don't you?" he demanded caustically.

I shook my head, deprecatingly. "Merely blessed with a logical mind," I replied modestly.

"Well," he went on savagely, "I'll tell you one thing right here and now: I'll hold every cent of your money until you marry the girl I've picked out for you; and by the terms of the will, I can do this; and you know it."

I nodded sadly, for he spoke sooth; for, as you know, the document that left me my roll, alas and alackaday, decreed that Uncle Jared should maintain his guardianship of me, until such a time as he should decide that I had attained years of discretion and was, therefore, capable of assuming the white man's bundle.

My roll is n't so plethoric. In fact I much misdoubt me if a broad-minded gent, like John D. or Pierpont, would even bother to stop and pick it up, if he should see it some morning lying in the street, while on his way down to the



"A shark bit me on the left shin"

sheep corral. Still, it looked big to me; and ever since I had first capered into the quadrangle, it had been beckoning to me and seductively whispering anent what good times it and I would have, when I should have left the shades of knowledge and near-knowledge to go over to Monte Carlo and watch the wheels go 'round.

All those long, long years, while I was doing Pearys around the free lunch district, and finding out how to sleep at chapel, without letting the services disturb me, and conning the Latin poets and the American professors, and accumulating other priceless knowledge to use in after life, I had been feasting in anticipation of sending the effete civilizations of the Old World into nervous prostration and planning to broaden myself in Europe.

And here I was up against this!

Can you not imagine, then, how for one tense, turgid moment I gazed at Uncle Jared scathingly? Then, slowly, I rose from my chair and, placing my right hand on my left clavicle, I pre-



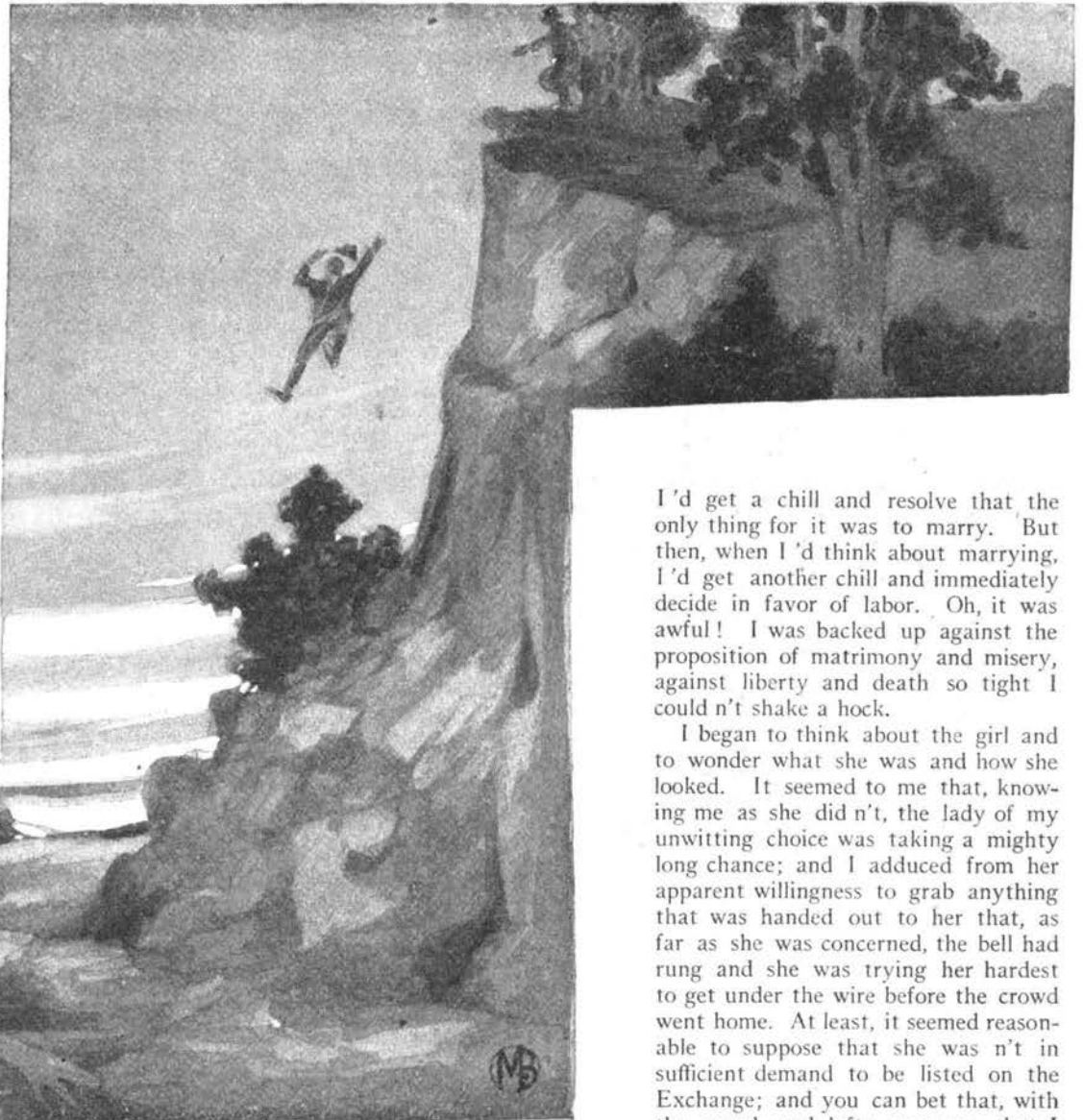
pared to do a Patrick Henry that would make the original P. H. look like one of the infant class masticating "Mary Had a Little Lamb."

"Uncle Jared," I said severely, "never, in a moment of wildest imaginations, could I have conceived that in this, the nineteenth—I mean the twentieth—century, in a civilized land where all men are free and—"

"Dry up," interrupted Uncle Jared, rudely, "and listen to me."

Seeing upon what an arid waste of unappreciation I was so near to having wasted the forming flowers of my eloquence, I dried.

Uncle Jared took his cheque book and fountain pen from his waistcoat pocket and for a moment was busy in the way that best becomes him.



"I would have been all right had I been twins"

At length he ripped the little slip of paper from the book and tossed it across the table to me.

"There's two hundred," he announced. "Take that, and two weeks, to think it over. At the end of that time, and that money, you can either tell me that you are ready to marry in accordance with my wishes or you can amuse yourself for a while putting advertisements in the situation wanted columns. Now get out."

And what could I do but get?

That night I accordeon-plaited myself into an upper berth, bound south, and alternately cogitated ways and means, and excavated cinders from my sleepless orbs.

Whenever I'd think about going to work,

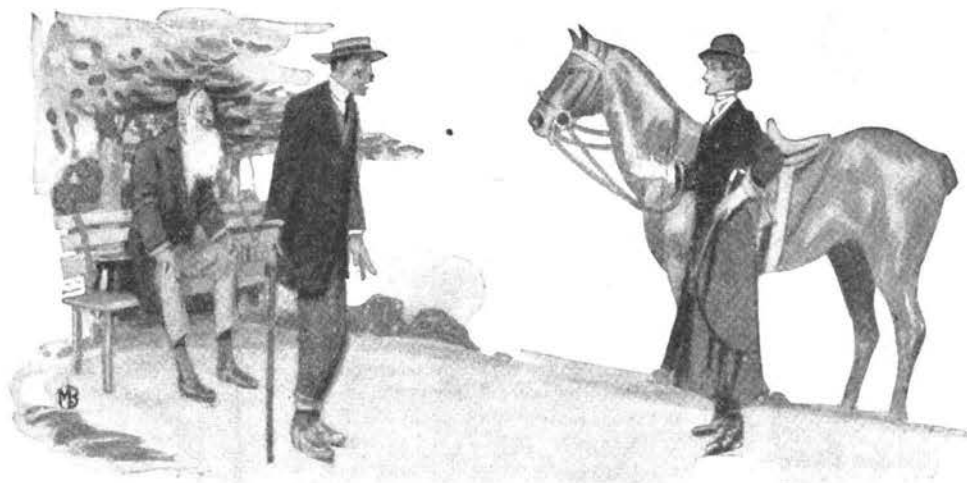
I'd get a chill and resolve that the only thing for it was to marry. But then, when I'd think about marrying, I'd get another chill and immediately decide in favor of labor. Oh, it was awful! I was backed up against the proposition of matrimony and misery, against liberty and death so tight I could n't shake a hock.

I began to think about the girl and to wonder what she was and how she looked. It seemed to me that, knowing me as she did n't, the lady of my unwitting choice was taking a mighty long chance; and I adduced from her apparent willingness to grab anything that was handed out to her that, as far as she was concerned, the bell had rung and she was trying her hardest to get under the wire before the crowd went home. At least, it seemed reasonable to suppose that she was n't in sufficient demand to be listed on the Exchange; and you can bet that, with the proud and lofty purposes that I had mapped out for myself, in this weepesome vale of tears that men call life, I was n't going to be ankle-ironed and hobbled right at the get-away.

I shivered. Nay! Nay! Not on your life! The lady who would win my blushing hand must be one with a waiting list and a demand that every applicant be bitten, rung on the counter, and put through the acid test. The belle of the ball or nothing for me, forsooth! And what made it all the more suspicious was that she had enough money to bulge a bank. It sure looked bad! With her exchequer, were she even of the pleasing aspect of a cantaloupe melon, it seemed a logical assumption that she could have her choice of any number of decayed dukes and effete earls to say nothing of a couple of million ordinary individuals. And here she was, in a diving bell, going down eighty-seven thousand fathoms after me!

The more I considered, the worse it looked. It was not a lemon; it was a whole grove of 'em; and I threw in the reverse and backed up so hard that I had the whole berth full of dust. And then I went back to work again. And so on through the awful night; and when, next day, we reached Asheville, N. C., both alternatives were running a close race for last place with no winner in sight.

Asheville is a lovely spot, noted principally for its rarified air and its petrified railroads. It imports tourists and other marks and exports



"Cheer up; why did n't you come to see me?"

souvenir post cards. Its main, and only industry is taking money away from people.

I stayed in Asheville several hours; it took the train that long to get in motion. Then I hied me away to the mountain fastnesses for further cerebration; for there's no better place than this same N. C. for such purposes. It's so quiet there that when one changes one's mind, it makes a loud rustle and it's a noisy day when you can't hear a fly wink on the next mountain. And there the Inspiration found me out.

I was camping out in a bosky nook, eating quail sandwiches that I had compiled out of unequal portions of feathers and ashes, and wondering what a real meal would taste like. It was a wild and rocky retreat, full of that omnipotent mysteriousness of nothingness, and I got to thinking of robbers and bandits and, finally, of kidnapers. And it was just at this junction that the aforementioned Inspiration hit me ker-swat.

And it was: *Why shouldn't I kidnap myself and hide myself away in some impenetrable glen and there wait until Uncle Jared should shell out a liberal ransom?*

It struck me hard as being an excellent and perfectly feasible plan. He would pay it out of my own money, of course; but my own money was all I was trying to get, anyhow.

But then the still, small voice of Conscience butted in.

"He is a lonely old man," it piped up, protestingly. "You will cause him fear and pain and anxiety. You should not do it."

I turned upon Conscience severely.

"But look at the fear and pain and anxiety he's planning to hand me!" I cried. "Why, he's going to make me get married!"

Conscience maintained a discreet silence.

"Uncle Jared," I went on, "is clearly in the wrong. It is patently the right of every man to choose for himself the one who shall quadruple his liabilities and disseminate his assets."

"True. Too true," admitted Conscience, sadly. It was licked. And I had my will.

I started my project by taking a sheet of paper that codfish and kerosene had come in and inditing to Uncle Jared upon this a chaste epistle, using as ink the life fluid of a defunct quail and writing with my left hand, thereby to impart the appearance of unlettered savagery.

The letter was as this:

dere Sur vore ward is In Our haNs send Us Twenty Thousand dolars to once or we will kill him

yores trooly
The Gang

leve the monny at the Foot of the Blasted pine at Geers X Roads on the evning of The 20 P s enny atemp to find out Who we ls or aNy trechery will Reesult in the Instant deth of yore ward. We mene it !!!

I assessed myself at twenty thousand because I thought that that was the largest amount that Uncle Jared would give up without too much of a struggle; and because I figured out that that was just about what I would need to give myself, and incidentally Europe, a little treat.

In company with this bloodthirsty demand, I sent a letter written in my own hand, in pencil, telling how I had been captured by the gang while out hunting, and expatiating on what a ferocious organization it was, numbering more than a score of bloodthirsty villains who would slit a throat with the graceful *insouciance* of Standard Oil slaughtering a competitor. I added that probably if my first appeal were not heeded; the second would be accompanied by a

couple of ears and a few fingers to show that their demands were sincere; and that if my notes should go to protest, I would doubtless go along with them.

Really, I got so worked up over the horror of the situation that I almost cried. I could picture myself the tortured cynosure of that blood-thirsty gathering, and could see the baleful brutes playing at jackstones with my knuckle joints. I don't suppose I got to sleep that night for hours.

On my way back from mailing the letter in a rural free delivery box, I had a bunch of accidents that, as they militated against me in what transpired, it were well to relate. The main one was that, as I was crossing a swift mountain stream, wading breast high, with my clothes loaded in a neat bundle and held high above my head, a shark bit me in the left shin; and, in an effort to avoid his ravenous jaws, I stepped into a hole.

I got away from the shark; but my raiment got away from me. And there was I, clad only in my glowing epidermis and a budding black eye, forty miles from a sartorial emporium.

But luck was mine; for as I stood there doing a Venus at Nature's Mirror in an effort to find my lost habiliments, I chanced to see, a little down stream, an adolescent native steeping himself in a pool formed by a bend of the stream. His hose and doublet, likewise his overalls, lay upon the bank a rod or so distant.

I stole softly and iridescently toward them. The juvenile was doing an imitation of a flatfish and did not see me; and I got away with his garb, hat and all; "for," I reasoned, "he is doubtless not far from home and pants. I am. It is but right, therefore, that I avail myself of

[Concluded on pages 103 and 104]

THE BEAR AND THE BOMB

By LOUIS AUGUSTIN

THE winter hunt was over. In the forests the snow thawed rapidly under the soft south breezes. The frozen lakes and rivers trembled, cracked, and creaked ominously from the under-pressure of the rising water.

Near a river, in a log cabin, lived Indian Sheebago, his squaw, and his son Tak-wa. Unable to venture forth on account of the treacherous ice, Sheebago, with his crooked knife, deftly manufactured paddles and new wooden ribs for the canoes. Malee, the squaw, helped to smear the seams of the birch-bark, with boiling spruce gum; and, twice each day, she carried from the adjacent forest bark buckets full of sweet sap which had dripped from the tapped birch trees. Tak-wa, tired of the monotony of life in camp, took long tramps through the forest in quest of partridges.

Coming to a streamlet one day, where the snow still lay in patches along the shore, he was about to ford it when suddenly he saw a huge footprint deeply sunken into the snow. Surprised, he stared at the track. Two feet further he espied another one. He scrutinized the shores, and gave ear awhile. Nothing moved. Save for the rattling of the branches overhead, he heard no sound. He knelt on one knee, and felt the track.

"Dem very fresh," he murmured wistfully.

In the wild, there is a resilient instinct that predominates over all thoughts of fear when impending danger is nigh. This feeling comes to a hunter, especially when prompted by an insatiable lust to kill. For a moment Tak-wa remained squatted, thinking and debating with himself. Then he deliberately unsheathed his muzzle-loader. He opened his ammunition sack, drew forth a leaden pellet—the size of a cranberry—and put it into his mouth. He uncorked his powder horn and poured some of the black glistening grains into the barrel. Ramming the charge home with a wad of moss he spat the bullet on top and again rammed down another piece of moss. This done he followed, gingerly and with a watchful eye, the track extending up stream along the shore, but had not gone far when the tracks suddenly ceased. Bewildered, the Indian looked about him and close by he descried a fallen evergreen tree, a bit scratched and a bit decorticated, spanning the streamlet. Immediately Tak-wa divined.

"Ugh! He smart," he muttered. With much difficulty the young Indian succeeded in straddling across the log; and on the other bank, he found the tracks, which still led up stream.

Cautiously feeling his way, with his moccasined feet, lest he should tread on a twig and acquaint the quarry of his oncoming, Tak-wa followed the tracks. He

soon caught sight of a clearing in the woods before him, and, tiptoeing to investigate, he came upon a little pond, whose shore was jagged by big boulders. Stealthily, Tak-wa moved forward, but the next instant he dodged behind a tree. Near the edge of the pond, was a big black bear, basking in a sunny spot. Cocking his gun, Tak-wa quickly thrust the muzzle through the branches. No, the range was too long. Very slowly he crawled a few feet nearer to the bear. Then he shouldered his gun and aimed. Unexpectedly a flock of wild fowl, emitting clamorous sounds, trailed overhead. This disturbed Tak-wa and roused the bear. With a sonorous growl the beast assumed a sitting

posture, and lifting his snout sniffed at the receding wild geese. Tak-wa, his finger on the trigger, watched his chance. It soon came. Bang! thundered the report. The bear leaped, turned a complete summersault, and rolled toward a sapling. Savagely he whirled upon it and, growling furiously, started to chew it to pieces, when suddenly he saw Tak-wa. In a trice he veered about and rushed toward the excited Indian. There was no time to reload. Tak-wa, dropping his gun, instantly sought cover behind a huge, perpendicular boulder. The bear, only slightly wounded in the shoulder, rose on his hind legs, and, growling, shambled in pursuit. Tak-wa noticing the determination of his foe, luckily, scaled the boulder just in time. The beast tried several times to creep up. But each time he launched his three hundred and more pounds up the boulder he slipped back. This was very humiliating, and it increased the bear's rage. But finally, growling a reluctant submission to the rock, he sat on his haunches and, with fearful promises of deeds to be done, which he conveyed by repeatedly snapping his teeth together with a metallic clip, he looked up at the dismayed Indian.

Many minutes passed; and still the squatted bear evinced no eagerness to call it square. Nor did Tak-wa insinuate any willingness to capitulate, under any consideration.

The golden sun, shining warmly, glided lower in the horizon. The forest, which had been full of sunshine and shadows, was now gradually changing into a purple color. Tak-wa, appalled by the approaching dusk, thought hard to invent a way to get out of this predicament. "If I only had my gun," he had reiterated mentally. Suddenly an idea flashed through his mind. He was elated. "Ha! by gosh, me fix you, me fix you," he ejaculated gleefully at the bear. As a reply the animal growled back.

Above all the scent of danger that a bear dreads most is—smoke. Tak-wa mixed some powder and shots in his handkerchief. Then he tied the whole together and, having used a piece of moss for a fuse, he lit it and threw the "infernal bomb" toward the bear. Instead of retreating from this ill-smelling cloth, the bear caught it between his fore paws with a smack. The impact, forced the fuse down, ignited the powder, and the "bomb" exploded almost under the bear's nose. Half blinded and frightfully scared, the animal, forgetting everything, crashed away through the woods, crying piteously as he went. Feeling safe, Tak-wa crawled down, and after having reloaded his gun, hastened home, chuckling.

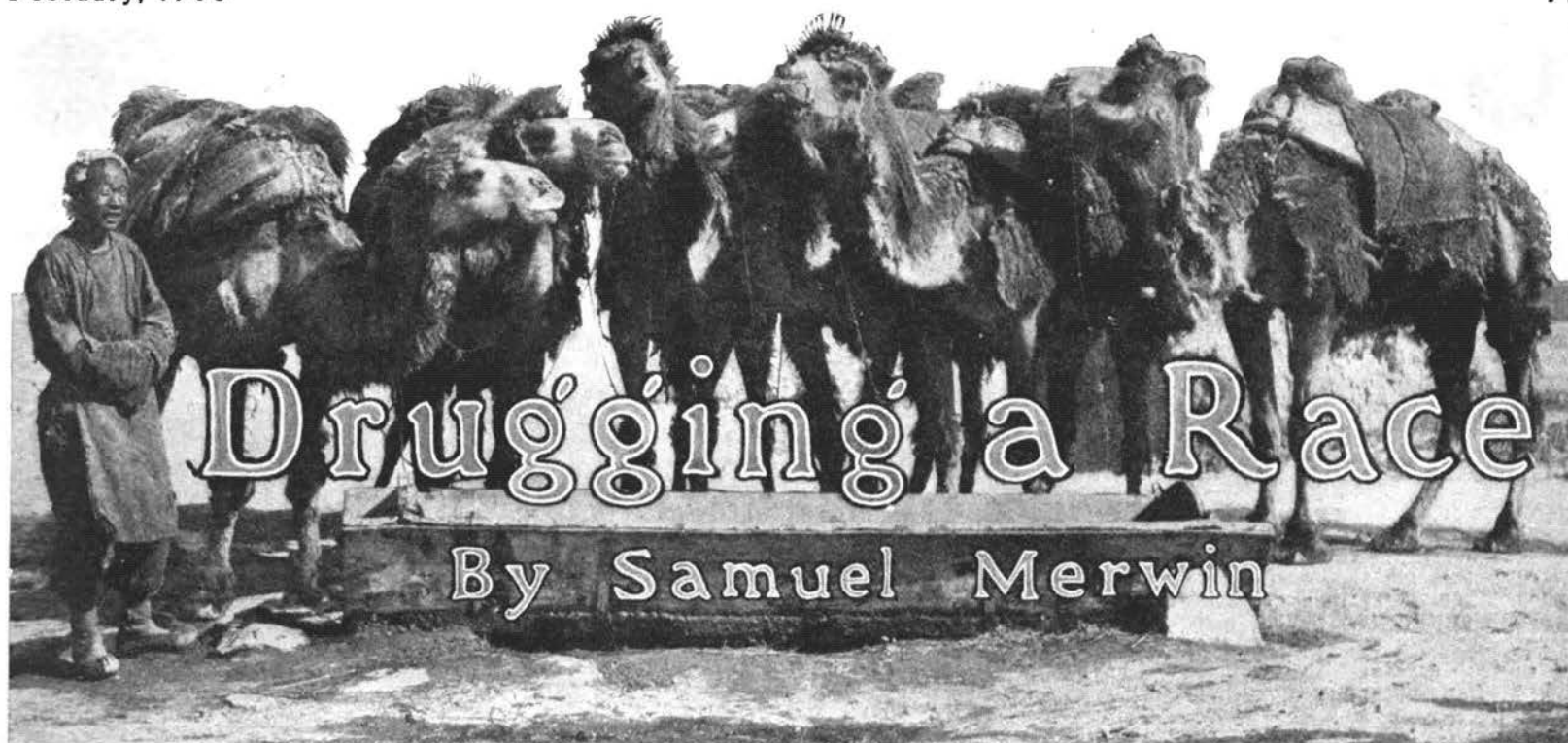
Watch Yourself Go By

By STRICKLAND W. GILLILAN

JUST stand aside and watch yourself go by;
Think of yourself as "he," instead of "I."
Note, closely as in other men you note,
The bag-kneed trousers and the seedy coat.
Pick flaws; find fault; forget the man is you,
And strive to make your estimate ring true.
Confront yourself and look you in the eye—
Just stand aside and watch yourself go by.

Interpret all your motives just as though
You looked on one whose aims you did not know.
Let undisguised contempt surge through you when
You see you shirk, O commonest of men!
Despise your cowardice; condemn whate'er
You note of falseness in you anywhere.
Defend not one defect that shames your eye—
Just stand aside and watch yourself go by.

And then, with eyes unveiled to what you loathe—
To sins that with sweet charity you'd clothe—
Back to your self-walled tenement you'll go
With tolerance for all who dwell below.
The faults of others then will dwarf and shrink,
Love's chain grow stronger by one mighty link—
When you, with "he" as substitute for "I,"
Have stood aside and watched yourself go by.



A Pack Train of Camels Stopping for Water on the Chinese Plains

IN her development China is dependent on the adoption of western ideas and is influenced by the example set by western civilization. This modernizing influence is strongest at the point where the westerner meets the Chinaman, where the two civilizations come into direct contact. At Shanghai, Tientsin, Hankow, Hongkong, and the other ports there are some thirty to forty thousand Europeans, Englishmen, and Americans. They build splendid buildings and lay good pavements. They bring with them the best liquors. The life they live gives about as accurate an impression of western civilization—of what the western nations stand for—as the great majority of the Chinese (a most observing race) are ever likely to receive. We have examined into China's sincerity, now let us examine into the honesty of purpose of the foreign "concessions" and "settlements" which fringe the China Coast. If these communities are representing our civilization out there, it seems fair to ask whether they are representing it well; for if they are misrepresenting us, if they are contributing to the sort of international misunderstanding which breeds trouble, we may as well know about it.

When, in the course of her gropings and strugglings toward civilization, China turns for enlightenment to the great, successful nations of Europe and America, what does she see? Well, for one thing, she sees Shanghai.

Shanghai has been called the Paris of the extreme East. It is the paradise of the adventurer and the adventuress, of the gambler, the beach comber, and the long-chance promoter. Midway of the China Coast, at the mouth of the mighty Yangtse River, it is the principal port of entrance into China. From England, Germany, France, Australia, Japan, the United States, and Canada comes an endless column of steamships to Shanghai. To Hongkong, Saigon, Bangkok, Singapore, Chefoo, Tientsin, and the uppermost ports of the Yangtse, 1,250 miles inland, go endless columns of steamships from Shanghai. And of the travelers on these ships nearly all have, or expect to have, or have had, business or pleasure at Shanghai.

The Most Cosmopolitan City

It is the most truly cosmopolitan city in the world; for Paris, after all, is mainly French; London, after all, is mainly English; New York, after all, is mainly American. Shanghai has its French hotels, its imposing German Club, its English Country Club, its race track, its Russian Bank, its Japanese mercantile houses, its American post office. It is ruled by a council of Englishmen, Germans, and Americans. It is policed by English bobbies, Irishmen, Sikhs from India, and Chinamen. On the Bubbling Well Road, of a sunny spring afternoon, where the latest thing in motor cars weaves through the line of smart carriages, you may see Spaniard elbowing Filipino, Portuguese jostling

Part V. Sowing the Wind in China Shanghai

EDITORS' NOTE.—In this installment Mr. Merwin paints in all its kaleidoscopic colors the polyglot foreign city of Shanghai,—that paradise of the adventurer and the adventuress, of the gambler, the beach comber, and the long-chance promoter,—and shows how it is steadily contributing to the sort of international misunderstanding which breeds trouble; how the "International Settlement," or foreign city, actually squeezed a profit out of the enforcement by the Chinese of the new opium prohibition.

Next month he will take up Hongkong and Tientsin, thus dealing in turn with each of the three principal points of contact between the Chinese and western civilizations. The three ports exert a direct and result-breeding influence on two hundred million Chinese minds. That this influence is not good need hardly be said. When, in the course of her gropings and strugglings toward civilization, China turns for enlightenment to Europe and America, what does she see? For one thing, she sees—Shanghai

Parsee, Austrian chatting with Bavarian; and they all talk, gamble, drink, and buy in pidgin English.

This settlement of fifteen thousand Europeans, living apart from that public opinion which compels the maintenance of a social standard in every European country, and indifferent to that local public opinion which keeps up a certain curious standard among the Chinese themselves, seems to have practically no standard at all. The problem of every decent American or Englishman who finds himself established in business is whether

he dare bring his wife and family and introduce them into circles so degraded that families disintegrate and children grow up under disheartening influences. The heavy drinking of the China Coast ports is proverbial, yet the drinking seems little more than an incident in a city where the social atmosphere is tainted and altogether unwholesome.

Breeding an Occidental Atmosphere

I stood one night in the barroom of one of the big hotels. It was one o'clock in the morning, and nearly every one of the dozen white men in the room was more or less drunk. They were roaring out maudlin songs, and shouting incoherent cries. Two men, well-dressed gentlemen, were on the floor. And behind the bar, yawning, waiting for an opportunity to close up and go to sleep, stood two Chinese men and one boy. They were neat, respectful, and perfectly sober. Their almond eyes flitted about the room, taking in every detail of that beastly scene. It would be impossible to say what they were thinking, but I observed that they did not smile as a Chinaman usually does. Perhaps, to the reader who does not know the China Coast, it seems unfair to cite this case as an example of the active influence of our civilization in China. I will not do so. I will merely ask if you could ever hope to make those three young Chinamen believe that our civilization is superior to theirs.

Where such a low moral tone prevails, in a self-governing community, it is bound to limit the perception and the power of the government of that community. Let any observing visitor acquaint himself with Shanghai and its social and moral standards (which will not be difficult, for these will be thrust upon him soon after his arrival) and he will soon see for himself that the residents of Shanghai, while they freely and hotly criticize their council, never accuse it of priggishness or of moral restraint. This is enough to show that the council makes no effort to oppose the prevailing sentiment. The gambling business attains, in Shanghai, to the altitude of a considerable industry. During the race weeks, spring and fall, the vacant lots near the race track are rented at high rates by those gamblers of all nations who have no regular quarters, and the games go on merrily in the open air, within full view of the crowds in the road.



Opium pills for children, flavored with spices, are manufactured in the Anglo-Indian Government opium factories and sold practically without restriction. In defense of this policy, British officials have said: "The revenue derived from opium is indispensable to the carrying on of the government with efficiency."



Now seven of the nine members of the council are Englishmen. English ideas are supposed to prevail in the Settlement, feebly seconded by German and American. And the laws under which Shanghai is theoretically governed forbid gambling.

All the lower forms of organized vice combine to form a large and highly profitable branch of Shanghai's commerce. Partly because of the willingness of the locally stronger nations to shoulder off the responsibility for a disgraceful state of things, and partly because of the number of adventurous and unprincipled Americans who have drained off to the China Coast, America has had to endure more than her share of the blame for this condition. For years every degraded woman who could speak the language has called herself an "American girl"; until the term, which at home arouses a natural pride, has grown so unpleasant that decent Americans have chafed under the insult. To-day it is best not to use the phrase "American girl" on the China Coast.

Setting a Bad Example

Of the other and less vicious sorts of adventurers who turn up like bad pennies at Shanghai, the beach comber is easily the most picturesque. Many writers, notably Robert Louis Stevenson, have employed him as a character in fiction. The majority of the beach combers probably are or have been seafaring men. Next in numerical order, probably come the discharged soldiers and the deserters. It takes either a certain amount of money or a certain amount of ability for any unattached American or European to get out to the China Coast, and an equal amount for him to get back. Therefore the stranded soldiers and sailors, brought out there at the cost of nation or shipowner, beating their way from port to port, drinking, gambling, starving, ready for any dubious enterprise that promises quick returns on a small investment, are a sorry lot. The sharps, swindlers, and shadowy promoters, on the other hand, are men necessarily possessed either of money or wit sufficient to get them out to China, and not unnaturally they represent the higher grades of their various crafts. From Peking to Hongkong, the coast is infested with these gentlemanly rascals, each with impressive garments and a convincing story. Josiah Flynt once wrote a tale of some enthusiastic young promoters who undertook, at a considerable outlay in capital and in personal risk, to sell a steam calliope to the Grand Lama of Tibet. After a brief acquaintance with the diverse and ingenious schemes that sprout, flower, and go to seed on the China Coast, this tale seems not nearly so improbable as it perhaps sounds to the casual reader.

Other, and more recent, types of adventurers are the stranded free-lance journalist and camp followers who were lured eastward by the prospect of pickings along the trails of the Japanese and Russian armies during the late war, and who later found themselves unable to get back home. In 1906 Consul General Rodgers, of Shanghai, reported as follows on the subject of unscrupulous Americans who have been imposing on the Chinese to the detriment of American trade:

There are many things which can be given as current reasons for retarding American trade in the Orient. The advent of a class of Americans like those who came from Manila after a brief experience there, and those who tried their fortunes in connection with the events of the Russo-Japanese War, has done a great deal to injure the American name and reputation with the Chinese. This class, usually indigent, has, by reason of imposition upon the Chinese, destroyed to some extent a confidence which has existed for many years and which had borne good fruit. There are good reasons for saying that every American firm which contemplates sending a representative to China should be very certain of his character, and, other things being equal, should choose the quiet, orderly person rather than the reverse type, in spite of the current opinion that such are indicated for the Orient.

And China Looks and Sees—Shanghai

If Shanghai is the sort of a place that it would here appear to be, if it sets a vicious example in its government, in its business practice, and in the character of many of its inhabitants, the fact would seem to indicate that it is most decidedly misrepresenting out there the sort of civilization that we, Europeans as well as Americans, have always supposed that we stood for. It would appear that the Chinese, at the point of contact with our civilization, are getting a false impression of us. It would be easy to dismiss as remote and unimportant the vicious example set by a group of adventurers and promoters on the China Coast; but unfortunately this little group is the most important single contributing factor in the exceedingly delicate matter of the rapidly developing relations between China and the great Christian nations.

The influence of the Shanghai example on China is real and positive. Geographically, Shanghai commands the trade of the middle coast, the immense Yangtse Valley, and the Grand Canal. Every night a big river steamer leaves for Hankow and the intermediate river ports. Every day a big river steamer comes in from the same cities. Trading junks and small steamers innumerable ply between the river and coast ports and Shanghai. Chinese merchants come from hundreds of miles around to trade with the foreigners or with the native "compradores" attached to foreign houses. On their return to their various interior cities or villages these traders spread tales of the foreign devils who inhabit the great city near the sea. Foreign merchants, traveling salesmen, engineers, and

insurance agents travel up and down the great river, up and down the coast; they penetrate, by steamer, railroad, mule litter, or cart, into the interior cities of the great provinces, leaving everywhere on plastic minds distinct and ineffaceable impressions of their manners, business methods, and morals.

In the foreign settlement of Shanghai, and apart from the population of the native city which adjoins it, there are, roughly, 450,000 Chinese who have chosen to dwell in the territory and under the laws of the white men. This population is not fixed, but fluctuates as the floating element comes and goes; and everywhere that this floating element travels when out of the city it leaves an impression—a story, a bit of gossip, an example of the sharp-dealing, learned from the foreigner—of the manners, business methods, and morals of Shanghai. The native newspapers comment frankly on life and conditions in the great seaport, and their comments are reprinted in the papers of the interior. Shanghai exerts a direct and result-breeding influence on fifty to seventy-five million native minds, and an indirect influence on all China. How many scores of fair-minded, straight-forward merchants, how many thousands of scattered missionaries and teachers will it take, think you, to counteract that influence?

China, grappling with the problem of decay, fighting desperately against an evil which the most nearly Christian of the Christian nations has fastened on her, looks westward for enlightenment, and sees—Shanghai. And Shanghai—well Shanghai plays the races and the roulette wheel, and drinks, and forgets the sacred significance of marriage and the economic importance of the home, and goes to the club, and except in casting up profits gives never a thought to that vast, muttering populace that waits—waits—for the day of the under dog to come.

Getting Around an Issue

Such was the condition of things when the Chinese war on opium began to assume effective proportions during the spring of 1906. Now, Shanghai—the "settlement," that is—was in a peculiar, an unfortunate condition as regarded the anti-opium crusade. I have already printed, in an earlier article, the estimate of Robert E. Lewis, general secretary of the Y. M. C. A., at Shanghai, that there were, in 1906, nearly 22,000 places in the international settlement, little and big, where opium could be purchased, more than 19,000 of which kept pipes, lamps, and divans on the premises for smokers. All of the dens which were openly conducted were paying a regular license fee to the municipal government, amounting last year to 98,000 Shanghai taels, or about \$70,000 gold. It is against the law to permit women or children to enter the smoking dens, and a clause to this effect is printed on the license as a condition in granting it; yet when Captain Borisragon, the chief of police, was asked how many regular women inmates were in the dens, he replied, in writing, that there were at least 3,200 women so kept, and doubtless a great many more who did not appear on his records. When the tax and license department was asked why this clause was not enforced, the reply was made, without the slightest attempt at excuse or explanation, that when a license was issued to the keeper of an "opium brothel" the clause prohibiting women inmates was erased.

These curious facts combine to present an appearance familiar to one who has studied municipal protection of vice in this country. It is asking too much of human credulity to expect one to believe that this clause was regularly erased for nothing. But apart from what individual graft there may have been in it, that \$70,000 in revenue was an item not to be lightly given up by the hard-headed Municipal Council. And the amount of money put into circulation by the patrons of these dens was also an attractive item, as Shanghai sees things. The prevailing opinion among the foreigners of "the settlement" was simply and flatly that the settlement could not afford to close the dens. The leading English newspaper hastened to defend the sordid attitude of the Council by explaining that, as the licenses were issued for a year, they had no right to close the places, at least before the spring of 1908.

Fearing a Riot

The interesting and significant fact is that while this miserable condition of affairs was allowed to drag along in the International Settlement, where the white men rule, the Chinese native city, immediately adjoining, was strictly enforcing the anti-opium edicts. The Chinese authorities went about the enforcement in a thoroughly effective manner. The date set for the closing of the dens was May 22, 1907. There was some fear that the closing down might precipitate a riot, and accordingly the authorities took measures to keep the populace in hand. Chinese soldiers were placed on guard at the places where crowds would be most likely to gather, the dens were quietly closed, padlocked, and the shutters put up; and red signs, calling attention to the Imperial edict prohibiting opium, were pasted up on doors or shutters. It was quite evident that the proprietors of these dens took the enforcement most seriously. Some of them went immediately into other lines of business; others made their places over into tea-houses.



No Helping Hand in Shanghai

Shanghai Municipal Council.
OPIUM-HOUSE LICENSE.

For _____ No. _____ Road.

• MAY 1905.
CONDITIONS.

- 1.—That the license be not transferable.
- 2.—That on a breach of any of its conditions the license be subject to withdrawal or suspension by the Council, and the licensee be liable to prosecution.
- 3.—That the house be closed at 12 o'clock midnight, and not re-opened until 6 o'clock A.M.
- 4.—That no women or children be permitted to visit or frequent the house.
- 5.—That no drunkenness, quarrelling, disorderly conduct or gambling be permitted in the house.
- 6.—That no noises be permitted in the house to the annoyance of those living in the neighbourhood:
- 7.—That lamps, gas, or other lights used in the house be at least two feet from any woodwork
- 8.—That all doors of the house open outwards.
- 9.—That the house be provided with proper sanitary conveniences.
- 10.—That proper arrangements be made for the escape of people in the house in the event of fire.
- 11.—That for the purpose of examination the Overseer of Taxes, or other officer appointed for that purpose by the Council, have free access to the house at all reasonable times.
- 12.—That the Police on duty have free access at all times to the house (but be not allowed to purchase or obtain opium)

FREE.

•

Date of Payment_____

Initials of Collector _____

Overseer of Taxes.

P.S. In case of Opium Brothels Condition 4
is erased from above conditions, J. M. Luskford

Not a Healthy Basis for Commerce

It is plain that this greedy exploitation, going so far as even to snatch a profit out of the opium struggle, is not a healthy basis of intercourse between great nations. If China were a Congo tribe, or a race of American Indians, this policy might pay commercially; for in that case it would be a matter for the Christian nations of simply killing off the Chinese or driving them off the land, and then of fighting among themselves over the division of the spoils. But this policy, which succeeds against weak and numerically small nations, will hardly succeed in China. Driving four hundred million Chinese off the land would be a large order, a very different thing indeed from wiping out a tribe of "Fuzzy Wuzzys" with machine guns. All of the military observers with whom I have talked in China show a tendency to grow thoughtful over the subject of China's potential military strength. From the days of the T'ai Ping Rebellion and "Chinese" Gordon's "ever victorious" army, down to the review of 30,000 of Yuan Shi K'ai's troops, with modern weapons and modern drill, in Honan Province in the summer of 1906, it has been plain that the Chinese make splendid soldiers when properly led. And yet it seems to have occurred to few white statesmen that the deepest interests of trade itself, sordid trade, demand that China be treated fairly and that the relations between China and the powers be established on a basis that makes for mutual respect and for peace, rather than on a basis that makes for exploitation, outrage, massacre, warfare, "indemnity," and smoldering hate. John Hay saw over the balance sheet, when he

[Concluded on pages 108 and 109]

烟館執照

上海工部局爲給照事今給到在租界內
路第 號門牌開設烟館准在西
一 五月內售賣烟膏惟須遵照以下章程而
二 行所領執照不准別人頂替執用
三 如有違犯照上各章程本局當將執照吊
四 銷並將領照之人送解懲辦
五 該烟館晚間十二點鐘時即須閉門至翌
六 晨六點鐘時再開
七 婦女小孩一概不准入烟館內
八 館內不准有醉酒滋鬧口角賭博等事
九 不准喧鬧致取厭於隣近人家
十 館內所點自來火燈及其他各燈須離開
十一 木料二尺
十二 所有門戶均須朝外開門
十三 館內須備有清潔廁所
十四 應預備舒暢出路倘遇火災俾在內之人
十五 均可逃出
十六 十二應聽捐務房委員或本局所派之員按時
十七 入內查看
十八 不准聽上差巡捕隨時入內閱看惟店中人
十九 不准將烟膏或賣或給與伊
二十 捐費 每月預繳捐洋 元 角
英一千九百零五年五月 日 捐務房給

This is the form of license issued to keepers of opium dens by the Municipal Council of Shanghai (foreign settlement). As will be seen stated in clause 4, above, it is unlawful for women or children to be admitted into these dens. It is also flatly against the law of the Settlement for licenses to be issued to brothels. Yet, compounding the matter, these licenses are regularly issued to "opium brothels" by the corrupt municipality; and when so issued, "condition 4 is erased." This brazen statement, as shown above in facsimile, is signed by the Overseer of Taxes

MULHOLLAND'S VICTORY

Illustrations by
Arthur William Brown

PALLISTER was fighting desperately against the inevitable. "You had no right to do this thing," he complained vigorously; "to destroy your happiness—and mine."

His face was pale, set, tortured. Never for an instant did the girl's eyes leave his. "I had every right," she answered, quietly enough. But she shuddered imperceptibly.

"Right or not," he retorted fiercely, "it's a thing you would never have done if you had thought as much of me as—if you had loved me as I love you."

The girl quivered as with sudden shock. Pallister's taunt lent her nerves new life. She stretched forth her hand and grasped him by the wrist. Her fingers were as ice; his wrist hot with the fever that raged within him.

"Love," she echoed, clicking her teeth to hold emotion within bounds. Her grasp tightened. "Jim," she went on, "look at me. You think that I do not consider you. Do you think that I have considered myself? Do you remember me as I looked two weeks ago? How many nights' sleep do you think I've had in those two weeks? How much rest? And during all that time I've thought of just two things. You're one of them, and I'm the other, Jim."

"That proves you have no right—" he started in again.

Miriam Peters dropped his hand, "Sit down, Jim," she said. He obeyed. "Jim," she went on, "what is your happiness or mine compared to the thing I've got to do? I've got to marry money for my mother. I've got to marry Mulholland for my mother. You know it, Jim."

"There's the horror of it, for you," he interposed. "Mulholland! The big brute. Mulholland! A man with the mark of the beast on him."

Miriam covered her face with her hands. "Don't, don't," she pleaded, shrinking as with physical torture; "do you want me to lie awake a fortnight more thinking of him? Don't. Jim," she went on, at length, and her voice softened, "can't you, won't you understand? If we hadn't lost our money, if we were only comfortable, it would be different. If my mother were dead, it would be different. But mother—she's sick, Jim, sick. You know it. And she can't stand it. She's got to have high-priced doctors and trained nurses and good food. If she does n't—Oh," she wailed, "I can't talk about it. What I've got to do is a sacred duty to me; it's a thing that's got to be done. What is my happiness beside all that?" Her voice grew tenderer still.

"If it were n't Mulholland," he protested, "you might stand it, too. But—Mulholland!"

She smiled sadly. "I've never been in great demand, Jim," she went on. "There never was anybody but you from the beginning, and now—Mulholland. I wish," she exclaimed, "that I were not even good-looking. I wish I were as homely as a brush fence, for, then, there would have been you always, Jim—but Mulholland would have stayed away."

Pallister flushed. "Thanks, girlie," he returned.

"As it is," she went on wearily—but Pallister rose to his feet.



"It takes a man to get away with a convention"

"As it is," he repeated, "you can change it all back again to-night. It is not too late. You love me and I love you. Nothing else signifies. Oh, Miriam, come with me—you've got to come with me." He tried to gather her in his arms, but she fought him off. Her eyes glittered and her voice grew cold, for she knew suddenly that warmth was surging through her veins.

"Jim," she exclaimed curtly, "I have told you what I'm going to do! I'm going to marry Mulholland. It's final. There's nothing else to say."

Pallister knew that it was so. Whether the girl were right or wrong, she had decided, once and for all. Nothing could shake her. Ten minutes later he was plunging down the front doorsteps, with the pressure of her last kiss still tingling on his lips. All that night he walked the streets, crushing in his hand the red rose that she had given him when he left.

Back in the little two-story frame house, Miriam Peters had ascended to her mother. She laughed hysterically. "Well, mother," she exclaimed, "I've shaken Jimmy Pallister. That's over, thank goodness."

Her mother sighed. "An impetuous boy," she said, "and he was in love with you, Miriam. Oh, yes. Yes, he was, Miriam."

"Well," admitted the girl, "maybe he was."

"But," went on her mother, "he was nothing but a boy after all. The Honorable John Mulholland is a man. I'm glad," she went on solemnly, "that my daughter has picked out a man."

Her daughter suddenly swept out of the room, across a little hallway, into her small bedroom, and threw herself face downward upon her narrow bed, sobbing her soul, almost her life, away.

* * * * *

Three years later, Pallister ascended the brownstone steps of Mulholland's house and rang the bell. He was admitted, and swung on into the drawing-room with the unconcerned air—almost a swagger—that was part and parcel of himself. He was brown, strong, careless. As he heard the swish of skirts in the hallway he turned and darted forward.

"Miriam!" he exclaimed. Then he stepped

back, shocked and frightened. Three years ago he had parted from a girl upon whose face there had been a shadow. Now, he confronted a woman, ten years older, who was *all* shadow. Not in frame, not in physique, but in manner. Fear was mirrored in her face. Terror shone from her eyes. Her expression had become fixed and strained. Yet, the old charm was still there, and it called to Pallister. He strode forward once again. Then she recognized him for the first time.

"Jim," she said lightly, "oh, I'm so glad to see you, Jim. You look so well and handsome."

He laughed in return. "That's all there is to it," he returned. "I'm as poor as a church mouse—poorer than when I went away. I'm a soldier of fortune, Miriam. I've been all around the world. I've been everywhere. I've not settled down as yet. Some day, I suppose," he added, gravely, "I shall settle down and make money. How is Mulholland?" he queried, suddenly.

There were never any secrets between herself and Jim Pallister.

"He's the same as ever," she returned, shuddering.

"Drunk half the time, as usual, I suppose."

"At least half the time."

"And the other half?"

"He's making money. He's still in politics." She drew her hand across her eyes. "Why, even to-night there's a convention—something."

"I know," he returned, "I heard the bands down-town."

She puckered her brow. "What is it? Mulholland is standing for something. I never read about him in the papers. I don't even listen to his talk, but—"

They were interrupted. There was a rattle of a key in the outer door, the effort of a strong, impatient man to enter his own house. The outer door shook with the impact of his shoulder. Then he rang the bell, and a servant admitted him. It was Mulholland.

Pallister rose as Mulholland entered. "The mark of the beast," murmured Pallister, inaudibly. Mulholland, even then, was half drunk. He was a big man with a red face. He weighed something more than two hundred and fifty

By William Hamilton Osborne



pounds. He puffed a big black cigar vigorously, filling the room with smoke. Upon his heavy jowl there streaked the last-remnants of the last chew of tobacco in which he had indulged. His collar was wilted, his clothes were soiled. He laughed harshly.

"Nearly murdered me with their enthusiasm," he growled, "but I got away from 'em. I gave 'em the slip." He peered through half-closed eyes across the room.

"Who's there?" he queried. Pallister held out his hand.

"Hello, Mulholland!" he exclaimed. It was the third time in his life that he had ever spoken to Mulholland, but he did as did all others, called the man merely by his surname.

"Um-m," was Mulholland's only comment, "it's you, is it?" He turned his back on Pallister. "Girl," he said to his wife, "I'm the next governor of this state. I stampeded the convention not half an hour ago and got away with it. I'm nominated, and I'll be elected. Not a doubt about it." He turned back with drunken gravity to Pallister. "Sir," he said, "I'm the most unpopular man in the state. Labor thinks I'm for capital. Capital thinks I'm for labor. Both of 'em came there to-night to do me. I did them. Down there, they're howling yet for me. I did 'em, I tell you. And I'll tell you why. There are few men in this commonwealth, and I'm one of that few. It takes a man to get away with a convention, and I did it." He leered into the faces of the young woman and the young man before him. "Mulholland did it," he concluded.

Lurching, he left the room. They heard him feeling his way upstairs. They heard him settling himself into his big armchair. Finally, through feet of space, through devious passages, they heard his heavy snoring overhead. Then they breathed.

"What does it mean?" he asked.

Vaguely she shook her head. "It means," she answered, "that he'll be governor. He does everything he says he's going to do. He'll do that too."

"To think," exclaimed Pallister, "that the state will ever stand for it! By George," he

went on, "the state won't stand for it! He *won't* be governor." He waved his hand as though to dismiss, if possible, a disagreeable subject. "I meant," he went on, "to ask about your mother. How is your mother? Is she well?"

Miriam gripped the seat of her chair with both hands. She flushed painfully. Then she paled again.

"My mother, Jim," she said, speaking with great effort, "she is dead."

"Dead? When did she die?"

For the first time Miriam Mulholland averted her eyes from the frank gaze of Pallister.

"She died three weeks after I married John Mulholland."

Pallister groaned aloud. "Three weeks," he echoed. It was a full half minute before he realized what it meant. "Three weeks! And you tied yourself to a brute, a beast, for a lifetime, just to give your mother three weeks."

"How could I know?" she answered, swallowing convulsively, for Pallister was opening up an old wound that stung and smarted. "I had to do it," she protested.

In an instant he was at her side. "Miriam," he exclaimed, "you were a martyr! There was a time when I thought you were wrong. I know now, and have known for months that you were right. I believe in you. You did your duty, girl. But, listen, it's all over. It's all over because your mother is dead, and I've come back." He stopped. "Listen," he said. "I'm going to take you away with me—to-night—where you'll never see *him* any more. I want you to go away. I want you to be happy, Miriam."

Miriam Mulholland retreated to the wall, and stood there facing him with flashing eyes.

"You can go, Mr. Pallister!" she exclaimed fiercely. "I am a wife."

Pallister's face grew white under what, to him, was a cruel imputation. "Great Scott!" he exclaimed. He held forth his hand. "Great heavens, Miriam!" In his tone was a world of reproach. "Am I to be forever misunderstood by people that I know? I love you, Miriam. Do you know what that means to me? It means that—that, well, you are my *religion*, Miriam, almost. With *me*? No, you don't understand. Go with *anybody*—go alone—but go away from him. I say, with me, because there's no one else to go with. I'm going to protect you. I'm going to take care of you. I hoped you understood me better. I'm only a soldier of fortune, Miriam, but—"

Miriam sighed with relief, with thankfulness, and held out her hand.

"You're a soldier, Jim," she said softly. The shadow crossed her face once more.

"But I can't go. I must stay with the man I married."

Pallister knew that it must be so. He sighed and left, and walked the streets another night, with the agony of her martyrdom full upon him. He could not know that behind him, in that Mulholland house, he had left a woman who sat for two hours staring into space, crying within her soul: "Jim, Jim, Jim!"

* * * * *

It was ten days after Mulholland's election to the governor's chair that Mulholland sought out Pallister and summoned him to the governor's chambers at the State House.

"I've got to have a private secretary, Pallister," said the governor. "It's a job with a couple of thousand a year; and you're the man."

"I?" faltered Pallister. He trembled. "How did you know about me? Who recommended me?"

The governor looked steadily. "Miriam," he answered promptly.

"Mrs. Mulholland," gasped Pallister. A grateful warmth surged through him. He realized that Miriam, in the boldness of her goodness, the fearlessness of her wonderfully simple nature, still wanted him close at hand; she trusted him and herself as much as she needed him.

"Mrs. Mulholland is very good to me, Governor," he said, at length, "and so are you. I need a job. Two thousand is good enough for me. I accept."

Mulholland extended a fat, uninviting hand across the green-topped table. "Put it there, Pallister. You can start in at once. And I want to tell you, boy, that we've got our work cut out for us, you and me. Watch out. With Mulholland in the executive chair, things have got to happen in this state. Watch out, I say."

Pallister watched; and inside of six months he opened his eyes wide. So did the state. For Pallister found, and the state found, that it had unwillingly hoisted into the governorship a man who of all men in the commonwealth, understood statesmancraft. Mulholland, the governor, was no longer Mulholland, the politician. He was *the state*. And there was one thing that even his enemies were forced to admit. Governor Mulholland was as honest as the day was long. Mulholland, too, was not slow to recognize these things. He had great pride of opinion, and a great opinion of himself.

"I'll show 'em, boy," he would say to Pallister of an evening, half sober, half drunk, "I'm Mulholland. They'll find out what that means, all right."

There had been a time in Private Secretary Pallister's career when he had studied hard the history of political crises and events; the art of government; the science of diplomacy. That had been years before. His experience as private secretary confirmed this learning, and tinged it with things modern and up-to-date. And he knew and he felt within himself, that now, when he stood in the presence of Mulholland, he stood in the presence of a statesman such as his own small commonwealth had never seen.

Pallister knew instinctively that Mulholland was to be ranked with the giants of the day. But some weakness within him prevented him from making these things known to Miriam. Mulholland still was a beast, and the older he grew the more of a brute he became. Pallister, as his private secretary and confidential aide, knew many things about him that he had never known before, and knew that Mulholland dipped and wallowed in the gutters of humanity. But Pallister was loyal. He *was* confidential man, and he kept these things to himself. But a far stronger impulse governed him than a mere sense of duty. It was his worship of the man that was in Mulholland. Before that shrine he bowed low.

"He is a great man, now," he told himself, "and when he becomes a United States senator—"

Mulholland became a United States senator almost before the people realized it. He resigned as governor before his term expired. He moved to Washington. Miriam, perforce, moved with him. And Pallister went too. Nothing could have torn Pallister, now, from the side of this paradox. His very wonder at the repulsiveness of the man was a thing that in itself attracted him.

Washington did not know John Mulholland. "Who is this man?" it asked. One or two New York men had met him, and they explained matters to the inner circle.

"Mulholland," they said, "he's a man who looks like a hog. He is a hog."

Mulholland did n't care. He sat through his first year in the Senate with his mouth closed. He knew his business. But subtly, here and there, his influence made itself felt. He was a prophet. What he said invariably came to pass. He was always right. He was never wrong. But he held his peace. He waddled in and he waddled out, and he chewed his tobacco and smoked his cigars and drank his drinks, and bided his time. The inner circle knew and understood his habits, and winked the other eye.

"Mulholland!" The name was a scare-head, suddenly, tumultuously, upon the first sheets of New York newspapers. It was like a search light across a somber sky. It was like a flash of lightning out of the untroubled heavens. "Mulholland!" The country rocked and reeled at the first sound of his name. What had he done?

Nothing much. He had made his maiden speech in the Senate, on the "Condition of Business in the Country." He had waddled up and down an aisle between the desks; he had swayed and growled for three quarters of an hour. But in that three quarters of an hour he had told the truth, he had turned lights into the hidden places, he had made things terribly plain. For the first time the veil had been torn away. Mulholland had made the people see—had made them understand.

"My heavens!" whispered Pallister to himself, as he listened, almost open-mouthed. "My heavens! And the important thing about it is, that this makes him a stronger, better advocate for the administration than the administration is, even for itself."

He was right. From that moment Mulholland became the foremost champion of the powers that were. The calcium light of publicity swept above the heads of all others, and illumined only the head and shoulders of Senator Mulholland. He was the hero of the hour.

In the midst of it all, Miriam sent for Pallister. "Jim," she said, and the agony shone from her eyes. "I simply cannot stand it. I can't keep on living with this man. You don't know. Why, he was a saint back there two years ago, compared to now. I thought I could never live through it then, but now—It's purgatory."

Pallister shook his head. "You must stand it," he returned. "The side of Mulholland that is turned toward the people is his great side. They don't know, they must not know anything of the rest. The inner circle understand, but they hold their fingers to their lips. The man in Mulholland is absolutely essential to the administration; he is terribly necessary to the country. You must suffer." He nodded at her protest. "If the people find out—well, you know times have changed. Heroes must be immaculate, or they cannot be heroes. Mulholland's virtue, and his gentle home life have been portrayed in all the New York newspapers. We've got to keep it up." In Pallister's eyes there shone the fervor of the martyr. "Miriam," he exclaimed, gently, "I too, have suffered, I am still suffering! You don't know what it is, this horrible jealousy, this terrible tremor at your misery and at mine. I've got to forget it. I've got to put it behind me. I've got to support a man, and forget the beast within him. I love you and you love me. I've never been afraid to say it. I'm not afraid to say it now. But you and I must work together, until—"

he drew a long breath, "until this man's work is done." He looked her full in the face. "His work may not be finished," he concluded, "until he spends four years in the Presidential chair."

She sighed in despair. "I shall try to obey you," she returned, but her burden was almost more than she could bear. And over in New York the syndicates still ground out their big stories of "Big" Mulholland's gentleness, kindness, charity, consideration, his devotion to religion, his love for his lovely wife.

"And it is right," Pallister told himself; "for the strength of this man must not be obscured by his weaknesses." He held to his task, his personal task, of keeping the beast in total darkness. His man, only, faced the light.

"We're coming to it, now, boy," Senator Mulholland one day said to Pallister. "It's war with a foreign nation. We've got to face the music. But it's going to tear up things. Somebody's got to take the lead. Who'll it be, I wonder. Mulholland. Well, I guess. Watch out."

Pallister only smiled. This blatant conceit of the big man was a thing that Pallister had come to like, because the big man always made good. He was right. Mulholland in this crisis was the man. The President felt it and he told the members of the cabinet so. They squirmed. War; it was a thing spoken of only in whispers. For three years it had been coming, but men evaded it, talked of it only in undertones. The House and the Senate knew what its first mention would mean—a government terribly divided against itself. It would mean almost disruption at national headquarters. It would mean pandemonium, to say the least.

Pallister felt it coming, and smiled with a smile of vicarious triumph. "My man is the man," he said.

There were fifteen conferences of the chosen few. Mulholland ruled at every conference, and it came to pass as he had said. His reasoning opened up the path, made clear the way. The chosen few took off their hats before "Big" Mulholland.

"If the people will see this thing that way," they acknowledged to Mulholland, "then all will be well."

"I'm doing it for the people," returned Mulholland, speaking truth, "and they've got to see it that way. For their own sake, popular sentiment has got to swing our way. I'll make it swing." He drew forth a document. "I'll say this to the Senate on the sixteenth," he concluded.

It was immediately after that conference that Mulholland called to Pallister. He tossed over to him an envelope.

"What about that?" he queried. He turned back to peruse again his war speech, as unconcerned as though he had brushed away a fly.

The envelope he had tossed over was a long

one. Pallister tore it open. He gasped. It was a summons and complaint in a suit for divorce. *Mulholland vs. Mulholland.*

"Great Scott!" groaned Pallister. "What does this mean? Where is Mrs. Mulholland? She was here yesterday."

"She is n't here now," returned the senator, "She's left, that's all. She's left."

"Man," exclaimed Pallister, "you take it calmly enough! Do you know what this means? Do you know that you're going to make that war speech on the sixteenth and that you and your wife are giving a big dinner on that night of that day?"

Mulholland grunted. "What's the difference?" he said. "I'll make the speech all right. As for that dinner—I'm game. I'll give it myself. I'll preside."

Pallister wrung his hands. "Can't you see?" he exclaimed, "You've got to win—you've got to hold the public, man! You're on a pedestal. Can't you understand?" He started up and flung out his overcoat and his hat. He held out his hand.

"Give me a hundred for expenses, Senator," he said.

"Where are going?" grunted Mulholland.

"I'm going back home to find Miriam," said Pallister.

He found her lawyers first. He got down on his knees to them almost. "That order is on file," he wailed, to them, "and every newspaper will get it by to-morrow. You come with me."

They were fair. They went with him. Fortunately the only newspaper that had seen it was an administration paper. Inside of twenty minutes Pallister had seen the only other paper in the town and had killed all mention of the suit. Then he sought Miriam at her hotel.

Miriam saw him. She was beside herself. Her nerves had almost given way. The soul of Pallister was wrung at the sight of her. As she greeted him, he knew well that he had never loved her so much as now.

"I have no excuse to offer," Miriam told him, weakly. "It was more than flesh and blood could bear, that's all." She held out her hand. "I want you to touch me, Jim," she said, "and see how feverish I am. I can't help it. What I did I had to do. You can talk all you want to, but you can't change me. I've left Mulholland to stay."

"And what are you going to do?" queried Pallister.

"Ah-h-h!" she stretched wide her arms. "I'm going to be free."

For an instant, everything was obliterated from the soul of Pallister, save the love that belonged to him and this woman. In another instant he would have gathered her into his arms. But—he was private secretary to Senator Mulholland, and he had a duty to perform. He

performed it in a way unusual. He sat down at the side of this wonderful woman and made love to her, glorious, delirious love, for an hour. And every word of it came from his soul. But he did not touch her.

"You loved your mother?" he asked her, at length. She burst into tears. "Think of the sacrifice you made for her." He stopped, and, for the first time, touched her. "Do you love me?" he asked, vehemently. "How much? Enough for any sacrifice? More than your life? Then, listen. With all your illness, with all

[Concluded on page 117]

THE PLACE I CALL MY OWN

By EDITH M. THOMAS

KNOWING that in this hour thou think'st of me,
I feel thee knocking at my spirit-door.
Though never may'st thou walk across this floor—
And never these four bounding walls shalt see,
The place I call my own is full of thee
The place I call my own? Oh, more and more—
Not any walls, on any time-built shore,
Are mine, to dwell within—to hold in fee!
But in the starry house that is my own,
Where I, this moment, ope the door to thee,
There shall not enter one sad murmur, blown
From down the Past—nor, from the dim To-be,
Shall any fear creep in, with rising moan
So shall this place of mine be full of thee.

Something New in Government

By H. S. COOPER

THE Galveston "commission" form of municipal government was the result of a dire necessity. The city was bankrupt by a board of ward-aldermen who had out-Tweeded Tweed and it had been devastated by a storm that had made a third of its inhabitants corpses or refugees and had destroyed a third of its property. If ever a city saw "ruin staring it in the face" it was Galveston. Instant good government was a necessity—a vital necessity. A government was necessary that would assure confidence at home and abroad, that would rehabilitate the city's credit, that could be trusted to rebuild it and reinstate it without useless extravagance, without unwise penuriousness and without graft. A body of influential citizens took the matter under consideration; they were nearly all men of large business experience—successful in their own undertakings and interested financially in Galveston nearly to the extent of their whole fortunes. They had seen almost defunct corporations and big moribund businesses brought to life, health, strength, and prosperity by a single dominating idea carried out by loyal, capable, and responsible business heads, and they reasoned that what was possible for the body corporate was possible also for the body civic.

A chartered city is nothing else but a corporation of which every citizen can hold one share—his vote—and he *should* hold *only* one share. So this body of citizens drew up a constitution, much on the same order as that of a large and complex business corporation; the legislature of Texas formally sanctioned it by making it a new charter for the city and the "Commission Government" of Galveston was born—like Minerva—full grown and armed!

"Section 1." of this charter states "That all of the inhabitants of the City of Galveston shall . . . be a body politic and corporate with perpetual succession," and the other sections provide it with corporate powers and the means of using them.

The "Commission" has a president and a board of *four* "directors" elected biennially *at large*. Each director (commissioner) is general manager or general superintendent of one, or a group, of the city departments sharply separated, and of this or these he is the sole responsible head. That is the thing in a nutshell and it *works*—works as well as, or better than, any big private corporation; *results show that*.

Getting Rid of the Grafters

In the place of a robbed, misgoverned, and devastated city, the commission government has for six years so directed and managed municipal affairs and property as to have virtually paid off the city's indebtedness, brought its credit to a premium, paved, lighted, and sewered its streets, brought all its departments up to a good business efficiency, given it a clean, honest, equitable, and *human* government and made it one of the cleanest, most healthful, prosperous, and law-abiding cities in America. Besides that—as Galveston City constitutes nine tenths of Galveston County in population and in value of taxable property—the city has virtually built around itself the now famous sea-wall and is, by itself, raising two thirds of its area from eighteen inches to ten feet so as to put it above any future storm waters. And it has done all this on a *constantly decreasing tax rate!*

Who are the men that have done this? Just plain, everyday American citizens: a banker, a cattle dealer, a real estate agent, and a wholesale grocer as commissioners. The first mayor-president—who died in office—was a lawyer, the present one is a retired cotton merchant. Of varying national descents, of ages from a comparatively young man to a man of mature years, of means from wealthy to moderate—just a good average of the everyday, respectable, and self-respecting human-being—that's all.

Then what is it that makes the difference between Galveston's government and any other? Two—perhaps "three"—main vital points and several minor ones.

FIRST.—Each officer is elected by the city at large; not from any "ward" or other division, natural or political, of the city; not by a *clique*, cabal, or coterie; not by a political boss or a set of ward heelers; not by a cor-

poration or trust; not by a packed primary or a caucus or a convention; but by the *majority of the voters of the whole city*.

Consequently no commissioner is bound to take care of any particular portion of the city to the exclusion or deprivation of other portions; none are bound by interest to any party or interest; none are led or driven by bosses, none have "strings to them"; the whole city elects each one and the whole city sees to it that each one serves the whole city.

In every large city there are very "bad" wards—wards where

the honest voters and good citizens are in an actual or political minority. From such a ward can come only a *bad* representative; an injection of infectious and militant evil into a, perhaps, otherwise decent governing body; a rotten apple forced into a barrel of sound ones; a direct

influence for graft with a thousand votes behind it calling on it to "make good" in the manner understood in the "bad" ward.

On the other hand, there is no *whole* municipal community in America where the majority of the voters are not on the side of decency, honesty, and thrift in their municipal affairs if they are given an opportunity to vote for those civic virtues, and if that vote is left untrammelled by local (ward) influences, by politics or graft. The *total* moral sense of any American municipal community is always on the clean and honest side and, as a total, it will—other things being equal—vote its preference that way. And we in Galveston believe that we have arranged matters so that those "other things" are equal.

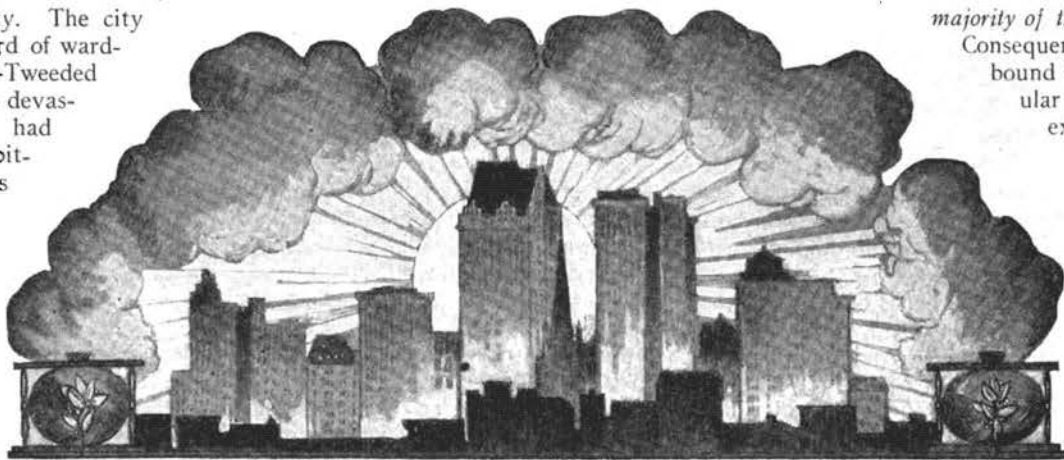
Simple and Businesslike

SECOND.—Each one of the commissioners has one distinct department or group of departments for the proper operation of which he—and he alone—is solely, entirely, and absolutely responsible. He cannot juggle the responsibility. If his department goes wrong, *he* is wrong, it is not a question of "committees" or "boards" or vetoes or majorities or minority reports of the thousand-and-one shuffles of a multitudinous board of localized aldermen. The commissioner is the supreme head of his department or group of departments; his duties, his powers, his limitations, his authority have had well-defined limits assigned to them in the creation of the Commission, and the lines between his department or group of departments and those of his fellow commissioners are sharp and clear and absolutely non-interfering.

Those two simple principles, the election at large and the concentration and definition of responsibility, are the two vital points that differentiate the so-called "commission" form of municipal government from every other sort, and that have given it the power and ability to revolutionize the ordinary ideas as to civic administration.

In addition to these two are a few specific details that aid the result. In Galveston there are four commissioners, among whom are apportioned all the departments of the city government, there is also a mayor-president—as a pendulum, only he is a moving pendulum and not a stationary one. He *can* vote on any subject, he *must* vote if there is a tie; he *cannot* veto—except as his adverse vote may actually have the effect of one. There is no over-turning of any measure passed by a majority, no voting for a wrong measure to quiet a ward constituency and with the traitor hope—or knowledge—that "the mayor'll veto it sure!" There is no shirking of responsibility, you either voted for a measure or you did n't and your vote was either a third, a quarter, or a fifth of the whole vote, *not* a fiftieth or a fifteenth or a thirtieth—when it comes to shirking responsibility it's much easier to do it if you are one of a crowd instead of one of a few.

Another innovation: there are no "committees" in the ordinary municipal or legislative sense. An ordinary "standing" municipal committee is a most convenient dumping-ground, a nice scapegoat, a handy burial place for responsibilities, a circumlocution office in direct proportion to its size, a true invention of the political devil, and a hatching place for graft. A membership on it is either a political reward or a punishment, and its chairmanship may be a really higher office—at any rate a more influential office than that of the mayor. In Galveston a commissioner may not care to decide on



Galveston, Texas, Has Really Proved that a Municipality Can Be Governed without Graft and Corruption. The Idea Is Businesslike and Simple and Can Be Applied to Any American City



some new matter entirely by himself and may ask for the appointment of a committee as an advisory board, or a matter may come up affecting two departments and a committee be formed of those two, with perhaps the mayor or the city attorney as a third—and advisory—member. Or the matter, although coming entirely within the scope of one commissioner, may be of such moment to the city that the commission feels that it had best be well talked over and thought out in a quiet way and may resolve the whole board into a committee. But to do the legislative and aldermanic act of referring everything, or nearly everything, to a committee—that would be ridiculous among four or five men.

No Scapegoat Committees

The absence of committees makes possible a notable celerity in the dispatch of business—not a slovenly haste, for the succeeding effect of personal responsibility for that haste prevents such on the part of any commissioner—but an absence of delay, of dilatory tactics; a shown desire to get the thing settled and settled right—that is what comes of having a few, actual, and responsible heads of departments. It is a case of "Mr. Commissioner of such a department, why has not so-and-so been acted on at the last two meetings?" And Mr. Commissioner cannot talk about committees, or sub-committees or throw the blame on a majority or a kicking minority because, you see, there is n't any such thing and there cannot be any such thing. The matter is in this Mr. Commissioner's department—any one can see that, because the departments are so clear cut—and consequently this Mr. Commissioner is responsible for the delay or can easily show that he is not by bringing the matter up at the next meeting.

The simplicity and humanness of those meetings! Four commissioners, the mayor-president, and the city clerk, seated at a table; near them, in chairs, the city attorney, engineer, chief of police, fire chief, superintendent of waterworks and lighting, the sanitary chief, etc., the "subs" or "division" superintendents of the various commissioners. Around them, standing or sitting, five—ten—twenty or more citizens or interested parties. Business commences on time—6 p. m., every Thursday—and goes straight through in regular routine. "Referred to Commissioner on Streets and Public Property with power to act." Carried. "Referred to Commissioner of Waterworks and Sewers to report next meeting." Carried. "Mr. So-and-so is here to be heard on this subject." Mr. So-and-so comes forward and has his say, one or two commissioners ask him some pertinent questions, then they debate the thing *pro* and *con*, ask an opinion of the city attorney or some information from one of the "subs"; a commissioner moves that the matter be allowed; a vote shows two, "ayes," two "noes"; the mayor-president votes "aye" and the matter is settled. No politics, no need for any; no dodging of responsibility, no possibility of it; no secrecy nor smothering, no chance to do it; for "committees" and "executive sessions" do not exist.

Is It Autocracy?

"But," some will say, "is n't this commission idea a pretty powerful thing for bad as well as for good? Here you have virtually invested four men with apparently limitless power over your civic affairs. You have combined in them the four separate powers of government—the legislative, the executive, the administrative, and the judicial. You have formed what you might call a 'quadautocracy' with unlimited power for the bad—if they all want to combine in that badness."

Partly true; we have put a lot of power into the hands of four men, but, while it is enough to allow them perfect freedom of action so long as that action is honest and, in their judgment, the best for the majority of the citizens, it is not enough to allow them to run amuck among law, order, justice, equity, and finance if they should feel like doing it.

FIRST.—The mayor and each commissioner is under a heavy bond "payable to the Governor of the State and for the use and benefit of the city."

SECOND.—"Any member of the Board may be removed for the same reason and in the same manner as County officers," which means that, under constitutional enactment, they can be tried and removed for proper cause.

There is also another view of this matter that is not often thought of by the average voter, and that is the fact that this very "full authority" given to the office of commissioner is a greater incentive to proper men to seek and occupy the office. The ordinary good and successful, executive business man will not injure his business reputation and stultify himself by occupying an aldermanic office where he must choose between being a legal automaton or an illegal free agent. In commercial life, such a competent, energetic, and honest business man would not accept a position in a business corporation where he shared the responsibilities but was only a figurehead, a puppet pulled hither and yon by strings and wires, and what he will not do in commercial life he is not likely to try in municipal life. But tender him, in the same business corporation, a position of power and responsibility, of full authority within sharply defined limits, a position where he can show his individuality and true worth, and he will jump at it. Offer him the same in the municipal corporation and you appeal not only to his civic pride but to his personal ambition as well, and in a manner that you cannot possibly do where the position you offer is one suitable only to mediocrity—or vice.

In the one case of a ward alderman—or even an alderman-at-large—you have merely made an opening for a political rogue or a niche in the body politic for a jelly-fish invertebrate, one of those nonentities whose civic ineptitude has done more to degrade municipal government than the pernicious activities of Tammany Hall. In the other case you offer a position of power and responsibility that appeals to the capable and energetic citizen, good or bad, and if you elect the latter, that is your fault and not that of the system. And in any case you will have what you will not have in the former, you will have possibilities for the proper man instead of opportunities only for the improper one.

THIRD.—The powers, duties, responsibilities, and limitations of each and every commissioner have been so closely defined, so clearly indicated, that a very small slip on the part of any one of them would be immediately visible, and any big slip would render them instantly amenable to the removal clause above quoted and—here is the crux—under the sharply defined lines of responsibility of the commission charter there could be no skulking, shuffling or shirking, it would be a case of "you did it," so plain that all must see.

This supervision would be equally effective over any two or three or all of the commission. Unless the citizens to a man were supine beyond anything conceivable, the whole commission could "go to the bad" and yet be legally called to a halt in a hundred different ways by a very few united citizens. Also, as a matter of fact, one determined, honest man on the board, especially if that man were the mayor, could check and nullify almost any tendency to graft by any other member, or number of members, of the board.

Power Tempered by Responsibility

Outside of all this, though, is the question whether or not we have given our municipal governors unusual and extraordinary powers, or rather, to put the question in its proper shape, have the governors of our city any more unusual and extraordinary powers than those usually exercised by the ordinary partisan mayor and board of ward aldermen? We have "given" them individually more power than is usually delegated to an alderman, but the power we have placed in their hands is a power for the good of the city and the citizens at large, and that power is sharply defined and carries with it an absolutely certain responsibility and a certain detection of, and an almost certain punishment of, the abuse of that power. Such a thing is done every day in many private businesses, in many public corporations, and, as stated, a city is nothing more nor less than a big and powerful corporation of many one-share, one-vote stockholders. Of course, if the municipal stockholder does not pay any attention to the doings of his governing board of directors, if he proxies his vote to a boss—ward or city—then he will probably fare the same as many a business-corporation stockholder who has pursued the same unbusinesslike course; he will have his stock and vote turned into a weapon to rob him or to put upon him financial or other liabilities that cripple him politically or commercially.

With the municipal corporation of Galveston, though, the powers of the director-manager-commissioners are, by charter, exactly defined and limited as is also their responsibility; they cannot create any further power for themselves either by enactment or by action liable to become precedent. To obtain any further or any other powers they must go to the state legislature for a "special amendment" to the charter, and this is a course that "lets daylight" thoroughly into it, for all legislatures are chary and jealous of the powers they give to the cities of their state.

Of course, like any other government—national, state, or civic—it is finally "up to" the citizen. If he is supine and indifferent to a degree, no invention of man will give him continuous good government. He must both "watch and pray," for at the last his governors are but human and "there's lots of human nature in human beings!"

How It Actually Works

We in Galveston do think, however, that we have pretty nearly solved the most difficult problem of civic administration. After six years' trial of it there is very little that we would want changed in the charter, and we have reelected the whole board of commissioners three times. There is no politics in it—and the remnants of the old board of aldermen and the "bad" element following them—and yearning for the old days of misrule and graft—have tried very hard to inject politics into it. It is a plain business government, on a plain, everyday, common-sense, business, human plan; it has nothing sectional, racial, or geographical in it that will limit it; it is practical for every American city, even the very largest ones, for size has nothing to do with its principles.

Election AT LARGE of a commissioner for each department or group of departments—never less than four nor needfully more than seven.

A sharp definition of the departments.

An equally sharp definition of the powers and responsibilities of each and every head of department.

A president—also elected AT LARGE—not having charge of any department and who has a vote but NO VETO.

No "executive" sessions.

No "standing" committees nor any "committees" in the usual aldermanic sense.

That is all. As Kipling says, "Think of the gorgeous simplicity of it!"

The Fifth Installment of W. C. MORROW'S

Chapter XII. [Continued]

PRESENTLY I felt in the water a turgidity where the current was slow, and heard a hoarse, growling rumble quite different from the sounds that we had left behind. Beelo tightened his clutch and said breathlessly.

"It has come!"

"What has, lad?"

"Hush!"

Except for an unusual slapping of the water against the rocks, the commotion had passed. I wondered if the storm had broken in the valley and the torrent was coming; but this did not look like it.

"It has gone, Beelo. What was it?"

"No, it has n't. Hold tight. Sit hard, Christopher!"

"Beelo," I impatiently demanded, "you must tell me what—"

The speech was stopped by a groaning crunch that tossed the stream, splashed the water high on the rocks, and filled the passage with a sound like that of crushing glass. Beelo was again in terror.

"Be quiet, lad. There's nothing—"

"Don't talk!" he desperately commanded. "The third one will come. That's the worst. Wait!"

The seconds dragged through an awful silence. Beelo's breath struggled spasmodically through the repression under which he tried to hold it.

The third shock came, and then, though I had never felt one before, I knew what it was. The whole world seemed to heave and writhe and jolt and grind all with a fearful noise. The earthquake, grim brother of the boiling cauldron we had left, had us in its jaws, and its power was manifest in the ease with which it crushed and ground the rocks about us. Fragments of these began to splash in the water and rattle on the raft. Just in front, a huge block plunged into the stream and dashed us with water.

Beelo flung himself upon me; I again bent over him to shield him.

Another heavy stone struck the raft in the narrow space between Christopher and us, and tore through it into the water, sending up a geyser through the hole.

A stiffening wave of terror overswept Beelo. He sprang to his knees and tightly embraced my neck in both arms.

"We are going to die!" he cried feebly, and pressed his lips to mine, sinking inert into my arms. My fingers anxiously sought his pulse. It was fluttering.

"Christopher!" I called in alarm, not realizing that the earthquake had passed and that a dim light made visible the rocks in a turn ahead—"Christopher! Something has happened to Beelo!"

"Yes, sir," came with the steady old calm.

"Stop! We must do something for him."

"We are going out, sir."

We swung the curve, and the blessed daylight smiled ahead. The raft slid out of the passage in placid water, which here, as at the other end, was deeply embowered. The glorious day, though overcast, was brilliant to our eyes as it sifted through and rested sweetly on the water. As Beelo was unconscious, Christopher observed extraordinary care in proceeding, and as soon as possible secured the raft in the sheltered reach.

I was looking down into Beelo's face. His head had fallen back, and, although his eyes were closed, his lips were open. It came over me with a pang that a richness and a maturity, which I had not before noticed in his face, rested there now.

"How long has it taken us to come through?" I asked Christopher.

"Mos' four hour, sir."

I was surprised. It had seemed much longer.

He came to lift Beelo out, but I myself bore him ashore and laid him on the ground, and knelt over him. Christopher was standing near, studying him, but showing no anxiety.

"It is only fainting, isn't it, Christopher?" I asked.

"That's all, sir."

To give him air, I began to open his blouse.

"I wouldn't sir," interposed Christopher.

"Why?" I asked, looking up in surprise.

He only regarded me in silence. At first

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 mutiny is suppressed, and Beelo guides Tudor and Christopher upon a perilous journey under the mountain on a raft. There is an earthquake, and they narrowly escape with their lives.

I thought that Christopher's singular penetration had discovered that Beelo was lighter of color than a full-blooded native and was delicately warning me not to invade the carefully guarded secret. I recalled the story that I had told Beelo, and my suspicions as to the purity of his native blood. And what harm could come if I did learn?



"The sodden, sordid, worse than bestial mask, held its gaze fixed upon us"

Then the truth came upon me with the overwhelming force of long cumulation.

His conduct in the tunnel, his sweetness and gentleness, the strange conclusion of the scene with Annabel when they had met,—a thousand memories of things that had passed unheeded in the stress of dangers,—came as a blinding light. I do not know when Christopher learned the truth, but in his

chivalry he would have seen me go blind to the grave without a word from him in betrayal of Beelo's secret.

The shock stunned me, and my head was bowed in reverence. When I again looked into the patient face, now having for me so sweet and touching a pathos, the deep-blue eyes were looking up into mine; then they turned to Christopher, and all about. The old mischievous, bantering smile parted the perfect lips. The eyes again sought mine.

"Choseph! It's fine to be dead!" But the voice held a different music from that of the lad whom I had loved and who was now gone forever.

Chapter XIII. Preparation for the Crisis

I WOULD respect Beelo's wish that she appear as a boy, and must keep hammering into my mind the words, Boy, Lad, Dear Little Brother. I must not for a moment think of her otherwise. "Boy, Lad, Dear Little Brother."

"What are you dreaming, Choseph, and what are those words your lips are saying?" It was Beelo's cheery voice.

He was sitting up; I was beside him looking down at the gliding water. I woke to the familiar raillery, and turned with a smile.

"Dear lad!" I joyfully responded.

"You had forgotten me," he ruefully said. "And you, old Christopher! Don't you see I'm dying of thirst?"

Christopher plucked two large leaves, fashioned them into a cup, and brought the water, which Beelo eagerly drank. He held out his hand, and I helped him up. He tried his legs.

"That's better," he said.

The perfect grace of movement, the exquisite feminine figure so artfully concealed,—

"Boy, Lad, Dear Little Brother."

"Mooning again, and talking to yourself!" cried Beelo. "What are you saying?"

"It was a rough trip through the passage, boy. I'm a little shaken."

"That's past. Shake the other way."

He was pirouetting round a tree.

"But how are we going back, lad?"

"This way," he carelessly answered, making wing motions with his arms.

"There was an earthquake, Beelo."

He stopped short, and his eyes lighted deep.

"Yes!" he softly but impressively exclaimed.

The old caution settled in his face; he peered and listened warily, and then came a look of assured repose.

"That is good," he said, "if—" a cloud drifted over his face—"if they felt it on the surface."

"They did," interposed Christopher.

"How do you know?" Beelo sharply demanded.

Christopher pointed to a large rock near us, to the path that it had freshly torn through the brush, and to a steep slope from which it had been dislodged.

"Good for Christopher!" said Beelo. He studied the sky, and dejectedly added,

"But the storm is coming!" After a little reflection he remarked, as if to himself, "I don't know whether that should change our plans or not." He seated himself to think it out, and began arranging twigs on the ground. "No Senatras will be within miles of the passage," he ruminated.

"They fear it, for the earthquake is born here, and they have run away. So, we can make better time. Mr. Vancouver is safe to-day; we won't go there."

"Where, dear little brother?"

Pain crossed his face. "To the clearing opposite the Face. If only another earthquake would come, or this had come sooner!"

"Is one usually followed by another?"

"Often. Sometimes not. Come! The sun will be setting before long, and we have miles to go."

We hid the battered raft and struck

out. Our way led parallel to the stream, which tore foaming down a gorge of steeply sloping sides. It slipped into a pleasant valley, richly verdured. There we left it and began the ascent of a mountain on the west. Dusk was coming on. Beelo fearlessly pursued the trails in the darkening hours.

Occasionally we paused to rest. The valley which we had crossed lay a black-green sea below. Behind us the eastern sky was cut straight across by the level summit of our valley wall. Beelo was closely studying it.

"You see no sign of fire over there, do you?" he asked, pointing toward the clearing opposite the Face.

There was none, and Beelo was gratified. Our attention was diverted from that spot by a faint purplish splash, which slipped along the crest above the river passage, and was quickly gone. Beelo stood tense and still, and whispered:

"Did you see that?"

"Yes."

We waited for its reappearance, but it came not. Beelo said no more. The light had come from the subterranean lava-pot.

Beyond the wall was the blackest part of the sky. Under the horizon in that direction lightning was at play, as we judged from faint illuminations in the distant heavens, and the rumble of far thunder.

Night had nearly fallen when we reached the summit. The descent was rapid on the other side, for Beelo went with the sureness of familiarity. At last we stopped at an abandoned hut, hidden in the deep forest. Beelo paused on the doorstep.

"See," he said, pointing to a glow a mile or less away, down the valley. "That is the main settlement of the Senatras. The king's palace, where Lentala and I live, is there. We will visit it to-night,—if Lentala agrees. You will rest here awhile and have something to eat. After the visit to the palace you will sleep here."

He showed us within, closed the door, blew a flame from smothered embers on the hearth, and lighted a nut-oil lamp. He had been very sober and quiet all the way, but now his eyes began to dance.

"This is your mansion!" he exclaimed.

The place had been made clean and sweet; good beds of leaves were on the earth floor, and fresh water stood in calabashes. Beelo dragged forward a copper vessel, and took from it a generous food supply.

"Isn't she pretty good—for a girl?" he casually asked.

"Who?"

"Lentala. She did these things."

Ever since the scene at the end of the passage, sadness had sat upon me, and I was in no mood to enjoy Beelo's pleasantries,—this, too, while I was deeply touched by the labor and gentle thoughtfulness with which everything had been done for our comfort. Still, something precious had gone from my life; my heart hungered for the lad. But he was here! In a swirl of perversity I seized Beelo's hands, and held him before me.

"Dear lad," I said, "I am walking in the dark. Believe me, little brother, I am grateful—more grateful than any words could say—for the skill and the kindness that we have seen from you. But my heart is sore, and you are laughing at me."

Something between suspicion and embarrassment had been rapidly growing in Beelo's face. Of a sudden he closed my mouth with his hand and made a brave rally of Beelo's old flippancies.

"Christopher," he said, half smilingly.

"Did you ever see such a goose? Such an old goose?" I gently removed his hand.

"I am serious, boy."

"Hush!" commanded Beelo in a whisper.

His hunk down into me was ruthless, but the hurt there helped me to steady my gaze. "When I fainted—" he began, and stopped, having found my face expressionless. He turned to Christopher, who, giving no attention to us, was setting out the supper on a mat. Beelo's sharp eyes came back to me.

"Dear little brother,—"

"No, no! Not a word!" he broke in. "I haven't time, and you are hungry. Come, Choseph!"

He turned me to the supper and forced me to sit on the ground opposite Christopher. It was pleasant to be man-handled by Beelo. His abuse of me was always smoothed by affection. I had no appetite, but who could resist Beelo? He played that I was an invalid and unable to help myself. He patted my cheek, put food into my mouth, chattered nonsense as though I were a baby, and petted me with outrageous condescension. There was nothing to do but melt under his dear absurdities; and when he found me reestablished, he kissed me on the forehead and dashed out, calling that he would be back before long.

When he returned he was brilliantly alive. There seemed no end to his vitality.

"It's glorious!" he cried, seizing Christopher and sending his bulk in a swirl across the hut. "It's splendid!" he went on, smashing my dignity with boy's play. "It's just—" But his breath was gone, and he tumbled in a panting heap on the ground.

"What news, Beelo?" I inquired.

He sat up, but as yet had meager breath for speech.

"Mr. Vancouver—is safe. Does n't look very—happy. Has n't seen—the king. Oh, no! Lentala—who is an Angel—and Sweet—and Kind—and Beautiful—is just dying—to see you. And—"

"Rest a minute," I interrupted.

He flung a little pout at me, and then archly demanded, "Are n't you good-natured yet, Choseph?"

I shook my head.

"You will be when you see Lentala," he said with mock melancholy. "Don't you like girls?" he suddenly fired at me.

"Y—es," I stammered consciously.

"You like Annabel!" with a spittfire touch on his tongue.

"I once liked, very much, a dear lad named Beelo more than any girl."

"Once liked Beelo!" His shining eyes were lances.

"I like him just as much yet—when he is Beelo."

I knew by his start that the thin ice on which I walked was cracking.

"And what is he when he is n't Beelo?"

"A little devil."

He laughed. "You are n't quite dead," he said, and a briskness sprang into his manner. "We must go. Most of the Senatras have already gone to sleep. Come."

He rapidly led us into the valley, meanwhile instructing us how to respond if greeted. The natives were not garrulous nor inquisitive, and we passed unnoticed, until the outskirts of the settlement were reached. There, in a dimly lighted hut, Mr. Vancouver was resting under guard, Beelo informed us. A barely visible figure challenged Beelo. The prompt response made the shape sink from view.

"We have n't time to see Mr. Vancouver now," said the lad to us.

A turn in a lane lined with huts brought us into a beautiful highway, broad and white, and picketed with odoriferous trees which arched overhead. The darkness would have been profound but for a diffused light which glowed ahead upon something white. We went rapidly toward it, and found it to be a high stone wall; the light was from two lamps on posts where the highway swung to the left and ran at the foot of the wall.

Instead of following the main road Beelo turned into a narrow way to the right. The overhead growth was so dense that the light from the lamps was soon lost, but Beelo knew the way. At last he stopped, and slipped a key into a lock. The heavy wooden door, plated and strapped with iron, suggested a postern in an archaic fortress. He led us within and secured the door.

The nearer approach of the storm brought lightning, which increased Beelo's caution while revealing glimpses of our environment. In the region behind the wall the verdure was less dense and more orderly than in the park through which we had come. The lightning made the open spaces embarrassing to our guide, who hurried us across them to the shadows. Finely kept paths wound and intersected, but Beelo knew shorter routes. A rising wind assisted the stealth of our progress.

He brought us under the shadow of a low arcade, open on one side, and closed on the other with a long stone house. The pillars were massed in vines. Here the darkness was intense. The stone floor gave no sound under our tread.

Beelo stopped us, advanced a few paces, and rapped on a door. It was cautiously opened, but we could not

see within as Beelo entered. A very faint light barely made him visible.

"Lentala!" he whispered, "they're here."

A voice fuller and mellower than Beelo's, yet much like his, answered, "Yes? I had given you up, and was undressing for bed."

"You'll dress?" Beelo spoke nervously.

"Yes. Tell them to wait a little while. They are safe out there. Beelo, the king is furious because you ran away to-night. He is waiting for you. Go at once. It is something about the man from the colony." I resented her domineering manner toward Beelo.

"Very well. I'll be back as soon as I can," he answered sweetly.

Coming back to us, he began to explain, but I told him we had heard. A reassuring hand was given to each of us, and he was hurrying across the garden fronting the arcade. He halted and came back.

"Don't stay with Lentala longer than ten minutes," he earnestly said. "The king may detain me. If I don't come, can you find your way back?"

I assured him that we could, and that even should he come, we would not let him conduct us to the hut.

He gave my hand a grateful little squeeze as he slipped the gate-key into it, and darted away, saying: "Wait at Lentala's door till she opens it."

Presently she bade us enter. Instead of her barbarous but highly becoming dress at the feast, with neat jacket and short skirt blazing with gold embroidery, she now wore a plain, loose garment. It was partly redeemed by a low cut in the neck, a splendid girdle consisting of a heavy and elaborately linked chain of gold, and a necklace of wonderful diamonds.

I could not have explained why this dazzling woman, who had filled so wide a space in my fancy, now looked a negligible quantity, an intrusion. There was little of the sparkle that I had expected. The childlike coquetties, the careless abandon, the subtleties that had flitted so unconsciously through the conduct of the Lentala I remembered,—these and a thousand other graces were absent from the sedate young woman smiling upon us and composedly seating us.

She had greeted us with a warning finger on her lips.

"My servants," she explained in a low, rich voice, "are all in bed and asleep. But they are not far away, and we must be careful." There was a curious reminder of Annabel's preciseness in this new Lentala.

She must have felt my discomfort, for she let some of her consciousness slip away, and a dash of her native wildness gradually returned.

"Beelo has told me everything," she said; "I'll not trouble you with questions. And we are not to discuss any plans to-night."

The beauty and richness of the room came forth, faint in the light of suspended lamps, which, clouded in thin fabrics, cast no shadows and softened all contours. A rich massing of hammered gold and silver, of exquisite bronzes and ivories, of hangings and rugs, was softened to grace by their perfect arrangement, and over that in turn was a fine breath of daintiness. My astonishment grew as the significance of it came over me. Did this girl, all seeming innocence, gentleness, and kindness, feel none of the crime and blood with which these treasures were drenched? Yet only the sweetest of spirits could have cast upon this charnel-house loot the cleansing that held its grisly suggestion back.

She had been moving about and gently chatting, and I had made empty responses. At last I discovered that she was growing nervous. A heavy crash of thunder brought out the cause. She looked anxious, and said:

"The storm is near. You must go before it breaks."

Beela—I noted her odd pronunciation of the final syllable—"said that if he did n't return in ten minutes you must go without him, but I can't think of that. He has been gone much longer."

I tried to assure her that we could go alone, but still she was uneasy. Christopher and I rose. She came and laid a hand on my arm.

"Wait a little while." She hesitated over the next words. "Do you like Beela—Beelo?"

"Very much," I answered dully.

A liquid softness entered her beautiful eyes, and with it a sparkle of the old Lentala—and of Beelo too.

"I am going to tell you a secret," she went on. "You will keep it?—and you, Christopher? And you'll not let Beelo know?"

We pledged ourselves. She removed her hand, looked down, and while busying herself with a readjustment of her girdle, said, very low:

"Beelo is n't a boy."

Her fingers stopped in her acute tension. I stood silent. With an effort she raised her eyes to mine, and hers betrayed a keen suspense.

"Beelo is a girl," she added, as though I had not heard. "Her name is Beela." She found my look coolly meeting hers.

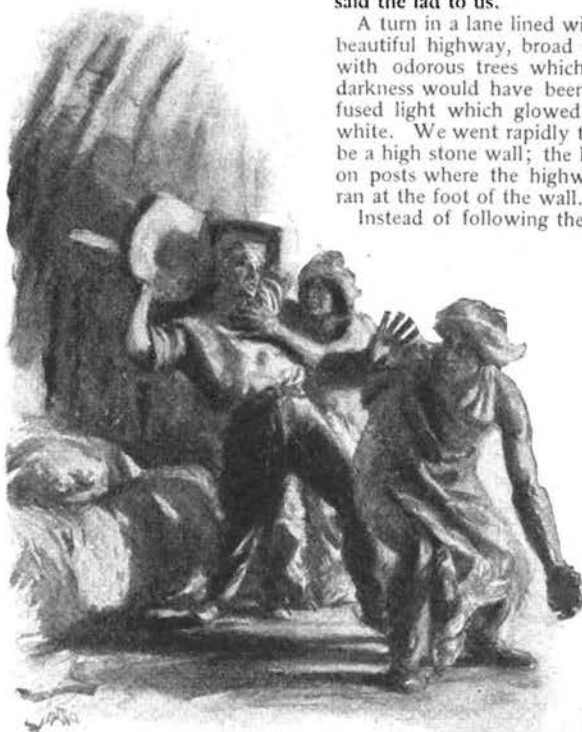
"You liked Beelo the boy," she groped on; "don't you like Beela the girl?"

"I—I'm not acquainted with her," I fumbled.

For a moment the Lentala of the feast returned in a look of mischievous amusement, followed by one of pretended sorrow. I was enjoying the fine play in her face.

"But don't you see," she asked, "that in knowing and liking the boy, you knew and liked the girl?"

It would have been impossible for me to make her understand that I was not nimble in violent readjustments; so I held my peace.



With a choking curse he snatched up his heavy stool

"She was Beela the girl all the time," Lentala insisted. "It could n't have been anything but the girl in her that you cared for." She did not know in the least that she was talking to the wind.

"Of course," agreed I, very uncomfortable. My tone made her turn impatiently away. With much spirit she went on as with ease and softness she paced the floor:

"After all she has done, too! I don't see—"

"Lentala!" I interrupted; "don't misunderstand. I do like—"

"No, you don't!" Her voice was growing unsteady.

"My poor little Beela! I know she's a madcap, but she is good, she is kind. She had to be a boy. I made her be one. She could n't have done what she did—"

"Lentala, please—"

"—unless she was a boy. And now she is shamed and humiliated! Don't let my sweet sister ever know that. It would break her heart. Poor little Beela!"

"This is all wrong. I—"

"Even for my sake you might be generous. It is—"

Three strides brought me to her, and I was unconscious of the power in my angry grip on her wrist, but her tongue went silent. She raised her eyes under the compulsion of mine.

"That is enough," I said.

There was a moment's matching of our forces. A ripple of mischievous and innocent surprise animated her, and she laughed with the glee of a gentle child. She was very much like her sister then.

A deepening thunder-crash came.

"You must go—now! I'm going with you. I won't let you—"

"You shall not go," I firmly said.

"I must. I want to. I'll get a—"

"No, Lentala. Good-night."

As I was turning away, I saw the second time in her face the look of one whose road has stopped at a wall. When I smiled and bowed to her as Christopher and I were passing out, she was standing where I left her, looking blankly at me.

Chapter XIV. A Glimpse into the Abyss

THE drenching, thunder-ridden storm was so favoring that I determined to investigate Mr. Vancouver's circumstances, and, if possible, ascertain the plans focusing in him; for since the discovery of Beela's sex, her horror and timidity concerning those intentions were explained. I must now take the lead, since the work was not fitted to a woman.

No guards were outside Mr. Vancouver's hut when we arrived, and the wetting of the ground silenced our footfalls. My impulse was to enter and cautiously ascertain the truth; but I realized that the risk was great. In creeping round the hut we overheard two native men talking near the rear wall.

"Hush!" continued one of the voices. "He is groaning again, and may wake."

In a little while the other remarked, "He is asleep. What were you telling me?"

"The king is very uneasy. The people all know that the white man is here."

"Is there dry wood?"

"Yes. It is stored in a thatch hut on the east side of the clearing. The people are clamoring for the white man to be taken to the stone."

"That can't be done while the storm rages."

"No; but the first hurricane never lasts long. The king has promised Gato that the white man shall be sent to the fire as soon as this storm passes. That may be to-morrow."

"Does the white man suspect?"

"Undoubtedly. He frets and groans."

"What are these stories about the Black Face?"

"The scouts sent by Gato say that it looks more ferocious than ever."

"Does the king realize that the people will rise unless he consents to the offering?"

"I don't know. He is silent and deeply troubled. Danger stops any direction that he can take. But Gato is ready."

A horror that I felt rather than understood came over me, and, fearing that I should betray our presence by some rash act, I was creeping away, when I discovered that Christopher, moving similarly, had started before me. Every tree-branch was a tempting club with which to break a savage head and free the prisoner.

Instead of returning to our hut, we went to the summit of the wall inclosing our valley. Clearly Christopher required no explanation to understand my purpose. With slow, sure caution we took an eastwardly course, parallel with the brink of the precipice and at a safe distance from any men that might be patrolling it. From time to time we would stop, creep nearer the edge, make a careful inspection, return in silence, and go on. The violence of the storm abated somewhat, thus making our progress swifter, but more risky.

With true instinct Christopher went straight to what we had been seeking,—the opening in the forest at the top of the wall fronting the Face. The clear space was smooth, level rock. One segment of the nearly circular opening was cut off by the sheer drop of the precipice. Near that edge was an exquisitely built circular stone platform some four feet high and ten in diameter. As we worked round for a nearer view, we

discovered on its top old marks of fire which the rains had not washed off. I recognized it as the object that I had seen from the valley, opposite the Face. There was a moon, but only a faint glow from it filtered through the clouds; occasional flashes of lightning gave us clearer seeing. The air was stifling.

We edged nearer to the cliff, and stood peering across the valley as we waited for light. It came, and revealed the Face. The sodden, sordid, worse than bestial mask, more repulsive than ever in the gloom of the storm, held its gaze fixed upon us. We were upon the scene of the unthinkable tragedy awaiting Mr. Vancouver.

We circled the eastern edge of the clearing. Soon we found a squat structure of thatch, half hidden in the edge of the forest. It was filled with neatly piled firewood. No surprise showed in Christopher's face.

After further exploration of the vicinity, and satisfied that the place was unguarded, we loaded ourselves with wood from the hut, and plunged into the thicket. A short distance away I had discovered a deep cleft. We threw our loads into it; the fall was long before the sound came from the bottom. Thus, after many trips, we disposed of all the fuel, and hastened back to our hut for sleep. The night was far gone.

The storm broke afresh, and I lay sleepless, and listened to the elemental furies at play. Every nerve ached, and sleep was a sore need. Contingencies riding the hurricane would likely offer still heavier work for to-morrow. Whatever innocent pranks Beela might indulge, her profound seriousness and her appreciation of the dangerous risks in this undertaking were genuine.

With the swirl and dash of the rain came the roar of the tearing wind and the mighty bellow of thunder. Flash, peal, and boom rended the firmament. Our cabin braced itself and strained under the tug, as though digging its claws into the ground to hold firm. Large trees on the slope behind us fell crashing.

This was more than a hurricane: it was a tornado; perhaps worse yet, a typhoon. Many ships ride out the worst of these; but mentally I saw brown men being told off to man the promontories of the bight, and to watch for staggering, heart-broken specks on the sea as the wind following the hurricane urged them on slowly to a pleasant beach, five hundred swordsmen, an oily savage king and a feast, and a march over the mountain to a guarded paradise; thence to be "sent away" to their homes—their eternal homes—one at a time! one at a time! So far as civilization had reached, it had strangled an unspeakable practice in these seas.

Not even the churn of the storm in my veins could check the cold that ran in my blood. Was the father of Annabel to be only the first? Were we waiting as fattening hogs, instead of being out and afield, fighting a way to liberty, and dying, if we must, as men should?

I found myself off the pallet and rolling on the floor.

"Christopher?" I called, staggering to my feet.

"Sir?"

I knew by the nearness of his voice that he was already beside me, but invisible in the blackness.

"Light the lamp. We are going to dress."

He obeyed without a word. I was feverishly rummaging for my clothes.

"There, sir," he said, pointing to my moccasins, but neglecting to fetch them to me.

I had forgotten that my dress was Senatra and that moccasins were the only part of it I had removed. I made a blundering affair of putting them on, for the clutch of my hand was shaped better for a bludgeon just then. Christopher was observing me with a mild, exasperating patience.

"Put yours on," I roughly commanded.

He made still denser the stupidity in his stare, and stood still.

"Hurry!" I cried.

"Sir?"

"Hurry, I say! You are going too."

"Me?"

"Yes! We are going to take Mr. Vancouver away from those beasts."

Without a change of expression he made a pretense of preparation. In doing so, he edged up to the barred door, placed his wide back against it, and calmly faced me.

"What do you mean by that?" I demanded in a fury.

"Sir?"

"Stand aside, Christopher!"

"Me, sir?"

In exasperation I seized the copper vessel and advanced upon him. Not a muscle of his body moved;

his ape-like arms hung loose; his hands were open. But it was not his defenselessness that stayed me. Far more potent was the deep devotion in his eyes, which held a profounder sadness than usual. It was a dash of cold water on my heat, but not my determination. In all kindness I would reason with him.

"Christopher," I asked, "do you know what they are going to do with Mr. Vancouver?"

He omitted his formula, and simply gazed at me.

Then I told him, in raw, sore words. It was the first time they had been spoken by a member of the colony.

I was astonished at his placidity on hearing them.

"Do you understand?" I had to thunder the question above the outer din.

But he was listening to sounds that the storm did not make.

I waited impatiently.



"My servants are all in bed and asleep."

"They won't take him, sir, if they can get you."

"Why not?"

"You're younger 'n' fatter."

Like most other of Christopher's remarks, this one dealt in a conclusive terminal, omitting postulate and explication; but I understood. He had told a long and dramatic story in those halting words—our blind assault, our being beaten down and secured, and then the awful end. I wondered at that, and longed for the power to see into the working of his strangely luminous mind, its far light behind its frontal darkness.

"And there ain't no dry wood, sir."

The last of the ice in my blood broke and ran melting before him. I was very tired, and found myself shifting on my feet like a drunken man. Tongues of flame began to slip through the hut and dart hither and thither with curious dips and turns. Some of them were purple, but the most were crimson. A luminous vapor crept in. The boom of a waterfall rumbled; and then came a crashing subterranean detonation. Christopher was a gigantic ape floundering in a drowning sea of steam.

"Christopher!" I cried, trying to catch the wall as it swung past.

A firm, gentle arm went round me—an arm of a strength so great that my most desperate struggles could not break its hold, yet I was a very strong man. Slowly I was borne down on my pallet, and a thin, soothing voice came with a hand that tenderly closed my eyes and held the lids down. My breathing came easier.

It was daylight, and Christopher was standing in the open door, looking out. The rain had ceased, but the morning brightness was smothered under the overhead lowering. The pleasant odor of coffee perfumed the hut. Without appearing to notice my waking, Christopher served my breakfast, but said nothing. A dull lassitude made the straw bed more inviting than my feet. Beela's cheery good-morning an hour later was checked in alarm when she entered and found me prone; but her electric vitality palpitated through me

[Continued on page 111]

The Miracle of Self-Confidence

ORISON SWETT MARDEN

IT was said that Napoleon's presence in a battle doubled the strength of his forces. Half the effectiveness of an army resides in the soldiers' faith in their leader. When the leader doubts, hesitates, wavers, the whole army is thrown into confusion; but his confidence doubles the assurance of every man under him.

The mental faculties, like soldiers, must believe in their leader—the unconquerable will. The mind of the doubter, the hesitator, the

Your Self-Faith

Measures Your

Achievement

waverer, the man who is not sure of himself, who thinks he is not equal to what he has undertaken, is set toward failure, and everything works against him. There is a weakening all along the line. In an emergency, as in danger, a man can often perform feats of great strength which he could not even approximate in cold blood. *Arousing a man multiplies his power tremendously.* Think of what delicate men and women, even invalids, have accomplished when dominated by some supreme occasion or a mighty passion. The imperious "must" gives added strength and unusual power to all the faculties. So a great self-faith, an unwavering self-confidence, braces the entire man, physically, mentally, morally. It raises him to his highest power, and makes him do with ease what would be impossible without this wonderful stimulus.

An overmastering faith in oneself often enables comparatively ignorant men and women to do marvelous things—feats which sensitive, timid, doubting people, of far greater ability and much finer texture and nobler qualities shrink from attempting.

Your achievement will never rise higher than your self-faith. It would be as reasonable for Napoleon to have expected to get his army over the Alps by sitting down and declaring that the undertaking was too great for him, as for you to hope to achieve anything significant in life while harboring grave doubts and fears as to your ability.

The miracles of civilization have been performed by men and women of great self-confidence, who had unwavering faith in their power to accomplish the tasks they undertook. The race would have been centuries behind what it is to-day had it not been for their grit, their determination, their persistence in finding and making real the thing they believed in, and which the world often denounced.

There is no law by which you can get success without expecting it, vigorously demanding it, assuming it. There must be a strong, firm self-faith first, or the thing will never come. There are no accidents in this world. There is no room for chance in God's world of system and supreme order. Everything must have not only a cause, but also a sufficient cause—a cause as large as the result. A stream cannot rise higher than its source. A great success must have a great source in expectation, in self-confidence, and in

The Law

of Success

persistent endeavor to attain it. No matter how great the ability, how large the genius, or how splendid the education, the achievement will never rise higher than the confidence. *He can who thinks he can, and he can't who thinks he can't.*

It does not matter what other people think of you, of your plans, or of your aims. No matter if they call you a visionary, a crank, or a dreamer, you must believe in yourself. If you forsake yourself by losing your confidence, you can accomplish nothing. Never allow anybody or any misfortune to shake your belief in yourself. You may lose your property, your health, your reputation, even, but there is always some hope for you so long as you keep a firm faith in yourself. If you never lose that, but keep pushing on, the world will sooner or later make way for you, and you may regain the confidence of those who have denounced you.

"Trust thyself; every heart vibrates to that iron string."

I know people who have been hunting for months for a situation; but they go into an office with a confession of weakness in their very manner; they show their lack of self-confidence. Their prophecy of failure is in their face, in their bearing. They surrender before the battle begins. They are living witnesses against themselves.

When you ask a man to give you a position, and he reads this language in your face and manner, "Please give me a position; do not kick me out; fate is against me; I am an unlucky

Show Yourself

A Man

dog; I am disheartened; I have lost confidence in myself," he will only have contempt for you; he will say to himself that you are not a man, to start with, and he will get rid of you as soon as he can. If you expect to get a position, you must go into an office with the air of a conqueror; you must fling out confidence from yourself before you can convince an employer that you are the man he is looking for. You must show by your very presence that you are a man of force, a man who can do things; with vigor, cheerfulness, and enthusiasm.

A man does not want to hire a weakling or a dyspeptic, bilious, long-faced person, who has no faith in himself. He wants force, efficiency, cheerfulness, self-confidence. He does not want to hire depression, dis-

couragement; he probably has more than enough of these in his employ already. He wants energy, life, animal spirits; people who are bubbling over with enthusiasm, who can enter his service with a zest that fore-shadows victory.

Your very manner and bearing must carry the evidence of power and ability. You must impress your prospective employer with your fitness and peculiar ability to perform the work you apply for. He does not want to take on a man who is full of doubts, who hesitates, vacillates, apologizes, and sneaks. He wants a *real man, a man who will hold up his head and move firmly and swiftly toward his goal.* If you make the impression of a weakling, a nobody, you may either wander until doomsday without getting a job, or if you do get one you will not be able to hold it. Show yourself a man. Stand erect and show that you have a backbone as well as a wishbone; that there is reserve in you, grit and stamina equal to any emergency.

If you carry with you evidence of your power, the badge of superiority, then you will not wander the streets looking for a situation very long. Everywhere employers are looking for men who can do things, who can conquer by inherent force and indomitable energy.

Self-reliance which carries great, vigorous self-faith has ever been the best substitute for friends, pedigree, influence, and money. It is the best capital in the world; it has mastered more obstacles, overcome more difficulties, and carried through more enterprises than any other human quality.

A Substitute

for Capital

I have interviewed many timid people as to why they let opportunities pass by them that were eagerly seized by others with much less ability, and the answer was invariably a confession like the following: "I have not courage," said one; "I lack confidence in myself," said another; "I shrink from trying for fear I shall make a mistake and have the mortification of being turned down," said a third; "It would look so cheeky for me to have the nerve to put myself forward," said a fourth; "Oh, I do not think it would be right to seek a place so far above me," said another, "I think I ought to wait until the place seeks me, or I am better prepared." So they run through the whole gamut of self-distrust. This shrinking, this timidity or self-effacement often proves a worse enemy to success than actual incompetence. Take the lantern in the hand, and you will always have light enough for your next step, no matter how dark, for the light will move along with you. Do not try to see a long way ahead. "One step enough for me."

A firm self-faith helps a man project himself with a force that is almost irresistible. A balancer, a doubter, has no *projectile* power. If he starts at all, he moves with uncertainty. There is no vigor in his initiative, no positiveness in his energy.

There is a great difference between a man who thinks "perhaps" he can, a man who "will try" to do a thing, and a man who "knows" he can do it, who is bound to do it, and who feels within a pulsating power, an irresistible force which is equal to any emergency.

This difference between uncertainty and certainty, between vacillation and decision, between the man who wavers and the man who decides things, between "I hope to" and "I can" between "I'll try" and "I will do it"—this little difference measures the distance between weakness and power, between mediocrity and excellence, between commonness and superiority.

No Time to

Hunt for Merit

The man who does things must be able to project himself with a mighty force, to fling the whole weight of his being into his work, ever gathering momentum against the obstacles which confront him, and he cannot do this with a hesitating, wavering, doubting mind.

We often hear it said that if a youth has ability people will find it out without being told; that if he has merit, it will come out; but we see on every hand youth, young men and young women with splendid ability, with good education and fine training, out of situations or in very ordinary ones, simply because they lack that aggressiveness which pushes its way to the front. They are conscious that they have ability, and they are just waiting for somebody to recognize it and push them ahead.

Working beside them are others with, perhaps, less ability, but with that aggressive, ambitious, dauntless spirit which attracts attention and pushes them on past their more modest and retiring friends. In this electric country of push and hurry and drive, people are too busy to investigate merit or mere worthiness which does not exhibit itself or push its way forward. *The American people believe in the man who claims something, who assumes to stand for something, who asserts himself;* for this assertion is usually evidence of that progressiveness which is so essential to success.

The fine-grained, sensitive youth feels that it is immodest, unbecoming to push his way forward, to attract attention to his ability, to tell what he can do; but while he is waiting for the world to discover

his merit, and to push him on, the aggressive boy beside him pushes his way to the position above.

Suppose a merchant with limited capital should open a store and display nothing in show-windows or on counters, but should keep everything in boxes, packed away out of sight, how much business do you think he would attract? It is not enough to have ability; you must let it be known. You must make yourself felt. Other things equal, it is the young man who has the greatest advertising quality in his personality who gets the best position.

In other words, it is not enough to possess merit, you must show it. Life is too busy for any one to expect the world to go around with a lantern hunting for his merit.

He who strikes out boldly, who does not wait for time or tide, who does not sit on the stone of Fate waiting for an opportunity to come along, who goes through obstacles and not over or around them, who is not waiting for others to speak, think, or act, is the man who is going to win in this new century. There is a great demand for the self-reliant man—the man who is not afraid of himself, who can say, "I will," with conviction. Leaders not followers, original thinkers not imitators, men with new ideas, are being called for loudly in all the important walks of life.

The Crime of Self-depreciation

"If we choose to be no more than clods of clay," says Marie Corelli, "then we shall be used as clods of clay for braver feet to tread on."

Of all the despicable objects in the universe, the most despicable is the man who is always berating, underestimating, or effacing himself.

If you carry a mean, contemptible picture of yourself constantly in your mind, the suggestion will deteriorate your whole character. The persistent thought that you are not as good as others, that you are a weak, ineffective being, will lower your whole standard of life and paralyze your ability.

If you go about with the acknowledgment of inferiority in your face and manner, if everything about you indicates that you do not believe in yourself, that you have very little respect for yourself, you certainly cannot blame others for taking you at your own estimate. Self-depreciation is a reflection upon our Creator, who must have made us perfect, because perfection could not have made imperfection.

What a pitiable thing to see a man, especially a young man, going around with his head down, looking as though he had lost his last friend, and his last dollar, as though ashamed to look the world in the face—groveling instead of aspiring, going about with a perpetual apology in face and manner for being in the way, or even being alive at all. This is not being a man. This is not claiming the birthright of a prince, of a son of the King of Kings. If there is divinity in us, why not assert it with manly dignity, with commanding assurance? Why not claim our birthright like princes, and not crawl and cringe for it like beggars?

If you would be superior, you must hold the thought of superiority constantly in the mind. A singularly modest man of so retiring a disposition that at one time he did not show half of his great ability, whose shrinking nature and real talent for self-abasement had actually given him an inferior appearance, told me one day how he had counteracted his self-depreciating traits. Among other things he said he had derived great benefit from the practice he had formed of going about the streets, especially where he was not known, assuming an air of great importance, and imagining himself the mayor of the city, the governor of the state, or even the President of the United States. By merely looking as though he expected everybody to recognize that he must be a person of note, he changed not only his appearance, but also his convictions. It raised him immeasurably in his own estimation. It had a marked effect upon his whole attitude. He used to walk through the streets shrinking from the gaze of others and dreading their scrutiny. Now he boldly invites, even demands attention by his evident superiority, and has the appearance of one whom people would like to know. In other words, he has got a glimpse of his divinity, and he really feels his superiority, and, of course, shows it in his self-respecting manner.

You will find a tremendous buttressing, supporting, encouraging power in the consciousness that the Creator made you for something high and noble, fashioned you marvelously for a great purpose; that there is an eternal

Your Divine Message

in the best possible way.

Woe be to you if you fail to carry out this purpose, this divine plan. Woe be to you who bemean or belittle the grandest of the Creator's work, or allow to shrink and shrivel this sacred message entrusted to you by the Almighty and which no one else can interpret but yourself.

One reason why the careers of most of us are so pinched and narrow, and our lives so mean, is because we do not have a large faith in ourselves and in what we can do. We are held back by too much caution. We are timid about venturing. We are not bold enough.

[Concluded on page 116]

Annual Special Sale OSTERMOOR

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French Edge
MATTRESS
\$18.50
Delivered

If you have an Ostermoor Catalogue, "The Test of Time," at home, see page 139, as shown



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Five Inch Inseamed French Edge Border.
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"I laughed at it because none of my folks would ever try it. But I made some the following morning, following directions on the package, about boiling it well."

"I was greatly pleased with the results and kept right on using it. Now I wouldn't drink anything else. I tell every old coffee 'grunter' I see, about Postum, and all my folks and my husband's people except a few cranks, use Postum instead of Coffee."

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First Assistant Postmaster General

Cortelyou's friend and former assistant who was picked out by the Taft men for the political scapegoat, but who proved too strong for his maligners.

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Why Roosevelt Quit

By OLIVER OPP

EDITORS' NOTE:—The present political situation, so far as the Presidency is concerned, is one of the most remarkable in American history. President Roosevelt is in the prime of his health and vigor; he is the one man most generally recognized as fit and able to carry on the national house cleaning; he would doubtless like to continue his work, and the majority of the

people want him to do so. Yet because of a personal pledge, and because of a tradition against third terms, not to mention underlying political intrigue, he has deliberately renounced the greatest honor in the land. Mr. Opp in the following article tells exactly and truthfully how the politicians forced Mr. Roosevelt to show his hand.

ON Thursday, December 12, Theodore Roosevelt's second formal announcement that he would under no circumstances be a candidate for reelection was made public. As an act of self-abnegation on the part of a great political leader, this decision is almost unprecedented. When the announcement was first made three years ago, Mr. Roosevelt had no means of knowing that the new idea political movement of which he was even then the recognized leader would be nearing its climax as his second term expires. If he keeps his word, he will be retiring under fire just when the battle against corrupt corporations is at its hottest. That he himself, robust, in the prime of life, is blooded for the fight, those who are close to him know only too well.

During the past century of American history there has been no situation quite like this. In the present political chaos, the one fact which is recognized by political leaders of all parties is that Mr. Roosevelt has only to say the word to be renominated and reelected. Perhaps never before has a President been assured of so overwhelming a majority if he will but consent to be again a candidate. Yet, against the wishes of a majority of the voters, against, as is believed among his friends, his own personal desires, the President is voluntarily putting the honor away from him and preparing to return to the ranks of the plain citizen. Within a little more than a year, unless the people override both the intrigues of the politicians and his own pledge, he will again be plain Theodore Roosevelt, of New York.

UNDERLYING this extraordinary act of renunciation there is a tangle of political hopes and political blunders.

Among the prominent political leaders there are a few whose personal enthusiasm and loyalty to the President have led them into a skillfully conducted campaign for the third term, or, as some of them prefer to put it, for a second elective term. Senator Bourne of Oregon, heads the enthusiasts. He believes that Mr. Roosevelt has no right to indulge in such an act of personal renunciation at a time when the country needs him. This outspoken new senator insists that a pledge made in a moment of exaltation several years ago must not be permitted to interfere with the carrying through of Mr. Roose-

velt's hard-fought campaign against the domination of capital. Holding this belief, Senator Bourne has talked the third-term idea up and down the country, and has even made use of the methods of the modern publicity man to get his ideas on the subject before the voters of the nation.

The other most prominent third-termer is Frank H. Hitchcock, First Assistant Postmaster General. Among that little group of first and second assistants who contribute so much of the real work of the executive departments, Hitchcock is perhaps, the quietest, shrewdest, and ablest. As practically the working head of the post office department, it has been his task to put into effect the President's excellent idea of reappointing, regardless of political dickers, those postmasters who have proved themselves efficient. Mr. Hitchcock is a tall, athletic man, soft-spoken and diplomatic, yet vigorous. It goes without saying that this policy of rewarding the fit men by continuance in office has had the effect of building up a political machine based on the rather unusual qualities of ability and loyalty to the administration. Hitchcock's most delicate and interesting work along these lines has been in the Southern States, where Roosevelt has been gaining unmistakably in strength. Hitchcock has worked steadily to the end of solidifying and organizing this Roosevelt sentiment, and some time ago found himself recognized as the controlling factor in the Southern situation. When George B. Cortelyou was moved from the Post Office Department to the Treasury, he made an effort to carry Hitchcock, his assistant, with him. But for some reason which does not appear on the surface, perhaps because of this control of the Republican Party in the South, Hitchcock was allowed to remain where he was, and he quietly went on with his organization work.

WITH this third-term work under way, and so effective that it began to appear that Roosevelt might be able, if he should run again, not only to carry the North and West, but also to break that political impasse, the solid South, the situation was complicated by the appearance of the Taft boom.

Now this Taft boom has done more to tangle up the Presidential race than any other single factor. In the first place, Secretary Taft's can-

didacy had the tacit approval of the President. Taft was Roosevelt's man, the mantle was to descend upon his shoulders. He was to carry on the Roosevelt policy and the Roosevelt fight to its conclusion. So far, so well. Mr. Taft is a big, frank man with a genial smile and an attractive personality. No one questions his honesty or his ability as an administrator of large affairs. Had all gone well he might have overcome the slight prejudice aroused by the notion of Mr. Roosevelt's dictating a successor.

But all did not go well. Mr. Taft has a weak side. He is not a practical politician. However much this may appear to his credit as a man and public officer, there is no doubt now that it has been getting him into difficulties as a political candidate. Mr. Taft went on about his business as Secretary of War; he went on about his business as the world's greatest pacifier—in Japan, in the Philippines, and in Europe; and meantime his relatives and friends in this country were placing his political future in the hands of a certain manipulator of goober politics known as Arthur I. Vorys. This Mr. Vorys had difficulties enough on his hands, aroused by some of his candidate's frank but undiplomatic utterances, without setting out to create fresh difficulties. But the fresh difficulties came. One of his early acts was to begin dickering with Boss Cox, of Cincinnati. Now George B. Cox is a man politically loathed of Secretary Taft, who, during the last Congressional campaign, went so far as publicly to advise the citizens of Ohio to vote the Democratic ticket if necessary, rather than support Cox's vicious Republican machine. The spectacle of Taft and Cox in political alliance was rather disturbing to the peace of mind of those who, hats in hand, were getting ready to hail Taft as Mr. Roosevelt's successor in the fight for political righteousness. As if to make it plain that he knew nothing and cared less about political righteousness, Vorys set to work organizing a Taft machine out of whatever heelers, cast-offs, and has-beens turned up in need of a job. The "Taft workers" who appeared in more than one Western city were known to be anti-Roosevelt, anti-everything in the nature of clean politics. Their activities were disconcerting to the real supporters of Taft.

FINALLY, as if to show what he could do when given plenty of rope, Vorys started out on a campaign which could result in nothing less than the splitting of the Republican Party in the South.

The regular Republican machine was in Hitchcock's hands and was solid for Roosevelt and a third term. Unable to accomplish anything through the regulars, Vorys and his agents picked up those Republican politicians who chanced to be at outs with Hitchcock's Roosevelt men. As a natural result there have been two Republican organizations in the South; one, a strong organization, the other, Taft's, a weak one.

By this time the Taft boom appeared to be pretty thoroughly wrecked—partly through the blunders of Taft's managers, and partly through the unwillingness of the President to take a hand in the situation. Up to this point Mr. Roosevelt's consistent policy appears to have been to avoid both the reality and the semblance of political dictatorship.

Then it was that certain of Taft's friends stepped into the situation in a desperate attempt to save the Taft boom. Some of these were men close to the President. They reminded him that he had originally indorsed the Taft boom, and that it would hurt his prestige to allow his name to be linked with a losing cause. They further pointed out that if he would make a second and final statement removing himself from the race he would clear up a complicated and unfortunate situation. But stronger arguments were needed. The Taft men, look-

ing about for a scapegoat, selected Hitchcock for that unpleasant rôle. As Hitchcock was a personal friend of the President, it was necessary to be specific in order to be convincing. The story they finally used was that Hitchcock, while apparently supporting the President, was in reality planning to throw the South for Cortelyou in the convention. A story was spread about Washington to the effect that Cortelyou had, on a certain occasion, sent a certain prominent politician to give certain orders to Hitchcock. This rumor was skillfully fed to the Washington correspondents, most of whom published it in their home papers. So far the plan had worked very well. Hitchcock stood condemned before the country, not only of splitting the Republican Party in the South, but also of personal treachery to the President. So it was that the President, anxious to avoid the appearance of playing fast and loose with his own candidate, anxious to avoid being discredited by the suspected treachery of his own supporters, was led to believe that a final announcement of his intentions would clear the air and force an alignment on the real issues of the campaign.

BUT friends were not lacking to speak up for Hitchcock. It has been rumored that some of these Hitchcock men went so far as to demand that the Taft leaders be called in to face the Hitchcock supporters before the President. Just what really happened will perhaps never be known, but there seems little doubt that the President became convinced of Hitchcock's loyalty. Secretary Cortelyou's statement to the press went far to exonerate Hitchcock and to remove all suspicion of treachery.

These new developments brought the whole Presidential situation into a state of chaos. Apparently the President was at last able to see clearly the genuineness of the third term sentiment, of which Hitchcock and Senator Bourne were the leaders; and it must have been equally clear to him that he had been misled by certain of the Taft men, and that his hand had been forced. But the Taft men themselves were none the less jubilant. The President was finally, it seemed, out of the contest. This left the prize to be fought over by the lesser candidates, among whom Taft seemed to stand a fairly good chance.

All of which results in the most extraordinary situation of our political history. Mr. Roosevelt, recognized as our strongest personality and as the leader in the fight for freedom from the domination of the trusts and the "rich malefactors," has renounced that leadership. He is in the prime of health and vigor; there would seem to be little reason to doubt that his greatest personal desire is to go on and complete the work which he has already carried so far; and there is no doubt whatever that he would be elected if he would accept the nomination. In other words, he is the one man most generally recognized as fit and able to carry on the battle, he himself would like to do so, and the majority of the people want him; yet because of that personal pledge, and because of a traditional sentiment against third terms for our presidents, he is deliberately and, it is quite evident, sincerely preparing to become plain Mr. Roosevelt of New York City.

In this political fog but one fact is plain. The President's statement has by no means cleared the air. The chaos continues. There is doubt even in the Republican stronghold whether Taft, Hughes, or La Follette, let alone Cannon, Foraker, Cortelyou, or Fairbanks, would be strong enough to defeat Bryan, who will probably be the Democratic nominee. It may yet come about, despite pledges and traditions, that there will be an irresistible demand for the reelection of that leader who, as David Graham Phillips said in an article on Mr. Roosevelt in this magazine, not only "would do," but "has done."

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EDWIN MARKHAM'S EYRIE

A Record of Individual Opinion of Men, Books, and Public Affairs, by the Author of "The Man With the Hoe"

MR. HUDSON MAXIM, the man who has made a fortune by his inventions, has in a recent business magazine said some spicy things on modern business methods. He finds Wall Street to be on all-fours with the bandit and the bunco-steerer. He speaks as one touched by the social conscience when he says:

"Many of the high financiers and their crews are as much pirates as were Captain Kidd and his crew, and the only remedy is to pursue them with swift justice. There appears to be, however, a growing recognition of the truth among the great money-makers, that this world we live in is but a larger house intended for all, and that all mankind feed at a common fireside, and that sea-gull ethics do not always pay; that it is not always profitable to sacrifice even remote good-will for present material advantage. The warmth of the fire is better enjoyed when shared, is better than the whole unshared. Mutuality in the enjoyment of possessions is what gives them most value. Carnegie is but placing libraries in his larger house. J. P. Morgan, in his gift of valuable paintings to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, is but hanging them upon the walls of the great house he shares with others."

Ponder these words, young business man!

Stocking-toe Financiering

DOUBTLESS over all the country, in the last five months, the spade and pick have been bright and busy in the dim nights, planting little hoards of money in thousands of nooks and corners. The teapots, too, in the cupboard have suddenly grown heavier with a bright treasure that carries more fortune than all the tea grounds; and the stocking toes have fattened out with golden bunions. The rich also have been as quick in hiding their money in safety vaults as were the fidgety old ladies who went stocking-toeing and tea-potting in Poverty Flat.

Now I am bold to say that there was no real cause last year for a financial scare—no cause springing from the conditions in the republic. No floods, no fires had destroyed treasure. We were at peace with nations, crops were good, trade was flourishing. The panic sprang from a sudden fear, the source of all Pan-ics, since the old time when the flittering wood-folk or the belated traveler in Arcady fled trembling at the sudden appearance of harmless Pan, with his goat beard and his freakish horns and hoofs. The startled ones of that old time fled terrified through the forest, although jolly Pan had only come dancing and blowing a sweet music on his shepherd pipe.

Of course, in the ebb and flow of trade, there is always at harvest time a big suction that draws heavily on the money reserves of the country. At this time the banks are drained to buy cotton, grain, and other products; so that money is scarce in the banks, until the growers begin to put their returns back into the currents of trade.

It was at this time of money scarcity that Pan came blowing his syrinx in the market place, and set our people scurrying. Forsooth, for some months there had been fears and tremblings owing to failing faith in the big twenty-

three story enterprises of certain financial Babel-builders. President Roosevelt and others, moved by a sound public spirit, had pointed out to the nation the sandy foundation of these tottering structures. Standard Oil had been vulturing, the Knickerbocker Trust had been wild-catting; while men like Heinze, Morse, and Thomas had been jauntily air-shipping on the people's money. The exploits of these business buccaneers shook public faith even in the men who were conducting honorable and legitimate enterprises. So, without any real reason for alarm, depositors began to ask for their money; and even the soundest banks could not call in their loans fast enough to stay the crowd at the teller's window.

Secretary Cortelyou, whose finger is on the financial pulse of the nation, gave some sound advice in a recent address to The Merchants' Association, of New York. After claiming that normal business calm depends on both individuals and on banks, he said:

"Hoarded money should be put back into the banks, and the exactions of bankers and merchants proportioned to actual business necessities. I believe that if the money of the country were at once put back to fulfill its functions in channels of trade, there would be within twenty-four hours an almost complete resumption of business."

All would be well in such crises, if we could quiet the fears of the nation till each one would cut his purse string and begin to buy that he might be bought from, and begin to pay that he might be paid.

Sentiment in Business

I KNOW there is not much sentiment in our present order of business. Yet we will never call out the fine heroisms of men until business in some way has been made the perpetual body of the noblest sentiment of the heart. Business ought to be made into a working-form for the Golden Rule. Even as things are, we sometimes hear of a man who does what he can to order his business in the light of this lofty ideal. In the depression of 1893, a manufacturer in the West determined not to let the hard times break up his working force, his economic family. He had scores of men and women working for him. He could have shut down and let these workers walk the hopeless streets—these workers who had built up a fortune for him. He could have given them over to an enforced idleness, to the fang of want or the worse fang of public charity.

But this business man, with a light on him from the Mount of Olives, this unworldly wise man, went right on with his factory, losing money with open eyes for a year. He sacrificed goods, he mortgaged property, he borrowed money, that he might see his men through the perilous crisis. This is practical loving; this is religion in action.

The Snout of Mammon against the Sky

I STROLLED one evening with my best friend (Catherine Markham) along Riverside Drive. It was a pleasant way beside the still waters of the Hudson, under hushed heavens where we could count each little star. The glimmering

violet of the street lamps ran along the river's edge, as once the camp fires ran here at the long-forgotten feasts and funerals of the red man. Faint outlines of vast buildings loomed on the Jersey shore, touched to a weird beauty by the poetry and mystery of the night. The lights of the distant shadow-city shone glittering—Earth's constellation making answer to Orion and all the starry host.

I was happy, my soul stirred by the glory of the night, when suddenly I was screamed at by a crude advertisement pricked out in electric lights on the Jersey shore, each word a yard high, and the whole impudent thing beseeching me to use a certain compound to scour my kitchen and a certain other compound to cure my corns! The mystic beauty of the night was chopped into as if with a butcher's ax!

I could have waved away a huckster, I could have held my nose at a garbage cart, I could have stuffed my ears against a screeching hand-organ; but I must fain gaze on this monstrosity or else walk blindfold. Is there no way to bind advertisers to keep the peace? Is not even God's starry night secure against the intruding snout of Mammon?

Down with the Billboard!

OUT in my early home town (San José, California) they have been prodding the billboard nuisance with good effect. San José realized all the objections to billboards—their abuse as a lurking place for rowdies, as a dumping place for refuse, as a danger-place in storm and conflagration. She had also grown tired of looking on a landscape strewn with loud legends of superlative breakfast foods, impeccable baking powders, and all spotted over with lurid theatrical chromos of crimes and catastrophes.

So the plucky city of San José passed an ordinance against the erection or maintenance of billboards for advertising purposes. The town marshal was ordered to remove all advertising stands and signs; whereupon a bill-sticking concern brought suit in equity to obtain a perpetual injunction against the city's interference with their bill-sticking business. Judge Hatch, before whom the case was tried, found without qualification in favor of the city. He said most aptly and justly, quoting Freund:

"Police power is adequate to restrain noises and odors. The same protection to the eye would not establish a new principle, but would only carry a recognized principle to further application. A glaring billboard opposite a man's house in a vacant lot bordering upon the public highway in a country town devoted to homes, is just as offensive as would be the maintenance of a pigsty giving forth offensive odors."

He is a "wise and upright judge." Let us all pray for Heaven hereafter and for Hatches here! And if we do not soon discover a Judge Hatch doing duty in our bill-boarded Babylon, let us strike tent and set out for San José or for Cincinnati. For Cincinnati has also sounded the tocsin of reform. The Municipal Arts Committee of the Cincinnati Business Men's Club has persuaded three hundred advertisers to give up all billboard advertising. Such absolute and unanimous wiping out of the nuisance is better than even the French method of taxing the advertisers. We ought not to compromise with grim ugliness: the landscape belongs to the all-of-us. Long ago a poet said,

"I do not own an inch of land,
Yet all I see is mine!"

The Earl of Balcarris, fighting against the advertising nuisance in England, puts the case in an epigram:

"We claim that the landscape does not belong to the man who chooses to pay a few shillings per annum. The landscape is an asset of the whole people."

We need some of the lost spirit of the Greeks to lend a touch of beauty to our civilization. When that spirit descends upon us, the dollar-mark will cease to be written over all the face

of things. In that good time, the pictures of the Hottentot Twins bent over the scrubbing brush and of the Painless Dentist bent over his shrieking victim, will disappear with the ducking stool and the whipping post. Where we now have scarecrow pictures in public places, we shall have figures from the Vatican and friezes from the Parthenon.

Prose Poems from Far Japan

YONE NOGUCHI, the Japanese poet now teaching Literature in the University of Tokyo, sends me his latest book, "The Summer Cloud." It is quaintly beautiful in its cover design, and as quaintly beautiful in its hundred lyric pages. When he was with us in America five years ago, he sang in new naïve dithyrambs of our lakes and hills and valleys; but now his songs come to us laden with the fragrance and lighted with the color of his own mystic land. He once sang a hymn to our Yosemite; he now matches it with a hymn to his own Fujiyama, the perfect mountain of the Orient. He cries out as he beholds her: "Let me fly under the tent of white Peace, into the dome of everlasting prayer, toward holy Fujiyama—Eternity!"

"The Dismal Science" Lighted Up

CARLYLE never tired of hurling his thunderbolts at dry-as-dust Political Economy which he nicknamed "the dismal science." And it was dismal as the caves of Cimmeria—dismal, dusty, dejecting. It was all a question of doleful figures, with the one significant figure omitted—Man. The old writers seemed to think that the man was made for money, not money for man. But this crude superstition is disappearing. The greatest discovery of the modern world is this—there is a People!

This discovery is apparent in our literature, in our art—everywhere. But nowhere is this discovery of the common man more apparent than in our books on economics; and in no book is it more clearly evident than in Professor Lester Ward's "Applied Sociology." This title may sound forbidding, but the volume is as interesting as a novel. It is crowded with vital matter on the difficult social questions of the hour. Professor Ward looks at every social problem from its human aspect and import, and he writes with clearness and fine courage.

[Ginn and Co., Boston.]

The Last Testament of Victor Hugo

"I HAVE just been reading the Bible," said Emerson to Thoreau. "Which bible?" was Thoreau's quick question: "the Vedas, the Zend Avesta, or the Hebrew Scriptures—which?" Yes, there are many bibles: each nation has its sacred book, although to my mind there is one volume that because of its intrinsic excellence is still entitled to be called the Bible. But the race of the prophets and seers is not extinct; so at times we get books even now that are of the nature of bibles—books that are filled with a fine feeling for poetry and with a solemn sense of the dignity and worth of life. Lamennais gave us such a book in his "Words of a Believer," Mazzini in his "Duties of Man," Carlyle in his "Sartor Resartus," Richard Wagner in his "Faith and the Future," and Charles Ferguson, of our own time, in his "Religion of Democracy." And now we have from the press of Funk and Wagnalls, of New York City, another testament, "The Intellectual Biography of Victor Hugo." No one who wishes a plunge into the starry night of the infinite can afford to miss this soul-expanding book. It lifts us out of our narrow lives, gives us large discourse on Genius, Great Men, Life and Death, Supreme Contemplation. These matters are set forth in the lofty epic style and beautiful earnestness of this greatest man of France.

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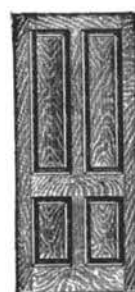
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THE EDITOR'S CHAT

The Charm of Personality

EXPLAIN it how we will, we know it is true that a great many men owe much of their success to the power of a charming personality, a superb presence; and when we add to this, which is irresistible in men, the charm of beauty in women, can we wonder that there are many examples in history showing how the two combined have molded civilization, how they have changed the fate of nations, turned crowned heads, and influenced courts of justice?

Many a man has been led into complications which have ruined him financially and morally through this indescribable fascination of personality. There is no influence which can compare with it when expressed in its most potent form.

There are women who have no physical attractions, and yet they have such charm of personality, such beauty of character, such grace of soul and poise of womanliness that everybody thinks of them as beautiful. *Lovableness and sweetness are more than a match for any degree of mere physical beauty.*

We often hear girls lamenting that they are plain, that they have no physical charms like other girls, and they become sour and pessimistic, when, if they only realized it, they have that slumbering within them which, if awakened and developed, would infinitely more than compensate for any mere charm of face or grace of form, and would make them more popular, more beloved than many of the girls whom they now envy for their beauty.

Most women overestimate the power of mere physical beauty and underestimate the power of personal charm. Some of the great leaders of French society, who had infinitely more influence than the monarchs on the throne during their reign, were very plain physically. Madame Pompadour was anything but beautiful, and yet the king's influence was little compared with hers.

Cleopatra and Johanna of Naples had striking physical defects which marred their beauty. Madame De Staël, who declared that she would gladly give all of her learning and brilliancy in exchange for physical beauty, swayed the hearts of the great men of France with a personal charm which was absolutely irresistible.

It is true that physical beauty gives a mere temporary satisfaction to the eye; but it does not hold and fascinate the mind as the charm of personality does. There is an intellectual quality in the charm of manner which the ignorant physical beauty never possesses.

The ignorant woman, no matter how great her physical beauty, cannot hold the interest of intelligent men very long. There is an incongruity and disproportion in the combination of ignorance and beauty which men of brains cannot stand, so that the possession of mere physical beauty when associated with an ignorant mind is even a handicap.

Some one has said, "Beauty only has the start in the race." It frequently happens that the beauty is egotistic, overbearing and makes the mistake of expecting to be entertained by her admirers, and does not exert herself to please and hence never develops the charm of manner which beats any charm of face or form. The plain girl, however, is often superior in tact, for, being obliged to study human nature closely, in order to get the most out of companionship, she learns to depend upon this knowledge in her efforts to please. She is not dazzled by admiration, nor is she unduly confident when she obtains it that she will retain it.

Few of us realize how much we are influenced by a fine manner, a gracious personality; but it has influenced legislatures, it has swayed presidents, it has robbed kings of their power. It is true this power may be abused; but we cannot deny the fact that it is a tremendous force.

What fortunes have been made by men who possessed this charm! Who can estimate the value of it to newspaper reporters and correspondents? It is said that there was scarcely a door closed to De Blowitz in all Europe, a private office or a place so exclusive that he could not enter it. All opposition seemed to give way before his magnetic personality. Doors which were barred to others would fly open to him.

There is something which comes from a great orator, which electrifies the audience, which seems to be independent of the words he utters—for many another man can speak the same words without producing one-hundredth part of the effect of that mysterious something which seems to emanate from the born orator's personality, which fascinates as if by magic.

The personalities which produce these marvelous effects are powerful magnets which attract from other personalities the qualities which dominate themselves, and these qualities are always positive. The man or woman who compels admiration always possesses some remarkable trait of nobility.

The wealth which everybody should strive for is that of a rich personality, a gracious manner, which will gain an entrance where wealth is excluded. Let us do away with the idea that money is the only riches. There is a wealth of personality, a richness of manner possible to you which would make money look ridiculous in comparison. No matter how poor you are, you can cultivate a charm of personality, a wealth beyond the reach of money or influence, which will make you welcome where the mere money millionaire cannot enter.

I know some exquisite characters who, though very poor, are not only welcome, but sought by the most exclusive circles for the wealth that inheres in themselves, beside which the most precious jewels and mere money wealth would look contemptible. Never cease your self-improvement, never cease to add to your mental wealth, to improve your manner, to cultivate this personal charm until you shall have tasted riches which cannot be bought.

There is a possible wealth in conversation alone which many a Cæsar would give a fortune to obtain, and all this is within the reach of the poorest boy and girl. The material for the wealth of refinement, the riches of culture, exists everywhere, is open to all. You can practice the power of personality every time you converse with any one; you can extract it from every book; you can absorb it from travel, from the exquisitely mannered, in the street car, on the street, or wherever you go. Your whole life can be made a school for the acquisition of personal wealth, for the culture of self.

Long-distance Courage

MANY people are courageous at a distance. They will write, telegraph, or say disagreeable, cutting things over a telephone which they could not possibly get up courage to say to your face. But, when these long-distance courage people meet you face to face they wilt, their courage oozes out.

Even cowards are courageous at a distance. They will sometimes call us up on the 'phone and give us a terrible raking over the coals for some fancied wrong or mistake; but when we call to see them the fire is gone out of their courage and they are extremely tame and docile. Their bluster is all gone.

You would think, by their cutting, sarcastic letters, that they must be very ferocious; but they are usually very tame by the time they get into your private office. They are like the dog which sometimes makes a terrible fuss when you approach his master's grounds, but wags his tail and becomes very friendly when you get close to him. They seem very savage and ferocious at the other end of a telegraph or telephone line, but when one gets close to them they are very docile.

The Difference in Men

DURING the depression in the life insurance business following the legislative exposures concerning it, when a great many insurance agents became discouraged and went out of business, and while others were hanging on the ragged edge, barely existing, a branch manager of one of the large insurance companies shut his teeth, clenched his fists, and resolved that he was going to beat his biggest record.

The result was that during the most discouraging year in the history of modern life insurance, this young man quadrupled the best record he had ever made. This is what grit did.

He thought he had worked hard before, but his unprecedented record when he put forth all of his efforts shows what a man can do when dominated by a mighty purpose—one unwavering aim.

If Mr. Wake had said to himself, as many others did during this historic "slump," "Now, the situation looks pretty bad, but I am going to buckle down to it and do my best," he would have done fairly well, no doubt. But his grim resolve to do better than he had ever done before, regardless of the hard times and the dark outlook, quadrupled his power of achievement.

Nothing else stimulates us like the spur of a great resolution to do some definite, some particular thing.

To have merely an understanding with ourselves that we are going to do our level best is not enough. To do the best thing possible to us we must have a great aim, a mighty purpose, an invincible faith in ourselves. This will call out all our reserves.

If Napoleon had said to himself, before some of his great battles, "Now, I am going to do some great fighting; we are going to do our level best to beat the enemy," he would have been beaten himself. But he resolved that when he went into the battle he would beat the enemy at all hazards. He had fought the battle over in his mind before a gun was fired. He did not start out with a loose determination to do his level best, but with a grim resolution to win the battle if it took his last man. This is the kind of resolution that calls out a man's last reserves.

It is astonishing how difficulties get out of the way of a man who carries resolution and determination to his task.

There is everything in facing life in the right way. The way we approach our problems, the attitude of mind in which we face obstacles, the grit in our aim has everything to do with our success in life.

We must face difficulties as an animal trainer faces the wild beast. He knows that the slightest indication of fear is fatal. His eye must carry power, his manner must indicate that he is a conqueror.

The Shadow of Failure

THE terror of failure and the fear of coming to want keep multitudes of people from obtaining the very things they desire, by sapping their vitality, by incapacitating them through worry and anxiety, for the effective, creative work necessary to give them success.

Wherever we go, this fear-ghost, this terror-specter stands between men and their goal; no person is in a position to do good work while haunted by it. There can be no great courage where there is no confidence or assurance, and half the battle is in the conviction that we can do what we undertake.

The mind always full of doubts, fears, forebodings, is not in a condition to do effective creative work, but is perpetually handicapped by this unfortunate attitude.

Nothing will so completely paralyze the creative power of the mind and body as a dark, gloomy, discouraged mental attitude. No great creative work can be done by a man who is not an optimist.

The human mind cannot accomplish great work unless the banner of hope goes in advance. A man will follow this banner when money, friends, reputation, everything else has gone.

People Who Talk Down Their Business

SOME men are pitched to a minor key. They probably do not realize it; but there is a downward tendency in their thought and conversation. Everything is down—business poor, prospects dark. They are always seeing snags ahead. They see tendencies in American life which are sure to undermine our democracy and end in revolution. Nothing is as it used to be when they were young. They cannot get any more decent help. Everything is in a deplorable condition.

It is a most unfortunate thing to get into such a mental habit.

I know some of these people. Their letters are always pessimistic. They go through life like a tornado cloud, carrying blackness and threatening disaster wherever they go.

Everything depends upon the way we look at things. Near these calamity howlers we find people living practically under the same conditions, who see beauty and increasing goodness, and an upward trend in civilization everywhere.

What an untold blessing to form early in life the optimistic habit of seeing the best instead of the worst!

Think how much more those get out of life who are always courageous, hopeful, always grateful for every good thing that comes to them, and who have a great faith in the goodness of human nature and in the honesty of most people!

Laughter and Digestion

THAT a normal mind is really a basis of good digestion is shown by the remarkable sensitiveness of the digestive processes to mental conditions. Sudden sorrow, bad news, disaster, great losses of property or friends, great disappointments not only arrest all the digestive processes but even suspend the formation of the gastric juices.

It has been shown that when the gastric follicles are distended and the gastric juices flowing freely from them, when one is hungry and eating with great relish, the sudden receipt of bad news completely reverses the digestive processes. The gastric glands immediately become parched, dry, feverish, and food will remain in the stomach for many hours with the digestive processes absolutely suspended.

The digestion seems to be dependent upon the condition of the mind. Often our passing moods hasten or retard digestion.

We often hear people, especially delicate women who have nervous dyspepsia, say that they do not un-

[Concluded on page 115]



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If you feel that you are getting "run down," if you are losing your appetite, if you can't sleep perfectly, if you suffer from indigestion and headaches, if you are getting so nervous that you can't take pleasure in your work, or are fearful of having to give up and make a change of scene, which, by the way is only a temporary relief for nervousness, write for my free booklet, "How to Keep a Good Grip on Your Health."

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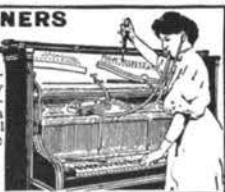


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From the Press Gallery



By O. O. STEALEY

EDITORS' NOTE.—Major Stealey, the writer of this department, is the Washington correspondent of the Louisville "Courier-Journal." For forty-one years he has been closely connected with the most vital affairs and the most prominent men in the great political game at Washington. He has

taken an active interest in every session of Congress and every notable political gathering during that time. The little stories which he will give to our readers, it is needless to say, will not only be based on truth, but will also show a close and intimate relation with men and affairs such as few writers can claim.

Allison and the Snowstorm

THE most modest and unpretentious man in public life, considering his long and honorable service, is William B. Allison. He is as gentle as a refined woman.



He never permits himself to become excited. He is softness of step, voice, and manner personified. It was John J. Ingalls who once said of him, "Allison could put on wooden shoes and walk over a tin roof, and make no more noise than a tabby cat running over a Brussels carpet."

So gentle is Allison, that while, of course, he has opinions and convictions as decided and earnest as those of any man in public life, he does not often care to express them in vigorous or self-assertive fashion, and his sweet, easy ways have given rise to many stories concerning his penchant for undecidedness, most of them apocryphal.

One day a frightful storm was raging in Washington. Capitol Hill was a swirl of sleet and snow. A senator, in the course of his remarks concerning the advisability of adjournment, spoke of the frightful storm which was raging without. "It does seem to be storming," said Allison cautiously, amid laughter. If Allison lives his term out, he will have served forty-six years in Congress.

Watterson the Epicurean

OF all the public men of the many I have met, Henry Watterson is the most fastidious so far as his stomach is concerned. If he cannot supply it with the food

he thinks it needs or craves, he will let it go empty until he can. I have known him to go for two days, when in out of the way places, without eating, because he could not get what he wanted. He is not so much a big eater, as he is a choice eater, and in all of his dishes uses a liberal supply of red pepper. Therefore, if Mr. Watterson has a "fad," it is that of an epicurean.

One Summer afternoon he landed at the Battery in New York, after a few days' stay on Coney Island. He remarked to a friend who accompanied him that they each needed a new straw hat. "Now," said Mr. Watterson, "it is reckless extravagance to buy a straw hat up-town on Broadway when we can get one down here on Sixth Avenue, just as good, for half the money." His friend agreed, and they purchased hats in a down-town store, after which Mr. Watterson said, "Now we will have dinner." His friend acquiesced in the suggestion, saying that they could also get dinner



down-town for a great deal less than up-town. Mr. Watterson simply glared, and exclaimed, "No, sir. I can stand a down-town hat, but not a down-town dinner."

On another occasion Mr. Watterson gave a little dinner at the Waldorf-Astoria. As is his usual custom he interviewed the *chef* and particularly dictated the several dishes he desired, and made some suggestions as to their preparation. The chief triumph of the dinner was to be the soup, something new and rare in the way of *potage*, and most delicate in flavor. When the soup was served Mr. Watterson expatiated on its goodness and surety to tickle the palate. Just about this time, to his disgust and consternation, he observed one of his guests empty a spoonful of sauce in his soup. In telling a friend of it afterwards he said, "That chap will be mighty hungry before I give him another dinner."

Tom Reed as a Walker

THOMAS B. REED loved his walks and he loved to take them alone. When he was speaker of the House, his familiar and compact figure was daily seen on Pennsylvania Avenue, to and from the capitol. He had a quick, springy gait and was by odds the best pedestrian of his time in Congress.

This much is well known of Mr. Reed, but that which is not known is that during these walks he would be extremely annoyed, if not bored, if a friend or an acquaintance fell in with him and wanted to talk. Mr. Reed desired to be alone to think and, as it were, to commune with himself on complicated questions which he daily had to face. Often to rid himself of those who intruded upon him during his sprint, he would simply bid them "good day" and step into a store or else hail a street car and ride a few blocks.

While in Washington he lived at the Arlington, and frequently late at night he could be seen walking from one end of Lafayette Square to the other. He once told Walter Q. Gresham, who also lived at the Arlington, that when he wanted to solve a knotty problem or concoct a "damnable outrage" against the Democrats, he always sought the exclusion of Lafayette Square, especially if the night was of the black-cat variety. Then he would add, "See the shades of those who have gone before to help me." There was where the great, brainy Webster lived, and the good philanthropist, W. W. Corcoran, while opposite, James G. Blaine dreamed his life away within the shadow of the White House, which he so fondly hoped to enter as its master.

Solitaire and Politics

WHILE John G. Carlisle was speaker of the House, senator, and secretary of the treasury, he solved at solitaire all questions of great pith and moment that bothered his wonderful intellectuality, and he was familiar with a dozen or more varieties of the game. Now in the practice of law he works out his points and prepares his briefs in the lay of the cards. Mr. Carlisle does not walk or travel more than necessary, nor



does he indulge in golf, tennis, or any other athletic sports. In fact he takes no exercise whatever, and never did, and at seventy-two is apparently a healthy and vigorous man. He claims that solitaire is his only recreation, if such it can be called.

If it had not been for a game of solitaire, Mr. Carlisle might have been President of the United States. The first winter after he was made secretary of the treasury, some important financial questions arose in the Cleveland administration in which several members of the cabinet, chiefly Mr. Carlisle and J. Sterling Morton, could not agree with Mr. Cleveland. The contemplated bond issue was the main point of disagreement. After a long night session at the White House, Carlisle and Morton talked the matter over, and before parting had about made up their minds to resign. Mr. Cleveland had an intimation that there was danger in the air, and sent a messenger for Mr. Carlisle to return to the White House, as he wanted to go over the matter again with him. After the second conference, Carlisle returned to his K Street residence somewhat placated, but not satisfied over the situation, and jumped into his most difficult game of solitaire which he played furiously until daylight. In the meantime he had gone all over and under the question, and threshed it out clean and made up his mind to stand by Cleveland, though not fully harmonizing in the policy of his chief.

The friends of Carlisle, Senators Beck, Morgan, Voorhees, Henry Watterson, and many others, asserted at the time, and often since, that had Carlisle resigned in the winter of 1894, as he thought so strongly of doing, he, and not Bryan, would have been the Democratic candidate in 1896, and might have been elected.

Mr. Carlisle in speaking of the incident years afterward said, "Ah, well, it is one of those might have beens. Anyhow when Cleveland put it to me so strongly, I felt as an honorable man I could not desert him, even if desertion had been a step toward the Presidency."

The refusal of Carlisle to resign marked the real political birth of W. J. Bryan, who up to that time was only a grade above one of the boys in the trenches. It is now agreed that Mr. Cleveland's financial policy split the Democratic party wide open, and had there been no Cleveland there would have been no Bryan.

The Secretive Gorman

THE prominent trait in the character of the late United States Senator, Arthur Pue Gorman, who rose from a humble page, was his secretiveness. This exhibited itself in small things as well as those of the utmost importance. No one could see Mr. Gorman, not even his most intimate friend, at his K Street residence, without passing through a cross examination by the footman at the front door, and this footman was the best trained man for his calling I ever encountered. He never knew if Mr. Gorman was "in"; he would always "see" and ask "your business, please?" Then he would step into the library to return in a minute with the information that "the senator will see you," or that "the senator is not in." Of course if Mr. Gorman cared to see you he was "in." Otherwise he was "not in." This is the way it often goes in Washington.

In the summer of 1904, I called to see Mr. Gorman. At that time he was strongly talked of for the Democratic nomination for President, and I was his friend. He was "in" and I was ushered into his presence. I had no sooner entered the room than he held up his hand warningly. He then tiptoed to the door and opened it and looked up and down the hallway. Then he closed the door noiselessly and locked it. He next crossed to the two windows in the room and closed the shutters, tiptoeing back to his desk, and whispered to me to take a seat. In the meantime I was watching him with apprehension. I could not account for the secrecy of his movements, nor did what followed enlighten me, for not a word passed that the world could not have known the next day without the slightest detriment to the senator and his aspiration. But it was ever thus with Mr. Gorman. It was his way and he had followed it all his life.

When he managed the count in New York for Cleveland in 1884, he occupied a back room on the fourth floor of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and for a week not a half dozen men were admitted to his presence. But he issued his directions all right, and in the game for the Presidency never lost a single trick. He was an able man and by odds the most alert and skillful manager his party ever had—not excepting the late Mr. Barnum, of Connecticut.



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SYRACUSE "EASY" WASHER

With this simple, but effective washer, it is unnecessary to rotate, swing, lift, or rub clothes to wash them CLEAN.

It utilizes the ATMOSPHERIC PRINCIPLE, forcing air and suds through the clothes. The inverted funnel is gently pushed down—first in one place, then in another—and the spring lifts it up again. The air and suds cannot come out at the top of the funnel, so must escape through the clothes. The action is similar to the old method of moving the clothes up and down with the hands, except that air pressure does the work formerly done by rubbing—saving backs, red hands, and hours of hard work. TEN MINUTES' EASY EFFORT washes a tub of clothes. (This is actual time—not imaginary.)

Made of GALVANIZED STEEL, the "Easy" will neither shrink, swell, rust nor leak. Sanitary as porcelain. Unlike suds-soaked wooden washers, there is no retention of germs, filth or odor. Weight, only 28 pounds. Moves on rollers—no lifting. Can be had with gas or gasoline attachment for heating the water IN THE TUB.

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GILBERT WILLIAMS, Watertown, Conn.

I have decided to keep machine after giving it several thorough trials. I like it the best of the several I have tried, as it is the easiest and most durable. I am satisfied that nothing on said machine can give out unless an ax is used on it.

THEO. ACKERMAN, 51 Essex St., Buffalo, N. Y.

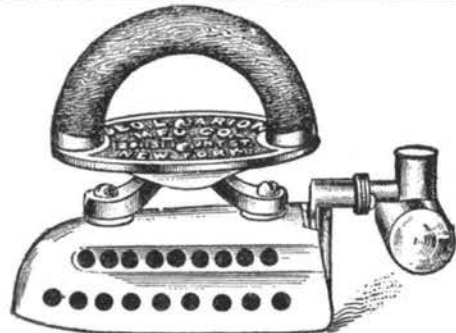
Your Syracuse "EASY" Washer has proved satisfactory in every way. This is saying a good deal for one who has always been an enemy to washing machines. I have not used a washboard since I received the "EASY."

A. A. FARNELEE, Binghamton, N. Y.

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It will save many times its own cost in time and fuel and avoid discomfort that cannot be measured in dollars. Money refunded if not satisfactory. Write for illustrated catalogue.

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By
CLAUDIA
QUIGLEY
MURPHY

In this Installment Mrs. Murphy Tells of the Many Modern Appliances for Making the Family Washing Easy

FIFTY-TWO times a year the housekeeper has to face the stern fact of a family wash. No member of the family, from the baby to the grandma, can get along without clean clothes, and some one, in some way, must do the work required.

At its best a washing day is to be dreaded. The nature of the work—the muss and suds and steam—requires one's undivided attention until completed. Unlike any other work, it cannot be put aside and taken up again after a brief rest. But like every other department of house work there are methods by which the washing can be made easy.

Washing is not a complicated process, and a little intelligence in thinking out the scientific method of removing dirt, lessens the hard work and makes wash day comparatively easy.

We all can remember the old wash bench, the wooden tubs, heavy washboard, and hot stove, that were once the accompaniments of wash day, and what an unsightly place the floor was all around, with its offensive pile of soiled clothes, sorted and unsorted.

LEANING over the washboard, rubbing and rubbing, and in many cases only rubbing in the dirt, is hard work. Time is also lost and clothing needlessly worn out by the process of rubbing. Happily, modern inventions have made possible a much better and easier method of accomplishing the work.

The first thing to be considered is the necessary equipment for a home laundry, whether it be in one's kitchen, in a basement, or in a room used solely for that purpose. A washing machine, a bench, two galvanized iron tubs, a wringer, a large pan for starch, a boiler, and clothes poles, clothes bars, clothesline, and clothespins are required. For ironing one needs a good table, a skirt board, a sleeve and waist board, and three good-sized flatirons, and one smaller one. All of these things are necessary for each week's general wash. Other things may be added if very fine laundry work is to be done.

From the various washing machines a choice may be made to suit the theory and the purse of any housekeeper. Some machines wash by friction, some by forcing the water through a container as in the cylinder process, others wash by air suction. Each has its merits. It is essential that an efficient washing machine be chosen. Its durability, as well as its suitability for the kind of washing required, must be taken into consideration in the choice of a machine.

THE principle of all washing machines is to furnish mechanically some method by which the warm suds can be forced through and through the fibers of cloth until the dirt is softened and the impurities removed without injury. The old washboard method was radically wrong, for rubbing never removed dirt. If so, rubbing when dry would be all that was necessary. The later idea was to force the soap and water through the fabric. This theory was demonstrated years ago by the clumsy, old-fashioned pounder and barrel. These pounders were hollowed out of a solid piece of wood. Clothes too heavy and dirty to be washed by hand were placed in a barrel with plenty of soap and water. Then one grasped an upright handle that was fastened to the pounder, and this was lifted and dropped, forcing the water up and down through the clothes. Back-breaking it may have been, but the theory was correct, for the dirtiest of clothes were washed clean without rubbing.

MOST washing machines that rub have some device to lift the clothes up and then drop them, thus forcing the water through. Great care has to be used or the prongs and forks become caught in the clothing, and when the reverse motion is started the fabric tears. Care must also be exercised in placing clothes in these rotary machines, but with proper attention these machines give excellent service.

Another very satisfactory machine for washing clothes has an inner cylinder of galvanized iron perforated with holes. The clothes are put into this inner tube, and the outer cylinder contains the soapy solution of warm water. The water forces through and through the clothes with each turn of the cylinder, and the clothes are dropped and changed at each revolution merely by the force of the water. This has very little opportunity, if any, for tearing the clothing, and is a thorough cleanser.

Another style employs the suction method, embodying the principle of the old pounder. It consists of a steel hood which, lifted and dropped by a steel coil spring, generates air-pressure power to force the suds in circulation. The suds is the medium of washing, but it must, by some one of these methods, be kept in circulation.

AN important item of equipment in the laundry is the wringer, and as there are many on the market one should be chosen with discrimination. The main cost of the wringer is for the rubber rollers. Some wringers are fitted with composition rollers, and they may seem cheaper, but are not as durable, and do not squeeze the water out as effectively as the rubber ones. It is economy to buy good rubber rollers for the wringer; they are not only most effective, but they are also most durable.

In drying clothes there is nothing better than the old-fashioned clothesline with plenty of sunlight. With good sunlight and a little wind the clothes are dried quickly and absorb the ozone in the atmosphere. However, this manner of drying clothes is a luxury many city people cannot indulge in; or at least many of those dwelling in the congested parts of a great city, and living in flats. If clothes have to be dried by artificial means, clothes dryers serve the purpose. These are generally heated by gas, but great care should be taken that the gas fed to the dryer consumes sufficient air, and that it be as fresh as possible. It works on the same principle as a hot-air furnace. If the air of the basement is used, the windows should be left open so that plenty of good clean air finds its way to the dryer, insuring sweet-smelling clothes.

A CLOTHES boiler that will not rust, and that does not have to be lifted, should be selected. One that will last a lifetime is of white enameled steel, finished with a nickel faucet at the bottom for drawing off the water without lifting the boiler. This can be kept as clean as an enameled bath tub, and it never chips or rusts, so it is practically an insurance against iron-rusted clothing.

Use the very best of soaps. A cheap soap will produce little effect. In the days past, soap was made from old grease and lye. All kinds of grease were saved for the soap kettle, and one slacked one's wood ashes to produce the lye for the same purpose. Soap should be made from clean, fresh grease, and not from grease gathered from refuse.

Poor soaps, or those containing a large amount of dirty, fatty substance, have a disagreeable odor. These should never be used. You can let your nose serve the test of the purity or impurity of soap. Take a vessel with a tightly fitting cover, wash it with soap, rinse, and dry. Cover it tightly and let it stand for several hours. Upon removing the cover the unpleasant odor will convince you if the soap is an unsanitary cleaner.

THERE are good cleaners and cleansing powders on the market that will not rot or destroy the clothes, and, used in connection with a pure, sweet soap, they will thoroughly dissolve and carry off the impure oils and gases and leave the clothes clean and white.

Another equipment is the ironing machine, mangle, or flatiron. Electric flatirons are a great help where there is electricity in the house, and, even if they do seem expensive, they save one's time and labor in going back and forth to the stove. Where electricity is not available, gasoline or alcohol irons are a great help. An

alcohol iron is supplied by a small reservoir containing denatured alcohol 188 proof, and the flame is clean, and it is absolutely safe. Alcohol irons come in all sizes, and are easily operated. They furnish greater heat than electricity, and can be used an hour or more without re-filling. They are especially good in ironing fine clothes, as the heat is uniform.

No woman should now be obliged to iron sheets, pillow cases, towels, and napkins in the old way, when mangles, hot or cold, can be purchased at a reasonable sum. The inventions of to-day are made for economizing the time, and for saving the labor of men and women.

The cold mangle used to be very cumbersome and heavy. The mangle of to-day, while it may not embody all the principles of the old-fashioned country mangle, resembles it in that the finish is given by the pressure of the wood coming in contact with the fibers of the linen. This was an old argument in favor of the cold mangle, for the linen of the old country used to last a generation. Proof has been given, however, that its durability was not because it was ironed without heat, but because different conditions and customs prevailed in the old country.



THE hot mangle is the ideal mangle, for nothing else can ever produce the polished linen, and the smoothness, that a hot roller can. Instead of an ironing board, a roller covered with felt or muslin serves, and a uniform heat is maintained in another roller, and this pressure gives a gloss that would require great strength of hand in the old way of doing. A cold mangle would do very well in a boarding house, or in a very large family, but it really has no place in a small family. Ironing boards are the next thing to be considered. A short board is a necessity, but it should be padded and soft enough to admit the design of lace and embroidery. A soft pad is much easier to iron on, for it admits of pressure. Many housekeepers manage to do all their ironing on a short board having a standard width.

Another necessary article is a waist board. We have had sleeve boards, but a waist board combines a sleeve attachment, and is so constructed that it may be screwed firmly to any kitchen or laundry table, and thus contribute to the methods desirable to make the ironing easy.

Fine lace can be ironed on a Turkish towel, as the loops of thread in the towel admit of the lace mesh standing up, and do not flatten it. Puff irons aid in ironing yokes and tops of sleeves, and the tiny sleeves of infants' dresses can be ironed with these without effort and without a crease.

If a little attention is paid to the proper dampening and folding of clothes, and to sorting them into bundles, an orderly basket results which is not so discouraging in effect. Sweet smelling, spotlessly clean, ironed linen is a delight, and indicates the thoroughness, as well as the efficiency, of the housekeeper.

Let the end be attained by the easiest method possible, for at its best it is labor, and hard labor at that. Remember that the strength of the housewife is conserved by removing the drudgery of wash day, and that the money of the family is saved by removing the principal cause of the wear and tear of clothes—improper laundry methods.

Ballade of Pleasant Thoughts

By HAROLD SUSMAN

DON'T let us talk of wretchedness,
Don't let us wallow in our woe,
Don't let us drivel o'er distress,
Don't let us wander to and fro
Amid the mire and mud below,
But let us rise on joyful wings
Into the golden sunlight's glow;
Let's think and talk of pleasant things!

Don't let us clamor for redress;
Don't let us deem a soul our foe;
Instead of cursing, let us bless;
And never let us gloat or crow
O'er some one's trouble; let us show
What perfect peace our viewpoint brings
To all who after goodness go;
Let's think and talk of pleasant things!

Let's talk of trouble less and less;
To anger let us be more slow;
Let's strive more patience to possess,
And more compassionate let's grow;
A cheerful word or smile bestow,
And you can quell the scorn that stings;
This duty to ourselves we owe:
Let's think and talk of pleasant things!

ENTOI:

Ho! mortal men and women, ho!
Hark to the song a minstrel sings!
If aught of happiness you'd know—
Let's think and talk of pleasant things!



The Baby's Picture

It makes no difference how often baby goes to the photographer—and for the sake of admiring relatives his visits should be frequent—the record of his infant days is incomplete unless there are home pictures to supplement the more formal studio photographs. Mother or father or sister can readily make a series of pictures of the little ones that will grow more precious year by year. Picture taking is easy now and inexpensive too, the Kodak has made it so.

"The Kodak Baby Book," is the title of a helpful little booklet that tells how to successfully keep a photographic record of the baby—how to make the pictures, how to arrange them. Illustrated with a dozen home pictures of the author's own baby.

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A Department For Those and By Those Who Are Interested in the World of Out o' Doors

Two "Musky" Fights

By Garfield Inwood

Most any summer day, an endless string of people may be seen passing in and out of the aquarium at Belle Isle, Detroit. We were recently in this throng, and paused with the same keen interest that held every one who came to the tank containing six splendid specimens of the muskelonge.

The fish seemed stolid enough, to be sure, as they lay there perfectly motionless, except for the slow even movement of their gills. It needed, however, only a moderately active imagination to conjure up the possibilities of an open fight with one of them in his native element. Our interest in them was especially keen, because we were anticipating a struggle when we arrived at Thorn Apple Lake, Barry County, Michigan.

A few days later, and the battle was on in dead earnest. It had all the interest of a much hoped for, but wholly unexpected event. This is how it came about. We had trolled nearly all day with spoon-hook, laboring under the erroneous belief that the big fellows would bite only during the sunny part of the day. The results neither proved nor disproved this theory as our efforts were all in vain. In the evening, we sought our bass grounds in an effort to get some bass. We were rewarded with several good strikes, but landed no fish.

In fishing for bass with frogs one must allow the fish to make a run on slack line, and then let him examine his bait with more or less deliberation. Then he will usually make another run. Not until the second or third run can you "snub" him and reel in. Presently, my line began to run out yard after yard without any let up. I realized that at that rate the end of my line would be reached before the "snubbing" time came.

"Snub him!" yelled my companion, and snub him I did, of necessity. We now realized that we had an extraordinary bass on. "Jingo! He is a monster!" I stopped the reel a second and then away he went, in spite of me. Again I stopped him and reeled in slowly and painfully, but he would n't lead. To the right and left he soared in mad plunges that made the water foam in his wake, but he was on and within twenty feet of the boat. There was another wild plunge to the right. We saw his great white side.

"A muskelonge! a muskelonge!" What a delight to know that he is of the class that we have been hunting!

Now we felt him tugging as the distance between us gradually lessened. "He's off!" That last side pull had loosened the hook and freed him. In an instant ecstatic hope had changed to comfortless despair.

A few nights later we began to cast for bass with frogs in about the same place. The second cast that Harry made brought a strike. He shouted, "I've got a bass!" and stood with elbows akimbo, giving him "time," and waiting for him to make a sure thing of it. Mr. Bass leisurely meditated over his frog for some time, then with slow but decided pace made for deep water. "I've got a whale! Row me into deep water!"

We of the second boat sat at a distance and watched the playing, and guessed as to the result. Soon Harry

To Our Readers

THE stories used in this department are contributed by our readers. We want more of them, so, if you know of any good out-of-door incidents—they must be true—or if you have any ideas that will advance interest in clean sports, send them to us. Tell your story briefly—the briefer the better. Address: Sports and Recreation Department, SUCCESS MAGAZINE, New York City.

got him near enough to the boat to see him. "He's four feet long!" he shouted. "It's a muskelonge! I can't land him. I am going to call Mr. Barber." Harry was convalescing, and Mr. Ed. Barber, a skillful and experienced fisherman, was in the adjoining bay. Mr. Barber started as soon as called. Harry's excitement, in the meantime, threw him into a temporary fit of ague, so that he

had to sit down to avoid tumbling out of the boat; but "Mr. Musky" was on yet. Within a minute Mr. Barber had the line.

With the deliberation which only an old timer possesses, he played him about, led him in and let him go out. There was no gaff-hook, so his trusty hand was the only reliable weapon for capturing this prize of the deep. Now he has him up to the boat and reaches out—but no! away goes the "musky," and is wisely allowed to go. Again he gently coaxes him up to the boat. He gets his hand on him—but fails to get the proper hold, and the fish darts off and our hopes tremble. We weigh him in imagination as we see him, and he grows bigger and bigger each time he departs. Five times he comes up to the boat slowly, fighting every inch of the way, and as many times vanishes. This is the sixth time and out goes the hand. There is a sudden lurch and a splash and over he comes into the boat.

"He'll weigh twenty pounds, Harry."

"Yes, all of twenty pounds," I replied.

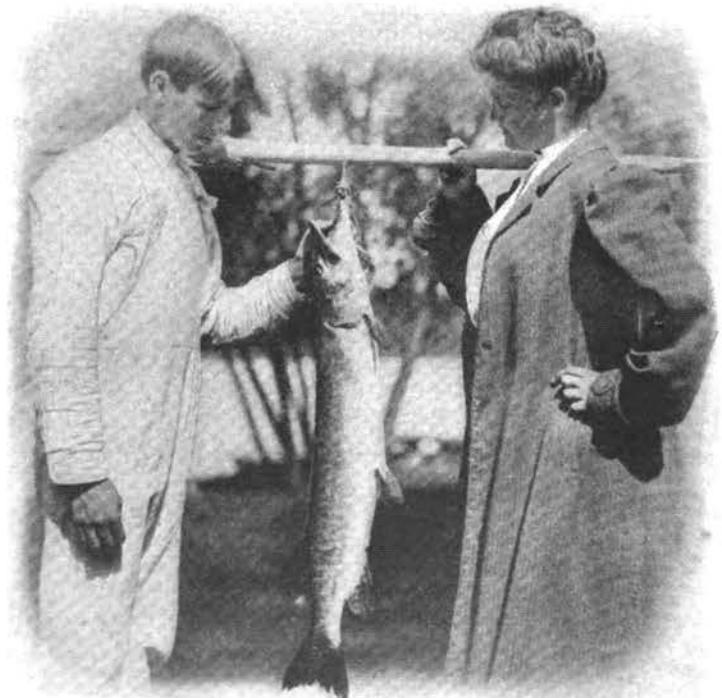
Who ever heard of catching muskelonge with frogs, and after sunset, at that!

Lunching with the Bighorn

By Percy C. Nelson

LUNCHTIME had come. For an hour I had crouched, effectively concealed, in a clump of dense young spruce on one abrupt slope of the narrowing gulch. On the opposite side—a rushing mountain stream between us—a full dozen Bighorn sheep were feeding.

As a boy I had watched over my father's flock of their domestic kindred in the far mountainous North.



"All of twenty pounds!"

From my first arrival in the little mining town in the basin below me, I had felt a yearning to be among, or at least near enough to look into the big, wondering eyes of this wild species. So that morning's sun had found me climbing the mountain to get as near as possible to their haunts without frightening them away. Early in the day a man had crossed my path. He carried a rifle. At the time the thought flashed through my mind that there was no open season on Bighorn.

My luck was with me. Some distance farther on I caught sight of the sentry, the king of the flock. High up on an over-jutting ledge he stood guard, scouting the depths and nooks of the gulch for possible enemies. Watchful all the while, he descended, casting about for tufts of grass that grew sparingly in the crevices.

In keen disappointment, I thought their progress conclusively barred by a rugged mountain offset of hundreds of feet that lay in their path. But by a circuitous route, by incredible leaps from successive ledges to jutting crags below, they made their way, as is their nature.

"Old Responsible," the sentry I had first seen, took up his watch from a point near the bottom of the cliff. His massive horns, curved back in a complete circle, seemed like two large wheels on his head. His were the biggest in the flock. They had probably served him well in his battles. They branded him king of the herd.

His royal kin came on within easy range. But I was their friend. Big-eyed, horn-crowned, lithe of limb, fleet as the wind, wary as the wild horse of the steppes, would you not thrill with delight at such proximity to these inhabitants of the mountain heights?

One half-grown fellow differed from the rest. The rest of the herd was a drab or rusty gray. He was white as were the new-washed lambs in my father's flock. We hear of the more than occasional black sheep of the family. This was the white one. "Innocent," would aptly name him, for he seemed less wary than his fellows as he came on inquisitively despite the apparent disapproval of his mother.

I ate my sandwich complacently, while the Bighorn were feeding on the juicy grass. "Old Responsible" alone was alert with an ear for every foreign sound. Perched on his lookout, he was, at the same time, a conspicuous object, a beautiful target at long range.

There was a tiny crunching of little dry branches to my left and I sighted the gleam of a barrel lowered at "Old Responsible."

Lawbreaker! Brute! A wild yell leaped from my throat, but not a second too soon. In a hair's breadth of time, the big sheep jumped out of range of the rifle. His charges dashed away with him, over the crags and chasms to safety.

The sordid cracksman fled precipitately.

Hunting Alligators in Florida

By Frederic Pope

KILLING alligators as a means of livelihood is followed by several hundred people in the Florida Everglades. The hunters are mostly Seminole Indians, though a few whites are also engaged in this unusual occupation. Along with Big Joe, a Seminole, and Captain Dan Richards, an Indian trader and hunter, I embarked in a canoe at Fort Myers, Florida, for the Everglades. Our craft was dug out of a single red cypress log. The Everglades lie several feet above sea level, and our slow progress inland was accomplished only by dexterous poling against the swift current.

For thirty miles our way led up a small creek which wound its way through a tropical jungle. Trees overgrown with vines, with moss streamers hanging from every branch, canopied the stream, and made me think I was traveling through some fairy land.

When we arrived at the hunting grounds we pitched our camp on an island beneath some great pine trees. Our abode was not a tent, but a small hut, which my companions built of palmettos. It was a delightfully cool habitation, and a good shelter against the tropical rains of that region.

The morning after our arrival we armed ourselves for the day's hunt, and started out. One who is unfamiliar with the equipment used in hunting alligators could never have guessed the game we were after. My companions each carried a stout bamboo stick about eight feet long, bored out through the center, and with an iron hook on the end. I was armed with a 38-caliber Winchester rifle, which I soon learned was to be used only in emergencies. Besides their poles they had large hunting knives at their belts.

Big Joe and Captain Richards plunged directly into the water and began prodding about the bottom with their poles. They were to find the holes in which the alligators lie when they are not searching for food.

Some minutes later my companion was rewarded by arousing an alligator asleep in a small cave. Though he must have been at least two feet in the mud and under several feet of water, the hunters announced after a short examination that he was not over five feet in length. Hooking their poles under him they dragged him to the surface. As his closed jaws came up, Big Joe grabbed them and held them shut with one hand while with the other he plunged his knife just back of the head into the brain. This is one of the few vulnerable spots in a 'gator's armor of thick hide.

(Continued on page 116)



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MRS. CURTIS'S CORNER



Isabel Gordon Curtis

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

A WOMAN who spent a large part of her life as a settlement worker talked to me recently about the prohibition wave which is sweeping over a portion of the country. "It may be hard to believe," she said, "but this temperance sentiment is soon going to be very apparent in New York City." I suppose she saw me smile. "It does seem incredible, but it is being brought about by simple, reasonable methods. The women of the poorer classes are better, more intelligent cooks than their mothers were years ago. When settlement work was in its infancy and public cooking schools had scarcely reached the stage of agitation, I came to live in one of the poor quarters of New York, to put what money I had and what labor I could into helping a class which had had too many schemes of salvation and been given too little practical aid. One of the first things I marveled at was the multitude of delicatessen stores in our neighborhood. There must have been a hundred of them, and they were doing a splendid business. I wanted to understand the life of the people before I went among them, so I mixed with the crowd that besieged the delicatessens at six o'clock. There were women and children by the hundred buying slices of tongue, ham, or beef, strings of sausage, potato salad, sauerkraut, liver wurst, and all the queer products of a 'ready to eat' counter. The bakeries also did a thriving business. Enough money was spent every night to provide wholesome, nutritious meals in nearly every household, but the women either did not know how to cook or did not care to know. Even the cup of coffee every man wants with his dinner was most execrable stuff. Before we started a library, recreation room, or anything else, we opened a cooking school. We served free luncheons to every pupil, and presently we had such an enthusiastic following that our class rooms grew too small. The city came to our aid with a cooking school, and opened evening classes for the women. To-day the neighborhood has changed; there is one delicatessen where there used to be five, and the bakeries are fewer, and so are the saloons. The girls who, fifteen years ago, were cooking-school pupils are to-day wives and mothers. The lessons they learned about hygienic living and wholesome cooking have done wonders in bettering homes, and more toward an unconscious suppression of intemperance than the wildest shrieking against it. There is nothing inexplicable about it. The man whose stomach has not been satisfied with nourishing, palatable food will certainly turn in the direction of the nearest saloon."

THIS woman's experience made me wonder why the temperance societies, instead of preaching, lecturing and scattering their literature far and wide, don't go into rum-soaked communities and get right down to work which means so much more than talk, and await results. It may take longer than inducing men to sign a pledge which they may keep and may not. Besides, it is not only one drunkard that can be saved, but they would also be achieving much for the health and happiness of an entire family. The churches are realizing that preaching is not the whole theme. The sanctuary which has not an empty pew is one with a pastor who is broad minded, full of real human sympathy, and not tied up by the bonds of conventionality; who is ready to give practical hand-to-hand aid wherever it is needed, and not afraid of any man's opinion, if he knows he is right. You will find such a man with a congregation which is not only large, but which is also individually giving him the love and loyalty of a friend.

What One Woman Does

TALK of love and loyalty to a pastor! I found it once. Can you imagine what life is like in one of the mountain parishes of New England? Down in the valley runs the railroad. Thousands of feet above, and miles back, lies a settlement with a handful of cottages, called a village, where on mountain-peak farms neighbors are few and far between. Over twenty-four miles of such a district presides one pastor, a woman and Unitarian. She preaches twice each Sunday in schoolhouses, town halls, or anywhere else where an audience can be made comfortable. In her congrega-

tion are Catholics, Baptists, Methodists, Congregationalists, Episcopalians, and members of almost every sect. It is not purely Unitarianism she preaches, it is honesty, upright living, ambition to make the best of one's talents, also peace and love in homes and community. Her sermons are the most wonderful I have ever listened to, because they are so perfectly simple and earnest. Besides filling a pulpit, marrying, baptizing, and officiating at funerals, she fills a place in her mountain-top congregation which a man could not possibly hold. She is a good housekeeper; she has had large experience among the sick, and her people turn to her in every emergency. She is a woman of the finest intellect and widest reading. Among the boys and girls of the mountain farms one finds a larger knowledge of the best literature than among the young people of a city. To the minister's Shakespeare, Travel, and Poetry classes come pupils on winter nights from many miles distant. Still her devoted labor earns a salary which provides nothing but the commonest necessities of life. This is religion, such a real religion that beside it many of the schemes of salvation we are offered seem like shoddy.

"Uncle Joe" Cannon's Chances

WHAT a blow would be given to Osler's theory if "Uncle Joe" Cannon should win the Presidency! Look into his genial, shrewd, kindly face, then dare think of old age! You feel here is a man with such a keen knowledge of his fellow men as can only be gathered by seventy years of living. In the air to-day there is an odd, half-unconscious veering around in public opinion. We have a President now who is so strenuous that keeping tab on his doings makes you feel as if you were watching a three-ring circus. Take in an old-fashioned, one-ring circus just for a change sometime. You will agree with me that it is great and even restful after the whirling wonders in the big tent.

IT is a strange thing that the women, even those who confess to know nothing of politics, admire Speaker Cannon. I believe if he were a nominee and American women had a vote, this very petticoat vote would sweep him into the White House. The Why of it perplexes one. Cannon is not handsome, he is not a ladies' man; rumor says he swears roundly when circumstances demand it, and he is so unconventional. Still I have met the most artificial creatures, who admire him beyond measure, while thoughtful, womanly women hold him in the esteem and confidence that come from a full realization of the man's nature and abilities. I wonder if it is not intuition? A well-known lawyer once declared that women could never be trusted with suffrage, they were too largely creatures of intuition. Another lawyer, Arthur Train, said only the other day that the feminine mind judges wholly by intuition, that in a few minutes a woman reaches the same conclusion, generally a correct one, which is achieved by a man after many hours, even days of deliberation and study.

The Hardships of the Rich

WHEN the recent panic was over and business began to go on in its accustomed way, the man of moderate means looked about him at financial wrecks, and, like the old Irishwoman, said,—"Blissid be nothin'." It taught many a man and woman who had social and financial ambition the wholesome lesson that middle-class Americans stand on a safer plane and get more uniform happiness out of life than millionaires. I was stopping at a quiet New York hotel while times were "panicky," and occasionally to the throng of paying guests were added families who had emigrated from Fifth Avenue hostilities. For them the money stringency meant coming down from terrapin to turkey, it meant the subway instead of an automobile, shopping on Sixth Avenue instead of on Fifth, and a back seat in the theater instead of a box or the best orchestra chairs. As I watched the peevish, unhappy faces of the women to whom life was now so different, it was impressed on me how much we people of an average

income have to be thankful for. It is a good deal easier to rise than to fall. Life has compensations for the man without great riches.

Mrs. Ibsen and the Drama

RECENTLY I sat through a performance of "The Doll's House," interpreted by Madame Nazimova, the Russian actress. Interesting as was the play, even more interesting was a conversation close to my ear that went on between the acts. Two men were talking, one was an American, the other was a Norwegian. They were discussing Ibsen and his work. "Why," asked the American, "did not your great dramatist put into at least one of his plays a splendid, happy, normal woman?" "Because," answered the Norwegian, "of his home life. We had a housekeeper in Norway who had lived for years in Ibsen's household. She was an intelligent woman, and once I asked her the question you fired at me just now. Her answer was: 'Sir, if you had known Mrs. Ibsen as I did, you would understand why the master could not create a sweet, gracious woman. He had lived too long with Mrs. Ibsen.' We have an American novelist whose life-work has, so it is said, been molded by the same sort of influence. His heroines are vapid, querulous, mindless creatures, whose existence even on a printed page makes one tired. Two or three of them wearied me so that it is years since I have tried to read one of this man's shelfful of novels.

"Worn to a Frazzle"

It is a small minority of women who have husbands that write fiction, yet the personality of The One Woman has a tremendous influence on the outside world. A stenographer once expressed what I mean in telling me her experience. "My nerves are worn to a frazzle this morning," she said; "it is one of Mr. Owen's bad days. He is naturally one of the most genial men I have ever known, or, rather, he was ten years ago, before he married. I sized up his wife the first time I saw her, as exactly what she is, a selfish, vain little wretch, pretty as a picture, but minus a heart. She gave me reason soon enough to dislike her. When a man's life is unending worry over extravagance at home, where all he hears within its four walls is fretting, fussing, and nagging, how can he help being impatient with his stenographer? I know by what he says and does he is sorry enough for it afterwards. Occasionally I work for our junior partner, Mr. Hooker. He is always the same; good-natured, patient over little annoyances, and so considerate of our feelings. You ought to see Mrs. Hooker, fat, jolly, kind to everybody, with a heart big enough to mother mankind. There are no tempests in that home. Of course you have to take into account the natural disposition of a man, still, no matter what it is, he carries the atmosphere of his home into the business world. He can't help it."

The First "Thank You"

AN EDITOR'S mail is such a varied, thought-compelling miscellany, day after day, I wish I could tell you something about it. Every morning there is a sameness to it, still it is different. There is always one note, the eternal cry for help, advice, criticism. An editorial education is not wrung out of books, it is the outcome of constant study of human nature, keeping in close touch with the events of the day, listening and reading and picking up everywhere, every scrap of information about everything, because one never knows when such knowledge may be called for. Doing their very best, one can never achieve the rôle of a living encyclopedia, still the public thrusts such a flattering rôle upon one who sits at an editorial desk. You would understand if you could see the questions that come in. They deal with everything from morality to candy-making. Sometimes, the human encyclopedia is stumped and it takes hours of searching to answer a solitary question. I remember once spending two days in a library among books and magazines before one woman's question could be answered. The other morning in my mail I found a letter which made me gasp in astonishment. It was a courteous, hearty, genial "thank you" for an answer to a question, one of those easy questions which called for no research whatever. Why, it was so cordial and heart-warming that I picked it up time and time again during the morning, just for the bit of good will and cheer it held. I actually felt like returning a "Thank you" for it, because it was the first "Thank you" I had received from SUCCESS MAGAZINE readers, for a bit of help—and, you may wonder, but it was from a man, a courteous, kindly old Southern gentleman.

DOMINION: By SUSIE M. BEST

'Twas not decreed that I must choose
'Twixt that and this;
Nay. I may unrestricted use
Life's every bliss.
Through understanding the divine,
Dominion over all is mine.

Practical Talks on Shorthand



Two Successful Young Men

FROM the *Daily Ardmore*, published at Ardmore, Okla., is taken a clipping which tells of the appointment of Clyde C. Downing to the position of private secretary to Congressman Carter. Within a few days thereafter, the appointment of Henry W. Brandt to the stenographic corps of United States Senator Perkins, of California was announced. Both of these boys are personal acquaintances of the writer, who has had an opportunity to judge of their work and consequently is competent to tell of it. Taken in connection with the success of hundreds of others within the personal knowledge of the writer, they should be a matter of inspiration to every reader of this department.

How Mr. Brandt Succeeded

A YEAR ago Henry W. Brandt, a boy of twenty years, resided in Muscatine, Ia. He was in the position of many of you young men, with no technical instruction, and consequently there was little demand for his services. Casting about for a means of livelihood, he became interested in shorthand and began the study. During the summer he worked as a stenographer for a firm in Chicago, thereby making enough to pay his expenses. When Congress convened, Mr. Brandt was selected from more than 200 stenographers as the one best qualified for the position of stenographer under Senator Perkins. This position pays him \$1,440 a year, and at the conclusion of the session it is customary to vote such employees an extra month's salary of \$120 for work performed during the session only, making a total of \$1,560—a pretty fair salary for one who a year ago had not one qualification for the position.



C. C. DOWNING
Private Secretary to
Congressman
Carter

Story of Mr. Downing's Success

CHANGE the scene from Muscatine, Ia. to Durant, Okla., and in place of Henry W. Brandt put Clyde C. Downing, and the story is much the same. It is true that a year ago Mr. Downing had some knowledge of shorthand, but it was that "thirty-day" variety which is worse than no shorthand at all. Mr. Downing, however, knew that the reason for his failure was not with him, but with the kind of shorthand he wrote. He began the study with no knowledge of any standard system of shorthand, devoting his energies to mastering real shorthand, and the result is shown by the clipping from the newspaper above referred to. Now he is in Washington as private secretary to a Congressman—a remunerative position, which allows him to attend the university near that city and at the same time receive the pay which competency in this line demands.

Advancement Due to Ability

YOU say that you know many stenographers who are not doing so well? So do I. What is the secret of the success of Mr. Brandt and Mr. Downing? The other stenographers were content to learn shorthand to such an extent that they were only "average" stenographers, and average men are not in demand in the stenographic or any other field. These men were taught shorthand by expert shorthand writers—men who have figured prominently in the important shorthand work of the country. From their large experience they have gained a knowledge of shorthand not contained in any books ever published on the subject, and this expert knowledge, imparted to the students

who are fortunate enough to obtain instruction under them, is what gives them the ability to command and hold the higher paid positions.

"A Book of Inspiration"

IN last month's issue of THE SUCCESS MAGAZINE, there appeared an offer to send to the subscribers and readers of this periodical, a "Book of Inspiration," contributed to by men and women who have achieved prominence as shorthand writers. That offer still holds good, and the book will be sent to any one who fills out the coupon printed below and sends it according to the instructions contained herein. The book contains contributions from hundreds of successful stenographers, holding the most important positions in the country. Some of them formerly had no knowledge of shorthand, but secured expertness in this work by study after office hours and devoting their spare moments to mastering the subject at their homes. They were in the position in which Mr. Brandt and Mr. Downing found themselves a year ago. Among such contributors are Roy D. Bolton, private secretary to J. M. Dickinson, the general attorney of the Illinois Central, president of the American Bar Association, and counsel for the United States in the Alaskan Boundary Arbitration; Ray Nye-master, private secretary to Congressman Dawson, of Iowa, who mastered the course given by the experts at the head of the Success Shorthand School in seven months, at the same time fulfilling his duties as a clerk in a bank at Atalissa, Ia.; in the same state is C. W. Pitts, the official reporter of the Fourth Judicial district of Iowa, with headquarters at Alton, in that state, and he tells how he secured the ability to hold that position through the Success Shorthand School. There are hundreds of others who are now successful and who were taught by these experts, and whose contributions in "A Book of Inspiration" should carry great weight with any young man or woman who is desirous of studying a profession which will guarantee the best opportunities in the commercial world and which, if practiced as a profession alone, will pay from \$3,000 to \$6,000 a year.

Those readers of this column who now write shorthand will find much to interest them in the contributions from stenographers who have been perfected for expert work through the instruction given by this school. It is replete with narrations of salaries doubled—yes, tripled and quadrupled. Striking instances of young women and young men who, but a short time ago held mediocre positions and who are now well-paid private secretaries or court reporters, are found in a great number. Clippings from magazines and newspapers showing wonderful shorthand feats performed by graduates of the Success Shorthand School are reproduced, while a speech made to students in that school by Hon. William J. Bryan cannot fail to interest everyone who is a stenographer or who desires to be.

Then there is an article from the pen of William E. Curtis, of the *Chicago Record-Herald*, which shows the possibilities in shorthand, and tells of the work of Walton, James & Ford, of Chicago, who do a business of \$100,000 a year writing shorthand. This 160-page book is filled with inspiring matter.

Fill out the coupon printed herewith and send it to the school nearer you and this book will be sent without charge. If east of Pittsburg, address "The Success Shorthand School, Suite 23, 1410 Broadway, New York City;" if west of Pittsburg, address "Success Shorthand School, Suite 32, 70 Clark St., Chicago." If a stenographer, state system and experience.



HENRY W. BRANDT
Successful Washington
Stenographer

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LIGHTING THE HOME

By JAMES H. TURNER

Illustrations by ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

A FAMOUS French scientist charges Americans with "caring as little for their eyes as they do for their stomachs." That

there is a measure of truth in this statement cannot be denied. The increasing use of eyeglasses is convincing evidence of the careless use of eyes. Recent statistics show that, continuing at the present rate, a person fifty years hence who is not compelled to wear glasses after the age of ten will be an exception. This is a subject that should interest some of our library-giving philanthropists.

The present method of lighting is to give us an opportunity to cultivate our superfluous gray matter while it takes from us the most necessary adjunct to the utilization of that opportunity—eyesight.

It is not the object of this short article to dwell upon the correct use of the eyes, but to endeavor to awaken the reader to the fact that it is possible to remove the real cause of the appalling failure of our eyes to meet the demands made upon them. This cause is frequently improper lighting.



THE means of producing artificial light have kept pace with the other remarkable achievements of Science. The electric arc lamp eclipses all other sources in the intensity and quantity of light emitted; the incandescent electric lamp, by reason of its being subject to perfect control, even where inaccessible, has opened a whole new field of possibilities in lighting; the Welsbach, or "mantle" gas burner has introduced economy in the production of light heretofore unknown; and the commercial production of calcium carbide, affording a simple and practical means of generating acetylene, the most highly luminous of gases, has made gas lighting as simple as furnace heating. The selection of the means of producing light depends upon local conditions and individual tastes, and must therefore be left to the user.

The new light-sources are all excessively intense or bright. Take the familiar incandescent electric lamp for example. The "filament" which gives out the light is a loop of carbon wire so fine that it can be seen only on close scrutiny; yet the surface of this tiny filament becomes so intensely bright as to give out as much light as sixteen candles.

IF you look at such a lamp when it is "burning," the image of the filament on the retina of the eye is so intensely brilliant that the filament appears to be as large as a slate pencil. Cover your eyes with the hand and you will continue to see the bright form of the filament floating in a dark field for some time. This experiment shows that the excessive brilliancy of the image strained that part of the retina upon which it fell, so that it required some time to recover. If the strain were continued long enough, the injury would become permanent. There are cases on record where total loss of the eyes has resulted from such a strain.

It may be put down as an established fact in artificial lighting, that all modern light-sources are too bright to be used uncovered, where the light is to be used for careful vision, such as reading or writing; they should either be inclosed in a sort of globe which will diffuse their light, or be placed so that the eye cannot see the light. If this rule is adhered to, it will be found that none of the modern high-power lights are "too hard on the eyes."



BY THE use of a scientifically constructed globe—and by that is meant a globe that will, first, diffuse the light,

second, redirect the rays of light in useful directions, third, absorb but a small per cent. of the light—it is possible to obtain as much or greater illumination with a ten-candle-power lamp than can be obtained from a sixteen-candle-power lamp without this improved globe.

The United States Government has awakened to the fact that properly constructed globes and reflectors are of the utmost importance, and have already furnished such representative buildings as the Chicago Post Office, Indianapolis Post Office, Syracuse Court Building, Maryland Post Office, and others with such globes and reflectors.

The needs of the home are just as great. There are thousands of parents to-day—devoted parents, too—who by their crass ignorance in the matter of lighting their homes are simply ruining their own eyesight and that of their children. It is surely time for some of the representative families—the real thinkers of our country—to give such an important subject as this their attention. It is undoubtedly of interest to many to learn the "how" of correct lighting as applied to the home. Suppose we take, as an example, the average suburban frame house, commencing at the front porch and taking the different rooms in the order we encounter them.

A PORCH serves one of two purposes, a sheltered entrance to the house or an open-air sitting room. The lighting will therefore be designed in accordance with the purpose which the porch is to serve. An eight-candle-power electric lamp under a reflector will give ample illumination for the average entrance porch.

For large verandas, where elegance rather than economy is desired, the most satisfactory illumination is obtained by the use of hemispheres. A single thirty-two-candle-power lamp or three eight-candle-power lamps would be a very satisfactory combination. In entrance halls it is often sufficient to maintain a comparatively dim light, in which case these small reflectors with four-candle-power lamps will give most satisfactory and economical results. Where the ceilings are high, large globes suspended by chains give very artistic effects. This fixture is adapted to the use of mantle burners, concealing the small tube which supplies the gas and is twined through one of the chains.

THE lighting of a parlor, or of a reception or drawing room should be sufficiently brilliant to bring out the full effect of the furnishings of the room and the costumes of the occupants, and still be as free as possible from dazzling lights and deep shadows. Chandeliers combining both gas and electric lamps are the fixtures most commonly used, though both lights are seldom used at the same time. If the electric lamps are regularly used, and the gas only occasionally, or if both are used together, it is best to use ordinary flame burners, as Welsbachs and electric lamps do not harmonize in color when used side by side.

In the dining room the dining table is the one object which should be brilliantly

illuminated, and yet the sources of light should, if possible, be entirely hidden. By doing this, the table service, including the background of snow-white linen, the silver with its polished surfaces, the glass with its brilliant play of lights and shadows, and the porcelain with its delicate coloring, will form a pleasing spectacle. For lighting a round table, a large prismatic reflector, silk covered, and suspended by a single chain, will give a highly artistic and satisfactory result.

A COMBINATION fixture, consisting of a large sphere in which are placed three or four sixteen-candle-power electric lamps and around which are the same number of gas burners, will give a beautifully soft illumination for a room of ordinary size, as well as form an attractive feature of the furnishing. Ordinary flat flame burners, with a globe, will give a good illumination on the table if used alone, and will harmonize with the electric lamps when used for additional light. For rooms with low, paneled ceilings, the use of hemispheres as described for porch lighting will give the softness and sense of comfort which, in general illumination, are more to be desired than brilliancy.

For the bedrooms, a good light for dressing, a light for reading, and a general daintiness in the treatment of the fixtures, are the requisites.

The "den" is a place in which to "loaf and invite the soul"; a retreat where fancy supplants custom in the furnishings and where comfort takes precedence of conventionality in all things. Hence a soft, warm light, a light that is felt rather than seen, is desirable. A globe, suspended by a chain and supplied with a thirty-two-candle-power electric lamp, is just the thing.

IF A warmer light is desired, the lamp may be colored a light orange. The effect of colored lamps in globes which diffuse or break up the light, thereby eliminating all glare, is most beautiful and unique. A globe of this kind entirely hides the lamp and sparkles with color uniformly over its entire surface, suggesting a globe encrusted with myriads of precious stones, and fascinating with its scintillations.

In the nursery, a soft, perfectly diffused light is of the greatest importance to prevent the eye-strain produced by bare lights. The bath room needs a light of moderate brightness continually burning.

A small lamp, with a reflector placed near the ceiling, will give all the light required.

By using good reflectors it is possible to increase the downward light more than three times; their use in the kitchen and pantry affords a very considerable economy as only half the ordinary number of lamps, or lamps of half the candle-power may be used. Never use ground glass and so-called "porcelain" (opal glass) globes and reflectors. While they produce the desired softening of the light, they accomplish the result at a very great waste of light, running all the way from twenty to seventy-five per cent. "The primary object of all lighting is, of course, to give efficient illumination," was the remark of a distinguished scientist recently. It seems almost ironical to say that the audience seemed to agree entirely with his contention.

Those living in suburban localities, small cities or towns, or in country districts, can now have their homes splendidly illuminated by using acetylene gas, which is made of calcium carbide and water. This light can be easily and safely installed in any house, and is a beautiful white illuminant which is said to be almost identical with sunlight.

Good authorities state that acetylene gaslight is cheaper, when once installed, than city gaslight, with gas at one dollar a thousand feet, electricity at three quarters of a cent per sixteen-candle-power hour, or even kerosene at twelve cents a gallon, as used in regular lamps of the better kind.

The space at hand does not permit of a detailed exposition of the various problems of illumination and the methods of solving them, but the writer hopes that this short article will result in opening readers' eyes—and saving them.

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Just for Boys

(Continued from page 94-A)

Any boy who wants to make money, secure fine premiums, and win prizes, ought to work for SUCCESS MAGAZINE. A new contest for \$125.00 in cash, and numerous other prizes begins February 1st. There will be Special Prizes for new agents. If you want to make this year count for something, send for ten copies; They're Free. We will tell you how to make 1908 the best year you have ever had. We told hundreds of boys last year, and they're with us now. Write now to Desk C, Boys' Department, SUCCESS MAGAZINE, Washington Square, New York.

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TOM L. JOHNSON.

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PIN MONEY PAPERS



IN WINTER WHEN YOUR WINDOWS are covered with steam, take a lintless cloth or newspaper and wipe them. They will then be as clean as though you had spent an hour scrubbing them.—MRS. O. D. R.

WE LIVE IN THE COUNTRY and my little girl wears out so many pairs of shoes, that I bought her a pair of boys' shoes. I find them well suited for every-day wear. As they are made of heavy leather they protect the little feet from dampness, and stand lots of hard usage that girls' shoes cannot.—LEE.

A GOOD WAY TO HEAT baby's milk on cold nights is to place two strong wire hairpins across the top of a lamp chimney and set the milk in a tin cup on them. A chimney with a crinkled top is best. Water for a mustard plaster can be heated in this way quickly during the night.—MOTHER OF THREE.

AFTER WEARING A PAIR of white canvas shoes all summer I found they were too badly worn to put away for a second season. I determined to try to color them, and "wear them out" around the house. I purchased a tube of black oil paint for 15 cents. After scrubbing all the white powder from the shoes, and allowing them to dry, I put the paint in an old cup, thinned it with gasoline, and began to black my shoes. The eyelets gave me considerable trouble, on account of their polished surface, until I used sandpaper on them, which remedied that in a few minutes. After allowing them to stand for several days, and putting in new laces, I had a splendid pair of house shoes.—E. T. McC.

ASHES FLYING ALL OVER the cellar are a nuisance. To reduce the annoyance to a minimum I keep handy an old newspaper, of ten or a dozen pages, as that gives the desired weight and stiffness for the purpose, and as soon as I have dumped the ashpan into the barrel I drop the newspaper over the top, shutting off the flying cloud of ashes. A newspaper answers this purpose much better than a wooden cover.—W. S. G.

TO HASTEN THE BAKING of potatoes, I let them stand a few minutes in hot water, after washing them clean.—MRS. H. M. T.

AFTER PICKING FLOWERS TO SEND AWAY by mail, let them stand in cool water for about two hours; then wrap the stems in wet cotton batting. Place in a box and sprinkle. If the flowers are to be sent a long distance, line the box with oiled paper and put a foundation of wet cotton batting in. This is a most reliable way to send flowers.—ESTELLE C. ALLING.

OLIVE OIL IS AN EXCELLENT DRESSING for gun-metal shoes. Brush the shoes well, freeing them from as much dirt as possible, and then rub in the olive oil, using a soft cloth. A teaspoonful is sufficient for a pair of oxfords. The oil in no way injures the leather and gives a better appearance to the shoes than polish. I purchase the oil from a druggist, as I use it for many purposes and find the pure oil goes farther and produces better results.—A. W. L.

TO PREVENT DUST and coal black entering a room from the furnace, fasten a piece of cheesecloth over the register. It is astonishing how soon the cloth will be black and need washing.—W. B. E.

SIFTING ASHES OUT OF DOORS with a hand sieve is certainly dusty work, and "the man of our house" made a decided improvement on this method. He bought a large sugar barrel, and made a cover for it from pieces of a soap box. A handle for this cover was made of a strip of old leather. He bored two holes in the barrel about two thirds of the way up and directly opposite each other, and inserted a broom handle upon which to rest the sieve. As the handle of the sieve is removable it can be taken out and the sieve placed in the barrel. Another hole was bored

in the barrel to admit the handle at right angles to the stick already inserted; the sieve handle can then be put in place, the ashes dumped into the sieve, and the barrel covered quickly. By a few agitations the ashes can be sifted without a circulation of dust, and when the barrel is full it can be easily carried out by the ashman.—M. L. P.

IN ORDER TO SAVE ICE, as the pantry where the refrigerator stands is heated from the kitchen in the winter, we had built, on the shelf before the window, a cupboard, as wide as the window and two feet high, with a screen over the window and a rope over a pulley to raise and lower the sash. This cupboard holds everything that would go into a refrigerator and, in the three winters that we have used it, it has much more than paid for itself, as we have used no ice.—D. P. PUNGBURN.

A FRIEND OF MINE uses outing flannel slips for protecting winter comforts. They are made like pillow slips, the width of the comfort and from twelve to sixteen inches deep. They are basted in place over the head end of the comfort and can easily be taken off and laundered. Cheese cloth or any other material that washes will answer the purpose as well as outing flannel.—MRS. J. M. STONER.

A LAMP LEFT BURNING at night near the place where there is danger of a water pipe freezing will work like a charm and save a plumber's bill.—MRS. E. E. F.

HOMEMADE ROMPERS save a baby's dresses and keep her petticoats clean. As I am a very busy woman, I find little time to launder white dresses every day or two, which one must do, unless one has from eight to ten frocks for the baby. For my fourteen-months-old girl I have four pairs of rompers, made of dark colored gingham. They have a belt of the same material. The neck and sleeves are bound with a narrow fold, which makes them easily and quickly laundered. They are buttoned around the waist, and fastened about the leg with an elastic, which I pull below the knees. This also means less darning of stockings.—MRS. E. E. N.

IF YOU RELISH CELERY in soup and live where it cannot be secured the year round, dry the celery leaves as you get them and put them away in a fruit jar. When preparing soup, tie a few of the leaves in a cloth, and drop it into the kettle. You will find that the soup will have even more of the taste of celery than when using the stalk.—M. A. V.

KEEP A SMALL five-cent hand brush at your kitchen sink. You will find it serviceable for cleansing celery, as it quickly and thoroughly removes all particles of earth. It is also good for cleaning potatoes when you wish to cook them in their jackets.—L. B.

A GOOD BROOM HOLDER can be made by placing two large nails in the wall about two inches apart. The broom can easily be hung upside down, between the nails.—L. B.

LAST WINTER MY SISTERS, my chum, and I agreed to contribute twenty-five cents per week toward a theater or amusement fund. We appointed a treasurer whose duty it was to see that dues were paid, tickets bought, and carfare paid. Of course we did not have the best seats, but we always had good ones, never paying more than fifty cents apiece. Try this plan. You will undoubtedly be surprised how often you can have pleasure of this kind without draining the contents of your purse all at once. The plays we saw were "A Midsummer Night's Dream," "Cymbeline," "The Lion and the

Mouse," "Madame Butterfly," "Mlle. Modiste," "Peter Pan," "Clothes," and the "Magic Flute." This winter we are interspersing theater trips with little jaunts around New York, to the museums, the Statue of Liberty, the parks, etc.—ELIZABETH S.

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.

SPINNING YARNS

The Substitutionist Stung

THE poor but near-honest young grocer had sold a bill of goods to the testy old gentleman, whose daughter he intended to honor with his hand and shop, and for the first time in his business career he was troubled at being obliged to palm off "Bink's Codfish" for "Jinks's," and "U-needa-scrub" when "U-auto-wash-with Soap" was distinctly specified. In the stony silence with which his stock arguments were received, he felt a totally new sensation which must have been embarrassing.

That evening when the suitor called, he was met at the door by the old gentleman, who ushered him into the parlor and, ignoring all hints about Miss Virginia, persisted in eulogizing his wife's elder sister. The young man fidgetted in his chair, and as he saw no way to lead to the momentous thing he had to say, decided to blurt it out and have done with it. Had not Virginia said archly, "Ask papa—if you dare," and was not "nerve" his principal asset?

"Mr. Grouch," he began, "I have come to ask your consent to my m-m-marrying your daughter."

"I'm sorry," responded the old man, pleasantly, "but Virginia's out just at present. In fact, there has been so little demand for her lately that we have decided not to keep her in the future."

"Wh-what!"

"But we have plenty of her Aunt Maria on hand," he continued, persuasively. "She's only forty-seven, and has two sets of teeth that cannot be told from the genuine a little way off. I'll admit that she's not as well known for beauty or vivacity as Virgie, but then she has substantial virtues that need no advertising; for instance, she makes better rag carpets than any other woman in the county."

"B-but I don't want any rag carpets; I prefer—"

"She's very thrifty and saving," the father continued, ignoring the interruption, "and she won't cost you half as much to keep. Suppose you take Aunt Maria; I know you'll like her better than Virginia when you get used to her. Although she's not just what you asked for, I can assure you she is in many respects superior. Just to introduce her, I'll make a special offer. I'll pay for the license and settle for the preacher to get her off my hands. You'll find she's not only just as good as Virginia but considerably cheaper as well. Will you take her with you now or shall I send her around in the delivery wagon?"

The Secret

WE are astonished at the familiarity of our friend with the different makes of automobiles. As we walk down the boulevard he notes each machine that whirls by us and without the slightest hesitation gives the name of its make.

"Here comes a Steerocar," he says, "the next is a Pothard-Plump, that one turning the corner is a Paddal-whack, the one coming now is a Pokermotive," and so on. In no single instance does he fail to name the machine.

While we know him for a man of keen observation and quickness of intellect, we are astounded at his catholic knowledge of automobiles.

We beg him to tell us how he gained so much information.

He demurs for a time, but upon our becoming insistent he laughs at us and confesses:

"Old man, I don't know one from the other. You were so blamed anxious to know what kind they were that I just named them offhand for you as they happened along. And you would have been just as well satisfied, if you had n't forced me to give my scheme away."

At One Fell Swoop

"HAVE you got any of those preparations for removing superfluous hair?" asks the man who enters the drug-store with a firm tread and a set countenance.

"Yes, sir," answers the druggist.

"Give me a pint. I want to use it on my head."

"But, man, you have n't got any superfluous hair on your head. You're nearly bald now."

"I know it. And I've got so aggravated and tired watching the confounded hair leaking off day by day, that I want to remove the rest of it at one sweep and have the agony over."

Running No Risk

"WHAT?" asks the maiden aunt. "Going to marry that Mr. Newwun? Why, you hardly know the man, Imogene. In the few days you have been acquainted with him you cannot possibly have learned anything of his family or antecedents or habits or personal circumstances."

"That is true, Aunt Keturah. But you have always told me that no woman who knows anything about a man will marry him."

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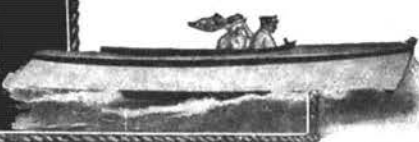
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HINTS TO INVESTORS



By CHARLES LEE SCOVIL

THE responsibilities attached to the management of railroad, public utility, and industrial corporations are not always thoroughly appreciated by the public, and many persons overlook the necessity for determining on the one hand, the character and integrity of the individual men managing a corporation; and, on the other, the experience and efficiency of the investment firm identified with the sale of its securities.

Management of Corporations

The organization of a reputable investment house is comprehensive in its scope, and reaches beyond the limits of mere salesmanship. It is not merely a question of finding buyers for securities that counts in the long run. It is the ability and willingness to always safeguard the interests of a client that gives a banking firm its highest standing in the estimation of the public. Well-informed investors are careful to transact their business with firms that can be relied upon always to do this, and to keep them informed about their investments as the occasion may require. This is the basis upon which all the reputable firms, doing a large public business, seek to secure new clients, and is, in a large measure, responsible for their great success. Such firms exercise every reasonable precaution to underwrite, or sell to the public, only the securities of corporations managed by men of a conservative type, and who, at the same time, are sufficiently optimistic to conduct their business, under all circumstances, along progressive lines.

* * *

THE fundamental factor in all the progressive movements of life is confidence in the future. The men who have been successful in the business and industrial worlds are those who have recognized this fact and made use of it. In other words, their first aim has been to inspire confidence, which has been secured by adhering as strictly as possible to methods that have been proved to be the best according to past experience and precedent.

Where Confidence Is Lacking

This is why the success of every business—the big, permanent success—is dependent upon the honesty, energy, and conservatism of the individual men responsible for its management. Generally speaking, a business that is not under the supervision of men of this stamp is almost certain to result eventually in failure. It cannot for long retain the confidence and the following of those outside interests, upon which every business must rely.

This does not necessarily imply that suspicion should attach to all business failures. Sometimes, the proprietors of a business are confronted with unforeseen obstacles too difficult to surmount, even when the management comprises men of the most skilled and brilliant minds. But such experiences are rare, indeed. High-minded men exercise every precaution to guard against such a painfully embarrassing outcome. For this reason, it is believed to be literally true that business failures are usually due to one of two things: questionable methods, or inefficient management. If the failure be that of a private firm or a close corporation, the brunt of the losses falls upon those directly concerned with the business, the control or ownership of which is vested, almost exclusively, in the hands of a small company of men.

As related to railroad, public utility, and industrial corporations, it is plain enough that the situation is altogether different. Here, the question of management is one of vital importance. It not only concerns the clerical and labor forces, whose salaries and wages hinge upon the prosperity of the business; but it also has an important bearing upon the capital invested in the plant. In the main, this capital represents the surplus dollars of business men, or money which must earn a fair rate of income, like that belonging to widows and orphans, colleges with endowment funds, life insurance companies, savings banks, and numerous other equally important interests.

* * *

THE management of railroads and corporations may be broadly divided into two parts: that of the operating officials, who are responsible to the directors for the general conduct of the business; and the directors themselves, who are elected by the stockholders to act as their representatives. It should always be remembered, however, that some of the officers of a company are also members of the board. This is desirable, in that they are in a position to render valuable assistance to the remaining directors, who, while keeping in the closest possible touch with the affairs of a company,

are, naturally, less familiar with the actual details of operation than the managing officers. But it is the duty of the directors as a body to determine whether a company is being managed and operated to its best advantage, to see that the plant is kept in first-class physical condition, that the credit and financial standing of the company are maintained upon a high plane, and that every possible safeguard be thrown around the invested capital.

On the other hand, the operating officials, as a whole, have more to do with the physical conduct of the business than with the financial or credit side. They must create customers, see that proper attention is given to orders, insure prompt deliveries, and, in fact, increase and encourage in every way the profitable growth of the business. The cases are rare where a company has suffered serious or permanent harm through the bad judgment, negligence, or incapability of an operating official. Such a state of affairs would soon disclose itself to the scrutiny of the directors, and would result either in the severe reprimand or the prompt dismissal of the official at fault.

No matter how great may be the intrinsic value of a property, the development of its greatest earning power depends upon wise and prudent management. The gross earnings must be sufficient to pay the cost of operation, as well as the interest on the bonds, taxes, and other fixed charges. A company that cannot do all of these things soon finds itself in a serious predicament. The interest upon outstanding bonds and other fixed charges must be paid; they are obligations which, if not met, can mean only one thing, and that is receivership. Therefore, a wise management will do everything in its power to keep the fixed charges of a company reduced to a minimum. It should also set aside each year some proportion of its surplus earnings, which can be properly used to pay fixed charges during years when business is upon a reduced scale.

* * *

SOME companies do not create any bonded debt, all of the capital being secured through sale of stock. But, excepting with companies conducting an established business, it is practically impossible to finance successfully by this method. Persons

The Question of Earnings

with money to invest usually demand some form of security, such as a mortgage, or other direct claim upon property, in case the business should not prove to be successful. There are instances innumerable to demonstrate that this is the only wise policy for persons dependent upon income to pursue. *The first principle of all sound investment must ever be the quality of the security afforded the capital; the interest, or income yield, being of secondary consideration.*

It is nevertheless obvious that a stockholder, who is simply a partner in the business, and whose claim against a company or its earnings is always subject to the rights of the bondholders, is justly entitled to receive a fair proportion of any surplus earnings; that is, the earnings remaining after the interest on the bonds and other fixed charges have been paid. This is especially true as relating to the buyers of stocks of established companies, whose additional capital requirements are frequently provided by the issuance of further amounts of stock, the sale of which is usually accomplished through offering it to stockholders at prices considerably below the figures ruling in the open market. The money thus advanced is certainly entitled to receive a fair rate of dividends. It may provide for the enlargement of the plant, or various other things; all of which means just so much more protection for the bondholders, because, naturally, the expenditure of the additional money enhances the value of the property. This is one of the reasons why well-informed investors have a preference for bonds of ably managed railroads and corporations. Ordinarily, there is a steady increase in the intrinsic value of the security, which usually causes the bonds to sell at higher prices when normal conditions prevail in the money markets.

* * *

TO determine just what proportion of its surplus earnings should go back into a property, or be set aside as a reserve fund for future contingencies, is one of the most perplexing problems that boards of directors have to solve. In many cases, operating officials want to put back into the property practically all of the surplus earnings, rather than see them distributed in the form of dividends to stockholders. But the directors, who, as before stated, represent the stockholders, are in duty bound to see to it that an equitable disbursement is made, and, if no dividends are paid, they owe it to

The Investment Banker

WE have prepared a booklet bearing the above title and referring briefly to the history, methods and policy of this firm. For many years we have made a specialty of selling high grade bonds to individuals, and this booklet may interest those who are at this time desirous of taking advantage of present market conditions to purchase bonds for investment at what we believe to be unusually attractive prices.

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the stockholders to explain the whys and wherefores.

Directors are often criticized for being too liberal in the payment of dividends. Sometimes, however, the unreasonable demands of stockholders make such action almost imperative. In commenting upon this subject a director of a large corporation recently stated:

"I am on record as being opposed to any increase in the dividend rate of my company, notwithstanding that such action is being urged by many of our large stockholders. In the long run, a company conserves the best interests of all of its security holders by setting aside each year to the credit of profit and loss from 25 to 50 per cent. of its surplus earnings. This may cause some disappointed stockholders to sell their shares and reinvest in those of other companies; but I am satisfied that our stockholders will be receiving dividends when many other companies, whose directors are less conservative, will have little or nothing to disburse."

* * *

GENERALLY speaking, the heavy selling of the stock of a company by its large stockholders means lower prices, and directors must concern themselves with such a situation. Declining prices for the stock of a company often affects its credit or financial standing in the eyes of the public. If it then becomes necessary to secure additional capital, it might mean that the company would be forced to accept lower prices for its bonds, or other fixed obligations, than those warranted by its intrinsic strength. It is to avoid such a situation as this that directors are sometimes influenced to be too liberal toward stockholders during periods of great prosperity, and are thus forced to reduce or suspend dividend payments when a general business reaction sets in. At such times persons with surplus money are offered exceptional opportunities to buy dividend paying stocks of good companies at bargain prices. More important still, they have every reason to feel, in the majority of cases, that companies maintaining their dividends under such circumstances are managed by conservative boards of directors. As applied to the bonds of such companies, it is almost a foregone conclusion that they are desirable investments from every standpoint, although they may represent various degrees of safety, ranging between those suitable for persons dependent upon income and others which should be purchased only by business men, who are usually willing to buy semi-speculative investments in order to obtain a high rate of interest.

The Buying and

Selling of Stock

It must now be apparent to the readers of this magazine that the duties of directors are most important and complex. Furthermore, there is practically no limit to the powers which they may exercise when once they are elected by the stockholders. They are responsible for the entire business and financial policy of a company, and may either carry it to the height of prosperity or bring it to complete ruin. When we stop to think of the magnitude of the corporate interests of this country, and the difficulties which have had to be overcome in encouraging their development and growth, it must be apparent to all fair-minded persons that directors, as a class, do not fail to measure up to the standard of their enormous responsibilities.

* * *

PRACTICALLY all of the railroads and corporations sell their bonds, short-term notes, or other fixed obligations direct to investment bankers, who, in turn, dispose of them to their clients. These firms usually have representation on the boards of directors, and are more or less responsible for the supervision and management of the particular companies whose securities they may handle. However, in the case of the very large corporations, which are known from one end of the land to the other, and whose securities are actively traded in upon the New York Stock Exchange, such a representation is not always enjoyed. Moreover, even in cases where members of these firms are directors in such corporations, the responsibilities are not usually so great. The reason for this is that the affairs of the big corporations are more or less public property—or, at least, they most certainly should be—and their general policies are freely discussed by the various newspapers and other publications throughout the country.

*The Property of
the Public*

The situation is again different as applied to many of the smaller public utility and industrial corporations, whose securities are not always listed, or, if listed, are closely held by individual investors, and are rarely traded in upon the New York Stock Exchange. It is most essential that investment bankers recommending such securities to their clients should have intimate knowledge of the affairs of the corporations. Otherwise, they would decline to risk their reputations and standing by recommending their purchase. They would not be in a position to protect the interests of the buyers if the corporations should experience any embarrassments. This is the stand always taken by reputable firms when offering for sale the securities of the special companies in which they may be directly interested. It is generally recognized as being a fact that such investments, when recommended by reputable firms, offer exceptional investment opportunities for persons who must receive the largest possible income compatible with the safety of the principal.

It Is Time to Buy Bonds

Good bonds now offer to investors the opportunity of a life-time, even though it is practically impossible to buy at the extreme low levels.

Allowing for this fact, it is our opinion, based upon our many years' experience as Investment Bankers, that now is the time to buy bonds, provided purchases are restricted to the issues of properties which have always been and still are under the supervision and management of conservative men.

Write for our Special Bond Circular, entitled "Investment Opportunities," in which we review past events and existing conditions in the financial and business worlds. This circular contains tables showing the recovery in the prices of bonds six months and one-year after the panics of 1884, 1893 and 1903, and the high prices at which 35 well-known railroad bonds sold in 1907 and 1906, and the low prices of 1907. A copy of this circular should be in the hands of every person with surplus money.

Write for Bond Circular No. 77.

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How to Select Securities

The qualities which securities must possess in order to make satisfactory investments vary in accordance with the wealth, earning power and occupation of the investor.

One of the first principles of successful investment is to select securities which conform to the real requirements of the case and to avoid paying an additional amount for qualities which are not necessary.

The Guaranty Trust Company of New York has prepared a circular under the above title, in which the needs of different classes of investors are shown. Definite offerings are made of securities suitable to each class.

Send for circular No. 333.

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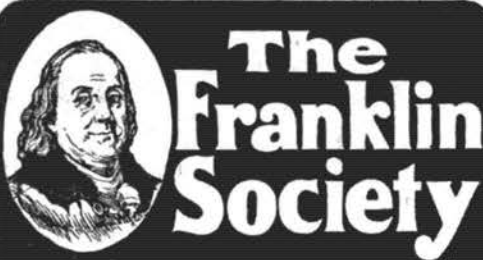
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The Question of Income

The question of determining the relationship between the intrinsic value of a bond and its income return is largely academic. Generally speaking, the income from a bond depends upon the physical condition of the property upon which it is a mortgage, earning power, management, etc. But the greatest single factor, all things being equal, is the interest rates commanded by money at any given time. When money rates are high, bonds and all other investments sell, or should sell, at lower prices than when money is cheap. It is during periods of high interest rates for money, such as those prevailing at this time, that genuine bargains in bonds are obtainable. The reason for this is that when money becomes cheap there is a large supply, and some part of it is certain to be employed in the purchase of bonds, the natural effect of which is to cause an advance in prices.

Another factor which influences the prices of bonds is the question of market. For instance, assume that the bond issues of two different companies have the same intrinsic value; one of the issues possessing a narrow market and the other an active market: The bond of active market can be quickly converted into cash. This convertibility is essential to persons who will need to realize cash upon an investment at some future time on short notice. Therefore, in a case such as I am illustrating, the active market bond possesses a feature which the narrow market bond does not, and would be expected to command higher prices, which would lessen its income return. To individuals making permanent investments an active market for a bond is not an important consideration; therefore, such people could afford to buy the bond of narrow market and secure for themselves the higher income yield.

In the opinion of the writer, a sum of money for investment should be divided between the purchase of securities of active and narrow market. This is a broad statement, and is subject to exceptions in individual cases. But, generally speaking, it is certainly a great mistake for persons to have all of their money invested in securities of narrow market, or in any other form of investment that cannot be readily converted into cash.

I WANT to impress upon the readers of this magazine the extreme care that should always be exercised in purchasing the stocks of companies not financed by reputable investment bankers. Such stocks are being

Discrimination in Buying Securities

offered to-day at par, \$100 a share, and upon which dividends of from 6 to 7 per cent. are promised. In most cases these stocks have no market whatsoever, and banks will not accept them as collateral for loans. Moreover, there are 7 per cent. preferred industrial stocks actively traded in upon the New York Stock Exchange, and upon which banks will make loans, that are selling from about \$80 to \$90 a share, representing an income yield of from about 8 to 9 per cent. Therefore, if people feel that they prefer to buy stocks rather than bonds, above all things they should restrict their purchases to the stocks of corporations that are known the world over, or those that are recommended by reputable investment bankers. As I explained in a previous article, a company attempting to conduct a profitable mercantile business, and combine with it the sale of stocks and bonds, might make money out of one of the two propositions; but, when worked in conjunction, one usually suffers for the sake of the other. If this were not a fact, the managers of the important railroads and corporations would not find it imperative to finance their properties through the medium of investment bankers.

Something on the Way

THE McJones family were moving to another town. Mr. McJones had gone ahead to get the new home in order and Mrs. McJones was to follow with the family's goods and chattels. When she was ready to start, Mrs. McJones, remembering her scriptures, wired her husband as follows:

"Lares and Penates on board boat. Will arrive tomorrow morning."

But when the telegram got to the husband, it was in these terms:

"Lard and peanuts on board boat. Will arrive tomorrow morning."

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And all of his friends waited for him to send them autographed copies of his book.

And so his books were sold as junk.

And ever after he did n't have any friends.

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The Ronald Press, Rooms 60-62, 229 Broadway New York

How It Happened

By PORTER EMERSON BROWNE

[Concluded from page 76]

this golden opportunity to avoid becoming a bas relief on some frost-laden slope or an object of disfavor on the eyes of the Watch and Ward Society."

I got a look at myself as I was crossing another stream—this time on a bridge. I certainly was a sight calculated to throw into hysterics the most calloused cab horse that ever went to sleep against an "L" pillar.

I had n't shaved in a week and I had one of the prettiest black eyes it has ever been my pleasure to possess; and as for clothing (or rather the kid's clothing), it fitted me with the impartial clingingness of the tar paper on the apple tree. The hat seemed to have lost every particle of its youthful ambition and it flapped and flopped and flapped around my moss-grown lineaments in a manner alike dissolute and truculent. I'll bet that there is n't a bench warmer in Madison Square that would have stayed on the same side of the park with me.

Between then and the twentieth, I indited another letter, just to show that the gang was still awake and on the job. And on the fateful evening of the twentieth, I made a hasty supper from a can of beans and started for the trying place where Wealth and I, so long separated but so near to one another at last, were to link lovingly our fates forever.

As I have said, I had written in both my letters to Uncle Jared that any attempt to violate the terms of the agreement, or treachery of any kind, would result in my being sent to join the heavenly choir, so abruptly as to probably throw them off the key, and I felt sure that he, for a paltry twenty thousand dollars, would not endanger my life. So I anticipated nothing but a pleasant evening with a chunk of my patrimony.

Nevertheless and notwithstanding, at the last minute I decided to amble by the pine insouciantly in order to make assurance doubly sure and as well to sort of tantalize myself to an even greater degree of appreciation.

I was flirting coyly with its shivered face when, all of a sudden, a large and noisy delegation popped out on me like a hawk on a June bug and I was nailed before I could bat an eye.

They were detectives, of course. And they asked me who I was, and why, and where I was going, and what for, and where I had come from, and when, and then said that no matter what I said they would n't believe me, and that I was under arrest. Then, after going through the usual police formula of telling me that I was not obliged to say anything that would tend to incriminate myself, they asked me if I had seen anything of myself.

I replied that I had seen someone playing about the mountains that looked like me; and with much determined acidity of manner, they ordered me to guide them to where I had seen myself, punctuating their orders with frequent promises to themselves and me to shoot me if I tried any trick on them.

The situation sort of tickled my sense of humor; and that saved me from doing a sackcloth and ashes over the miscarriage of my carefully conceived plans; that and the fact that I was mad clear through at having so grossly overestimated the humanitarianism of Uncle Jared. For the sake of a mere twenty thousand dollars that was mine anyhow, he had jeopardized my life! He had put me in a fair way of being brutally slaughtered by an imaginary gang of bloodthirsty butchers! Oh, you can bet that I made up my mind to tell him what I thought of him when next I should see him!

My philosophical cogitations were brought to an abrupt termination by one of those ill-mannered detectives shoving a young cannon under my nose and demanding that I take my choice between leading them to me, or of going alone to heaven.

I really could n't see any possible chance of hesitation between the alternatives, so I at once agreed to do their cheerful bidding; and if it had n't been for the acute disappointment at losing twenty thousand dollars and the natural grief at discovering a beloved uncle to be a perfidious old skinflint, I would have had the time of my life.

I almost laughed myself into hysterics as I herded that gang up hill and down dale and in and out and around and through and over and back until their tongues were hanging out. And every once in a while I'd yell, "There! I think I see him now!" and start off on a sprint with that pack flopping along behind me like a lot of poodle dogs in a fox hunt: for they were city-bred sleuths, you know, and about as good at cross-country work as a ninety-year-old cripple would be at porch climbing. They puffed and they grunted and they got blisters on their feet and on their tempers, and their language, as I drove them all through one of those forty below zero mountain streams and then crossed over myself on a bridge that they had n't seen, would have sent the red blood surging to the damask cheek of a London 'bus rider.

At length they became so careless with their howitzers that I thought I'd better sound the Mort. So I drove them up the mountainside and into my airy retreat. Whereat they all flopped down on their haunches and began to tell themselves what they would do with the reward that was offered for me.

I sat up so suddenly that I almost snapped my spine.

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This was the first time that the expense of the outing had occurred to me at all. I asked how much my discovery was worth to the successful contestant; and I was informed that my considerably qualified carcass was valued by the considerably more qualified fools that wanted it at just an even five thousand.

At which I sat down and did a little mental arithmetic as to the cost of hiring seventeen detectives, and I asked the range boss of the outfit if they came any cheaper in quantities. He replied by telling me to get something to eat or he'd knock my cupola off; and while I was busily doing a Delmonico, I figured it out feverishly that the time I had spent in Seeing North Carolina with that bunch of up-Staters had cost me seventy-nine dollars and a quarter.

I wanted to stop my culinary endeavors right there and tell my right name and catch the first train north. But all attempts to desist were met with such a distinct lack of enthusiasm that I was obliged to continue doing a Marion Harland until I had a stack of buckwheat cakes that looked like the Flatiron Building.

In the interim I was wanly and lugubriously considering the debilitating effect of the expedition upon my bank account. When, at length, they were ready to eat, I was ready to make an attempt to save at least the reward offered for myself by finding myself myself.

Carefully I bided my time; and when, anon, the banqueting horde was prestidigitatorally engaged in turning flapjacks into detectives, I stole silently away through the firelight.

Natty Bumpo was a hob-nailed emigrant to me as I fox-footed it away into the dense darkness that surrounded the camp. And I suppose that I had gone at least two feet and seven inches before I was seen.

Then, with a yell, some one took the trail; and the rest, with their mouths full of pancakes and their hands full of guns, were after me.

I saw that there was nothing for it but open flight; and, gathering myself tensely, I sprang forward into the darkness, and alighted, with both feet, upon a large mass of nothing.

I must have turned over at least five times before I hit anything save atmosphere. Then my head struck a stump, and, with the added momentum, I pin wheeled down a couple of hundred yards to land on my feet. This imparted additional impetus, and I ricocheted down at least a quarter of a mile further, and, at the end of that distance, I tried to pass a tree on both sides at once.

I would have been all right had I been twins. But I was n't. By and by the Pinkerton hordes, descending the mountainside in much the same manner as I had affected, came upon me, and, with the aid of their gun barrels and a few branches that I had knocked off in my trip, pried me loose from the bark and arranged the component parts of my anatomy in the way that an all-wise Providence had intended them to be; and tied them that way that they might not again become snarled.

At that I saw that the five thousand was gone forever, and in weak and chastened tones, announced my identity. And it cost me seventeen dollars more in time lost to convince them that I was me.

Of the rest, I can scarce bear to tell. Uncle Jared paid the detective agency \$7,287 of my money with a grin upon his face that so spread his whiskers that it took a week to train them back into shape again; and then as soon as I became able to go out on the street without frightening horses, or causing a small-pox scare (for you must know that it is not conducive to facial perfection to plough up half the State of North Carolina with one's eyebrows), he maliciously led me out into the park and sat me down on a bench, near the bridge path, and then, when she came along on a little sorrel mare, he pointed her out to me.

My usually facile pen sticks plumb in the paper when I try to describe her. Such glorious hair! Such wonderful eyes! Such perfect lips! Such—such—such gorgeous, superb, heavenly everything! And then what did that mean-spirited, contemptible, malevolent, malignant, spiteful old relative of mine do but stop her and, after introducing us, tell her the whole blooming business!

Before he got half through, a mustard seed was gigantic compared to the way I felt; and I just knew that I could crawl into a squirrel hole if only I could find one. But I could n't.

And then, with a little gleam in her eyes, and lips curving merrily over the whitest of teeth, she turned to me.

"Cheer up," she said (or words to that effect); "why didn't you come to see me? I would n't have married you, anyway!"

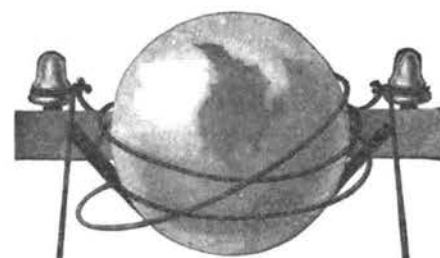
And so I came away on a cruise, and—oh, doggone it, I hope the boat sinks! Yrs, Jim.

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The Real Lawson

[Continued from page 73]

quoted to-day in the neighborhood of \$2,300,000.] The money that Lawson used in getting his foothold in Butte and Boston was the fat commission he had exacted from Addicks for taking charge of his Bay State Gas fight.

Lawson's breaking into the "Butte and Boston" game in this bold way naturally antagonized the original owners of the mine, and they promptly sought means of throwing Lawson out. They tried to undermine him by breaking the price of the stock and by getting the banks to call his loans. This was using a Lawson method of blood-letting on Lawson himself. The attack was well planned, and one day Lawson's stocks began crumbling. The newspapers were all ready to "feature," in the morning, the overthrow of the copper plunger. Lawson was in a bad way. Another day of crumbling prices and he would be bankrupt. He needed cash—he needed it more than he had ever needed it before in his life.

"Ho, ho!" quoth he, as he suddenly saw a great light. "There's the Bay State Gas treasury."

The Bay State treasury then—thanks to Lawson's skill in peddling out more stock to the public whenever Addicks set the printing presses going (the capital was merrily raised from one to five, to fifteen, to fifty, to a hundred millions)—was bulging with cash. And so that night Lawson went to Addicks, chief watchdog of the treasury, and said, in substance:

"Addicks, they have me on the run. I need a million in the morning. Please hand me the key to the Bay State treasury."

The next morning, with the million of Bay State cash, Lawson turned the tide of battle in "Butte and Boston," and saved his scalp. Lawson's own version of this interesting episode in Lawsonian finance is this:

"It was at this particular stage that the Bay State was let into the deal. I had a long consultation with Addicks that night and showed him my hand. He agreed that with what I already had of the stock and 'Standard Oil's' backing, the venture came as near being an absolutely sure thing as could be found in stocks. My proposition was that I should secure for the Bay State Company 50,000 shares of Butte at an average of \$20 to \$25, and that I should have half the profits of the venture, provided they aggregated over two millions of dollars. Coming to Addicks in this emergency was cold-blooded business on my part, and, it goes without saying, was frozen-blooded business on his, for he evidently saw then that there was an excellent opportunity to practise his pet game—make money and double-cross his partner while doing so. The Bay State's venture showed a profit afterwards of four millions of dollars, but of my share of this large sum I was deprived."

That Lawson was deprived of this extra million must naturally excite the sympathy of the readers of this biography. Lawson was engaged in a highly hazardous mining stock speculation; he was about to lose his gamble; he needed more "blue chips" to "call" the other fellows' wagers; he took advantage of his position as one of the guardians of the public's money in the Bay State treasury to take the stockholder's money to the amount of a million dollars to use as "blue chips" in his own private gamble; and he pressed this advantage by insisting that, if the gamble won, then he should have half the profits the Bay State stockholders might make in saving his scalp. If the gamble lost, and the Bay State stockholders' money was burned up in Lawson's behalf, Lawson would make good to the treasury? Not a bit of it. This is not in the code of high finance. Fortunately for Lawson and the public whose savings he had his hands in with Addicks, the gamble won.

Lawson's "Butte and Boston" gamble was the foundation of Amalgamated Copper. As the copper boom grew in the late 90's, Lawson dreamed of a world-wide copper mines amalgamation that would control the world's output. His plan was first to bring the big American mines into one great trust, thus controlling more than half the world's production, and then form alliances with the great foreign companies. To make this dream a reality many millions of money would be needed, more millions than had ever been devoted to a single commercial venture. Only one group of American capitalists was capable of handling so great an undertaking. This was the Standard Oil group. And so Lawson, from his first meeting with Rogers in '95, in the gas war, began telling the Standard Oil captain his copper dream. Rogers at first listened idly; but, as the months went by, and copper stocks steadily rose in Boston, Lawson's dream began to take hold of Rogers. He took a hand in the speculation in copper stocks and the metal, made money for himself and William Rockefeller and their intimate business associates, and finally became as enthusiastic as Lawson himself over Coppers. When men of the commercial and financial rank of Rogers and Rockefeller plunged into copper speculation, the financial community talked nothing but Coppers. For Standard Oil control of anything at that time meant success.

Early in '99 (Rogers and Rockefeller, having forced the price of the metal up from 12 to 18 cents, [It had

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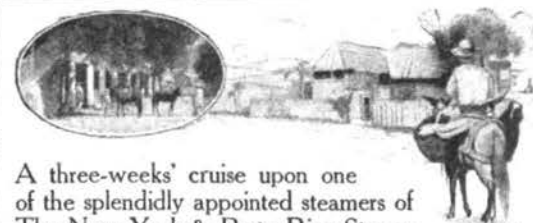
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touched 9 cents in '93.] and having assisted Lawson in marking up the leading copper stocks to record prices, the first step in the world copper consolidation was taken. This was the formation of the Amalgamated Copper Company in April, with a capital of \$75,000,000. Lawson's plan had been to sell to this company his "Butte and Boston" and "Boston and Montana" holdings at fancy prices, and to accept from his Rogers-Rockefeller backers a quarter share of the many millions of profits in the whole deal. Rogers craftily "strung" Lawson along on this idea, while the Boston plunger got all his friends and his public following keyed up to concert pitch. Meanwhile Rogers secretly bought for himself and Rockefeller, control of the greatest copper mine in the world, the Anaconda, in Butte, then producing 100,000,000 pounds of copper a year, or nearly one fifth the country's copper. This wonderful property had been developed by Marcus Daly, J. B. Haggin, Lloyd Tevis, and George Hearst. It was logically the first mine to be considered in any copper consolidation, but, as Lawson was not loaded up with its shares at bargain prices, he overlooked it in his plans. He wanted a market for his "Butte and Boston"—a mere bagatelle of a mine beside its bonanza neighbor on Butte hill. Rogers, one day, when Lawson had become loaded to the gunwales with copper shares (sans Anaconda), carrying his load only by grace of the Rogers-Rockefeller support, broke the news to Lawson that Anaconda, and not "Butte and Boston," was to be the nucleus of Amalgamated.

Lawson was stunned, then panic-stricken. He stormed at Rogers, but the Standard Oil captain, accustomed to having his own way, told the frightened Lawson very plainly that the plan was all sealed.

"Mr. Rockefeller and myself will put our Anaconda into the company first, and then later on we'll look after 'Butte and Boston' and 'Boston and Montana' for you," said Rogers.

Lawson was forced to let Rogers and Rockefeller go ahead and make their millions selling Anaconda to the public at fancy prices, or else he must abandon all hope of turning the same trick later with his "Butte and Boston" and "Boston and Montana." And so Lawson took the front seat on the band wagon and beat the tom-tom.

Rogers and Rockefeller had paid \$24,000,000 for Anaconda and \$15,000,000 for allied properties, \$39,000,000 in all, and they proceeded to offer \$75,000,000 Amalgamated Copper stock to the public to trade their \$30,000,000 of mining stock for \$75,000,000 cash—a profit of \$45,000,000. Lawson was employed to drive the lambs to slaughter. The Amalgamated Copper Company announced that it had bought control of Anaconda and other Montana properties, and, the National City Bank announced that it would receive subscriptions at par, \$100, for the company's \$75,000,000 stock.

Lawson went ahead with the brass-band-and-hurrah work in the Grand Rivers style of ten years before. While Lawson was doing the shouting, telling the public what a bonanza Amalgamated would be, the Standard Oil fellows quietly passed the word around to the faithful to get onto the "good thing." And everybody got aboard, that is, all the credulous followers of Lawson and Rogers. The National City Bank asked for a deposit of only \$5 on each \$100 share subscribed for. Lawson, over his signature, in a sensational advertisement, told the public that the \$100 shares could be sold at once for \$150 or \$175. An investor, therefore, who sent \$5,000 to the City Bank for a thousand shares, \$100,000, could (if he believed Lawson) sell his stock at once for \$150,000 or \$175,000, thus making \$50,000 to \$75,000 in a few days on an investment of \$5,000. Everybody knew that the Standard Oil fellows made money as easily as rolling off a log, but never before had they let the public in on the secret. The credulous thought the Standard Oil fellows had turned philanthropists and were going to lead the public along the royal road of easy wealth. This prospect of making an easy fortune overnight, so excited the credulous that they not only sent their \$5 deposits on \$100 shares to the City Bank, but they subscribed for several times as much stock as they wanted. The word went around that there would be such an enormous oversubscription that the allotments would be only a fraction of the subscriptions. The public, therefore, subscribed for about five times as much stock as it expected to get. The total subscriptions received from the public amounted to \$132,000,000, these subscriptions being accompanied by \$6,000,000 in real cash. Rogers and Rockefeller, and Stillman, of the City Bank, looked the money over and it looked good to them. They decided to take all of it, of course; the only question was, how much more they could get from the subscribers. They decided that \$20,000,000 more was about all they could squeeze out immediately; and so they allotted subscribers \$26,400,000 of stock, or exactly one fifth the public's padded subscription. To make this proceeding regular they put in a dummy subscription of their own for \$243,000,000, which, cut to a fifth, called for \$48,600,000. This was a mere operation of taking stock out of one pocket and putting it in another. The only reason the promoters did not let the public have this extra \$48,600,000 of stock, was that they knew the public could not swallow it all in one dose. The operation of feeding it out to the public in small doses went on for two years, Lawson continuing to do the brass-band-and-hurrah work. The stock was fed out

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all the way up to \$130, and when the operation was completed the stock smashed to \$33.

When it came to a division of the spoils, Lawson went up to the captain's office, expecting to draw down his quarter, or \$9,000,000, less expenses. But Rogers and Rockefeller did not think Lawson had a right to demand so much out of the deal, because the Anaconda round-up had been their work exclusively. So they offered him \$2,500,000. He at once began calling Rogers and Rockefeller names and threatened to "bust the game" if they were not more liberal with the booty. To keep peace in the family they offered him \$5,000,000, and this he accepted with thanks. He still had all his own copper stocks to put into Amalgamated, and he did not dare antagonize Standard Oil.

When the Amalgamated shares were issued they did not sell at \$150 to \$175, as Lawson promised. In fact, subscribers had difficulty in selling them for the \$100 they paid for them. The enormous premium turned out to be another Lawson dream, like the sure profits in the Kentucky iron mine. Two years later \$80,000,000 more Amalgamated stock was sold to pay Lawson, Rogers, and Rockefeller for their "Butte and Boston," and "Boston and Montana." Lawson valued his Butte and Boston, cost \$12, at \$120, and turned it into the Amalgamated Company share for share for Amalgamated.

The collapse in Amalgamated almost immediately followed this increase in the capital to \$155,000,000. Rogers tried to hold the metal up to 17 cents, and failed utterly. It smashed to 11 cents. As Amalgamated could not make any money with copper below 15 cents, the stock smashed too, and reached 33. The credulous followers of Lawson began to see a light. A year ago a new crop of "suckers" had risen up to buy Amalgamated, again above \$100 a share, on Lawson's advice. And again the metal and the stock smashed, leaving the creditors high and dry.

Lawson has written the story of "The Crime of Amalgamated." The real "crime of Amalgamated" was this:

Lawson lied about the value of Amalgamated shares on April 28, 1899, the day of the public offer, in these words:

"Amalgamated is, in my opinion, the best opportunity ever offered the public for safe and profitable investment."

[This recalls the Lawson Grand Rivers, Kentucky, iron mine fiasco. Grand Rivers stock was "as near absolute security as was possible in the stock of any corporation"—but it was wafted away in thin air.]

"Amalgamated will, from the start and always after, pay eight per cent. dividends annually."

[Its dividends have ranged from eight to two per cent. annually—average five per cent.]

"There will be rights attaching to the stock almost at its beginning that will give to it large profits independent of those accruing from its dividends."

[Eight and a half years have gone by and the victims of Lawson's optimism are still waiting for these rights.]

"Every one who subscribes will receive shares at one hundred dollars that can be sold at once at a large profit."

[This was Lawson enthusiasm gone mad. The coarsest gold brick swindler never did anything as coarse as this.]

"The assets now owned by the Amalgamated Company are worth from \$100,000,000 to \$125,000,000."

[More enthusiasm—these assets cost \$39,000,000 and soon after the flotation had a market valuation of only \$25,000,000.] Never in the wildest bull markets since, when Amalgamated sold at prices that "commanded the intelligence of the world," were these assets valued as high as Lawson's minimum figure, \$100,000,000.

"This stock is worth and can be sold for 50 to 75 per cent. more than the subscription price."

[Mere financial insanity.]

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And o' their morals I've ma dou'ts—
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To see themselves as I can see them!

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Drugging a Race

By SAMUEL MERWIN

[Concluded from page 79]

established the "open door" policy. Elihu Root has seen over the balance sheet in arranging to waive the future claims of this country for indemnity money. And Lord Elgin, for England, saw over the balance sheet when he outlined that sound policy which he was afterwards one of the first to violate—"Never to make an unjust demand of China, and never to recede from a demand once made." To-day it seems apparent that the great nations cannot be brought together to agree on any really enlightened policy in China. Even had such a thing been possible a few years ago, the untrustworthy methods of Russia and the growing ambitions of Japan would make it impossible to-day. Nations which, when brought together in a "Peace Conference," cannot even agree upon the rules of war, will hardly forego the chance of seizing some special advantage in the colossal grab-bag which is China. And so it seems likely that the genial commercial adventurers and gamblers and vice promoters of Shanghai will go on sowing the wind in China and that the sullen hate of those silent, observing millions of yellow men will deepen and smolder until the final day of reckoning, the day of reaping, shall come.

There is one ray of light which, to-day, illuminates the China Coast. It is a small ray, when we consider the number of dark corners to be illuminated, and yet there is the bare possibility that it may prove the beginning of better conditions. Something less than two years ago the United States Government established a wholly new institution, the United States Court for China. L. R. Wilfley, one of the legal officers whom Judge Taft had trained in Manila during his governorship of the Philippines, was appointed the first judge of this court, and was sent out, with a district attorney, a marshal, and a clerk, to administer justice to Americans up and down the China Coast and along the Yangtse River. By treaty, all American citizens are exempt from judgment under the Chinese law, that peculiar jumble of tradition, superstition, common sense, and oriental severity. Formerly justice had been dealt out in courts presided over by the consul generals and the consuls in their respective districts.

Now it should be obvious to the most casual observer that the peculiar conditions and the peculiar industries which thrive in the treaty ports give rise to a considerable number of legal entanglements. There is, of course, a large volume of legitimate business transacted on the Coast, which gives legitimate employment to a few lawyers; but there is a volume of illegitimate and semi-illegitimate business which would also naturally give employment to other lawyers. At the time of Judge Wilfley's appointment one thing was clear to the enlightened heads of our Department of State at Washington; the consular courts, thanks to the skill and resource of the American lawyer on the coast, were in a constant tangle of perplexed inefficiency, and the American name was sinking steadily lower in China.

It is likely that no American judge ever faced so peculiar and difficult a task as that assigned to Judge Wilfley. It was his duty to take the place of a waiting public opinion, and to raise the drooping prestige of his country. He had behind him no settled code of laws, but merely a few treaties and a few orders from the Department of State. He had not only to judge cases between Americans, but also cases between Americans and citizens of other nationalities, including the Chinese themselves. He had to establish rulings on the most complicated matters of coastwise commerce in a land where coastwise commerce is involved with perplexing local customs and superstitions. Above all he had, from the start, to fight a well organized, well entrenched band of shady characters who had run their course for so long without anything in the nature of a public opinion to hold them in check that they resented his advent as an encroachment on their vested right to do as they chose. The last and most perplexing of his problems was that in rooting out these evils he was in danger at every turn of arraying against him the citizens of other nationalities and even of arousing the active enmity of the courts and the officials of other nations, most of whom had been content to let Shanghai jog along in its easy-going, sordid way.

It is to Judge Wilfley's everlasting credit that, with a full knowledge of the difficulties and dangers before him, he went straight to the heart of the problem. Seeing that certain American lawyers had long stood between the old consular courts and anything which could be called justice, he set to work first to solve the problem of the lawyers. His campaign for a higher standard on the coast has not been without its humorous moments. Mr. Bassett, his shrewd young district attorney, preceded him to Shanghai to "look the ground over." The little group of American lawyers at Shanghai made haste to get acquainted with him. One of the ablest among them invited him, casually and informally, to dinner. When Bassett arrived at the dinner he found himself, to his astonishment, confronted with thirty or forty "leading citizens," including all the American lawyers and several men of questionable business character whom he rather expected to be prosecuting a little later on.

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After the coffee and cigars, the host rose, and in a neat little speech called on Bassett to tell the company something about Judge Wilfley and what work he meant to do in Shanghai. It was a difficult situation. A slow-witted man might have found himself in a fix. But Bassett, if I may credit the account which reached me, was equal to the situation. He rose, and looked around the table from face to face.

"Gentlemen," he said, "as I have come quite unprepared for this pleasure, I shall have to fall back on story telling. In the small hours, one morning, two men who had been having rather too good a time were navigating from street-corner to street-corner. Said Smith, 'Jonesh, shtime to go home. Shgetting broad daylight. Thersun shining up there.'

"'No, Shmith,' replied Jones, 'you're mishtaken. Tha'sh moon up there, and it's night.'

"They staggered down the street, Smith insisting that it was day, Jones insisting that it was night, until they met a fellow inebriate clinging to a fire plug. To him they appealed their dispute. He heard them out, and then looked thoughtfully up at the moon. For a long time he puzzled over the problem, and finally, giving it up, turned to them and said politely, 'Gentlemen, you'll have to 'scuse me. I'm a stranger in town.'

"And, gentlemen," said Bassett, again looking about from face to face, "you'll have to excuse me. I'm a stranger in town."

Judge Wilfley began by calling upon every American lawyer who was practicing in Shanghai to bring a certificate of good moral character and to pass an examination before he could be admitted to practice in the new court. The examination was given, and only two of the lawyers passed. At once there was a hubbub. The judge was attacked hotly. One of the lawyers who failed to pass hurried over to this country, making a speech at Honolulu, on the way, in which he insinuated charges of corruption against Judge Wilfley. Shortly after his arrival at San Francisco he prevailed upon the Ninth Circuit Court of Appeals, on the Pacific Coast, to reverse one of Judge Wilfley's decisions *without having the facts of the whole case in hand and without a hearing from the China court.* He went on to Washington, and within a month or two last winter actually got a bill through the United States Senate *reinstating all the disqualified lawyers.* The bill is before the House at this present session. He has conducted a newspaper campaign against Judge Wilfley in this country since his return last year. It seems only fair to call attention to these attacks on a fearless and able man, because Judge Wilfley is too hard at work in a distant country to be able to defend himself. In the course of my travels from port to port last year, it became clear to me that this new court was the one uplifting factor in a distressing general condition.

Judge Wilfley, like his district attorney, seems to hold no visionary theories, in spite of the high standard he has set. Before leaving China, I made it a point to call on him and talk with him about the work he is doing in the interest of the American name. He seemed to recognize clearly enough that vice and depravity can no more be put down out of hand in Shanghai than they can be put down out of hand in New York or Chicago or Boston. But he maintained that the disreputably open flaunting of vice can be stopped. In fining the "American girls" \$500 (gold) each, and driving a number of them off the Coast, his attack has been directed mainly against the dishonorable use of an honorable phrase. In imprisoning or driving away the American gamblers, he has been trying to put gambling down more nearly to the place it occupies in this country, as a minor rather than as a major branch of industry. Judge Wilfley has undertaken an Herculean task. It seems to be the hope of all that patient minority, the better class of Americans on the China Coast, that he will be permitted to continue his fight unhampered by political machinery "back home."

There are two other points, besides Shanghai, at which the two kinds of civilization, western and eastern, come into contact—Hongkong and Tientsin. Each is different from the other as well as from Shanghai; and each plays a curious part in the opium drama. We shall take them up in the next article.

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"That's just what I said to my boss," interrupted the agent. "I told him, when he suggested your name to me, that it was a relief to call on a man who did not expect to be praised and flattered to his face all the time. I tell you, Mr. Grump, this city has mighty few men such as you. Nine men out of ten are simply dying to have some one tell them how great they are, but you are above such weakness. Any one can see that at a glance. I'm glad of it. It's helpful to me to meet a man who rises superior to the petty tactics of the average solicitor. It's a real and lasting benefit, and an instructive experience."

Ten minutes later, after a few more such comments on the part of the agent, the man who could not be flattered into signing the contract was asking which line his name should be written upon.



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WHEN I FIXED MY CHILDREN'S ROOM, I pasted all the way around the center of the walls a border, three feet wide, of pictures. I also made a screen, the foundation of which was cheap, stout cotton cloth, tacked on a frame. On this were pasted pictures covered with clear varnish.—Mrs. G. T. HENDERSON.

WITH CHILDREN IN THE HOUSE, things have a way of disappearing down the register. We have fitted beneath each register a piece of wire netting, and on each sweeping day we "take up a collection" that would otherwise be beyond our reach.—ELINOR BRANCH.

IF ONE FINDS IT NECESSARY to administer castor oil or salts to children, it can be given in a way that is less nauseating than usual. Make a sandwich of the oil—put a small amount of diluted lemon juice, in the bottom of a glass, then the oil, with more lemon juice on top. No taste of the oil will be detected. With salts, mix a little ginger and it acts sooner, without the chilly sensation, besides it goes down easier.—A. E. PERKINS, M. D.

DON'T GIVE ICE WATER TO CHILDREN—it often causes serious trouble with their bowels. Place corked bottles of water on the ice. Buttermilk is a healthful drink, and can often be had fresh daily. Some learn to like it if a little salt is added, or it can be diluted with water and served very cold.—A. E. PERKINS, M. D.

SOME MOTHERS THINK IT A NUISANCE to hunt poems and recitations for the children, when their schools make a demand. By clipping every suitable piece you come across, and classifying them by subjects, you will soon find you have a better selection than can be found in a recitation book. I have done this since my first child went to school, and I have found it a pleasure.—E. W.

WHEN A CHILD'S HAIR is so short that it is impossible to use kid rollers or cloths to curl it, try tissue paper. You will find hair little over an inch long can be curled very nicely with it.—B. H.

OUR BOYS HAVE A SMALL BLACKBOARD which hangs in the kitchen. I find it an invaluable aid in teaching them their multiplication tables, golden texts, concert "pieces"—in fact, anything they have to memorize. We read from the board, even while the children are helping me with dish washing, so there is no time wasted in searching for mislaid slips of paper, such as frequently happened before we resorted to the blackboard.—Mrs. F. A. DE LANE.

A BIRTHDAY IS AN EVENT in a child's life which should not pass unnoticed. To be able to bid ones friends to a party is the acme of delight to a small child, and I feel amply repaid for the extra work it entails, by the pleasure it affords the children. For the fifth birthday have a round table with vines circled over it in the shape of a star-fish, with a place for a guest between each point. For the sixth, have a square table with decorations running to each point of a six-pointed star, and a place between each point for a guest.—G. M. S.

"SET AWAY SUPPER DISHES to be washed with the breakfast ones," is my motto. Just after supper is the Children's Hour. It is more important they should have it than that everything be done in order. Then, take turns in reading aloud some good story or article. If the children are studying something that interests everybody, have them tell about it. After an hour spent in this way, you will be surprised to find how rested you are, and a bit of extra dish washing in the morning does not seem formidable.—L. L. EDSON.

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Gilbert, Thomas Mitchell Peirce, Edmund
Frederick, Karl Anderson, Henry Hutt,
Clarence F. Underwood and others.

How Uncle Sam Works for Women will
be told by Isabel Gordon Curtis.

The Presidential Possibilities will be de-
scribed in a popular way by Gustave Meyers.

The Wonderful Turbiners, "Lusitania"
and *"Mauretania,"* will be described by
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"The Scab Rainbow," By James Oppenheim
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LENTALA

[Continued from page 87]

and brought me smiling to a sitting posture. Her in-
quiring look at Christopher read nothing in the bland
face. A shadow of uneasiness drifted through her eyes,
but she drove it away.

"Good!" she said. "I'm glad you are resting.
Lie down again." She dropped to a seat beside me on
the straw, and pushed my head down.

"That's better,—Choseph." Her hand was on my
forehead.

"Joseph," I insisted.

"You don't like the way I talk, Ch—Dzhoseph?"
banteringly, stealing sly hands to mine and pretending
to stare mockingly at me while peering into my eyes.

"Very well, Beelo. Did you square yourself with
the king and have a good rest last night?"

"Of course. Do you think any king—"

"Stop that."

"What?"

"Trying too see if I'm sick. Even though I were
dead, your coming would bring me to life."

"My! Did you hear that, Christopher?"

The sensible man did not answer, nor even look at
her. She made a mouth at his back, withdrew her
hand, and edged away a few inches. Had I made a
slip after that confidence and caution from Lentala? I
roused myself.

"What's the news, little brother? What game and
killing to-day?"

Her face fell grave. "Something has happened," with
you since I saw you last night, Choseph."

I told her all, and she held her breath over the
audacity of our work.

"I—I should n't have dared to suggest it," she said
with charming helplessness as she gave Christopher
and me a look of wondering admiration. "It was
splendid, Choseph!" Her dear leaning girlishness, so
natural and unconscious, started a tumult in me, and it
was hard for me to keep the deception of her sex at
work. "Now," she went on, "Mr. Vancouver is safe
so long as the weather is bad; and when it clears, time
will be needed to gather dry wood. We'll do nothing
for the present."

"But we must be ready," I firmly protested, sitting
up. "This matter is in my hands and Christopher's
now, not yours, my lad, for this is work that on'y men
can plan and do."

The timidity in her look was new, but not less
charming than her surrender.

"What are you going to do, Choseph?" she inquired
with a mocking exaggeration of a helpless reliance that
was quite genuine.

"We shall be ready to take Mr. Vancouver by stealth
or force the moment that actual danger comes near
him. We will bring him to this hut and hide him
here. But a man from the colony will be needed to
guard him. I am going immediately to bring one out
for that purpose."

Her eyes kindled with alarm. "No, no, Choseph!
That would be impossible. You could n't find the way
nor pass the guard. I will go." Argument and per-
suasion were equally useless; she knew when to be
firm. "I will go," was her answer to everything, and
she came to her feet. "You and Christopher come
with me to the summit of the wall, and there you'll
hide near the guard, and wait. I'll bring the man
nearly to the place and send him ahead, and give you
a signal. You must trick the guard out of the way,
and meet him; I will follow. It would ruin every-
thing for me to be seen."

I agreed, and told her to bring Hobart.

"Beelo," I said, "you understand that we have ac-
complished one of the tasks for which you brought us
out of the valley, and in doing so have learned the fate
awaiting our colony."

Her face at once grew pinched. "Don't speak of
it, Choseph!" she cried. "I don't know whether you
have or not, and I don't know what is in your mind.
Simply think of saving Mr. Vancouver."

"Of course, dear lad," I agreed; "but we must be
planning also for means to leave the island, since only
something awful awaits us here. You must tell me all
that I should know. I won't dance any longer to your
mysteries and concealments."

It was as though I had struck her. She stared, her
eyes flooding, her lips trembling.

"Choseph," she answered, "there are things that
you must see and hear for yourself, and they will come
to-night and to-morrow. I'll take you—"

"I must know now," I demanded, not realizing the
harshness of my tone.

"Choseph, I—"

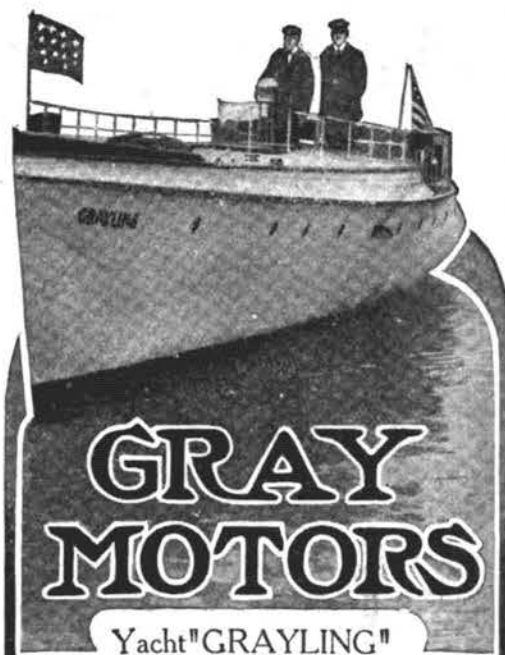
"Did you speak to me, sir?" came from Christopher,
standing behind her.

"No, Christopher. We'll wait, dear little brother."

The sunshine came swimming into her eyes again,
and she made a grimace of triumph in which was an
understanding that Christopher had disciplined me.

"You'll be good now, won't you, Choseph?" It
was said in her most pleasing manner, and I smiled.

We started under an angry sky through which heavy
cloud-masses tumbled. It was a cautious journey.
The very air seemed filled with expectancy. On the
way we formulated a plan for tricking the guard.



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In approaching the point of egress from the valley, Beela practiced the slyness of a lynx and the silence of a serpent. Every step was studied lest a twig snap; the leaves on the ground had been softened by the rain. Presently we sighted the guard—a draggled lot, unused to exposure and dispirited by the weather. There Beela left us in hiding. I now understood the perils that she had breasted in every trip to the valley. If they were so difficult under these conditions, how much more they must have been when fair weather made the guard alert and the ground noisy under foot!

Beela was to warn us of Hobart's coming by giving a certain bird-call thrice. Christopher's answering signal would be notice to Beela that Hobart was safe.

The savages, not twenty paces away—at least two dozen stalwart men—were variously squatting, sitting, and lounging. They were in a compact group, and were talking in low voices, but with an animation unusual to the race. I motioned Christopher to follow, and we crept nearer.

Some important news had just been brought by the relief guard.

"And so the king is n't going to wait for night," said one, as though the news was surprising.

"That is true," came the answer. "He fears that the ground will shake at any time. Besides, the storm will likely come again to-night, and the great fire would be impossible then."

[To be continued in March.]

NEW IDEAS

What the Brains of the World Are Doing to Promote Its Advancement

Our Navy Second in Tonnage

ACCORDING to statistics published at the time of the starting of the Pacific practice cruise, the United States stands second among the navies of the world in the tonnage of her warships. The total displacement of our fighting vessels is 611,616 tons. We stand third in the number of heavy guns, but only fifth in the number of ships and enlisted men. In all these classes, Great Britain is in the lead.

May Help Our Forests

THE manufacture of rough wrapping paper and cardboard from peat is being undertaken on a large scale in Sweden. The process is said to be both rapid and cheap, and it is covered by an American patent. Peat is found in inexhaustible quantities in Northern Europe and in parts of the United States. Although it will not supplant wood pulp for the finer grades of paper, its general use in the manufacture of the coarser kinds ought to aid us in the preservation of our forests.

Oil Instead of Coal

THE British naval office is considering the possibility of supplanting coal with oil in the "mosquito" fleet, the swiftest of England's war boats. A fleet of naval tank steamers would keep the depots supplied.

Our Life-saving Record

LAST year a human life was saved by the United States Life-saving Service every ninety minutes. Out of 5,230 people whose lives were imperiled, only twenty-nine were drowned.

Making Use of the Tetrahedron

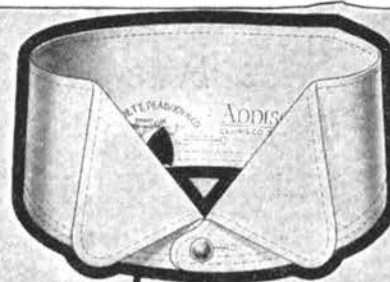
ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL has discovered a new principle in engineering construction. The basis of it is the tetrahedron or form with four triangular sides. Dr. Bell has constructed a tower with these tetrahedral cells, and is making use of the same principle in an airship of the kite variety. Rigidity, strength, and rapidity, and ease of construction are claimed for the new device, which may have an important influence upon engineering construction.

Talking Through the Chest

IT HAS recently become generally known that the user of the telephone can make himself understood if he places his chest instead of his mouth to the transmitter. Under favorable circumstances it is said that the message may be transmitted through other parts of the body. As yet no practical use has been made of this interesting discovery.

To the Pole by Auto

LIEUTENANT E. H. SHACKLETON will attempt to reach the South Pole by automobile, next April. The "Nimrod," bearing his expedition, has already left Belgium for King Edward VII. Land, which he expects to



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Upton Sinclair

has written for the American Magazine a scathing and terrible novel of the extravagant life of New York's super-rich. "The Jungle" was a study of the extremes of grim poverty and its effects on individuals; "The Metropolis" presents the other side of the picture—a severe arraignment of fantastic wealth and its effects on manners, morals and taste.

In the February American Magazine Mr. Sinclair describes, The Home of a Multi-millionaire, A Woman of Fashion and Her Clothes, An Adirondack "Camp," A Church for the Rich, A Scene in a Club, etc.

Other features of the February number are: "Mr. Dooley on Hard Times" by F. P. Dunne with cartoons by McCutcheon, "Reminiscences of Lincoln's Boyhood" by his cousin Dennis Hanks, "The Color line in the North" by Ray Stannard Baker, "Roosevelt vs. Rockefeller" by Ida M. Tarbell, and short stories by Charles Battell Loomis, Jeannette Cooper, Marion Hill, Adele Marie Shaw and others.

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Magazine

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The Largest Office Building

THE largest single office building in the world is that of the City Investment Company, rapidly nearing completion in New York City. While the Singer and the Metropolitan Life Insurance Buildings are higher, neither can equal the new structure's ten million cubic feet capacity and eleven and one half acres of floor space. The City Investment Building consists of a central section thirty-three stories high. There are twenty-three passenger elevators in the building, and an immense steam plant for lighting, heating, and power purposes.

Bigger than the "Lusitania"

ON HER maiden voyage the Cunarder "Mauretania," beset by storms and fogs, failed to equal the speed record made by her sister ship, the "Lusitania." She did, however, break the world's record for a single day's run, having made 624 miles in twenty-four hours, and on her return voyage broke the record for east-bound vessels. It is believed that with good weather and experienced stokers the "Mauretania" will break all records. She is the biggest liner afloat, having a length of 790 feet and a beam of 88 feet. She is a more expensive boat than the "Lusitania." On a round trip between Liverpool and New York she burns about 10,000 tons of coal, and there are 350 trimmers and firemen out of a total crew of 800 men.

A Large-Wheeled Skate

A NEW roller skate has been invented to overcome the difficulties of rough roads. Mr. Koller, a Swiss, is the inventor of the new skate, the principal feature of which is a wheel about a foot in diameter. The wearer's foot is suspended on hangers and is thus near the ground. There are safety brakes which prevent the skate going backward. It is claimed that the device can be used on ordinary country roads.

Suppressing the Pullman Porter

THE health commissioner of Pennsylvania has issued an order forbidding Pullman car porters to brush the clothes of passengers in the aisles of cars. The dust nuisance is the reason for the order, which will doubtless be an example for other states.

A Boon for Color Photography

COLOR photography has taken a great forward step in the invention by the Lumière family, of Paris. The process is said to be cheap enough to be practical, and recently has been put upon the market in the United States. By this method the most delicate shades of color can be accurately reproduced, and because of it we seem to be on the verge of a revolution in the art of photography.

Remarkable Ship Surgery

AN UNUSUAL method of procedure was that employed in saving the White Star liner "Suevic," which went on the Cornish rocks last March. The uninjured part was sawed away and towed into port. A new bow, 212 feet long, was built in Belfast, whence it was towed to Southampton and attached to the rest of the boat. This is the greatest case of ship surgery on record.

For Noiseless Subways

THE Metropolitan underground railroad in Paris is considering plans to make the running of trains as noiseless as possible. Changes in the style of trucks, stronger binding of rail joints, the installation of mufflers on rails and wheels, and the coating of the walls with asphalt to prevent sound reflection are among the measures suggested. The success of these measures would be hailed with joy by dwellers in American cities where the subway is growing in importance.

A New Use for Bread

THE Elgin National Watch Company uses over forty loaves of bread a day for cleaning purposes. The bread is steamed and reduced to dough, and is then used for removing oil and fine chips from the delicate works. It is said that no other known substance is so effective a cleanser.

To Talk Across the Ocean

ACCORDING to a dispatch from Copenhagen, Professor Valdemar Poulsen, inventor of the undamped system of wireless communication, has notified the American Legation that he intends to establish a transatlantic wireless telephone service. Communication has been continuously maintained for two days between the experimental station at Lyngby, near Copenhagen, and the Weissensee station at Berlin, a distance of over 240 miles, the messages being clearly and accurately transmitted.



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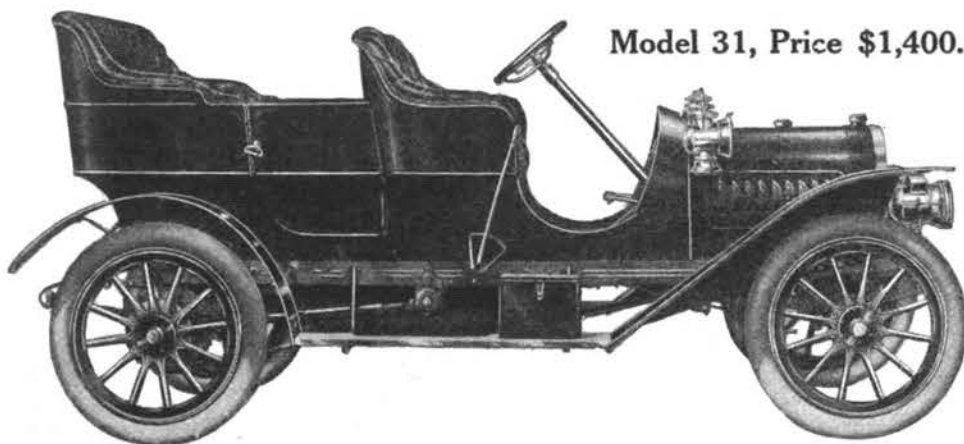
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The Grand Opera War

[Concluded from page 70]

more musically intense than the lyric and fanciful "Faust." Chaliapine is a *basso profundo* of remarkable range. The power and force that are always looked for in singers of his type, are his to a remarkable degree. But his voice has also a rhythmic range of melody, and he can manage it with the ease of a canary. Chaliapine ranks as a *basso* with Caruso as a tenor and with Renaud (of the Manhattan forces) as a baritone. In fact, I consider Caruso, Chaliapine, and Renaud, in the order named, the three greatest male singers in the world.

Conried had his old guard to fall back upon—Caruso, Scotti, Plançon, Journet, Emma Eames, Galski, Sembrich, Fremstad, and others whose names are household words. He elaborated his productions; in short, he put his house in very good order. To-day both managers are spending nearly \$50,000 a week on their productions. Nearly ten miles of carriages line the streets around both houses every opera night. One hundred and fifty mounted police are required to enforce the ordinances governing street traffic and to straighten out the tangles. Two hundred and fifty people sing in the choruses of both houses, and two hundred musicians are engaged in the orchestras. Mr. Caruso is paid \$200,000 a year; Mme. Tetrazzini receives \$3,000 every time she sings. Such artists as Renaud, Plançon, Mmes. Nordica, and Sembrich receive an average of \$1,000 a performance, and their contracts call for a definite number of performances a season. There are salaries of all sorts and ranges, and there are ambitious young men and women who are glad of an opportunity to appear in small parts without remuneration, as a means of advancing their musical education. But while we dwell on figures, it is safe to say that the United States will this year pay to visiting European musicians of all sorts a sum of money in the neighborhood of \$6,000,000.

Mr. Hammerstein employs the largest orchestra. It consists of eighty pieces, and is engaged at an expense of \$6,000 a week. Mr. Campanini, his musical director, receives \$1,000 a week. The scenery and costumes for the Manhattan demand an outlay of \$250,000 a season. Considerably more is spent for these two important details at the Metropolitan. Mr. Conried imports his from Vienna at a staggering cost. He employs, besides a stage manager, an officer who is known as a technical director—Mr. E. Castel-Bert, who is directly responsible for every phase of the historic correctness of every production. Every scenic and costume detail comes under Mr. Castel-Bert's critical eye. For instance, if the opera be "The Flying Dutchman," he must see that the ship in that historic Wagnerian relic is rigged so as not to jar the feelings of any old sea dog who may wander into the house. Indeed, the setting of a sail on "The Flying Dutchman," in a very recent production, caused varied newspaper correspondence.

Here are a few facts and figures which will show the stupendous outlay for the necessities of modern grand opera:

Over 500 costumes are required for an opera like "Aida."

Charpentier's "Louise" is the most expensive of all operas to produce. It contains twenty-four principal parts. Mr. Hammerstein pays \$7,500 at each performance to the principals who appear in it.

The hats, shoes, clothing, and properties used in "Iris," at the Metropolitan, were imported from Japan at a cost of \$6,000.

Last season (1906-7), \$1,005,770.20 was taken in at the box office of the Metropolitan, and \$750,000 at the Manhattan.

This season's subscriptions at the Metropolitan aggregate \$625,000. This is the largest sum ever subscribed in the history of the world to foster opera.

Chorus singers average from \$25 to \$30 a week. Some who have fine voices and a good repertoire are paid even higher.

Because of the frequent indisposition of singers, three separate casts are frequently rehearsed for each opera.

The Metropolitan has eight musical directors, and the Manhattan three.

The following are the prices paid to famous artists for single performances:

Metropolitan—Caruso, \$5,000; Fremstad, \$1,800; Sembrich, \$1,500; Eames, \$1,500; Farrar, \$1,200; Cavalieri, \$1,200; Galski, \$1,200; Bonci, \$1,200; Campanari, \$1,200; Scotti, \$1,000; Chaliapine, \$800. Manhattan—Melba, \$3,000; Tetrazzini, \$3,000; Schumann-Heink, \$1,800; Garden, \$1,750; Zenatello, \$1,500; Bassi, \$1,200; Renaud, \$1,200; Sammarco, \$1,000; Dalmoes, \$800; Gerville-Réache, \$700.

The troubles attending the production of grand opera are many, and they crop up like asparagus in May. The work of rehearsing, the most trying of all, is long and laborious. Though the highest paid singers have their own repertoires, the work with chorus and orchestra must be gone over many times before the proper keynote is struck. The work begins early in the morning in New York, and even at night, when the audience has gone home, there are long hours of the hardest toil, preparing something new for future days. Even the old operas are gone over from time to time to prevent

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any semblance of staleness. Then, too, there are special rehearsals for the orchestra and chorus alone, and for unfortunate performers who are slow to learn.

Mr. Hammerstein's daring led him to introduce French opera on a large scale. Previously we had had a pretty heavy meal of the German brand, with an occasional Italian *entrée*, as it were, but the charming works of the Frenchmen were quietly passed over. The enterprising Manhattan manager broke the spell when he imported Miss Mary Garden to sing "Thais," a remarkable work by Jules Massenet. He followed this with the same composer's "La Navarraise," with Mlle. Gerville-Réache, Charpentier's "Louise," and Debussy's "Pelléas and Mélisande," in which Mary Garden also appears. It is unfortunate that these French operas have been so terribly slighted by managers. The French composers are quick to see the graphic side of a story, and they can mold it to music with a charm that is as subtle as it is musical. At no time does their music rise to the cadenced harmonies that become the prey of the hand organ and the amateur tenor—but, on the other hand, they are the brilliant, lace-like interwoven strains of force and delicacy that need, for the expression of their beauty, the full complement of a well-directed, well-selected, thoroughly rehearsed orchestra. "Thais," boiled down, might be said to be nothing more than one long duet; but so marked are the contrasts and so varied the range of vocal expression, that the music lover never tires. Debussy is a remarkable young man. He believes that the singer and his dramatic art must form equal parts with the work of the composer.

The Editor's Chat

[Concluded from page 94 A]

derstand how it is that they can go out to late suppers or banquets and eat heartily all sorts of incongruous foods without feeling any inconvenience afterwards.

They do not realize that it is due to the change in the mental attitude. They have had a good time; they have enjoyed themselves. The lively conversation, the jokes which caused them to laugh heartily, the bright, cheerful environment completely changed the mental attitude, and, of course, these conditions were reflected in the digestion and every other part of the system. Laughter and good cheer are enemies of dyspepsia. Anything which will divert the dyspeptic's mind from his ailments will improve his digestion. When they were at home worrying over their health, swallowing a little dyspepsia with every mouthful of food, of course these women could not assimilate their food. But when they were having a jolly good time, they forgot their ailments and were surprised afterwards to find that they had enjoyed their food. The whole process is mental.

People who go to health resorts attribute their improvement to change of air or to the waters they drink, when, as a matter of fact, it has probably been wrought by change of environment, change of mental suggestion, as much as by the change of air or water.

Spring waters, mountain or sea air, often get a great deal of credit which is due to recreation—good, wholesome fun. When people go away on vacations or little outings they go for the purpose of enjoying themselves, and, of course, they are benefited.

Smile and Wait

ONE of the hardest, and yet one of the most useful lessons we can ever learn, is to smile and wait after we have done our level best.

It is a finely trained mind that can struggle with energy and cheerfulness toward the goal which he cannot see. But he is not a great philosopher who has not learned the secret of smiling and waiting.

A great many people can smile at difficulties who cannot wait, who lack patience; but the man who can both smile and wait, if he has that tenacity of purpose which never turns back will surely win.

The fact is, large things can only be done by optimists. Little successes are left to pessimistic people who cannot set their teeth, clench their fists, and smile at hardships or misfortunes and patiently wait.

Smile and wait—there are whole volumes in this sentence. It is so much easier for most people to work than to wait.

If the Corners of Your Mouth Sag

WHEN you see the corners of your child's mouth go down, you know the remedy. You try to make him laugh, to forget the thing that caused his mouth to droop. Why not apply the antidote in your own case?

If the corners of your mouth sag, you know the antidote that will turn them up—a smile, a good, hearty laugh, or an uplifting thought.

If you catch a glimpse of your face in the glass and see that there is a thundercloud in your expression, if it does not seem possible to look pleasant, just get by yourself a few minutes and persistently crowd into your mind as many pleasant, hopeful, joyous, optimistic, encouraging thoughts as possible and you will be surprised to see how quickly your expression will change.

The thundercloud is in your face because there is one in your mind. It is a mental reflection.



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Are You? Why Not?

See Advertisement on Page 97

The Miracle of Self-confidence

[Concluded from page 89]

A physical trainer in one of our girls' colleges says that his first step is to establish the girls in self-confidence, to lead them to think only of the ends to be attained and not of the means. He shows them that the greater power lies behind the muscles, in the mind, and points to the fact so frequently demonstrated, that a person in a supreme crisis, as in a fire or other catastrophe, can exert strength out of all proportion to his muscle. He thus helps them to get rid of fear and timidity, the great handicaps to achievement.

I believe if we had a larger conception of our possibilities, a larger faith in ourselves, we would accomplish infinitely more. And if we only better understood our divinity we would have this larger faith. We are crippled by the old orthodox idea of man's inferiority. *There is no inferiority about the man that God made. The only inferiority in us is what we put into ourselves.*

What God made is perfect. The trouble is that most of us are but a burlesque of the man God

patterned and intended. Whatever we long for, yearn for, struggle for, and hold persistently in the mind, we tend to become—tend to, in exact proportion to the intensity and persistence of the thought. *We think ourselves into smallness, into inferiority by thinking downward.* We ought to think upward, then we would reach the heights where superiority dwells. It is not to be said that the man whose mind is set firmly toward achievement actually appropriates success, for he is success. His faculties normally point toward achievement; he expects success, and *he gets it just in proportion as he believes that he was made to achieve it, and that he is going to get it.*

Self-confidence is not egotism. It is knowledge, and it comes from the consciousness of possessing the ability requisite for what one undertakes. Civilization today rests upon self-confidence.

When a man gets a full view of his divinity, his possibilities, when he gets a glimpse of *the man he was intended to be*, he will no longer crawl, sneak, or apologize, but he will assert himself like the king he is. He will no longer be satisfied to go through life following low, sordid, unworthy aims, achieving only a narrow, pinched, mean, selfish career. He will rise to his God-like proportions and assert his power. The God in him will dominate instead of the animal.

If we really felt that we were the divine children of a divine Being, we would not be willing to drag our birthright in the mire of vicious living, nor would we be satisfied with mediocrity when we are capable of superiority. We could not be content to do the lesser when we had once had a glimpse of the larger thing that is possible to us. We should claim our birthright, claim it royally, like a king.

Sports and Recreation

[Continued from page 94 G]

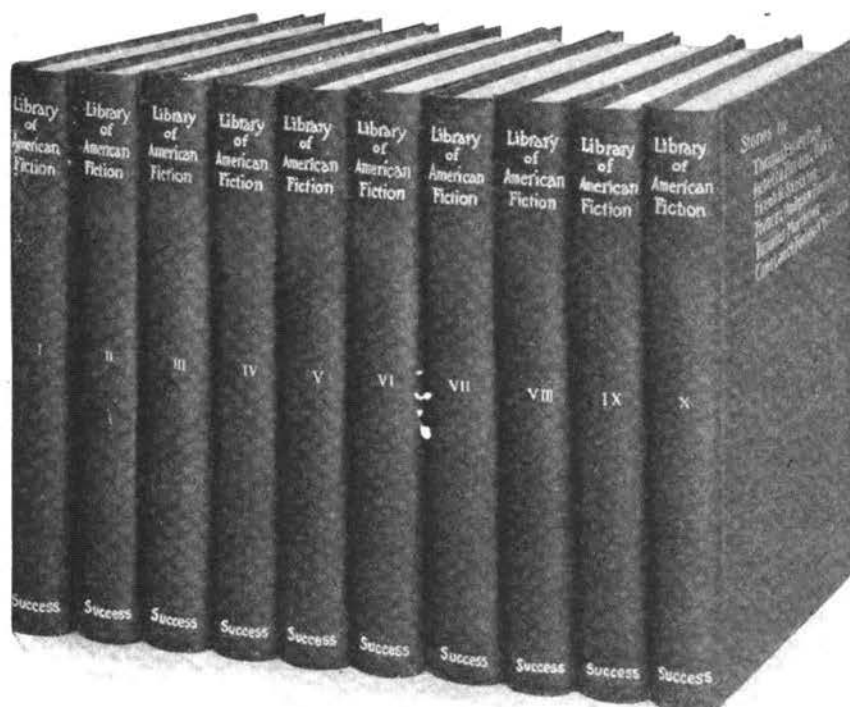
His snake-like tail refused to die from a knife thrust, so he was hauled out on the bank, where he flopped around with mighty energy, like a fish out of water. With every struggle he approached the bank. In order not to lose him, Captain Richards said he would kill his tail as well as his head.

He proceeded to cut a thick piece of wire grass, which he inserted in the bone of the tail where it joined the body. Running this down through the marrow it instantly paralyzed the tail, and Mr. Gator stopped his struggles.

The most striking part of the entire performance to me was that the Indian had dared to grapple with this creature in its natural element. He explained to me in a few words that there was really no danger from an alligator of this size if you could grab him before he got his mouth open. He pointed out the fact that his jaws were very long, and when you grabbed him by the nose, so to speak, the leverage you had on him prevented him from opening them. They have great power in closing their jaws, but little enough to open them. Big Joe said, with a twinkle in his eye, "Gators are like a heap of folks; only bad when their mouths open."

Having made our alligator safe by killing his tail we started out again. I stayed on the bank while the hunters waded close by in their search for further prey. Soon after I was informed that they had found a big fellow, and I was now to see why they had a hole through the centers of their poles. Captain Richards said that this particular alligator was too big to drag out of his cave by main force so he would "grunt him out."

Feeling around till he had located his head, some feet below the surface, he placed his stick upon it. Motioning me to stand as near him as possible with my rifle ready and to shoot at the alligator's eye the moment he appeared on the surface, he grunted down his end of the bamboo. After some moments of this remarkable telephoning, the alligator decided to come to the surface to meet his lady love from whom he thought the grunts had come.



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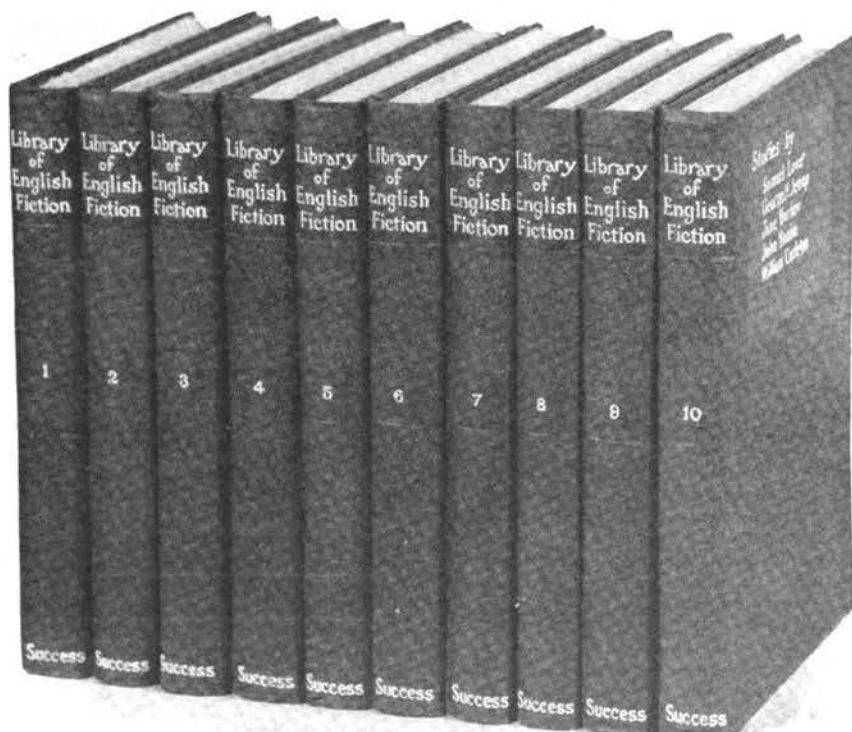
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As Captain Richards felt him move he stepped to one side and warned me to be ready. I fired point blank at fifteen feet and hit him squarely in the eye. With one sweep of his mighty tail, Mr. 'Gator gave me a shower bath that considerably cooled my ardor for alligator hunting.

In three days we had killed twenty-five alligators, and, leaving the Indian to prepare the hides for market, Captain Richards and myself made our way back to civilization.

Mulholland's Victory

[Concluded from page 82]

your agony, through the horror and the fear and the loathing of it all, you must come back with me. If you love me, you must. We are being crushed by a juggernaut, you and I—but it is ours to be crushed. Mulholland's reputation must be more sacred to us just now than ourselves. You don't understand. I'm a soldier of fortune, I once said to you. I've never been a soldier pure and simple. But I'm one now, and I want you to be one. I want you to bare your breast to the enemy. I want you to come back into the ranks—if you love me."

He grew desperate. "Can't you see what it means. Here are eighty million people who have placed this man upon a pedestal. Because he's strong, yes. But they won't believe in his strength unless they can believe he's good. I know the one, just now, has no relation to the other. But the people must have a hero, and he's got to be a hero until after the sixteenth. His soul has got to sink into the soul of his people, and if you don't come back—if people find out—and they're bound to find out—There's a crisis that confronts us. I know it. If you do not sit at the head of Mulholland's table at that dinner on the night of the sixteenth, it means that the Government will lose its grip upon the people. If you love me, you'll come back."

"And after that, how long?" wailed the woman. Pallister groaned within himself. He felt and knew that it must be forever. He felt and knew that she must stand at the side of Mulholland until she died. He must see to that.

"Come back for that one night," he said, "and leave the rest to me."

At three o'clock in the afternoon on the sixteenth, the thunderbolt had done its work. Yellow flimsies by the thousand were rushed from the Senate chamber. Men in New York, on their way home from work read and read and wondered—and approved. The House of Representatives cheered when it heard the news and the Senate soberly applauded. By nightfall, the news of the great speech of the decade had filtered through the briny deep, and the foreign nation shuddered. "Mulholland!" was the cry. Mulholland had cut the Gordian knot. Mulholland had hurled his ultimatum!

At the dinner, late that night, Mulholland was fully and frankly drunk. But when he went in to dinner, a woman clung to his arm, laughing, chattering—gay, and even gleeful. She bent over toward Pallister as she took her seat.

"You see," she said, "I am obeying orders."

"You're a trump," he answered.

In the midst of it all, Mulholland rose. "Ladies and gentleman," he began, with preternatural gravity. Pallister saw his condition. He reached over and pulled his coat tails. But Mulholland still kept on. "Ladies and gentlemen, I want to pass around the table the little surprise that my wife, prepared for me—a great surprise, and you ought to know about it."

He drew from his pocket a long envelope, and from it took a paper. Pallister knew it. It was the summons and complaint in the divorce suit.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he began again, "I'll read it to you. 'In the court of—'" he began. Pallister rose, exclaimed aloud, and attempted to snatch the paper from his hand. Mulholland, holding it with a death grip, jerked it away. "You leave me alone, Pallister!" he exclaimed.

"Look out! Look out!" cried a statesman. "Look out!" And then it happened.

Mulholland swayed to and fro, and lurched over toward his wife. "Miriam," he exclaimed thickly, "you tell 'em, for I can't." Those were his last words. He slumped down upon the floor, and never left it alive. He had died of apoplexy.

Inside of three minutes it was all over. A hero had been gathered to his fathers.

That night Pallister burned the summons and complaint and tossed their ashes to the winds.

"The memory of the man will live forever," he whispered to himself.

A CHEERFUL PHILOSOPHER

By ROY FARRELL GREENE

He wastes not breath in carping or complaint,
But turns to Fate a smiling face, as gay
As countenance of cherubim or saint,
When what he's planned turns out some other way.
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The firm belief that other way was his!



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The Well-Dressed Man

A Help to Those Who Wish to Dress in Good Taste and Within Their Means

By ALFRED STEPHEN BRYAN

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

GARLOCK.—The correct dress for the bridegroom at a day wedding (this means up to six o'clock) is the black frock coat, gray-striped trousers, white waistcoat, white shirt, poke or lap-front collar, white or gray Ascot cravat (according to the color of the gloves worn), white or gray gloves, patent-leather shoes, and silk hat. Or, if the frock seems a bit over-formal, the cutaway or semi-frock may be substituted and the details of dress are the same as with the frock coat. The bridegroom is expected to supply the Ascots and gloves worn by his best man and ushers, and to present to them some memento of the occasion, such as a cravat pin or a pair of gold or jeweled cuff buttons.

FOREST.—At the graduation exercises of a boys' high school the scholars usually wear Tuxedo suits, though if they are anywhere from eighteen years upward, evening suits would be more proper. It is clearly impossible, though, to apply to boys the same rigid rules which govern men, and therefore any black suit with white linen and a black tie would be in good form.

WALDORF.—The frock coat and the "Prince Albert" are the same thing, and in asking which of these would be correct at a day wedding we assume you mean the frock coat or the cutaway. Either is proper, the frock coat being intended particularly for a very formal ceremony. The white waistcoat always accompanies the frock coat and also looks best with the cutaway. We do not suppose that to be married in a sack suit is a "capital offense," as you put it, though it is ordinarily an offense against custom and good taste. Carrying your plea still farther, the law is powerless to prevent a man from appearing at a funeral in a bright plaid suit and a crimson cravat, but who would not tingle to slay the culprit in his tracks? Custom and tradition make certain demands upon every man, and he who willfully flouts them is either a boor or an ignoramus. To be sure, circumstances alter cases, and if one is far removed from urban life, following established social usages is often difficult and sometimes impossible. For example, one would hardly expect the frontiersman to be married top-hatted, frock-suited, gloved, gaitered, and *boutonniered*. But even he can reasonably be expected to concede something to the formality of the occasion.

LAFAYETTE.—If you intend to appear at your wedding in a jacket suit, gray-striped trousers are preferable to trousers of the same fabric as the coat, because of the agreeable contrast that they lend. A white waistcoat would be out of place with the jacket suit.

HUTCHINS.—It's purely a matter of preference whether your jacket have a center, or two side vents, or no vents at all. The object of the vent is to prevent the skirts of the jacket from musing when one sits, and to allow greater freedom in walking. The center vent seems to be most favored this season.

OGDEN.—Your height, five feet, four inches, need not prevent you from dressing in fashion. Stick to quiet colors like dark blue, dark gray, black, and mixtures. It is only the tall man who looks well in conspicuous clothes. Do not have your jacket cut long, no matter what the mode may be, for that tends to make you look undersized. Avoid all extremes in dress—they are not becoming to a man below normal height. Have your jacket well-shaped at the waist, with a bit of a flare over the hips. This breaks the straight line of the jacket in the back and seems to multiply a man's inches. Do not wear very high collars—they look ludicrous on a short person. In fine, dress simply and sensibly. Simplicity is the truest taste and it lends besides a distinction to the wearer that singles him out wherever and with whomever he may be.

ZUMBROTHA.—The proper dress for an afternoon house wedding is the frock or cutaway coat, gray-striped trousers, white waistcoat, white shirt, poke or straight standing collar, white or gray Ascot, with gloves in a shade to match, silk hat, and patent-leather shoes. You do not say whether you are to attend the wedding as bridegroom, best man, or usher, but, save that the bridegroom's dress may be a little more elaborate, he, his best man, and the ushers dress alike. It is hard to conceive of "an informal wedding." The occasion cannot, in the very nature of things, help being tinged with ceremony. Still, it is left to the bridegroom to determine what should be worn and his wishes always govern.

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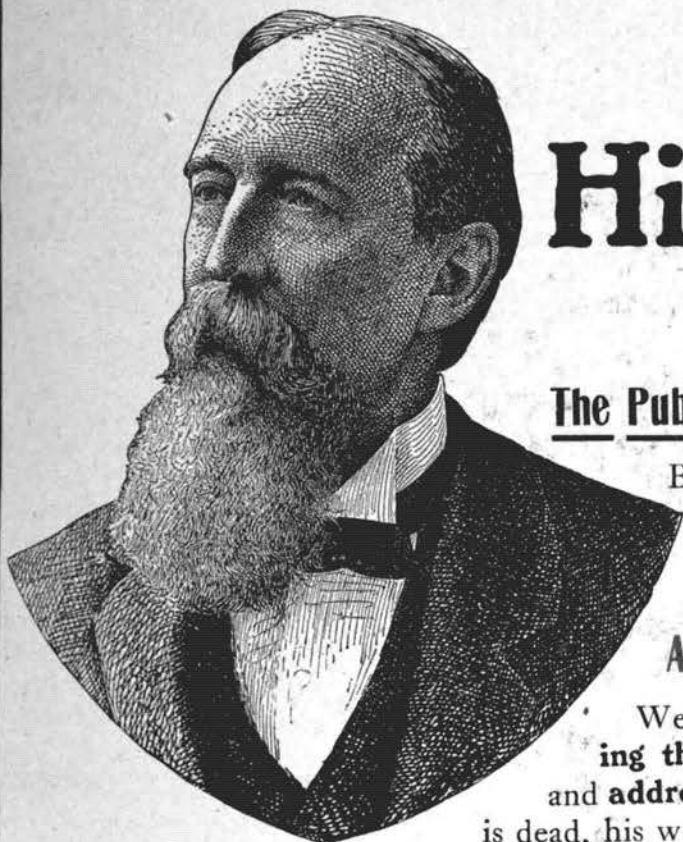
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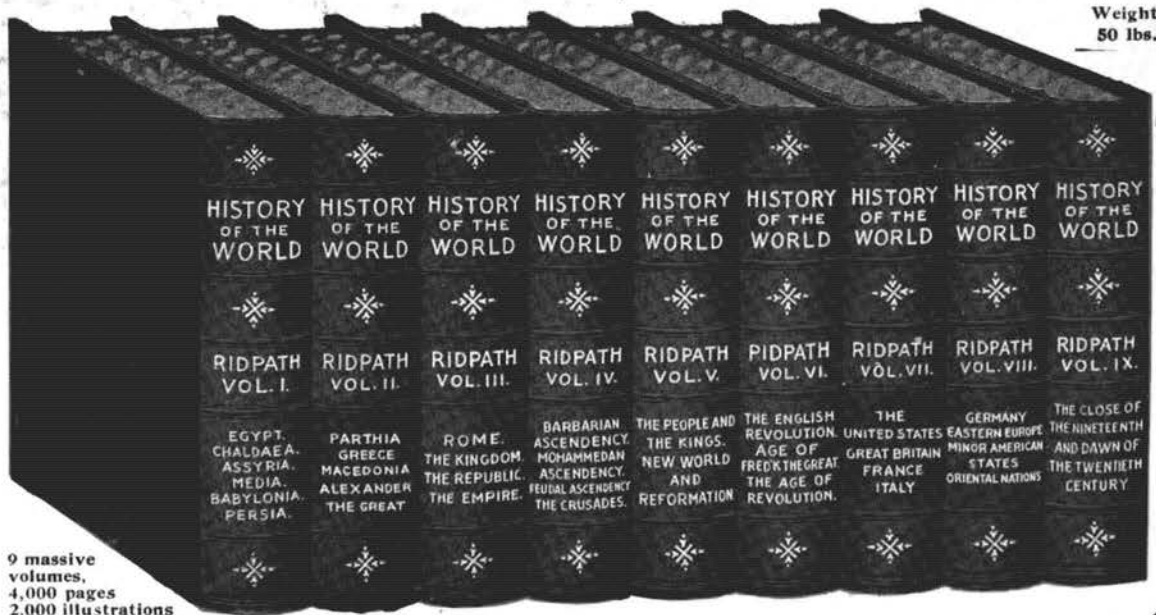
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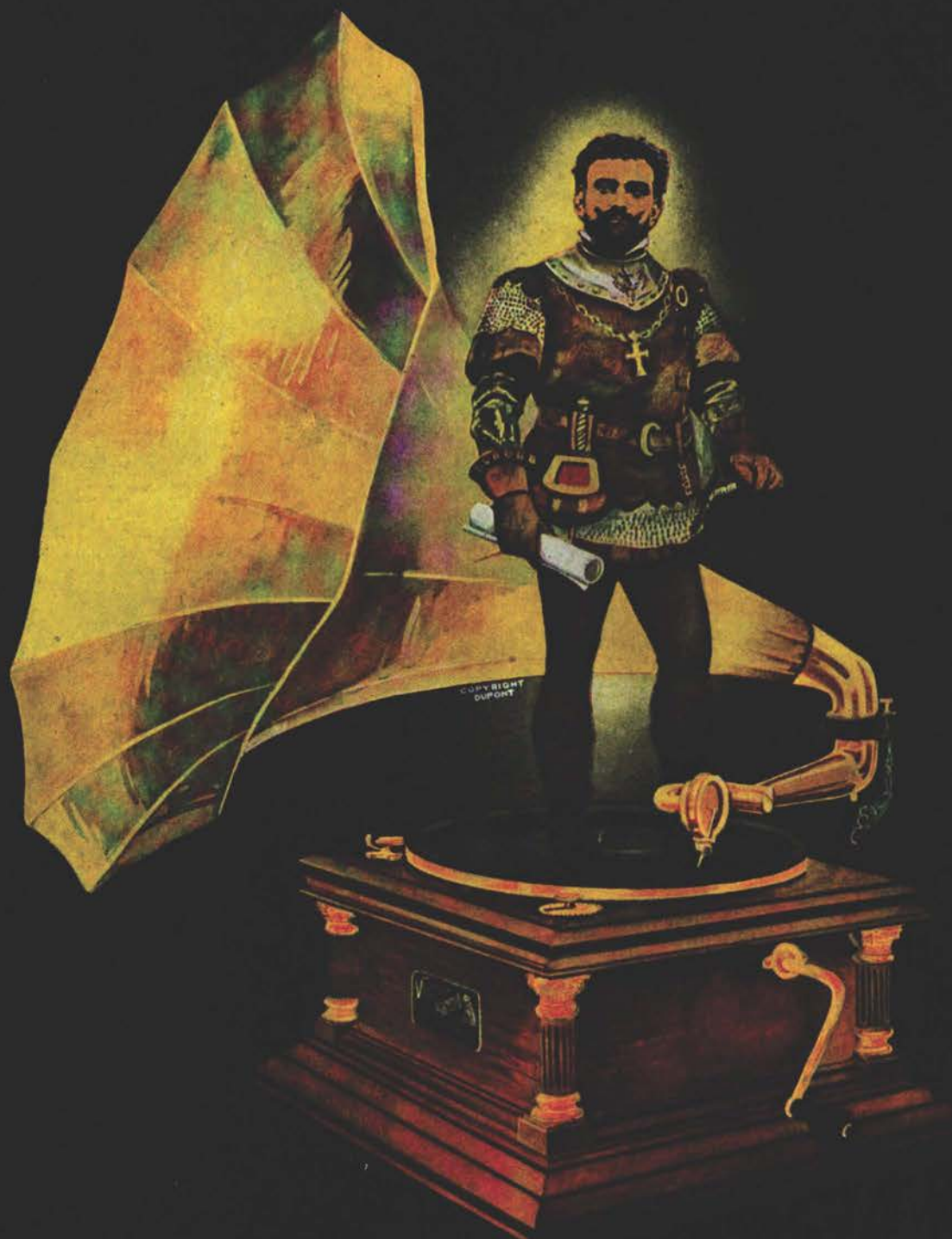
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