

SUCCESS MAGAZINE

**MARCH
1908**

N. S. EDITION.



FAIRBANK'S SOAP LEADERS



Gold Dust

not only cuts dirt and grease from dishes with scarcely any rubbing, but is an anti-septic that goes deep after every minute, and oft-times hidden, impurity.

GOLD DUST will sterilize your kitchen things and make them wholesome and sanitary—Besides, doing most of the cleaning without your assistance.

GOLD DUST points the short way to easy house work.

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

"Let the GOLD DUST Twins do Your Work."



Fairy Soap

Good soap is naturally white. If coloring matter or high perfumes are incorporated, they add nothing to the virtue or efficiency of the product—more often they are used to cover up inferior quality of the raw materials and the greasy smell.

FAIRY SOAP though it sells for but 5c a cake, is the equal of any 25c or 50c soap on the market. It is made from edible products, and is just as pure and high grade as any soap can be—contains no free alkali, no coloring matter and no adulterants.

In buying FAIRY SOAP, you get the highest possible grade for the lowest possible price.

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

Sunny Monday Laundry Soap

will not only cut your soap bill in two, but make your clothes last twice as long—double economy is the result.

SUNNY MONDAY LAUNDRY SOAP *(N. R.) is white and will not injure the hands; SUNNY MONDAY LAUNDRY SOAP *(N. R.) will wash woolens and flannels (your own lingerie and baby's fine things) without the slightest danger of shrinking; SUNNY MONDAY LAUNDRY SOAP *(N. R.) will do equally good work in hot, cold, hard or soft water; SUNNY MONDAY LAUNDRY SOAP *(N. R.) will do more work and better work than soaps containing naphtha, ammonia, borax, etc.

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

"Sunny Monday Bubbles will wash away your troubles."



SUCCESS MAGAZINE

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ROBERT MACKAY,
Associate Editor

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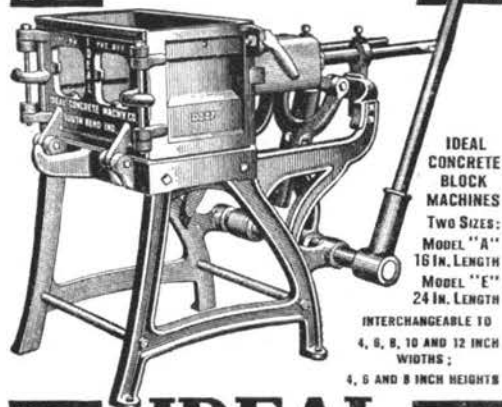
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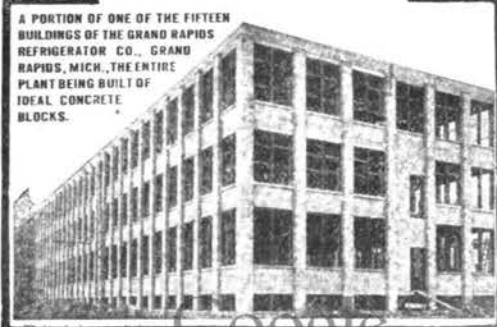
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are the only machines of their type protected by a basic patent. Output greater and cost of operation lower than any other machine. The same machine makes blocks of any length within capacity, any angle, 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 inch widths, 4, 6 and 8 inch heights, and any desired design of face.

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 100 MILL STREET,
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Success Magazine

A Periodical of American Life

Published Monthly by

THE SUCCESS COMPANY.

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

HOME OFFICE

University Building, Washington Square.

After May 1st, Success Magazine Building,
Madison Square, New York City.

BRANCH OFFICES

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TOLLEDO, O., Spitzer Building.
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., Northwestern Building.
PETERSBURG, N. Y., Eagle Building.
SAN JOSE, CAL., Auzeais Building.
OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA., Security Building.
DANVILLE, ILL., Odd Fellows Building.

FOREIGN OFFICE

5 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London.

Subscription Prices

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

In the United States and American possessions throughout the world:

1 year's subscription, \$1.00
2 years' " (to one address) 1.50
5 " " " " " 3.00
Life subscription (to one individual) 10.00

In Mexico and Cuba:

Annual subscriptions \$1.00
Long-time subscriptions not accepted.

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1 year's subscription \$1.50
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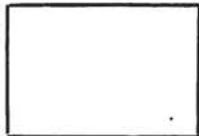
In all other countries of the Postal Union:

Annual subscription \$2.00
Long-time subscriptions not accepted.

Single Copies.—SUCCESS MAGAZINE is on sale at bookstores and on news-stands throughout the United States and Canada. Price 10 cents per copy in the United States and 15 cents per copy in Canada. If your newsdealer does not carry it, write to us and we will see that he is supplied.

Expirations and Renewals

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



Subscriptions to commence with this issue should be received by March 5th. Subscriptions to commence with the April issue should be received by April 5th.

Our Advertisements

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

Our Agents

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

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

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



THE EDITORS' OUTLOOK

Some Bull's-eye Hits from the Inner Sanctum—
and Some Bull's-eye Hits That Were Aimed at Us

"The Real Lawson"

As a fair and fitting conclusion to Mr. Fayant's series, which has aroused such extremes of comment for and against the most picturesque market operator and plunger in an extremely picturesque class, it has seemed the best thing to ask Mr. Lawson to tell us just what sort of man he himself believes the real Lawson to be. Accordingly, we have asked him and he has consented. Mr. Fayant has taken great pains to analyze Mr. Lawson—with some success, we believe—but no case is complete until all the evidence is in, and certainly the evidence which Mr. Lawson has expressed a willingness to introduce should throw a bright, even a dazzling light, on this interesting subject. We are looking forward to the first glimpse of Mr. Lawson's manuscript with as great interest and curiosity as our readers can feel in awaiting its publication. Very seldom in the history of SUCCESS MAGAZINE have we thought it wise to open our pages to debate or controversy, but in this instance, after publishing statements of what we believe to be fact which seriously assail Mr. Lawson's integrity as a leader of public opinion, it seems right that he should be heard.

A good many readers have taken issue with us in this matter. The writer of the following letter, for example, thinks we were wrong in publishing "J. M. R.'s," letter in the January number. "J. M. R.," it will be recalled, frankly stated that he had been ruined—to the point of mortgaging his home—because he was "idiot enough to have believed every word of his 'Crime of Amalgamated,'" and, believing in him as he did, followed his tips as published in the public press. To this outspoken statement our latest correspondent replies:

EDITOR, SUCCESS MAGAZINE:—Is it fair to Mr. Lawson to publish the letter which you do in your January number? Because one man thinks him a "double-dyed villain," have not the thousands of us who believe in him the right to expect that SUCCESS MAGAZINE will not bulletin letters of unjust attack? Mr. Fayant's study of Lawson's life is illuminating, but does not prove baseness, even if it does prove unwise pronouncements.—GEORGE C. TURNER.

A clear view of the facts as we understand them should result from a reading of the two letters immediately following:

EDITOR, SUCCESS MAGAZINE:—If you keep on running down Tom W. Lawson as you have been doing, I shall give my Life Membership in Success Co. to some millionaire.

Was it not he who first exposed the system with backbone such as no other man has shown?

Was it not he who gave courage to a myriad of writers on exposures, on reform movements?

Please do me a favor and read Tom's last article in *Everybody's Magazine*, "Why I Gave Up the Fight." There is more poetry in that to me than I'll get out of Success in the next five years.

Our reply follows:

MY DEAR SIR:—Our admiration for the magnificent work that Mr. Lawson did two years

ago in exposing Wall Street methods cannot be exceeded by your own. It was certainly a most courageous thing to do, whatever his motives may have been. But Mr. Lawson, the vigorous, forceful writer and exposé of Wall Street iniquities, and Mr. Lawson, the *speculator*, are two entirely different men; and you cannot fail to understand this, if you have read the article in February *Everybody's*, to which you refer.

When we set out to investigate Mr. Lawson's record in the stock market, we did so with an absolutely unprejudiced mind, determining to publish exactly what we found, and hoping that it would be favorable to his reputation as a prophet. What we actually found amazed us all in this office. It was a complete and almost unbroken record of false prophecies amounting almost to obvious deceit, and we were inevitably led to the conclusion that Mr. Lawson's "following" must have lost money enormously through taking his advice, if, in fact, they did not actually do exactly the contrary of what he recommended. You must see this if you read the articles in SUCCESS MAGAZINE, which are simple statements of facts, and, furthermore, you must see from his *Everybody's* article that he has thrown away all regard for "the people" and is determined to go in and recoup his own fortune by the usual speculative Wall Street means.

The country certainly owes a debt of gratitude to Mr. Lawson for many things—but we cannot believe that his "following" can feel such a keen sense of gratitude. SUCCESS MAGAZINE is trying to protect its subscribers from the attacks of the speculator, the faker and the "tout" for the gambling place—whether that gambling place be a pool room or a stock exchange.

So much for our notion of Lawson. What with Mr. Fayant's searching analysis of this remarkable personality, and with the opinions of our readers and ourselves, as set forth from time to time on this page, there remains only Mr. Lawson's own notion of himself. As we have thrown open our pages to him (in the April issue), the situation, if we may put it in Lawsonsque English, is "up to" Mr. Lawson. If he will send us his reply, we will gladly print it. And out of this clash of opinion and of apparent fact, there should emerge the semblance of a figure which can hardly be materially different from the real Lawson.

* * *

What Our Advertising Guarantee Means

SEVERAL of our subscribers have discovered, recently, that there is a definite and happy meaning to the little line at the bottom of each advertising page in SUCCESS MAGAZINE, reading "If subscribers (of record) mention SUCCESS MAGAZINE in answering advertisements, they are protected by our guarantee against loss."

Some months ago we were deceived into believing that a certain advertiser was a responsible and honorable business man and would keep his engagements. We accepted his advertisements, accordingly, after investigations which seemed to show that everything was all right. Before long, however, we began to hear from our subscribers that orders placed with him had not been filled and that he was writing procrastinating letters, full of promises, but without fulfillment. We promptly investigated, received, ourselves,



a series of promises, learned that his factory was still in operation, and determined to wait a little longer. Still the complaints came, and we finally made a demand upon him for the immediate return of the money sent by our complaining subscribers. Even this he promised, but again failed to perform.

Our next step was to assume the claims of our subscribers and enter suit in their behalf against him, while, at the same time, we advised the Post Office Department that he was probably a fraud and requested investigation and the stoppage of his mails. Shortly after, he confessed bankruptcy and was arrested by the post office authorities, tried, and convicted of fraudulent use of the mails. His estate in bankruptcy proved worthless, and the loss to ourselves and to our subscribers was complete. Our own checks in full re-imbursement of our subscribers' losses—to an amount aggregating nearly \$1,500—have doubtless brought good cheer and happiness to the recipients.

Perhaps our subscribers hardly need to be told that our guarantees may be taken at par—that they have full value. But we wish to take this occasion to emphasize their *immediate practical importance* in the daily use of periodicals as “market places of the world.” Few, if any, of the great magazines of general circulation make a guarantee of advertising similar to that of *SUCCESS MAGAZINE*. We say this not so much in a spirit of boasting, as in one of regret. We feel that it is the duty of a publication to exercise the utmost care in admitting to its columns only reputable and honorable business men as advertisers, and one of the best ways of making sure that this is done is for the publisher to impose upon himself a guarantee to subscribers. All things being equal, the magazines which make such a guarantee should be the ones used and mentioned by subscribers when ordering goods. The conditions of the protection are simple, indeed, as compared with the value of the result. Even should you see an advertisement in another magazine before consulting *SUCCESS*, you might wisely say, “Is it in *SUCCESS MAGAZINE*?” And if you find it there, *you are protected by our guarantee against loss, if you mention SUCCESS MAGAZINE when ordering.*

Should a Minister Be an American Citizen?

OUR good friend and Life Subscriber, Rev. ———, in answer to certain questions which we have recently addressed to Life Subscribers, writes to us the following letter, which he has given us permission to print.

EDITOR, *SUCCESS MAGAZINE*:—I am somewhat surprised that you propose these nine questions of a purely political character to ministers of the Gospel. True, some of them think they know all about political affairs, hence they speak and write about them more than they do about the Gospel of Jesus Christ, being not aware that they are but political dabblers, and traitors of the Gospel.

Please bear in mind that there is in this country such a thing as a religious Mason and Dixon's line, that is, a complete separation between Church and State. Let those serving the State keep strictly on the one side of this line, and those called to serve the Church on the other, remembering always that every infringement of this line is un-Biblical as well as un-American.

I am willing to answer questions that are within the sphere of my calling, *viz*: a minister of the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

We respect Mr. ———'s point of view. We realize perfectly well that he is thoroughly conscientious and entirely devoted to the work of his great calling. But we feel that there is another side to the matter, which is at least worthy of his consideration and of that of others in the ministry who believe as he does. For ourselves, we do not approve of “Mason and Dixon lines” of any kind; of those which separate a minister from his largest usefulness to his flock, any more than of those

which *used* to separate—but no longer do so, thank God,—the North and South of our great, united America.

We are prone to sympathize with those who deprecate sensationalism and politics in the pulpit. The church is the house of God and should be consecrated to His service. But a church can sometimes be, in its ideal character, a parish home, resorted to, with anticipation and pleasure, by young and old alike; guided by a kind, wise, benignant, gentle “father of his flock,” who gives to his children friendly counsel and encouragement in their daily work and according to their needs; knowing that in so doing he is furthering the work of the Lord quite as much as if he were constantly urging a resort to prayer and a throwing of *all* burdens on the Lord.

And, finally, a minister, in order to command the respect and confidence of the business men of his parish, must be an *American* as well as a preacher. He must be informed on public questions. He must support or oppose existing conditions in the body politic. *He must be a citizen.* He cannot escape his duties.

Dr. Marden's Mail

THERE is so much that is intimate and personal, in the flood of correspondence that flows in upon the editor, that it usually seems the part of delicacy to consider all letters as confidential. But occasionally one of these communications, like the following, is so charged with human feeling, that we can hardly withhold it from our readers:

EDITOR, *SUCCESS MAGAZINE*:—In my batch of mail this morning, I received a letter that made me boil over. It was from a male with about as much manhood as would hardly get thru the eye of a needle. I would give ten dollars to whip him, but he is a little dried-up fellow, as contemptible in spirit as status, and it would be a cowardly act to strike him. For fifteen minutes I thought of the most sarcastic and belittling sentences I could compose, with the intention of making him feel as bad as possible.

Before writing him, I glanced thru the February *SUCCESS MAGAZINE*, to see what it contained, and happened to see your article, “Long-distance Courage,” and it changed my anger to pity. While I would say more to his face than in a letter, your article caused me to reflect a little, and I will try to smooth this little soul instead of making an enemy of him.

I thank you for the timely warning.

Here is one from a Roosevelt enthusiast:

EDITOR, *SUCCESS MAGAZINE*:—With intense interest I have just read Mr. Opp's article, “Why Roosevelt Quit.”

The article is most opportune—a little joke was inevitable—and will open the eyes of many of us who cannot command the inside facts relating to the present political situation.

Why mince matters? The mass of intelligent voters want Roosevelt to serve another term,—they want to elect him a second time to complete the urgent reforms he has so boldly and wisely inaugurated.

The “Third Term” bugaboo has no terrors now for intelligent voters. If the nation demands of Theodore Roosevelt his services as President again, he dare not refuse.

Of course, here in Cincinnati, Taft's home, we recognize and appreciate his rare abilities as a statesman—we are also alive to the fact that he is one of those phenomena, known to fame as an “Ohio Man,” for whom nothing is too good—but, the country ought not at this political crisis lose the invaluable services of a man like Roosevelt. For Roosevelt will be recorded in history as an illustrious personage—will take rank with Washington, Lincoln, and other great souls who appear singly on earth only from century to century.—W. C. H.

Ten Cents a Word to Writers

UNDER the general heading of “Point and Pleasantry,” a page hereafter will be set aside in *SUCCESS MAGAZINE* for the best obtainable stories about prominent people, witticisms, clever verse, and very short fiction. Ten cents a word will be paid for everything selected to appear on this page. Manuscripts, to be considered, must be clever, fresh, and short—the shorter the better, as the page will contain only about 2,000 words.

Contributions should be addressed simply EDITOR, *SUCCESS MAGAZINE*, Washington Square, New York.

A Start in Life— And How to Make It

“How can I make money? How can I make a start in business? There isn't anything to do in this hide-bound village, and I can't leave the old folks.”

This is the despairing cry of thousands of persons in the little towns and villages scattered all over the country. Their lives seem to them narrow and circumscribed. They long for the city, or for some place where they can do a larger work—can make more money—can acquire a comfortable independence.

Hence the rush to the city and town—the early delights and hopes—the quick contact with dirt and poverty and misery—the breaking of ideals—the living in stuffy, ill-ventilated, much inhabited tenements—the shock of competition—the difficulty of securing positions—the steady lowering of standards, until almost any work is taken that will secure a bare living. Terrible, indeed, are the contrasts between the “Castles in Spain” and the hard realities. Deep the homesickness and the longings for the pure, sweet country air—the smell of hay—the dog—the old friends—the father—the mother—and the brothers and sisters.

These things are not necessary. There is always work to do wherever one is placed, and the great law of compensation shows us that no matter how much we appear to lose we are, in some way, winning. Those who stay in the country live simply, perhaps, but cheaply; a dollar bill goes a long way, while in the city it is snapped up with the slightest luxury or indulgence.

One of the best opportunities in the world, both for profit-making and for helping your fellow man, lies in the adoption, as a regular business, of the work of introducing good literature into your community. Many a country district—and many a town and city district, too, for that matter—is starving for good reading, and the intelligence and knowledge of the world which comes in its wake. You can do nothing better than to help to replace poor and trashy literature with good and beneficial magazines and books.

A man or woman can make himself or herself the headquarters of the village or county for this kind of literature. The leading weekly and monthly periodicals of the country will, in most cases, gladly send you lists of their subscribers to renew, and will pay you liberal commissions for renewing them. You can create new business constantly, putting in each family the periodical best suited to its capacity for enjoyment. By carefully keeping your records you will know exactly when subscriptions, which you have originally taken, expire, and can go around and secure the renewals, building up, in this way, a permanent, definite, easily-handled, and highly profitable business. Many of the periodicals such as *SUCCESS* give monthly and season prizes for subscription work in connection with large commissions on each order secured, and these prizes are often in themselves worth all the cost of the effort.

Here are a few illustrations of how magazine subscription businesses of this kind are built up:—

In a New England community a man is earning \$5,000 a year with practically no expense for office or traveling. He simply lets his townspeople know that he is the magazine man of his community, and his efforts have been so successful that he has worked up a large and permanent business in renewing subscriptions each year.

In an Ohio town another *SUCCESS* representative is earning hundreds of dollars in the commission and prize money offered by several of the largest magazines for subscription work. He made a “ten-strike” last winter by securing an order of several hundred *SUCCESS* subscriptions from the head of a large manufacturing concern in his city to be given as Christmas presents to employees.

A lady who took up the work in a small way, in an Eastern town, has pursued almost the same plans, and her work for *SUCCESS* has yielded her a large sum in commissions and prizes,—much larger, in fact, than could have been earned in any ordinary salaried position.

\$545 for one month's work is the record of a young man in Eastern Canada, who secured 810 subscriptions to *SUCCESS*, alone and unaided, by personal solicitation in the offices, stores and factories of his city. The work called for the investment of not one penny and no previous experience. He has done nearly as well in other months, and had never found it necessary to go out of his own community, in which he has been canvassing for *SUCCESS* for more than a year past.

Drop a line to *SUCCESS MAGAZINE*, Washington Square, New York, and get their proposition.

272 Million Dollars

Life Insurance, Issued and Paid for during 1907,
on over 1,500,000 Policies, is the
Magnificent Record of

THE PRUDENTIAL

Total Insurance in Force, Over

\$1,337,000,000

on

Seven and One Quarter Million Policies.

Paid Policyholders during 1907, over	- - - - -	18 Million Dollars
Total Payments to Policyholders to December 31, 1907, over	- - - - -	141 Million Dollars
Loans to Policyholders, on Security of their Policies, December 31, 1907, over	- - - - -	7 Million Dollars
Tax Payments by Company in 1907, over	- - - - -	1 ¼ Million Dollars
REDUCTION IN EXPENSES IN 1907, on a Basis of Equal Premium }		1 Million Dollars
Incomes in 1906 and 1907, nearly	- - - - -	

Gain in Insurance in Force, in 1907, over 84 Million Dollars

This was a Greater Gain than in 1906.



Write
for Infor-
mation of
New Low
Cost Policy.
Department 33.

The Prudential

through its Splendid Equipment,
Experience and Organization Has
Given, Since the Introduction of
the New Industrial Policy and

New Low Cost Ordinary Policy
More Life Insurance for Less Money
Than Ever Before.

The Prudential Insurance Co. of America

Incorporated as a Stock Company by the State of New Jersey

JOHN F. DRYDEN, President

Home Office, Newark, N. J.

THE AMERICAN GIRL

BY OLIVER OPP

I HAVE an English friend who has yet to make his first visit to America. When he arrives I hope earnestly that I may be in New York to take possession of him; and I also hope that it will be of a Saturday morning. He thinks a good deal about this bumptious, outrageously successful country of ours, and I imagine that the subject rather fascinates and irritates him. He has seen our traveling salesmen, our Cook parties of frantic sight-seers, our motoring millionaires. It is rather important therefore, and to myself a matter of direct personal responsibility, that his first day of actual contact

AMERICAN BEAUTIES

Drawn by
Harrison Fisher

Copyright, 1907, by
Charles Scribner's Sons

Since Charles Dana Gibson gave up his pen-and-ink work for oil painting, Mr. Fisher has become his natural and popular successor.



HARRISON FISHER

with our institutions should plant in his mind a pleasant and correct impression. And so, on that Saturday morning, if I shall be successful in smoothing his path through the nagging annoyances of the customs inspectors and past the thug-driven cabs that infest the piers, I shall pack him off as directly as possible to the shed for arriving trains at the Grand Central Station.

Can you guess why? In elucidating I may be giving myself away—but then, why not? Somewhere out in that vague region that lies east of the Hudson and northwest of the Sound, there is an infinite number of Something-manors and Something-places and Briar-somethings, each of which seems to exist for and about a school for girls. And on Saturday mornings (though a plain and modestly bald person, I discovered this pleasing fact years ago) each of these myriad schools opens its doors and sends cityward its precious inmates. Just why they come I am not prepared to say,—though I could guess that matinées and shops and a desire to move about among sprightly

Thomas Mitchell Peirce has made the American Girl attractive from a new point of view. His work is more realistic than idealistic.

Copyrighted, 1908, by
Thomas Mitchell Peirce

city, is maintaining a pleasant home for almost the sole purpose of receiving her when she shall elect to return to it. And each knows she is the boss of that father and that mother and that home. For she is. More, she is the boss of our school system and our public library

system, in so far as these things are shaped to fit her needs, her desires, and her limitations. To a considerable extent she dictates the policy of our theaters and of our publishing houses. The business of publishing novels and magazines, indeed, she rules with a merciless hand. Indirectly, in a thousand ways, we who are older and more whimsically thoughtful, see, or think we see, throughout our American system of living and moving and having our being, the reigning influence of the Young Person, otherwise known as the American Girl.

There are, of course, other ways and other places for seeing this charming creature at her most prettily typical—many ways and many places, though perhaps nowhere else is the contrast between the girl and the humdrum remainder of humanity so great as at the Grand Central Station.

Washington City, on a mild spring evening, is one of the other places. Hop on an open street car, and you are likely to find yourself part of a scene which most certainly could not be witnessed in any other country on earth. Not only in Oriental countries, where woman is in reality little more

A Bride. By Henry Hutt

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T. M. PEIRCE

scenes and pretty things have something to do with it,—but that they do come is undeniable. They come in flocks and bevvies, with chaperones and without chaperones. They wear modish clothes, and wear them supremely well. Their eyes are bright; they glow with health and color; they chatter and giggle unreservedly, without wasting a thought on the throng of workaday beings through which they thread their way. Utterly unconscious, utterly assured of themselves, utterly charming,—they come; they press by; they go.

Each has the poise of a princess. Each knows that a father, at some remote "office" or other, is hard at work earning the money necessary to keep her in commission. Each



Illustrated by HENRY HUTT

than man's slave and servant, helpless before his caprice, but also on the continent of Europe, it accords with the basic conception of woman and her uses that a girl should be kept severely hidden from vile mankind until she is safely married to some particular vile man or other. This attitude, growing out of suspicion, naturally breeds more suspicion. Woman tends to grow less self-reliant; man tends to grow viler; until it naturally comes about that the only frank and honest basis on which a man and a woman can be united in marriage is that exceedingly frank thing, the money basis. But on this Washington street car you will find not only half a dozen negroes and eight or ten men and boys of various grades of respectability, but also a dozen or so young girls, fresh-faced, hatless, clad in diaphanous whites and pinks and blues.

These girls will be bubbling over with gayety and good humor. They will be perfectly oblivious to the more or less respectable men on the car. Their unconsciousness, their unsophistication, is based on confidence. Their natural tendency is to grow more self-reliant. As a result the boys and men of their acquaintance tend to become less vile. Some of these boys and men, through long acquaintance with the American Girl at school (co-education is unthinkable in Europe) and in her home, are even influenced to such a degree that they become worthy husbands for her. For

C. Allan Gilbert's best portrait of the American Girl.
Copyrighted by C. Allan Gilbert

Charles Dana Gibson was the first to immortalize the American Girl in art. This is one of his most attractive designs.

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C. D. GIBSON



C. ALLAN GILBERT

these boys sometimes have the audacity (which a foreigner simply cannot understand at all) to ask one or another of these diaphanous creatures to marry him, and she does marry him, and they set out together without money, without anything at all but what they term love, to live on. The extraordinary fact is that they do get on, some of them, and prosper. And, in spite of a popular outcry over the fraction of one per cent. who experiment in the divorce court, and the somewhat larger proportion who do not contrive to prosper, the American home, which deep in our hearts we know to be the root of whatever is worth while in our manner of living, grows out of just such haphazard love matches.



The Western Girl
as pictured by Clarence F. Underwood.
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Frederick A. Stokes
Company

CLARENCE F.
UNDERWOOD

both before she goes away to school and after she returns "finished," is that curiously American luxury, the "front porch." From Maine to California, from Dakota to Louisiana, the front porch flourishes. It is usually furnished with easy chairs and a hammock. It is where she entertains her boy friends, from the bashful "caller," who supplements his timid advances with a box of candy, to the steady admirer, who works for a big concern down-town, and who frankly hopes to make her his wife as soon as his salary shall reach the necessary figure. The front porch is the scene of many a laughing party, of many a quiet confidence, of many a merry little flirtation. Father and mother say good night, and go to bed, leaving their particular American girl to entertain her boy friends, innocent of chaperonage, supreme in her mastery of every situation in which she may find herself.

In the Eastern States, to be sure, this freedom is not quite so marked as in the Middle and Farther West. The East, from New England down to the suburban towns of New York and Pennsylvania, is getting old; and with advancing years come stronger traditions and harder prejudices. In New Haven the chaperon is taken a shade more seriously than in Indianapolis.



The American Girl
in one of Karl Anderson's
magazine drawings.

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Ridgway Company

KARL
ANDERSON

Another good place for observing the universal American princess is a suburban town—near any great city—and preferably a drug store in a well-to-do residence district. A summer evening is the time to choose. The princess must have her soda water at frequent intervals, and she must go to the drug store to get it. In a certain prosperous suburb which I happen to know very well, she floats about the residence streets of an evening in the filmiest of summer fabrics, with or without a hat, and with her pretty arms and neck bare, and she does not dream of shocking any one; on the contrary, from my acquaintance with her I venture to believe that if any unaccustomed observer were so silly as to permit himself (or herself) to be shocked, the girl would n't care a rap. And I will go so far as to believe that she would be right.

An institution with which the girl is closely identified,

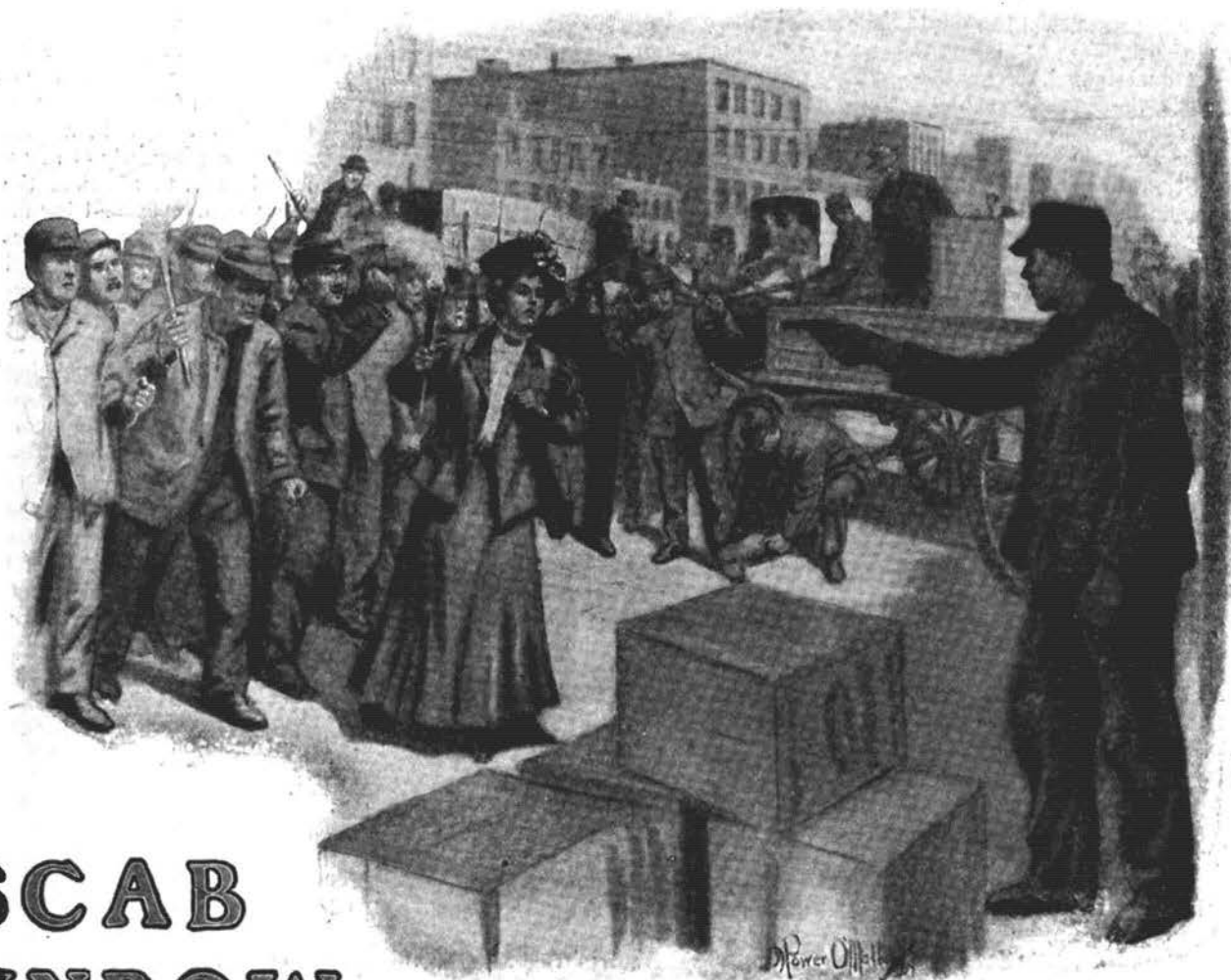


The Frederick Girl
and her creator, Edmund
Frederick.

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The chaperon is a product of distrust, and herself produces further distrust. Where the conventions are strongest you are the least likely to find the merry, innocent, heart-free American girl at her best. I have sometimes thought, in traveling west, that while the Eastern girl admittedly shows greater refinement and a less boisterous charm than her Western sister, she nevertheless seems a shade less American. But it would be gratuitous to venture into such a comparison.

The American girl is quite able to speak for herself. East or west, she is unlike any other type which the world has so far produced. Doubtless she has her shortcomings. A recent magazine writer lashed herself into quite a fury of scorn over this delicate question. This writer felt that our girls are ill-educated for the serious work of life, that they are pampered,



"He felt that she was revenging herself upon him"

A SCAB RAINBOW

By James Oppenheim

Illustrated by Power O'Malley

RED HAIR, blue jeans, and a yellow face—that was "The Rainbow." But to his wash-woman mother—the kettle-shaped woman with big lips and wrinkled forehead—he was Tom, her youngest son, and a good boy. His age was twenty-two; large of bone and heavy of muscle. His way through life was slow and silent and clumsy. He was, in a few words, a big raw-bones, fresh from Ireland, and, under instructions from the Irish lodging-house keeper, he blue-jeaned his gaunt ungracious bones and went out to be a longshoreman.

West Street on a cold gray winter morning is a bad place for the unemployed. On one side, the city's tattered fringe of docks and wharves zigzags like a skirt's torn hem; big black ships pant at their moorings; squirrel-like tugs nose in and out; ferries glide in and away; and the piers are clamorous and clangorous with ship's derricks swinging and dropping crates and cases; with trucks loading and unloading; with trundling and banging of iron; with heaving of barrels; with shouts and cries and calls of working-men. Over the rough paving stones of the street rumbles a great jam of trucks and wagons, bearing here and there on its slow ebb and flow a little floating island of horse car, with cursing driver and straining nags and jangling bells. Opposite the docks stand block after block of forbidding warehouses, here and there a tenement, many cheap longshore restaurants, holes-in-the-wall and "Beefsteak Johns," many second-hand clothing stores, many curious shops for seafarers, with displays of everything from a knickknack to a revolver, and an unusual number of saloons.

West Street on a cold, gray winter morning witnesses some strange sights. One of these is the line-up of longshoremen when a steamer is due to arrive, or has just been tugged in. Sometimes a hundred men stand on the curb opposite

the dock—a line facing the promise of work—a line shivering with cold and quivering with suspense—a line mostly black with miserable faces, but here and there red with rough jest and laughter.

Tom—"The Rainbow"—slouched into one of these lines on a cold December morning. His brown eyes were dull, his long yellow face a blank.

The men to his right seemed to form a group. They jested and roared with laughter—a rough, uncouth lot, strong men of streets and seas, whiskied and salted.

"Hey!" said one in a loud voice, "who's the new one?"

A powerful black fellow looked Tom over.

"Whoever he is," he roared with a curse, "he's a rainbow all right."

A noise of mirth went up.

"Say, Rainbow," called a thin, blue-eyed sinewy man, "have you a foot in a pot of gold?"

The Rainbow—for this name was now forever his—swung slowly toward the banterers.

"No," came his thick slow voice, "but a have a fist to plant in a pot o' face."

Whereupon a big yellow fist slowly arose to sight.

A tense silence seemed to transfix the long line of men. It broke, and bunched toward the scene of fight. The thin, blue-eyed man pulled off long, heavy leather "mitts."

Then the powerful black fellow raised his voice:

"No banging now! Here comes Charley!"

The line was whipped back as if lashed, silent, a-quiver, each man looking his best. Through the jam of trucks a-chirping, cheery, little ex-sea-captain was edging his way. He was the stevedore of the dock. A day's work—a week's work—depended absolutely on his yea and nay. Many men in that line could have rushed out and implored, kneeling, for they had left starvation or sickness at home. But Charley was known; he picked cheerful men.

He went to the head of the line, and, as he passed the men, flicked his thumb at the ones

he wanted. The others fell away, numb, dumb, defeated. Some, bowed and broken, vanished. Others, surly and disdainful, crowded into the saloons. The chosen hastened over to get into the hustle and sweat and clamor of a day's work. The big, black fellow got a thumb-flick, the blue-eyed man was passed, and then the Rainbow was hesitated over for the fraction of a second. He was new, he was strong and sturdy, but he was a puzzle. The stevedore smiled.

"New?" he chirped.

The Rainbow looked at him slowly.

"But willin', Gawd help me," came his thick voice.

"Quick, then, snap over there!"

And Charley grinned and passed on.

The blue-eyed muttered—though not too loudly—and went into the black saloon directly behind him. A curious place that! Floor sloping from the street pavement down into a dirty rear wall, and covered with damp sawdust, bar painted black, dirty mirror, and tough wizened bartender—altogether a damp, dark, cheerless place, but always ready to be transfigured for five cents. That was the price of the biggest and worst glass of whisky in the city. The flames it wafted through the flesh made earth a queer place, and man an angel or a beast.

Ten men grouped against the bar. As the blue-eyed entered they were hot with more than liquor—they were talking "union" and "strike."

"Say, Mac," one cried, as the blue-eyed lurched up, "have you seen Nell lately?"

The blue-eyed grinned.

"Have I!" he boasted, "well I should guess yes."

"And she says?"

"She says, fellows," he went on, "'Unite, unite, unite!' She'll work for us till she drops! You know her dad's been out of work six months, and she's on fire! She's got bad blood up—the Irish in her! And it's about time," he went on, with sudden anger; "the scabs are taking the bread from our mouths. There's a rainbow of a big guy this morning I'll punch

the head off of him." And he smote the bar. "He'll walk off with my work, will he! I'll lay for him at twelve o'clock."

He took out his last quarter and set up the drinks. As they drained the flames, the blue-eyed, with many oaths and fiery gestures, unfolded the plan. They could hire a meeting-room on Washington Street for a dollar a night—get it free, even, the first time; Nell was coming down that evening as the men knocked off after work, and she, and he, and a few others were to gather in the tried and true for a meeting that night. They would form a union, demand first, that only union longshoremen be employed, and afterwards raise wages and reduce work hours.

So, with much excitement, which grew and grew with the drinking and the dreaming—the Vision of the Millennium—the crowd at the bar idled the morning away. When the noon whistles rose, resonant and strident, above the street roar, they rushed out for the fight. The blue-eyed, whose name was James McGrath, was alert and ready. His thin, tall frame shook with eagerness, his little face was red with drink and fury. But the Rainbow never came. He merely went into a dark corner of the dock, drew a sandwich from his pocket and ate a dry lunch.

More furious than ever, McGrath returned to the saloon, and played cards and threw dice through the long afternoon. He spoke no more of the union. He glowed and glowered, and fumed with thirst for revenge. The long afternoon waned, darkened—lights flared up along the river front—and finally the bartender set the dusty gas jets flaming. Again, eager for a fight, the ten and McGrath went out into the cold night air.

The men streamed out—some homeward bound, most of them thirsty, tired, and eager for hot cheer—and in the rush of them the Rainbow slowly held his way. As he stepped upon the sidewalk, he found himself surrounded by a shouting, angry throng. From this circle McGrath darted, fists forward.

"You dirty Rainbow," he yelled, "take this!" And he leaped up and landed a terrific blow on the jaw.

The Rainbow tottered, recovered himself, bent his head, reached out two mighty arms, and embraced the thin man. It was the embrace of a gorilla—slow, heavy, terrible, resistless. The thin man gave a shriek and struggled. It was useless.

Then the unexpected happened. A half-drunken man hit the Rainbow from the back; two or three seized his arms; and suddenly the big black fellow struck Tom a great blow on the neck. McGrath fell to the pavement, and the Rainbow, dazed, nearly senseless, and seized by many hands, was slammed and banged and dragged into the saloon. He was on the floor in a chaos of roaring curses and raining blows of fists and heavy shoes.

"Scab! scab! scab!" they shouted.

Then some one cried shrilly:

"Here's Nell!"

As if by miracle the crowd drew back. A young woman, of unusual physical vigor and good looks, came flashing in. She was built on supple lines. Her dress was of coarse woolen, but showed her strength and grace. Her eyes were blue, her cheeks red, her hair a golden brown. She was all action, fire, swiftness, strength.

"What's this?" she cried in a sharp voice. "Who's been rowdying?"

She stood over the Rainbow and faced the silent crowd. McGrath leaned against a post, his face white, his breathing heavy.

"You?" she cried, facing him.

The Rainbow slowly raised himself to his elbow; blood was

over his face, and, as he spoke, the slow voice thickened.

"It's foul play—put us man to man."

Nell rolled up her sleeves, and put hands on hips.

"Foul play!" came her sharp, cutting voice. "You all against one?" and then she shouted, "Who denies it?"

The Rainbow groaned slightly, but otherwise a guilty silence held the place.

Nell advanced to McGrath, who seemed terror-stricken.

"Jamie," she said in a low voice, her eyes flashing, "it's all up between you and me—coward!"

McGrath bowed his head.

"Nell—" he began.

She turned away, cheeks flushed.

"So," she said to the crowd, "you, you, want to form a union! Well, go and form it! I'm with the scabs!"

In the silence she knelt, took the Rainbow's head in one arm, and mopped his face with a big handkerchief.

The Rainbow grinned, and gazed at his deliverer. Her arm was about his neck, her soft touch on his cheeks. Slowly his eyes kindled and kindled; slowly the yellow cheeks grew red and then redder; slowly a great fire began to burn in his heart.

"Poor man!" she whispered. "Can you get up?"

He tried to speak, but the thick voice choked. Then he tried again and sent a roar of an explosion through the smothered throat—

"Gawd save me, yes, sweetheart!"

At the word "sweetheart" Nell arose hastily, cheeks burning, eyes merry. The crowd turned away to snicker shamefacedly; McGrath slunk out into a barren winter night. Nell stood over the Rainbow and smiled down at him.

"Come, darling," she laughed, "come up!"

She reached her hands down, and felt them gripped by great, crushing hands, and the strength pained and thrilled her. The strong woman was seized by the stronger man. But unflinchingly she helped him to his feet.

"What a man you are," she murmured, her eyes flashing admiration.

He staggered, and she held him back.

"Ha," he grumbled, "I'll be a-killin' of you. Steady, Tom."

He started, she helping him, and they went staggering out through a shamefaced, silent throng. The cold air steadied the Rainbow, however, and they reached the lodging house in safety. Nell even helped him up the stairs and into the mother's room.

The kettled-shaped woman began to cry.

"Of all things," she sobbed, "me poor boy—me poor, handsome boy! And he so good! Niver touches liquor, like his dead father, niver gambles nor smokes! Me poor boy!"

The Rainbow grinned sheepishly, and nearly fainted. They put him on a bed, and talked for a full hour together—jobs, bad times, lodgings, cost of living. Nell was a storehouse of facts, and she sat, or strode about, and talked sharply, quickly, comprehensively.

II.

The union, despite Nell's threat, was formed. She, overnight, regathered her furies—wrongs

of poverty and misery—and called the first meeting. She was a curious girl. First she had been a servant; but she was not born for servitude. Then she had been a shopgirl, but was discharged for insolence to a customer. Of late she had worked in a cigar factory. She smelt always pungently of raw tobacco, but one came to like it, to associate the strength of it with her clear eyes and burning face, her gait and poise and energy. She was forever in revolt. She mastered all about her, including a weak mother, two young, good-for-nothing brothers, and a longshore father forever out of work.

So she called the first meeting in a small, dim room. The rough men crowded it, and the Rainbow, especially invited, not only by the sun that now shone upon him, but also by many shamefaced fellows, was there too. He sat silently in a corner, his face half covered with plasters, his dull eyes riveted on the one woman in the place. Nell's father was there, too, dumb with adoration of his brilliant daughter. The men did not seem ill at ease to have a woman among them; they, however, refrained carefully from oaths and foul language. James McGrath did not appear.

Nell spoke sharply, quickly, succinctly—words that set them on fire, words of revolt, of courage, of defiance. Man after man arose and added the thought that burned in him. And soon the little room was an intensity of swaying passion, of excited debate. The case was plain enough: they wanted their slight income assured; they wanted peace, security; they wanted a lift out of their drunken misery, their cheerless poverty. There was only one thing to do: unite, stick together, and use their numbers as a club to enforce their rights.

So the propaganda began. In a week so many men had been enlisted along the water front that it was necessary to secure a large hall. Frequent meetings were held, officers elected, resolutions passed.

Nell was always present, and the men came to have a sort of reverence for her; her presence was the life and charm of the meetings; her opinions became law. The Rainbow, too, was always there. He arrived before all the others, lit the gas, arranged the benches, and seated himself in a corner. The crowd came in, laughing, talking, excited, but he sat mute and aloof—a puzzle. At the arrival of Nell, always in the center of a throng, his dull eyes flared a little, fixed themselves upon her, and never stopped following her until the meeting broke up that night.

She, for her part, often sought out the Rainbow; sometimes walking home with him through the dark, deserted streets, between empty warehouses and sleeping tenements and under clouds ruddy with the lights of the city or clear depths studded with stars. On such occasions he lumbered along in silence, and listened to her flood of dreams and schemes. He did not seem much interested, however. His attention was all in blue eyes, and red cheeks, and that swaying, electric body of hers.

Nell had installed mother and son in the fourth floor rear of the tenement in which she lived. The place was of three rooms, shabby, unclean, damp. But the mother with her washing by day and her son by night was well content. The big son would sit with her of an evening, chair tilted against wall, and listen to her endless gossip. Then he would kiss her good night and go to bed.

One night, as he and Nell were returning home from a great meeting, and she, flushed and radiant, was telling him about the National Civic Federation, he suddenly broke into the flow of words with—
"I've got to speak."

The Poem

By Lewis Worthington Smith

Light one must pause upon, pure lily-bloom.
Breath of the summer night and tree-flung gloom.
Black of the hills and spire in the profound.
Silence that awes and thrills, more sweet than sound.
Strangeness of things unseen where darkness broods.
Wonder of infinite sky-solitudes.
Dews and a fleck of cloud, where star on star
Burns in the vast of time, wondrously far.



She started. "What's the trouble?" she asked.

They were passing a dark entrance of a warehouse. He stopped, and bent his head toward her.

"Gawd save me," he began thickly, slowly, "but a' love you, sweetheart—you'll marry me?" Her face went white.

"Rainbow," she murmured, "Don't!"

He seized her arms with his great hands and drew her into the dark entrance. Both her hands were seized by his.

"Nell," he hoarsely went on, "speak t' me—tell me."

He felt her quiver, tremble, in his grasp. "I—I can't! Don't!

Let go!"

He released her, and they walked on in silence. But Nell was pale, and trembling, and now and then looked at him in quick, sidelong glances. His face, his manner, revealed nothing. They entered the tenement together. On the second floor, under the gaslight, she tremblingly said, "Good night."

He cleared his throat.

"Nell," he thickly began, "forgive me."

She raised her eyes to his; his were flaring; hers were stained with tears, tremulous, full of weird light.

"For what?" she quiveringly whispered.

His cheeks flushed slowly from chin to forehead.

"Nell," he cried.

"Oh, you're such a man!" came from her, quick, incisive, and she turned and rushed into her flat.

After that, when she thought of his great strength, his strength and steadiness, his fearlessness, she went around singing in her sweet, clear voice. She was radiant, happy. She avoided him, blushed if he came near; and he, too, was shy and embarrassed.

Finally, after a storm of a meeting, a committee was appointed to wait on the steamship companies the following day. They were to ask that no scab labor be employed.

Every company at once refused to consider the demand.

Charley, the stevedore, went around toward twilight and spoke with many men. He had taken a great fancy to the Rainbow. He stopped him as he was trundling a bale of cotton to the enormous cotton heap near the street end of the dock.

"Rainy," he began, "what's this strike talk? Are you going to strike?"

The Rainbow never flinched. He looked at the chirping stevedore and said, slowly, "A' guess I'll ask mother!" and went on.

The stevedore grinned from ear to ear, slapped his knees, and was delighted.

The men left that evening, wildly excited. They jammed the saloon, and a great throng crowded the sidewalk. The powerful black fellow, Jack Andrews, towered over the others.

"Every man wanted," he roared. "Come in—this way."

The Rainbow had just crossed the street.

"Come in, Rainbow," cried a man.

The Rainbow shook his head and walked on. "Sissy," shrieked the man, and the cry was taken up.

"He's tied to his mother's apron strings" hooted another, "Mamma's baby!"

But he passed on, and the crowd was angry. That evening, at supper, he put down his knife and fork, and spoke:

"They're striking. Shall I strike, mother?"

She was just bringing over a bowl of potatoes. She trembled.

"Oh, Lord," she cried with a sob, "so they be a-strikin'! I've heard on it! But ye've

in a mighty voice bellowed a challenge.

"If any scab goes to work," he roared, "we'll throw him into the river."

His words roused the sleeping fire in every man there. They rose to their feet, shouting.

Nell began again; she made them all sit down; she spoke against violence, save as a last weapon; the crowd became slightly tamer.

"But," she cried, "that's not the question! The question is: strike! And I say strike! And I know you'll say strike! All in favor, raise hands!"

Every hand went up—every hand save one. Nell looked around triumphantly—a very goddess on the pedestal of the chair—until she

came to the missing hand. She looked down. The Rainbow was looking at her. Her cheeks paled; she felt she could not stand on the chair.

"You," she cried, in a choking voice. "Rainbow—you—"

Her face was pitiful; a fever swept through the hall; a great cry and hubbub arose.

"The sissy—the Rainbow—the mamma's baby—scab! scab! scab!"

The Rainbow arose and lumbered out to the front. He faced the men. His voice, as always, was thick and slow, but the words filled the place, and were intense with feeling and meaning.

"You can strike—or not strike—I won't. I'm a free man; it's a free country; I resign from the union. A' work for my mother—she needs it. Your strike's foolish; you won't win. There's too many men; the union's weak."

He turned and slowly went toward the door. At once the whole assembly, swept beyond their poor reason, went wild. Fists rose in air; curses echoed from the walls; and a sea of red faces swept toward the Rainbow.

Then came Nell's penetrating voice:

"Silence! Let me deal with him! You struck him once!"

Many, remembering the night in the saloon,

paused and held back the others. But they sat down muttering with fury.

Nell went out and walked into the street with the Rainbow. He was silent, head slightly bowed.

"Tom," she said, in a heartrending voice, "you'll strike."

He was silent.

"But, Tom," she went on, "you don't understand—"

He broke in slowly:

"A' understand."

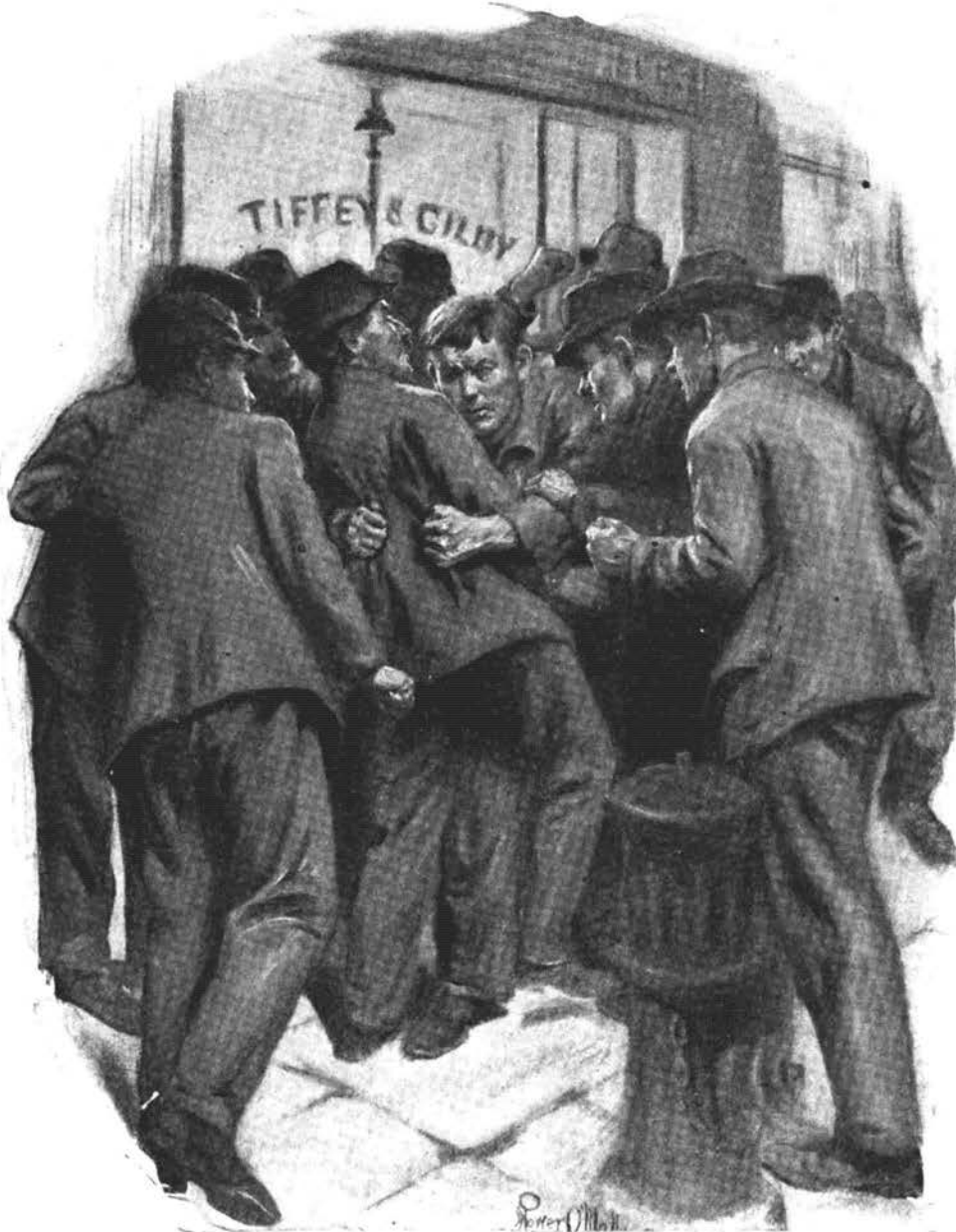
She touched his arm; he stopped—trembling. "You said you loved me," she breathed.

Their eyes met: hers were luminous, tremulous with tears and pain; her lips twitched.

"A' said," he broke out, with half a sob.

"And," she murmured, "I love you."

He looked, wildly; he seized her even there in the street, hands under her head, and drew the



"The Rainbow reached out two mighty arms. It was the embrace of a gorilla!"

been a good boy, Tom; ye always work for me. Ye'll not strike, me boy!"

Tears rolled down her cheeks.

He was silent a moment.

"No—I'll not," he said.

He was first at the meeting that night. He lit the gas, straightened the benches. The men came in a great crowd, Nell leading them. Never had she seemed so radiant, so self-possessed, so commanding. All hung upon her words—they came with snap and flame and quiver. The men did not sit down: they stood in a great crowd, and Nell had to mount a chair.

"Strike, men," she cried; "get your rights—don't be bullied! It only means a stiff upper lip, a strong heart, and nerve! Keep your nerve! Be ready to fight! We've got all the strength—we can't be beaten if we stick together! They must have us! Strike!"

The men cheered hoarsely.

The black, powerful Andrews followed, and

paused and held back the others. But they sat down muttering with fury.

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"A' said," he broke out, with half a sob.

"And," she murmured, "I love you."

He looked, wildly; he seized her even there in the street, hands under her head, and drew the

in a mighty voice bellowed a challenge.

"If any scab goes to work," he roared, "we'll throw him into the river."

His words roused the sleeping fire in every man there. They rose to their feet, shouting.

Nell began again; she made them all sit down; she spoke against violence, save as a last weapon; the crowd became slightly tamer.

"But," she cried, "that's not the question! The question is: strike! And I say strike! And I know you'll say strike! All in favor, raise hands!"

Every hand went up—every hand save one. Nell looked around triumphantly—a very goddess on the pedestal of the chair—until she

came to the missing hand. She looked down. The Rainbow was looking at her. Her cheeks paled; she felt she could not stand on the chair.

"You," she cried, in a choking voice. "Rainbow—you—"

Her face was pitiful; a fever swept through the hall; a great cry and hubbub arose.

"The sissy—the Rainbow—the mamma's baby—scab! scab! scab!"

The Rainbow arose and lumbered out to the front. He faced the men. His voice, as always, was thick and slow, but the words filled the place, and were intense with feeling and meaning.

"You can strike—or not strike—I won't. I'm a free man; it's a free country; I resign from the union. A' work for my mother—she needs it. Your strike's foolish; you won't win. There's too many men; the union's weak."

He turned and slowly went toward the door. At once the whole assembly, swept beyond their poor reason, went wild. Fists rose in air; curses echoed from the walls; and a sea of red faces swept toward the Rainbow.

Then came Nell's penetrating voice:

"Silence! Let me deal with him! You struck him once!"

Many, remembering the night in the saloon,

paused and held back the others. But they sat down muttering with fury.

Nell went out and walked into the street with the Rainbow. He was silent, head slightly bowed.

"Tom," she said, in a heartrending voice, "you'll strike."

He was silent.

"But, Tom," she went on, "you don't understand—"

He broke in slowly:

"A' understand."

She touched his arm; he stopped—trembling. "You said you loved me," she breathed.

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DRUGGING A RACE

By SAMUEL MERWIN

VI.—Sowing the Wind in China—Tientsin

There is no "lid" on Tientsin. Notwithstanding the protests of the Chinese officials, who have closed the opium dens in the adjoining territory, Mr. Merwin finds the foreign municipalities running "wide open," making a neat profit out of the native prohibition. Here is the narrative of a night trip through the opium joints of Tientsin, also a word about Hongkong, a British Crown Colony, where the monopoly right to manufacture and sell opium is farmed out to the highest bidder. Next month will be shown the inconsistency of Britain's opium policy, under the title, "How British Chickens Came Home to Roost."



"Virtue is never left to stand alone. He who practices it will have neighbors."—*Confucian Analects.*

IF YOU could avoid the suburbs of mud huts and walled compounds, and step directly down from an airship on the broad piazza of the Astor House at Tientsin (no treaty port is complete without its Astor House), you might almost imagine yourself in a thriving English town. Set about this piazza are round tables, in bowers of potted plants, where sit Britishers, Germans, and Americans, with a gay sprinkling of soldiery. Across the street there is a green little park, where plump British babies are wheeled about and children romp among the shrubbery, and where the Sikh band plays on Sundays. There is nothing, unless it be the group of 'rickshaw coolies at the curb, or the fat Chinese policeman in the roadway, to recall China to the mind.

Yet Tientsin dominates all Northern China much as Shanghai dominates the mighty valley of the Yangtse. The railways and waterways (including the Grand Canal) all lead to Tientsin. It is Peking's seaport. The Viceroy of the Northern Provinces makes it his seat of government. The chief point of contact between these Northern Provinces and western civilization, it is through Tientsin that the new ideas which are stirring the sluggish Chinese mind to new desires and to a new purpose filter into one hundred million Mongoloid heads.

The foreign settlement is simply a polyglot cluster of nationalities, each with its "concession" or allotment of land wrung from a brow-beaten empire, each with its separate municipal government ruled by its own consul-general, and the whole combined, for purposes of defense and aggression, into a loosely knit city of seven or eight thousand whites under the general direction of a dozen consulates. The British have their polo, golf, and racing grounds; the French have their wealthy church orders and their Parisian moving pictures; the Germans have their beer halls and delicatessen shops. The Japanese, the Russians, the Italians, the Austrians, all the powers, in fact, excepting the United States—which holds no land in China—contribute their lesser shares to the color and the activity of this extraordinary place. And only a mile or two away, farther up the crooked river, lies the huge, sprawling Chinese city, where nine hundred and fifty thousand blue-clad celestials—nearly a round million of them—ceaselessly watch the squabbling groups of foreigners, and by means of newspapers, traveling merchants, and the thousand and one other instruments for the spreading of gossip, tell all Northern China what they see.

Tientsin, then, like Shanghai, is a potent, an electric force in its influence on China. Whatever the Chinese are to become in their struggle toward the light of day will be in some measure due to the example set by these two cities, the only samples of western civilization which the Chinaman can scrutinize at close range. The missionary tells him of the God of the western peoples, and of how His spirit regenerates humankind; the Chinaman listens stolidly, and then turns to look at these samples of regenerated peoples that fringe his coast. What he actually sees will stick in his mind long after what he merely hears shall have passed out at the



H. E. TONG SHAO-I,

Until recently vice president of the Foreign Bureau at Peking, and now Governor of Manchuria. Working with the Viceroy Yuan, he drafted the Imperial edicts prohibiting opium smoking. Mr. Tong received part of his education at Yale.



H. E. YUAN SHI K'AI,

Viceroy of the Northern Provinces and Advisor of the Throne, the Leading Spirit in the Opium Reform

It is he who has been introducing modern military methods, modern education, and other great reforms into China. He is practically a self-made man, and has risen by sheer merit from the lowest grades of official life to the top, or "red-button" class. Said one foreign *attaché*, "You forget to think of him as a Chinaman, or as in any way different from the rest of us. He's just a smart man."

other ear. And these impressions that stick in the Chinaman's mind are precisely the highly charged forces that are revolutionizing China to-day.

While still at Peking, I had picked up more or less gossip which seemed to indicate that the Tientsin foreign concessions were setting an unfortunate example in the matter of opium. In several of the concessions there are thousands of Chinese small traders who have crowded into the white man's territory, in order to make a living. These Chinese districts demand their opium, and they have always been allowed to have it. The opium shops and dens are licensed, as are our saloons, and the resulting revenue is cheerfully accepted by the various municipalities. When the Chinese officials set out to fight opium last winter and spring, they asked the foreign consuls to coöperate with them. This could be no more than a friendly request, for the concessions are foreign soil, they have passed wholly out of China's control; but it was obviously of no use to close the dens of the native city if smokers could continue to gratify their desires by simply walking down the road.

This request bothered the consuls. The Chinese had adroitly placed them in a difficult position. A failure to coöperate would look bad; but revenue is revenue, on the China Coast as elsewhere. More, if they could play for time, the enforcement in the native city, by driving the smokers over into the concessions, would actually increase the revenue. So the consuls played for time. They spread the impression "back home" that they were going to close the dens. When? Oh, soon—very soon. There were matters of detail to attend to. The licenses must run out. Then, too, perhaps the Chinese proposals were "insincere"—a little time would show.

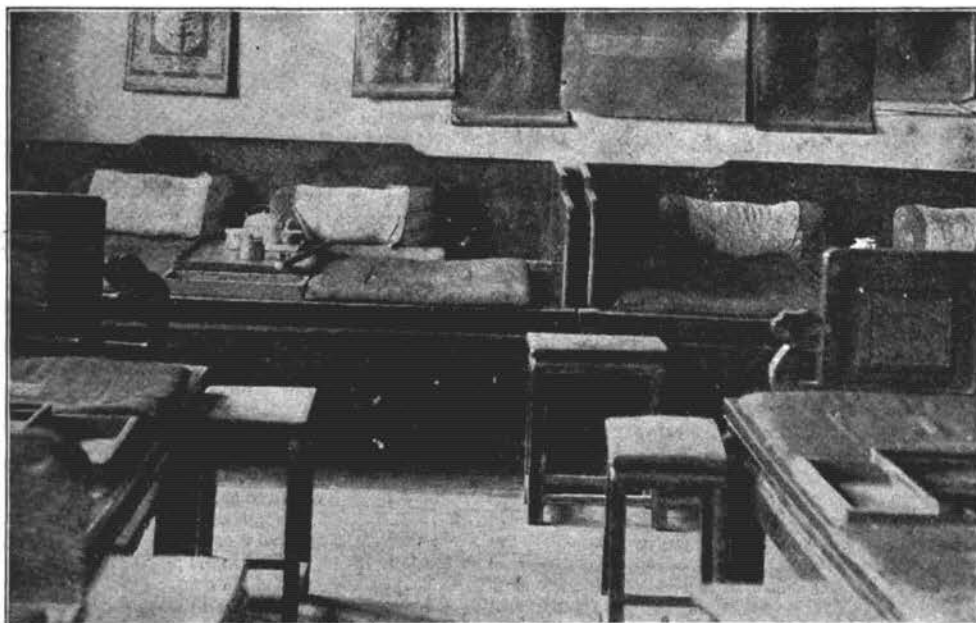
The British concession boasted proudly that it had no opium dens. This was true. The concession is wholly taken up with British shops and British homes, and there is no room for Chinese residents. The German concession had so few natives that it closed some of its dens and took what credit it could. The Japanese quietly put on the lid. But all the other concessions remained "wide open."

So ran the Peking gossip. It seemed to me worth while to follow



AN OFFICIAL REFORMER

The "Customs Taotai" of Tientsin, who took an active and important part in the enforcement of the opium prohibition in Tientsin native city. At one time or another he has been considered for the post of Minister to the United States.



Interior of an opium den in the French Concession, Tientsin. Each compartment, with its lamp and instruments, is shared by two smokers

it up; for if it should prove true that the concessions were actually profiting, like Shanghai, by the native prohibition, the fact would be significant. It would leave little to say for the representatives of foreign civilization in China.

There was a particular reason why the prohibition should be made effective in and about Tientsin. The one official who stood before his country and the world as the anti-opium leader, who personified, in fact, the reform spirit which is leavening the Chinese mass, was Yuan Shi K'ai, the northern viceroy. Tientsin was his vice-regal capital. Before he could hope to convince the cynical observers of Britain and Europe that the anti-opium crusade was really on, he had to make good in his own city.

Yuan Shi K'ai is a remarkable man. Unlike some of his colleagues who have traveled and studied abroad, he has never, I believe, been over the sea; yet no Chinese official shows a firmer grasp on this biggest and most bewildering of the world's governmental problems. Practically a self-made man (his father was a soldier), he worked up from rank to rank, himself a part and a product of the antiquated absolutism of his country, until he emerged at the top, a red-button mandarin, a viceroy, with a personality towering above the superstitious, tradition-ridden court, and yet sufficiently able and skillful to work with and through that court. We have seen, in an earlier article, how Yuan, then a governor, kept Shantung Province quiet during the Boxer outbreak. It is he who is building up the "new army" with the aid of German and Japanese drillmasters. It is he who succeeded in introducing the study of modern science into the education of the official classes. He is committed to the abolition of the palace eunuch system. He has, within the past few months, made great headway with his bold plan to remodel this land of fossilized ideas into a constitutional monarchy, with a representative parliament. But first, and above all else, he places the opium reforms. Unless this curse can be checked, and at least partially removed, there is no hope of progress.

Reform Work that Bore Fruit

Throughout this magnificent struggle for a new China, Viceroy Yuan has radically opposed the very spirit and genius of his race; but far from ostracizing himself or splitting the government, he has grown steadily in power and influence, until now, as a sort of prime minister, he appears to hold the substance of imperial authority in his hands. Try to imagine a self-made, reform politician outwitting and beating down the traditions of Tammany Hall in New York City, multiply his difficulties by a thousand or two, and you will perhaps have some notion of the sheer ability of this great man, who has risen above the traditions, even above the age-old prejudices of his own people. There are many Europeans in his retinue—physicians, military men, engineers, educators—all of whom apparently look up to him as to a genuine superior. An *attaché* summed up for me this feeling which Yuan inspires in those who know him: "You forget to think of him as a Chinaman," said this *attaché*, "as in any way different from the rest of us. He's just a smart man."

The Viceroy took a personal hand in the Tientsin situation. On December 2, 1906, he issued the following document to the North and South Police Commissioners of Tientsin native city. Rather than alter the quaint wording, I quote just as it was translated for me:

"I have just received instructions from the cabinet ministers enjoining me to act according to the regulations which they presented to the throne, and which received Their Majesties' consent. The evil effects of opium are known to all. It is the duty of us all to act according to the regulations, and do our utmost to get rid of them.

"The North and South Police Commissioners are authorized to close the opium dens, which have been the refuge of idle hands and young people who are not allowed to smoke at home. The said dens are to be closed at the end of the Tenth Moon (December 14th), at the same time notifying the keepers of restaurants and wine shops not to have opium smoking instruments or opium prepared for their customers, nor are their customers allowed to take opium and smoke there.

"As to the Concessions, the Customs Taotai is authorized to open conferences with the different Consuls, asking them to close the opium dens within a limited time."

The two police commissioners at once made the proclamation public; and, as is evident from the following "Reply to a Petition," met with difficulties in enforcing it:

"It is impossible to change the date of closing the dens. What is said in the petition, that the keepers cannot square their accounts with their customers, may be true, but the Viceroy's order must be obeyed. The dens shall be closed at the specified time."

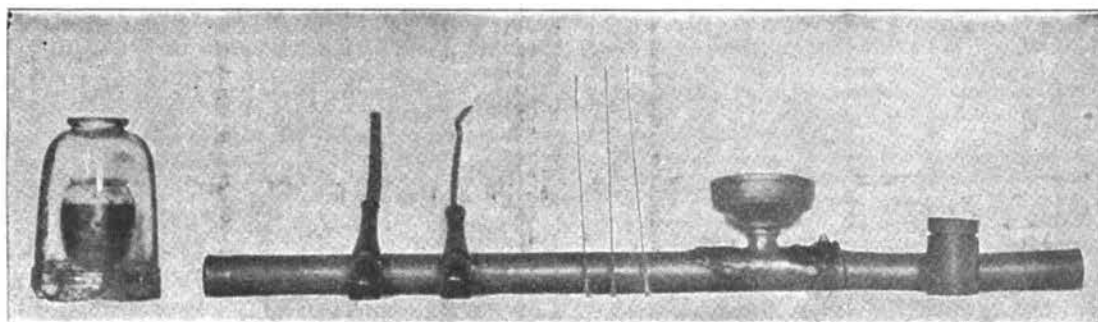
These orders were carried out. It is one of the advantages of a patriarchal form of government that orders can be carried out. There were no injunctions, no writs to show cause, no technical appeals. The few den keepers who dared to violate the prohibition were mildly punished on the first offense—most of them receiving two weeks at hard labor. The real responsibility was placed upon the owners of the property rented out to the den keepers. It was recognized that these owners were the ones who really profited by the vice. They were given an opportunity to report any violations occurring on their property; but if a violation occurred, and the owner failed to report, his property was promptly confiscated. Here we see successfully employed a method which we in this country have been unable as yet to put into effect. The futility of punishing engineers and switchmen for the sins of railroad corporations, of punishing clerks for the offenses of bank directors, of punishing keepers of disorderly houses in cases where we know that the real profit goes, in the form of a high rental, to the respectable owner of the property, has long been recognized among us. In China, while we see much that seems intolerable in the enforcement of law, we must admit that it is refreshing to see laws really enforced, and to see responsibility sometimes put where it belongs. We of the United States are far ahead of the Chinese in all that goes to make up what we call civilization. But we have, among others, a law forbidding the sale of liquor on Sunday in New York City. We could not enforce that law if we tried; and we have not moral courage enough to strike it off the books for the dead letter it is.

Cutting Through "Vested Interests" in China

Yes, the Tientsin situation has its refreshing side. Yuan Shi K'ai—a Chinaman, a pagan—set about it to close the opium dens that supplied this swarming cityful of Chinamen, and succeeded. He solved that most difficult problem which confronts human governments everywhere—in every climate, under every sky—the problem of moral regulation. He drove the manufacturers of opium and of opium accessories out of business. He cut his way through a tangle of "interests," vested and otherwise, not so different in their essence from the liquor interests of this country. Thanks to his own character and resource, thanks to the cheerful directness of Chinese methods of governing (when directness, and not indirectness is really wanted), he "got results." And not only in Tientsin native city, but also in Peking, and Pao-ting-fu, and all Chili Province, and throughout Shansi Province, and over large portions of Shantung, Shansi, and Manchuria. It was not a case of Maine prohibition, or Kansas prohibition, or New York excise regulation. *He closed the dens!*

While he was accomplishing this result, and while the native Chamber of Commerce was appropriating a sum of money to found a hospital for the cure of opium victims, the "Customs Taotai," obeying the Viceroy's instructions, courteously requested the consuls, as rulers of the

[Concluded on page 136]



An opium smoker's "layout." Lamp, pipe, needles, box of "pills," and screw-drivers for opening tips of opium

A Lonesome Eden

How Two Campers Struggled Along on a Diet of Scenery Until the Cooks Came

By PORTER EMERSON BROWNE

Illustrated by H. G. Williamson

WAINWRIGHT leaned back against the overturned canoe and gazed across the silver surface of the lake to where the red eye of the sun was sinking behind the hazy blue-black shadows of the opposite shore.

"This is what I call living!" he cried enthusiastically.

"Here we are with nothing to do and all the time there is to do it in. No seatless trolleys, no airless subways, no tasteless food, no musicless musical comedies, no senseless women—it's certainly a relief to get away from them!—nothing but just Nature; and she's a peach!"

Travis squatting disconsolately over a smoking heap of unseasoned twigs, grunted enthusiastically.

"If this frying pan were only as hot as my fingers," he grumbled, "we could smelt ore in it. I've got three blisters, and the fat won't even sizzle."

Wainwright, his eyes upon the fading beauties before him, snorted caustically. "You're a rank materialist," he chided. "There's no poetry in your soul."

"There's no food in my stomach," either, rejoined the materialistic and practical Travis. "Food before poetry" is my motto. Let me get filled up with grub and I'll wallow to the eyes in all the poetry you can bring around on a truck. A full stomach is as essential to the appreciation of Nature as a full pocketbook is to the appreciation of civilization. Ouch!" he concluded suddenly as he dropped the frying pan upon the smoldering, rebellious twigs and bent himself undividedly to a close scrutiny of one thumb.

"What's the matter?" asked Wainwright.

"Spark!"

"Did it burn you?" asked Wainwright, sympathetically.

"No, you flathead," rejoined Travis, politely, "it merely tickled." He placed the injured member in his mouth, only to withdraw it hastily, with a muttered comment as to the surprisingly inedible and undetectable qualities of intermixed soot, ashes, mud, and lard.

Wainwright, lighting his pipe, turned to a further homage of the waning glories before him.

"It's beautiful—beautiful!" he exclaimed. "Look at those reds and golds—those silver blues and dull greens! It's beautiful!"

"Look at this batter with sticks and leaves and bugs in it—look at this blister on my thumb—look at this fire, if you want something inspiring! If the Indians could n't make a fire any better than I can, those fellows they burned at the stake must have either suffocated or starved to death."

The gnawings of hunger had by this time awakened the stomachic desires of Wainwright, and he turned slowly away from the ever-changing picture before him.

"How are the flapjacks coming?" he asked.

Travis grunted. "They aren't coming. They're going—no, they're gone," he replied, as he carefully inspected the frying pan, from which were ascending thick clouds of peculiarly malodorous smoke. "I thought all the time that it was the fire that was making that smell," he added plaintively.

A soft breeze deepened the red, glowing trail of the sun. Wainwright turned upon it appreciative eyes.

"Look!" he exclaimed. "It seems almost as though one might walk upon it. Could anything be more utterly beautiful?"

"Are you sure there's no more canned stuff?" asked Travis, beseechingly.

"Hear the frogs, and the whispers of the breeze above us! At last we have found rest—absolute, perfect rest. We are next to Nature."

"And Nature is next to us, by the way she's treating us," growled Travis, from among the wreckage. "We're a couple of fine fatheads—coming for a fortnight's canoeing trip with only a two days' supply of canned grub and a lot of raw material that we don't know how to use. It seems easy enough when you read it in the cookbook, though," he added grumblingly, as, with face in the dirt, he blew up the smoking, flameless fire.

At length he rose and brushed the dead leaves and dirt from his clothes and chin.

"You try," he said.

Wainwright shrugged his shoulders and rose. "I suppose I'll have to if we are to get anything to eat," he observed.

Travis eyed him. "You never cooked before, did you?" he demanded suspiciously.

"No," replied Wainwright, bending over the fire, "but I've seen people do it, though, and it's simple

enough. Watch me closely and see how I do it, and then you'll be able to get breakfast."

Travis did watch him; and he also talked to him; and his loud and exuberant joy at seeing Wainwright's efforts result in merely another cloud of dissolute incense and a burnt thumb almost recompensed him for the unsatisfied gnawing beneath his belt.

Hungry, disconsolate, defeated, they filled and lighted their pipes. Here, at least, was something that they could make burn, and knew how to use.

Travis heaved a long sigh.

"Women can cook," he said, at length, with the air of one who has made a great discovery.

Wainwright nodded. "Yes," he agreed.

"It's wonderful," continued Travis, "wonderful!"

Wainwright nodded.

"Yes," he acquiesced, "I never thoroughly appreciated 'em until now."

"I wish one were here," Travis declared. "I'd



"Can we be of any assistance?" asked Wainwright

welcome her with open arms, and open mouth—yes, even though she were a cooking-school graduate. I—"

He ceased speaking suddenly. A faint, spitting *chug, chug, chug* came to their ears from across the dark silence of the lake, then, growing irregular, stopped. All was again silence.

Suddenly from the darkness ahead came two shrill little cries, and two figures hurtled through the pitiful light cast by their little fire to land at their very feet—and all so terrifyingly sudden that Wainwright bit the amber end from his pipe and fell backward over a canoe, while Travis caromed against three trees and struck full against the fourth before he dared look behind him.

"Oh!" came from the semi-gloom by the fire, and then "Oh!" again.

"I beg your pardon," said a soft voice, and very sweet.

"We're very sorry," said another voice, just as soft and just as sweet.

"But really, we could n't help it, you know," explained the first voice.

"No," said the second voice. "You see, we could n't stop the engine, and the steering gear jammed—"

"—and we could n't fix it until just a moment ago—"

"—and then we saw your fire and steered for it—"

"—and the works ran down—"

"—and here we are," with a little hysterical laugh.

Their voices sounded most attractive; and just then the tenuous fingers of the fire touched a few dried leaves and the glimpse that Travis and Wainwright were accorded of the two figures before them was just as attractive.

As near as could be judged by the flaring flicker of the fire light, both figures were of the same height and form; both possessed the same well-shaped heads, crowned with masses of wind-disordered hair; both possessed the same dark eyes and the same delicately molded noses.

The fire flare died; and darkness again reigned.

Travis gasped and rubbed his eyes.

"And I have n't had a drink in two days," he declared in awed tones.

Wainwright, too, gasped and, too, rubbed his eyes.

"Nor I," he said.

"Are they gone?" asked Travis. "I mean, is she gone?"

Wainwright shook his head. "I don't believe they—I mean she—was ever there," he said.

"It's not having anything to eat that did it," he added. "I've heard that starvation affects men that way—hallucinations and all that sort of thing, you know. But I never knew before that it made you see double."

"Well," rejoined Travis, fishing for his pipe, "the next time I go canoeing, it'll be in a night lunch wagon with a *chef* and three waiters, and I'll camp near a restaurant. No more of this for me. It's almost scared me into fits. I—"

He stopped, gasping; for just then, from the darkness of the lake edge, came a soft and sweet—

"We're so sorry if we startled you. But really we could n't stop it—"

"—and a fog came up—"

"—and we could n't see where we were going—"

"—and it got dark—"

"—yes, horribly dark—"

"—and then we saw your fire—"

"—and we steered for it—"

"—and when we got near it, we got out on the front piazza of the boat—"

"—and then we hit a rock or something—"

"—which accounts for us landing so—eh—promiscuously."

"And we're so hungry!" together.

It was the word "hungry" that brought Wainwright and Travis to themselves again; it twanged with such sturdy fingers upon the most responsive chords of their own beings.

Travis was gazing at them with perhaps more concentration than the ethics of good breeding allow.

"I don't like to be inquisitive," he said, at length, "but am I seeing double?"

The girls laughed.

"We're twins," said the one nearer the fire.

"Yes," laughed the other.

"I'm Elise."

"And I'm Elaine."

"I'm delighted to know you," acknowledged Travis.

"And I," said Wainwright.

"You're very kind," said Elise, bubbly.

"Very," gurgled Elaine.

"And we're hungry," said Elise.

"Very," assented Elaine.

"And so are we," rejoined Wainwright, and cordially. He waved his hand toward the stacked-up supplies and smoldering fire. "The culinary department is yours. We would be delighted to perform for you the offices of hospitality, but we can't do it even for ourselves."

Elise inspected the fire.

"Why, they were trying to burn green wood!"

"Really?"

Elise nodded. "Uh-uh," she cried assentively.

"Look!"

Elaine looked. Then they both laughed. Then they both looked sorry.

"I did n't mean to be rude," Elise apologized contritely. "Only it seemed so funny to try to make a fire of green wood."

"Just like trying to go bathing in a tree," said Elaine.

"Forgive us."

"Get some dry stuff and make the fire," Elaine said Elise, deftly searching among the supplies, "and I'll mix the batter."

"Can we be of any assistance?" asked Wainwright, solicitously.

Elise shook her shapely head. "You'd only be in the way," she said; and then, "Oh, I don't mean that, not exactly."

"Why not?" inquired Travis. "It's perfectly true." "We can do it all," said Elaine. "You just sit there and smoke and we'll tell you when it's ready."

Obediently Travis and Wainwright filled and lighted their pipes and waited, expectant and approving, while Elise and Elaine stirred and turned and mixed and sliced, and the coffeepot and frying pan gave sweet incense to the still night air.

And then they ate.

Of a sudden, Travis stopped with the last half of his eleventh pancake between dish and mouth.

"What's that?" he asked.

"What's what?" demanded Wainwright.

The soft sound of a deep-toned bell came to them richly through the darkness of the night.

"That," returned Travis.

The two girls had risen excitedly to their feet.

"Why," exclaimed Elaine, "that's our school bell!"

"And it must be just across the lake!" exclaimed Elise. "Yes! Look! I can see a light."

"It's in the tower room," said Elaine. "And you must take us back immediately—"

"—for we'll be *awfully* late and—"

"—they're *awfully* strict and—"

"—you can paddle us right across and land us at the beach and—"

"—it's only a step to the doors and—"

"—if you keep your fire going brightly you can find your way back without the least trouble."

Laying down the last half of his eleventh pancake with a deep sigh of lingering regret, Travis rose to his feet; and Wainwright did likewise.

As the bows of the two canoes slowly slid up upon the black shingle of the opposite shore, the girls leaped lightly from the swaying crafts.

"Good-by," said Elise.

"Good-by," said Elaine.

"And thank you."

"Yes; thank you so much."

"But," cried Travis.

"I say," called Wainwright.

But the night had shut them from view. A little bell rang musically from the darkness above them. Travis savagely shoved his paddle blade into the black water, and pushed off from shore.

"We may as well go," he muttered disconsolately.

Wainwright nodded slowly.

"There's nothing else to do," he acquiesced; and he, too, with a vigorous and vicious shove, sent his canoe swirling out into the lake.

Travis gazed through the open door of the little grocery store, his eyes fixed on the great, castle-like building perched above them on the green hillside, and kicked aggrievedly with his heels the scarred, marred counter. Wainwright, puffing lugubriously on his pipe, watched the bewhiskered, shirt-sleeved proprietor stack up on the counter can after can of every canned thing known to civilization.

"Eighteen o' sardeens, yer said, did n' yer?" asked the proprietor, apparently talking through the straw that stuck out from his hairy lips like a pitchfork handle in an unkempt haystack.

"I don't care," replied Wainwright, abstractedly. "Give us all you have."

"Must be goin' ter be gone a long time," observed the proprietor, as he stacked three dozen cans of im-

ported sardines, whose progenitors had been Canadian herring, between thirty-seven cans of tomatoes and seventeen of boned chicken. "All summer, judgin' by the looks," he added, tentatively. He waited expectantly. But no answer being forthcoming, he turned again to his shelves, from which he ruthlessly plucked everything that had been left over from the past nine seasons.

Suddenly Travis jumped.

"Look!" he cried.

Wainwright did. A rattly carriage, drawn by a corpulent and somnolescent horse, had drawn up beside the depot, and dismounting from it, were two slender, dainty figures, both exactly alike from filmy straw hats to tiny patent pumps.

"Elaine!" exclaimed Travis.

"Elise!" cried Wainwright.

"Hey!" shouted the proprietor, as they vanished through the door. Business had been none too good that season, and, when he thought of a countermand to this regal order before him, he fell over the counter, in such haste was he to ascertain what had become of his two prospective young customers.

Travis reached the platform first.

"You!" he cried; and then, "You are n't going away!"

"Yes," nodded Elaine.

"Vacation?" asked Wainwright.

"Expulsion," returned Elaine, cheerfully.

"—for being absent without leave—"

"—and we were guilty of a grave offense—"

"—a very grave offense—"

"—a very, *very* grave offense—"

"—and we were a menace to discipline—"

"—and a bad example to the other scholars—"

"—a *very* bad example to the other scholars—"

"—and so we're expelled."

"And where are you going now?" catechised Wainwright.

"Home," replied Elaine.

"Sweet home," added Elise.

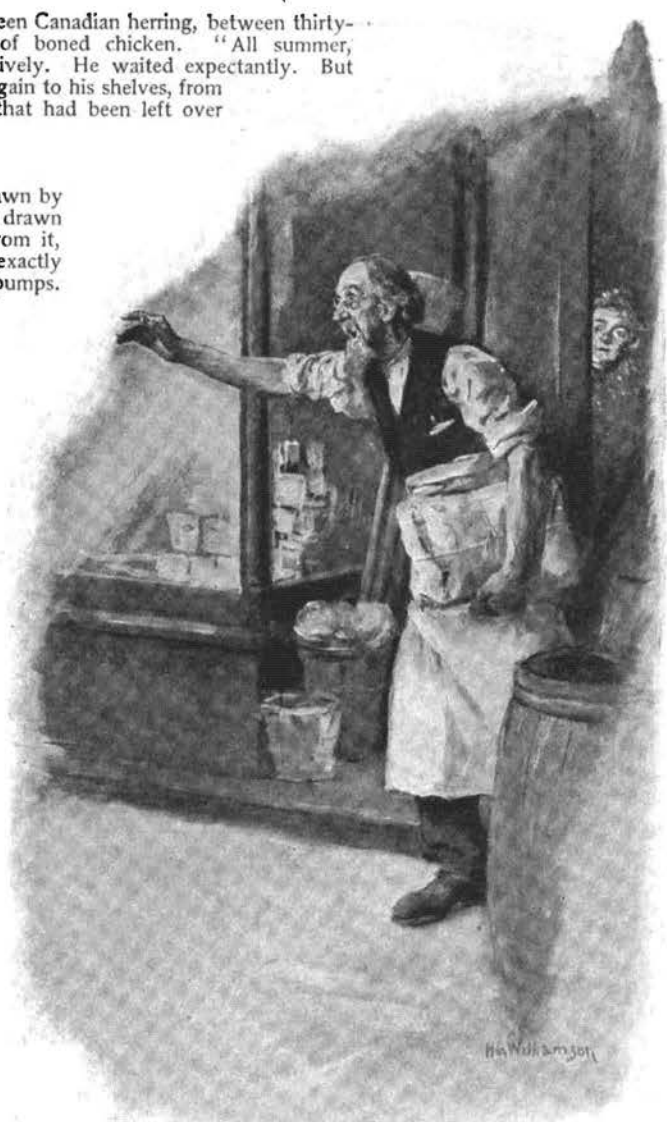
Wainwright was considering deeply. So was Travis. But the result of their mental travail was not apparent until the dirty little train grunted exhaustedly into the dirty little station and stopped.

And then it was; for, after assisting the two trim little figures to mount the steps of the rickety day coach, they themselves, with one accord, immediately followed!

The proprietor of the grocery store, who was not expecting such a hasty and altogether unprecedented action as getting aboard a train without buying a ticket, was for a moment helpless from sheer amazement. Then, recovering himself, he made the best record from the store to the station that had been achieved since the day when he and Adoniram Peters and Bildad Skinner and Eliphalet Dusenberry had seen a man throw from the car window a cigar that was n't more than half smoked.

But, despite excellent endeavor, he arrived only in time to shake a fond farewell with a clenched fist.

That afternoon, after he had finished replacing seventy-four cans of varied meat, fish, fruit, and vege-



"As they vanished through the door"

table products on his shelves, the proprietor of the grocery, with the aid of several friends whose constancy depended largely upon the accessibility of the cracker barrel and the pickle crock, moved two canoes and their fittings into his barn, where, placing them in the mow, he covered them carefully with hay.

"Them fellers can't expect us fellers to work for nothin', nohow," he observed; and, after waiting two weeks (which he deemed a fitting and a safe time), he tacked to the door of his store a sign:

Too kANoOs
For SAIL AND
What Gose with
THEM

TWO CITIES: By Leonard Charles Van Noppen

MEMPHIS

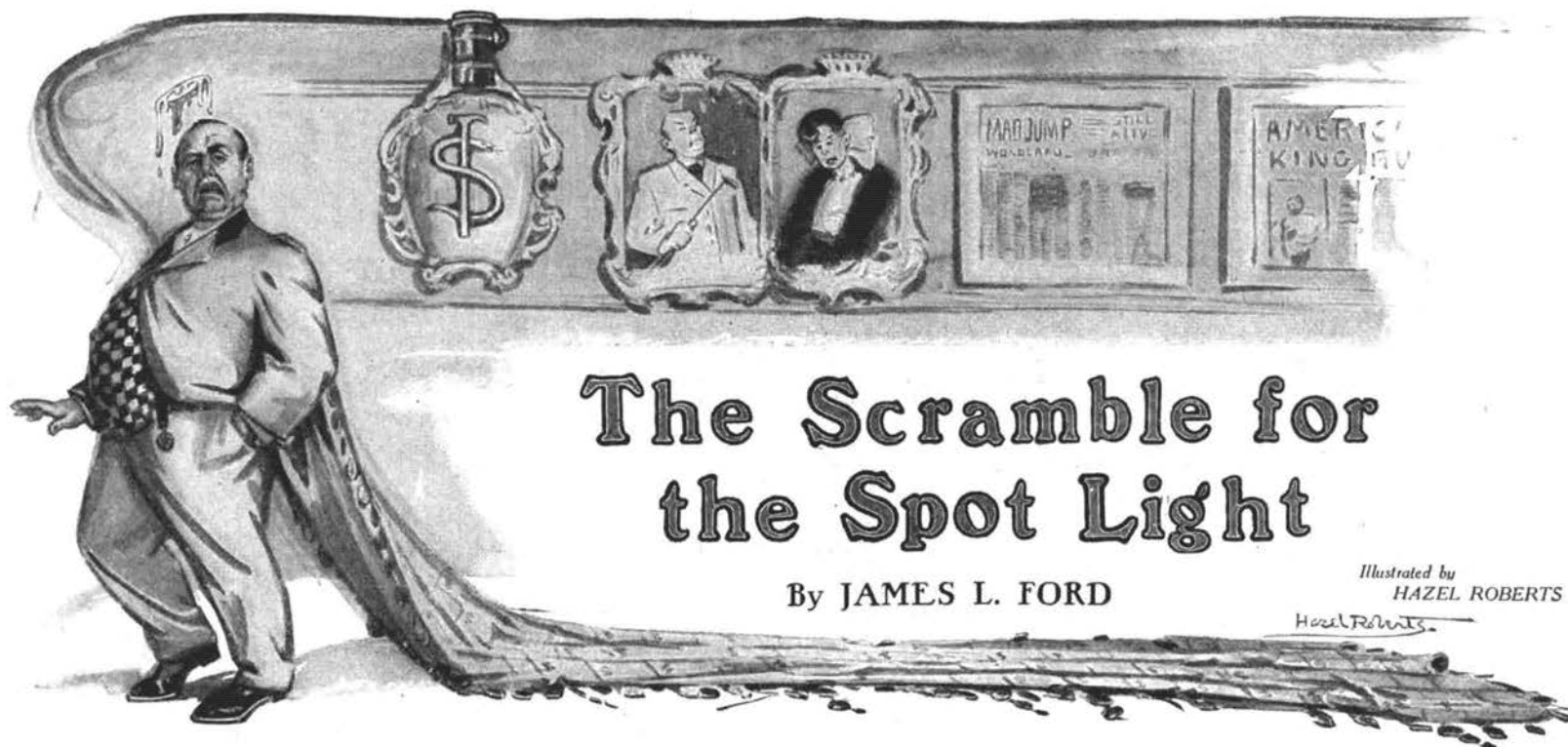
Death lives in her foundations, and her days
Are willow-mourners by the water-side.
No more the Nile, around his marble bride,
Flings arms of brightness like a yellow blaze;
No more the marching Ages, with amaze,
Before her beauty in obedience bide.
For she is dead; and, with her, Isis died;
And not a slave Osiris now obeys.

When the young Years went naked yet of names,
Singing, she woke, all wonder;—that white ark,
Whence Music wandered, like a mystic dove
Exploring God! Now over her loud fames
Oceans of silence unremembering move;
And she is named the Mother of the Dark!

ROME

Her eagle-gaze bred empire! A vast dome
That overarched the ages, a dread cone
Hurling death's lava, a loud trumpet blown
Behind the hush of Carthage: such was Rome!
Reaper of triumphs, scourge of shore and foam,
Aloof, austere, she sat her august throne;
Then dashed to darkness like some comet lone,
Trailing the awe of nations: such was Rome!

Ruin is written on her aged brow,
Charactered with red chronicles of crime;
And only Death lives in her Forum now.
The Coliseum, like a marble cast,
Matches her giant stature,—shows to Time
The mighty mother of a mighty past!



[Spot Light, *n* (theatrical). A powerful calcium light focused on some particular person.—*Not in Webster's Dictionary.*]

THE age in which we live has been termed variously one of material progress, of invention, of vulgarity, of steam, of electricity—of a hundred characteristics; yet it is my firm belief that the future historian will write it down, above all things else, as an Age of Publicity, and that Macaulay's New Zealander, as he prowls amid the ruins of New York, deciphering the inscriptions in the Hall of Fame, will wonder at the extraordinary mental and moral endowments recorded of the men and women of this period. He will cease to wonder when he learns, by consulting veracious history, that he is studying the remnants of an age in which the science of publicity enabled even the most mediocre individuals to anoint themselves with the divine oil of fame, provided, always, that they had the price. For publicity, like the electricity that Franklin drew down from the storm-charged heavens with his kite, is no longer a mere God-given reward of merit, but a powerful force, which, harnessed and guided by the skilled hands of science, has become man's most docile servant.

Artificial Glory Made to Order

So brilliant is the luster acquired by the rubbing on of this divine oil, so high the esteem in which this artificial fame ranks in the popular mind, that it has finally come to pass that, to acquire a reputation for greatness, or to be described in the public prints in flattering terms, is almost as good as actually doing something. Indeed, this artificial fame, made to order in quantities and qualities to suit the purchaser, openly bought and sold in the market place, and not infrequently stolen in the night by unscrupulous thieves, possesses even a higher value in the eyes of a selfish and unthinking world than do the halos that still cluster in undimmed radiance about the heads of Cæsar and Alexander and Washington and Lincoln; for, like certain forms of life insurance, it is always convertible into cash, which is more than can be said of the old-time glory that was the chief reward, in an elder and simpler day, of courage on the battlefield, wisdom in the council chamber, or achievement in art or science.

For example, the first man who succeeds in crossing the ocean in a balloon will become rich, simply by virtue of the enormous amount of free advertising that will crown his achievement. This advertising he may divert into any commercial channel that he sees fit. He may become the president of a life-insurance company, or he may embark in the manufacture of yeast cakes, or he may open a hotel; and in every case it will be found that the mere use of his name will prove a magnet for business. Of course, crossing the ocean in mid-air does not teach one how to make yeast cakes or keep a hotel or gull the public, but it does awaken in the popular mind a sort of morbid and maudlin interest, which, shrewdly directed, becomes a factor of great value in the work of launching or building up a business.

That this fame can be fraudulently appropriated, like other articles of commerce, has been demonstrated time and again, and never more tellingly than by the many valiant pugilists who used to start from the Pacific Coast with the avowed intention of knocking out John L. Sullivan at a time when that doughty fighter's name was so thoroughly surcharged with fame that the veriest coward could produce a live spark of interest by merely mentioning it. These famous "unknowns," it will be remembered, were wont to journey

Some Brands of Fame that Are Bought To-day by the Square Inch and Converted into Cash. The Back Slapper of the Past Has Become the "Publicity Man" of the Present. Market Values of Varied Kinds of Renown

eastward by slow and painless stages, giving sparring exhibitions in every town along the route while conversing with reporters in regard to what they were going to do when they met John L. In this fashion they traveled profitably and luxuriously, re-

fusing to pit themselves against fighters of renown, and gaining fame and wealth from a gullible and open-mouthed public that eagerly poured in its dollars while rending the air with acclaims for the "Seattle Cyclone," the "Portland Tornado," or the "California Earthquake," who was going to "put old John L. to sleep for good and all."

These trips generally included every large city in the Union except Boston, at that time the home of Mr. Sullivan; and they generally yielded enough to enable the "unknown" to return to his native town and invest the profits of the tour in some peaceful and sedentary pursuit, like acting or saloon-keeping, solely on the strength of his renown as a fighter.

Another instance of fraudulently appropriated fame that comes to mind has to do with an old-time business competition between the makers of rival brands of cough mixture. In the midst of a cold and stormy winter, the maker of "Coughine" covered the dead walls of the town with huge bills bearing the legend:

"WHAT WILL CURE THAT COLD?"

He had made all his arrangements to answer the question two days later with advertisements of his own nostrum, when his rival, taking advantage of a particularly dark night, contrived to get in his own fine work, and in the morning the town awoke to find printed on every fence, directly under the original query, the cheering words:

"McGUFF'S ANTI-SNEEZE! ONLY TEN CENTS! TRY IT."

Curiously enough, the man who, in my opinion, had the keenest intuition of the value of publicity and used it to the greatest personal advantage, when we consider his humble beginnings and the limited sphere of his endeavor, never really knew how to read and write. I knew him first as a young street urchin, making his living by selling newspapers, blacking boots, running errands, and doing such odd jobs as fell in his way; and it was chiefly through selling newspapers, whose headlines alone he was barely able to decipher, that he gained that knowledge of what Park Row calls "news values," which one finds in every trained and efficient city editor.

"Gimme Fame or Gimme Death!"

It was on the strength of this knowledge that this bootblack went one day to a well-known wholesale liquor dealer on the East Side and proposed that he should establish him in a saloon on the lower Bowery. The liquor dealer was aghast at his presumption until he learned his scheme. Then he capitulated at once, and within a few days the papers had been signed and a twenty-four hours' option secured on rickety and, from nearly every imaginable point of view, undesirable premises, near Canal Street, and directly under the noisiest and dustiest and oiliest part of the elevated railroad. This done, the bootblack made his way to the very center of the Brooklyn Bridge, climbed hastily to the top of the parapet, and, heedless of the warning shouts of the horrified onlookers and the swift rush of a panting cop, dropped into the seething waters below.

It was an unknown youth, with an earning capacity of a few



dollars a week, who disappeared beneath the surface of the East River, but it was an enterprising young man, an East Side celebrity in fact, all ready for the divine oil of publicity, and with an assured income and possible fortune in his grasp, whose nose re-appeared very shortly above the muddy surface of the waters and who was helped by willing and officious hands into a rowboat where dry clothing awaited him, together with hearty congratulations on the fact that, he alone of all those who had attempted to jump the bridge, had escaped with his life. The next day the name of Steve Brodie was flashed from one end of the country to the other, and within a very few hours after his discharge from custody—he was arrested on the charge of trying to take his own life—he was standing behind his own bar, serving drinks to the crowds who came to gape at Steve Brodie, the bridge-jumper, and to pour their money into his coffers.

All through his career Brodie displayed a knowledge of news values that would have made him a remarkable city editor had he been able to read and write, and which enabled him to thrust himself before the public whenever his business required it.

When Coxe started with his army at his heels on his march to the White House, Brodie organized a ragged following of his own just outside his saloon door, and kept their interest alive with frequent libations of liquor from his bar. He induced the head of the Salvation Army to put on a disguise and accompany him on a midnight trip through the slums, taking pains to tip off the police in advance, so that they were both arrested, and no newspaper could refuse the story.

Fooling the Press

Whenever there was a prize fight, or an important gathering of sporting men, there was Steve Brodie to be found, buzzing about among the reporters, and not infrequently making himself a general nuisance in his endeavor to attract attention. He even went on the stage and traveled from one end of the country to another in a drama designed to exploit him and his saloon. Finally, he fooled the entire press of the country by announcing his own death, and re-appearing within twenty-four hours to request still further advertisement in the shape of retractions and explanations. But this trick proved his undoing. The fact that it was played on the first of April served to aggravate rather than to condone the affair. The press had suffered too long at his hands, and from that time on many newspapers persisted in regarding him as dead, so that even when he actually passed away from the earth, they refused to publish his obituary. Knowing him as I did in the days of his rough boyhood, as well as in those of his success, I have a kindly memory for him, and am glad to think that he died without knowing that the "Herald" was predestined to appear the next day without a line about his demise.

To meet the great modern demand for the divine oil of fame there has sprung up the press agent, formerly a newspaper free lance of distinct imaginative gifts but now a sober, keen-witted professional whose operations are conducted in a businesslike fashion and who draws a large

salary and is generally a member of "The Friars," an association in which the representatives of the publicity departments of the various theaters are organized. The Friars, its mem-



"Why didn't you treat those critics as I told you to?"

bership and the scope of its work, form a subject that is decidedly pertinent to the matter in hand, for we may trace all this modern craze for publicity, this fashion for being advertised, this mania for keeping forever in the public prints and in the public eye, directly back to the amusement business, as it is not so very long ago that actors and museum freaks and circus performers were about the only persons in the country who were systematically puffed by agents employed expressly for that purpose.

It is not easy to say just when or where the American press agent—for he flourishes here as in no other land, not even in France—had his beginnings. We find traces of the handiwork of his prototype in London as far back as 1679, for in December of that year, according to the chronicles of the day, John Dryden was set upon by thugs and, although severely beaten, would nevertheless be able to appear the following night at the initial performance of his own play. It is also a matter of record that Colley Cibber regarded Dick Steele's theatrical comment in the columns of "The Tatler" as of inestimable value in the difficult work of filling a theater. It is even said that Garrick was not above writing and disseminating good notices of his own acting.

The Evolution of "The Friars"

But the press agents of the kind that make up the membership of The Friars date back to about a quarter or a third of a century ago, when there existed in New York a scattered band of bohemians who preferred to work spasmodically for a player or theatrical manager rather than undergo the daily drudgery of newspaper reporting. Twenty-five dollars a week was about the highest salary paid for work of this sort, but there were one or two men who, by working for three or four attractions at once, contrived to pick up a decent living. When we consider that very few theaters maintained a press agent the year round, that actors employed them only when they felt the need of special booming, or were about to launch a new play, and that outside of the amusement business there was scarcely any one willing to pay for the privilege of being puffed in the papers, we realize that in the early eighties the press agent's calling was at best a precarious one. It was necessary for him, moreover, to carefully gauge and regulate the amount of matter printed in the interest of his employer, for if he obtained too little he was certain to be discharged on the ground that he was not earning his salary, while if he caused the press of the country to teem with favorable notices the manager was sure to say: "What's the use of keeping this man Smith on the pay roll? We've got the papers solid as it is. We may as well let him go!"

But he is making hay to-day—this press agent; for civilization has advanced, and the public entertainer is no longer the only person in the community who craves notoriety and is willing to pay for it. In fact, the dominant tendency of the age—the craving to see one's picture in the Sunday paper and to read puffs of oneself—has set its imprint on men, women, and children of nearly every calling and every walk in life. The society woman who desires not only to shine in real society but also to impress the outside world with her importance, does so by means of a press agent, who is not infrequently



"The craving to see one's picture in the Sunday papers"

a society reporter also. The modern publisher employs a press agent for the booming of his authors—*vide* Mark Twain's recent trip to England; the Standard Oil Company has a press agent in the person of a well-known and experienced journalist; politicians have press agents; some of the most conservative commercial houses employ them; and I have even heard of one who was attached to a cemetery, his business being to direct public attention to the prominent men and women who were buried there. The business has developed in the past twenty-five years from the free lance newspaper writer whose office was in his hat, and who was glad to work for fifteen dollars a week, to the firm of press agents who conduct their business from suites of offices, employing clerks, stenographers, and special writers, and taking retainers not only from business and professional men but also from colleges, philanthropic societies, and religious organizations; for it seems to be a recognized fact that, unless a public institution is kept constantly in the public prints, it runs the awful risk of being forgotten.

The old-fashioned press agent usually did his work by means of what he called his personality, or individuality; by which I mean to say that he was greatly addicted to back-slapping, story-telling, and rib-punching, and generally went about with a smile of professional geniality, seared into a face that nature had possibly molded on morose and sordid lines. Whenever he saw a newspaper man, or anybody else he thought could be of any use to him, he grinned engagingly, and proffered the hospitality of the nearest saloon. In the course of the drinks he would manage to say, quite confidentially, "I hope when you're getting up your Sunday stuff you won't forget the little girl down at the Square. She's doing a great business, and, while the press has been more than kind to her, I want to get a few good strong lines that I can quote—of course, giving credit to the critic. Charley Hankins, of the Bloomsburg 'Budget,' wrote a notice of her that is like a poem. He headed it, 'Has Adelaide Neilson Returned to Life?' I'll let you use that idea if you want to, and, of course, if you want anything for the Saturday matinée, a box for your wife, or a couple of seats for a friend, just let me know."

Bribing the Critics with Refreshments

The amount of eating and drinking and smoking that marked all communion between the press and the stage in those old days seems extraordinary to me when I compare it with the present businesslike methods. There was no theater then without its sideboard, and on important first nights salads, oysters, sandwiches, and champagne were freely served. On other occasions the manager's office was set aside for the critics, and as they wrote their reviews a noiseless press agent flitted about the room, seeing that the refreshments were within easy reach. Nowadays the critics are not even asked into the manager's office, and the manager himself, instead of being in the lobby to welcome them and slap them on the back and ask for their health and that of their families, is invisible. He is generally behind the scenes, standing beside the electrician and giving his whole attention to the important work of pumping curtain calls out of an audience that is, perhaps, too cold or reluctant to applaud spontaneously.

All this hand-shaking and eating and drinking made a deep impression on out-of-town managers, many of whom cherished the belief that by a liberal use of money in this manner, coupled with a judicious jollying on the part of the manager or agent, an unknown star or attraction could win instant and favorable recognition at the hands of the metropolitan press. I well remember one of the earliest press agents coming to me with a tale of woe about an employer who had refused to pay him what he owed on the ground that the criticisms in the papers were not favorable to him. This man had as a star a lady of mature years and considerable *avoids*, who was also his wife; she had been playing "East Lynne" with considerable success in cheap theaters, and had come to New York buoyed up by the belief that fame and fortune awaited her provided only she could get the "good notices," which, according to their simple philosophy, were always to be had for a little pleasant hospitality. Accordingly, my friend was engaged for the job a fortnight in advance, and told to spare no money in treating all critics and impressing upon them the importance of attending the first representation of "East Lynne" and beholding for themselves the incomparable artist who was to sustain the chief rôle. The agent did his work so well that several of the critics actually went down to the Windsor Theater, on the Bowery—a place

that they seldom or never visited—and were well repaid by an entertainment that afforded fine opportunities for the humorous and sarcastic pens of that period, and there were fully as many of them then as now.

The manner in which certain of the critics described the efforts of the bucolic star, their cruel allusions to her weight, and her manner of dressing the part, as well as her acting, threw the manager of the attraction into a state of venomous fury, and he fell upon his unfortunate press agent, crying, "Why did n't you treat those fellows as I told you to? Can't you see they're all sore because we did n't do enough for them? There's Winter of the 'Tribune,' did he get his drink? I told you to open a bottle of wine for him, if you could n't fix him without it. Did you do anything for the 'Herald' man? I should say not, by the way he wrote! If I had attended to this matter myself, as I always do in the towns we play, it would have been all right, and we would have been able to stay here a couple of months and then go out on the road with a big metropolitan reputation."

The Matter-of-Fact Methods of To-day

It is difficult to imagine a sharper contrast than that presented by the modern publicity methods as compared with those of a quarter of a century ago. The back-slapping, genial-tongued, treating age has been succeeded by one of cold, matter-of-fact business, and, instead of the bright-witted, irresponsible, fun-loving free lance, who used to wring the hands of the critics on first nights and ask them if they did n't want a "box for the folks for the Saturday matinée," we have either the highly trained, hard-working, and methodical man of affairs, working perhaps for an employer who controls a dozen or more theaters and traveling companies, or else the firm of publicity agents who influence public opinion from a suite of offices in a down-town building, and who have as their clients college faculties, the directors of charitable and other public institutions, trusts, manufacturing companies, and huge corporate bodies of every description. There are scores of these publicity firms in New York, Boston, and Chicago, and among them two or three which are destined to become permanent factors in our commercial life, because they have drawn the lines very sharply between business that is legitimate and that which is not.

One of these firms, for example, draws the line between sending out to the newspapers in the form of garbled news or interesting story matter, anything designed to sell goods, claiming that that is matter that should be paid for in the advertising columns. The same firm objects to handling anything designed to raise an unpopular and dishonest trust to a higher place than it deserves in the popular heart. It confines its business to keeping one or two leading colleges constantly before the public, to exploiting first-class charitable institutions, and to obtaining popular support for meritorious legislation at Albany or Washington. It claims that, by thus limiting the scope of its endeavors, the matter which it sends to the newspapers, and which is all distinctly labeled with the name of the corporation or individual in whose interest it is sent, receives the highest consideration at the hands of editors.

There are other firms, however, which place no limit either on the sort of matter which they send out, or the means which they employ to further their clients' interests. They do not hesitate to sneak in a concealed advertisement in what looks like a news story—announcing, for instance, that the "strike of the waiters has proved successful at every hotel in the city except the Castoria, where the service is even better than before, the management having shrewdly engaged the cream of those servitors who struck elsewhere."

Nor do these firms hesitate to telegraph an advertisement concealed in a dispatch to be printed exactly as other telegraphic matter is printed, without any sign or mark of advertising, and at a cost of a dollar a line. This scheme was used with extraordinary success some years ago in an attempt to bolster up the stock of a great trust interested in the sale of "binder twine," which is used by the farmers in the West in enormous quantities. Whenever there was a fire in a local rope walk, half-column telegrams describing the enormous waste caused by the catastrophe; and predicting an immediate rise in the price of twine, were sent to certain papers in the Northwest; the result being that the farmers, always noted for their brier-like sharpness and caution, straightway proceeded to supply themselves for the season, at convenient figures, and these unexpected and unprecedented purchases

[Concluded on page 185]

An Old Song

By Edna S. Valentine

"Heart of my heart I love you so—"

The song is as old as the winds that blow,
Centuries since, when it was sung

'T was already old, though forever young;
A sigh blown down from the Long Ago—

"Heart of my heart I love you so."

Heart of my heart I want you so—

Without in the sunshine the roses grow.
But the summer day is sad and gray,

Where is its joy with you away?
The stars seem dimmed as I whisper low,

"Heart of my heart I love you so."

Heart of my heart I miss you so.

Sometimes in the twilight the tears will flow,
Blurring your picture before my eyes

But never the one in my heart that lies
Clear and deep-cut as a cameo—

"Heart of my heart I love you so."

THE WIFE IN THE SHADOW

ORISON SWETT MARDEN

ONE of the most pathetic spectacles in American life is that of the faded, out-grown wife standing helpless, in the shadow of her husband's prosperity and power, having sacrificed her youth, beauty, and ambition—nearly everything that the feminine mind holds dear—to enable an indifferent, selfish, brutish husband to get a start in the world.

It does not matter that she burned up much of her attractiveness over the cooking stove; that she lost more of it at the washtub, and in scrubbing and cleaning, and in rearing and caring for their children during the slavery of her early married life, in her unselfish effort to help him get on in the world. It does not matter how much she suffered during those terrible

years of poverty and privation; just as soon as the selfish husband begins to get prosperous, finds that he is getting on in the world, feels his power, he often begins to be ashamed of the woman who has sacrificed everything to make his success possible.

Burned Up Her Beauty Over the Cooking Stove

It does not matter that the wife sacrificed her own opportunity for a career, that she gave up her most cherished ambitions in order to make a ladder for her husband to ascend by. When he has once gotten to the top, like a wily, diplomatic politician, he often kicks the ladder down. He wants to make a show in the world; he thinks only of himself. His poor, faded, worn-out wife, standing in his shadow, is not attractive enough for him now that he has gotten up in the world.

Many American wives look with horror upon the increasing fortunes of their husbands, which their sacrifices have helped to accumulate, simply because they fear that their stooped forms, gray hairs, calloused hands, and the loss of the comeliness which slipped from them while they were helping their husbands to get a start, are likely to deprive them of the very paradise of home and comforts which they had dreamed of from their wedding day. They know that their hard work and sacrifices and long hours and sufferings in bringing up a family are likely to ruin their prospects, and that they may even drive them out of the Eden of their dreams.

The world will never know the tortures, a thousand times worse than death itself, endured by wives of prosperous husbands, who prefer suffering to scandal, and who endure a living death rather than expose their husbands, who have been fascinated by younger and more attractive women.

I watched for a long time the treatment a vigorous, stylishly dressed millionaire accorded to his wife, who, though about his age, looked fifteen or twenty years older. I knew them years before, when the wife took in washing, kept boarders, and took care of several children, without any servant, just because she wanted to assist her husband in getting a start in the world. She was then a woman of great charm and beauty; but her hard work and monotonous life (for she rarely went anywhere or had any vacation or recreation) had aged her rapidly.

When His Wife Took in Washing to Help Him

I have been in the home of this couple when the husband showed the greatest indifference to his wife, and treated her more as a menial than as a companion. If she complained of a headache, or of feeling unwell, he never showed any sympathy for her, but, on the contrary, appeared to be provoked, and often made sarcastic remarks.

He never tried in any way to lighten her burdens, nor showed her any special attention. He was not even polite to her. He would take no part of the responsibility of training the children or of conducting the household. He said he would not be bothered with such things.

He spent most of his evenings at the clubs, or in the company of women whom he considered more attractive than his wife, and upon whom he spent money freely; but he was extremely penurious with his wife, and made her give an account of what she did with every penny.

He became so brazen in his open association with other girls and women that he often took them to his own home, where his wife, who was suffering tortures, tried to receive them graciously and to treat them kindly.



After sacrificing beauty, health, and personal ambition, to help her husband realize his ideals, she is thrust out of the Eden of her dreams, to give place to a silly butterfly, who has done nothing whatever toward making the home or fortune which she is to enjoy.

In short, this man's interest in his wife declined just as his prosperity increased, until a separation resulted. The wife, heartbroken, was actually driven from her home by the most heartlessly cruel treatment.

It would seem as though some of our wealthy millionaires, who have discarded the wives of their youth because they are unattractive, must have strange nightmare visions. Beautiful young brides who gave their lives for years to help them get a start in the world, and who, when the wealth-dream of their early life had been fulfilled, were thrust out of the luxurious homes, which they had made possible, to give place to younger and more attractive women, who never lifted their fingers to accumulate the

fortune or to make the reputation, must haunt their slumbers.

Why is it that so few men make mental comrades of their wives? It is because of man's consummate selfishness and egotism, his conviction that he is a lord of creation, that, in spite of all his vaporings and flattery to the contrary, he is a little better than his wife—is mentally, as well as physically, her superior.

The selfish husband thinks that he should have a clear track for his ambition, and that his wife should be content, even 'grateful, to be allowed to tag on behind and assist him in every possible way in what he considers the grand life-work of both of them—to make him the biggest man possible.

It is very difficult for the average man to think of a woman's career, except in terms of his own interest. In other words, he has the idea that woman was made to be man's helpmeet, that she was made to help him do what he wants to do. He cannot conceive of his being made as a helpmeet for her, to help her to carry out her ambition, unless it is that of a housekeeper. It does not even occur to him that she could

Half the Race

Not Limited to

One Vocation

have an ambition welling up within her heart, a longing to answer the call which runs in her own blood, and a yearning to express it in some vocation as well as he.

I do not believe that the Creator has limited one half of the human race practically to one occupation, while the other half has the choice of a thousand.

"But," many of our men readers will say, "is there any grander profession in the world than that of home making? Can anything be more stimulating, more elevating than home making and the rearing of children? How can such a vocation be narrowing, monotonous?"

My only answer would be, "Let these men try this kind of life themselves."

Of course it is grand. There is nothing grander in the universe than the work of a true wife, a noble mother. But it would require the constitution of a Hercules, an infinitely greater patience than that of a Job, to endure such work with almost no change or outside variety, year in and year out, as multitudes of wives and mothers do.

The average man does not appreciate how almost devoid of incentives to broadmindedness, to many-sidedness, to liberal growth, the home life of many women is.

The business man and the professional man are really in a perpetual school, a great practical university. The strenuous life, however dangerous, is essentially educative. The man has the incalculable advantage of a great variety of experiences, and of freshness of view. He is continually coming in contact with new people, new things, being molded by a vast number of forces which never touch the wife in the quiet home.

Monotony

Is Fatal to

Growth

I believe most women feel this terrible depression of the monotony of their lives, the lack of that stimulus which comes to the man from constant change.

A stagnant life is never an interesting or a progressive one. Nothing that is desirable will grow in a stagnant pool. There must be action in the water, or there will be no life or purity. Slime, scum, and all sorts of loathsome insects and creatures breed in the stagnant pool. But open it up, give it vent, let it rush down the moun-

Ultima's Mothers

By Ethel Watts-Mumford Grant

Illustrated by Alice Barber Stephens

WHENEVER Ultima looked back over the short and tangled skein of her life, it seemed as if there never had been a time when she was not conscious of being estimated in dollars and cents. Among her very earliest recollections were several that fastened definite value upon her. When she recalled Maggie, her devoted Irish nurse, the vision of that genial, rosy face was always accompanied by memories of a rich Hibernian voice that crooned: "Arrah, the poor lamb! an' they do say as the master paid down as much as a year of Peter's pence for her. An' small wonder say I—sure, the angel!" Then came the misty persons who had stopped her goat wagon in the street, and asked silly questions after the fashion of grown-ups, and the words that came to her ears as the strangers turned away had never been forgotten—"He paid thirty-five thousand dollars for her; just imagine!"

Her first impressions of this condition were rather pleasant than otherwise. Thirty-five thousand dollars was more money than there was in the world, and she must be very important indeed, to cost so much. But her father loved her, so that it was n't surprising, and, as he always had the very best of everything, it was natural he should select a very expensive child—the very best kind to be had. Also, it accounted for the solicitous care of Maggie, and of John, the butler, and Janey, the housemaid, and was probably the reason why Mr. Preston, the coachman, allowed her such exclusive privileges in the stable,

even permitting her to polish bits of shining harness with his favorite chamois, or to sit astride of Galba or Otho in the stall and play at being a circus rider. With the few other children of her acquaintance, Ultima assumed a tone of superiority, though for some reason of delicacy, she never mentioned the cause, knowing it was not nice to brag of one's person or possessions. Other children, however, had things she notably lacked; for instance—mothers. A hazy recollection of a very beautiful blonde lady, who wore enormous hats and new clothes had in the dim past been "mamma." But the new clothes had always prevented them from becoming well acquainted—and, somehow, she had disappeared. It did n't matter much as long as father was there, but there were many times when her heart ached for the companionship and comfort of a real mother. Questions to Janey and Maggie brought only pettings and "poor lamby" for answers, and of father, somehow, one did n't ask questions.

The need of a mother grew greater, however, and Ultima cast about unconsciously seeking to fill that particular aching, empty corner of her heart that nothing had as yet comforted. Passionate attachment to a fickle cat brought only woe, and the subsequent reciprocated love of a venturesome fox terrier came to a desolate end under a coal cart.

Surplus affection seemed likely to remain Ultima's chief characteristic, when a visit to Ellen McClellan across the way suddenly showed her a new and satisfactory solution of her problem. Ellen's mother was dead, and a fat maiden aunt buttoned Ellen's dresses, heard her prayers, and duly administered sarsaparilla in the spring. But from

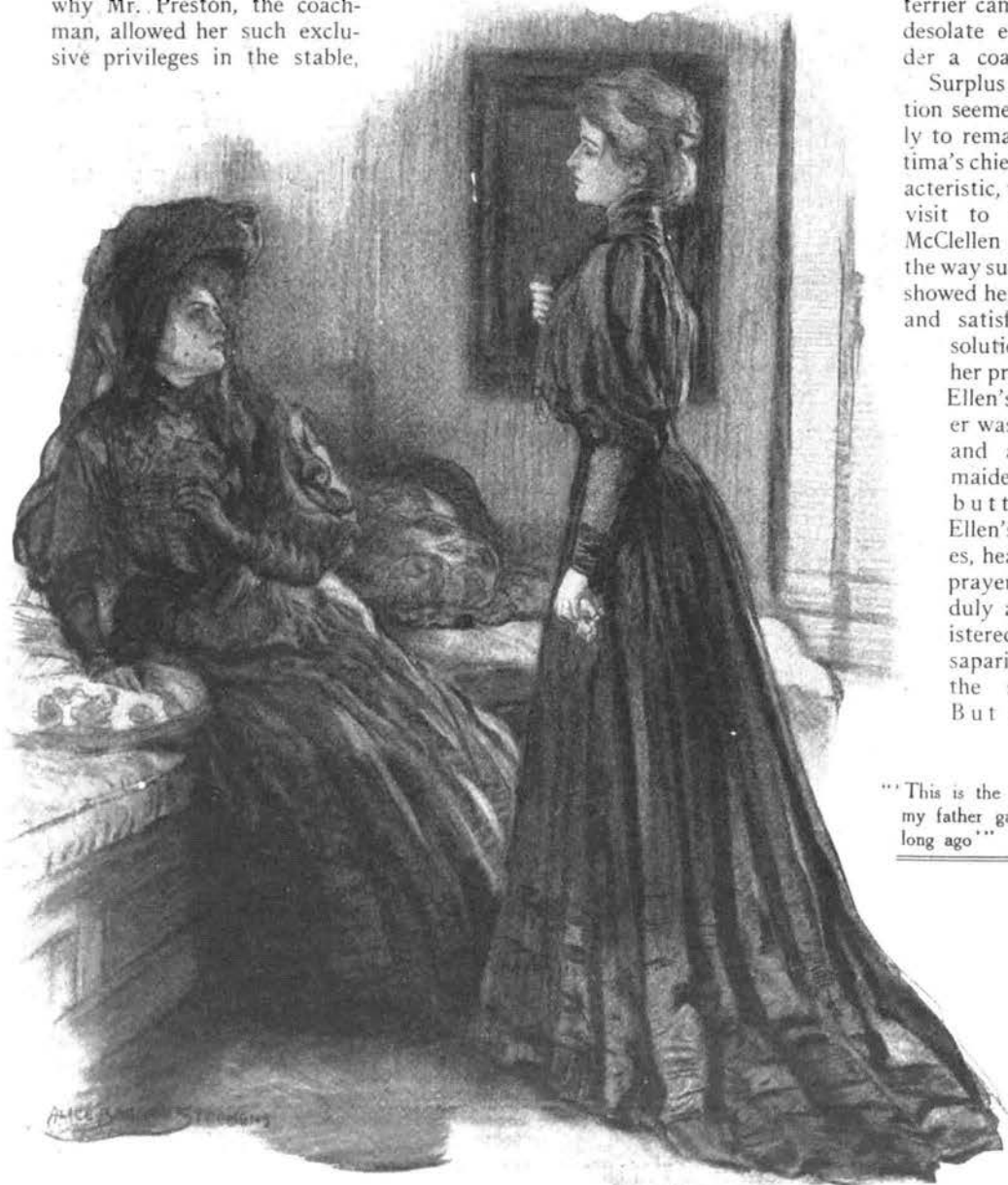
this bereft companion Ultima learned that such attentions did not constitute the whole happiness of having a mother. Ellen worshipped at the shrine of a picture,

a half-length portrait that presided over the drawing-room mantleshef. The lady was startlingly attired in a gown with the top cut off, and held a rose as if she did n't know what else to do with her fingers. The lady's cheeks were very red and dimpled; her hair very black with blue highlights, and her eyes laughed directly at you in the most engaging way. Ellen confided that every day she came down to sit with mother for at least five minutes, and on Sunday, when Aunt Esther required an hour for Bible reading, she was allowed to draw up her chair beneath the picture.

Ultima went home to the big house full of determination. Next to a live mother, which was apparently out of the question, since father had n't bought her one, a mother's portrait was the most desirable thing in the world. She had never particularly noticed the pictures in her home except "The Ruined Gambler," which frightened her, and was quite inappropriate anyway. So it was with a wonderful feeling of imminent discovery that she went about her search. A brief inspection of the entrance hall showed nothing attractive—landscapes and a dog's head. The drawing-room contained a painting of an old gentleman with an extraordinary collar, and a petticoat edging on his shirt front. There were more landscapes, a dismal marine, with people being wrecked in it; the unpleasant, if dramatic, "Ruined Gambler" and a row of black profiles that were "horrid." The library contained books to the ceiling and a bronze bust of a bearded gentleman whom Ultima hated, because a misguided governess had insisted that "Is-that-a-dagger-I-see-before-me,-the-handle-toward-my-hand," be memorized entire. Father's desk stood between the windows, and, most unusual good fortune, spread before her its wealth of pigeonholes, unlocked and unprotected. A leather case containing two photographs, stood on one side. Grandfather and mother, that she knew; they were like those in the silver frame that adorned her own pink and white dresser. But what was that! At last! of course! and where so natural to find a mother as among father's things? From the brass knob of one of the tiny drawers dangled a miniature. The sweetest lady the child had ever seen. Her oval face was outlined with soft curls, on which rested a yellow leghorn hat adorned with ribbons. Her dress, like that of Ellen's mother, was cut off at the top, and edged with stiff bows and pinking like furniture. She had no hands, and so did n't have to hold a rose. But her purple-blue eyes laughed directly at one, just as the black-eyed mother's did. The picture was very small to be sure, only a few inches long, and not comparable to Ellen's mother's lifelike half-length, but to make up for that the new mother was framed in gold and pearls.

Tingling with delightful excitement Ultima reached forward and lifted the miniature from its place. It lay in her hand, all her own for the moment, the sweet, merry eyes laughing directly into hers. The nose was slender and high bred, the mouth full and very red, one corner drawn up in an impish smile. The chin was quite pointed but very pure in outline, and the slender neck was grace itself.

Ellen was right; it was very comforting to have one's own mamma if only a painted one. A warm wave of affection swept over Ultima, as with ecstatic satisfaction she pressed her lips to the glass of the miniature. Another discovery



"This is the mother my father gave me long ago"

awaited her. Turning the picture over, she found the reverse to be blue enamel, a wonderful translucent blue, in the center of which a small opening, also glass covered, encased a lock of hair, golden as wheat. Ultima shook her own shining mane and laughed aloud. She had hair like her mother's! Her eyes wouldn't match, they were brown, but with the hair for beginning, one might grow to look like the picture. She pinched her round little nose somewhat hopelessly. It seemed too much to ask it to transform itself, but by trying one might cultivate that delightful one-sided smile.

A sound somewhere in the vast echoing house made her start back aghast, a guilty throb at her heart. All at once she realized that the picture was not hers, but father's, and it lived in the desk with all his private and intimate belongings that no one was ever allowed to touch. Trembling she replaced her new-found treasure and fled from the room. Upstairs in her own nursery she found Maggie, crooning and darning as if nothing had happened.

"An' did ye have a nice play with Ellen, now?" she inquired benignly; "an' wur ye a good an' well-behaved little gurle as wud make yer ould Maggie proud? Ye wur? Then it's cookies fer yer tay ye'll be havin'."

What were cookies to Ultima in her present state of mind! Her evident lack of appreciation disturbed Maggie.

"Stick out yer tongue, me lamb. Sure, it's a fine clean tongue; but better an empty house than an ill tenant, an' ile, me lamb, at beddy time."

Even this awful prospect failed to rouse the intended victim.

"Maggie," she announced solemnly, "I'm going to have a mamma."

"Saints alive!" cried Maggie, dropping her mending. "Sure it can't be! How can ye be sayin' the like? Yer father has n't been after tellin' ye *that*, me lamb."

But Ultima, quite satisfied with the impression she had made, refused to answer her nurse's questions and turned to Robinson Crusoe. Her mind, however remained occupied with the all-important question of how to obtain possession of her coveted mother. She did not dare ask her father, realizing that the precious trinket would not be turned over to her infantile care, and nothing short of actual and complete ownership could satisfy her desire. Primitive covetousness suggested primitive depredations. While she spelled out the dramatic incident of the finding of Friday's footprint she, with all the guileless atavism of childhood, coolly decided to appropriate and conceal the miniature. She realized it was wicked, dreadfully wicked, and memories of Maggie's highly colored accounts of the flames of punishment almost deterred her. But the desperate need of a tangible mother drove her to risk what, after all, was a very long way off with eleventh-hour repentance always a possible safeguard.

Nurse's departure from the room gave her the opportunity. With winged feet she descended the broad stairs and fled, light and silent as a wind-blown feather, to the warm silence of the library. The great desk still stood invitingly open. The pearl encircled picture glimmered before her. With a gasp of fright at her own temerity, she lifted it down, and, clasping it close in her throbbing palm, ran to the sanctuary of the play room.

Maggie was still absent, and now the necessity of a hiding place for her loot forced itself upon her frightened consciousness. The doll's bureau, stuffed with that porcelain lady's miscellaneous wardrobe, met her eyes, and the picture disappeared between a pink knitted jacket, two dominoes and a red jersey, made from a stocking.

Ultima sat back panting, divided between trepidation and elation. With studied ease she

seized upon Robinson once more, as Maggie returned suddenly with a fresh supply of darning. The afternoon dragged on, interminably long. Cookies with "cambric tea" and jam sandwiches arrived on time, and simultaneously the slamming of the hall door, announced the arrival of father from the mysterious bourne of "business." His slow step sounded loud as he mounted to the nursery, as was his wont.

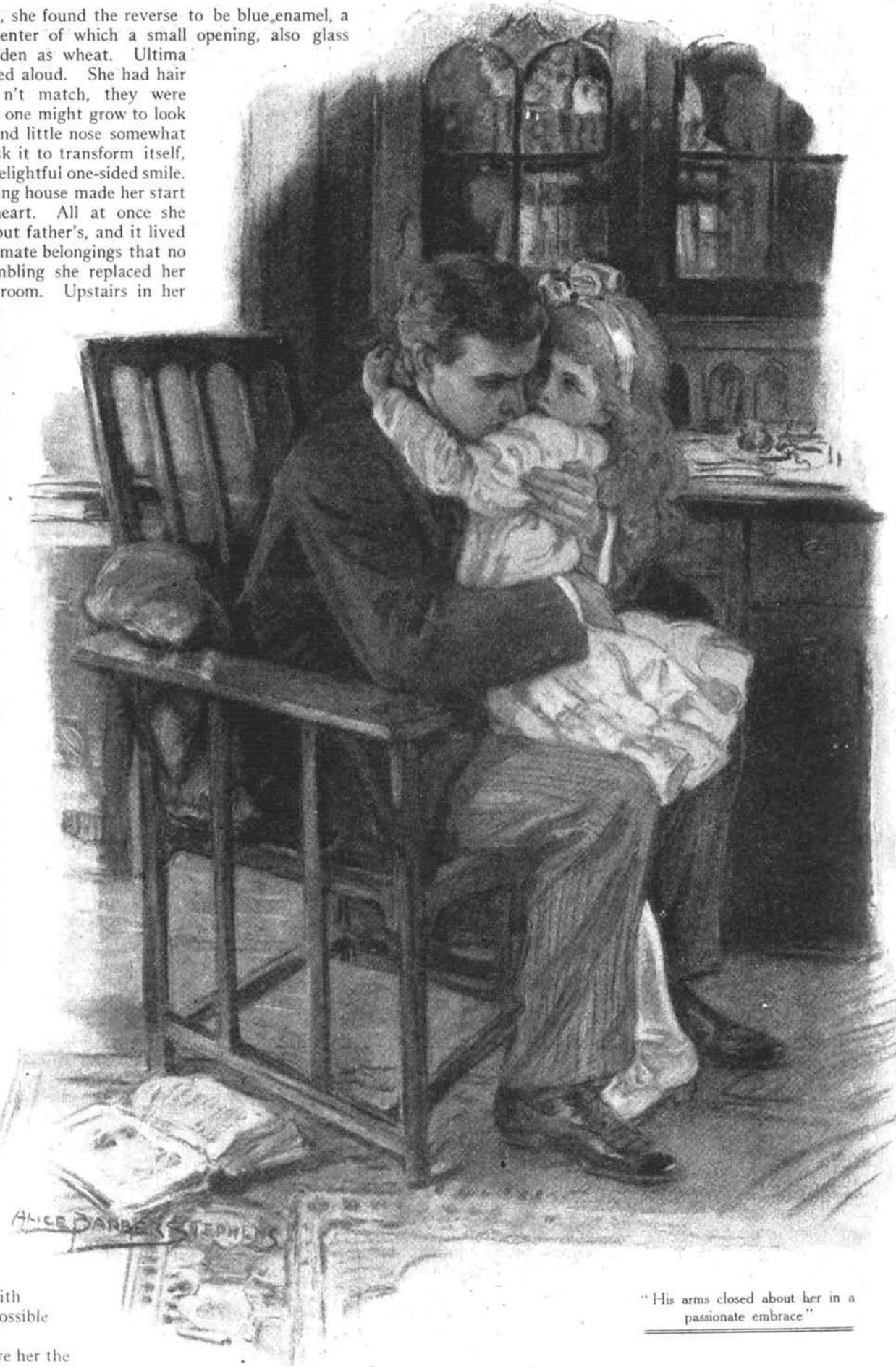
Ultima choked desperately, while Maggie, flying to the rescue, beat her sharply on the back. Father entered careworn and tired, but loving as always. Guiltily she submitted to his embrace, hiding her flushed face on his shoulder, overcome with the desire of confession, yet fearing the censure she had deserved.

"Put your hand in my pocket, dearie," he suggested, his lips on her curls.

Ultima went through the familiar game of finding the particular pocket that contained her daily present, and this time, consumed with remorse, coals of fire burning upon her head, dislodged a bag of her dearly loved peanuts. Tears rose to her eyes, and she hugged father very hard, the peanuts forgotten, showering on the carpet. Then, crawling into his lap, she cuddled down silent and still.

"What makes you so quiet, little squirming-worm?" he asked, an inquiring glance seeking the nurse.

"Sure she been quare all the day, Mr. Lash-ton; not like herself at all, an' it's a bit of a



"His arms closed about her in a passionate embrace"

dose o' ile she gets this very night, d' ye mind."

He lifted the child's face from his shoulder and studied it closely. Ultima's confusion gave an excellent imitation of fever. "I'll call the doctor up," he decided promptly. "Be quiet my darling, and do what Maggie tells you."

He was gone, and the telephone, she knew, was on the fateful desk. Would he find out? She crept toward the door and sat listening. An interval elapsed while, presumably, the over-worked physician was being consulted, and then the sharp ring of the electric bell darted through the house. She knew what was passing. Jane was being questioned, perhaps accused. Then it would be Mr. Preston and John, and even Maggie. Oh, no! they mustn't be punished! She had n't thought of this contingency. Evading Maggie she crept to the lower hall, her father's peremptory, angry tones sounding clearer at every step. At the library door she faltered. Her father's indignant voice was overpowering, and drowning the earnest protests of John, the butler.

"I saw it myself, not two hours ago, but as God sees me, Mr. Lashton, I didn't touch it."

The master broke forth indignantly. "I've closed my eyes to other things, John, but this is the last straw. You leave my service, and without a reference, to begin with, and, in the second place, that miniature will be restored before to-night, or I'll turn you over—"

The threat was never completed. A small whirlwind of yellow curls and fluffy skirts descended upon him, two tense little arms encircled his neck, and a tearful voice blurted out an astonishing confession.

"Don't! don't! oh, please! I took the lady, and I put her in Mary Adelaide's bureau drawer. It was me—only me."

She felt her father quiver at her touch, as if something had struck him sorely, yet she heard his voice speak steadily.

"I am sorry, John, that I accused you wrongfully. Kindly leave us." An awful pause followed. Then he turned her about and held her at arm's length, his gray eyes searching hers in agonized question. "My God! is kleptomania hereditary and all the rest, too?" His words meant nothing to her, but his ashen face spoke volumes that she could well understand. Scalding tears stung eyes and cheeks and left her voiceless. "Why did you do it?" he demanded brokenly. Shyness choked her. She could not explain, though the words struggled for utterance. His face hardened with suffering. "Ultima," he said slowly, "you must be very severely punished. You must be made to realize now, before it is too late. Ultima, I shall have to whip you."

Terror of physical pain for the moment blotted out everything else. "Don't! Oh, don't," she shrieked. "You mustn't! I'm valuable; I cost thirty-five thousand dollars." If her father had looked gray before, his face now was ghastly. His hands dropped to his side trembling, his mouth twitched. He seemed suddenly to grow old and weak. So startling was the change that the child, in a frenzy of contrition, threw herself at his feet. She realized that her defense had somehow been the one thing she should not have said; that it worked some terrible evil magic. "Oh! oh!" she sobbed, "please whip me—oh, father, *break* me if you want to—please, oh, please, forgive me!"

His arms closed about her in a passionate embrace, crushing her to him till every bone in her slender body seemed ready to snap. But not for a thousand martyrdoms would she now have uttered a cry. She could feel him sobbing, his frame racked with effort.

"My baby, my poor baby!" he murmured. "You're worth all the millions in all the world to me. No, no! it can't be your dear little soul is tainted. I can't believe it—I won't believe it! Tell me, my darling, if you love your father, why did you take that—that—"

"I took her for a mother—'cause even Ellen

McClellen had one in a picture," she confessed, "but," she added in a rush of feeling, "I really and truly don't want any one but you."

There was a long silence. Then he clasped her close once more, smoothing her curls gently.

"My poor baby girl, it's a very hard world, and we all need something very much. But I have you, and you have me." There was another pause, then he added, "You may keep the picture, dearie, only be careful. That was father's big sister, but I know she would have liked you for her little girl."

From that day dated many changes. Not only did Ultima become possessed of the coveted parent, but she lost the familiar companionship of Jane, the housemaid, John, the butler, and even Mr. Preston, the coachman. Only Maggie remained at her post. Strange servants, speaking foreign tongues, took their places, and presently they, too, departed. The great house was dismantled, Galba and Otho were sold, and, greatest change of all, she found herself with father and nurse on a vast ship, bound for such vague geography countries as England and France, with "Paris-on-the-Seine" and "London-on-the-Thames" for capitals.

For eight years father and daughter wandered from land to land, happy in one another's society, meeting few of their countrymen, but finding friends of many nations, whose languages Ultima mastered with the fluent perfection her father already owned. Twice she was left in school, when journeys to Siberia and Uganda were considered too strenuous for her vitality, sapped by the growth that made her at fourteen already almost a young lady. But until her seventeenth birthday had come and gone there was never a suggestion of returning to the big house across the water.

During all this time Ultima's adopted mother never left her. At first the miniature was always hung at the foot of her bed at night, and traveled with other very precious things in a red morocco case made for her. Later a fine gold chain was bought, and the picture hung at Ultima's neck, the object of much admiring comment at the convent and school.

"How like you are to your mother, Ultima," was the constant exclamation, and Ultima smiled wisely the impish, twisted smile, practiced so long that it had become as natural to her as her gold hair and clear, coffee-colored eyes. Whether the result of unconscious but continuous contemplation, or constant effort and imitation, certainly the resemblance became startling. It was never necessary for Ultima to tell the little white lie of her imagination. Every one jumped at the inevitable conclusion. She was never asked, "Who is it?" but had only to smile in answer to the exclamation—"Your mother, of course."

To the miniature Ultima confided her joys and troubles, her school-girl ambitions and disillusion, sure of the comfort of the never-failing sympathy of the laughing violet eyes and tender, upturned mouth.

The years of wandering were very pleasant. There seemed no reason why they should not go on and on—changeable, instructive, and delightful. But there came an end to their little Odyssey. Father had not been well. Ultima awoke to the realization of that fact, and saw, too, that her father knew. Traveling then became a search for baths, waters, and specialists—a tragic going and coming, fraught with aching anxiety, till that dreadful day when her father had taken her hand, and very gently told her she must be ready—ready at any moment for the impending blow. They would take one more journey across that great ocean of her childish memories; back to the big house to meet death—at home. The impending separation drew them even closer together. There was not one precious moment to overlook or lose, every one must be gathered to swell the wealth of memories for the bitter days to come.

The big house was reached in safety, and for

awhile all went well. Then, with but little warning, came the end. Some realization of its nearness prompted the dying man to call Ultima close before the library fire one winter evening, to clasp her hand with added sympathy and understanding.

"There is something I wanted to say. When I go, you see, you will have to know—it's about your mother, Ultima." Unconsciously her free hand caught at the flexible links of the chain at her neck. He smiled and shook his head. "The real one, dear. We—well, we were unhappy. She wanted to be free. I let her go—but I wanted you at all costs. I paid her that thirty-five thousand you heard of, and she signed you over to me. The papers are there in my desk, in the last pigeonhole to the left. I know you have heard something, and you must hear all sooner or later, dear."

"Is she—alive—now?" Ultima asked.

He nodded. "Yes. Her name is Mrs. Arthur Kerstrom."

"I have heard the name."

They sat silent, hand in hand.

"Poor father!" she said at last.

"Poor baby!" he answered gravely. "I've tried to be everything and everybody to you—selfishly, I'm afraid."

With her arms around his neck, she whispered, "I would n't have any one but you."

"There's another thing, my darling. You will be very rich—fortunately or unfortunately, I don't know. Keep clear of entangling alliances until the right time comes."

"I don't want any one but you," she replied.

And with the oft reiterated words of love they parted—never to meet again.

The first shock over, Ultima realized her own loneliness as one plunged into the sea in some ocean catastrophe might rise to the surface only to realize the hopeless battle with the waves. Lawyers and doctors there were in plenty, and strange, vaguely remembered men and women came to offer assistance and comfort. Ellen McClellen, the little orphan friend of long ago, now a woman grown, with a great many ideas about the "proper thing," took charge of her person, and swathed her in fashionable mourning, describing minutely how and what was done when her maiden aunt of all work had died. But all these were as bits and trifles of wreckage. There was nothing to cling to, no real help at hand. Life was a meaningless sentence punctuated by throbs of pain.

The house was very still. The heavy perfume of the flowers in the drawing-room crept up the stairs like some mourning spirit. Outside the snow fell with exasperating persistence. There would be a funeral to-morrow—that was the terrible climax. Ultima sought strength of the only comforter she had ever known. She lay upon her bed, the miniature close to her lips, repeating over and over to her blue-eyed confidante, "I can't bear it—I can't bear it!"

A knock at her door aroused her. She drew herself to a sitting posture and answered. The maid entered.

"Please, Miss, there is a lady in the library who says she's a relative, and wants to see you. She would n't give her name."

A relative—who might it be? Some distant cousin, perhaps. Still, she must be seen, if she claimed the rights of kinship. Hastily drawing on one of Ellen McClellen's selections, an elaborate crêpe-trimmed princess, Ultima smoothed her hair, seized her handkerchief, and followed the maid.

At the door of the library she paused to take an added grip on her feelings, so fraught with memories was the room and all it contained. She entered, and confronted an elaborate lady, gowned also in black. She was tall and slender with an impossibly small waist, and hair that, having once been blonde, had never been allowed to forget itself and grow gray. Her artistic make-up was concealed by a dotted veil. Every-

[Concluded on page 181]

The Real Lawson

By Frank Fayant



"The end justifies the means"

"When in all history, ancient, modern, or budding, have the people done aught but rail or stand shivering by, like the fearsome Gobbos they are, while their enemies crucified those who battled for their benefit? . . . The people of Christ's day petitioned his enemies: 'Please do not use rusty bolts when you spike him.'"

—THOMAS W. LAWSON.

THE story of Lawson's spectacular career has been told. We have looked back and have seen the runaway boy from a Cambridge school entering the market place with a dream of fortune making, soon plunging into the fascinating game of gambling on the rise and fall of stocks, and while yet in his teens displaying an abnormal capacity for measuring men and weighing events. We have seen him year after year grappling bigger and bigger problems in business and finance, throwing his whole heart and soul into successive ventures, taking hazardous chances, making and losing fortunes—and, finally, as the associate of a group of the richest financiers in the country, taking rank as one of the most daring, resourceful, and brilliant speculators in the greatest age of speculation the world has ever known. At the height of his career we have seen him part company with his powerful capitalist associates and throw all his brilliant energy and enthusiasm into a bitter, spectacular, public warfare, for the avowed purpose of destroying the system by which his and other greater American fortunes have been won. The whole purpose of this story has been to enable the reader to see the real Lawson, that his measure as a Reformer might be taken. The picture that has been drawn has failed in its purpose if it has not brought out clearly certain marked characteristics of Lawson's make-up.

No unprejudiced reader of Lawson's life-story can deny that the man has an extraordinarily brilliant mind. The writer, in doing his journalistic day's work has had to brush elbows with many brilliant men—the men whose stature places them conspicuously above their fellows—statesmen, scholars, scientists, physicians, explorers, judges, railroad-builders, empire-makers—and Lawson ranks as one of the brilliant men of his times. Because he is brilliant he is not necessarily great, for many brilliant men are lacking in that solid substratum of mind without which there can be no greatness. The story that has been told here of Lawson's life is a story of a brilliant man without the solid mental substratum.

Enthusiasm His Most Noticeable Trait

With his brilliancy go hand in hand his energy and enthusiasm. His energy is amazing. Not one man in a thousand can keep pace with him. He has a multiple-cylinder, high-speed mind. His enthusiasm is equally amazing. To form a clear conception of the man, his enthusiasm must always be taken account of. He is enthusiastic over everything that occupies his mind—whether it be a design for a door-knocker at Dreamworld, or a remedy for a world-wide panic; and he is enthusiastic over himself—his career, his work, his mental power, his plan of revolutionizing the social order. All great reformers have been enthusiasts—for without enthusiasm there can be no reform. The border line between enthusiasm and insanity is often vaguely defined. Lawson's enthusiasm over his Remedy is so amazing that the writer, after one long talk with him, on one of the worst days of the bank panic, was compelled to ask

THE LAST CHAPTER

When we commissioned Frank Fayant last year to tell the story of "The Real Lawson," without fear, or favor, or prejudice, we did so because we believed that Lawson's campaign as a financial reformer was of more than ordinary interest to the American people. We believed that the public was keen to know whether Mr. Lawson was a sane reformer worthy of a great public following, a self-seeking charlatan playing hide-and-seek with other people's money, or a brilliant enthusiast engaged in a Don Quixote warfare. We asked Mr. Fayant, therefore, to lay bare the story of Mr. Lawson's career as a speculator, promotor, publicist, and reformer, in order that the measure of the man might be taken. In the five chapters that have gone before Mr. Fayant has told the life-story of Mr. Lawson, and has made a careful analysis of his record as a stock market prophet since the "Lawson Panic" of 1904. In planning the series Mr. Fayant's intention was to make these five chapters lead up to a final chapter to be entitled "Lawson, the Reformer."

But now comes the announcement from Mr. Lawson that he has quit reforming, and will devote all his

energies to the stock market. In a public announcement he says: "I have devoted three and a half years of my time and some millions of my fortune to reform work in the interests of the public. Beginning January 1st, I shall allow the public to do their own reforming, and I shall devote my time and capital exclusively to my own business of stock 'gambling' in Wall and State Streets—particularly Wall Street—for the purpose of recouping the millions I have donated to my public work."

Mr. Lawson's announcement that he had given up reform was "a surprise and a shock" to the publishers of *Everybody's Magazine*, the periodical which carried his "Frenzied Finance." This magazine published last month Mr. Lawson's explanation in the form of a letter to E. J. Ridgway, the publisher of *Everybody's*, and this letter is of peculiar interest to the readers of Mr. Fayant's article. And, in view of the fact that Mr. Lawson has suddenly abandoned his campaign of financial reform, after having devoted to it "some millions of his fortune," Mr. Fayant's concluding article, on "Lawson, the Reformer," has added interest.

himself, "Has Lawson's enthusiasm—his unbounded belief in himself and his plans—crossed the border line?"

Some of Lawson's most spectacular failures—failures that have raised the cry of "charlatan" and "faker"—have been due to his ungoverned enthusiasm. His "Ten-Million-Dollar Copper Pool" was a typical Lawson enthusiasm fiasco. Notwithstanding the inward warnings of his common sense, he allowed his enthusiasm to lead him to the conviction that a Scotch chemist would revolutionize the copper industry by putting the metal on the market for two cents a pound, and he boldly proclaimed to all the world for months that cheap copper was "not a surmise, but a statement of fact." When the Amalgamated Copper Company was floated, despite the fact that he knew absolutely that his fellow promoters were playing the game for the last dollar of the public's money, he enthused himself into believing and publicly asserting that there would be an overnight profit for the public of upwards of \$35,000,000, and his enthusiasm was so unbounded that he himself fell a victim in the crash that followed. In the Grand Rivers fiasco, although he knew nothing about the iron industry, he made the wildest kind of enthusiastic predictions as to the wonderful future of mines which later proved to be worthless.

The Most Daring of All Gamblers

And Lawson is a gambler. He has been a gambler since he was a State Street office boy. No more daring gambler has ever played the biggest of all gambling games—the stock market. He takes long chances, and plays to win big stakes. He gambles with money, with honor, with fame—with men—even with himself. The fact that he is a gambler of remarkable resource is always to be kept in sight when analyzing his motives and methods.

And one other thing—through the man's whole make-up runs a great big vein of sentiment. He has a heart as big as his head. He can cry. For a man of his commanding mental and physical strength his almost woman-like vein of sentiment is amazing. His love for his home and his children is so great that even his enemies speak of it, although they accuse him of making a vulgar show of this home-love. But when Lawson lays bare his heart, as he did in his recent letter to his publishers, referring to the death of his wife ("I saw the dearest of all my possessions go to the grave before her time . . . a life every second of which was dearer to me than anything in this or the next world"), he does it without stopping to think what the world will say. Those who have had close relations with the man know what a peculiar sentimental side he has. Henry H. Rogers early discovered this, and he took full advantage of it. When, at critical times, Lawson could not be moved by argument, pleading, or threat, Rogers played on his heart strings and led him like a child. And to-day, despite the wide breach between the two men, despite all the abuse Lawson has publicly heaped on his old captain, Rogers could win him back in an hour. To throw a bit of light on this phase of Lawson's character, the following letter, written when Lawson was in danger of being squeezed to the wall, not long before his final break with Rogers, is of interest:

"DEAR MR. ROGERS:

"Pardon this—it's only a word, and please don't say anything to *one* about it. Our friend has just talked with me on the wire, he only said a few words, but—if I was on my dying bed and had never done *any* good act in my life, my entire life, *but one*, and that *one* making a fellow being feel as I feel now, I would die *happy*—I know you will say it is only business, but I don't care what it is or may be to you. I only know I have been in such misery of mind and you have turned it to happiness. Please don't lay this foolishness up against me, I can't help it. As a boy, I was brought up by a good, sweet mother, and she taught me early to thank God when I was happy, so, while I am doing it please let me ask Him to bless you for JUST the happiness I have now.

"Yours with a full appreciation of his littleness and your great bigness.

"LAWSON.

"Truly, he only said a few words simply you were going to do something, you were not going to let me be ground up."

Lawson's love for battle and his love for fame must be plain to the readers of this biography. He has a lust for fighting, for conquest. Had he lived in the Middle Ages he would have been a soldier of fortune. But his battles have been fought on the field of finance. His wars have been dollar-wars. No modern-day warrior has fought more savagely, more viciously than this Lawson. His banner carries the legend, "The end justifies the means." His lust for fame is almost a mania. His enemies assert that everything he does is done in the limelight. Whether he buys a thoroughbred, or builds a yacht, or wins a financial battle, all the world must know about it. When the newspapers will not talk about him, he talks about himself. Printer's ink is his very elixir of life.

And how did this brilliant gambler, this emotional enthusiast, this fame-loving fighter, become a crusader for financial reform? How did he come to formulate a cure for our economic ills which he named his Remedy?

The Beginning of "The Remedy"

The story has been told how Lawson took a half million dollars' profit in his spectacular raid on General Electric stock in '93, and, with a gambler's love for a big play, staked it all on a bet that Sugar stock would smash. Sugar went up, and Lawson lost his half million in a few days without ever seeing the "color of the money." Naturally, he didn't feel very kindly toward the Sugar Trust. And early the next year we find him tilting at the trust as a pamphleteer. His first missile bore the title, "Halt! Shall the Sugar Trust or the People Rule?" At that time the anti-trust campaign was taking shape, and the Sugar Trust was the popular target. Lawson's indictment was in the style of his later indictments against the "System." The Sugar Trust, he attempted to show, was the source of all evil. It had ruthlessly brought on the panic and depression of '93 and '94. He asserted that in August, 1893, "\$3,000,000,000 of American wealth had absolutely disappeared," and that "from that day until January, 1894, the work of destruction had been urged on;" "the great railroads of the country, one by one, had been wrecked, and the great manufacturing companies, one after another, had been brought to the verge of ruin." All this ruin had been wickedly wrought, he asserted, to force the country to keep the tariff on sugar. "If the present tariff laws are not changed to make sugar free," said he, "the people of the United States will be robbed for years to come of from \$100,000,000 to \$200,000,000 a year." He wrote a second pamphlet, "Forward or Backward," a little while later, more vigorously attacking the trust. And it was while he was pamphleteering that he conceived his Remedy for dollarphobia. He went to London that summer and submitted the Remedy in written form to Joseph Pulitzer, who, as the publisher of the New York *World*, was a vigorous champion of the plaintiff in the case of "The People vs. The Trusts." Pulitzer was pledged to secrecy, because Lawson believed that the time was not ripe to give the Remedy to the people.

The Remedy was stored away for ten years. Within a year after its conception the whole current of Lawson's life was changed by his meeting with Henry H. Rogers in the Bay State Gas war. He plunged again into the game of fortune making. For ten years he threw his whole soul into the game—with one goal, the amassing of a great fortune. On his banner was the legend, "The end justifies the means." He made few friends and many enemies, for he played the game with all the brutal cold-bloodedness of the gambler. He amassed a fortune, and was on the road to great wealth. He spent three million dollars on houses and lands in town and country, on horses and dogs, sheep and cattle, books and flowers, on yachts and jewels and paintings. And then, in the market crash of 1903, when Amalgamated slumped to \$33, he and Rogers parted. They had been drifting apart ever since the day Amalgamated was floated in '99, for neither man trusted the other. At the best, theirs was only a cold-blooded business tie. Despite Lawson's terrible after-indictment of Rogers, covering the whole period of their eight years' intimacy, the weight of the evidence is that, up to the very last, Lawson was moving heaven and earth to keep his place in the Standard Oil ranks. The final rupture came in April, 1904, during the Bay State Gas trial in Boston, when Lawson accused Rogers of perjury.

Then Lawson threw down the gauntlet and took up his fight for Reform. The publishers of *Everybody's Magazine* besought him to give them the *exposé* he threatened to write, and two months later they began to spread before the world his two-years' serial, "Frenzied Finance; the Crime of Amalgamated"—one of the most astounding "confessions" ever written. Lawson spared no one, not even himself. Despite all its crudities and distortions, it is one of the most remarkable

human documents in the language. Strenuous efforts were made by the many former associates of Lawson, attacked in the story, to suppress it. They tried to buy the magazine; they tried to put Lawson in jail for criminal libel; they hired "character assassins" (to use Lawson's words) to defame him and ridicule him—but all to no avail. The story was unfolded month after month, and Lawson spent a fortune spreading it over the face of the earth.

The student of American finance and economics, the well-informed "man in the street," found no new vital truth in a single line of Lawson's story. There was absolutely nothing new in the story of stock gambling, the story of legislative bribery, the story of "high finance" company promoting. These features of our modern life were all well known, as well known in England as in America. But Lawson told the story in a way it had never been told before—he told it in dime-novel style, and thereby gathered a great audience. "Frenzied Finance" appeared at the psychological moment. Mr. Roosevelt was just entering on his vindictive campaign against the trusts, the insurance storm was just gathering, and the country was ripe for an era of financial exposure—"muckraking," if you will call it so. Lawson led the army of muckrakers.

Lawson had four motives in writing "Frenzied Finance":

- 1.—To revenge himself on the Standard Oil crowd for having been cast out.
- 2.—To add to his fame.
- 3.—To reform American business and financial methods.
- 4.—To make money—that is, to increase the number of investors and speculators who would join him in market campaigns.

He said in 1904:

"My desire in writing the story of Amalgamated, while tinged perhaps with hatred for and revenge against the 'System' as a whole and some of its votaries, is more truly pervaded with a strong conviction that the most effective way to educate the public to realize the evils of which such affairs as the Amalgamated are the direct result, is to expose before it the brutal facts as to the conception, birth, and nursery-breeding of the foremost of all the most unsavory offspring of the 'System.' Thus it may learn that it is within its power to destroy the brood already in existence, and render impossible similar creations. . . . My occupation is: preparing, as best I know how, the American people for the day when I feel ready to ask them to accept a remedy for what I consider the greatest evil in the land; making sufficient money by honest, fair methods to enable me to pay the expenses of such preparation. . . . The duty of the American people is to unloosen the thralldom of the 'System' on our financial mechanism; to pluck out of their high places the dishonest usurpers who have degraded the purposes of our financial institutions, and to restore these institutions to their legitimate functions. When the people are fully awakened to the condition I describe, surely they will arise in their wrath and sweep the money-changers from the temple."

The Remedy, "invented" fourteen years ago, is still a secret. Every now and then Lawson tells the public that he is about ready to disclose it, but he never does. Two years ago, at the end of "Frenzied Finance," he said:

"The story is but the necessary prelude to a proposition, the demonstration of which I am now about to begin—My Remedy. Some years ago, in thrashing over the problems of finance and the inequality and unfairness of present business conditions, a solution occurred to me which seemed like an inspiration. I spent my silent moments for years hammering this theory into practical shape, fitting and riveting its parts, perfecting its processes. In Paris, in 1898, I set forth its details to able bankers, and then was offered the loan of immense sums of money to put the form of institution I had devised into practice. I declined. I did not believe the time ripe nor the people alive to the wrongs the 'System' was inflicting on them. Now they know all, and demand a remedy. . . . The people are awake. They are ready to act."

But Lawson took a second thought, and was n't so sure. But he was still sure of the value of the Remedy.

Starting a Panic

As a preliminary to the Remedy, Lawson's plan was to ask the people to sell all their corporation securities and take all their money out of the banks—creating a panic the like of which the world has never seen—and probably never will see.

"I am going to call upon the American people to withdraw their deposited savings at the proper time; and the proper time will be that time when I am absolutely sure they will withdraw them," says he. "But I shall not resort to this last move unless it is certain that the 'System' cannot be crushed in any other way."

To the people of Kansas he said:

"This is my simple plan—to load up the 'System' with the stocks and bonds distributed among the people in addition to the stocks and bonds it owns itself. Then deprive it of the money of the people. Result—the artificial price structure collapses, the stocks and bonds of railways and manufactories and gas companies all drop to the real cost or values of the properties they represent. Then the people, the money owners, purchase the stocks and bonds, and having only to pay interest on their real values, can reduce rates of fares and freight and prices generally, and the revolution will then be complete."

This "simple plan" was made public nearly three years ago, and although in every civilized country in the world there are thousands of men at least as well qualified as Lawson to test the soundness of an economic theory, where has one man come forward to attest to the soundness of this "simple plan"? Is Lawson's brain so wonderful that he alone can grasp its simplicity?

But what of the Remedy?

The nearest Lawson ever came to unfolding his Remedy was in his open letter to the President during the recent credit panic. This letter, which would take considerably more space than is allotted to this entire

W. C. Morrow's 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. Mean-

while there are internal troubles in the colony. Vancouver plans 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. Tudor learns that Beelo is Lentala's sister, "Beela," masquerading as a boy. She leads a rescue party to save Vancouver, who is in the hands of the savages.

Chapter XV—The Lash

I was absorbed in conjuring up plans for Mr. Vancouver's rescue; but the more I thought of it, the madder the undertaking seemed. Suppose we should take him; would not the whole island swarm in a search?

I had calculated that Beela and Hobart should come in four hours. More than half that time was already gone when Christopher and I returned to our original hiding-place. That the storm, the Black Face, and Mr. Vancouver's fate were interwoven, there could be no doubt. Barring hindering contingencies, matters were rapidly drawing to a crisis. If the necessity for urgent action on Mr. Vancouver's account should arise before Beela's return with Hobart, that young man would be caught in a trap, as there would be none but savages to meet him. In whatsoever direction I turned, many chances for a fatal slip and added complications appeared.

A solution of one branch of the problem crept out of the strain,—that of clearing the way for Hobart. I mentioned it to Christopher, and was gratified at his acquiescence.

"But what about Mr. Vancouver?" I asked.

"We have to wait for her, sir," he answered after listening, and his manner was final.

The triple bird-note came. We waited. It was repeated. I slipped round to the trail used by the guard, and openly approached them. They stared at me in silence. Beela had told me that in an emergency Christopher and I, to explain peculiarities of our appearance that no disguise could conceal, should explain that we were from the western end of the island, where some white blood had mingled with the native, producing, with other deviations from the normal type, men of a more aggressive and daring disposition, which gave them an advantage over the natives at this end, and that on occasion the king called on the western men for special services.

"Why have n't you done your duty?" I sternly demanded.

The guard showed only dull surprise, none either moving or speaking.

"Have n't you seen the Black Face scowling?" I went on. "Go immediately and attend to your duty, or the Face won't wait for a white man."

They were impressed and frightened. "What shall we do?" asked one.

"Clean the stone in the clearing, and so make it ready. Every one of you go, at once. Then come back here."

They looked from one to another, bewildered, the order evidently being extraordinary. "And leave the pass unguarded?" the same one inquired.

"Am I not here? Go immediately!"

"Did Gato send you?" asked a big fellow, advancing, sword in hand. His weapon was held threateningly, and scraped the bushes as he came.

Not daring to take any chances with him, and not having had sufficient experience with these people to interpret their motive from their conduct, I sprang past him before he could raise his weapon, snatched a sword from an astonished native, backed away to keep the crowd before me until I had faced the one who had advanced upon me, and went at him with a determination that opened his eyes and instinctively brought his sword to guard. I discovered that the sword which I held was a heavy affair, broad and very old-fashioned. Before my inexpert antagonist knew what had happened, my sword had twisted his from his grasp and sent it flying into the bushes, and my

point was at his breast. There was an excited movement in the crowd, but before anything could be done I loudly said to my captive:

"I have a good mind to kill you. Take your squad to the clearing at once."

"Yes," he hastily agreed, staring at

above the edge of the bluff. Perhaps my angry exasperation showed in my manner, for Rawley, after a startled glance, and seeing me alone, sprang upon me in the moment of my hesitation. His leap was swift and stirring, but I avoided him, and began to speak in a low voice. It had no effect. Rawley sprang again. I caught the violent thrust of his body, and an elbow, better trained than he had expected, took him in the throat, crashed his teeth together jarringly, and sent him reeling and strangling.

I dodged his next spring, but his fingers scraped my throat. Then he found himself crushed in my arms. The short blows which he sent into my ribs had no effect, but they were delivered with a will. Beela rose above the summit, and understood all at a glance.

But, Beela-like, she saw only that it was ridiculous. Without taking the trouble to enlighten Rawley, who desisted as soon as he saw her laughing, she passed from surprise into unrestrained mirth. Rawley, standing away from me, stared at her in astonishment.

Seeing no sign of Hobart, I sharply inquired, in the native tongue, where he was.

"Captain Mason sent this one instead," she answered after finding her breath.

I was aghast. "What reason did he give?"

"None, Choseph. He thought you would understand, I suppose."

The blunder was incredible. Here were Mr. Vancouver and Rawley, the arch-enemies of the colony, sent out armed with fresh opportunity for destroying us, and we charged with the safety of their lives! The game had been sufficiently difficult and dangerous without that. I bitterly resented Captain Mason's course. He was aware of the antagonism between Rawley and me.

"Why did Captain Mason send him?" I demanded.

"He begged to come, Choseph."

That staggered me. What had happened to the man to change him so? "What did he say?" I asked.

"I don't know. He said little, although he was very much in earnest. On the way he said to himself several times, 'She called me a coward. They all think I'm a coward.'"

Christopher had come up and was standing placidly by. Of a sudden Rawley recognized me as the savage who had visited Mr. Vancouver in the camp. He was composed, but had not yet discovered my real identity. A word from Beela disclosed Christopher and me to him. It broke in a crash on the young man. What reflections were belaboring him I could only guess from the shame crimsoning his face. I took his hand.

"Mr. Rawley," I said, "I am sorry that this has happened between us."

I interrupted something that he was trying to stammer by telling Beela how I had disposed of the guard.

"They'll soon return," I added. "We must leave."

"Yes, but we must find out first whether they discovered



"She paused and breathed freer"

the loss of the wood. Several hours would be required to bring up fresh fuel. Don't you think it's very interesting, Choseph? My! how solemn you look!"

Her careless insolence tried me, for the peril was great.

"It's a pity you never had any one to teach you to be serious," I let fly.

"That would be the funniest thing of all," she returned, amused. "Would you like to try it?"

Her sweet archness made me take a half angry, half possessing step forward, but a look stopped me.

"They are coming!" said she, and we hid.

The savages were more animated than before, and they wondered among themselves when the white man would be brought up from the settlement, and whether all or any of themselves would be relieved from guard duty, that they might witness the proceedings. It was clear that they had not missed the wood.

We slipped away. When we had come near our hut, Beela asked us to wait while she took Rawley to that hiding place.

"Beelo," I firmly said, "you don't understand. That man and I cannot live together."

She regarded me with a suspicious-looking sadness.

"Enemies among yourselves, Choseph! Is this the best that wise men with so much at stake can do?"

With a smile I took her hand. "Thank you, dear little brother," I said. "I will do my part."

Tears easily came to Beela's eyes, and made them moist now.

"But you and Christopher are not to stay here any longer. Would n't you like to be nearer the beautiful, the good, the angel Lentala?"

"Explain, lad."

"Wait till I come back."

She darted to the hut with Rawley, and soon returned.

"The first thing," she said, "is to find out the plans for Mr. Vancouver. Although the wood is gone, the king won't be balked, and the getting of more wood will be but a matter of hours. When we discover that the preparations are really afoot, Mr. Vancouver must be taken by you. Before that, there is plenty to do."

We struck out for the slope overlooking the main settlement, and on the way passed near the hut where Mr. Vancouver was held. Beela disappeared within and soon returned with the news that the threatening weather was holding everything in abeyance.

Avoiding roads, we breasted the verdured heights and worked round the suburbs. As we mounted, the view expanded. The settlement, embowered among trees, made the fairest picture I had ever beheld. I longed to see it under the mellow sunshine, which would make its colors more vivid; but even without that, the scene was satisfying. It was a considerable city, which had grown more by natural accretion than by plan. Broad, tree-lined highways with curves instead of right lines swept lengthwise through it. Many houses were of stone roughly laid up, and with roofs of mud or thatch. Remarkable effects had been secured by use of the native stone in its color variations. Of exceeding beauty was a pleasant stream which loitered through the settlement.

Most conspicuous was the palace of the king, with its accessory buildings and walled grounds. Unlike all the other houses, the palace was two stories in height, was of great size, and sat in generous grounds inclosed with a massive stone wall. I discovered Lentala's quarters; they were in a wing. Hamlets with adjoining farms dotted the farther slope and stretched up the valley; there were still more, said Beela, in other parts of the island.

With our further climbing, the ocean rose on the horizon, and a modern sea-going vessel sprang up inshore in a harbor at the foot of the settlement. My heart leaped as I studied her.

"What ship is that, Beelo?" I exclaimed.

"Yours, Choseph," she answered with a bright smile. "I was waiting for you to find it. That is what is to take your people home if a great earthquake comes and we can bring them out of the valley. The king wanted to destroy it, but Lentala persuaded him not only to save it, but to put it in order, as he might need it some time."

That she had reserved this precious information for so dramatic a use did not impress me at the time. Not till now did I realize that her purely feminine instinct for the theatrical made so large a figure in her withholdings and revelations.

My throat filled. I seized Christopher's arm and

tried to speak, but no words issued, and I found that he was already gazing seaward. I had never seen in his eyes such wistfulness, so far and deep a vision, as when he raised them to mine.

From him I turned to Beela, and found a look of neglect and expectancy.

"Dear little brother," I said, and extended my hand; but she pouted, and put her arms behind her.

"I am not your dear little brother," she said, her lip trembling. "I am a savage. You gave your first joy to one of your race." The pain in her face was deep.

"Forgive me, lad," I was very humble, but her swimming eyes were turned away, and there was a swelling in her throat. What could I say? how make her understand? "Beelo, I—"

"It can't be explained," she interrupted, turning sadly away; and we went on in silence.

All at once, without any visible cause, she was her sunny, mischievous self again. I was exceedingly anxious for information,—what had become of the "Hope's" salvage cargo; whether her seizure by us was part of the plan to which we were working. But I had not the courage to mention the vessel again, lest pain come to Beela's face. Ever since her return from the valley I had been anxious for her report as to any



"There are murmurings and small secret gatherings. Rebellion is in the air."

plan of action that she had arranged with Captain Mason, and I now conjectured that she had deferred it until we should see our vessel. With a blunder in tact I had closed her lips.

"Now," said she, "we'll return and keep an eye on Mr. Vancouver. Do you think you know the settlement now and could make your way in the night through it?"

"Perfectly," wondering at her impressiveness.

"And do you, Christopher?"

"Yes, ma'am."

Unmistakably she had a very intelligent purpose in thus making us acquainted with the topography of the settlement and the presence of our vessel. With that idea I began to make a closer study of the approaches and thoroughfares, although I could form no conception of means whereby the colony might use them against the overwhelming horde of armed natives. But Beela's comely head was packed with shrewdness.

The weather became more threatening with the approach of evening. At night, Beela left us concealed

near the prison hut, and went to bring our supper to us.

After she had returned and we had eaten, she suggested that Christopher and I go and see the prisoner, and learn all that we could. Gato would not be on duty, and the light was dim. Thence we should go to the postern in the palace wall, and there be met by her. Then she left.

When we were near the hut a shadow leaped out of the ground, and challenged. I answered as Beela had instructed, and the guard stepped aside. We entered, and the two natives sitting with the prisoner gave us only a glance. In an authoritative manner I bade them wait outside, and they obediently went out.

Mr. Vancouver was sitting on a stool, his head bowed in dejection, but he quickly straightened, and drilled us with a keenly questioning look, in which fear, anxiety, and hope were present. It was evident that he was profoundly suspicious. He was too shrewd not to see the significance of his being kept under guard in a hovel instead of being the king's guest.

"Do you really expect to see the king?" I asked.

He started. "What do you mean?" he demanded.

"What do you think you are here for?"

"The king sent for me—for a conference." A red light came into his eyes.

"A conference! Suppose he has made up his mind that he can dispose of the white people without your help, and that you happen to be first?"

The sallowness that already had entered his face since his imprisonment became livid, and the red light flared.

"To be sent away?" he thickly asked.

"Yes. Sent away. That is as good a name for it as any other."

I had ignored Christopher's gentle tug at my sleeve. A quiver ran through Mr. Vancouver as if a knife had been slipped between his ribs.

"Does n't the king know that I can make him incredibly rich from his gold and silver and diamond mines? Does n't he understand that—"

"Perhaps he is as rich as he cares to be. Besides, he has never trusted a white man; and why should he trust one that betrays his own friends?" I could not avoid giving him that thrust.

He came weakly to his feet, despair in every line.

"Did the king send you to say this?" he gasped.

I made no answer. The man sent a wild glance about as though to measure his strength with his prison, and to end all doubts quickly by any means. Then I saw that his wits were gone, and that the purpose of my talk, which was to prepare him for the revelation I had come to make, that he might be on his guard, had miscarried.

Christopher, in the background, edged round, keeping his back, as I kept mine, to the feeble light. I could not imagine that

Mr. Vancouver, desperate though he was, would seize this moment to try issues with his fate; but I had not guessed soon enough that the red light meant madness. With a choking curse he snatched up his heavy stool and sprang with it upraised in both hands to crush me.

Before his leap was ended, a heavy body crashed into him, and two giant arms were cracking his joints and sending the stool flying over my head. The two guards came running in, but I sent them back. Christopher needed no aid.

"I know you!" he sputtered at me.

"You are the infernal native dog that fooled me and trifled with me in camp. Let me at his throat, you baboon!"—to Christopher. "Loose me! Let me die with my arms free!"

He called the king and me and all the natives unspeakable names. "In decency and mercy," he fumed, "kill me at once! I know now what you are going to do with me,—you cannibals!"

Christopher's quieting tongue was as persistent as his arms, and under them Mr. Vancouver was gradually breaking down. Christopher assured the wretch that no harm would befall him. The man who could resist such persuasion would be less than human and worse than mad. Mr. Vancouver's curses straggled off, his struggles ceased, and the red flame died in his eyes. Christopher had coaxed reason back.

There had been no personal heed of Christopher in Mr. Vancouver's yielding; but it evidently occurred to him at last that there was something strangely different from the manner of the natives—something nearer and humanly akin. He had been studying Christopher; and when he was composed, and Christopher was turning away, Mr. Vancouver seized his arm and held him, looking earnestly into his face and then covering his figure with a startled glance.

"Who are you?" he demanded under his breath.

"You know, sir."

"Christopher!"

"Yes, sir. Speak low."

"What are you doing here, disguised like that?"

"Captain Mason sent us, sir."
 "What for?"
 "To save you, sir. Don't talk."
 Mr. Vancouver breathed laboredly, and the veins in his forehead bulged.
 "Who was sent with you?" he faintly asked.
 "Him, sir," indicating me.
 I saw the knot come in the suffering man's throat as he rolled his bloodshot eyes upon me, half raised himself on his elbow, and stared while his breathing rasped.
 "Who is he?" came chokingly, with a clutch on Christopher's arm.
 "Mr. Tudor, sir."
 A spasm caught Mr. Vancouver in the chest, and a rigor ran through him. His eyes closed, his head swung back, his mouth fell open, and Christopher eased the insensible man down on the pillow.

Chapter XVI.—A Light in the Gloom

"You are late!" blithely greeted Beela when we arrived at the palace gate after leaving Mr. Vancouver. "That shows how much you think of the beautiful, the angel, the sweet, the good Lentala, for you are to sleep in her quarters to-night."

We were just in time, for the heavens were opening, and the deluge was at hand.

With great caution Beela conducted us to a chamber in Lentala's wing of the palace. Evidently it was a sanctuary, for it was quite different from the room in which Lentala had received us, and Beela carelessly remarked that in giving us the room her sister was bestowing a special favor, since not even her servants were ever admitted.

"Because," Beela chattered on, as she lighted the beautiful lamps, "this is where she comes to lead alone the life that she dreams about, far, far away, where there are no Senatras—the life that was born in our blood, Choseph, and that we can see very dimly, and in our dreams only. But this room helps Lentala to dream of it. Do you remember the story you told me one day? She has changed the room to-night merely by bringing in these couches for you and Christopher to sleep on."

I felt something new in Beela's manner—a note of sentiment singing low in her voice, an augmented softness and grace in her bearing. She appeared to be struggling against it and striving to be the boy Beelo. Some success came, but the winning note still sang in her throat.

She opened an adjoining room and disclosed a bath.

"Your Senatra tint is a little damaged," she cheerily said. "Wash it off; you'll not need it to-night. Here's a fresh supply for to-morrow morning. Don't forget to put it on! But there's much to do before you sleep. I am going to take you to the Council Chamber. Dress as quickly as possible. I have to make some changes myself. When you are ready, give three light taps on that door."

"Thank you, dear little brother, but where's Lentala?"

"Lentala! Do you think she can sit up all night waiting for callers?"

"We are to see her in the morning, then?"

Beela had been bustling over finishing touches for our comfort, but my question—perhaps my tone—stopped her.

"Do you wish to see her?" she asked.

"Of course."

"Why?"

"Beelo! Can you ask that? Unless we see Lentala whenever we come to the palace, the jungle is more comfortable."

She turned away, pretending to be hurt.

"And so you don't care for Beelo. It is nothing to sleep under the same roof with him."

"But Beelo is a part of my life, dear lad. However far away he may be, he is always with me. Whenever and wherever I go, my dear little brother's hand is in mine; and no matter when or where I sleep, his sweet breath is on my cheek; and the touch of his light fingers on my lids and the ring of his cheery laugh in my heart wake me in the morning. In my dreams—" I paused, for Beela embarrassed me by the breathless interest with which she was listening.

"In your dreams, Choseph?"

"Then Beelo comes with another. He leads that one by the hand, and smiles at me, and says, in his musical voice, 'This one also you must like, big brother, for this is Beelo's best friend.'"

She came close and looked up into my eyes.

"That other one, big brother?"

"Is Lentala?"

Her breath caught as she moved away, and she was silent for a little while as she gave the last touches and started to leave. At the door she threw me a mischievous glance, and said:

"You have funny dreams, Choseph, but I'll tell Lentala you wish to see her," and was gone.

I had already observed that no touch of native savagery rested on this room. Every article of use or adornment was of a highly civilized production. The barbaric splendor of the reception room was absent here, and a dainty, girlish simplicity was the note. Exceedingly charming were products of her needlework and other handicraft copied from foreign articles. There were some English books that showed signs of

hard use. I picked up one and found a dainty handkerchief within it, and felt a pity for Lentala thus reaching out for what she could not understand.

Beela appeared in different clothes when I rapped, and was much fresher and smarter than I had ever seen her. She looked conscious under my admiring glance, and expressed gratification at the improvement in my looks.

"Beelo, you are as pretty as a girl. Fie!"

She pretended not to hear, and was busy lighting a lantern.

"They are all asleep in this wing," she said. "Now we'll go. Listen to the storm! Mr. Vancouver is safe for another day, I hope. And still no earthquake."

I felt a twinge, but no opportunity had offered for my telling her of the incident in the hut. The truth is, I dreaded lest she find fault with Christopher for disclosing our identity to Mr. Vancouver and my knowledge of his perfidy.

It would be difficult to say in what lay the finer air of Beela's dress. In cut the garments had a masculine approach, but in China they might have passed for feminine. The trousers and blouse were of fine dark-blue cloth, and were ample. In place of the somewhat shabby straw hat was a becoming red turban, and the shoes were Turkish red, and richly embroidered in gold. The blouse opened like a V at the neck, and a negligée tie, matching in shade the turban and the shoes, was secured with a splendid diamond at the bottom of the V.

More insinuating than these outward things were the girl's gentler voice and manner. There was a hint of the young mother in her caressing look and touch, and the cello note in her voice had fallen still softer and smoother.

In lighting the lantern, she disarranged her turban by striking it against a piece of furniture. She straightened, and raised her arms to readjust it. Her sleeves were wide and open, and they slipped down, baring her arms.

I had been trying with all my might to keep from my mind the delicious thought of Beelo's metamorphosis, but self-deception was no longer possible. I must revel in this new and pleasant experience. The one duty that I must observe was the keeping of my promise to Lentala that I would not let her little sister know that I knew.

"Are we ready?" cheerily asked Beela, picking up the lantern and darkening it with a cloth. "Come. No talking till I give you leave. We must be careful in this wing, for Lentala's servants might wake. The noises of the storm will help us, but the veranda is drenched. We must take the other way."

She opened the door through which she had entered last, and we were in darkness when she closed it; but I had dimly seen that it was a corridor.

"We can't use the lantern yet," she whispered, slipping her hand down my sleeve to my fingers. "Can you find your way, Christopher?"

"Yes." There was always something tragic in Christopher's whisper.

"Do you love me, Christopher?" she teasingly asked, squeezing my fingers.

"Yes, ma'am."

It required great stoicism for me to hold my hand passive and not return the pressure, but I was amazed when she abruptly dropped my fingers. I could see nothing except a faint glow through the cloth about the lantern, but I peremptorily seized her sleeve, drew her arm up, took her hand, and squeezed it hard, for reproof. She made no resistance. Beela was very sweet in the dark,—I remembered the passage through the mountain.

We almost immediately turned into a much longer stretch, as I knew by the whispering echoes of our steps; and soon the shrouded light of Beela's lantern made the walls visible. After leading us down a dark stair she halted before a door, unlocked it, ushered us within, relocked the door, and removed the cloth from the light.

This chamber was a disordered lumber room, filled with odds and ends of broken things, native and foreign. I was less interested in the rubbish than in the new picture of Beela in the ascending light from the lantern. It made a witchery of her chin, emphasized the graceful curve of her lips, filled her delicate nostrils, and threw her eyes into mystical shadow. I tried to get her hand again, but failed. Beela in the light was not the same as Beela in the dark.

She paused, and breathed freer.

"We are safe for awhile now," she said. It was hard to listen composedly to her words, so sweet was the tone of them.

She wound and twisted through the stores, we following, and brought up at a door which a stranger, likely, never would have found. This she unlocked, passed us through, and secured behind us. The air was dank and musty, and despite the lantern there were uncanny patches of phosphorescent light on walls otherwise invisible as yet. The space was roomy, the floor earthen. It proved to be a large cellar-like chamber with a low ceiling supported by stone pillars groined into arches, and was paved, furnished with grated windows, and sweet and dry. Here were immense stores: American-tinned provisions in astonishing abundance; bale upon bale of cloth of many kinds; modern farming implements, and machinery and tools for sawyers,

[Continued on pages 179 to 183]

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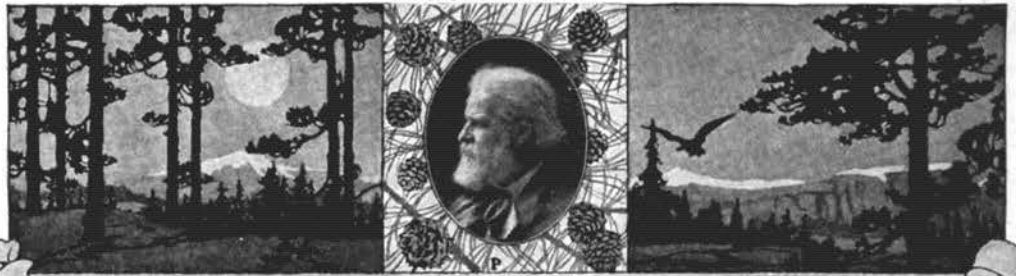
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EDWIN MARKHAM'S EYRIE

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

Law Is the Only Fate

Two hundred men, women, and children went down to death the other day in a little fire-swept theater in Boyertown, Pennsylvania—all of the bright world sponged out for them in the time a whirl of dust goes down the road. Chicago, in 1903, saw six hundred gridded in the same way in the Iroquois Theater. Why this waste of life? Ancient Greece would have pointed to such catastrophes as the work of the insensate Destinies in their grim business of vengeance. At a later day, when the Olympian gods had been swept from the heavens, the thought of men hardened into a new mold; and all such disasters were piously charged to the dark will of Providence. We were told that the Will was inscrutable, and that it was a virtue to crook silently to its stern decrees.

But science is lighting the world, and we are now beginning to see the cause of our disasters in ourselves—in the principle of Law, not in Destiny, not in Providence. Or, to put it otherwise, we are finding that Providence works through law. We are finding that disaster comes usually as the legitimate consequence of enterprises run regardless of common welfare. Indeed, nearly all of the great accidents are the result of the niggardly economy of those who own and run the modern machinery of affairs. Business is run for profit: so profit, not safety, is too frequently the chief consideration of the masters of industry. Here is the cause of nine tenths of our great catastrophes.

At the Boyertown Theater fire, the upstairs hall was overcrowded by one third. The aisles were blocked with chairs; the one exit was only six feet wide, with doors opening inward. In the one steep, narrow stairway, as in the death ditch at Waterloo, the dead were found six deep against the unopening doors. At the burning of the steamer "Slocum," in 1904, a thousand persons went to their death from that flaming pit that rode the waters in the sight of the millions of Manhattan. The profit-hunting ship-owners had overpacked the steamer; had provided only rotten fire hose; only rotten life-preservers, many of them filled with sawdust instead of cork. And it is hardly believable, yet 't is true, that while the funeral flowers were yet fresh upon the graves of the "Slocum" victims, the owners of the "Slocum" fought in the courts against the reinspection of their other steamer, the "Grand Republic." And when at last this boat was inspected, she also was found to be stocked with rotten life-preservers, rotten fire hose, and manned with a crew that had never practiced a fire-drill.

We need no doctrine of Destiny, no doctrine of Providence to account for these cruel disasters. We need only to rip away the mask that hides the face of the great god Profit.

* * *

Tidal Wave and Earthquake

GLANCE at two other alarming disasters. At Galveston the sea came roaring in and gulped the houses and people down. Men in their haste for riches had dared to build an unprotected city on a dump of sand thrashed by

wave and wind. Men intent on private interests had left the city to the mercy of the grafters. But the prod of the sea jolted Galveston into wakefulness. She started to her feet, flung out the parasites, piled up a sea-wall three miles long and three men high—a wall that fifty Fundys could not batter down. Now an over-worked "all-wise Providence" will know enough to let Galveston alone.

"But San Francisco," you ask, "what of that visitation of God?" As all San Francisco will tell you, the earthquake did little harm save in the "made ground"—the annex below the old shore on Montgomery Street, the unsteady area filled in at the decree of the profit hunters. There was no real need of making and using this artificial ground: there were leagues of safe God-made ground on the shores and hills. Nor was there any need of making land so expensive that buildings must shoot up into the sky to a tottering height. David Starr Jordan, speaking of danger to buildings by earthquake, says wisely: "Loss of property comes because we forget. We are safe in low frame houses; or we can hold high houses together with hooks of steel. It is as easy to build houses earthquake-proof as rain-proof." Yes, we all know how Japan defies earthquake with houses of bamboo, and Mexico with low houses of adobe.

Earthquake wrenched San Francisco, but fire destroyed the city. The fire could have been controlled but for the bursting of the ill-constructed, boodle-built water mains, mains which at the first high pressure flooded the gutters instead of feeding the hose. Clearly, Providence must be acquitted also of the San Francisco disaster. Charge it to the great god Graft.

* * *

America's Last Great Critic Gone

WITH the death of Edmund Clarence Stedman, only five of the old guard of American letters are left—Hale, Higginson, Howells, Alden, and Clemens. R. W. Gilder, Joaquin Miller, and Ambrose Bierce belong, of course, to a later era.

Stedman was an approachable man, with a ripple of anecdote in his conversation and a light of good-fellowship in his face; yet carrying always a trace of the aristocratic bearing that gives distinction to character. However, he had none of the egotism that so frequently billboards the "great." In politics Stedman was a radical. He once wrote to me: "I am a socialist, but I believe in leveling up, and not in leveling down." He was a banker, and yet he saw the hollowness of our system based on profit-hunting and speculation. He believed that nothing short of socialism could keep open the gates of opportunity, so that every one willing to work could have the material resources for living a complete life.

Stedman was a poet, and a few of his lyrics are warm with feeling, quivering with the sacred fire. He had wide sympathies in literature; and his three prose volumes, "The Victorian Poets," "The Poets of America," and "The Nature and Elements of Poetry," stand on the selectest shelf of literary criticism, close by the

writings of Lowell, Arnold, Edward Dowden, Edmund Gosse, and Stopford Brooke. His critical writings rise to a conspicuous rank in their fine insight, in their wide connotations, in their high-bred style. But even more admirable than his culture or his achievement was his constant friendliness that made him ever ready to cheer and caution, by word of mouth and word of pen, the younger writers who were ever appealing to him for light and leading. The "person from Porlock" must have interrupted many a Stedman lyric in mid-flight. It is easy to give money to the needy. Stedman did more: he gave himself.

Remembering how he had drawn the younger writers about him, I sent Stedman, on his seventieth birthday, the following sonnet, together with a redwood bough from the mountains of California:

I know a veteran redwood standing high
Upon a lofty cliff in Siskiyou,
Looking on hilltops billowing to the blue,
And looking on bright regions of the sky:
A hundred strong young sons are ever nigh,
In comrade cirque about him, to befriend
When canyons brim with quiet—to defend
When lightnings probe the dark and torrents cry.

And now I bring you, Poet, on your height
Of deeds and days, a bough from that good tree
Nursed on the music of Balboa's Sea—
To you with all your hundred sons of song,
Who stand about you that no power of the night
Shall shake your seat, no star shall work you wrong.

New Paths in Art

AT THE National Arts Club, in January, there was a small exhibit of paintings and sculptures, mostly the work of artistic rebels, men and women who have dared to veer from the beaten tracks of art, dared to probe a new way for their souls into the beautiful mystery of existence. Some, but not all, of this work attracted me. George Senseney, the etcher of our most prophet-like Whitman, is represented by two idyllic landscapes—etchings struck out with the tender sincerity characteristic of this artist, so full of a certain vibrant heart-clutching quality. Among the sculpture, Miss Eberle's "Old Woman Picking Coal," was a figure crammed with emotional appeal. Borglum's "Blizzard" is the Spirit of the Storm made visible. Pamela Smith's "Death in the House" is a drawing charged with that young woman's strange half-pagan power of visualizing the Unseen that ever presses about the common and the palpable. But the men that deeply seized upon my heart were Haag, Higgins, and the Dabos.

Carl Haag's sculptures have the grim grip of the ground-fact. "The Immigrants" is a group that recalls Meunier's "L'Accord," in simple direct appeal to the primitive instinct, to the urge of man's eager elemental need for a foothold on the earth. There is a touch of the greatness of the Milo "Venus" in the austere tenderness of Haag's "Universal Mother." She sits in heroic size, holding in her fateful hands the planet of Earth, her heart listening and her face stilled with a thought of the griefs that must come among men.

Leon Dabo is a poet in paint, a musician in color. As I look on his mystic landscapes, I seem to be reading an aerial poem of Shelley, or following a shadowy drama of Maeterlinck, or listening to a dream-woven nocturne of Chopin. The Hudson River of Dabo is not on any atlas; it is not the Hudson of commerce, not the Hudson of the commuter with eyes glued to the stock report. It is the Hudson of romantic lure and vision. It is the Hudson of the faerie lights and the sibylline fogs. Dabo brings to us the river in her eerie hours when the water is brightening perhaps under the first touch of the feet of morning, or when she is darkening softly under the coming of the cryptic night. Leon Dabo is one of the authentic priests of beauty, one of the heaven-sent revealers of the forgotten wonder of the world.

There are painters who paint the poor with

insolence or with amusement. We resent their unfeeling exposure of sorrow and poverty as we do a blow to a cripple or an oath to a child. But Eugene Higgins is not of this order. He paints the poor and the sad with a deep tenderness, with a brother's understanding and compassion. Stirred by a fine sympathy, he trails the herds of the Miserable to their last lair, and reveals them beaten and broken, desolate and defeated. The beggar, the scavenger, the sweeper, the rag-picker, the witless, the wasted, the starved, the lost, the desperate—all the litany of the hapless and the homeless, the appalling and appealing procession of those who have gone down under the grim wheel of life—all are painted in the very aspect and gesture of their misery.

Higgins stands in America as the painter of the tragic lacks and losses of life, the painter giving the pathos of the cities, as Millet gave the pathos of the fields. He gives us humanity as it slips and totters toward the waste heaps that are under civilization. If Higgins's work were a mere transcript of human failure, it would not be worth our attention. But it is more than this. In the vacuity that he depicts, we somehow see the worth that has been lost. The dignity of humanity is made to appear even in its ruins.

* * *

A Poet on the Rack of the World

THE life-story of Francis Thompson, so lately dead in England, furnishes another page in the tragedy of genius. Earth gave to the sharp sword of his spirit no velvet-padded scabbard. He came of Celtic blood; his sister is Lady Butler, the well-known painter of cattle. His father, a prosperous physician of Manchester, decreed that his son should become a doctor. The father did not consider that God might have decreed otherwise. Anyway, young Thompson, led by "the impenetrable demon of Beauty," had determined to be a poet; and he soon broke with his parents and wandered away to the great vortex of London. There he went drifting penniless on the streets; now selling matches for bread, now running as a cheap messenger, now calling cabs at the doors of theaters after the plays. In the absence of money, he carried Blake in one pocket and Æschylus in the other—those other and older explorers of the stars and the destinies.

For five years he lived a lackey of Poverty, yet all the while a persistent client of Apollo. He besieged in vain the magazines with his prose and verse, written mostly on scraps of paper gathered from the gutters. Then, like the starving Chatterton, he prepared to make an end of his life. He saved up his farthings till he could buy a dose of laudanum, and went one night to his old bed in the rubbish heap in Covent Garden Market—the night that was to be his last on earth. He had already begun to drink the poison, when he felt the touch of a hand, and looking up he saw a vision of Poet Chatterton, who commanded him to drink no more. Then, remembering that another day of patience would have brought relief to Chatterton, he determined to fight on against the dim Powers.

As though he had forced the hand of Fate, that very night relief was on his track. The editor of "Merry England" had kept one of the poet's essays six months unexamined. At last he read it, was delighted, printed it, but could not find the poet in his obscure rubbish heap. On this fateful day, however, the editor had just tracked the poet to the drug shop where the laudanum had been sold. The poet was found, and the horizon suddenly cleared for him. Life had triumphed. Now began his years of fine courage and artistic creation; now came forth his three volumes of verse—his "Poems," his "New Poems," and his "Sister Songs," volumes that have given him a unique and impregnable immortality.



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Floor Crack Filler
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Sanitary, inexpensive
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A SAMPLE showing
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JELL-O

The Dainty Dessert
Delightful
in a
Hundred
Ways

For Your Sunday Dinner.

Dissolve one package Lemon JELL-O in a pint of boiling water. Just as it begins to thicken stir in $\frac{1}{4}$ cup Maraschino Cherries and $\frac{1}{4}$ cup English Walnut meats, mixed. When cool, serve with whipped cream. Delicious.

A Simple Dessert

is made by dissolving one package of any flavor JELL-O in a pint of boiling water. Serve when cool, without sauce of any kind. This pleases everybody. Costs 10c.

New Illustrated Recipe Book Free.

JELL-O comes in 7 flavors. Sold by all first class grocers. 10c. per package.

Complies with all Pure Food Laws.

THE GENESEE PURE FOOD CO., Le Roy, N. Y.
Highest Award, Gold Medals, St. Louis, Portland and Jamestown Expositions.




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MATERNITY SKIRT
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Every Prospective Mother.

Something new—only scientific garment of the kind ever invented. Combines solid comfort and ease with "fine form" and elegant appearance in the home, on the street, and in society.—Always drapes evenly in front and back—no bulkiness—no draw-strings—no lacing—no ripping or basting.—Can be worn the year round.

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Highest Award, Chicago World's Fair, 1893.
Louisiana Purchase Exposition, St. Louis, Mo., 1904

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MRS. CURTIS'S CORNER



The Editor of Our Home Departments Gives Her Views on Some Subjects That Are Not Altogether Homely

IF ONLY we were given a chance, how differently women would run all sorts of things! Recently, two girls I know passed the ordeal of a teachers' examination. One of them we think the dearest girl in the world. Women love her; as for children, she wins their devotion in two minutes. They realize she is still, as much as they, a child at heart. She can tell such stories as no fairy-book holds, her memory is a storehouse of the most wonderful poetry, and the way she can play games, why, nobody would dream she was twenty-one! She is pretty and plump, and has such comfortable arms that if they cuddled the loneliest little tad, on his first day at school, he would forget such a thing as homesickness ever existed. When the girl told me she was going to be a schoolteacher, I said, "Thank God for it, you will bring happiness into a thousand little hearts!" To-day she came in, with tears rolling down her cheeks, to say she could not teach for a year, anyway, and I was red-hot. It is all because she failed on some silly mathematical problem, got jumbled on Revolutionary War dates, and forgot where Mozambique Channel lay. Perhaps my sympathy was unusually profound, because I should have failed, dismally, on such subjects, myself.

THE other girl came off with flying colors. You could not "phase" her on Mozambique Channel or anything else; her head is full of just the stuff you find in encyclopedias, only it is so much pleasanter to have a nice, quiet, unassuming encyclopedia around the house than this future schoolma'am. Although only twenty-one, she is as old as the centuries. She is one of those little, dried-up, prunes-and-prisms, self-satisfied, heartless, hidebound, old-maid schoolma'ams you find by the thousand all over the country,—all over every country. There can be only one reason for her existence as a schoolma'am. Her peculiar make-up seems to be allied to that of a student, she's a born "digger," yet all of her studies result in no gifts of the imagination; in no real benefit to anybody. It is not much different from gathering apples and storing them away in the cellar. Such a nature as this girl's has no love or understanding of children in it. She gets saturated with the wonderful science of pedagogy, and benches of children, to her, are not children. They are specimens of the genus, the young human animal, to be studied and crammed full of knowledge. The sweet, bubbling exuberance of childhood is something to be quelled, and mischievous little wretches are incipient criminals. Do the children love her? Who can love anything without a soul? If merciless intuition exists, it is in the mind of a child.

My Idea of a Teacher

IT SEEMS to me, if I had a voice in choosing a teacher for my child, I would look for much outside the dry bones of scholarship. First of all, I would want the God-given boon of personal magnetism, then cheerfulness, unselfishness, love, and understanding of children, the gift of humor, if it were possible, a tender heart, and abounding youthfulness. Of course, these qualities could not be bracketed off in examinations and given percentages, but they are of greater importance than high standing in the remarkable array of learning to-day. It simply means getting the best possible work out of a child, to say nothing of building his character. Look back on your childhood, as I do, and remember how enthusiastically you worked for a teacher you loved, and how differently for a teacher you did not love. It is the same with us to-day; we are nothing but grown-up children, and labor is not labor when it is done for those we love.

A Phase of German Pride

I HAD a foolish letter the other day, from a SUCCESS MAGAZINE reader, telling me her life-story. "I had been trying to become a musician," she said, "when hard times came. There was nothing left for me to do but to stoop to the lowly occupation of domestic science, and keep boarders." My first thought was unqualified pity for the boarders, the second, what a widespread need there is of impressing on American women the fact that they are not stepping down out of any sphere, no

matter how high it is, when they turn to housework. There is no more important science than caring for the health and happiness of a family.

A cooking teacher from Chicago tells me a great deal of missionary work is being done, unconsciously, by the German women of that city. In Germany, a woman is judged, not by her drawing-room accomplishments, or her brilliancy, but by her domesticity. The Kaiserin sets a fine example. She prides herself upon being a model housewife and wise mother. There is no part of the work in the German palace which she could not do, if necessity compelled her, and her daughter is being taught every art of the home. The women of Germany worship their empress, not only because she is so excellent a "hausfrau," but also because of her wide and wise charities and the impetus she gives in teaching the German girl to become worthy of a home of her own.

A Good Cook's Turning-Point

LET me tell you the story of a woman who, to-day, stands high in the field of domestic science, both as teacher and writer. Years ago she was a governess, working for a very small salary and with no future in sight. One summer, when vacation days were near, there came a *contretemps* in the household of her employer. Good-byes were being said when word arrived that the cook who was to accompany the family to their summer cottage had been stricken with small-pox. The trunks had gone, in a few hours the household was to follow them, and the mistress of the house was in despair. She knew what the prospects of getting help were in their out-of-the-way retreat. She turned, in despair, to the girl governess.

"Won't you come with us?" she begged; "I'll make it a little more profitable for you than an idle summer. You can work hand in hand with me; there is little I don't know about cookery. Martha will take care of the house and the children. We will simply get the meals."

"I don't know how to cook a thing," gasped the girl. "I never made a pot of coffee in my life."

"Then it is high time you did know," laughed the lady. "I'll treat you like a very ignorant daughter."

The girl went, and she looks back upon that delightful, profitable summer as the turning-point in her career. She not only learned to cook, but she also discovered that cookery was a genuine talent with her. Her employer, her interested, loyal friend, urged her to take it up professionally, and, by her influence, the girl that had entered a school of domestic science. To-day her income is ten times that of the best paid governess, and she is a power for good, because, like the Kaiserin, she is preaching everywhere the gospel and the dignity of good housewifery.

How Our Talents Are Spreading

I WAS talking with a man who is well posted on census affairs upon the subject of how many of the professions are represented by women. "We have mighty few they are not in," he said. "Here's the census returns. Your sex has 'butted in' on nearly every profession in America. They can't be prevented from turning hod-carriers and steeple-jacks; they even fool Uncle Sam once in awhile by getting into his army and navy under disguise; but it is as a creator of new professions that woman is a genius. She can think up more really extraordinary ways to make money than any Yankee inventor that ever lived."

I perfectly agreed with the census man, when I thought of the uncatalogued professions that women follow. One morning I had a caller. The maid assured me that it was not an agent; she did not carry a thing in her hands. No, but she carried an expansive smile on her face, and she was a professor of the "mirth cure." She was making engagements for the winter among "the ultraexclusive people in the city."

I assured her I was not ultraexclusive, and I did not need her cure. She assured me I did. There *must* be moments when I felt blue, despondent, tired, forlorn. I did not deny it, even if I swore they were seldom. That did not matter. They would become more frequent. I was in urgent, really urgent, need of the "mirth cure" treatment. She gave me a sample of it.

Out of a capacious pocketbook she pulled a clipped joke, and read it with such gusto that she was actually bubbling over with enjoyment. It was such an old joke, Joe Miller had disdained to use it, but the humor of the situation sent me into a convulsion of laughter, and the professor thought she had landed me. Not a bit of it. I could see into the future. She left me looking as if she had a bad attack of the "malgrims." Just the same, she got a good practice in town. She took cases that were not "ultraexclusive," and, for one winter, she made herself the most unmitigated nuisance that ever blew into a community. She kept her engagements like clockwork, her patients had to see her, sick or well, idle or busy (they had paid in advance, so they generally saw her). She recited her quiverful of jokes, read funny stories, and occasionally rose to the rôle of monologist.

* * *

Let Us Not Be Too "Easy"

IT MADE me wonder if the women who attempt to earn money by some of the freak schemes we have brought to us every day, by advertisements, circulars, or door-to-door circulation, possess any dignity or self-respect.

American women are so "easy." If we have the money on hand, we will not stand out long against the steady urgency of an agent, even if what we are asked to pay hard cash for is as absurd and useless as the "mirth cure." One man, in a long, explanatory letter, tells me his wife has the grievance I recently aired, of not getting pocket money, but he can't afford it longer; it is all "blown in" on agents. His story is doubtless true. Why don't women do as they would be done by? If they are compelled to earn a living by selling something from door to door, they might see that it is an article perfectly worthy of the value received. Magazines and book publishers are constantly on the *qui vive* for clever agents, manufacturers hold out good money to them, and the world is full of honest goods one can make a fair profit on. It is below a woman's dignity to become a vender of gold bricks.

* * *

A Club to the Clubs

I KNEW there was not a corner of our great country left untouched by the march of women's clubs. Still I was astonished during a recent visit to the Southwest to discover that in the wilds of Indian Territory there are hundreds of women's clubs, devoting time and labor to the most abstruse studies. Viewing Indian Territory from the car window, you would scarcely dream of civilization. There are miles and miles and miles of desert, traversed here and there by red-clay roads, occasionally a hamlet of shacks with its inevitable tumble-down, board-front hotel and a tiny building, which is post office, general store, everything. Of course, at intervals, one stops at a city, not a real city, but city enough for Indian Territory.

Then, once more, we crawl away into the desert. I wondered many a time as we crept through the country (the Southwestern Railroad "flyers" are crawlers), where the clubwomen live who study Dante, early religious history, the art of the Renaissance, and many another subject we leave to leisure hours which, alas! come but seldom in our crowded lives. Yet there are women on these horizon farms, in these ugly, unkempt little villages, finding real pleasure and profit in such studies.

* * *

A CITY woman, to whom I mentioned this situation, called it "absolutely funny." It is not funny, it is the real thing, to these women of the solitudes. Club reading, club papers, and the occasional club meeting has a reality, an enjoyment, a "worth whileness" that the superficial city club woman knows nothing about.

The first woman's club of the Southwestern wilderness had its initial meeting in a sod house, its members came from a twenty-mile radius, bringing what few books they could gather from each home, and the refreshments were kept under a bed, until it was time to serve them. "Primitive!" of course it was primitive; only from our primitive homes came such men as Abraham Lincoln. If I had to choose between joining Sorosis and some little backwoods club, I would speak for the backwoods in an instant. The women from the farms are real, hospitable, genial, and unspoiled by wretched frills of affectation. Their clubs mean a circle of affectionate neighborliness as well as broader learning. The stranger is welcomed with a good will, which warms her heart. Deliver me from the average city club with its shallowness, its absurd parade of parliamentary law, its gossip, its back-biting jealousies, its idiotic papers, cribbed wholesale from all sorts of sources, its display of flamboyant gowns, and its pitched battles, which often make it the laughingstock of the community! There are lots of sweet, intellectual, earnest gentlewomen in city clubs, endeavoring to get the best out of the circle in the way of social intercourse; but the profit and pleasure of a woman's club is inevitably interrupted by an invasion of brainless, newly rich, and actually impossible women. It is a shame that women's clubs cannot be set off like the sheep and the goats in two separate pens, with the silly ones, the warriors, the bores, and the aggressively rich in one pen. In the other pen, with the few, club hours would be mighty pleasant.



For Growing Children

The intelligent mother of today looks carefully after the food of her growing children.

A natural appetite calls for wholesome food. The child who is taught early to like proper food, free from over-stimulating elements, is not likely to acquire the taste for strong drink later on. His appetite has been trained for that which is wholesome and truly invigorating.

Perhaps no food is so simple, wholesome and strengthening as

Grape-Nuts

It contains all the elements from wheat and barley, that build up tissues and store up natural, healthy energy in the body. It contains nothing injurious—is **all** food, and can be digested by young children who grow rosy and strong on it.

With cream or milk it is the **best** food for the growing child—and children quickly learn to love it.

"There's a Reason"

Postum Cereal Company, Ltd., Battle Creek, Michigan, U. S. A.



FORMERLY Soap using Women
—Tired—Cross—Sick. Men who
dreaded the Home-coming. No
Wonder!

NOW with Millions of Women
the old time Yearly upset for House-
cleaning is out of date. The PEAR-
LINE user knows no season. The
Home is kept Clean the year round,
because of the Ease and Perfect
Cleanliness the use of PEARLINE
insures. When you see an excep-
tionally Clean home—a Bright,
Genteel-Looking woman, you may
rest assured she uses PEARLINE

PEARLINE DOES THE WORK
INSTEAD OF YOU



FALLING HAIR -- DANDRUFF

Hall's Hair Renewer promptly stops falling hair because it destroys the germs that produce this trouble. We certainly believe that the intelligent and faithful use of this remedy will prove eminently satisfactory.

Hall's Hair Renewer at once removes all dandruff from the scalp, and completely destroys the dandruff germs.

A splendid dressing. Does not interfere with curling or waving the hair.

Show this formula to your family physician. He can give you a valuable opinion concerning its use.

Does Not Color the Hair

FORMULA

GLYCERIN, CAPSICUM, TEA, ROSEMARY LEAVES, BAY RUM, SULPHUR, BOROLYCEERIN, ALCOHOL, WATER, PERFUME.
R. P. HALL & CO., Nashua, N. H.

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Ship Anywhere "On Approval" allowing furniture in your home five days, to be returned at our expense and money refunded, if not perfectly satisfactory and all you expected.

We Prepay Freight to all points east of the Mississippi River and north of Tennessee line, allowing freight that far toward points beyond.

We furnish Homes, Hotels, Clubs, Hospitals, Y. M. C. A. and other Public Buildings, at wholesale sale prices.

\$29.75 buys this large luxurious High Grade Genuine Leather Turkish Rocker No. 1568 (worth \$48.00). In style, comfort and durability it cannot be excelled. Our FREE catalogue illustrates Turkish Rockers and Couches from \$12.75 to \$70.00.

\$9.00 buys a "Bishop" Cotton Felt Mattress. Sells at \$15.00 elsewhere.

\$36.50 buys this handsome High Grade Buffet No. 573 (worth \$55.00). Made of select Quartered Oak in any finish desired. Length 50 in. French Bevel Mirror 40 x 16 in. Our FREE catalogue shows Sideboards and Buffets from \$11.75 to \$137.00.

\$29.50 buys this beautiful beveled style Brass Bed No. 950 (worth \$45.00). It has massive pillars and top tubes 2 in. in diameter. Height of head 59 in. Our FREE catalogue shows Iron and Brass Beds from \$12.50 to \$60.00.

Our FREE Catalogue shows over 1000 pieces of fashionable furniture from the cheapest that is good to the best made. It posts you on styles and prices. Write for it today.

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We will send "THE WORLD TODAY," a splendid life magazine—for father, mother, boys and girls; having illustrated departments devoted to Popular Men and Women, Sports, Actors and Actresses and intelligent discussion of Current Events. Shiny printed, clean and interesting to all. FREE THREE MONTHS for 10 or more names of persons who want to buy or are interested in a Hot Water Heating plant. Send only cool names. When any name results in an order we will send you the MAGAZINE FREE for 1 year additional. We sell by mail everywhere. Hot Water Heating plants all complete, pipe cut to fit, ready to erect. Write for valuable 64-page book "Home Heating."

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\$500. AND UP MONTHLY PROFIT made place "Premium" machines. No experience or soliciting. Capital of \$9.50 required only. PREMIUM VENDING CO., PITTSBURG, PA.

THE MAKING & MARKETING OF PUFF PASTE



When Customers begin to show their appreciation

This Is the Third Article in Mrs. Isabel Gordon Curtis's New Series "Earning Money at Home"

IN NEARLY every town or city there is an excellent market for the products of a clever pastry cook. Good home-made pie sells anywhere, but if the skilled pie maker can turn her attention to the finer, more difficult art of puff paste, she can create a patronage which ought to grow really profitable as her wares become known. A caterer charges the most exorbitant prices for puff paste. Materials for it do not cost extravagantly, it is the work that counts; yet after a little practice the work can be done quickly enough.

There is a constant demand during the season of entertaining for such delicacies as *patés*, cream horns, and cheese straws. At prices considerably less than a caterer charges one can have a liberal profit and the fastidious hostess will invariably prefer home-made dainties, for there is always a doubtful feeling about butter when they are not home-made.

There are only two materials required to make puff paste: butter and pastry flour, and they must be of the finest grades possible. When puff paste is ready to market, it should be very carefully and daintily packed, for it is fragile stuff. The best way to deliver it is in folding boxes, such as caterers use, with a lining of paraffine paper. These boxes can be purchased cheap at a factory by the dozen or gross. To create a market for such wares, make a list of women in town who are in the habit of entertaining, and send them a neatly printed circular, announcing what you are prepared to supply and at what prices. It would be well to state that large orders should be given several days ahead. When customers begin to show their appreciation of the good things you make, hold them, by always filling an order in time, by delivering it in perfect shape, and by keeping to as high a standard as you can achieve. When failures occur, as they will occasionally with the best cooks, never impose them upon a customer.

TO BECOME an accomplished maker of puff paste do not wait until hot weather arrives before attempting the task. When the temperature makes it necessary to chill and re-chill the pastry, it becomes hard work. First get all your material together in a cool place. If you have a marble slab to work on, your work will be easier. A rolling pin with movable handles is best for puff paste, it makes your touch lighter. There can be no heavy-handed methods, or you will have a solid, indigestible substance, anything but puff paste. Scald an earthen bowl, fill it with ice water; wash your hands in hot water, then in cold. Work one pound of butter in a bowl of cold water until it is waxy and nearly all the salt is washed out of it. If you have washed your hands and the bowl properly, not a particle of butter will stick to them. Take out the butter, pat and

squeeze it till the water flies. Measure from it two level tablespoonfuls, mold the rest into an oblong cake, then set it where it will grow hard and cold. Sift one pound of flour with half a teaspoonful of salt into the bowl. Rub in between the fingers and thumb the two tablespoonfuls of butter. Mix with ice water, stirring constantly till you have a rather soft dough. Turn out on the marble slab, which has been dusted with flour. Knead with an even, light touch, till it feels elastic; then cover with a napkin, and set it away to "ripen" for five minutes. You want lightness, flakiness, tenderness. These are obtained by air which is rolled into the paste in

the folding. Each time it is folded you form a new layer of butter and dough, no thicker than paper perhaps, but inclosing a multitude of air bubbles.

Now the dough is ripened, and you may begin work on it. Put the paste on the marble slab and, with the lightest possible pats from the rolling-pin, shape it about half as wide as it is long, keeping the corners square. At one end lay the hardened piece of butter. Over this fold the rest of the dough. Tuck it lightly around the edges, inclosing all the air possible. With light taps from the rolling-pin break up the butter, spreading it and rolling the paste into a longer strip. Be careful to keep the sides and ends of the paste even, and to break as few air bubbles as possible. When the strip is almost as long as the slab, fold it like the letter Z, and begin again rolling, folding, and turning until the process has been repeated six times. If the paste shows the least symptom of being soft, or the butter of breaking through, set it away to chill perfectly before you finish the process. Be careful while rolling, not only to keep your touch as light as possible, but also to roll always in one direction, from you, with a long, sweeping motion. By cutting the paste, across, after the work is completed, you may see the texture which gives you a crust eight times as high after baking as before it was set in an oven. You will notice layer after layer of a wafer-like thickness of butter and paste with tiny bubbles between. Wrap it in parchment paper and set away in a covered dish over night. It will be all the more tender and flaky for twenty-four hours of "ripening." During the winter a batch of puff paste, wrapped and covered, may be kept for several weeks, in a very cold place. Use it as desired, baking *patés*, *vol au vents*, or tarts, as required. These will also keep for five or six days after making, being reheated before they are filled.

THE oven for baking puff paste should be about as hot as for rolls, with the greatest heat underneath so the *paté* can rise to its full height before browning. When the heat of the oven touches the pastry the bubbles expand, lifting the thin layers higher and higher. When it has reached its height, and is baked delicately brown, you have what is properly called puff paste.

Certain utensils are necessary for making the slightly dishes that puff paste will produce. One of these is a paste jagger, a small wheel similar to the one a dress-maker traces her patterns with. Then there are *paté* cutters, plain or fluted, a mold for shaping a *vol au vent*, and ladylock irons if you wish to make cream horns. None of these are expensive and all of them may be purchased in any well-equipped kitchen-furnishing store.

FOLLOWING are some good recipes for those who care to engage in this business:

Vol au Vent.—The famous Soyer characterizes a first-class pastry cook as one who can make a good *vol au vent*. Lay a mold upon a round of puff paste, rolled about half an inch thick, and cut out a circle as big as you think will be required to cover it. Set the mold upside down and tuck down the paste,



handling carefully. Do not cover scantily anywhere or it will crack. Prick all over with a fork and set away in a cold place to chill thoroughly. Find a plate or saucer which fits the top of the mold and cover with puff paste. Cut from the trimmings stars, hearts, crescents, or any forms you can produce with a paste jagger. Brush the paste on the saucer lightly with cold water, and stick on the ornaments in any style desired. Chill the *vol au vent* and lid for half an hour, then bake in an oven which is very hot at first, but cooled slightly when the pastry has risen and is beginning to brown. Watch the baking with great care, as the paste will burn or become unshapely if not turned occasionally. A *vol au vent* may be filled with any cream mixture or with a cooked chilled fruit and rich syrup.

Puffs.—Roll out the paste about half an inch thick; shape two rounds with a *paté* cutter. From one round cut a smaller piece. Use the ring left to lay on the other round, brushing with water to make it stick. Bake and fill with a creamed mixture, using the small round as a lid.

Cream Horns are made on fine pointed tubes which are called ladylock irons. Cut the paste into ribbons with a knife or jagger and begin to wind at the small end, the edges scarcely touching. Bake a delicate brown. They may be filled with cream and chicken or oysters, and served as an *entrée*, or with whipped cream as a dessert.

Cheese Straws.—Season some grated cheese with paprika and salt, then dust it over a piece of puff paste. Fold the paste and roll it two or three times. Cut out in rings with a doughnut-cutter or in straws with a jagger. The straws may be braided or baked singly.



WHEN using a cutter always dip in flour between each cutting; it will insure neat edges.

If the work has to be done in a warm room, chill the paste between three pans, the upper one filled with broken ice, the second one set into another large pan, also filled with ice. Puff paste is always in good condition if it slips easily on the slab.

Should you wish to use it for a pie, bake it first *vol au vent* fashion over the bottom of a pie first, and fill after baking, or use ordinary pie paste for the bottom when the filling is to be baked. Cover or build up the sides with puff paste; rich pastry never makes a good undercrust—it soaks.

When baking small pieces such as *paté* tops or cheese straws, do not put them in a pan with the larger pieces; they will bake in less than half the time required by the others.

If you wish pastry to have a glazed appearance, brush over with beaten egg before putting it in the oven.

Utilize trimmings for the smaller things; never add them to the larger pieces of paste.

Use the sharpest knife for cutting pastry; if it is dragged ever so slightly in the cutting it will not rise well. Also, in making two layers of pastry adhere, never press it together or you will have a heavy spot.

Always have puff paste ice cold when it is put in the oven. Let the heat be greatest at the bottom when the paste is put in; it must rise before it begins to brown.

Mrs. Rorer's Method

ONCE, when Mrs. Rorer was lecturing, a woman in her audience asked if she had as much difficulty with servants as the average housewife has.

"I'll confess I don't," said Mrs. Rorer. "First, I choose a maid with the most deliberate care. One can judge partly from intuition, partly from observance, of a girl's characteristics and possibilities. I notice personal neatness, briskness of carriage, general intelligence. I try to judge of her disposition. I am in favor of taking a girl who has had no previous training, rather than one who advertises herself as competent. The result, with a willing, fairly intelligent girl, who has everything to learn, is like the crops a farmer reaps from a fallow field. After I have kept a maid for a year and she has become a good worker, I begin to look for her successor."

There was a gasp of astonishment in Mrs. Rorer's audience.

"I make a rule of this because there is such a dearth of good help and so many women waiting anxiously for help. I pass the maid on to a household where she will have good treatment and just appreciation. Then I begin with a new girl and keep repeating experiences. I am not only helping a friend or acquaintance, but training a young woman for a useful future, whether it be spent as a hired helper or in her own home."

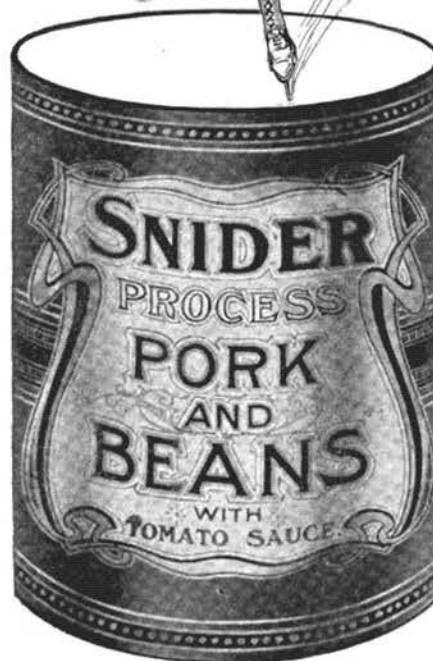
If there were only more women like Mrs. Rorer!

"They fail and they alone who have not striven."

"That man lives twice who lives his first life well."

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"It's not the position but the disposition that makes men happy."



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Said the Doctor—

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"Show me a Man or Woman who consumes only the *minimum* of Proteid necessary to repair waste in his or her daily food, and I will show you a person who cannot resist disease and who recovers from it very slowly."

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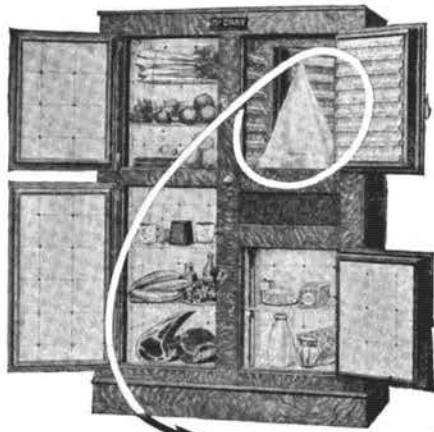
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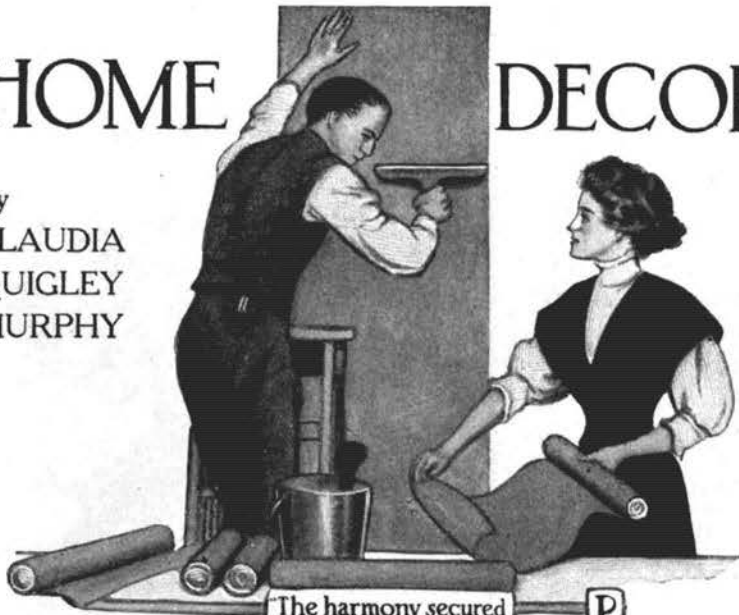
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HOME DECORATION

By
CLAUDIA
QUIGLEY
MURPHY



IN CONSIDERING any kind of wall decoration, first settle the question of the color scheme and then decide concerning the suitability and durability of the proposed embellishment. Naturally a good many things beside the arrangement enter into the problem of suitability of material, and they must be considered before an artistic room can be secured.

For instance, the architecture of the house and the lay of the land are very important features. Who would impose a Louis XIV. room, with its delicate roses and dainty panelings, in a gothic-timbered house up in the bleak prairies of the Northwest and claim them compatible?

If the carpet is ingrain, it necessitates one decoration for walls; if it be velvet, another form of embellishment. Oriental rugs require correct wall treatment to bring out their harmonies. Rag carpet rugs insist on different arrangements and combinations for the wall.

THE matter of suitability having been settled, the question of durability is equally important, for it is folly, extravagant folly, to put a material on the wall that will fade or change color. Again, the material should be of a nature that will not check and show unsightly white spots beneath, carrying mute evidence of poor quality and unwise buying. Neither must it sag, peel, or rip on the wall, but must always, up to its final re-covering, present a solid, unfaded, albeit soiled surface. Any wall surface may show signs of soil, may gather dust, soot, and grime, but it must always be of a material that does not of itself deteriorate.

The period during which the coating remains presentable depends primarily upon the location of the house as well as the use to which the room is put. Naturally, a house in the city where coal and soot prevail soils sooner than a country house which is remote from these conditions. Then, too, a kitchen which is frequently filled with greasy steam, from the cooking of meats and the frying of vegetables, must be re-coated more frequently than the guest chamber which is only used occasionally.

For the sake of health as well as appearance, no wall should be allowed to remain more than two years without a re-coating. If the material used for the walls makes this expensive, it will be found to be economy to use a less expensive covering and to recover more frequently.

Obvious dirt on the walls is undesirable and disagreeable, but that which is not so obvious is equally objectionable. We may not be able to see the scales of disease nor the bacilli of tuberculosis on the wall surface, yet some chance visitor may have brought them into the room and a gust of wind lodged them on the wall, where they remain, a direful menace to the health of the family.

Since an ounce of prevention is worth many pounds of cure, it seems a simple measure to recoat the walls and ceilings of rooms at frequent and regular intervals. Here the question of cost enters into the matter, for material must be purchased at all events, whether or not it is applied by outside labor. Many people successfully decorate their rooms at only the cost of material.

There are many materials for decorating walls—a never-ending variety of papers, imported and domestic; various kinds of tinting materials frequently called water colors in contradistinction to paints, which are oil colors; then there are oilcloths for the wall, burlap, tapestries, and cotton and silk textiles.

HAVING decided upon the matter of decoration, as well as on that of sanitation and durability of the material, the relative cost must be considered.

Good American-made papers, in rolls eight yards long and eighteen inches wide, containing four square yards, sell from twenty cents a roll up to \$1.50, or from five cents a square yard upward. English papers, in twelve-yard rolls, twenty-one inches wide, and containing seven square yards, sell from sixty cents to \$32, or from eight and one half cents a square yard upward.

It is said that English colors are softer and more durable than American colors. Oilcloth papers come in rolls three yards long and forty-seven inches wide, containing four square yards to a roll, selling from seventy-five cents a roll to \$3.50, or from nineteen cents a square yard upward. Burlap sells at from thirty cents to sixty cents a square yard; tapestries at from twice that to fabulous prices.

In paints and water colors the best non-fading, rich, soft, permanent colors can be purchased for from fifty cents a package upward, depending on the color chosen. One package will cover forty square yards of wall surface, at an expense of a little over one cent per square yard.

It will require two gallons of oil paint, at \$1.50 a gallon, to give the necessary two coats to cover thirty square feet of wall surface, making the material for painting cost about ten cents per square yard.

AN EASY way of estimating the relative cost of labor for applying any material to a wall is to figure that a man can do twice as much tinting in a given time as he can papering. Then, when painting with oil is considered, it is easy to remember that oil paint is laid on with a two-inch brush, each stroke covering a space



A neatly decorated room made attractive and comfortable by well-selected paper, hangings, and furniture

two inches wide, and that water colors are laid on with a seven-inch brush. Then the time required to cover a given wall is as two is to seven, or it will then take three and one half times longer to paint a wall with oil paint than it will to tint with a good tinting material.

The cost of labor in wall decoration varies from twenty-five cents to one dollar an hour, and the amount of work done in an hour depends upon the energy of the worker, for some men are cheaper at one dollar an hour than others at ten cents for an equal period. Each locality, town, city, or village, has its standard of prices for this work. In purchasing materials it is very wise to keep in mind the future, not only in regard to the wearing quality of the material, but also as to its availability for re-coating.

If, in addition to the labor of putting the material on, there is going to be equal labor in washing or soaking it off before a fresh, clean decoration can be added, this fact must be seriously considered and the expense reckoned.

It is indeed short-sighted policy to save one cent in material at an expense of thirty-five cents an hour one year hence for wall washing. Having considered the cost and dispensed with the arithmetic of decorating, what of the beauty of the embellishment? The harmony secured is the interest upon the investment, for, unless the result is pleasing to the eye and gratifying to the taste, it is certainly a dead loss to the purse and to the harmony of the home.

A softly tinted, two-toned wall is ideal. It supplies a soft, concordant background for all furnishings, and adds to their effectiveness.

The plain tinted wall also modifies the apparent size of the room, light tints making a small room airier in appearance and larger in size, and darker tones modifying the barrenness and the barn-like appearance of large rooms. High ceilings are apparently lowered, and low ceilings seemingly raised through the judicious selection of correct colorings. Soft, flat, matte appearing colors are far more restful to a tired brain, and less taxing to the eye than bright, brilliant, very glossy surfaces.

Thomas E. Collcutt, president of the Royal Institute of British Architects, says: "Too much stress cannot be laid upon the importance of having warm, soft, and pleasant coloring upon the wall. With all deference to sanitary and hygienic opinion, I must protest against the use of glazed surfaces in rooms. They are inappropriate and unsightly as wall decorations in living rooms."

The effect of figures in wall paper is exceedingly injurious, and the latest scientific opinion is that the figures exercise a hypnotic power, and produce the same tiresome effect as a flickering light.

Plain, solid colors, which may be easily and frequently renewed, serve as the most sensible embellishment and decoration for the walls of our homes.

When the underlying wall is bad and it seems unwise to remove the paper, a good tint can be applied over them.

Oil papers are excellent for kitchens and bath rooms. They are easily applied and easily cleaned, and, while the initial cost is seemingly high, they are, in the long run, an economy, for they last for years.

Burlap and tapestries are pretty, dainty, and charming, but they will catch and store dust and dirt. However, for damaged walls and old surfaces they are sometimes the only material possible.

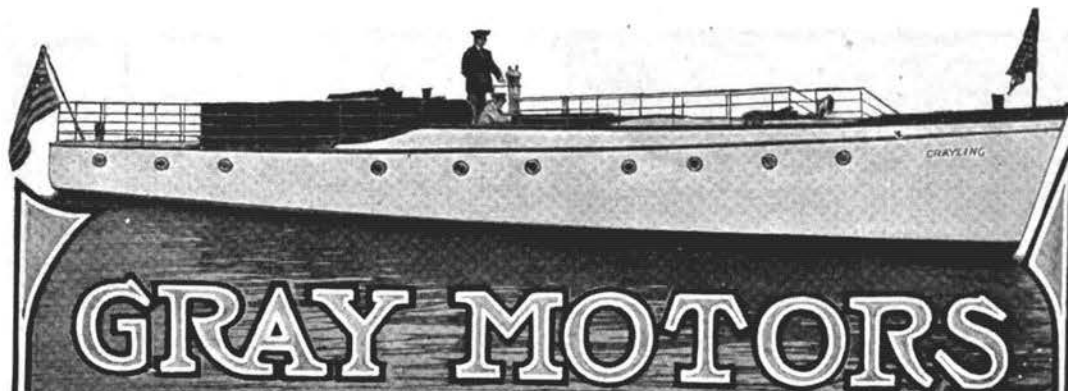
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IN the winter of 1861, when Zola was twenty-one, he played hide and seek with starvation. He caught sparrows from his attic windows and roasted them on a curtain rod, and for some time lived on stale bread dipped in oil. He was obliged to remain indoors for a whole week, with only a blanket over him, for his only clothes were in pawn.

The year after leaving school he got a place in a bookstore as packing clerk, and devoted every minute he could spare to writing. In 1866, he managed to devote his entire time to his loved specialty, and in his later years he built a house with towers, each one of which was named after one of his novels.



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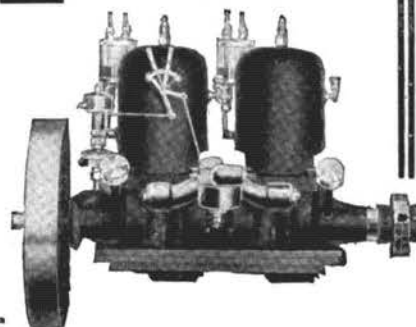


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THE EDITOR'S CHAT

A Panacea for All Ills

SAVAGES and primitive peoples have great faith in the fact that the Creator put into some barks, plants, and minerals remedies for every physical ill. But we are beginning to learn that man carries the *great panacea* for all ills within himself; that the antidotes for the worst poisons, the poisons of hatred and jealousy, exist in his own mind in the form of love, charity, and good will essences. We are beginning to learn the magical medicinal qualities of right thinking.

The cheerful, hopeful thought is itself a powerful remedy for a score of ills, such as the "blues," *melancholia*, and discouragement. Optimism is an antidote for some of the worst mental diseases.

Laughter has cured many a condition which would otherwise have resulted fatally. If persisted in, even mechanically, laughter will often work marvelous physical and mental changes.

Think how many ills hope and encouragement antidote! Kindness, and a helpful, inspiring mental attitude, have kept thousands of people out of insane asylums as well as out of prisons.

Some people are so terrified by the dread of poverty, or the fear of failure, that they are robbed of their ability to succeed by the wasting of their physical vitality, their mental energy, and by the killing of their enthusiasm.

On the other hand, confidence, self-assurance, and the tonic of hope, optimism, multiply a man's power a thousandfold.

Think how many human ills can be antidoted by the magical, medicinal power of love! It is a solvent for selfishness and greed, a destroyer of hatred, envy, and jealousy, of revenge, criminal intent, and a score of other mental and physical enemies.

Hold to optimistic ideals, and you will drive out pessimism, the great breeder of disease, failure, and misery. Stand porter at the door of your thought; be on your guard, and keep out all the enemies of your happiness and achievement as you would exclude thieves from your home, and you will be astonished at your entire change of thought within a few months. You will face life in a different way, and be able to protect yourself against everything that would injure you or hamper your progress.

The constant contemplation of the success thought, the thought of prosperity, of abundance as one's birthright, the claiming of all the good things of the world as ours by right, because we are part of the great creative principle of all things, because we are heirs of all that is good in the universe, will so change our mental attitude toward life that we will begin to be prosperous and failure will be impossible. The health thought, the constant affirmation of physical vigor, strength, and power, and great vitality, as the right of all the children of God, will tend to bring us into the realization of perfect physical harmony.

The habit of holding the thought of health as an everlasting fact, the thought of strength, vigor and robustness as a reality, will soon give us a consciousness of increasing power. We shall feel that we are being buttressed and supported by almighty principle, because our thoughts and sentiments are surcharged with life and truth, and are creative.

All thoughts which suggest weakness, failure, unhappiness, or poverty, are destructive, negative, tearing-down thoughts. They are our enemies. Brand them whenever they try to gain an entrance into your mind. Avoid them as you would thieves, for they are thieves of your comfort, thieves of harmony, thieves of power, thieves of happiness, thieves of success.

Every true, beautiful, and helpful thought is a suggestion which, if held in the mind, tends to reproduce itself there—clarifies the ideals and uplifts the life. While these inspiring and helpful suggestions fill the mind their opposites cannot put in their deadly work, because the two cannot live together. They are natural enemies. One excludes the other.

We shall learn after a while to distinguish the enemies of vigorous thinking, vigorous living, vigorous achievement, and to know that all envious thoughts, every bit of hatred or jealousy, or love of revenge, tends to poison the blood and to weaken the mental processes. We shall realize that purity of thought purifies the blood, clears the brain, adds greatly to the physical vitality, and is a constant mind and body refresher. I know a lady who has learned the enviable secret of

quickly refreshing her mind even in the most trying and exacting conditions. Knowing the power of mental images to renew the mind, she has made a study of her thought enemies and learned to eliminate all those which suggest dark, unfortunate images. She knows that those which bring beautiful, cheerful, uplifting, encouraging pictures are her friends.

By cherishing one and excluding the other, she freshens and clarifies her thought and rejuvenates her life at will. She can shut the door of her mind to her enemy images, those which depress and make her feel uncomfortable, and she can keep all the mental avenues open to the health-giving, inspiring images, to the life thoughts which build, reconstruct, recreate.

In the midst of great disappointments and sorrows which would overcome an untrained mind, this lady has been able to bear up, and, without losing her calm, sweet serenity, to maintain a hopeful poise, cheerful mental balance, and harmony of disposition.

Hard Work as a Medicine

GREAT responsibility seems to be a powerful health protector. People in very responsible positions are rarely sick. When a man feels that great results are depending on his personal effort, illness seems to keep away from him, as a rule, at least until he has accomplished his task.

It is well known that great singers, great actors, and lecturers are seldom sick during their busy season.

Hard work and great responsibility are the best kind of insurance against sickness. When the mind is fully employed, there does not seem to be much chance for disease to get in its work, for a busy, fully occupied mind is the best kind of safeguard against illness.

The fact is, the brain that is completely saturated with a great purpose, that is fully occupied, has little room for the great enemies of health and happiness—the doubt enemies, fear enemies, worry enemies.

Busy people do not have the time to think about themselves, to pity and coddle themselves every time they have a little ache or pain. There is a *great, imperious must* which forces them to proceed, whether they feel like it or not. The result is that they triumph over their little indispositions and crush out little ailments before they have a chance to grow into bigger ones. Fear is the great enemy of the unoccupied mind. The person who does not feel the pressure of his vocation has time to worry over the possibility of his getting the disease which may be prevalent at the time. But if every crevice of his mind is filled with his work, his resisting powers are not weakened by the fear of disease. In other words, the busy mind is in its normal condition.

The mind was constructed for work, and when it is idle all sorts of troubles begin. The fear enemies and worry enemies creep into the vacant mentality and work all sorts of havoc. Keep your mind busy. The occupied mind, the busy mind is the safe, the happy mind. It is a remarkable fact that when any one feels under great obligations to do a certain thing at a certain time, he generally manages to do it. Other things equal, the chances of such person being physically disqualified at a certain date are infinitely less than in the case of a person who has plenty of leisure. Mental activity is a great health preserver, a great life saver.

Exercise of mind and body seems to be the normal medicinal corrective of disease. It seems to be absolutely necessary for the preservation of robust health.

No function can be perfectly healthy, in a normal condition unless it is exercised. Work seems to be the great regulator of the human machine. Idleness has always and everywhere bred mischief. Vice and crime are engendered during idleness.

When a man is busy in some useful employment he is safe. He is protected from all sorts of temptations which injure him in idleness.

Like an unoccupied building in the country, or unused machinery, the idle brain deteriorates rapidly.

To Relieve the Ache in the Heart

WHAT terrible wrongs to oneself and others, what tragedies have been committed, even by honest people, in trying to relieve that terrible ache in the heart!

How many women have been led into indiscretions and fatal entangling alliances, in seeking comfort for the

heartache, and relief from the terrible pressure of monotony! Longing for affection, for society, they have been left practically alone for months and years by husbands who think that if a wife has enough to eat and to wear, and a comfortable home, she ought to be satisfied!

How many girls who have been misunderstood by their mothers, and boys who have been misunderstood by their fathers, and have failed to get the appreciation and the companionship which they longed for at home, have sought these, to their sorrow, among those who have taken advantage of them!

Every human being craves sympathy, companionship, change, and if these do not come in a natural, legitimate way, they often come in the other way.

There is nothing else more dangerous than a heart that is aching for legitimate pleasure and appreciation, that is bursting with pent-up passions, yearning for expression.

How many children go astray just because the parents do not understand these imperious demands of their natures! How quickly parents forget that they themselves once were children or youths!

Who could ever estimate the terrible tragedies that have come to people who have tried to relieve the ache in the heart, by drink and drugs and other forms of dissipation!

Things That Make Worry Impossible

GOOD, robust health is a great enemy of worry. A good digestion, a clear conscience, and sound sleep kill a lot of worry.

Worry is but one phase of fear, and always thrives best in abnormal conditions. It cannot get much of a hold on a man with a superb physique, a man who lives a clean, sane life. It thrives on the weak—those of low vitality.

It is not a very difficult thing to make worry impossible. Many people make it impossible for most kinds of disease to get a hold on them because they have such strong disease-resisting force. Disease always attacks us at our weak point.

The great desideratum is to keep one's physical, mental, and moral standards so high that disease germs, the worry germ, the anxious germ cannot gain a footing in our brain. Our resisting power ought to be so great that it would be impossible for our enemies to gain an entrance into the brain or body.

To keep ourselves perfectly free from our worry enemies, everything we do must be done sanely. No matter how honest we may be or how hard we may try to get on, if we are not sane in our eating, in our exercise, in our thinking, in our sleeping and living generally, we leave the door open to all sorts of trouble. There are a thousand enemies trying to find a door open by which they can gain entrance into our system and attack us at our vulnerable point.

Sticking to the Disagreeable Job

IT is the man who can stick to the disagreeable job, do it with energy and vim, the man who can force himself to do good work when he does not feel like doing it—in other words, the man who is master of himself, who has a great purpose, and who holds himself to his aim, whether it is agreeable or disagreeable, whether he feels like it or does not feel like it—that wins.

It is easy to do what is agreeable, to keep at the thing we like and are enthusiastic about; but it takes real grit to try to put our whole soul into that which is distasteful and against which our nature protests, but which we are compelled to do for the sake of others who would suffer if we did not do it.

To go every morning with a stout heart and an elastic step, with courage and enthusiasm, to work which we are not fitted for and were not intended to do, work against which our very natures protest, just because it is our duty, and to keep this up, year in and year out, require heroic qualities.

How to Get Poorer Quicker

WE HEAR a great deal about get-rich-quick schemes, but if you want to get poor quick, go into Wall Street without a level head or a lot of experience; play the races, take a flyer in the schemes you see advertised, in mines and oils and real estate.—Not that they are all bad, but most of them are not good.

Some time ago a New York man discharged a valuable employee because he played the races. When asked if he thought gambling wrong, he said:

"It is n't so much that, but I am convinced that a man who would make the loose, one-sided contract required by a bookmaker is not competent to take care of his own interests or those of anybody else."

Intoxicated with His Work

NOR long ago I asked a young man how he was getting along, and he said, "I am just intoxicated with work. I cannot get enough of it. I just ache every morning to get to my task, and I leave it with the same regret at night that a born artist lays down his brush when the twilight cuts him off."

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At \$ 8.00 per acre	Cash Pay't	1st yr's Int.	65.28 and nine installments of \$100.00
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10.00	239.70	81.62	200.00
11.00	287.60	89.78	220.00
12.00	335.50	97.96	240.00
13.00	383.40	106.10	260.00
14.00	431.30	114.32	280.00
15.00	479.20	122.44	300.00

Purchasers who do not undertake to reside on the land are required to pay one-sixth of the purchase money down, balance in five equal annual installments with interest at the rate of six per cent. per annum.

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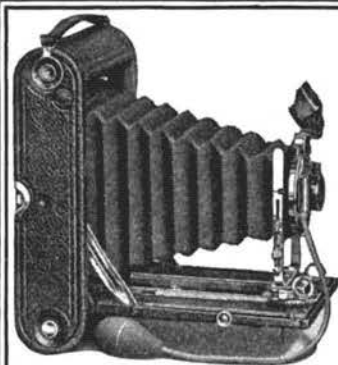
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GOOD AND

What the Investor Should
and Should Not Buy



BAD BONDS

By
CHARLES LEE SCOVIL

**We Are Telling
You about Bonds**

DURING the past few months SUCCESS MAGAZINE has received from its readers a large number of letters asking all kinds of questions concerning bonds. In the aggregate, the letters indicate that many persons will appreciate having made known to them just what kinds of bonds are recognized as constituting desirable investments, in their respective classes. This is perfectly natural

when we remember that the articles which have heretofore appeared in this magazine upon the subject of investments have had for their object two things; first, to point out the absolute folly of having any business relations whatever with the unscrupulous promoter or the irresponsible dealer; second, to explain, somewhat in detail and along elementary lines, various forms of investments, and, in connection therewith, the safeguards with which every individual should surround his surplus funds at all times and under all circumstances.

The good results accomplished by this work are proved by the fact that the letters most recently received have had considerably less to do with inquiries concerning practically worthless stocks, and much more to do with questions relating to securities that possess, to a greater or less degree, the qualities which mark them to be worthy of consideration by the individual investor. This is saying a great deal, in view of the fact that these letters are written by readers located in all sections of this country.

It is because of these things that this article will have much to do with the specific mention of bonds, the idea being that to point out a few of the well-known bonds listed upon the New York Stock Exchange will not only be of interest to many readers, but should also be of value to practically all persons having money for investment, in that it should afford them a basis to work upon in making their selections.

The writer explained in the June (1907) number of SUCCESS MAGAZINE the various forms of bonds: namely, coupon bonds, bonds registered as to principal, and bonds registered both as to principal and interest. As then stated, the vast majority of bonds are issued in coupon form of \$1,000 each; the coupons being attached to the bonds and representing the semi-annual interest.

THE prices at which bonds are quoted are based upon a percentage of their par value. Thus, if a bond is quoted at, say, 97, its cost is 97 per cent. of the par value of \$1,000, or \$970; if at 75, \$750, and so on. A "point" represents \$10; in other words, if a bond selling at 97 (\$970) advances to 98 (\$980) it has appreciated in price one point, or one per cent. It matters not whether a bond sells in excess of or below its par value, the owner receives the full amount of interest called for by the coupons. The commission charge for executing an order for a \$1,000 bond upon the New York Stock Exchange is one-eighth of one per cent. of its par value, or \$1.25.

The basis upon which a bond sells, or its yield to the buyer, is found by adding to its fixed annual interest rate the difference between its cost price and its par value distributed over the number of years it has to run. We will cite as an illustration a \$1,000, par value, 4 per cent. bond maturing in thirty years and selling at 90, or \$900. We must assume, as is always done in figuring the basis or yield upon bonds, that the buyer retains the bond till maturity. It is obvious that, in addition to the 4 per cent. annual interest, the buyer will receive for the bond at maturity \$1,000, or \$100 more than its original cost to him. This \$100 appreciation in principal, distributed over the thirty-year period and added to the 4 per cent. annual interest, makes the bond yield about 4.60 per cent., which is, therefore, the basis upon which it sells. If a bond such as I am illustrating cost 105, instead of 90, the yield to the buyer would be less than the 4 per cent. annual interest, or only about 3.70 per cent. This is explained by the fact that the buyer would receive at maturity only \$1,000 for a bond originally costing him \$1,050, representing a depreciation in his principal of \$50. Therefore, if he wanted to keep his principal intact, he would have to set aside each year the difference between the amount that the bond yields at its cost price and the annual interest which it pays him; in other words, the difference between 4 per cent. and 3.70 per cent.

In figuring the yield or basis upon bonds, investment bankers use what are known as "Bond Values." The accuracy of the figures given in these tables is never questioned, and they are constantly referred to and always accepted as authoritative. They are the Dunns and Bradstreets of the world of bonds.

IN VIEW of the foregoing explanations, the following tables should be perfectly clear to the reader. It is to be emphasized, however, that the writer is not recommending the purchase of these bonds in preference to any others. As before stated, they are referred to simply because they happen to be the bonds selected to indicate to the reader a representative list, and, as applied to each class, there are any number of other bonds listed upon the New York Stock Exchange which might just as well have been chosen.

	High price since Jan 1, 1900	Price at time of writing about	Yield about
High-grade Bonds:			
Atch., Top. & S. Fe Gen'l 4s.....	104½	99½	4.10%
Baltimore & Ohio 1st 4s.....	105	99½	4.05%
Chic., Burl. & Quincy, Ill. Div. 4s.....	106½	99½	4.00%
C., C. & St. Louis Gen'l 4s.....	105½	97	4.15%
Louis. & Nash. Unif'd 4s.....	104½	98½	4.10%
Mo., Kan. & Texas 1st 4s.....	103	96	4.15%
Northern Pacific 1st 4s.....	106½	100½	4.00%
Reading Gen'l 4s.....	102½	95½	4.20%
Union Pacific 1st 4s.....	106½	100	4.00%
Conservative Bonds:			
Atch., Top. & S. Fe Adj. 4s.....	97	86	4.65%
Chesapeake & Ohio Gen'l 4½s.....	109	101	4.50%
Chic., Burl. & Q. Gtd. Joint 4s.....	101½	96½	4.35%
Chic., R. I. & Pac. 1st and Refd. 4s.....	97	86½	5.00%
Colorado & Southern 1st 4s.....	96½	88½	5.05%
Delaware & Hudson Conv. 4s.....	112½	98	4.35%
New York Cen., Lake Sh. Coll. 3½s.....	93	80½	4.40%
New York Cen., Mich. Cen. Coll. 3½s.....	92½	80	4.45%
Lake Shore Deb. 4s, 1913 (Listed in 1907)	97½	92½	4.55%
Ore. Short Line Gtd. Refd. 4s.....	97½	88½	4.85%
Rio Grande Western 1st 4s.....	100	89	4.70%
So. Pac. R. R. 1st and Refd. Gtd. 4s.....	97½	91½	4.45%
Business Men's Bonds:			
Atch., Top. & S. Fe Conv. 5s (Listed in 1907)	97½	97½	5.50%
Chic., R. I. & Pacific R. R. Coll. 4s.....	81½	60½	6.40%
Colo. & So. Refd. and Extn. 4½s.....	95	75½	6.20%
Kan. City, Ft. Set. & Memp. Refd. 4s.....	87½	72½	6.05%
Mo., Kan. & Texas Gen'l 4½s.....	90½	76½	6.35%
Norfolk & Western Conv. 4s (Listed in 1907)	101	82½	5.35%
Pennsylvania Conv. 3½s, 1915.....	101	90½	5.20%
St. Lo., Ir. Mt. & So. Unif. & Refd. 4s.....	94	75½	6.00%
St. Louis & San Francisco Refd. 4s.....	88	74	6.10%
Toledo, St. Louis & Western 4s.....	84½	71	6.00%
Union Pacific Conv. 4s (Listed in 1907)	101	86½	5.10%
U. S. Steel Corp. 2d Mtg. S. F. 5s.....	101½	88½	5.85%
Western Maryland 1st 4s.....	88½	65	6.00%

SOME of the bonds referred to above as being representative of "high-grade bonds" are legal investments for the deposits of savings banks in various states. As is well known, some states have no laws restricting

Their Relation to Our Savings Banks

savings banks as to the investments in which they can employ their deposits. In other states the laws are not especially restrictive. But in many of the states the laws are most rigid, more particularly in the Eastern States, such as New York, Massachusetts, Connecticut, New Jersey, etc. For example, in New York State savings banks are allowed to invest only 25 per cent. of their assets in carefully restricted railroad bonds. For one thing, they can purchase only the first mortgage bonds of railroad corporations that have not failed for five years to uninterruptedly and punctually pay the interest upon all mortgage indebtedness, and, in addition, at least 4 per cent per annum for from five to ten years, as the case may be, upon all outstanding capital stocks up to the date of the purchase of the bonds. Moreover, during the entire five or ten years, the amount of such outstanding capital stocks must have been equal to at least one third of the entire mortgage indebtedness of the railroads. The reason I cite this is simply to illustrate, in a very general way, the careful restrictions under which savings banks operating in a state like New York are compelled by law to safeguard their deposits, and I omit making reference herein to the many other features which a bond must possess before it can become a legal investment for such funds.

The first mortgage 4 per cent. bonds of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad are legal investments for savings banks in Maine, Missouri, and New Hampshire; the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy (Illinois Division) first mortgage 4 per cent. bonds for New York, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Minnesota, Missouri, Maine, New Hampshire, and New Jersey; the Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago, and St. Louis Railway general mortgage 4 per cent. bonds in New Hampshire; the Louisville and Nashville Railroad unified mortgage 4 per cent. bonds in New York, Connecticut, and New Hampshire; the Northern Pacific Railway prior lien and land grant 4 per cent. bonds in Missouri, Maine, Minnesota, New Hampshire, and New Jersey; the Missouri, Kansas, and Texas Railway first mortgage 4 per cent. bonds in Maine, Minnesota, and Missouri; and the Union Pacific Railroad first mortgage 4 per cent. bonds in Maine, Minnesota, Missouri, and New Hampshire.

THE list of bonds designated as "conservative bonds" are generally recognized as being typical of those suitable



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The Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Railway first and refunding mortgage 4 per cent. bonds, shown in this list, are a legal investment for savings banks in the states of New York, Connecticut, Maine, Missouri, Minnesota, New Hampshire, and New Jersey.

As related to the bonds designated as "business men's bonds," it is advisable to communicate with responsible investment firms before purchases are made. The reason for this is, excepting in special cases, such bonds should not be purchased by others than business men, or by persons who can afford to forego some degree of security for the probability of large appreciation in their principal. It is generally believed that properly selected bonds of this type should show, within the next few years, a reasonably large advance over the prices now ruling.

It should be borne in mind that there are many other kinds of bonds now selling at prices considerably below those ruling prior to the 1907 panic; such, for instance, as municipal bonds, public utility corporation bonds, industrial bonds, etc.

However, in order not to confuse the reader, it seems to be better to write at some future time a special article concerning such issues.

As applied to each and every class of bonds, I wish to state that the desirable issues are those which, judged by all known standards, are safe and secure, both as to principal and interest, and possess, at the same time, every reasonable promise of appreciating in price in ratio to the growth and development of the properties upon which they are secured. Unlike stocks, sound bonds do not ordinarily suffer very great declines in prices. Because they are investments, they are more stable. It is only during periods of severe panic, when money is sorely needed on every hand, and some part, at least, of everything that commands a free market is forced for sale, that investment bonds, as a class, sell at what can properly be termed "bargain prices." Such conditions, however, are almost invariably followed, sooner or later, by a restoration of normal rates for money, and if the outlook in the general business world remains uncertain, many people then employ their capital through the purchase of bonds, which naturally causes advancing prices.

IN VIEW of this fact, and taking into account the situation as it exists to-day, too much emphasis cannot be laid upon the fact that persons purchasing at this time any other than the very best bonds, in their respective

Be Careful about
Your Purchases
To-day

classes, are almost certain to find that they have made a serious mistake. One can, perhaps, understand how an investor may be led astray when good bonds are selling at prices to yield only a low rate of income, for it is then that the dishonest dealer and the unscrupulous promoter ensnare the unsuspecting individual through the promise of giving him stocks or bonds that will yield an excessive return, afford him quick profits, and many other things impossible of accomplishment. It is a great pity that such things are possible at any time. But the fact is that there is no limit to the ingenious methods employed by certain classes of men to conceal the pitfalls laid by them in their efforts to trap the individual who has failed to properly inform himself upon the subject of investments.

There is absolutely no reason why the readers of this magazine should become the victims of any such men to-day. Bargains of all kinds, and especially among the best classes of bonds, are believed to be obtainable on every hand. If any discriminations are to be made by investors it is the consensus of opinion that they should be in favor of the bonds of railroads, municipalities, and public utility corporations. The reason for this is, that if we are at the beginning of a depression in the industrial world, no matter how intrinsically sound the bonds of industrial corporations may be, it is not unlikely that many of them may be purchased later on at cheaper prices, owing to the smaller volume of business transacted during such periods and the consequent falling off of earnings.

In this connection, it is important for the investor to keep in mind that railroads do a diversified business. For example, they carry passengers, United States mail, grain, lumber, agricultural products and implements, and all classes of commodities; whereas, industrial corporations are usually dependent upon the particular line of industry they may be engaged in, and any decline in the demand for their output, or conditions bringing about lower prices, have their effect upon the earnings. On the other hand, public utility corporations, especially street railways, are even less subject to adverse conditions in the general business world than are the railroads.

Such corporations are dependent, almost exclusively, upon the growth of the communities which they serve, and when bonds of this class are secured upon the properties of companies operating in the larger and steadily growing cities, and possessing franchises which are fair and reasonable, their intrinsic investment value rests more especially upon honest and efficient management than any other one thing.

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SO FAR as the selection of investments is concerned, I wish to emphasize a feature overlooked by many persons; that is, the great importance of approaching an investment firm in a receptive frame of mind. While a man should always feel free to state any preference he may have for certain forms of investments, it is generally a fact that in the long run he profits by taking advantage of the valuable assistance which his banker is in a position to render him. We all know by experience that in this life it is absolutely necessary to continually trust people, and this is especially true as applied to those upon whom most persons must rely, to a greater or less extent, for counsel and advice relating to financial matters. The reputable investment bankers of New York, as well as those located in other large cities, always command the respect and confidence of their clients. Until recently, practically all of these firms have felt it to be beneath the dignity of their profession, so to speak, to make known in a public way the important functions they fulfill. They have always felt that their integrity is taken for granted, which it unquestionably is by those familiar with their business principles. The trouble is that this feeling has been taken advantage of by that element in "Wall Street" that gets its livelihood by the promulgation of deceitful literature relating to so-called investments, and has led many thousands of people to judge the reputable firms by the treatment received at the hands of the perpetrators of these dishonest schemes. Under the circumstances, it is not surprising that many of the responsible firms are now taking advantage of every available means to rectify this false impression. The wonder is that it was not taken in hand years ago.

Those readers who are interested in the subject of investments need not hesitate to get in close touch with the responsible investment houses. Most all of these firms are in a position to give the individual such detailed information as he may require in the selection of his investments, and even with respect to the bonds mentioned in this article, the facts relating to them should be sought from this source. In this connection, it is always advisable for the individual to ask any questions which may arise in his mind, so that he may know that he is buying exactly what he most desires. At the same time, it is a matter of personal knowledge with the writer that there is nothing more difficult for an investment firm than to try to serve a person who knows nothing about securities, and yet perhaps fancies some particular investment because some friend may have spoken to him about it, and not because he himself has any knowledge concerning its intrinsic value. Or he may have a totally unwarranted prejudice against some certain class of securities, in which case he sometimes makes the mistake of refusing to listen to the expert opinion of his banker, and thus fails to reap the benefit of the special study which has doubtless been given the subject by the firm whose advice he seeks.

On the other hand, if a person has a well-founded knowledge of a certain class of securities, and prefers, for that reason, to restrict his purchases to them, he will find that his banker will lend him every assistance in selecting the best investments of the character desired. But there are investors, almost without number, who, by purchasing securities which their bankers felt reasonably certain were possessed of qualities that must eventually cause them to appreciate in value, have not only saved many dollars, but have also had substantial profits diverted into their pockets. A common instance, which illustrates this point, is where an investor has in mind the purchase of some bond that is to mature in a few years, and desires to buy it, even though it sells slightly above its par value, simply because it may happen to yield a good rate of income.

In fact, it is the income that attracts him, and, if the safety of the security is unquestioned, he considers that he has a desirable investment, notwithstanding that his bond will shortly mature and be paid off at its par value. It is obvious that under the conditions now prevailing, the buyer of short-time bonds is likely to be actually robbing himself of the opportunity to make long-time investments at what are believed to be bargain prices. In other words, if he buys short-time bonds, the probabilities are that when they mature he will not be able to reinvest his money at anywhere near the relatively low figures now prevailing. Therefore, in the present state of the bond market, excepting in special cases, it seems to be wise for investors to display a preference for long-time bonds.

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DO NOT IRON LACE. After washing it, press it in books or stretch on cardboard.—CARRIE M.

* * *

TO AVOID "WHISKERS" appearing on the edge of embroidery after repeated visits to the laundry, try buttonholing the edge a second time, with a short, fine stitch.—ELINOR BRANCH.

* * *

WHEN DOING UP FINE LACES do not use starch, but, in the last rinsing water, dissolve a little fine white sugar.—SUSAN M.

* * *

GRAPE STAINS ON NAPKINS AND TABLECLOTHS will come out if treated with a solution of oxalic acid, that is allowed to act for a short time only, to prevent eating a hole in material, and neutralized with ammonia before rinsing.—A. E. PERKINS, M. D.

* * *

WHEN I HANG SHEETS TO DRY, I fold them together and hang the hems over the line. It saves wear on them, especially when the wind is boisterous.—M. SHELDON.

* * *

WHEN I IRON TABLECLOTHS, especially long ones, I keep near me a round pole, a little longer than the cloth is wide, and about three inches in diameter. I roll the part that is ironed around the pole, thus keeping it out of my way without wrinkling it. Lay it away on the pole, then when you are ready to use the cloth there are no creases in it as when folded.—MARY E. MCCURDY.

* * *

WE HAD TROUBLE WITH THE WRINGER slipping on the stone laundry tubs until one day we tried putting two folded rubbers from fruit jars between the clamp and the tub. It worked like magic and the wringer remains firm as a rock. Probably washers such as plumbers use would answer the same purpose, and would not seem so much like a makeshift.—M. G.

* * *

I HAD RUINED CURTAINS by stretching and pinning them to the floor, so I tried this plan: I starched one at a time and hung it over the clothesline, shaking and stretching it until dry. With a warm iron I pressed the edges. They never looked so well; there were no new tears in them, and they hung beautifully.—Mrs. O. H. P.

* * *

TO HEAT FLATIRONS WITH LITTLE FUEL, set a large pan—one with a handle, so it can come over the edge of the stove—above the irons. Half the regular amount of fuel will keep them at a regular heat, whether you are using coal, oil, gas, or range fuel.—Mrs. M. CAMPBELL.

* * *

I THOUGHT A WHITE JAPANESE silk dress was ruined by being spotted with axle grease. I put the spots to soak in kerosene and they all came out. Grass stains and other spots which will not yield to soap can often be removed by rubbing them with kerosene.—Mrs. W. M. C.

* * *

EACH HOUSEKEEPER SHOULD OWN A LAUNDRY BAG for the soiled table linen, towels, and aprons, and keep it in the kitchen, for it saves many steps. I have mine hanging on the knob of a door that is always open. The bag hangs on the side next the wall where it cannot be seen.—Mrs. T. H. WHALER.

* * *

INSTEAD OF USING CLEAR WATER for the last water in washing flannels, I find the addition of a little soap makes them as soft as can be. When dry, there is no odor of soap.—C. E. F.

* * *

SINCE USING AMMONIA in my washing, I never have to bother to remove stains. I soak the clothes over night, then wash in water to which has been added three tablespoonfuls of turpentine and three of ammonia. Soap the clothes well as they are put into this. Rub and boil as usual with a tablespoonful of ammonia to the boiler of water. Rinse well, and they will be wonderfully white and you will find that all stains have disappeared.—THORS S.



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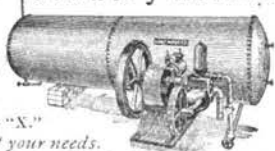
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Going to the Theater by Proxy

By LILIAN BELL



IN this unpatriotic day and generation, to my surprise I find that some persons are prejudiced against a play like "The Grand Army Man," dealing with old soldiers, while many of the youngest attendants at the theater are indifferent to it. To me there is no more pathetic figure left than that of the old soldier—the Grand Army man, living in another age, with other recollections, other interests, other memories, worn, with bent figure, sometimes lame, sometimes with an empty sleeve mutely testifying that he had offered his all to his country in the time of her greatest need.

It is not hard to imagine that David Warfield, with his simple genius and his deep sense of pathos and human nature, with the tremulous line between laughter and tears which is his greatest asset as an actor, should be the one of all others on the American stage to bring before us in its widest, most pathetic, most lovable light, the Grand Army man whom most of us still love and reverence. Your heart goes out to him from the first moment when he sits down before you to blacken his old-fashioned boots, thick-soled and clumsy, to the last moment when the curtain falls upon the completed history.

THE story, briefly, is this: Wes'

Bigelow, the Grand Army man, is a bachelor who has adopted the son of the woman he once loved, whose husband was a comrade-in-arms who died upon the battlefield. In bringing up this lad, Robert, Wes' is assisted by his elderly housekeeper, Letitia, excellently played by Marie Bates. Between the two the boy is, of course, spoiled. Like many another boy, he is a combination of weakness and ambition, full of inventive ideas by which he expects to "get rich quick" and surprise the neighbors, and so pampered by his foster parents that he is utterly unprepared to resist temptation when it shall come his way. A stronger warning and a more pointed lesson to parents has never been told upon the stage than that spread before us in the temptation, downfall, punishment, and disgrace of this boy, Robert. Yet those familiar with the tears-and-smiles art of David Warfield will not be surprised when I say that just here occurs one of the funniest scenes I have ever seen in any play—where Letitia and Wes', each feeling somewhat conscience-stricken in regard to the palpable spoiling of Robert, begin to quarrel with each other as to which is the more to blame.

Letitia, when she says her say, goes out, slamming the door behind her; but Wes', with the half-blackened boot upon his left arm and the blacking brush in his right hand, marches around the stage quarreling with Letitia, who can neither see nor hear him. Unconsciously, he makes up the defense he imagines she would offer were she present, and growls and quarrels with her to himself, even going so far as to open the door and look after her, to see if by any possibility she can hear what he has to say. Many were the ribs nudged in the audience as this familiar bit of home life was portrayed upon the stage in Warfield's inimitable way.

Robert falls in love with the daughter of a rich man of the town—a hard, unscrupulous, grinding political judge, between whom and Wes' Bigelow there is the natural antagonism which always exists between dishonesty and sterling integrity. One of the most touching scenes of the play is where Wes' and Letitia open the desk in which Robert has hidden the love letters he has written to this girl, Hallie, but which he had never dared to send. With the over-anxiety

in the bank, but on the way Robert is met by a young rascal of a broker from New York, who persuades him to invest the entire sum in a "sure thing in stocks." Of course, the money is lost, and Robert, afraid to face Wes', allows his secret to be wormed from him by the sympathetic Hallie, who promises to help him. She has some money of her own, inherited from her mother. She goes to her father and asks him for this sum, but her father happens to recollect that it is the exact amount which, only a few hours before, Wes' had boasted to him that Robert had successfully placed in the bank. Instantly putting two and two together, he accuses Hallie of knowing Robert's crime, and, despite the girl's pleadings, furiously proclaims his intention of hounding the boy into a prisoner's cell.

Then comes the night of the dedication of the new hall, with everybody there except the guilty Robert. Never was there a more faithful representation of the typical little Grand Army hall, redolent of paint and varnish, bare and unlovely to the unsympathetic eye, but sacred to the veterans and the Woman's Relief Corps, as a shrine for the tattered battle flags, the army relics made holy by poignant recollections and by the losses and heroism each had shared.

TEARS pour down the faces of many in the audience who have never sustained losses nor shared these patriotic recollections, because the note sounded on the stage in this scene is honest, sincere, unaffected, and truthful. When the blind veteran is led over to the glass case and the torn battle flag of his regiment is placed in his trembling, gnarled, rheumatic old hands, for him to feel its sacred wounds, there are few dry eyes in the house. In the midst of the serving of the lemonade by the Woman's Relief Corps, the romping of children through the halls, the noise of fife and drum, as the neighboring post—consisting of only four or five—is rapturously welcomed, the accusation against Robert comes like a thunderbolt to his foster father.

The terrible scene in which Wes' accuses the boy, the tense moment in which Wes' takes a rawhide and strikes Robert one frightful blow—then, overcome by the recollection of whose son he is, gathers the boy back into his kind old arms, and, amid heartbroken sobs, promises to stand by him, brings the lesson home to every heart. Then comes the terrible scene in the court room, where Robert's trial is going on. Hallie has come out openly against her father, the presiding judge, and has arrayed herself in public with Letitia and Wes'. Wes' has succeeded, by dint of almost getting down on his knees to his friends, in collecting the entire sum stolen—down to the last penny. This money he brings into the court room in his hat, and spreads out upon the table. But the drunken post treasurer, a tool of the judge, persists in pressing home the charge, and the boy is sentenced.



DAVID WARFIELD,
In "A Grand Army Man"



JOHN MASON,
In "The Witching Hour"

AT THIS point comes the great moment of Warfield's acting, and he rises, beseeching and pleading with judge, jury, and spectators; finally, as the boy is led away, he sinks into his chair, and it almost seems that his figure shrinks; his face turns gray and becomes lined, until we see before us the collapse of hope and ambition and endeavor—a life completely wrecked.

It is here that the cleverness of the authors is brought out most keenly. Many would have yielded to the temptation to have a pretty ending, regardless of the eternal verities, and have managed to get Robert off without the shame of a term in jail, in order to cater to the box office; but truth having prevailed in this instance, and Robert having gone to jail in the play, as he doubtless would have been obliged to do in real life, it is but fair to say, for the credit of the theater-going public, that the box office does not suffer.

The last act is short and touching. In it is portrayed the patient, dreary waiting, night after night, day after day, of Letitia and Wes' for Robert's sentence to be served; and finally he comes creeping home on New Year's Eve, with his term shortened by good behavior. The three, Letitia, Wes', and Hallie, who have loved him through it all, are waiting for him in the twilight.

* * *

THE other play which is sharing the interest of the better class of theater-goers is, as I have said, "The Witching Hour," in which Augustus Thomas has reached high-water mark. He has given us a play on unusual lines, having the unusual attribute of compelling people to think. It is along the lines of hypnotism, will power, and re-aroused ambition.

The story is of Jack Brookfield, a gambler, of Louisville, whose skill at cards has enabled him to build a beautiful and expensive house, where he lived with his sister and niece, conducting a private gambling establishment until rumors of his profession drove them from beneath its roof.

Brookfield possesses hypnotic power, although he does not know it until he is told by Judge Prentice, a Supreme Court judge, that he undoubtedly possesses the gift. Brookfield had early loved a woman who would not marry him on account of his gambling; instead, she married another man, and, when the play opens, she has returned to Louisville, a widow—Mrs. Whipple—with a grown son, named Clay.

* * *

CLAY has fallen in love with Brookfield's niece, Viola. To complicate matters, the assistant district attorney, Hardmuth, has also fallen in love with Viola, but, because Brookfield knows Hardmuth to be a gambler and criminal—although he is as yet undiscovered—Brookfield refuses his consent and opposes his suit, to Hardmuth's incredulity and indignation, because Hardmuth is one of the *habitués* of Brookfield's house.

Suggestions of Brookfield's unconscious hypnotic power are given all through the play for the benefit of the audience, although none of the other characters suspects his power. Suddenly, with but little warning, there is a scene in which a drunken companion—Tom Denning—forces Clay to look at a cat's-eye scarf pin against his will. Now, since birth, Clay has feared and hated the cat's-eye jewel, and, before he knows it, he has seized a heavy ivory paper-cutter and struck his tormentor on the temple, killing him instantly.

Naturally, this is Hardmuth's opportunity to hound his successful rival to the disgrace which awaits him; and here Brookfield's reformation unconsciously begins.

* * *

IN AN earlier scene between himself and Mrs. Whipple, she has given him to understand that his gambling and his general moral irresponsibility still prevent her from permitting her love for him to assert itself; so that the hope of eventually winning her, as well as the increased self-respect he obtains from Judge Prentice's assertion that he possesses unusual power to influence his fellow men, have combined to cause him at least to lift up his head and take a survey of the field. The tragedy of Viola's lover becoming a murderer further steadies him, and from this point on his rehabilitation progresses steadily.

The play is admirably cast and acted. All through are exquisite scenes, bringing out the characteristics of the different players. In the scene where Mrs. Whipple and Viola and Brookfield, after the first trial of Clay has miscarried and been appealed to the Supreme Court, visit Judge Prentice in Washington, and, by a letter, bring back to the judge's recollection that he once fought a duel for Mrs. Whipple's mother, when she was a girl, about a cat's-eye (thus introducing fresh evidence that Clay inherited, through two generations, a hatred for this particular jewel), John Mason's silent acting, showing the art of his repression, his sympathy expressed only in his mobile face and in his quiet actions, proves his right to be considered among the really strong actors of the American stage. He has little to say and little to do. The center of the stage is occupied by Mrs. Whipple and Judge Prentice, yet it is Mr. Mason who dominates the scene, after all.

* * *

THE climax, psychic as well as dramatic, of the play is worked up with great strength in the third act. Brookfield is represented as deliberately bringing his will power to bear upon a juror of whom he is uncertain, when Judge Prentice quietly advises him to give to the

[Continued on page 170]



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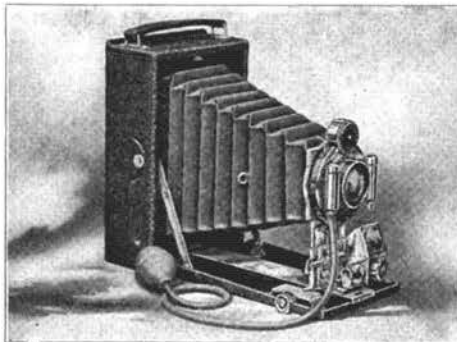
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WHEN A RECIPE CALLS FOR SUGAR AND FLOUR, instead of moistening the flour with water or milk, stir flour and sugar together in the dry state. Then no lumps will be seen.—E. W.

IF YOU HAVE A MARBLE TOP from an old table, carry it to the pantry, and see in how many ways it can be made useful. Beef can be pounded on it, bread cut and pastry rolled on it, and it is easily cleaned.—E. W.

CUT STOUT WRAPPING PAPER into small leaves, make a hole through them and hang on a nail. When tempted to set a black kettle on a table, lay down a paper first. You will be surprised at the many ways in which the leaves will be found useful. To save one's skirts, when getting down to wipe a floor, spread out a heavy paper and kneel on that.—E. W.

IF ONE CANNOT AFFORD MUCH CREAM when making ice cream, a small quantity will go farther and be richer if whipped or scalded. In summer, milk sherbet, made with lemons and gelatine, is inexpensive, very delicious, and a refreshing substitute for cream.—A. E. PERKINS.

MUCH CAN BE DONE AT NIGHT in preparation for breakfast. For instance, if baked potatoes are to be included in the menu, wash them; and sift flour or meal for muffins.—A. E. PERKINS.

WHEN WE BAKE APPLES in the usual way, after coring and putting in sugar and water, the juice runs into the dish and is burned or wasted, as it naturally will not stay in the hole. After coring, cut the apple in two, and make the center of the trench in the apple deeper; fill it with sugar, laying the cut half of each one upwards.—A. E. PERKINS.

TO ECONOMIZE STOVE SPACE when making rice soup, I place a cup containing the rice in the soup kettle. It serves the purpose of a double boiler. It also prevents scorching or the soup boiling over, the latter generally being caused by the addition of rice.—Mrs. B.

TO KEEP CHEESE MOIST, wrap it in a soft cloth wrung out of vinegar, and keep in an earthen jar, with the cover slightly raised.—F. B. C.

TO CLEAN LETTUCE is often a nuisance, because of tiny green insects or their eggs in it. Turn on the cold water faucet slightly, put your thumb against it so the stream squirts with force, and hold each leaf, with the broad end in the hand, under the water for a few seconds. Rinse, and it is ready for the table.—F. B. C.

IN THE COOKING DEPARTMENTS of women's magazines, I find one class of housekeepers completely ignored, perhaps unwittingly. It comprises the millions who inhabit lofty plateaus and mountains. Perhaps lowland women do not know that we who come to these high altitudes (Telluride, Colorado) have to learn all over again how to cook. I have seen hundreds of recipes in cookbooks and magazines that would fail altogether here. For instance—I have boiled potatoes in Ohio (near the sea level) in twenty-five minutes. In Denver, at an altitude of five thousand feet, it takes thirty-five minutes. In Leadville, Colorado, at ten thousand feet, forty-five minutes. This is because of water boiling at a lower temperature in high altitudes. Where I now live, at an altitude of nine thousand feet, I boil potatoes nearly an hour in water merely at the boiling point, and find they are not tender, so the water must be much hotter than at the

boiling point to cook them. Other vegetables must be cooked longer. It is impossible to cook until tender some of the garden peas that are on sale here in the summer, and we have to depend almost wholly on factory canned peas.

A woman must learn over again to bake cake if she has just come from a low altitude. No Eastern cookbook can be depended upon. The ladies of this town have published a cookbook of their own reliable recipes. It is eagerly bought by newcomers from low altitudes. In baking cake, you must use more flour and less shortening.—F. M.

NOTHING ELSE SWEETENS VESSELS in which milk has been kept so well as a solution of baking soda and hot water, in the proportion of a level teaspoonful to a quart of warm water. Let the solution stand in the vessels long enough to get cold. Pudding dishes or pots and pans which have been burned are easily cleaned this way.—M. H.

IF THE REFRIGERATOR IS STORED AWAY and the cellar is warm from the heating plant there, an excellent way to keep lettuce crisp and tender, is to wrap each head separately in a piece of old linen, wet in cold water. Moisten the linen every day, and you can keep lettuce for two weeks. The inner leaves will be yellow and crisp, and there will be no wasting of outer leaves.—M. H.

SOMETIMES IT IS IMPOSSIBLE to obtain sour milk for a favorite dish. A mountain mine cook told me his method of obtaining sour milk was to dilute condensed milk, which is invariably used at the mines, until it was like ordinary skimmed milk. Then he added a little sugar, and kept it in a warm place until it soured, even clabbered.—E. E. S.

WHEN USING LEMONS in a way that does not call for the rind, I pare off the yellow portion carefully, put it through the meat chopper with the finest plate, and spread it out to dry. Then I put into a corked bottle, and it frequently saves grating peel when one is in a hurry, or makes a pleasant flavoring when a fresh lemon is not at hand.—E. E. S.

WASH AND SLICE TEN STALKS of rhubarb, cut and core three medium-sized apples, then stew apples and rhubarb together. Hang up in a jelly bag. For every pint of juice take a pint of sugar; boil till it jellies and pour into tumblers.—Mrs. M. N. B.

WHEN USING EGGS, break away just enough of the smaller end of the shell to remove the contents. After washing the shells carefully, put them away until jelly-making time. Fill with jelly, and paste paper over the broken end. This is a nice way for one to carry jelly when he takes his lunch down-town.—Mrs. G. T. HENDERSON.

IF YOU CUT CHEESE in long strips and put in a glass fruit jar, screwing the lid on tight, it will keep fresh till the last bit is used. It can be kept in the ice box in this way without harming other food.—THORA S.

WHEN I USE ORANGES OR LEMONS, if the rind is fresh and wholesome, I pare it thin, so as to get none of the bitter white inner skin, and put it in a glass jar of granulated sugar. When the sugar has absorbed enough oil of the fruit skin to make it moist, it is ready to use for flavoring cakes, puddings, etc. The bits of rind give a delicious flavor to pudding sauces.—LOUISE OLIVEREAU.

NEW and original hints and suggestions are wanted for this department. Hereafter no recipes will be accepted. Only useful, practical matter that will add to the art of kitchen work will be considered. Items accepted will be paid for. Address: ISABEL GORDON CURTIS, Home Department, SUCCESS MAGAZINE, New York City.



PIN MONEY PAPERS

The Items for This Department Are Supplied by Our Readers. They Are Paid for at the Rate of One Cent a Word

TO SEW WHALEBONE in a waist, burn a hole in the ends of each piece, using a red-hot hairpin. Then stitch through the holes.—MRS. CHARLES M.

TAKE COTTON BLANKETS that have worn too thin for constant use, dye any color you desire, and use them for linings when you make winter quilts.—MRS. AGNES TIMMONS.

IF YOUR SEWING ROOM has a rug on the floor, turn it wrong side up. When through sewing gather it up and shake it out at the window. This saves sweeping.—HELEN.

WHEN DARNING LONG "RUN-AWAYS" in stocking legs, use a small embroidery ring, or hoop, which is a great improvement on the darning ball. I also use this for darning underwear.—HELEN.

SAVE ALL TRIMMINGS from the uneven ends of new table linen. Nothing else darns the thin places or a cut in a tablecloth so nicely, and it shows much less than when darned with cotton.—CLARA C. A.

WHEN CHEAP SEAMLESS GRAIN SACKS are slightly worn they make good kitchen towels. Cut lengthwise, and hem them on overcast the sides. One sack will make two towels. They can be bleached until white and are easily washed.—C. G.

I WASHED AND BOILED a green-and-white organdie skirt which was too faded to be worn longer. It became perfectly white, and, with the addition of lace and insertion saved from another dress, I made a tucked shirt-waist that looked new.—MRS. E. R. HART.

MY BOYS WEAR ribbed stockings, and, when mending has to be done, if the holes are not too large, I sew them on the machine. The stitching does not show on the ribbed part, besides, it is neater and stronger than darning would be, and more easily and quickly done.—HELEN.

SEVERAL PRETTY NECKLACES can be made by using old bead trimming or passementerie. The beads come off easily, and there are usually several sizes and shapes, just the thing for the pendant necklace. Of course a clasp and a few large beads for the center are required.—CARRIE W. EDWARDS.

THE NICEST TURNOVERS, when one is in mourning, are made from black-bordered handkerchiefs. Select the kind that have narrow black lines above the hem. By cutting off the opposite sides and allowing for hems, one has two collars. The borders of the remaining sides can be used for cuffs.—DELIA S. BREW.

WHEN I MEND A RENT in a woollen garment I take a scrap of the same goods, tear it lengthwise, and ravel one thread at a time. Thread an embroidery needle, and weave the torn parts together carefully; then dampen and press well on the wrong side, and the threads will never be seen.—A READER OF "SUCCESS."

WHEN A HOLE IS DISCOVERED in a starched waist just before ironing, the easiest way to fix it is to baste a patch on the wrong side. Make the patch of stuff like the waist, dipping it first in starch and then iron flat. It does not show, and will stay on until the waist is soiled; then it can be mended in the usual way.—A. B. C.

MY LITTLE BOY'S FLANNEL UNDERWEAR proves quite expensive, as he grows fast, so to lengthen the sleeves of the shirt, I insert in each a strip of flannel just above the elbow. As soon as the drawers grow short for him, I take the bands off, sew flannel pieces to the tops, and put new bands on. In this way flannels can be worn three winters.—G. H. C.

ON ALL MY DRESS SKIRTS I stitch three hooks on the band, one in the middle of the back, the others about two inches from each side of the middle. On my shirt-waists, instead of eyes, I sew small rings that have been covered with buttonhole stitch. I find this better than any of the patent arrangements I have tried, for keeping skirt and waist together.—M. D. R.

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The Test of Saskatchewan

By HERBERT VANDERHOOF

Editor, "Canada-West Monthly"

How the Great Wheatfields of Western Canada Fared in the "Bad Year" of 1907



A YEAR ago there appeared in SUCCESS MAGAZINE an article telling something of the wonderful richness of the grain fields of Western Canada, and presenting estimates of the earning power of a Saskatchewan wheat farm, based on average years. This article attracted wide attention, and was copied generally by the agricultural press of the United States and Canada. To the farmers of the older grain-producing districts on both sides of the border line, the figures presented may have seemed extravagant, if not impossible, as representing an average, and many must have shaken their heads and said, "Wait and see. This is a new country, and must be tested in adversity." As the time of stress and hardship proves the strong man, so a season where sunshine and warm rain and soft, invigorating airs are replaced by gray skies and late suns and bleak, distressing prairie winds proves the real worth, the genuine resources, the all-desirable staying power of an agricultural country.

There was not long to wait. The season of 1906-7 came with its endlessly long winter and its poor apology for a spring, showing all the world how exceedingly unpleasant just "weather" can make things. From all quarters the complaints came. In California the children played snowball in the streets of Berkeley, while the tourist in the southern part of the state shivered in the rain. Sunny Italy was gray instead of blue and gold—those who fled across the Mediterranean found rain and chill even in the streets of Cairo. The bitter cold came down on the Northern States and on Canada, and the men of the grain lands shook their heads and gloomily feared the outcome.

The severest winter in twenty-five years, a spring six weeks late followed by a drenching rainy August, capped by a sharp and early frost—surely that is a test of endurance for any farming land; and Western Canada came through with colors proudly flying. The wheat crop was good. While for Saskatchewan it was not phenomenal, it was a yield that any of the great wheat-growing districts of the United States would be willing to acknowledge as a "good year." A glance at the following table, compiled from the United States Year Book, will show this clearly:

Average Yield Per Acre in Bushels

	1901	1902	1903	1904	1905	1906	1907
Saskatchewan	25.41	22.57	19.44	17.51	23.09	21.40	15.17
Kansas	18.5	10.4	14.1	12.4	13.9	15.1	5.8
Minnesota	12.9	13.9	13.1	12.8	13.3	10.9	13.0
North Dakota	13.1	15.9	12.7	11.8	14.0	13.6	10.0
South Dakota	13.9	12.2	13.8	9.6	13.7	13.4	11.2
Nebraska	17.1	20.9	15.7	13.6	19.4	22.0	12.0
Iowa	16.2	12.7	12.4	11.6	14.2	15.7	12.8
United States	15.0	14.5	12.9	12.5	14.5	15.5	

Nineteen hundred and five and six were fat years in practically all of the grain states, and yet the average yield for the United States, fifteen bushels per acre for the two years, is not as good as Saskatchewan's 15.17 bushels in a lean year.



WILLIAM WHYTE,
Vice-Pres. West Canadian Pacific Railway

Saskatchewan Stood the Test

But the mere figures, 15.17 bushels to the acre, do not adequately show how well the province really came out. These figures are an average of all the returns for the entire wheat-growing area, and are brought down very much by a few small sections where the crop was a total failure as far as the wheat was concerned. An occasional zero in even a long column of figures makes a great reduction in the average. Many sections reported a better yield than that given, and a few had crops that equaled the best of the fat years. For example, in Central Saskatchewan the threshers' reports for over 2,500 acres give an average of over 26.5 bushels to the acre, while far to the north, around Prince Albert, the wheat gave a crop of high-grade milling grain, the quantity being somewhat smaller than the year before, because each hard, full kernel was slightly smaller than

usual. These are merely instances, taken at random, to illustrate what might be said of hundreds of districts in the province.

In the Last Mountain Lake District, for another example, thirty-nine individual farmers produced 56,026 bushels of wheat on 2,474 acres under crop, a general average for all of 22.7 bushels per acre. The largest individual yield was twenty-eight bushels per acre (in two instances) and the smallest twenty bushels (in nine instances). These are remarkable figures for a lean year.

Overcoming Objections

The failure of the wheat in some districts may be traced in almost every case to ignorance of proper methods, due to the inexperience of newly arrived immigrants, or to the obstinate persistence in methods suited to other conditions by farmers from the States. Setting these classes aside, the amount of total failure which may be ascribed to natural causes becomes almost negligible.

So, triumphantly, the deep loam of the Saskatchewan prairie proved its worth in the "year of the big winter," the "year of the early frost," the "bad year."

But the crop per acre is far from telling the whole story. The price per bushel obtained for the product is quite as important, and gauged by both tests taken together the Saskatchewan farmer was a happy man in 1907. The immense crop of 1906 brought the farmer only fifty to fifty-five cents per bushel for the highest grades of milling wheat, while the smaller crop of 1907 brought from eighty to eighty-five cents for ordinary grades. One hundred bushels of wheat at eighty cents is the same in gross revenue as one hundred and sixty bushels at fifty cents. Then, too, the railroads had great difficulty in handling the crop of 1906, so the farmer was subjected to vexatious delays in getting returns for his labor, while last fall the grain was shipped with comparative expedition, and the money is reaching the farmer promptly. Moreover, the expense of handling the smaller amount of grain is less, and the profit is proportionately increased. Added to his 1907 yield many a farmer had part of his "number one hard" left over from 1906—in some districts as much as 25 per cent. Thus, the Saskatchewan farmer is "wealthy" this year, in spite of smaller crops.

Wheat Not the Only Product

Wheat is of such importance in the food supply of the world that it causes great excitement when a new region is found to be capable of producing it in quantities. When it began to leak out that the tremendous prairies of Western Canada were not arid, bleak, unproductive and almost uninhabitable as supposed, but could produce phenomenally large crops of the highest grade wheat, incredulity was followed slowly by conviction and settlers began to rush in. Twenty years ago the only exports from Saskatchewan were furs and buffalo bones and the population was practically nothing; ten years ago the population was a few thousand and the wheat crop about 4,000,000 bushels; to-day the population is nearly 300,000 and the wheat crop is fast approaching the 30,000,000 mark. But the wheat is only the vanguard. The whole list of wealth producers, agricultural, commercial, and industrial are following fast on its trail. Other products, especially oats, barley, and flax are being raised in greatly increasing quantities. Though many are still "wheat crazy," the farmers are learning the wisdom of mixed farming, and stock raising, dairying, gardening and even fruit growing are being given much attention. Yet the wheat is so valuable, that it is, and will long continue to be, the motive for settlement and the most important crop.

Railroad building has gone steadily on. The Canadian Northern has completed its line from Brandon into Regina, so that by the time this article appears, through trains will be running from Winnipeg to Prince Albert via Regina. This company has also graded forty miles southwest from Saskatoon into the Goose Lake country,



CHARLES M. HAYES,
President, Grand Trunk Pacific Railway



LORD STRATHCONA,
Who Drove the Golden Spike of the Trans-Continental Line

but the completion of the line has been left until 1908. In this region, settlement has preceded the railroad, and a large colony of American farmers occupies the unusually rich land and is raising crops of highest grade wheat running from twenty to forty bushels to the acre. So when the Canadian Northern sends its trains in it will find a great mass of freight ready and waiting to be moved.

During 1907 the grading of the line from Etoimami to the Pas was completed and the rails are now being laid preparatory to continuing the construction to Fort Churchill on Hudson Bay. The completion of this missing link in the "Hudson Bay Route" is looked forward to very eagerly by all the cities of the three provinces, as it will bring Liverpool—the grain market of Great Britain—2,000 miles nearer than it now is. The Canadian Northern Company is also preparing to build, during 1908, a short line from Prince Albert to North Battleford, a distance of over a hundred miles.

The chief enterprise of the Canadian Pacific in Saskatchewan during 1907 was the completion of the line from Strassburg into Saskatoon and forty miles west of there into a rich new wheat country. Elevators had been built in anticipation of the coming of the road and thousands of bushels of grain were stored up waiting transportation. In 1908 this line will be continued westward until it meets the line now branching eastward from the Calgary-Edmonton branch at Wetaskiwin, Alberta, and will also be connected with the Yorkton branch by a line running between the Quill Lakes and the Touchwood Mountains. They are also planning a line from Moose Jaw, northwesterly, past the Elbow of the South Saskatchewan to the Goose Lake district, and then westward past Eagle Lake and into Alberta to join the road now extending eastward from the Calgary-Edmonton line at Lacombe. This line, which parallels in a general way the Strassburg-Saskatoon-Wetaskiwin line, though much to the south, will hardly be completed in 1908 but when it is finished will open up to settlement an immense stretch of rich wheat country.

Pushing Railroad Construction

The construction work on the main line of the new Grand Trunk Pacific progressed rapidly during 1907. The roadbed westward from Portage la Prairie was graded into Edmonton, and the steel laid as far west as Saskatoon. With favorable conditions the entire main line from Winnipeg to Edmonton, Alberta, should be completed by the middle of 1908, and, at the very least, this road should be able to take its part in moving the crop from the central part of the Saskatchewan wheat belt. The contract for 100 miles west of Edmonton has just been given out for \$5,000,000.

Such was the railroad development of 1907, and such are the proposals for 1908. The fact that the roads are carrying out, unchecked, their very extensive and comprehensive plans shows that their belief in the agricultural possibilities of Western Canada has been undisturbed. Railroads are most sensitive to changes in crop conditions, a mere report of a possible poor yield being enough to cause a drop in the price of their stocks, and capital is notoriously timid. Saskatchewan has won the unfaltering faith of the capital invested in railroads.

The Saskatchewan farmers are not only prosperous

but they are also rapidly increasing in number; consequently the towns of Saskatchewan are thriving. Ten years ago all those that existed were hardly more than frontier villages, many had not yet appeared on the map. To-day, each line of railroad is dotted with thriving little places, each having a number of hotels, modern looking stores and banks that seem entirely too large for the number of homes. In each one the signs of the big implement firms and the handsome buildings of the chartered banks are conspicuous. In 1907 the growth of the towns was marked by a continuance of the activity which began to be particularly noticeable the year before. By 1906 the towns had passed the experimental stage and a wave of enthusiasm for substantial building passed over the province. The building permits for the capital, Regina, were nearly two millions, standing forth among all the cities of Canada, in 1907 the building operations kept steadily on. Prince Albert, Moose Jaw, Battleford, Saskatoon—all had lists which would do credit to places three times as large, and the small towns built in proportion. This activity included all classes of buildings: the Dominion Government expended large sums in new post offices, court and customs buildings all through the province, the



D. D. MANN,
One of the Great Railway
Builders of Canada



WILLIAM MACKENZIE,
Who Has Rushed Railway
Construction in Canada



WILLIAM E. CURTIS ON SHORTHAND

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

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

A large share of the reporting in courts is done by women, who are quite as reliable as men. It was a woman (Mrs. R. Howard Kelly) who was first appointed an official reporter in the Circuit Court of Cook county by Judge Murray F. Tuley, and he, without question, exercised his keenest judgment in selecting her from among the most competent.

—Extract from article by William E. Curtis, in *Chicago Record-Herald*.

Chicago's Expert Stenographers

WHEN William E. Curtis, the eminent correspondent for the *Chicago Record-Herald*, wrote the article of which the above is an extract, he did much to direct the attention of the young people to the possibilities in shorthand. A few months ago, the *Milwaukee Sentinel*, under the heading of "Expert Stenographers' vs. Congressmen's Salaries," added to the interest created by Mr. Curtis, by showing that the expert shorthand writers in that city earned more each year than do the representatives in Congress. Both articles conclusively proved that shorthand, if thoroughly mastered, is one of the best professions upon which the young men or women of this country can enter.



HARRY R. HOWSE
Chicago's Youngest Court
Reporter

Since the writing of Mr. Curtis' article, there have been many changes in the stenographic situation in Chicago. The capacity of the courts in that city has been doubled, and consequently there has been an increased demand for expert shorthand writers. There have been new and young reporters added to the list mentioned by Mr. Curtis, but the supply of men and women for the highest grade work does not equal the demand, by any means.

* * *

Some Successful Reporters

AMONG those who are now engaged in this work, and whose success should be an inspiration to young men and women who desire to earn more than a comfortable living, is William R. Hill, who has offices in the Chicago Opera House Building. Scarcely more than a year ago he lived in the little lumber town of Rat Portage, Ontario, but is now one of those who "count their earnings each year by the thousands." In the same building is Charles R. Linn, formerly a government employee at Washington, but now a court reporter in Chicago. He, too, had been perfected for this class of work within the last two years. Miss Mary E. Black, a successful court reporter, with offices in the Ashland Block, Chicago, has joined the ranks of the successful women reporters of that city, while in the same building, George F. LaBree is one of the best paid men in the Windy City engaged in the shorthand business. A comparatively new recruit to the staff of court reporters who report the cases in the criminal courts is Mr. William A. Murfey who, but a short time ago, was an ordinary stenographer in commercial work. The youngest reporter in Chicago is Harry R. Howse, identified with the firm of Walton, James & Ford, mentioned by Mr. Curtis in his article; he is but nineteen years of age, but is already recognized as one of the competent court reporters in Chicago. Then there are such other well-known experts as W. C. Lindsay, S. R. Van Petten, Clyde H. Marshall, H. C. Nixon, not to mention the prominent private secretaries who have perfected themselves during the past few years.

Each one of these successful Chicago stenographers and court reporters is a graduate of The Success Shorthand School of Chicago and New York. Then there are many

others throughout the country, graduates from this school occupying the most prominent positions in the stenographic field in every state in the United States. Of the twelve officers in the recently organized Iowa State Court Reporter's Association, five were the products of The Success Shorthand School. Others are private secretaries to Governors, members of Congress, U. S. Senators, bankers, millionaires, and prominent men in nearly every line.

A Book of Inspiration

TO READ of the success of these people is an inspiration to anyone, whether a stenographer or contemplating the study of any subject with the desire to succeed. In "A Book of Inspiration," recently published by this school, the methods used by these successful people are told by them, and that book will be sent free of charge to all who inquire. It tells the qualifications necessary in order to become a good shorthand writer; gives the experience of the most prominent shorthand writers of the country; contains a talk to stenographers by Hon. William J. Bryan, and is the most thorough exposition of the subject of shorthand ever published.

Whether you know anything about shorthand, or whether you are a stenographer—no matter where you may live—you should write for this book, and it will tell you how you may succeed as others have succeeded.

If you are not a stenographer, the course in shorthand described in the book is the one you desire, for it is the simplest and most thorough ever compiled. Many of the most successful graduates were also beginners when they took up this course—several of them earning thousands each year. Others knew shorthand, such as is taught in the ordinary schools, and have been perfected by these experts for the high grade work for which the large salaries are paid. No matter what system you may write, or where you are employed, you may secure this expert instruction which has been the basis of the success of so many others. Then, too, the book frankly states the qualifications necessary for one to possess in order to become a good stenographer, and unless one has those qualifications, he will not be accepted as a pupil.

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Names That Have Weight

Do Not Make "Heavy Reading"

¶ "Quite the contrary"—as a seasick humorist replied when inopportunely asked if he had just dined. The April number of COSMOPOLITAN MAGAZINE is about the "weightiest," but, at the same time, the least "heavy" and most readable magazine you ever saw.

Some Fiction Names Represented in April COSMOPOLITAN

Eliza Calvert Hall

¶ The author of "Aunt Jane of Kentucky," who writes exclusively for COSMOPOLITAN, favors us with one of her infrequent offerings, an altogether delightful piece of mellow beauty and reminiscence, entitled "A Ride to Town."

E. Phillips Oppenheim

¶ The greatest modern master of dramatic plot concerns himself this month—in "A Woman Intervenes"—with how the dreaded "Long Arm of Mannister" brought another enemy low.

Bruno Lessing

¶ "Jake—or Sam" is another of those irresistibly funny bits of story-telling by a master. It has to do with one Spiegelbrauer, whose nights persisted in being days, but who "caught up with himself" at last.

Among Writers of Special Articles in April COSMOPOLITAN

Arthur Brisbane

¶ In "The Fight Against Alcohol," Mr. Brisbane presents a forceful study of the rising prohibition sentiment and recent legislative enactments in this country.

Alan Dale

¶ "The Sort of Heroes Women Like"—that's the provocative title of Alan Dale's contribution for the month. He says they are the kind the average man wouldn't have in the house.

Elbert Hubbard

¶ Fra Elbertus contributes an eloquent and exalting "Invocation to Man," which you will surely want to cut out and pin up where you can see it every morning.

Alfred Henry Lewis

¶ In "The Confusion of Talky Jones," Mr. Lewis yarns characteristically of how a confirmed practical joker in Wolfville was made at last to see the error of his ways.

Porter Emerson Browne

¶ This popular writer offers, in "A Question of Principal," a charming story of Love and Finance, in which Finance is worsted, of course, and Love victorious.

Charles Edward Russell

¶ Mr. Russell devotes a truly appalling article to "The Election Crimes of 1907," based on the closest personal observation of many polling places in New York City.

Hugo Munsterberg

¶ Prof. Münsterberg, in "Traces of Emotion and the Criminal," shows how the modern psychologist is about to become a figure of the first importance in criminal trials.

Kuno Francke

¶ "The New Spirit in German Painting" is a fully illustrated article by Dr. Francke, who is curator of the Germanic Museum at Harvard University.

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April

COSMOPOLITAN



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A TALK TO PARENTS

For several years we have been conducting a Junior agency for the sale of single copies of SUCCESS MAGAZINE and this has brought us in touch with many thousands of bright boys. From numerous letters received from these boys and their parents we know that the selling of SUCCESS MAGAZINE has meant more than the making of money, the securing of premiums and the winning of prizes. Of course our principal motive for conducting this department is to increase our circulation, but at the same time we have been able to render great service in implanting high ideals and making helpful suggestions having no direct bearing on the business. If you have a boy old enough—we have some as young as seven—we wish you would encourage him to take advantage of our special offer to send him ten copies of the magazine free to give him a start. The new contest for \$125.00 has just begun, and will, of course, be an added incentive. We will send copies on request from you or from the boy himself. If you wish more information send your letter to Desk B. SUCCESS MAGAZINE, Washington Sq., East, N. Y.

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municipalities built new city halls and installed water, sewer, and light systems, individuals built homes, the chartered banks put up handsome solid buildings of brick and stone, and business firms built modern warehouses and stores.

The best part of it all is that this remarkable building activity was justified by the business transacted. In many cases stores and warehouses were outgrown before they were finished, and plans for 1908 call for many a "second warehouse" or "addition to store." The immense business transacted may be illustrated by a few instances: In Prince Albert the entire output of the flour mills, having a capacity of 500 barrels per day, was consumed by the local market, which does a large business in outfitting for the North; at Saskatoon the International Harvester Company sold more binders than at any other point in the world; and from Regina were shipped more than \$5,000,000 worth of farm implements alone.

Wheat, railroads, commerce,—what follows? Manufacturing, if the conditions be at all favorable. In Saskatchewan there are many places where conditions are right, and already industries are finding their way into the towns. Naturally, in this wheat-growing country, flour milling was one of the first, but other industries followed. Many of them, coming quite unheralded and beginning in a small way, have "grown up with the town" into large concerns, while others have come with plenty of capital attracted by the fine openings. Though as yet manufacturing is only in its infancy in the province, flour mills to the capacity of 835 barrels were built in 1907.

This, then, is the record of Saskatchewan for 1907; a crop better than that of any of the wheat-growing sections of the United States; hundreds of miles of new railroads completed; a continuance of unprecedented building activity and business in the towns; and an added impulse to the growth of manufactures. Can any other country or section of country outside of Western Canada point to such a record in that year of short crops and business panics?

As to next year—30 per cent. more ground was prepared in 1907 for the 1908 crop than was done in 1906 for the 1907 crop; the Canadian railroads are pushing straight on with their building; the "Hill" roads are knocking at the doors; and the business man and manufacturer are daily inquiring about openings.

Going to the Theater by Proxy

[Continued from page 165]

newspapers certain evidence indicating that Hardmuth had planned the assassination of the governor of Kentucky. This evidence, spreading like wildfire through the state at a time when Hardmuth is not only hounding young Clay to the gallows but is also on the point of attaining the nomination for governor, sets three hundred thousand minds to work unconsciously influencing the jury. The success of this experiment is attested when Clay rushes in, a free man.

But Hardmuth's career is blasted. Insanely, desperately angry, he rushes in, and, drawing a revolver, aims at Brookfield's heart. Then and there, Brookfield's hypnotic influence over Hardmuth is brought to bear, by his declaring that he cannot shoot, that he will not shoot, that he cannot even hold the pistol—whereupon it drops from his nerveless fingers, with a clatter, to the floor. Brookfield proves his magnanimity by assisting Hardmuth across the state line into safety when he is in hiding, with a price upon his head.

The part of the play which most appeals to me is at the last, where Brookfield's development along moral lines is shown by his determination to heal both Clay and Mrs. Whipple of their fear of the cat's-eye by showing them that he can create the same fear in their minds by imagining that his clinched hand holds the jewel—which proves to be only a desk key.

THE single ray of humor in this somewhat serious play is furnished at the very last, by Lew Ellinger, who has not only gambled away his entire fortune in Brookfield's house during the twenty years of their acquaintance, but who, when Brookfield finally writes him a check for \$15,000 to pay the debts which are pressing him sorely, immediately turns and offers to play Brookfield for the entire amount of the check. In order to cure him, Brookfield consents to play with him then and there. This is done in the sight of the audience; and Brookfield, on the opposite side of the room, successfully names every card in Ellinger's hand. Ellinger says to him: "Can you do this every time?" and Brookfield says, "I am afraid I can." "Have you always been able to do it?" asks Lew. "I am afraid I have," comes the answer, "but I never knew it until recently." Then up jumps Lew with a proposition that they both go to Cincinnati and open a house there. Brookfield, of course, refuses, whereupon Ellinger, in a shocked whisper, says: "Do you mean to tell me that with that God-given gift you won't go with me to Cincinnati?"—and the house rocks and shrieks with laughter.

The play is dignified, strong, well constructed, and fascinating to a degree. Judge Prentice and Brookfield are characters one would love to meet in real life, and the mellow art of John Mason makes of the leading character one which cannot be forgotten or ignored.

THE REAL LAWSON [Continued from page 14]

chapter of "The Real Lawson," was mailed to every newspaper in the country on November 26, in the form of a broadside sheet, captioned, "The Crisis, Its Cause and Cure." The "Cure" boiled down is this:

1.—The President should appoint at once a board of five or six reformers to "hold public court." Lawson named two—Governor Johnson and Governor Hughes. (Two weeks later Lawson publicly ridiculed the governor of New York as "Honest Hughes, the best lieutenant the 'System' ever had," a phrase evolved, no doubt, by unconscious cerebration from that famous slogan in a recent Tammany Hall campaign, "Big Bill Devery, the best chief of police New York ever had.")

2.—This committee of safety would first perform the absurdly simple task of appraising the actual value of the few thousands of millions of securities held by the banks of the country—and, incidentally, reporting in detail upon the "actual condition" of these banks.

3.—The committee, having completed its tour of discovery into the vaults of some thirteen thousand odd banks spread over some nineteen thousand million American acres, would proceed to turn over the control of all the big corporations to new boards of directors—representative public-spirited men.

4.—Result—a tidal "wave of confidence," with Roosevelt and Lawson wearing halos bigger than last season's Paris hats.

Nothing could be simpler than this—for, says Lawson, who thought out this Cure, anybody can run a \$100,000,000 bank, anybody can run a \$1,400,000,000 steel company, anybody can run a 12,000-mile railroad. "There is no greater fallacy circulating amongst the people," says Lawson, "than the one that the heads of these great business institutions should be men with great technical knowledge." Any five-dollar-a-week clerk can step into the shoes of Harriman or Morgan or Armour or Gary—it's the simplest thing in the world, and isn't it strange that the only man who sees how simple it is happens to be a gambler in stocks in Boston?

The Cure is so absurdly, ridiculously simple that it may be condensed into nine plain English words—"Separate bad stocks and bonds from the good ones." How do you do that? Why, that's too simple to talk about. You have two baskets—one marked, "Good," the other, "Bad." You take an assorted bunch of securities and begin the simple process of separation. The first security, perhaps, is Amalgamated Copper stock. You quickly toss that into—which basket? You hesitate? Simplest thing in the world. Listen:

"Amalgamated is the best opportunity ever offered the public for safe and profitable investment."—T. W. L., April, 1899.

"Amalgamated has been responsible for more hell than any other financial thing since the world began."—T. W. L., June, 1904.

And then, perhaps, you take up Trinity Copper stock—the hand-made, personally-guaranteed, picked-from-a-thousand-Lawson security. You toss that into—but why go into these petty details?

Simple as the Cure appeared—to Lawson—the President did not issue the proclamation naming the all-powerful and all-wise board. After reading Lawson's recent letter to his publishers, one wonders why no mention of the Cure was made at the White House. For, during the "Frenzied Finance" campaign, when Lawson called at the White House, the President said: "Lawson, I have followed all your work. I say to you, you have done more good for the American people than any man since Lincoln's day, and you may go out and proclaim it to the world and I will back it up." It was only ten days after telling the President how to cure all the evils of our economic life by a White House proclamation that Lawson publicly announced that he had quit reforming; and a few days later, when the

publisher of "Frenzied Finance" cried out, despairingly, "Lawson, this is an awful thing you have done—giving up the fight for the people," the Crusader's pent-up wrath burst forth:

"The people! What do I owe to the gelatine-spined shrimps? What have the saffron-blooded apes done for me or mine? The people, particularly the American people, are a joke—a System joke."

No, the American people are not a joke—nor are they apes or shrimps; but they would be a joke—they would be apes and shrimps—if they became marionettes to dance to the sting-jerkings of a brilliant phrase-maker whose livelihood is gained by gambling in stocks; a man whose whole life's record as a stock gambler, as a company promoter, as a financial go-between, stamps him indisputably as an ungoverned enthusiast unworthy of a serious following in any great venture; a financial soldier of fortune, who, like a Hessian of the Revolution, fights under the banner that is richest in gold—however foul the cause, however wretched its followers. The American people would be a joke—a Lawson joke—they would be gelatine-spined shrimps and saffron-hued apes—if they destroyed by one mad stroke their centuries-old machinery of finance, at the very height of their prosperity and happiness, to try a mysterious economic experiment invented by a spectacularly unwise prophet, with a life's record of constructive defeats and destructive victories.

Lawson calls his fellow-Americans bad names because they don't follow him blindly out on a dark highway leading to a mysterious Remedy.

No wonder that the American people ask, "Is this man a fool or a knave?"

But he's not a fool and he's not a knave. He's an enthusiast—a brilliant, emotional, egotistical enthusiast—whose banner bears the legend, "The end justifies the means."

Nathan Matthews and Bay State Gas

IN THE February installment of "The Real Lawson," Mr. Fayant, in telling the story of the Bay State Gas war, made a short reference to Mr. Nathan Matthews's part in the fight. Mr. Matthews has protested that Mr. Fayant has not treated him fairly. Mr. Fayant regrets that he misconstrued some of the features of the Bay State Gas war and desires to correct an important misstatement.

Mr. Matthews, so it appears from the records, did not enter into negotiations with Addicks. While he was mayor of Boston, he vigorously opposed the financial buccaneers who fought under the Addicks' banner. A short time before his term of office expired, he was approached by the bondholders in the Bay State Gas Company, who were trying to save the corporation from ruin, and was asked to take charge of the company's affairs when he left the City Hall. This he agreed to do on condition that he have a free hand and that Addicks be shorn of all power. Within a very short time, however, Mr. Matthews, was convinced that Addicks still had the whip hand and could not be dislodged. Mr. Matthews, therefore, withdrew.

The whole point of Mr. Fayant's reference to Mr. Matthews was that he had entered into a business deal with a man whom he had bitterly and publicly attacked as a dishonest high financier. This is the impression that everyone received from Mr. Lawson's detailed story of the affair in his "Frenzied Finance," and the fact that Mr. Lawson's story, published three years ago, was allowed to go forth without protest from Mr. Matthews seemed to be the best of evidence that the story was true in its essential details. Mr. Fayant is now convinced that Mr. Lawson distorted the story, and he regrets that, in accepting this distortion, he has done Mr. Matthews a wrong.

By CYNTHIA

A College Girl's Pluck : WESTOVER ALDEN

MY HEART swelled with pride when I found out how a certain young lady is making her way. She lives in the country—has always lived there. Until she was fifteen she had never been farther from her home than the next town. Being in the country, however did not prevent her reading everything she could get her hands on, and she finally decided that she would go to college.

"You ought to have seen the expression on my mother's face when I told her what I had decided to do," she said, when explaining to me how she came to be in a certain university where I was visiting.

"I met with no opposition—every member of the family wished me success, but no one could advise or help me much. In their hearts they thought me a bit crazy."

"First I picked balsam fir and made pillows, which I sold by following your advice; offering my wares from house to house till I was sold out. They were beautiful pillows, all right, and worth the money. When I had saved up sufficient for my fare to and from the university, I thought I'd venture; but reconsidered, and waited until I had enough money to pay my board at some reasonable place for a week. Do you comprehend my scheming? I made a bold attempt to secure work. What do you think I did?"

"After eating a good lunch, I set my hat a little firmer on my head, buttoned up my jacket to the very throat, shook out my skirts and said, 'Now for it!'—and I went to the very next house as a beginner asking for work that would permit my attending the preparatory department of the university. It was on the sixth day only that I found a position as cook and maid of all work for the hours I should be in the house."

"Almost everything in the way of work has fallen to me to do. There is scarcely a lawn in this place that I have not sometime cut. I have 'tended baby,' nursed the sick, taken care of the aged, and have even done washing and ironing for the students. Not one day have I really been ill, though often tired to death. But—" she leaned back against the picket fence that separated us and pointed to a beautiful building across the square—"I shall take my degree there next June. This is my ninth year here. Yes, my ninth year. I failed on examinations many times, for I could not always get work that gave me school hours; but not once did I think of giving up. Here I am, and next September I hope to be one of the teachers in this same beautiful university."

Her story, I am sure, will give heart to some one who reads it!

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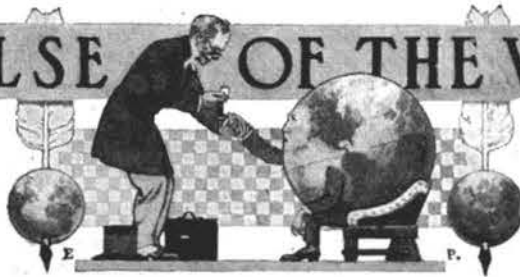
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THE PULSE OF THE WORLD



Vigorous and Progressive

WALL STREET thought he had been cowed into silence by their stock gamblers' panic; the rest of the country thought he was sleeping the sleep of the conqueror. What he was doing, we know now, was preparing the most remarkable special message to which Congress has ever listened—a document that sent peaceful January out in a cloud of sulphurous yellow smoke.

It is the most vigorous and progressive statement that Theodore Roosevelt has yet made. It is vigorous in its denunciation of those corporations which have made American business methods a reproach and a disgrace, and of those corrupt men of wealth who have conspired to fasten the responsibility for the recent panic upon the administration's reform measures. The message is progressive in its advocacy of a constitutional employers' liability law, in its protest against the use of injunctions in labor cases, and in its suggestion of the suppression of stock gambling.

This document has made the President more unpopular than ever in the financial district of New York City. By the same token it looks as if it has made it increasingly difficult for Theodore Roosevelt or any other person or power to prevent the re-election of this vigorous and progressive man to the Presidency.

Relief—for a Few

WHEN Theodore Roosevelt reiterated his election-night renunciation, a feeling of grateful relief settled down upon this country. Eight "favorite-son" candidates sang psalms of thanksgiving, and retired to dream of a large white mansion in a beautiful city. An Atlantic liner full of Taft received the news with joy; it is reported that Governor Hughes almost smiled. Justice Brewer, who had accused the President of "playing hide-and-seek with the nomination," relapsed into his genial eighteenth-century slumbers, and Chancellor Day grinned happily as he put out the cat for the night and wound the clock.

"When Roosevelt promises a thing you can depend upon it," said a Wall Street organ which a few days before had denounced the President as mentally unhinged.

"Now," remarked another New York newspaper—one which had tried to stir up war with Japan—"we can have a President who will be a chief executive and not an embryonic dictator."

In his palatial down-town office sat a "captain of industry." "Yes," he sighed, as he reached out absentmindedly and stole a trust company, "the two-term custom is a priceless heritage from George Washington. We must preserve it at all costs."

Everybody is pleased and happy—that is, everybody but the farmers and the workingmen and the business men. We cannot consider them here. To do so would destroy the harmony of the picture.

Our Foremost Composer

AMERICA has been called upon during the past year to mourn the loss of St. Gaudens, her greatest sculptor, and Mansfield, her foremost actor. On January twenty-third occurred the death of Edward Alexander MacDowell, the greatest composer America has ever produced. Dr. MacDowell was an American by birth, and in training and feeling. Taking to the piano as a boy, he advanced steadily in his field, until illness came two years before his death. He was the composer of several admirable orchestral works, and as a writer of songs and pianoforte pieces he ranks with the best European masters of the time. America has learned to appreciate music, but has not yet had the inspiration to produce it—and we mean no slight at our Indian and negro melodies, which are wonderful in their way. MacDowell might have given us a "Faust" or an "Elijah" had he lived longer.

Mistaken Patriotism

IT SEEMS to be generally agreed that if anybody had to be assassinated it might as well have been King Carlos of Portugal. Without the least qualification for rulership, weak-willed, grossly extravagant, the murdered king allowed a frivolous court and a corrupt government to waste the people's substance. The life of a useless man and his son would have been a small price to pay for the remedy of such conditions as these.

But the assassination did not accomplish any such result—could not possibly have done so. The weak

king is gone, but in his place sits a son, presumably just as weak, and a callow youth besides. There is no indication that the new government is any more progressive than was the old. Republican ideas never seemed farther away.

Of all forms of procedure, government by assassination is the least reasonable and least efficient.

How much better it would be for the people to rise in revolution and sweep away the medieval monarchical form of government or create a harmless, powerless ruler, like the king of England or of Norway. The assassin's bullet might remove the weak-kneed Czar of all the Russians, the imbecilic Shah of Persia, the motor-maniac King of Spain, and the morally depraved Leopold of Belgium, and yet the people of these nations would not be a bit nearer enlightened government than they are now. Assassination is not patriotism but brutal, cowardly murder.

War and Sleep

TO MAKE war harmless and pleasant to the taste is almost as desirable as to abolish it altogether. If the world's navies adopt the invention recently announced by Carl M. Wheaton, of Newtonville, Massachusetts, a battle will be safer than a morning in a department store.

Mr. Wheaton has perfected a bomb which he claims will penetrate the armor of the enemy's battleship and then emit a sleep-inducing drug. When everybody, from the admiral to the cook, is slumbering peacefully, you can go up and capture the ship. Upon awakening, the enemy finds itself in a strange port, with the flags changed, the ice box empty, and peace already declared. It is simple and harmless, and a child can use it. Soon, people will be going to war to avoid automobiles and panics and plumbers.

This is the rosy promise of the new invention; but it is too much to expect that man will not discover a way to outwit the sleep-producer. The shell meets its armor; the torpedo boat, its destroyer; perhaps the battleship of the future will be equipped with 100 horsepower alarm clocks. Imitation milkmen may roll cans about on realistic sidewalks. No first-class battleship will be complete without an automatic Italian organ-grinder, while the enemy will be lured on by the mechanical long-distance snore. Until these evil inventions come, war will be a rest cure, a surcease of strife, a sleep, and a forgetting.

An Artificial Bird

THE force of gravity received a body blow in January when Henry Farman, the French aeronaut, traveled a circular four fifths of a mile in a heavier than air flying machine. By this flight Farman won the Deutsch-Archdeacon prize of \$10,000 for the first successful airship. His exploit is regarded as the greatest since Santos-Dumont circumnavigated the Eiffel Tower in a dirigible balloon, and of far more practical and scientific value. Successful navigation of the air seems now only a question of perfection of detail.

Farman's aeroplane weighs 300 pounds, and is operated by a fifty horse-power motor. It looks like a lunch wagon with wings. On the occasion of its official trial it ran along the ground for a hundred yards; then, when it got the idea, flapped its wings and rose to a height of twenty-five or thirty feet. At about the speed of an Erie Railway train it traveled the required distance, made a graceful curve, and returned to the starting point. Farman then dismounted from his perilous position between the wings and gave himself over to the still more perilous congratulations of his demonstrative countrymen.

Farman's aeroplane would not take a prize in a beauty contest; neither does it look like a comfortable place in which to live. There is no dining room, and the motor is so boisterous that a sleeping compartment would be a superfluity. Fifty years hence the small boy will snigger at this crude contrivance if he sees it in his history book. But it looks as if this ingenious Frenchman had reached the long-sought goal, the construction of a manageable, heavier than air machine that will fly.

Worse than the Disease

SINCE the recent financial crash was due to stock gambling, Senator Aldridge would remedy our financial ills by making stock gambling easier and more profitable. When Wall Street strikes us the Rhode Island senator would have us turn the other cheek. When we

are held up, this earnest public benefactor urges us to hand over anything that was overlooked.

Such benevolent treatment of speculative Wall Street is the most apparent feature of Senator Aldrich's currency measure. It proposes that national banks may deposit certain securities with the treasury and issue in bank notes 75 per cent. of the market value of the collateral on payment of a monthly tax of one half of one per cent. Commercial banks doing a legitimate business with cotton, wheat, potatoes, and lard as collateral cannot afford to pay this 6 per cent. tax. But Wall Street, which must have money for speculation if it costs 200 per cent., pants and languishes for the hour when it has only to turn in its stocks at their inflated prices and get real money.

Next to making poker chips legal tender, we can imagine nothing more vicious than the Aldrich bill. It should meet as speedy and as painful a death as possible, though it is about as near as the boss of the United States Senate ever gets to the public welfare.



Father Knickerbocker's Progress

This is the manner of reform in New York, the imperial city of the Western Hemisphere and never too busy to admit it.

A bureau of public spirited private citizens, aided by an honest and efficient Public Official, succeeded in having the president of the Borough of Manhattan separated from his job. This borough presidency is the most important office of the most important division of our most important city. The deposed incumbent of that position had almost enough intelligence to run a fruit stand in a dull season, so he was promptly re-elected by his Tammany friends.

Not to be discouraged, the Public Official said: "Lo, the Board of Water Supply might have saved \$2,500,000 by taking this other bid for the Ashokan Dam. Let us investigate. Perhaps there should be more people relieved of the onerous duties of holding office."

At these words a great silence fell upon the city, and it was plain that the Public Official had made a break. The chairman of the water commissioners was a gentleman, and member of the Chamber of Commerce. Every week or so he gave a few minutes of his valuable time at a mere \$12,000 a year to supervising the greatest water supply project in the world. Had he not been so busy he might have helped a little every day. To accuse him of inefficiency was criminal ingratitude.

"How," asked a New York paper published near Wall Street, "can you expect sensitive men to enter the public service, if they are subjected to such criticism?"

Newspapers, magazines, and city officers fearlessly censured the over-zealous Public Official, and the matter was dropped. Somewhere in the gloaming there are two and a half millions of good Gotham dollars. Thus does New York go on its way toward higher and better things.



The Parcels Post

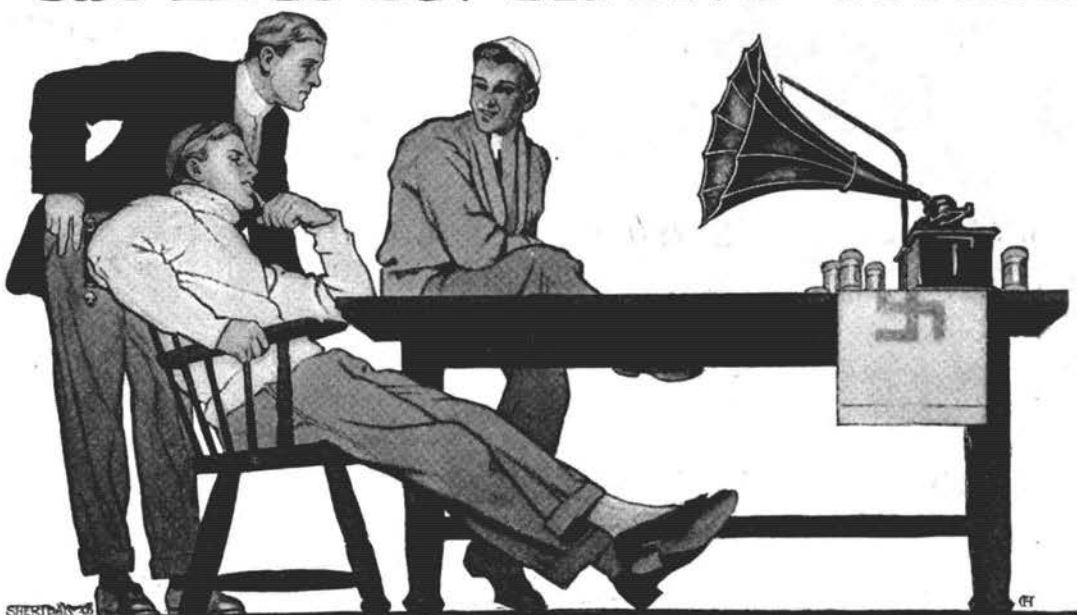
You can send a pound parcel by mail to any one of twenty-two foreign countries for twelve cents. But if, as occasionally happens, you have a patriotic desire to send it to a fellow citizen of your own land, you pay sixteen cents. They will cheerfully take eleven pounds addressed to the interior of India, but if you want to send a four-and-one-half-pound birthday present to your uncle in Washington County, you pay tribute to an express company or else you deliver it in person.

All these well-known conditions give weight to Postmaster-General Meyer's recommendation of an efficient parcels post for an eight-cent rate and a twelve-pound weight limit. When we get used to the idea of having our work done well, we can decrease the rate. In time we may catch up with "old fashioned" Europe, where merchandise is carried by the governments cheaply, quickly, and safely.

Two objections only are forthcoming. One is from the small retail merchants who fear that the mail-order houses will benefit at the expense of the local dealers. Any tendency in this direction, however, will be offset by the freedom and ease with which the small merchants can deal with the farmers by the rural delivery. It is inconceivable that any large class can be permanently injured by cheap transportation. The other objection comes from those great public benefactors, the express companies. Sometimes they carry a bundle for less than its value and very often it reaches its destination. Their officers do not pine and languish for competition; there are a number of Newport cottages and a lot of steam yachts and several United States senators to be kept up. Perhaps it would be cheaper to pension these philanthropists and let them spend their declining days in Egypt. If Canada's experience is a fair example, we could do this out of the profits of a good parcels post service.

A name that stands for character, that is synonymous with integrity, is the best advertisement in the world.

The EDISON PHONOGRAPH



"For it's always fair weather when good fellows get together"

—particularly if that prince of good fellows, the Edison Phonograph, happens to be one of the crowd. Never was there a jollier companion or a more versatile entertainer. It's a whole show in itself. It sings all the new songs, has a wonderful repertoire of all sorts of good music and can tell a funny story with the best of them. You need never be lonely or blue, or lack for amusement if you have an Edison Phonograph for company.

Ask your dealer to show you the new Edison model with the big horn, or send for booklet describing it.

A Remarkable List of March Records

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Seven New Records by Harry Lauder, the Famous Scotch Comedian

A New York manager paid Harry Lauder a fabulous salary to come over from England and sing for a few weeks at his theatre, because nobody else can sing comic songs in the Scotch dialect as Harry Lauder does. Harry Lauder has enriched the March list by making Records of seven of his best songs.



Five New Grand Opera Records

have been added to our already large list. Well-known selections from standard operas, sung by famous operatic stars.

The Regular List of Twenty-four New Records

contains the newest songs, the best recent instrumental music and the best of the old music that you never get tired of. Go to the nearest Edison store today and spend a delightful half-hour in hearing the new March Records.

Ask your dealer or write to us for THE PHONOGRAM, describing each Record in detail; THE SUPPLEMENTAL CATALOGUE listing the new March Records; THE COMPLETE CATALOGUE, listing all Edison Records now in existence. Records in all foreign languages.

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328 North Park St., Mansfield, O.

Over the Telephone

By ELSPETH MACDONALD

Illustrated by Galen J. Perrett



"Honora goes to no dance."

"Now, don't ye git gay with me, Lizzie Duggan, pritindin' ye dinnaw who's talkin'. It's Honora—yis, Honora as wur-ruks at Missis Cleve's; but she won't be the Honora that wur-ruks at Missis Cleve's long!"

"Has she bin insultin' iv ye agin?"
"Insultin' ain't no wur-rud f'r it! To think it's my luck to be wur-rukin' f'r a person that's no lady—I know all about her ancestry—she come fr'm th' ould country, jest as we did—only, Lizzie Duggan, you an' me was niver r-raised on buttermilk an' brose! Bedad, it's mesilf has lar-rned things about her since I come into this house!"

"Shure, half iv th' American ginty's no bether."
"Ginty! Ginty is it ye call her, Lizzie Duggan? I'll till ye th' sor-rt iv ginty she is—I was waitin' th' table last night—like to dhrop, too, I was—f'r I'd finished my ir'nin' an' got up a big dinner. They had friends there, four iv thim—th' Lawsons an' th' Mac-Kenzies—they're more iv y'r ginty!—I was settin' th' soup on th' table, whin th' telephone rang—our telephone's right in th' dinin' room, ye know. 'Answer it, Honora,' says her Highness. I set down my thray an' did as I was or-rdhered. 'Honora,' says somebody, whin I said hillo, 'Honora, is that you, me jewel?'—'It is,' says I, an' I forgot ivrythin' about their dinner party."

"Was it him, Honora?"
"Yis, it was him, Tirrence Cassidy, brother-in-law to my sister, Maggie. I had n't seen Tirrence in two years come Siptimber—he'd just come home fr'm Michigan, an' he wanted me to go with him that evenin' to th' Clan-na-Gael dance. 'You'll come now, Honora, darlint, won't ye?' says he.—'Shure an' I will,' says I.—'An' ye'll wear your purtiest dhress?' says he.—'My viry purtiest dhress,' says I. 'I'll wear my white muslin with th' gr-green r-ribbons an' my patented lither shoes with th' diamond buckles on thim.'—'An' I'll bring th' swatest r-rose I can find to tuck behint ye-er ear,' says he.—'Tirrence,' says I, 'Ye're th' gr-reatest la-ad that iver come out iv Limerick.' An' thim, I thought I'd dhrop in my thr-racks. 'Honora,' cries th' Missis, 'hang up th' rec'iver an' come back to ye-er wur-ruk.'"

"Live an' let live is n't her motto, is it now?"
"But I was that flustrated! I served th' soup to th' Masther fir-rst, thim I thruck ol' Mrs. Mackenzie with th' potato dish, but th' last straw was whin I dr-ropped th' olives. The little silver thray that hild thim wint down on th' table spinnin' r-round an' r-round just like we used to twir-rl th' platter in th' ould counthry. I could n't r-reach over Mr. Lawson's shoulder to git it, an' th' olives wint iv'rywhere, into th' Missis's lap, an' some iv thim into th' gr avy dish. It is n't laughin' ye need be, Lizzie Duggan; ye would n't have bin laughin' if ye'd seen th' look on th' Missis's face! 'Honora,' says she, 'I'll excuse ye; ye need n't come in agin till I r-ring f'r ye.'"

"Th' crabbed ol' skilliton! Did she r-ring?"
"Shure, an' she did r-ring, as soon's th' meat cour-rse was thr-rough with. Her company was settin' ar-round th' table like r-rows iv stone statuar-ry. Not a wan iv thim dared crack a smile. Whin they'd all gone into th' par-lor, out she come to th' kitchen. I was washin' up th' dishes, hurryin', too, I till ye, f'r't was 'moat eight o'clock. Hivins! I wish't I could till ye ivry wur-rud iv her tal-ik—about a sirvint dar-rin' to use th' telephone in fr-ront iv her company—if she call't me a sirvint wanst, Lizzie Duggan, she call't me it for-rtly times."

"Th' ol' snappin' turtle!"
"That ain't th' wur-rst iv it. Whilst she was jawin' me, in walks Tirrence, dhressed up as fine as anny

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proofs—it tells of prominent people and physicians, everywhere, who use my INTERNAL BATHS and keep healthy.

Send for this book now. Read it over carefully, and learn something about the mysterious workings of my Treatment. You will be interested and thank me for the suggestion.

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gentleman. He niver even r-rapped—an' he hild a gr-reat bookay iv La Francis r-roses in his fist. She fill out on him th' nixt.—'I've come to take Honora to th' dance to-night,' says he.—'Honora goes to no dance to-night, unless she takes her thrunk along,' says th' lady—an' thin she shows poor Tirrence th' door-r. He give me one look, he laid th' r-roses on th' sink an' she locked th' door-r behint him. I told her thin what I thought iv her, but after she wint I just set down beyant th' shtove an' about cr-ried my eyes out."

"Why did n't ye up an' lave her?"

"I'm lavin' her this ver-ry night, as thrue's ye live, but how could I las' Choosdah night? I'd spint ivry cint iv me week's wages. I've me five dollars comin' to me to-night,—thin I'm goin'!—An' Lizzie, dear, I wanted to ask ye, if I could n't r-run acr-ross to spind th' night with ye?"

"Come r-right over as soon's ye git ye'er pay."

"I think I'll git a place in th' mornin' with a lady I answer-red a adver-risemint to, but I'll have to git it without a recommend—fr'm the Missis, annyway."

"She's comin', Lizzie, dear,—I'll be acrost as soon's I git my pay."



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.]

OSCEOLA.—(1) Gloves are not usually worn at church, unless the occasion be a wedding. Nor is it customary for a man to remain gloved at a *musical* or the theater. (2) Light-colored waistcoats are quite proper with dark sack suits. (3) As you are fair-haired, dark clothes should always be more becoming to you, though we do not recommend black. It looks too funereal. Dark blue, dark gray, dark brown and the like are preferable.

AILEEN.—The bridegroom and his attendants at a five o'clock church wedding should wear frock coats, gray striped trousers, white waistcoats, white shirts, poke collars, white or gray ascots with gloves in a shade to match, patent leather shoes, and should carry silk hats on the way out.

H. S.—It is correct to wear the "Tuxedo" jacket at family dinners, bachelor dinners, the club, the stag and at functions the invitations to which read "Informal Dress" or similarly. The presence of women is, as a rule, assumed to render an occasion ceremonious and the "swallowtail" obligatory. If the gathering is to be a small one, it is wise to ascertain in advance what the others will wear and govern oneself accordingly.

QUINTARD.—(1) While it is "permissible" to wear a four-in-hand scarf with the frock coat, it is not usual. The "ascot" or "once-over" is preferred. (2) The correct length for the frock coat is about to the bend of the knee.

ADRIAN.—Cloth-topped patent leather shoes are considered "smart" with formal afternoon or evening dress, though the shoe with kid uppers is just as correct. We do not advise you to wear shoes with gray or tan uppers, as they are very conspicuous and in doubtful taste.

STANDISH.—Round-cornered wing collars may be purchased at any clothier's or haberdasher's. They are in use more this season than ever before and are extremely becoming to some faces.

G. R. H.—Athletic undersuits will be much worn this spring and summer. Of course, their vogue has less to do with "style" than with comfort, which is the underlying principle of rational dress. Virtually all college youths favor them and they are in no sense a fad, but founded upon reason and fitness. We certainly think that sleeveless undershirts and knee drawers are much cooler and more cleanly than the full-length garments. The "old-fashioned prejudice" that, you say, you have against them is, we fancy, due to the fact that you have never tried them.



BE PARTICULAR: your hat should not only be in the prevailing mode, but should suit your individuality. The hatter who sells the

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can suit you in style—because Knox makes the style; more than this he can suit you in the finest distinctions of size and shape.

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Dept. B. Carthage, Mo.

WARRINGTON.—A high shoe is usually preferred to a low-cut shoe for formal evening dress, unless one is going to a dance, when pumps are best. The high shoe should be buttoned, not laced, and may have kid or cloth uppers.

O'C.—Wet or damp shoes should never be put above the stove to dry. The heat warps the soles and often cracks the leather. Wipe the shoes with a soft cloth, rub a little vaseline into the leather, stretch them on "trees" and let them dry in a warm room, but not too close to a fire. Russet shoes are apt to discolor, unless the dressing is allowed to dry before polish is applied. Both black and tan shoes are greatly improved in appearance and comfort, if washed with warm water and soap every two weeks.

D. M. S.—The most serviceable glove for hockey is of drab buckskin, with a short gauntlet and a ventilated palm. Shin and leg guards are made of canvas or leather with ankle protectors.

YOUNG.—You are right in assuming that the "Tuxedo" suit is proper at a bachelor dinner. This is attended only by men, and, hence, belongs in the same class as the club gathering and the stag. Even when the bachelor dinner is given at a large hotel, "Tuxedo" clothes are quite correct, because the affair is usually held in a private dining room and, thus, is shorn of every suggestion of a public function. If, however, the bachelor dinner were served in the general dining room—an infrequent occurrence—formal evening dress would be required.

VAN TWILLER.—Whether the hostess shake hands with a newly introduced guest or merely bow, rests with her. She is not obliged to favor a man with the extra courtesy of a hand-clasp unless she wishes, and he has no excuse for feeling offended if he is treated with merely conventional politeness. Shaking hands with a comparative stranger generally implies a desire on the part of a woman to be especially nice to him or to be nice to some friend who is his friend.

LADDING.—White waistcoats are now generally worn with evening dress. The black waistcoat is too somber and offers no pleasing contrast.

YALE "PREP."—A colored ribbon on a felt hat is a question of taste, not propriety. Collegians are fond of displaying their university colors and other men like to use club, yachting, or regimental ribbons.

CHANGE

By **MARTHA McCULLOCH-WILLIAMS**

WHEN the wind stirs in the trees
As the clouds break after rain,
And the quick green things unfold,
Subtle as joy through pain,
Undervoiceing the hum of bees,
You hear throughout hill and wold:
"The day of life is day of death! Behold!
The low new grass is older than the light!
Night makes no star—stars shine not without
light!"
The cowslip flaunts in age-old garnered gold;
When bluebells ring, hear chimes of dead de-
light."

When the lulled summer lies
In the lap of the lusty land,
Drowsing through misty dreams
Where Time is a trickle of golden sand,
She stirs in the drowse and cries,
When softly the white dawn gleams:
"Life conquers death, though life may pass and
turn;
The morning rose last year was orange-blow;
The tide is proved by ebb and waxing flow;
The fields where golden harvests richest burn
Lay whitest in the mantle of the snow."

"It takes a certain amount of push to master even a wheelbarrow."

"They are never alone who are accompanied with noble thoughts."

God educates men by casting them on their own resources.—*Newell Dwight Hillis.*

"As soon as a man begins to love his work, then will he also begin to make progress."

What we would do, let us begin to-day. Every good we would have must be paid for in strokes of daily effort.—*William James.*

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The Wife in the Shadow

[Concluded from page 141]

tainside through the valley, and it will take on new life, new meaning. The muddy water will clear up and sparkle like a crystal, when it is set to work.

Everything in the whole environment of tens of thousands of American wives is discouraging to growth and tends to strangle a broader, fuller life. There is something narrowing, shriveling, in a mere routine life. Monotony is always narrowing, strangling, shriveling.

If the husbands could change places with their wives for a year, they would feel this contracting influence. Their minds would soon cease to reach out, they would quickly feel the pinching, paralyzing effect of the monotonous existence, of doing the same things every day year in and year out. The wives, on the other hand, would soon begin to broaden out. Their lives would become richer, fuller, completer, from contact with the world, from the constant stretching of their minds over large problems.

"I do not propose to marry," said a young man to me, recently, "until I can support a wife without her working. I do not propose to make a drudge of my wife."

The wives who have been paralyzed by marrying men who do not believe that a wife should work, form almost as pitiable a picture as the wives who have become household drudges.

Multitudes of women in this country to-day are vegetating in luxurious homes, listless, ambitionless, living narrow, rutty lives, because the spur of necessity has been taken away from them, because their husbands, who do not want them to work, have taken them out of an ambition-arousing environment.

Think of the thousands of wives who live in our great cities, who have no children and no social duties, no great life motive to take up their attention, who, not knowing what to do with themselves, sit or lie around the house all day, waiting for their husbands to come home in the evening! Is this the way sterling character is made? Are these the conditions for stamina building? Is it thus power is generated?

Is it any wonder that, under such strangling conditions, women brood over their ailments, their fancied weaknesses and inherited tendencies, and that there should be hatched in their idle brains a mischievous brood of discontent and dissatisfaction, or that their imaginations should suggest all sorts of unbecoming, unlawful things?

Is it any wonder that women often become despondent and sometimes insane in such a monotonous, ambitionless, listless environment?

Let a man, even a normally active one, feel that there is nothing special to call him up in the morning, that there is no pressing need of his doing anything in particular, that he can do just what he feels like doing when he feels like it, that he can lie abed in the morning or get up when he likes, go riding, read a novel, or do anything else he chooses to do, and how long will it take him to lose his initiative, his ability to do things, after he has allowed his brain cells to atrophy? How long will it be before his life becomes completely demoralized, before he loses his ambition, before the main zest of living dies? What will become of his originality, his resourcefulness, when he ceases his creative activity? How long will it take him to become a namby-pamby, nerveless, indifferent, and indefinite sort of person, without individuality or forcefulness?

A healthy mind must be an active mind. Vigor and strength cannot be built up in man or woman by inaction or a life of indolence. There must be a purpose, a vigorous, strong aim in the life, or it will be nerveless, insipid, and stale.

Now, if the aim is personal pleasure, the mere gratification of our vanity or pride, the indulgence of our whims; if life is narrowed to the question of dress, of eating and drinking, and selfish pleasure; if all larger, worthier interests have been shut out of it, how can there be growth or development for the individual?

There is a disease called "arrested development," in which the stature of the adult remains that of a child—all physical growth and expansion stops. Arrested mental development is a form of disease from which many wives are suffering, and they have been condemned to that condition by the mistaken idea of husbands who think that they love them.

Thousands of our divorces are caused by the fact that the wife has stopped growing, and has not kept pace with her husband.

I believe in marriage, but I do not believe in that marriage which paralyzes self-development, strangles ambition, and discourages evolution and self-growth, which takes away the life purpose. Nor is it necessary that the wife should work like a slave in order to grow. There is a certain class of men who go to the other extreme and make slaves of their wives—work them half to death. But physical drudgery does not develop power. The slave wife is as badly off as the doll wife.

A wife should neither be a drudge nor a dressed up doll; she should develop herself by self-effort, just as her husband develops himself. She should not put herself in a position where her inventiveness and resourcefulness and individuality, her talent, will be paralyzed by lack of motive.

The result of the average husband's repression of his wife's talent is that girls with ambition for art, for

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literature, for music, for the law, medicine, or business; girls who have especial talent in any particular line which peculiarly fits them for marked achievement are afraid to marry a man who is not willing to be as generous with his wife as he expects her to be with him. A great many girls will not take chances of having their ambitions smothered, their ideals and hopes shattered, by selfish, inconsiderate husbands.

We hear a great deal about the disinclination of the college girl to marry. If this is so, it is largely due to the unfairness of the man. The more education girls get, the more they will hesitate to enter a condition of slavery, even under the beautiful guise of home.

I do not blame a girl for remaining single who feels that she has been peculiarly fitted for a career of her own just as well as the selfish man who wants her to marry him merely to make a home for himself. I do not blame her for hesitating before she takes a step which may cramp her whole life and bring her bitter disappointment, for there is nothing more demoralizing outside of vice itself, than to be obliged to carry through life a stifled ambition.

I believe that the woman who has freedom to express herself in the completest way knows better how to make an ideal home and to be an ideal wife than does the woman who has been repressed and narrowed by her husband's selfish, one-sided views of marriage. I have no sympathy with this narrow view of a wife's duties, this slavery view of the woman who presides over the home.

When men get ready to regard the wife as a full, complete partner in the marriage contract instead of as a dressed-up doll, a toy, or plaything, or else a sort of housekeeper for the home and nurse for their children; when they are willing to regard their salaries or their income and property as much the wife's as their own, and do not put her in the position of a beggar for every penny she gets; when men get beyond the idea that a woman must fall in with their plans and opinions without question; that they were not intended for independent expression, no matter how much ability or even genius they may possess, we will have more true marriages, happier homes, and a higher civilization.

In his practical relations with his wife the average husband treats her like an inferior, more like a servant than an equal partner; and, when he does condescend to recognize the partnership, it is in the manner he would assume toward an employee who happens to have a share or two of stock in his million-dollar company. He does not recognize the relation of equality.

Not one man in a thousand treats his wife fairly in money matters. If his business partner attempted to treat him in the same way, there would very quickly be a rupture.

I know a man who is poor but who always manages to get money enough to buy his tobacco and drinks, and to dress well, even when his wife is obliged to go without the necessities of life, and to dress shabbily. He does not seem to think that she needs very much.

It is a rare thing to find a man who does not waste ten times as much money on foolish things as his wife does, and yet he would make ten times the talk about his wife's one tenth foolishness as his own ten tenths.

On the other hand, thousands of women, starving for affection, protest against their husband's efforts to substitute money for it—to satisfy their cravings, their heart-hunger, with the things that money can buy. How gladly they would exchange all of their luxuries for the plainest and humblest home with a husband who loved them!

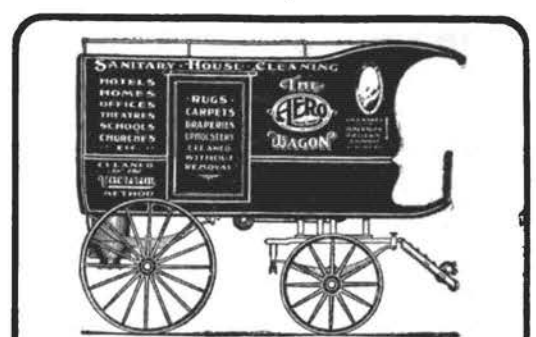
It is an insult to womanhood to try to satisfy her nature with material things, while the affections are famishing for genuine sympathy and love. Women do admire beautiful things; but there is something they admire infinitely more. Luxuries do not come first in any real woman's desires. She prefers poverty with love, to luxury with an indifferent or loveless husband.

How gladly would these women, whose affections are blighted by cold indifference or the unfaithfulness of their husbands, exchange their liberal allowance, all their luxuries, for genuine sympathy and affection!

The whole attitude of most men toward women is wrong—the idea that they are secondary in the scheme of creation; that they are calculated to walk behind the man, in his shadow; that they are not his equal, but a sort of supplement, to help him do the great things he is capable of, to minister to his wants and comforts and convenience; that they are a sort of expensive necessity to make a family and the rounding out of man's career possible.

For centuries women themselves accepted man's estimate of them, and were content to walk in his shadow. But since the higher discovery of woman in the last century a new order of things is being brought about. Women are becoming less and less dependent upon men and more inclined to live their own lives. They are beginning to see their own possibilities, that they can have careers and ambitions as well as men. The girl of to-day expects a liberal education and looks forward to a career of her own. Women have at last learned that men have not monopolized all the genius, that ability knows no sex. And the wife is beginning to realize that there is one thing she should guard as the very jewel of her soul; that is, the determination to keep pace with her husband.

Great minds have purposes; others have wishes.



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LENTALA

[Concluded from page 149]

carpenters, cabinet-makers, upholsterers, and many other useful trades; and at one side an array of firearms and ammunition.

Beela was watching me in my astonishment, for not the smallest item of this store had I seen in use by the natives.

"Don't you know what it all is, Choseph?" she asked.

I shook my head.

"It is the cargo of your vessel."

I was speechless. Two things were clear: one, that the water-tight bulkheads in the "Hope" had not given way (which accounted for her pursuit of us instead of sinking), and the other, that the natives had carefully repaired all the water damage possible. The thorough care of the cargo very likely had extended to the vessel herself.

My emotion was profound. I wrung Beela's hand, but something in my eyes made her dim and floating. Only vaguely could I see the sweet uplift and happiness in her face. Christopher was standing apart like a man of wood except that his eyes were living. If he needed any expression from me of the almost cruel joy that filled me, he gave no sign, but stood in the pathetic loneliness that forever invested him.

"We must go on," said Beela. "It is time for the king's privy council."

A devious way through another storage vault filled with things no doubt of great value, the ascent of a stone stair, a turning into this passage and another into that, and a short flight of steps, brought us at last upon a curtained balcony overlooking a dimly lighted council hall of considerable size and rich in savage appointments. The king was on a throne facing us, and in a semicircle before him, seated on rugs on the stone floor, were old and elderly native men splendidly appareled. The king was even more sumptuously robed than on the day of our reception by him. He had no personal attendants, for this, Beela explained in a whisper, was not a state council, but a secret one, called occasionally for extraordinary purposes, composed of selected wise men, and generally held late at night. The balcony where we sat was for the use of the queen and her feminine friends at state meetings. The diaphanous curtains, of an exquisite native texture and handsomely embroidered, could be seen through from our side, which was in shadow, but not from the other.

One thing had been puzzling me exceedingly. It was that no American or European articles looted from wrecks were in use in their original form by any of the natives except Lentala and Beela.

"Because," Beela had told me in answer to my question; "the natives don't need them, and are more content without them. The king is wise with his people, and they love him."

The council was under way. An old man had been droning something that I did not hear, for his voice was weak and the storm noisy. The king nodded to another, a young man, who came to his splendid full height. His gold-embroidered cloak of office slipped from his right shoulder and arm after he had risen from his obeisance.

"What is the temper of the Senqtras, Gato?" the king asked.

"Very impatient, Sire. There are murmurings and small secret gatherings. Rebellion is in the air."

The king moved uneasily. "And your soldiers?" he inquired.

"I have them in hand as yet, but they are naturally affected by the restlessness among the people, and are sick of waiting and of guarding the passes. They have never been on duty so long. They love their home and farms, and they can't understand the delay. If a wreck should come with this storm, where will the people from it be held?"

"There is plenty of room in the valley," snapped the king, making an impatient gesture. "And don't our people know that the crowd we have there is different from any castaways we have had before? Of course we can't let any of them leave the island, for they suspect its wealth, and would return with soldiers and guns, and would destroy us. But we have to proceed cautiously. There are more than a hundred and fifty picked men in the party, and their leaders, Mason and Tudor, and the giant ape Christopher, are shrewd, bold men, and have no fear."

We three were sitting close together, Beela in the middle. One of her hands stole out, took Christopher's, squeezed it, and released it. The other found my hand; I closed on its warm softness and kept it prisoned.

"In some mysterious way," Gato explained, "they have outwitted us. Our plan was to break them up by using the old traitor Vancouver, but they evidently discovered his treachery, and I have just learned that they sent him out as our first offering to the Black Face, while letting him think that he was going to betray them to us."

"I suppose," said the king, "that he is as good as another for the sacrifice. That will satisfy the people for a time, but he is the first and the last that we'll get

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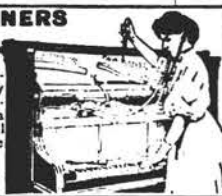
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from that crowd without bloody work, and I don't wish my subjects to be killed."

He paused, and the others waited. Beela's breathing had grown quick; there was a slight quiver in her hand.

The king went on:

"Mason evidently suspects that the people taken out of the valley will not be sent away, and so he is holding them together. No doubt they have armed themselves, and are ready to fight. Mason will be in no hurry to precipitate an issue with us, for they can subsist indefinitely where they are, we can't strengthen our position against them, and time, he reasons, may bring me to liberate them in a body."

It was impossible not to recognize the kindness and benevolence in the king's voice and words.

"May I speak, Sir?"

"Yes, Gato."

"I fear that Vancouver is going mad."

The king looked his dismay.

"He mumbles," proceeded Gato; "his eyes are wild at times; he calls for his daughter, and weeps like a child; he cannot eat, and his sleep is broken with loud cries."

"Is there much of that?" the king asked in alarm.

"No, Sir; only rarely. If he is taken to the sacrificial altar when he has a lucid period,—"

"The risk is great," groaned the king. "The people would resent the offering up of a madman; and we can do nothing while the storm lasts. The people can't assemble. We must wait. You men go among the Senatras to-morrow and pacify them. Tell them that all will be well. Do they say that the Face is threatening, Gato?"

"Yes, Sir. Some fools have seen it and spread tales about it. One is that green water streams out of its eyes, and another is that the mouth has opened and that purple flames come forth."

Beela's start thrilled me. The news brought the king to his feet.

"Is it true, Gato,—the open mouth and the purple flame?"

"I do not know, Sir. I have not seen it, and I do not believe it."

"But it may be true! Find out to-morrow morning, and let me know." He was leaving the throne, and although the light was poor, I could see a totter in his step and haggardness in his face.

The others were rising. The king turned to them, and said:

"If that is true,—" He did not finish, but stood in a daze. "The council is ended," he weakly added, and slowly left the chamber, the others filing after him.

Chapter XVII. Disciplined by a Woman

SLEEP held away that night. The revelations of the privy council had been startling. Some things were clear. One was that the king was a shrewd, easy-going, kindly man, vastly wiser than his subjects, and finding it simpler to rule them by pampering their superstitions than by raising them to his own understanding. Another was that he felt himself on the edge of a crisis, saw no way to avert a possible catastrophe, and was facing it with a paralyzing dread.

Lentala, fresh and radiant, brought our breakfast. Except for her color, not a trace of savagery remained about her. Her dress was a simple house frock of fine white linen, and of a modern style. Her hair was done exactly like Annabel's.

It did not improve her appearance. Had she been white, there would have been no touch of the incongruous. But in this fresh, sweet daintiness, much of her savage splendor had been sunk, and I felt a keen disappointment. The former Lentala, for all her barbarity, had never seemed an alien, but more a bringing back to me of a deeply rooted principle fundamental in my heritage.

She appeared to expect a compliment; but how could I be otherwise than sincere with her? Our greetings were pleasant; yet her clothes had set a constraint between us.

"You don't like my dress, Mr. Tudor?" she ruefully asked.

"It is exquisite, Lentala, and—"

"I made it all myself, from a picture in a book out of your ship! I thought you would like it. Does not Annabel dress this way?"

"Yes; but in the native dress your beautiful, rich color—" I paused in my floundering for a delicate way in which to say it. "Annabel is white, you know," I blundered.

Foreseeing my explanation, she had turned flutteringly away before my final words came, and was still holding the empty copper tray on which she had brought our breakfast. It fell with a clatter; her back was turned to me when she picked it up in confusion.

"A white woman!" She did not look at me. "Yes, she can wear dainty things and be sweet; but a brown savage woman—"

I had risen from my seat at the table and was advancing toward her. She turned and faced me defiantly, backing away, her eyes flashing. In another second, with a lightning change which showed her near kinship with Beela, she smiled sweetly, and asked with a dash of her old coquetry:

"Would you like Lentala better if she were white and pink like Annabel?"

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"How could I like Lentala white more than Lentala brown, since, first and last, it is Lentala that I like?"

She frowned comically in an effort to puzzle some sense out of that speech.

"I mean," I added, laughing at her perplexity, "that I like Lentala because she is Lentala, not because she is n't some one else."

That was another poser, and she made just such a little wry face over it as I had seen Beela make many a time. Her face brightened as she made a dash at a short cut out:

"Do you like me because I'm brown?"

"That is a question! It isn't because you aren't white that I like you."

"Could you like me if I were white?" she stamped impatiently.

"I'd try to," I sighed.

She made a little pout, stuck up her chin, turned stiffly, and went out with great dignity. It was the Lentala of the feast!

Beela entered when we had finished breakfast. In her rough clothes and tightly bound hair, she made so sharp a contrast to Lentala that, for a moment, I could not think of her as a girl, but as the dear lad whom I had lost. She had none of her brilliant sparkle now, and my heart ached to see the weariness and anxiety that she tried so bravely to conceal.

"What's afoot for to-day, dear little brother?" I cheerily inquired.

She was regarding me solemnly. "You've had your wish, I suppose. You've seen Lentala this morning."

"Yes. She brought our breakfast. She's an angel."

"Pooh!" Beela was bored. "I've seen her. She looked a fright in those clothes. Trying to ape Annabel! She ought to have better sense. I know you were disgusted."

"Beelo!"

"Don't talk! I know."

"You are tired and cross this morning, lad."

She flopped into a chair, very glum. "Women are such fools!" she grumbled.

"Now I am grieved to learn that Lentala is not a woman, for she could never be a fool."

Beela looked at me with sad reproach, and shook her head.

"Just now," I went on, "she was a rich, red rose, sparkling with morning dew. Her smile started all the birds to singing. She—"

"Choseph!" She stamped the floor, much as Lentala had done, but a smile fringed her frown. "You know she made a fright of herself trying to look like Annabel—and with that ugly brown face!"

"No, no, Beelo. The only trouble was that Lentala is too modest to realize how splendidly perfect she is as Lentala."

"But was n't she still Lentala in those silly clothes?"

"She was as much less Lentala as her effort to be something else succeeded in making her."

Beela looked puzzled, exactly as Lentala had.

"But her heart is broken!" she cried. "She says that you laughed at her, and spoke in riddles."

"I laughed with her, Beelo, not at her; and the riddles were a bit that I put in my mouth."

"Why?"

"The temptation to say beautiful things to Lentala that might sound insincere is strong."

She rose, with a confusion that was half amusement, and tried to hide the light in her eyes.

"Come, Choseph! There is much to do to-day."

"I must see Lentala first."

She could not mistake my seriousness.

"Why?" in surprise.

"I won't have her unhappy over that trifling incident. She is too sensitive. She misunderstood. I must see her, lad." I started for the door.

"Choseph!" came breathlessly. "Don't!"

I turned.

"Don't look at me that way!" she exclaimed, in genuine alarm. Christopher was moving round toward the door for which I had started.

"What way?"

"As though—as though you'd break down doors and kill anybody that stood in your way!"

"I want to see Lentala."

"You can't! She—she's undressed. I'll tell her. She'll be satisfied."

"Will you, lad? Thank you."

She began making some preparations about the room.

"You ought to be kept tied, Choseph," she said, half to herself. "I never know what you are going to do next." Yet a sweet note in her voice sounded low.

She came and stood before me, looking me straight in the eyes.

"I was going to give you and Christopher very delicate and important work to do this morning, Choseph, but I'm afraid you'll do something rash and ruin us all."

I felt the sting. "Trust me, little brother."

She shook her head in trouble. "You're not sly, Choseph; you're not cunning and patient. Those are what are needed now. You have enough courage."

"Trust me, lad."

"You are to meet King Rangan, Choseph, and you are to do everything that he wishes you to do. You may think you ought not."

"If you say that I ought, I will."

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"I do say so. If you refuse, or show temper, or do anything that a Senatra would n't do, all is lost. Do you understand?"

"I am not a fool, Beelo."

"Choseph! That was temper."

"Trust me, lad," I begged.

"It is very dangerous work—terribly so if you make a mistake."

"There will be no mistake."

"The king is much broken. He is growing old, and the problem of the colony is wearing on him. Choseph, will you think of him as kind and gentle, and as meaning well?"

"Yes."

"And will you watch Christopher? Sometimes he understands more than you or I."

"I will."

"Very well." Beela was much relieved. "Now I'll explain. The king is failing rapidly. He needs such friends as you and Christopher, and—"

"Such friends as *we*, when he is holding us as fattening cattle?"

"Choseph!" Beela's voice rang sharp, and she angrily stamped. Then came a hopeless look.

I took her hands. "Come, dear friend," I pleaded.

"That was the last. I am wholly in your hands. And remember, there is always Christopher."

She turned away with a sigh, and began to put finishing touches to our efforts at the restoration of neatness in the room. She was evidently gathering herself, for presently she came and took a seat facing me, Christopher standing. Her manner was serious.

"This is the case," she said: "The king has meant always to be kind to Lentala and me, and we are grateful. We love the queen dearly. We would lay down our lives before permitting any harm to befall them."

Her emotion made her pause.

"Serious dangers are threatening them now,—more than they suspect,—and these have come because of your people. Before that, only one or two would be cast up from the wrecks. They gave no trouble."

Horror came into her face, and she looked away.

"I always supposed that they were sent off," she resumed. "Never once did I suspect the truth until shortly before your party came, and then my affection for the king died in me, and I was sick at heart. I don't think the queen knows the truth to this day. I think the king would have stopped it long ago, but for Gato, who wanted to use it to keep the natives in savagery. He is a bad man, with great power. When your large party came, he saw a way to break the king, stir the people to rebellion, kill the king and queen, and take the throne himself."

"Does Gato suspect that you know this about him?" I asked in astonishment.

"No. There is where our safety lies. I never should have suspected him if he had n't made love to Lentala and told her that if she would marry him she would soon be queen,—the beast! Then we watched and found out."

After a thoughtful pause she proceeded:

"Gato is secretly stirring up the people. I have no doubt that he is about ready to strike. His plan will be this, I think: The palace guard are men whom he can trust to do his work; he will kill everybody here, and then take the army into your valley and slaughter all but a few. He will keep those for the sacrifices. It was he that induced the king to use Mr. Vancouver as your traitor. But, unlike the king, he does n't care how many natives might be killed in a fight with the colony when he has made himself king."

She was regarding me curiously.

And what are Christopher and I to do? I cheerfully asked.

"Let me tell you some things before that," she answered, but with hesitancy. "You won't be hurt with me, Choseph, and you won't be angry?"

"Assuredly not, dear lad."

"I told Captain Mason all these things when I went into the valley the last time." She waited anxiously.

"I am very glad of that," I brightly answered.

She was much relieved, and with a sudden dash came over and squeezed my hand.

"You are really my dear big brother!" she said, and demurely resumed her seat. "I told him something else," she went on with more confidence. "It was to have his entire colony ready to move at a moment's notice,—not to bring anything with them, except all the food they could carry, but to be prepared at any time of the day or night to march in perfect silence out of the valley."

"To the ship!" I exclaimed.

She smiled. "I advised him to pick some cool, trustworthy men to take charge of the march."

"He said—"

"That he already had his men chosen, and was glad that Hobart did n't have to come out with me. He said it would be the making of Rawley to come, and that you would understand."

I did at last. There was something almost magical in Captain Mason's ability to dig the manhood out of men.

"And now for your and Christopher's work," resumed Beela. "I will take you to the king as English-speaking natives from the mountains beyond the valley on the west, which you have not seen. As I have told you, the natives there are wilder and fiercer than these, have little intercourse with them, and are largely inde-

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pendent. Their blood has mingled with that of a few castaways, and they are brighter. On this side is the ancient race, simple, gentle, dull. The king is proud of it, and wishes to keep it pure. But he will welcome the other men in this emergency, particularly if they speak English."

"Has he full confidence in Gato?" I inquired.

"I think he is growing suspicious."

"And we?"

"You are to be the king's confidential agents; to find out, independently of Gato, all that is afoot; to be ready to protect the king; and especially to treat with the colony if any trouble should rise from that course. Is it all clear?"

"Nearly. We are to guard the king and maintain his authority at any cost?"

Beela studied me uneasily. "Yes, at any cost," she slowly answered.

"I was thinking of Gato," I explained. "We are to resort to any measures with him, however extreme, if we have good reason to think them necessary?"

"Yes," somewhat anxiously. "What do you mean, Choseph?"

"Anything that may be wise and prudent."

She glanced down. She made no reply, but gave this warning, still not looking up:

"Take no chances with him. When you strike, which you must, sooner or later, let the blow be swift and sure."

"What will become of the army when he is out of the way?"

The question troubled her. "It is very uncertain," she answered. "There may be leaders under him who are in his confidence. They or one of them may take command and lead the army against the palace."

She sprang to her feet and glanced about.

"Let's go to the king at once," she said. "Lentala told him about you and promised to have you there by this time. I fear that Gato has already returned with his report of the Face with its open mouth and purple flame."

"Just one thing, dear lad," I interrupted. "I wish to see Lentala first."

Her adaptability was as quick as a child's. The seriousness which she had worn flashed into a teasing quirk of the mouth.

"What for?"

"You know very well."

"Choseph," she said, solemnly wagging her head at me, "how can you think of girls at such a time as this? Lentala would have too much sense to see you now. Come with me to the king."

[To be continued in April]

How Voorhees Was Flimflammed

By O. O. Stealey

A MAJORITY of congressmen are improvident, and when they are compelled to leave Washington, have only a sufficient surplus on hand to carry them home. It matters little how much these men make, the result is the same, for they live up to their revenue.

Among the many was Daniel W. Voorhees, so well known in his public career as a famous orator, genial, generous, good fellow, and boon companion. In money matters Voorhees was as simple and ignorant as a child. He parted with his money with no thought of its value. The middle of the month generally found him "broke," but this worried him little for he managed to get along just as well until pay day. He ordered what he wanted and had it charged, and then forgot all about it. The funny part of his nature was that while he did not remember his creditors, he always kept in mind his friends, and would give them the last cent he had if they applied for assistance.

One day an old constituent of Mr. Voorhees from the Wabash, in Indiana, called at the capitol to see the senator. Not finding him in he went to the office of the sergeant-at-arms, that position then being held by R. J. Bright, also from Indiana, and an intimate friend of Mr. Voorhees. The old man told his story to Bright, and the reason why he was in search of Voorhees. In effect it was that he was "hard up" and Voorhees owed him \$150 on a note, and he needed the money badly, and was there to collect it. Bright thought the story over and said:

"Now, my friend, if you go to Dan to collect this money he will not pay you a dollar. On the other hand, if you will go to him, tell him a hard luck story, and put up a poor mouth, he will raise and give you every dollar he can."

The man took this advice, and meeting Voorhees told him what a bad fix he was in and his need of a little assistance. Voorhees affectionately put his arm over his shoulder, and said, "William, I am very sorry for you, and I will help you all I can. Come with me to the clerk's office. I do not know whether I have any money there or not, but I will give you all I have."

The clerk informed the senator that there "happened" to be over \$200 to his credit. This surprised Voorhees, but he said, "Give it all to my friend here as he is a long way from home and needs it more than I."

Mr. Voorhees devoted the last ten years of his life to the Congressional Library, taking no interest in politics or anything else. To him, more than to any one else, is due the completion of the beautiful structure. He died a poor man.



Life is one continual contest of man against man, with Success as the prize—and the trained man **WINS**—not because he has more brains, but because he knows how to use them.

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PIANOS

Ultima's Mothers

[Concluded from page 144]

thing about her suggested hardness, from the steel-cased firmness of her figure to the smooth enamel of her cheek and black-button brightness of her eyes. She rose effusively, and advanced with a great rustling of silk petticoats. Before Ultima could protest, the stranger had pecked her slightly on each cheek, and, taking her by the hand, announced in a sharp, metallic voice:

"My dear, I'm your mother—now tell me all about it."

The girl's knees gave way, her jaw dropped. Weakly she sat down on the divan, while the iron woman switched her skirts and settled herself beside her.

"Of course, it's a great shock to you," she went on, "but, my dear, I'm here, and, of course, we will be together—that will be delightful. To think of me with a grown-up daughter! Why, I shall have to bring you out next year! And, you're charming, my dear, really, you are, and I'm so glad. I said to Mr. Kerstrom, the moment I read the death notice, 'I do hope she takes after me, if ever so little, for, of course, I'm going right over to be with her; but it would be a trial if she should be ugly or gawky or stupid;' and I find you,—why, my dear, you're simply a duplicate of what I was at your age. Now, tell me about your poor, dear father. Of course, I bear no ill will; I was never that kind, but, as I told Mr. Kerstrom, Charlie was bound to go suddenly, he was of that type,—heart, was n't it, my dear? Did it happen in a fit of anger?—no? I thought it might. Your poor father had no self control. I used to fear apoplexy sometimes. You'll like Mr. Kerstrom. All the girls love him. Oh, I'm not jealous—but I don't let him feel too sure of me; it's not wise, my dear, ever."

Ultima's mind and emotions were in dire confusion. So, this was her mother, the mother who should all these years have been her guide and companion. A feeling of immense relief that Fate had otherwise decreed was the first definite emotion that she experienced. Then came a swift hatred of this woman for the misery she must have caused the dear dead man, now so far beyond the reach of pain or turmoil. Then arose an added personal grievance, that, glad as she was that it should have been thus, this creature had dared to sell her—Ultima—her daughter, for a price. The girl's blank indifference toward life was broken by human, aggressive resentment. She sat silent under the downpour of Mrs. Kerstrom's words, wondering how long it would be before her own feelings burst their bonds and made themselves vigorously manifest. Yet, this was her mother—she must not forget that, and as such she owed her duty, if not love.

"You must plan, my dear," the determined voice went on, "to leave at once with me, as soon after the funeral as possible. You'll like Washington, I know. Take your maid, of course; I'll close the house for you. The funeral is to-morrow; the will could be read the following day. Of course, there'll be no hitch about the will. Charlie will naturally leave everything to you."

The sharp glance that accompanied the last remark was not lost upon Ultima. Ah, that was it then! This accounted for her mother's desire to be with her—her desire to claim her forfeited rights.

Ultima rose slowly and crossed to her desk, opened it, and deliberately sought the papers in the corner indicated by her father in their last interview. Mrs. Kerstrom followed her daughter's movements with satisfaction.

"Really," she approved, "you are astonishingly like me, a truly wonderful resemblance."

Ultima stopped short, her brows gathered over her indignant eyes. "I'm not!" she answered angrily.

"I'm like my mother!"

Mrs. Kerstrom looked aghast. "But, I'm your mother. Have you lost your head, my dear?"

"No; you're not my mother." She touched the miniature at her breast. "This is the mother my father gave me long ago. I've never known any other, and I want none now." Drawing the paper from its place, she held it out. "You sold me, you gave up all right and title in me whatsoever—and the price was paid. My father bought me. I was his. I am his only heir, and, therefore, I inherit myself." She replaced the deed and locked the desk, withdrawing the key.

Mrs. Kerstrom stood speechless, while Ultima pressed the electric bell.

"I see we shall have to call an insanity commission," Mrs. Kerstrom exclaimed.

"I don't think so." Her daughter's gaze met hers squarely. The maid was at the door, attentive eyes upon her mistress, from whom girlhood seemed to have slipped like a veil, revealing the power and poise of womanhood. "Anne, see this lady to the door, please. Mrs. Kerstrom, I regret that the funeral will be so very private that I cannot ask you to be present—thank you, however, for your kind intent in calling."

Surprised out of protest, the intruder followed the servant. Ultima heard the hall door close, yet she remained standing, holding the desk key in one convulsive hand, while the other held the portrait clasped to her breast. Her fingers relaxed slowly. She lifted the fine gold chain over her head, and, seating herself upon the divan, laid the jewel tenderly before her.

"You are my mother, I don't care what she says. I want to be like you, and I want you with me now. You're the only mother father ever gave me, and I know he'd rather have it this way." The stealthy perfume of lilies once more assailed her. She rose as if to a summons. "I'm not alone," she said sturdily to the blue eyes under the leghorn hat. "I have my dear imaginations and my dearer memories. We'll go to him now, mother, dear!"

The Scramble for the Spot Light

(Concluded from page 140)

manifesting themselves at once in the shape of orders to the various factories in the trust, cast a rosy but deceptive glow over the entire business.

The squaring of unpopular trusts and corporations with the public is a branch of the publicity business of which the general public is seemingly unaware. For example, when the Rate Bill was before the legislature two years ago, a wily publicity worker contrived to get a great deal of matter into the newspapers in defense of the railroads. If a washout occurred it was used as an argument to show that the company was actually losing money, and innumerable were the paragraphs beginning, "College professors and others interested in such economic questions as railroad rates, are of the opinion that," etc., etc.

In like manner was a vast amount of matter printed in the interest of the brewers to offset the prohibition movement, and in that of the race track to influence the Pool-selling Bill; and it is even a matter of record that the cause of simplified spelling owed its brief career in the public eye to a press agent paid by one of the leading philanthropic millionaires of the country, who had strong ideas of his own on the subject.

It may be said in this connection that nearly all the firms of publicity makers seek to disarm suspicion by doing their business on frank and open lines, stating squarely to the newspapers the source of inspiration in their paragraphs and news stories, and making no pretense of working in the interest of philanthropy.

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By NIXON WATERMAN

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Do it now.
In delay there's danger brewing,
Do it now.
Don't you be a by-and-byer
And a sluggish patience-tryer;
If there's aught you would acquire,
Do it now.

If you'd earn a prize worth owning,
Do it now.
Drop all waiting and postponing,
Do it now.
Say, "I will!" and then stick to it.
Choose your purpose and pursue it.
There's but one right way to do it,
Do it now.

All we have is just this minute,
Do it now.
Find your duty and begin it,
Do it now.
Surely you're not always going
To be "a going-to-be," and knowing
You must sometime make a showing,
Do it now.

He Could Be Trusted

A TRAIN from the North pulled into the station at Charlottesville, Virginia. An elderly man thrust his head out of a window of a day-coach and summoned a little colored boy. The following colloquy ensued:

"Little boy, have you a mother?"
"Yassuh."
"Are you faithful to your studies?"
"Yassuh."
"Do you go to Sunday school?"
"Yassuh."
"Do you say your prayers every night?"
"Yassuh."
"Can I trust you to do an errand for me?"
"Yassuh."
"Well, here's five cents to get me a couple of apples."



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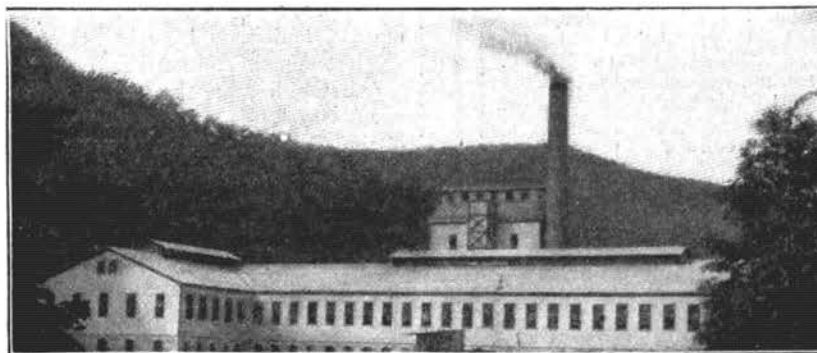
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Paint is a makeshift to help preserve the material on which it is used and will only give limited service at best.

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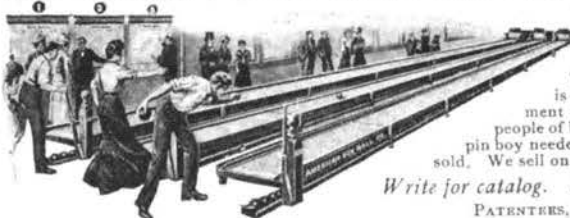
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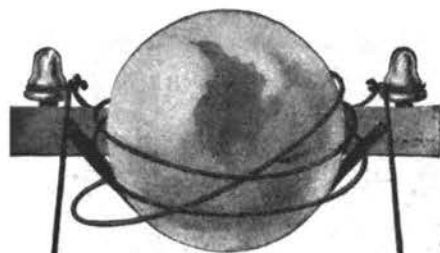
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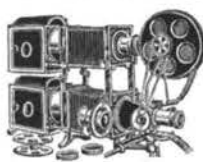
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Drugging a Race

By SAMUEL MERWIN

[Concluded from page 135]

foreign city, to help along by closing the dens in their municipalities. It was mainly to see whether or not the consuls were "helping" that I went down to Tientsin. There was no need to ask questions or to burrow among statistics. The opium dens of the concessions were either open or they were not. Accordingly I set out from the Astor House at nine o'clock one evening, by rickshaw. For interpreter I had Mr. Sung, the secretary of the Native Young Men's Christian Association, and with us went a young Englishman who spoke the language. This test seemed a fair one to apply, for it was April 23d, nearly five months after Viceroy Yuan's proclamation, and several weeks after the closing of the last dens in the native city.

We began with the French Concession; and our first glimpses of the thriving opium business of the little municipality astonished us. The Taiku Road, the main street, where one finds churches, mission compounds, offices, and shops, displayed a row of red lights. Our three rickshaws pulled up at the first and we went in.

An opium den usually takes up one floor of a building. Against the walls is a continuous wooden platform, perhaps two feet high and extending out seven or eight feet into the room. This platform is divided at intervals of five or six feet by low partitions, sometimes but a few inches in height, into compartments, each of which accommodates two smokers, with one lamp between them. Sometimes a rug or a bit of matting is laid on this hard couch, sometimes not; for the Chinaman, accustomed to sleeping on bricks, prefers his couches hard. A man always lies down to smoke opium; for the porous pill, which is pressed into the tiny orifice of the pipe, cannot be ignited, but is held directly over the lamp and the flame drawn up through it.

This first den we entered was on the second floor of a rickety building. We climbed the steep, infinitely dirty stairway, crossed a narrow hall, and opened a door. At first I found it difficult to see distinctly in the dim light and through the thick blue haze; and the overpowering, sickish fumes of the drug got into my nose and throat and made breathing a noticeable effort. There was a desk by the door, behind which sat the keeper of the den, with a litter of pipes and thimble-like cups before him. In a corner of the desk was a jar of opium, a thick, sticky substance, dark brown in color, in appearance not unlike molasses in January. There were twenty smokers on the couches, some preparing the pellet of opium by kneading it and pressing it on the pipe-bowl, some dozing off the fumes, and a few smoking. An attendant moved about the room with fresh supplies of the drug. For each thimbleful, enough for one or two smokes, the price was fifteen cents (Mexican).

The smokers seemed to be mainly of the lower classes; though hardly so low as coolies, who are lucky to earn as much as fifteen cents in a day. It was evident to both of my companions, from the appearance of these men and from their talk, that they could ill afford the luxury. The number of smokes indulged in seemed to range from three or four up to an indefinite number. The youngest and healthiest appearing man in the room told us that after three pipes he could go home and go to sleep in comfort. He had been at it less than a year, he said; and, judging from the expression of peaceful content that came over his face as he held the pipe-bowl over the lamp and drew the smoke deep into his lungs, he had not yet begun to feel the ravages of the drug.

The next den we entered was small, crowded, and dirty. The price was only ten cents. But

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the third den was the largest and decidedly the most interesting of any that we saw. Like the others, it was situated in a prosperous section of the Taiku Road, with its red light conspicuously displayed over the door. From the facts that it was frankly open for business and that not the slightest concern was shown at our entrance, it seemed fair to believe that the keepers had no fear whatever of publicity or of the law. Even when we announced ourselves to be investigators, our questions were answered cheerfully and fully, and the man who escorted us from room to room was apparently proud of the establishment. The couches were not all occupied, but I counted thirty-five men sitting or reclining on them. One man had a child with him, a girl some six or eight years of age, and when he had prepared his pipe and smoked it he permitted her to take a whiff or two. In a rear room we saw four women smoking with the men. The price of a smoke in this den was twenty-five cents.

I do not know how many opium dens were open for business in the French concession on this particular April 23, 1907, but of those that were open I personally either entered or at least saw fifteen or sixteen, and that without attempting anything in the nature of an exhaustive search. In the Italian and Russian concessions I found about sixty dens open, mostly of a very low grade. But the worst of the concessions, in this regard, was the Austrian. Lying nearest to the native city, it had profited more largely than any of the others by the native prohibition. It seemed also to have the largest Chinese population; indeed, in appearance it was more like the quaint old Chinese city than any of the other foreign municipalities.

We entered only three of the Austrian dens. But we saw the signs and glanced in through the doorways of so many others that I was quite ready to accept Mr. Sung's rough estimate of the total number within the narrow confines of the concession: he put it at fifty to one hundred. It is difficult to be exact in these estimates, because where laws are so languidly enforced the official returns hardly begin to state the full number of flourishing establishments. These three dens which we entered were enough to make an ineffaceable impression on the mind of one traveler. I have eaten and slept in native hostels, in the interior, so unspeakably dirty and insanitary that to describe them in these pages would exceed all bounds of taste, but I have never been in a filthier place than at least one of these Austrian dens. And the other two were little better. It would require some means more adequate than pen, ink, and paper, to convey to the reader an accurate notion of the mingled, half-blended odors which seemed to underlie, or to form a background for, the overpowering fumes of what passed here for opium. What this drug compound was I really do not know; but it was sold at the rate of two pipes for three cents, Mexican, equivalent to a cent and a half, gold. For real opium, of fair or good quality, it is quite possible, in China, to pay from ten to twenty times as much. Such dens as this, then, are not only vicious resorts maintained for the purpose of catering to a degrading habit, they are also breeding places of disease and pestilence.

Thus one night's work made it plain that the foreign concessions were taking no steps that would evidence a spirit of coöperation with the Chinese authorities in their vigorous attempt to check and control the ravages of opium. Tientsin, like Shanghai, did not care. Tientsin, like Shanghai, is sowing the wind in China.

Let us now turn aside for a moment to consider the third important point of contact between the two kinds of civilization—Hongkong.

Hongkong is neither a "settlement" nor a "concession." It is a British crown colony, with its own governor and its own courts. The original property, a mountainous island lying near the mouth of the Canton River, was taken from the Chinese in 1842, as a part of the penalty which China had to pay for losing the opium war. Later a strip of the mainland opposite was added to the colony. Hongkong is one of the most important seaports in the world. It is the meeting place for freight and passenger ships from North America, South America, New Zealand and Australia, India, Europe, Africa, and the Philippines and other Pacific islands. It commands the trade of the Canton River Valley, which, though not geographically so imposing as the wonderful valley of the Yangtse, supports, nevertheless, the densely populated region reached by the innumerable canal-like branches of the river. The city of Canton alone, eighty or ninety miles inland from Hongkong, claims 2,500,000 inhabitants. It is safe to say that fifty million Chinamen are constantly under the influence of the civilizing example set by Hongkong.

What is the attitude of the Colonial Government toward the opium question? Simply that the opium habit is a legitimate source of revenue. The British gentlemen who administer the government seem never to have been disturbed by doubts as to the morality or the humanity of their attitude. Let me quote from the report of the Philippine Commission:

"Farming is the system adopted [Renting out the monopoly control of the drug to an individual or a corporation.] and a considerable part of the income of the colony is obtained from this source. . . . The habit seems to be spreading. No effort—except the increased price demanded by the farmer to compensate for the increased price he has to pay to secure the monopoly—is made to deter persons from using opium in this

colony. . . . Most of the opium comes from India."

The attitude of the residents and merchants of the colony seems to be expressed plainly enough by an editorial in a leading Hongkong paper which lies before me, date of December 1, 1906: "It will take volumes of Imperial edicts to convince us that China ever honestly intends or is ever likely to suppress the opium trade. . . . It is up to China to take the initiative in such a way as to leave no doubt that her intentions are honest and that the native opium trade will be abandoned. Until that is done it is idle to discuss the question."

In other words, Hongkong refuses to consider giving up its opium revenue until the Chinese take the market away from it.

I think we may consider the point established that Great Britain is directly responsible for the introduction of opium into China, and, through the ingenuity and persistence of her merchants and her diplomats, for the growth of the habit in that country. To-day, in spite of an unmistakable tendency on the part of the Home Government (which we shall consider in a later article) to yield to the pressure of the anti-opium agitation in England, the Government of India continues to grow and manufacture vast quantities of the drug for the Chinese trade. To-day the representatives of that Government at Hongkong are profiting largely from a monopoly control of the opium importation. To-day, at Shanghai, where the British predominate in population, in trade, and in the city government, the opium evil is mishandled in a scandalous manner, and—as elsewhere—for profit. Small wonder, therefore, that other and less scrupulous foreign nations, where they have an opportunity to profit by this vicious traffic, as at Tientsin, hasten to do so.

These three great ports—Shanghai, Tientsin, and Hongkong—are in constant touch commercially with a grand total of very nearly 200,000,000 Chinese. They are, therefore, constantly exerting a direct influence on that number of Chinese minds. As I have pointed out, this influence, because it is concentrated and tangible, is much stronger than the admittedly potent influence of the widely scattered missionaries, physicians, and teachers. From the life and example of the western nations, as they exist at these ports, the Chinaman is drawing most of his ideas of progress and enlightenment.

In a word, the new China that we shall sooner or later have to deal with among the nations of the world is the new China that the ports are helping to make. For this new China is to-day in process of development. She is struggling heroically to digest and assimilate the western ideas which alone can bring life and vigor to the sluggish Chinese mass. And yet, turning westward for aid, China is confronted with—Shanghai, Tientsin, and Hongkong. Turning to Britain for a helping hand in her effort to check the inroads of opium, she hears this cheerful doctrine from the one British colony which China can really see and partly understand, Hongkong—"It is up to China." Dr. Morrison has stated, in one of his letters to the *Times* that Britain's attitude toward China is one of sympathy tempered by a lack of information. One very eminent British diplomat with whom I discussed the opium question assured me that the attitude of his Government was "most sympathetic." Later, in London, I found that this same Government was quieting an aroused public opinion with assurances that steps were being taken toward an agreement with China in the matter of opium. All this was in the spring and summer of 1907. Six months later the one British colony in China, and the two great international ports, were cheerfully continuing their cynical policy of sneering at or ignoring the attempts of the Chinese to overcome their master-vice, and were cheerfully profiting by the situation.

It would perhaps seem fanciful to suggest that the great nations should unite to regulate the coast ports. It would appear obvious that such regulation, in so far as it might create a better understanding between the Chinese and the representatives of foreign civilizations with whom they must come in contact, would work to the advantage of commercial interests. Anti-foreign riots are in progress to-day in China which have their roots partly in racial misconceptions, partly in a long tradition of injustice and bad faith; and it is hardly necessary to suggest that an atmosphere of injustice, bad faith, and rioting is not the best atmosphere in which to carry on trade. But, nevertheless, the inevitable difficulties in the way of drawing the great nations together in the interests of a better understanding with the Chinese people would seem to make such a solution academic rather than practical.

But, still hoping that something may be done about it, something that may lessen the likelihood of the reaping of a whirlwind in China, suppose that we alter the phrase of that Hongkong editorial and state that instead of the problem being up to China it is distinctly up to Great Britain? Great Britain brought the opium into China. Great Britain kept it there until it took root and spread over the native soil. Great Britain has admitted her guilt, and has pledged herself by a majority vote in parliament, and by the promises of her governing ministers, to do something about it. Suppose that Great Britain be called upon to make good her pledge? It would be an interesting experiment. All that is necessary is to cut down the production of opium in India, year by year, until it ceases altogether,

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To this course great Britain would appear to be committed by the utterances of her Government. But the world, like the man from Missouri, has yet to be "shown." In a later article we shall consider this question of promise and performance in the light of Britain's peculiar governmental problems.

A Scab Rainbow

By JAMES OPPENHEIM

[Concluded from page 133]

face close to him; it came closer and closer, the lips quivering, the eyes strained; so close that it melted from sight; and he kissed the fresh lips. She gave a cry, her head sank on his shoulder, his arms—his strong arms—were about her. Then suddenly she lifted her radiant face:

"Oh, Tom," she cried, "for me, for me, you'll strike!"

He released her.

"Not for you," he said, sobbing dryly.

"Not for me?" she cried, taken aback. "Then you don't love me—you don't love me!"

"A' said, Nell," he repeated.

Anger swept through her.

"I'm a fool," she cried out; "you don't love me!" She drew herself up—hot, red, furious. "You'll get killed then! Oh, what a fool I am!"

And she left him standing there.

The next morning, at ten, the men marched out, all save the Rainbow. He went up to the stevedore.

"I'm here," he answered.

"Great!" cried the stevedore, cheery as ever, "but you're in for it! Look there!"

Across the street the men were forming a wild mob. Andrews came over finally.

"What do you want?" asked the stevedore.

"Discharge that scab," roared Andrews.

The little man flashed up.

"Get out of here—quick! Or get kicked out!"

Andrews went off, blacker than ever. His words set the crowd in a fury; they picked up sticks and stones and cans; some flourished revolvers. The stevedore rushed to his little box of an office; he returned with two pistols.

"Here," he said, "keep back the crowd with this! Mind you, if they bring torches they'll fire that heap of cotton and the whole dock will go! Man, I'm testing you! I'm putting in your hands a million dollars! Will you save it?"

The Rainbow looked at him steadily, as he put the pistol in his trouser pocket.

"Gawd help me, yes!"

"You will!" cried the stevedore. "I'll rush up to the office and 'phone the police. I'll be back in a minute."

The office was in front, over the dock, up a flight of stairs.

The Rainbow stood gaunt and awkward, without work, at the dock entrance. No one was allowed in; neither truckman nor visitor.

The crowd seemed suddenly to stir afresh; the Rainbow noticed a few smoking, flaming torches; his yellow face grew pale. All traffic in the streets stopped, and the truckmen stood still to watch the fun. Then came taunting shouts:

"It's only the Rainbow! The sissy! Scab! Kill him! Kill him!"

Suddenly the crowd swept out toward him, and he saw—his heart leaped fearfully—Nell in the lead. She herself carried a torch. He saw all distinctly. It was a great, black cloud. He saw Nell distinctly; her eyes burned lividly, her cheeks were white. She was muttering and shouting:

He heard her cry:

"Come on! come on! we'll take the dock! We'll fix the scab!"

He felt that she was revenging herself upon him. It seemed as if the crowd would never reach him—second after second passed—and still they surged and surged, white and red and black faces, stones, clubs, torches, smoke and fire, nearer and nearer through the cold, keen air. He slowly drew out his revolver. It gleamed silver. He gripped it in his right hand. He raised his head. The crowd was close upon him.

"Kill him! kill him!" came the wild cries. "Down with him! Smash him!"

Suddenly a paving stone hit a window above, and the smashed glass clattered down before the Rainbow. He felt a terrible heat within. Then came another great stone, and crashed near him.

He raised the revolver; his great thick voice rolled out:

"Get back! Get back! A' shoot the first one that

steps here!" The crowd saw the pistol, and instinctively wavered, paused. Their cries died down.

"Who'll be the first?" thundered the Rainbow.

"A' kill him."

The revolver never even trembled in the great outstretched paw.

Then Nell, the mad, laughed.

"Afraid of a scab, boys," she cried. "Come on!"

But none came. She took one step; she took another; looking and looking into the revolver. The Rainbow grew fearfully white, staggered a little, groaned. The pistol slowly lowered; she took a third step, still looking; then she screamed. There was a flash, and she fell.

At that minute two things happened. A paving stone hit the Rainbow, and he fell face forward; the police, in a patrol wagon galloped up.

That night the Rainbow lay in bed moaning like a child; three policemen stood in the hall guarding him; and his mother, despite his bad wound, scolded him.

"Me poor boy, how should I know ye should have struck? What know I of strikes? Oh, ye dumb, stupid beast! That's what ye get for being so stupid."

And he lay moaning and moaning.

At ten, they brought her in. Her arm was in a sling, her face pale; she was fearfully weak, from loss of blood. They placed her in the armchair beside him and left them alone.

He moaned.

"Oh, Tom," she murmured, "I did it because I thought you did n't love me."

He moaned again.

"And I," he said thickly, "minded Mother, and she scolds."

She smiled faintly:

"It may be pretty serious—may n't it?"

She weakly got from the chair and knelt at his side, and kissed his hand.

"Oh, Tom, forgive me."

He struggled, gasped, laughed.

"No," he said, "a' won't! I'll strike!"

Hints for Business Men

There is a great difference between speculation and investment.

Competition calls out resources, develops one's ingenuity, and stimulates initiative.

Cultivate your customers—"A pleased customer is the best advertisement."

Keep a superior class of goods, for people remember quality longer than they do price.

Cutting your prices to injure the man next door is "cutting off your nose to spite your face."

In advertising, the economy of to-day is often the loss of to-morrow; the expense of to-day the profit of to-morrow.

A position at \$18 a week that offers no opportunity to get beyond \$20 a week, is not as good as a \$10-a-week foothold in a business that affords opportunity to get up to \$2,000 a year.

Remember that when you are selling your services you are selling your reputation also, just as the merchant sells his reputation with his goods. The reputation is made up of the sum of all his sales, purchases, and other transactions.

A mail-order house which, a few years ago, was selling two or three million dollars' worth of merchandise annually, was confronted by a very formidable competitor, and now the old house is doing three or four times as much business as before. The proprietors arose to the occasion.

Avoid people who depress you. Some people are so sensitive to the personalities of others, that they are not really themselves when in their presence. They are disconcerted, thrown off their balance, like a planet which is deflected from its course when nearing some other heavenly body.

Not a Soloist

THE late Theodore Thomas was rehearsing the Chicago Orchestra on the stage of the Auditorium Theater. He was disturbed by the whistling of Albert Burridge, the well-known scene painter, who was at work in the loft above the stage. A few minutes later Mr. Thomas's librarian appeared on the "bridge" where Mr. Burridge, merrily whistling, was at work.

"Mr. Thomas's compliments," said the librarian, "and he requests me to state that if Mr. Burridge wishes to whistle he will be glad to discontinue his rehearsals."

To which Mr. Burridge replied, suavely: "Mr. Burridge's compliments to Mr. Thomas; and please inform Mr. Thomas that, if Mr. Burridge cannot whistle with the orchestra, he won't whistle at all."



What Is Latest and Best in the World of Progress and Invention, Boiled Down for Busy Readers

Clothing Made of Paper

EMIL CLAVIEZ, a manufacturer in Saxony has invented a new yarn resembling paper. It is made of wood fiber and is used exclusively in weaving. Xyolin, the product, is said to be non-shrinkable, impervious to moisture, and to cost one third as much as cotton and one tenth as much as linen.

Photographs by Telegraph

EDWARD BERLIN, a French engineer, has invented what is said to be a wonderful method of transmitting pictures by telegraph. A large photograph can be transmitted in half an hour by the new process.

Boycotting the Billboard

A WRITER in *The Craftsman* advocates the boycott as a means of curing the billboard evil. Tacoma, Washington, has applied this remedy with good effect.

A Traveling Sample Room

A BRITISH wholesale drug house maintains a handsomely furnished salesroom on wheels. The agent lives, travels, entertains prospective customers, and displays samples, all in his unique car, drawn by horses, and has made it a great success.

A New Clothespin

A DOUBLE clothespin has been patented and should be of service in cold weather. The pin may be fastened to the clothes and later to the line. The freezing of clothes to the line may thus be avoided.

Glass That Will Drive Nails

LOUIS KAUFFELD, an Indiana inventor, has produced glass of extraordinary toughness. It is said that water may be boiled in a lamp chimney of the new kind of glass, that the chimney may be used to drive nails, and that it may be taken from ice water and thrust into a flame without cracking.

A Boon to Flax Raisers

BENJAMIN C. MUDGE, of Lynn, Massachusetts, has come forward with an invention which will give us the full value of the flax crop both in seed and in fiber. This machine may prove more important than the cotton gin and make the production of linen an important industry in this country.

A Traveling Advertisement

A CAR in an elevated railway train in Chicago contains advertising cards which travel slowly from one end of the car to the other on an endless belt. The motion of the advertisements attracts attention, the renting space is double that of the stationary kind, and the passenger gets a view of the entire series.

It Predicts Frost

THE horticultural hygrometer now on sale in England, is an instrument which measures the temperature of the

dew point at nightfall and which tells whether a frost may be expected during the night.

Making Real Diamonds

THE formula by which M. Lemoine, a Frenchman, made what are said to be genuine diamonds has recently become public in London. It is a mixture of 30 parts iron, 55 parts boron and 15 parts charcoal properly blended in an electric furnace.

A Motor Ice Boat

THIRTY miles an hour has been made with an ice boat propelled by a four horse-power motor and an aerial screw.

Postage Stamp Slot Machines

THE post office department is considering a number of stamp-selling machines. These devices, which sell stamps of all denominations, could be placed in the streets and public buildings.

The Basket Willow Industry

THE United States bureau of forestry has established an experimental plantation for the weaving of basket willows. By scientific methods it is hoped that we can evolve a willow which will enable us to compete with Europe in the production of cheap, durable willow baskets.

Milking by Machinery

A cow milking machine has been invented by Clarence C. Parsons, of Oberlin, Ohio. The principal is that of the teat dilation. In a recent test fourteen quarts of milk were drawn from a cow in six and one half minutes.

Acetylene for Motor Power

IT HAS been found that an automobile may be run with acetylene gas. In case of the exhaustion of gasoline the acetylene used for running the lamps may be connected with the carburetor.

To Replace Stenographers

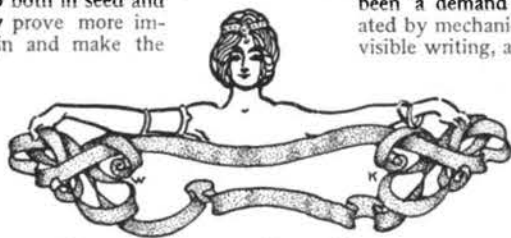
SOBLIK, of France, has perfected what appears to be a successful pneumatic typewriter. There has long been a demand for a machine that is operated by mechanical power. Absence of noise, visible writing, and automatic duplication may all be secured at a cost of one cent a day for motive power.

Lighting without Wires

THE claim is made that Harry M. Grout, a high school boy of Spencer, Massachusetts, has rigged up a wireless electric lighting plant. He operates a dozen incandescent bulbs in different rooms of his home without wire connections.

The Useful Glass Top

A NEW use has been found for the plate glass desk top. Memoranda to which frequent reference must be made may be placed under the glass where they are constantly in sight and yet out of the way.



Sermons in Stones

Leisure is sweet to those who have earned it, but burdensome to those who get it for nothing.

A sunny, cheerful heart changes a world of gloom into a paradise of beauty.

One man's heart makes him a king in a hovel, another's a wretch in a palace.

No education is adequate to the needs of life which does not produce decision of character, courage, self-control, and perseverance.

Happiness is a means rather than an end. It creates energy, promotes growth and nutrition, and prolongs life.

We should treat our detractors and calumniators as Mirabeau did. When speaking at Marseilles he was called "calumniator, liar, assassin, scoundrel." He said; "I wait, gentlemen, until these amenities are exhausted."

6% A First Mortgage On Improved Real Estate

is the safest investment you can make—
But mortgages can usually be had only in large amounts and for somewhat lengthy periods.

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have the positive security of first mortgages back of them—
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Write for the booklet—giving full information as to this Company—its reliability and its methods of doing business.

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No. 2 (5 1/2 inches long) \$3.50 Each

RED DWARF INK PENCILS can be obtained at all leading stationers or direct from D. WOOD & CO., Sole Agents for the United States, Canada, Mexico and Cuba.
80 West Broadway, New York

Beware of cheap brands and worthless imitations. See that the pencil bears the words, "IMPORTED RED DWARF INK PENCIL, D. WOOD & CO., NEW YORK."

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Send us your address and we will show you how to make \$3 a day absolutely sure; we furnish the work and teach you free, you work in the locality where you live. Send us your address and we will explain the business fully; remember we guarantee a clear profit of \$3 for every day's work, absolutely sure. Write at once. ROYAL MFG. CO., Box 444, Detroit, Mich.

Be ACTOR an Actress or Orator

Learn a profession that pays \$25 to \$200 weekly. Write for FREE booklet on Dramatic Art by correspondence. Chicago School of Elocution, 329 Chicago Opera House Bldg., Chicago.

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47 Horton St.
BRISTOL, CONN.



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FREE SAMPLES

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A Department for Those and by Those Who Are Interested in the World of Out o' Doors

With a Mountain Lion

By E. D. Thatcher

DURING January, February, and March, 1899, I was employed packing supplies for a camp of miners, who were working in the mountains along the headwaters of the Grand River, Colorado. The winter was exceptionally severe, even for a country where it is cold and snows for eight months every year, and where the mail routes become blockaded early in January.

I had received no mail for nearly three months, so when my packing was completed I started over the Rabbit Ear range in the hope of getting letters by way of Laramie City, Wyoming.

The amount of snow in the mountains was simply appalling, and before reaching the top of the divide I was passing over twenty to thirty feet of settled, hard snow—snowslides being a rule rather than an exception.

Old mountaineers had told me that snow would not slide in green timber, but now all rules were suspended and great avalanches were roaring and thundering down into the gulches from all sides.

I carried a thirty-eight-caliber revolver, and whenever I came to a hillside, which must be passed, and on which was an unusually heavy covering of snow, I would fire a shot into some open place, and, in a flash, down would come the roaring, crashing snow, grinding the sturdy spruce and pines into matchwood, and even bringing down huge boulders which it had wrenched loose from the mountainside.

In spite of the difficulties and dangers encountered, I arrived safely at the post office, and in a few days my mail came in. After reading and answering a part of it, I started to return.

It was the middle of April, and, as the reflection of the sunlight from the snow at midday was blinding, I wore a veil to protect my eyes.

I had nearly reached the top of the range and was whistling merrily, keeping time with the clip, clip of my web snowshoes on the hard snow, when I crossed a trail and halted to investigate.

A mountain lion had chased a mountain sheep down the hillside, and at every jump the poor sheep had gone into the snow to a considerable depth, while the lion had passed over the top, as his tracks were not at all deep. I concluded that this unequal race could not last long, and started to follow the trail diagonally along the hillside, toward a small park that I knew lay to my left.

Coming out into this park I found the sheep partly devoured, and it occurred to me that I might take some of the hide from the animal's neck to mend my snowshoes. Pulling off my mittens, I tucked them beneath my belt, drew out my knife, and was in the act of turning the animal's head over, when a loud "sphah!" caused me to straighten up and turn as quickly as possible. There, within ten feet of me, was the largest lion I had ever seen, lashing his tail from side to side and uttering a low growl. Now and then he would pause to make that peculiar spitting noise.

I concluded that the lion did not want me, but that fearing I was about to rob him of this choice morsel, which he had evidently been watching from a distance, he had followed me into the park and was prepared to assert his ownership.

The lion had long been without food. His ribs showed plainly through his tawny sides. It was evident, however, that he had had a good meal, and was ready for exercise. I was not badly scared, but did not know what to do. I could not back away, on account of the web shoes, and, while I might kill the lion with my revolver, he might spring at me at the first shot, and, perhaps, kill me.

I cautiously pulled my revolver and made up my mind that I would try and edge off without further trouble; at the same time I would prepare myself as best I could for a struggle in case it should come.

I quietly raised my left shoe and made a slight step to one side, but the lion crouched as if to spring. All this time my veil was still over the upper part of my face. In order to see better, I raised my hand and pushed it up under my hat, watching the lion closely. When this was done I said to myself, "Old man, there is going to be a fight in about a minute."

Unconsciously I uttered part of my thoughts aloud, and at the sound of my voice the lion raised his head and stopped lashing his tail. Like a flash came an idea, and I acted on it at once.

Employing all the sound to be raised in a forty-two inch chest, I yelled, "Get, you sneak! Get out of here! Whoo-e-yah-hoo!" and I let out an old timberman's yell which would have made a Comanche Indian jump. Then I quickly raised my revolver and fired in the direction of the brute.

The old lion humped himself and disappeared in a cloud of flying snow, while I lost no time in going the other way. A few days after I passed the same way, this time armed with a good rifle; but I did not see the lion then or afterwards. He never returned to the dead sheep, and my conclusion was that he had hunted some quiet nook and spent his time in wondering what kind of sound I really made that scared him so badly.

Points on Revolver Practice

IN SELECTING a revolver for practice purposes, it is important to choose one of reputable make. Any other is not only dangerous to the user, but also unreliable for target shooting. Those modeled with a "target grip" insure greater accuracy, the stock fitting the hand naturally, and imparting a steadier aim.

In the use of a revolver there are a few rules that it is well to commit to memory. Never fire a shot "simply to make a noise," unless it is to attract attention for some purpose. Under no circumstances, except when danger threatens and in self-defense, point the weapon at any person, no matter whether it is loaded or empty. Keep your revolver cleaned and well oiled when not in use.

If practicing in the open, be sure, in selecting a location for your target, that there is an unobstructed view for a considerable distance beyond your background. If a tree is selected on which to rig a target, it should be borne in mind that there is a possibility of the bullet being deflected by striking the curve of the trunk and glancing off at an angle. This is frequently dangerous. If the target is set up over a sheet of water, it should be remembered that a bullet may ricochet along the surface and prove dangerous to persons in boats within range. The best spot for a target is a sand bank, as the bullets will imbed themselves in the soil. Should a brick wall be used, a space of at least twenty-five feet should intervene between the wall and the target. At first, it is best to use a large target, for then it is easier to keep track of the course of each bullet.

On facing the target, break open the weapon and glance through the barrel from the breech, to see that it is free from any obstruction, and the rifling clean. Then, and not till then, load the revolver. The position of the shooter depends more upon the individual than upon any set regulations, although there are prescribed rules in various army tactics. Assume a perfectly natural position, standing erect, with the right foot pointing toward the target. The body should be turned a little to the left, with the feet a few inches apart. Do not lean forward; it is awkward and destroys the balance. The left arm should hang naturally by the side, or the hand may be placed on the left hip. The revolver should be grasped naturally, and at such a point that the forefinger will pull directly back, rather than upward. Use the thumb to raise the hammer. This should be done with a firm, even pressure, and not in a jerky manner. With a double action weapon this is unnecessary, but until one has become skilled in shooting it is advisable to shoot with a single action. Avoid pressing the forefinger against the trigger while the hammer is being raised.

When ready to shoot, raise the arm slowly until the barrel, arm, and hand are in a horizontal position, with the thumb resting on the left-hand side of the stock. With the eye catching the front sight through the rear one, the two are focused on the target. Some shooters close one eye while aiming, but this is optional with the shooter.

When firing, it may be found that the first shot has gone too high; that is because the revolver was held loosely, and the recoil sent the muzzle upward. The missile may have plowed up the ground in front of the target; that was due to a downward pressure of the trigger finger, which pulled the muzzle forward. Again,

it may have gone to the right or left because of an uneven pull that deflected the course. These are the common faults of all beginners, the trouble, as a rule, lying with the action of the finger on the trigger and the grip of the hand upon the stock. The pressure on the trigger should be firm and uniform, while the hand and wrist should give the needed support for steadiness.

Consideration should be given to the size of the charge behind the bullet. The larger the caliber the greater the shock and recoil. With a little study, however, this may be judged correctly, as well as the distance from which to shoot. Do not be in a hurry, and do not attempt to fire several shots in rapid succession until you have mastered the art.

Future Motor Events

THE three automobile contests to which Americans and Europeans will look forward this year are the Vanderbilt Cup, on Long Island; the "stock car" race for the Briarcliff Cup, over Westchester County roads, and the Glidden Tour. The Vanderbilt Cup will depend wholly upon the completion of the private speedway now in course of construction, as it has been made plainly evident that this classic will never again be held on public roads. While refusing to state definitely when the course will be completed, members of the committee are of the opinion that it will be before September.

The Briarcliff Cup race will be held in June, and will be fully as interesting and picturesque an event as the Vanderbilt. As the competing cars will be stripped of their bodies and put in racing trim, and as their speed will be sufficient to furnish no end of thrills for the spectators, the contest will quite certainly go down in history as a great race. It will be a contest of endurance, structural merit, and engine reliability, as well as speed, the purpose of the race being to demonstrate the comparative worth of touring cars of the 1908 model being offered for sale by both American and foreign manufacturers.

The annual tour of the American Automobile Association for the Glidden Cup, or, as it is better known, the Glidden Tour, will probably be more largely participated in this year than last. Several routes are under consideration. The tour committee will announce both the route and the rules governing the contest much earlier than heretofore this year.

One of our readers has written us the following:

I have noticed with regret that *SUCCESS MAGAZINE* has seemed, in its policy, to lean toward those who oppose the Vanderbilt Cup competition. It seems to me that an event which can command an attendance estimated at from 250,000 to 500,000 persons cannot fail to do the automobile industry a great deal of good, and that American manufacturers who oppose the race are showing a lack of sportsmanship begotten of the inferiority of their own product. Admitting, for the sake of argument, that a Vanderbilt Cup racer is entirely different from a stock car, what better evidence could a manufacturer show of the skill and resourcefulness of his designers and mechanics, and of the potentialities of his plant, than to turn out a Vanderbilt Cup winner?

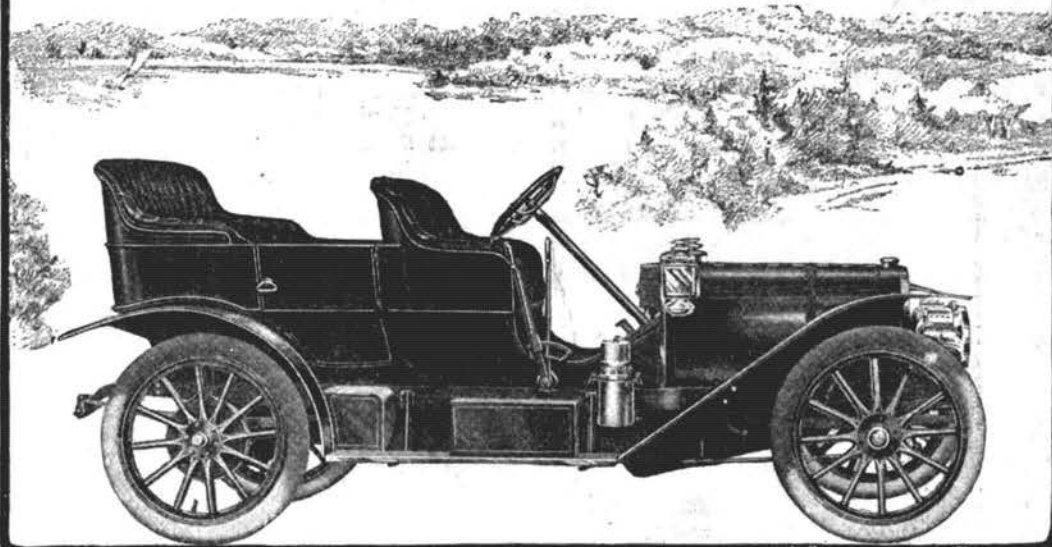
Now, I am a layman, and I believe other casual observers like myself are influenced, by hundreds and thousands, in this way. If the Vanderbilt Cup race merely continues to show up the unsound manufacturing methods of some American manufacturers as compared with the splendid workmanship of the manufacturers of France, Germany, and Northern Italy, it will be of incalculable value to the motor car industry in this country. I regard it as most humiliating that America, with all her brains, resourcefulness, and mechanical ingenuity, should permit her insane desire for cheapness and volume of output to set a manufacturing standard that permits the foreign motor car builders to come over here and make our American cars look like thirty cents with a hole in it. Yours truly, R. H. P.

We do not remember at any time to have opposed or adversely criticized the Vanderbilt Cup race as a fixture in motor car racing events. In a recent number we published an interview with a prominent manufacturer who denounced the weight limit prescribed by the cup committee as dangerous alike to competing drivers and to spectators, and as harmful to the industry. This limit of 2,204 pounds did not permit of sufficient stability in frame construction to safely carry the heavy engines installed. In this opinion we heartily concur with the manufacturer whose views were presented. With each succeeding race, horse power was being increased, at the expense of stability, and the chances for disaster increased proportionately. Recently the weight limit has been advanced to 2,424 pounds, the foreign standard, and might safely have been advanced still further.

The Motor Cycle

THE motor cycle, judging from the frequency with which motor cycle clubs are being formed throughout the country and the activity prevailing among manufacturers of the "power wheel," bids fair to become widely popular within the next year or two. Not only is the demand growing rapidly for the two-wheeled vehicle, but the comparatively few tricycles placed upon the market last year have found such favor that makers have decided upon an increased output for 1908. The tricycle, with a chair seat between the forward wheels, the driver occupying a saddle, as on a motor cycle, makes a most comfortable and capable road vehicle for two persons.

That Lake—Those Woods



are yours with a

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All the treasures of nature are at the service of the owner of a powerful, reliable touring car, but their enjoyment is largely dependent upon the service of the car. The thousands of Ramblers in constant daily use have established a world-wide reputation as

The Car of Steady Service

The leader of the 1908 line, Model 34, shown above as a touring car, is also furnished with slight alterations in chassis design as a three-passenger roadster. Price of either, with full equipment, \$2,250. These cars have every feature of structural design that has been found of practical value.

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Their study will interest you and you cannot afford to order a new car without an examination of this superb model.

Also a two-cylinder touring car at \$1,400.

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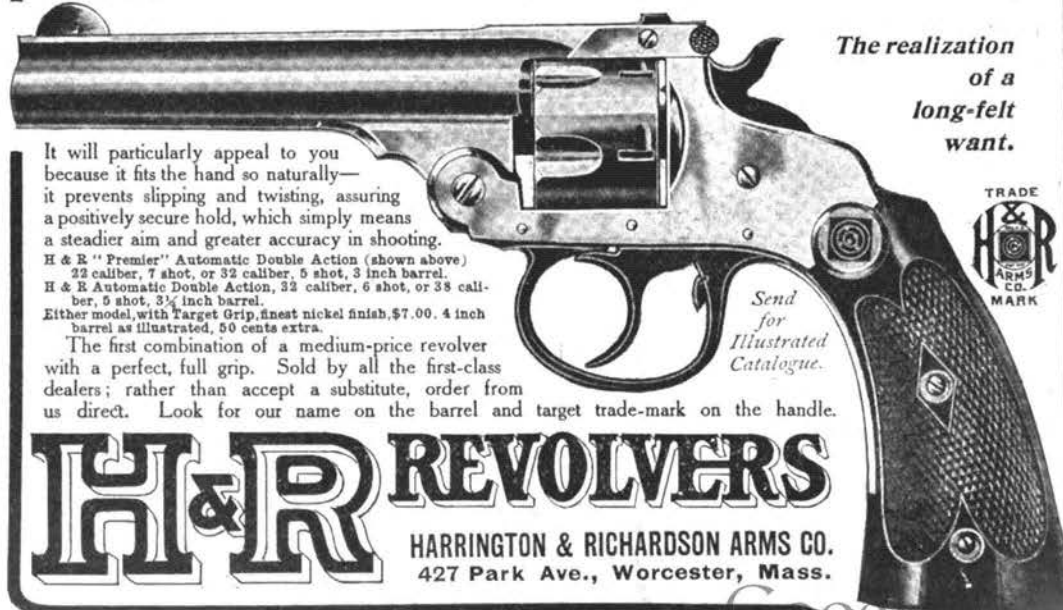
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22 caliber, 7 shot, or 32 caliber, 5 shot, 3 inch barrel.
H & R Automatic Double Action, 32 caliber, 6 shot, or 38 caliber, 5 shot, 3 1/4 inch barrel.
Either model, with Target Grip, finest nickel finish, \$7.00. 4 inch barrel as illustrated, 50 cents extra.

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The American Girl

[Concluded from page 130]

over-praised, selfish creatures, who are trained up to demand all from their hard-working husbands and to give next to nothing in return. In fact, she said things that no mere man could say unless he were packed up to leave the country by the next ship. Her article was entitled, "Why American Marriages Fail"; in other words, the fabric of her theory was woven out of the assumption that our marriages *do* fail. But do they? With our divorces still under one per cent. of our marriages, isn't that putting it a little strong? Are the husbands of our girls so greatly to be pitied?

It has seemed to one observer of this, the most typical product of the freedom idea, that there is something in the good health, the exuberance, the innocent freedom from shackling convention, the very ignorance of the evils and the wiles of humankind, that distinguishes the American girl, which is very much finer and higher than the distrust and the sophistication that prevails in the older world of Europe. Is not this life, after all, pretty much what we make it? And, if it is, can we contribute any finer quality to the making of it than a serenely unconscious faith in ourselves and in our fellows?

Let us be serious for a moment. A very great man once pronounced these singular yet deeply significant words, "A little child shall lead them." Can these words mean anything else than that the spirit of childhood,—the hope, the faith, the utter unconsciousness of real wrong,—is not only the finest thing in the world but also the most powerful creative force. The girl of the old world is borne down by the dead weight of age-old customs, traditions, and prejudices. She, in so far as she is influenced by her elders, is suspicious because she has never known how to be young. She is old with the age of her race. But it somehow seems to me that the wonderful innocence of the American girl, the splendid oblivion to the evils of a seamed and checkered old world, sum up better and more completely than anything else the hopefulness and the youth of this young nation of ours. Since we must rely on her to found our homes, and through them our institutions, can we be sorry that this childlike innocence and optimism is so strong in her?

My British friend has traveled a bit. He has bought embroideries in Japan, silks in Burmah, shawls in Cashmere, feathers at Aden, lace at Malta, brass at Moscow. Blest with an eye at once observant and discriminating, he has seen the quaintly charming Japanese girl, the hot-blooded, quick-tempered Spanish girl, the honest German girl. But let me get him up to the Grand Central train shed on a Saturday morning and I will rest content while the American girl speaks for herself, knowing, as I do know, that there is nothing quite like her anywhere else in this custom-ridden old world. I am willing to admit that she cannot talk politics and philosophy with the English girl, that she has no such grounding in literature and history and no such ingrained reverence for the proper use of her language as the French girl; but, none the less, once I get my Englishman's eyes fixed on her radiant person, once I am assured that he has perceived her buoyant health, her untamed spirit, and her wholesome self-reliance, I shall have no more anxiety for his impressions of America, for I shall know that he has been properly impressed by the most American thing we have.



SOAP BUBBLES

A wise son toucheth a glad father.

Train a child up and away he will go.

It's a long worm that has no turning.

If you would hew your way to the top, use a climb-ax.

By taking a quill into his hand many a man has made a "goose" of himself.

Men who make a cloak of religion may wear smoking jackets in the next world.

It's consoling to think that if the dog in the manger stays there long enough he will starve to death.

The mere typographical appearance of Æsop's name helps us to believe he was a capital fellow.

He held the maiden's hand and said,

"May I the question pop?"

She coyly bent her pretty head,

"You'd better question pop." — Charles Battell Loomis.

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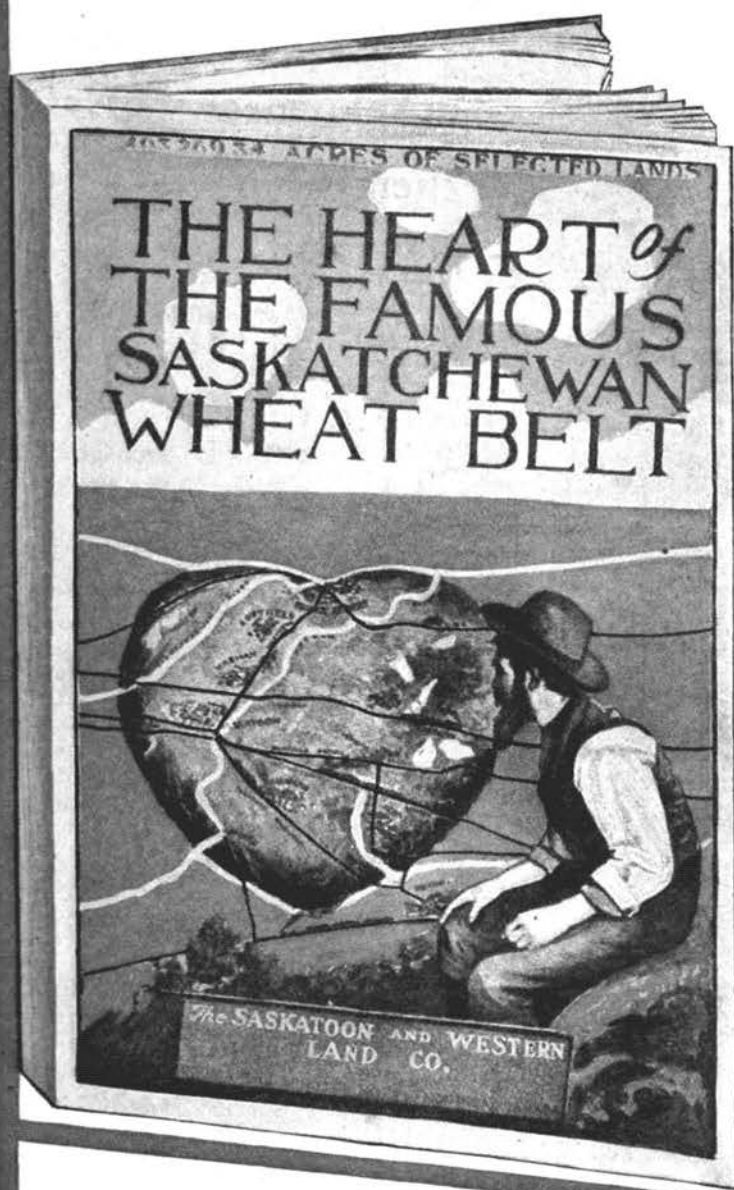
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every nerve and muscle and vein responding, every pore open, the whole body aglow with healthy circulation, and the feeling that "life's worth living." That's the HAND SAPOLIO bath. It's the only soap that lifts a bath above a commonplace cleansing process and makes it a delight. Try it.

HAND SAPOLIO is a delicate preparation of the purest ingredients, soothing and healing to the most tender skin. It opens the pores and by a method of its own clears them thoroughly without chemically dissolving their health-giving oils.

GOLFING
AUTOMOBILING
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All great fun, but all necessitate a visit to the tub. Make the bath a pleasure by using HAND SAPOLIO, the soap that has a method of its own. Try it.

ATHLETES, to keep in good trim, must look well to the condition of the skin. To this end, HAND SAPOLIO should be used in their daily baths. It liberates the activities of the pores and so promotes healthy circulation. Test it yourself.

It Stands Out
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A thousand soaps - but only one
HAND SAPOLIO
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It is different in material, different
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a delicate glow
Ideal in the Toilet Perfect in the Bath
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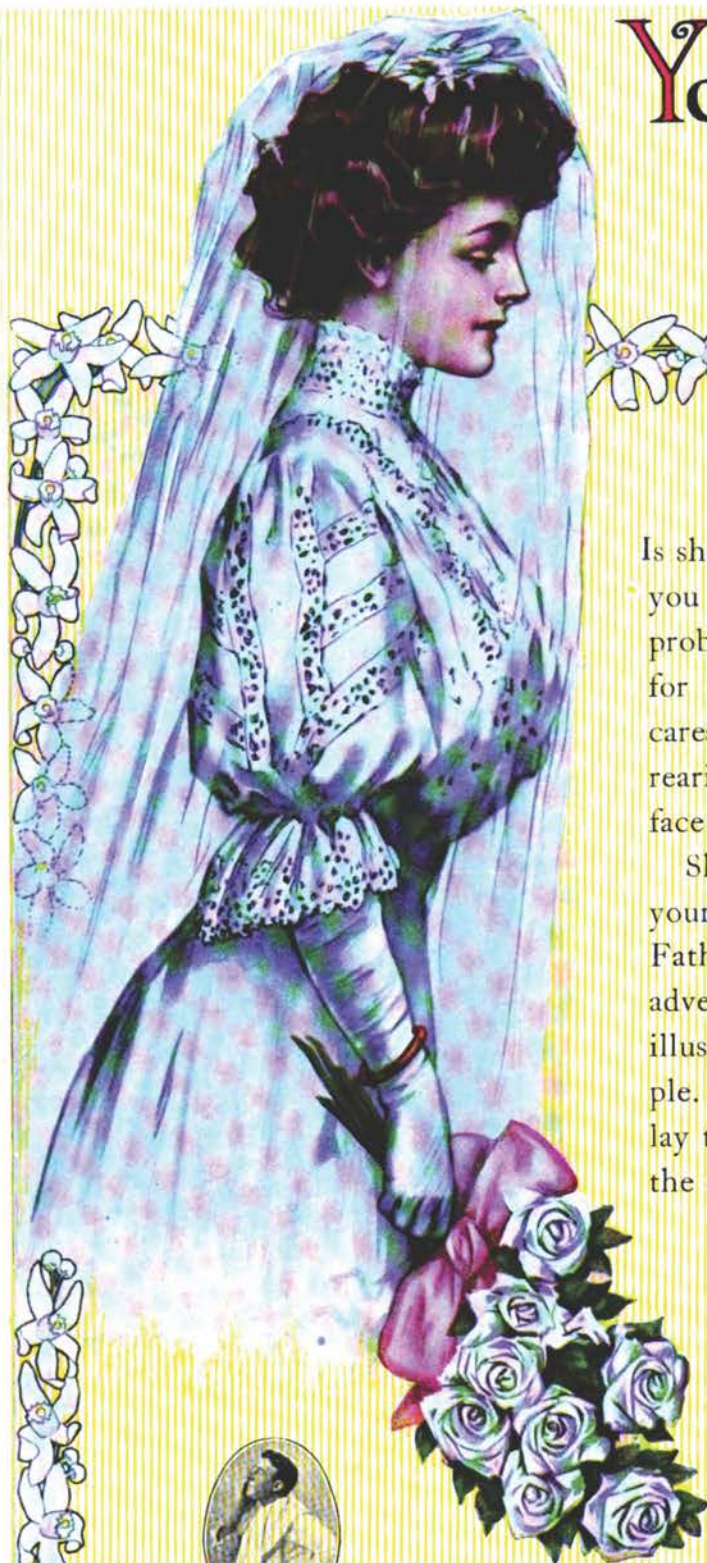
THE FIRST STEP away from self-respect is lack of care in personal cleanliness; the first move in building up a proper pride in man, woman, or child, is a visit to the bathtub. You can't be healthy, or pretty, or even good, unless you are clean. USE HAND SAPOLIO. It pleases every one.

HAND SAPOLIO CLEANSSES stained fingers absolutely, removing not only every suggestion of dirt, but also any dried, half-dead skin that disfigures the hands, and this in so gentle, wholesome a way as to materially benefit the remaining cuticle.

HAND SAPOLIO is

SO PURE that it can be freely used on a new-born baby or the skin of the most delicate beauty.
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SO EFFICACIOUS as to bring the small boy almost into a state of "surgical cleanliness" and keep him there.

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Is she as fair and fresh as the day you were married? If not, it is probably because she neglected to care for her skin. Household and social cares, and family duties incident to the rearing of children, have left lines on her face and robbed her of the bloom of her youth.

She can regain much of her youthful charm, and your daughters also can discover how to outwit Father Time if you will call their attention to this advertisement and ask them to write for our 16-page illustrated booklet. We send it with our free sample. Either fill out coupon yourself *now* before you lay this magazine aside, or call it to the attention of the other members of your family.

POMPEIAN Massage Cream

Gives a Clear, Fresh Velvety Skin

Wrinkles and crow's feet are driven away, sallowness vanishes, angles are rounded out and double-chins reduced by its use. Thus the clear, fresh complexion, the smooth skin and the curves of cheek and chin that go with youth, may be retained past middle age by the woman who has found what Pompeian Massage Cream will do. This is not a "cold" or "grease" cream. The latter have their uses, yet they can never do the work of a massage cream like Pompeian. Grease creams fill the pores. Pompeian Massage Cream cleanses them by taking out all foreign matter that causes blackheads, sallowness, shiny complexions, etc. Pompeian Massage Cream is the largest selling face cream in the world, 10,000 jars being made and sold daily.

Use Pompeian at home or at the barber's. It provides soreness after shaving and gives a clear, healthy glow to the skin.

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to me, one copy of your book
on facial massage and a liberal
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