SUCCESS MAGAZINE

N. S. EDITION.

APRIL 1908

THE SUCCESS COMPANY, NEW YORK TEN CENTS A COPY

GRAY MOTORS

2½ H.P.

with complete boat outfit (not bare). This engine is guaranteed to develop 3½ h. p.—is as powerful as most 4 h. p. motors, and is as carefully built, has as thorough workmanship as one of the Grayling's 40 h. p. engines.

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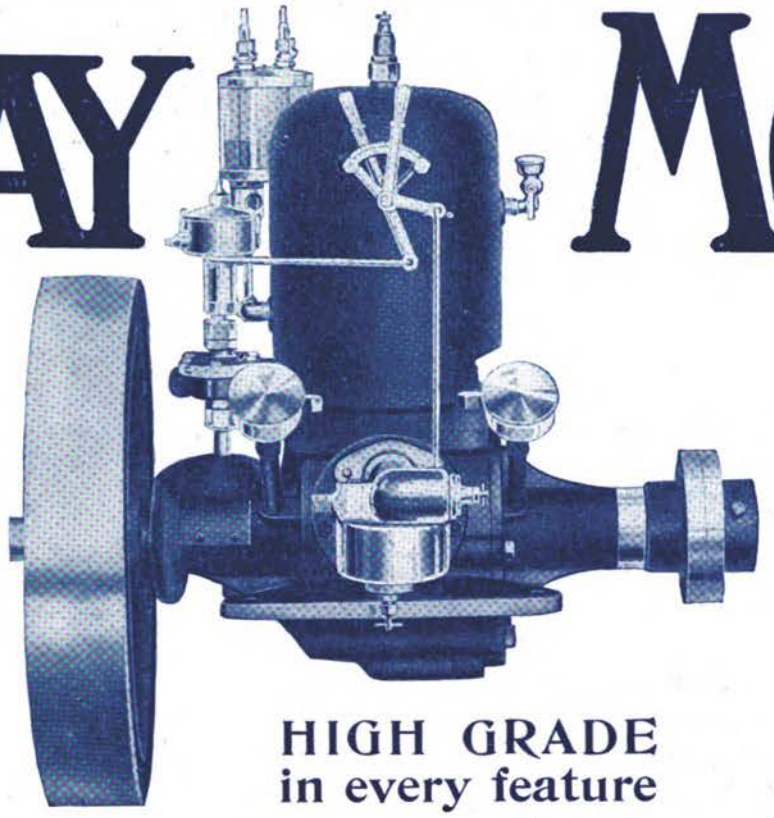

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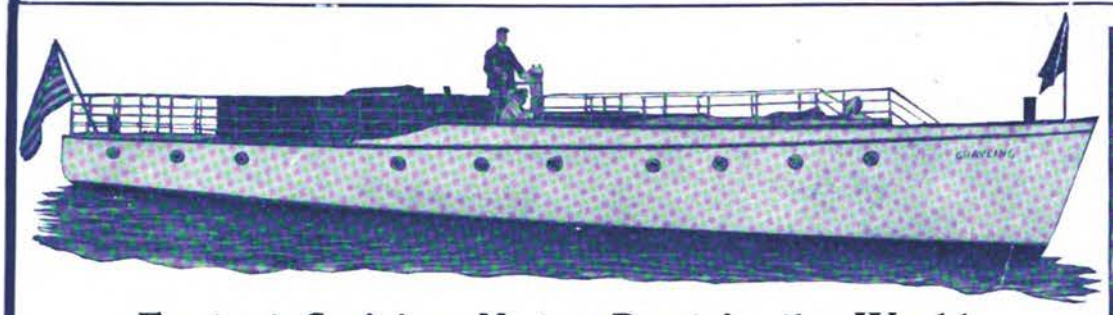

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of its length and beam, the yacht "Grayling," shown above, is equipped with three 40 h. p. Gray motors (120 h. p.) regular stock motors not in the slightest degree different or better than any of the forty Gray motors turned out of our factory every day, from the little 2½ h. p. $67.50, up. And yet with these same "run-of-factory" motors, the Grayling won the Time Prize in the 200-mile race on Lake Erie last August. Write for interesting story of the race.

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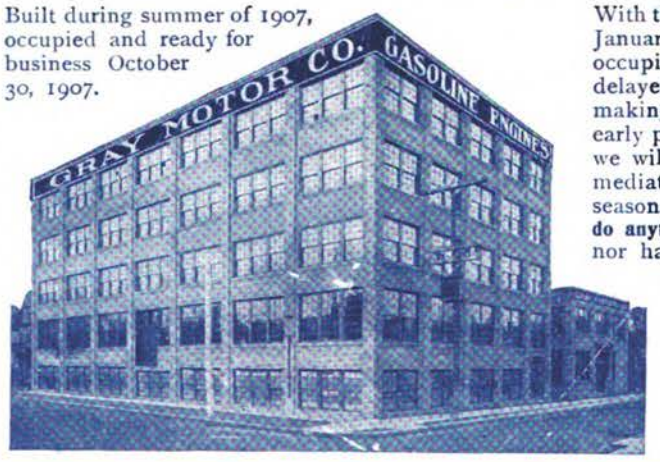

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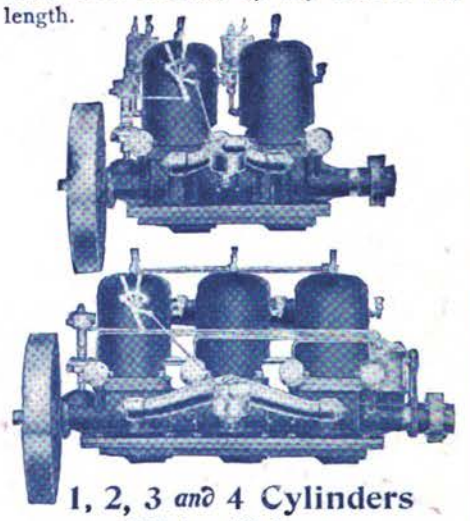

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2½ to 40 h. p.

GRAY MOTOR CO., 57 Leib Street, DETROIT, MICH.

SUCCESS MAGAZINE

CONTENTS FOR APRIL, 1908

ORISON SWETT MARDEN, Editor and Founder

ROBERT MACKAY, Associate Editor

Cover Design by William De Leftwich Dodge

SPECIAL ARTICLES AND EDITORIALS

FICTION

POETRY

HOME DEPARTMENTS

Success Magazine

A Periodical of American Life

Published Monthly by

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EDWARD E. HIGGINS, Pres. O. S. MARDEN, Vice Pres.
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Expirations and Renewals

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

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

Lawson, by Lawson

IN OUR March issue we announced that we had given Mr. Lawson an opportunity to express himself at length in SUCCESS MAGAZINE on the subject of himself. The following telegram explains why this last word on "The Real Lawson" does not appear in this issue:

EDITOR, SUCCESS MAGAZINE:

Mr. Lawson has been absent from Boston almost continuously for the past two weeks, and now finds that it will be impossible for him to do anything on his article for the April number. E. A. MCSWEENEY, Secretary.

We will gladly extend the implied time limit on our invitation to Mr. Lawson to write on this always picturesque subject. He has only to send us his article if he wishes to be assured of a fair, open-minded hearing by our readers, even though many of these may have had their faith in his motives disturbed by Mr. Fayant's search light.

* * *

The People's Lobby

THE plan of the People's Lobby, as inaugurated with the assistance of SUCCESS MAGAZINE more than a year ago, provided that citizens of any state or congressional district should be supplied, on request, with accurate, nonpartisan statements of the public records of their senators and representatives, and also with expert comments on the public value of the bills before Congress. It was our hope, at the start, that we should be able to employ the columns of SUCCESS MAGAZINE as a medium through which the voters and the wives of voters among our large circulation might be kept informed in these matters.

In indulging in this hope, we overlooked the highly important element of timeliness. The People's Lobby works rapidly in analyzing the measures that come before Congress. In cases where public consideration demands that certain of these measures be met by popular opposition, Henry Beach Needham, the Secretary of the People's Lobby, naturally makes use of the quickest possible means of reaching the people. Under the pressure of these circumstances it has come about, to our own and Mr. Needham's regret, that the time required to plan and make up any single issue of SUCCESS MAGAZINE, from six weeks to two months, eliminates it as a vehicle for the rapid circulation of People's Lobby reports.

About the broad questions of public policy which Congress is now considering, and few or none of which will be finally decided at the present session, we shall have something to say this year. Meantime, we suggest that any readers (and we trust that this will mean a great many), who wish to know the facts regarding the important measures now before Congress, will write to the People's Lobby for its recently published "Bulletin." We would further suggest that such among you as read this and are really interested to know what your senators and your representative are doing, by way of representing you at Washington, can now obtain, at the cost of a post card, brief, pithy statements of the public record of each individual. Address your requests for such information to Henry Beach Needham, Secretary, People's Lobby, Munsey Building, Washington, D. C.

* * *

The New Department

ON OUR Point and Pleasantry page (it is in reality a double page) which makes its initial appearance in this issue, we announce our bid for the best obtainable stories about prominent people, witticisms, clever verse, very short fiction, and any other contributions, grave or witty, which have brevity, point, or pleasantry to recommend them. So interested are we in obtaining the very best of this sort of contribution that we have placed ourselves under obligations to pay at the rate of ten cents a word for everything which appears upon this page. For material which fails to find a place on the page, but which seems worthy of publication elsewhere in the magazine, we will pay at the usual rates.

* * *

Insurance of National Bank Deposits

Editor, SUCCESS MAGAZINE:

I read with interest the article entitled "Preventing the Next Panic," by David Graham Evans, in which reference was made to my brief communication in your December number on the subject of government insurance for national bank deposits. May I add a further word on this subject?

It has been stated, in objection to the plan, that the depositors in those national banks which are honestly and efficiently conducted are already secure enough, that for the Government to insure all deposits would place a premium on speculative and unsafe banking, and that the reckless banker, knowing that his depositors were protected, would become more reckless. In substance, these were the objections raised by a prominent Chicago banker, to whom I recently wrote the following letter, which I beg leave to quote here almost in full:

"DEAR SIR: Out of Chicago's two and a half million people, there must be at least half a million who sooner or later will have some banking business. Obviously these cannot all transact their business at the few large banks in the down-town center. You will admit that there is a large volume of these petty accounts that you do not care for. This business must be cared for by small outside banks. These people, as a rule, have neither the ability nor opportunity to make the discrimination to which you refer. They must do just what they are doing—place their money in a bank duly authorized and periodically inspected by the Government (be it state or national), since no one but the Government has the right or authority to determine their solvency and safety. What legal or moral justice is there in saddling losses of such failed banks upon innocent and defenseless depositors—loyal American citizens who have been guilty of no contributory negligence?

"Nor are we always sure of wise and conservative management in larger and older institutions, as witness the dilemma of the popular and venerable Knickerbocker Trust Company of New York City. It is possible that this bank may soon re-open and ultimately pay out in full—but the damage is done. It was the closing of these doors that precipitated the panic. If these deposits had been insured, there would have been no run—hence no closed doors and no currency panic, so far as depositors were concerned. It is not at all certain that all bankers regret the panic.

"The statesman's first duty is to provide protection for those who manifestly are utterly helpless to do so for themselves, in this matter of their frugal bank deposits. If this legislation is socialistic, as you declare, then I am ready to admit that socialism is not as bad as I have been taught to believe.

"The entering wedge has been driven in the new State of Oklahoma. I predict that Kansas, Nebraska, Iowa, Missouri, and other adjoining states will rapidly follow suit. Congress will not long delay similar action. On humane grounds, the opposition is not defensible.

"It follows, without saying, that with Government insurance of deposits, should come more rigid supervision; not only of the bank, but of the *personnel* of the banker himself. His mental, moral, and financial ability and adaptability should be clearly and favorably understood, before he is commissioned as a banker. Summary punishment should follow all willful or reckless infidelity to the sacred trust of other people's money.

"The writer became chairman of a depositors' committee whose members had lost heavily in a failed bank, some four years ago, within one hundred miles of Chicago. Because of the suffering and distress there witnessed, he vowed he would do what he could to make impossible this periodical affliction of innocent and defenseless people. His views were first published in the *Record-Herald* of Sunday, December 13, 1903. In his unsophisticated enthusiasm, he felt that he had found a new

idea (and to him it was) but soon learned that others had anticipated him by some years. Nevertheless, from that day to this, he has not flagged in his purpose. Having consistently held to this idea for these years, he feels that it is not inappropriate to propound a series of questions to the one person who has best presented the cause of the opposition to Government insurance of bank deposits.

"Will you therefore kindly make answer to the following questions, which should help to clear up this proposition very materially:

"(1)—Assuming the National Bank loans in October, 1907, to have been $4,700,000,000 (a fact, from comptroller's report), is it not true that the total capital stock of all national banks, on that date, was but $896,000,000, while the unsecured individual deposits were over $4,300,000,000?

"(2)—Is it not true that on that date the bank note circulation was $552,000,000, secured by low rate bonds, so that the net profit in loaning this sum was practically four per cent., or $22,000,000?

"(3)—Is it not true that in your bank in Chicago you have $2,000,000 of your own circulation which has to be, and is secured by 2 per cent. Government bonds?

"(4)—Is it not true that in the same bank you have $550,000 of United States deposits, which are also secured by bonds?

"(5)—Is it not true that on said October date your bank had $43,339,448 of individual deposits which were *not* secured?

"(6)—Is not the same thing true of the entire $4,300,000,000 of individual deposits in the United States?

"(7)—Since the United States Government alone has power and authority to examine into the condition of national banks, does it therefore know of inherent weakness common to all, or why do United States deposits need to have a special guaranty?

"(8)—Since three fourths of the loan funds are contributed by individual depositors, who receive no share of the profits and are not permitted to examine into the banks' condition, why should not these be on an equal footing, as to security, with the Government funds?

"On August 22, 1907, there were 6,544 solvent national banks. Probably 6,000 or more of these are solid beyond any question. Judging by the experience of the past forty-three years, a goodly per cent. of the other 544 are weak or shaky. They are all under Government supervision, to be sure, and thus far have the United States 'O. K.,' good to the unsophisticated, but Uncle Sam, himself, won't trust the best of them without proper collateral.

"(9)—Now, then, will you please make clear how the thousands and tens of thousands of small depositors can possibly discriminate between the weak and the strong—the safe and the unsafe?

"(10)—You say, to insure deposits would make one bank as safe as another, and that would stifle incentive to individual effort; what then is your solution for these innocent and helpless depositors who live in fear of losing their all?

"(11)—What rate of dividends has your bank paid on its capital during the last ten years? What is the present market value of your shares?

"(12) If Congress should now enact a guaranty of deposit law, and provide assessment on average deposits, at, say, 73-1000 of one per cent., how much do you think your dividends and stock values would be cut down?

"What is true of national banks applies with equal force to state banks.

"At this writing, in Greater New York alone, there are over forty closed banks, counting all the branches, and in them are locked up over $100,000,000, due individual depositors—nearly fifty thousand of them. Many of these are on the cold streets without a job, while well-paid receivers and supernumeraries are inside luxuriating with a remnant of the spoils of overcredulous humanity.

"I have studied this New York situation both from the inside and the outside of these closed banks. I can tell you, in all seriousness, that I believe the big banks who are opposing this sane and simple method of restoring confidence, by protecting the helpless, are playing with boomerangs.

"I now make this prediction to you, that if the present Congress will not enact this law, that the Democratic platform will have a plank making this demand. It will then be too late for the Republicans to incorporate the same with advantage, for they now have the votes to put it through, if they would.

"The State Grange of New York has just passed a resolution, unanimously demanding this law, and passed this on to other states.

"Mr. F. E. Lyford, President of the First National Bank of Waverly, New York, is now giving most of his time to this propaganda among the interior banks of New York State, and with wonderful success, I am told.

"I will be pleased to hear from you at your early convenience. Very truly yours, (Signed)

"E. C. BICKEL."

* * *

Dr. Marden's Mail

EVERY thoughtful man has had occasion to marvel at the power of the written or printed word. The tyrants of all ages, as Rudyard Kipling has said in one of his speeches, have feared nothing else so much. The reason for this fear would appear to be that it is the written or printed word which conveys ideas to the sluggish mind of man. Ideas seem to be about the only force which can rouse that mind to action. If this is true, then ideas must be the most moving and powerful things in the world.

These reflections are prompted by a survey of a few letters recently selected from the many that reach us. As we have many times had occasion to say, no comment is more stimulating, in the work of building a live, healthy magazine, than the direct comment of our readers. And, this being so, it is no small gratification to learn that the ideas which are working out through SUCCESS MAGAZINE are quite unmistakably making themselves felt.

* * *

EDITOR, SUCCESS MAGAZINE:

Dear Sir: Please send me your catalogue of Dr. Marden's books. I have been reading his writings in SUCCESS MAGAZINE, and consider them the most inspiring of anything I have ever read.—R. E. C., Owensboro, Ky.

▲ ▲

Editor, SUCCESS MAGAZINE: There was an article in your February issue entitled "The Miracle of Self-Confidence," by Orison Swett Marden, and we want your consent to republish it in booklet form, giving you the proper credit for same.

In our opinion this is a splendid article for traveling men, especially at this particular time, and we would like to circulate it among our traveling men.—H. D., Dallas, Texas.

▲ ▲

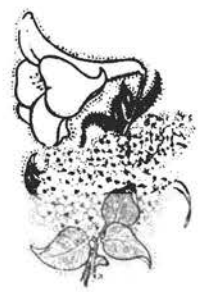
Editor, SUCCESS MAGAZINE: I wish to express a word of appreciation of the "success" articles which have appeared in each number of SUCCESS MAGAZINE. I often wish that I had preserved them all, so that my sons, now entering the school age, might, in the future, read and profit by them as I have. To this end, I wish to inquire if you have ever published anything in volume form comprising these valuable articles from your pen?—S. W., Pleasanton, Cal.

▲ ▲

Editor, SUCCESS MAGAZINE: I am a great admirer of Dr. Marden's books, and have several of them in my library. I think his book, "Every Man a King," is one of the most inspiring I have ever read, and if my means would permit, I would like to purchase about a thousand copies of it and distribute them, as I believe the reading of this book would make the difference between success and failure in many lives.—C. E. S., Cleveland, Ohio.

▲ ▲

Editor, SUCCESS MAGAZINE: I have just read your excellent article, "The Wife in the Shadow," in your March number, and I wish that it were in my power to place this article in the hands of every husband and wife, present and prospective, in the world. I have in mind one couple in particular whom I would like to have read this article. I am therefore sending you inclosed stamps to the value of twenty-four cents, and will ask you to kindly have sent one copy of the March number of SUCCESS MAGAZINE to each of the following addresses.—J. M.



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Editor, SUCCESS MAGAZINE: We were very much impressed with the article in the February number of your magazine by Mr. Orison Swett Marden on the subject, "The Miracle of Self-Confidence." We desire to have this article reprinted in a small pamphlet for free distribution, with our card on same, as an advertisement, giving proper credit to both Dr. Marden and your magazine.

We shall be pleased, therefore, to have you advise us if there will be any objection to our doing this, and shall appreciate your prompt reply.—J. C. A., Dallas, Texas.

▲ ▲

Editor, SUCCESS MAGAZINE: Accept my congratulations for having the best magazine in existence; I do not consider that it is necessary to possess more than the average amount of intelligence, in order to comprehend the superiority of your publication; hence no apology is offered for my opinion in the premises.

The cause of the above evidence of my bubbling enthusiasm is the article written by Orison Swett Marden entitled, "The Miracle of Self-Confidence." This appears in your issue of February, 1908, page 88, and is in my opinion the best article ever written, for the youth to follow, who desires to be a MAN and a SUCCESS. All the articles ever written by such men as Carnegie, Chauncey Depew, Marshall Field, John Rockefeller, the presidents of universities, preachers, doctors, and other dreamers, pale into insignificance.

Will it be possible for you to remove the plates from your forms that contain this article, cutting it up, so as to read it in book form? I desire one hundred of these printed. If you can do this, please quote me a price for the work, delivered at my office as above given.—C. S. K., Chicago, Ill.

▲ ▲

Editor, SUCCESS MAGAZINE: In looking through a back number of SUCCESS MAGAZINE (April, 1904) I found and read one installment of a piece that I had never seen before.

This article is called "Character-Building Through Thought," and in this issue of SUCCESS MAGAZINE was chapter, or talk, 8, which I read just as soon as I laid my eyes on the heading.

After I finished reading it, I was exceedingly glad to think I had found it, for I have been scanning the pages of magazines, newspapers, books, and literature of many sorts in search of something like this.

Now that I have found it, I want all of this article, and would like to have it right away.

I am in need of just such literature, and if you can furnish me with the rest of the installments of this article I will pay a reasonable price for them.

I don't care what the piece is written on—it may be in pamphlet form, or on paper yellow with age, or cut out of the issues of SUCCESS MAGAZINE that it was printed in, or in any one of a dozen forms—just so long as I can read it, understand it, profit by it. I care little for anything else.

Of course, if you could furnish it to me in a condition which would permit its being handled without parts being lost—*i. e.*, in a pamphlet form, or some manner similar—I would greatly appreciate it, for I will not destroy it after I have read it. No, indeed; it's far too good for that.—P. F. M., Sciota, Ill.

* * *

Personal Experience Letters

Editor, SUCCESS MAGAZINE: In a wonderfully short time I have acquired the habit of reading SUCCESS MAGAZINE, and reading it systematically from cover to cover.—J. V. B., Detroit, Mich.

▲ ▲

Editor, SUCCESS MAGAZINE: I wish to express sincere thanks to you for the January and March editorials in the SUCCESS MAGAZINE. I have never read anything more true than or that fitted right at home as your article, "The Wife in the Shadow." Oh, the pity of it! I did not suppose any man could see so plainly this painful condition, but I am so glad you stated the truth to us poor women.—C. M. S., Elmira, N. Y.

▲ ▲

Editor, SUCCESS MAGAZINE: I have long been a reader of SUCCESS MAGAZINE, purchasing from newsdealers, and every copy is worth its weight in gold. I often get despondent and think that I am having a hard time. I was in such a mood last night when I read your "Editor's Chat," the article headed "To Relieve the Ache in the Heart" came home to me as nothing has ever done before.—O. W. T., Atlanta, Ga.

▲ ▲

Editor, SUCCESS MAGAZINE: "Every Man a King" has in it life dynamite enough to wake up the world. People tell about "Self-Help" and "Character" and "Duty" and other of Dr. Smiles's most admirable books. They were chapters of instances. Your books are full of original life power. The mere chapter headings in this book should keep a boy up far into the night at the first sight of it.—E. T., Boston, Mass.

▲ ▲

Editor, SUCCESS MAGAZINE: Kindly accept an expression of appreciation from one who has closely followed your series of articles in SUCCESS MAGAZINE. To me the one which appeared in the February issue, "The Miracle of Self-Confidence," seems the best.

Second to the ability to produce great things ourselves is the power to appreciate those created by others. Therefore, to you I present my sincere compliments.—G. B. M., Sutherland, Neb.

▲ ▲

Editor, SUCCESS MAGAZINE: I am in the habit of lending my magazine to our minister and he finds things he wants to keep for reference and does not want to return them, and I like to keep them also, so to settle it I am sending him the magazine for one year. Let me thank you for the good your articles always do me. I always read them first, and the one in February was the best thing on the subject of confidence I have ever read. They always cheer me up when I get despondent and cannot make my life reach the heights of my ambition.—Mrs. S.

▲

Editor, SUCCESS MAGAZINE: Of all the good magazines now published, I think yours is in the lead in its good influence upon its young readers in preparing them for success in business.

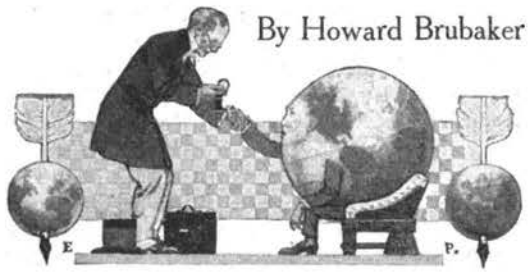
Such articles as those of Marden, Fayant, and others are written in a way to make a lasting impression as to the necessity of strict integrity in business and an unblemished character. They are thus better prepared to avoid the many pitfalls to which they are exposed, to distinguish between speculation and investment where their principal is absolutely safe, and to see the great advantage of consulting experienced and successful business men in any proposed business undertaking.

No doubt, scores of young men have been saved from business failure by those articles in your magazine, which have thus fulfilled the purpose of the writers.

I have in mind a man, now old, who was for many years a successful teacher in seminary and college, some of whose pupils rose to prominence in state and national official life. Several thousand dollars came into his possession. Without business training, strictly honest himself, he had full confidence in the advice of his friends. To help a young friend he lent him his name in a business venture. The young man was inexperienced in business, and, through the wiles of dishonest men, he soon had himself and his benefactor overwhelmed in debt. What the latter lost in that matter, if put out at interest at that time, would now have amounted to over one hundred thousand dollars. But now, in his old age, his small income gives him and his little family meager support, and debts amounting to $4,000 will doubtless shorten his life several years, as he must leave them as a legacy to his family.

I describe this case because I think if he had had the reading of your magazine when young, as it is now edited, he would have avoided those losses and would have saved a competence for his old age.—A. C. W., Columbus, O.

THE PULSE OF THE WORLD



By Howard Brubaker

Editorial Comment on the Latest Affairs of the Busy World

An Unnecessary Evil

FOLLOWING out the suggestion in the President's January message, the matter of restraining stock gambling has been formally presented for the consideration of Congress by Representative Hepburn of Iowa. The bill provides for a stamp tax at each transfer of one half of one per cent. of the face value of shares. The author of the bill maintains that such a law would limit trading in the market to actual *bona fide* sales and put an end to the speculative or gambling feature.

While it is too much to hope that such a law would absolutely put a stop to speculation on margins and all the intricate gambling devices that have grown up in and about the stock exchange, the taxing power would seem to be a direct and effective method of approaching the problem. If it only wipes out the grosser forms of the abuse it will be worth while. There has probably never been a more colossal gambling system than that of the stock exchange. Its ramifications are so far-reaching, so intertwined with the business interests of the country that it is difficult to tell gambling from trading. Therefore, every attempt to stop stock gambling, fruitful source of dishonesty, panic, and suicide, is denounced as an attack upon prosperity.

But gambling is no more essential to the stock business than it is to the butter and egg business. If Representative Hepburn's bill or any other device can put a stop to stock speculation it will be of incalculable benefit to the marketing of securities. If people could believe that the price of a share of stock represents its real value based upon earnings and prospects, and not a fictitious figure named by a powerful ring of speculators, what a rush there would be to invest, what a stimulation there would be of the legitimate business of the country!

* * *

Praise from the Steel Trust

AT a time when so many men of large business interests and so many corporation-controlled newspapers are criticizing and attacking President Roosevelt for his public utterances, it is refreshing to find a man high in business circles paying respectful tribute. Such is the effect of a recent address by E. H. Gary, chairman of the board of directors of the United States Steel Corporation.

Says Judge Gary: "The reiteration of the oft-stated principles of the President of the United States has increased my feeling of responsibility toward the stockholders I represent, toward our competitors, toward business men, and toward the public, and our relations have been improved."

This is not the adulation of a job-hunting politician, nor the ravings of an impractical dreamer. Neither does one feel warned to "Beware the Greeks bearing gifts," for Judge Gary can have nothing to gain by such a public utterance. It is significant as coming from a corporation which is probably the largest in the world, which is the first to suffer from business depression, and which is closely related to the vitally important railway industry. It reminds us of what we are sometimes prone to forget, that we are divided in this country, not yet along economic lines, but along lines of common honesty.

* * *

To Paris through Difficulties

THE automobile race from New York to Paris is an interesting example of what a man can think of if he has n't anything else to do. The practical value to humanity of such an undertaking is problematical, but there is something undeniably fascinating in the idea of choosing such a difficult way to get to Paris. Besides, the American mind with its love for statistics, glories in the fourteen thousand long, cold miles of this race, the number of gallons of gasoline necessary, and how far the massacred chickens would reach if placed side by side. For all these reasons the progress of the international automobilists will be watched with interest by our people, and they will cheerfully go out and laugh at them as they dig their way along.

Every possible contingency seems to have been prepared for by these energetic motorists—except one. In their enthusiasm over their coming battles with the ice and snow of Alaska and Siberia they forgot that they must first cross the United States. Therefore, one machine got sixty miles up the Hudson in a week and then honked its last, while, according to the latest reports, the others are battling with the snowdrifts of the Far West and proceeding under eight farm horse power. It is now believed that, barring accidents and ill luck, the leaders will dig through to their destination in time to celebrate the opening of the New York-Paris Limited Airship Line.

An ambitious job, is this, for strong, persistent men. It will be a notable achievement for all who get through safely, and we wish them luck.

* * *

Shaking Hands with France

IT is entirely natural and proper that the first arbitration treaty resulting from the late Hague Peace Conference should be between France and the United States. Both these progressive republics are largely interested in the prosperity of their own people (Morocco and the Philippines should be mentioned in whispers); neither has a king whose family troubles have to be settled by force of arms, and in both countries there is a growing sentiment that war is a foolish waste of life and money and that interferes terribly with trade. There is no country with which we would rather make and keep an arbitration peace treaty than with France.

It isn't so much of a treaty as one might hope. It is only on minor matters that we have bound ourselves to agree. On more important questions we reserve the right of Christian and civilized nations to settle our difficulties by perforation. But it is a move in the right direction, and one which any book on Easy Steps to Universal Peace would recommend. The treaty shows also that the melancholy debating society known as the Second Hague Conference was not a complete failure.

* * *

Blaming It on Stoessel

A GRIMLY interesting commentary upon the manners and customs of the Russian Government is the recent death sentence passed upon General Stoessel. Stoessel, all the world knows as the man who with a lot of inebriate officers and discontented men, held Port Arthur, for an incredibly long time, against the wily Japanese. When he did surrender, it was only to save his city from complete destruction and his soldiers from massacre. For this achievement, he received the plaudits of the world, medals and congratulations from the crowned heads of Europe—and a death sentence from his own country. To show, however, that even a Russian court-martial has a sense of shame, there was a recommendation that the death sentence be commuted to ten years' imprisonment.

Long ago, Czar Nicholas I., sitting in a safe and secluded spot, made a rule that the Russian flag once hoisted must never be lowered to the enemy. Ever since then, the peace-loving peasants, sent forth to battle with other peace-loving peasants with whom they had no quarrel, have been held to this glorious principle. Since Stoessel so far forgot his duty to the fatherland as to get himself defeated, he must pay the penalty—especially since he was not even an intimate friend of an assistant door mat to Supreme Authority.

No wonder war is losing its popularity as a means of livelihood. It is not surprising that the corrupt, vicious Russian Government seems to be tottering to certain destruction.

* * *

Uses for the Gyroscope

GREAT is the gyroscope and mysterious are the wonders it performs. Plant one in the midst of a railway train and that vehicle goes balancing about the country on one rail and does the tight-rope act over dizzy chasms. Start one whirling in an ocean vessel and it becomes steady and respectable; the dining-room table no longer kicks the chandelier and sea sickness is only a troubled memory. Many an airship of uncertain habits after taking one gyroscope has become a model of propriety and right living.

If this new invention has such a steadying influence, would it not be a pity to confine its use to material things? We know a lot of newspapers that ought to have them buzzing steadily in the editorial sanctum so that they would not be rocked by every financial wind that blows. In New York there is a great orator who has talked on all sides and the top and bottom of every public question. He ought to be fitted up with a gyroscope.

There are a lot of us who should have this modern improvement installed—the statesman forever listening for the public clamor, the legislator bending and swaying with the rustle of the certified check, the wabbly clubman carolling to the breaking dawn. There should be a pocket size for life insurance directors and bank presidents to keep them steady amid other people's money. When we have everything from the ship of state to the vernal equinox fitted up with gyroscopes, what a safe, sane, and conservative universe it will be!

Gotham on the Mainland

THE first regular passenger train under the Hudson River, late in February, was hailed with joy by the residents of New Jersey. The tunnel between New York City and Hoboken, means that tens of thousands of commuters have bidden good-bye to the fog-delayed, ice-bound, antique ferry boats, which were their only gateway to the metropolis. It means, furthermore, that thousands of New Yorkers, living in crowded quarters at the mercy of rapacious landlords and wily real estate speculators will have an opportunity to live better and more cheaply than they do now.

So much for the immediate effects. There is another faintly possible result; that since New York City has ceased to be an island, it will some day cease to be insular. There is a general impression in this city that civilization is crowded in between the East and the North Rivers; that since New York has the largest urban population and the highest buildings and the only horse cars in the country, it has a monopoly upon all the other virtues. A howling wilderness is believed to begin in the hills of Jersey and to continue westward indefinitely; in Boston, people are alleged to wear Puritan hats, use big words, and speak constantly of Paul Revere; Chicago is supposed to be entirely given up to the production of pork and baseball teams. The New York newspapers foster this spirit by conscientiously avoiding all mention of anything that happens outside the sacred gates.

Perhaps it is a wild dream but maybe this tunnel will help a little to banish Father Knickerbocker's provincialism. Broad sympathies, like the ghosts that pursued poor Tam O'Shanter, do not like to cross a running stream, but perhaps they have no prejudice against going under. It will be good for New York to be attached to the United States, and it won't be bad for the United States.

* * *

Justice for Women Teachers

THE movement to equalize the payment of salaries to men and women teachers for equal work has become so widespread that it demands serious attention. Such a principle has already been established in Buffalo and Chicago, and it is being considered in New York and Philadelphia. It appears that we can look forward to a not very distant time when women teachers will no longer suffer from unfair discrimination.

The wonder is, not that this movement is coming, but that it has been so long on the way. If the present system is based upon the alleged superiority of men as teachers, it has n't a very long life ahead of it. There are undoubtedly some school situations that are handled better by men, but there are more where women are superior and there are many in which men are of no more use than they would be at making doilies. The idea that it costs men more to live than women is probably a survival of the old theory that man is the natural provider and woman the idle recipient of all material blessings. Since teachers are self-supporting and often family-supporting, there is n't a great deal in that contention. The only argument that cannot be answered is the very practical one that the masculine teacher votes and the feminine does not, and it is the voters who fix salaries.

It will be a bright day for education when the women teachers get as much pay as the men and the men get as much as they deserve. If we were more idealistic and less practical we would express the hope that all teachers' salaries will be raised until the molders of the character of the coming generation are as well paid as the layers of brick.

* * *

Suffragettes Win a Battle

IN ENGLAND and America there is an increasingly large body of women who believe that unequal pay in industry and all unfair discrimination against the sex can be remedied only by giving women the suffrage. Accordingly they are demanding it vigorously in both countries. In England they storm the houses of Parliament, lay siege to the home of the prime minister, parade, agitate, and get themselves arrested. The interesting thing is that the House of Commons has just passed a bill authorizing the franchise. They passed it jokingly and shamefacedly, it is true, and they arranged for its death in committee, but still they passed it. It was a concession to the earnest suffragettes who were making things unpleasant for the policemen outside.

Here in America the movement is more dignified and apparently less effective. Instead of getting themselves arrested the enthusiasts hold polite meetings in hotels and club rooms. Recently they did conduct an outdoor meeting in the Wall Street district of New York City, where they were pelted with fruit and paper bags full of water by rowdy curb brokers and office boys. As a rule, however, we let them say what they please uninterrupted and agree with them politely and let it go at that. Meanwhile, we all feel that woman's suffrage is coming whether the women want it or not, whether they are fit for it or not, and whether or not it is fit for them. It is as essential a principle of justice as universal manhood suffrage, *habeas corpus*, and trial by jury.

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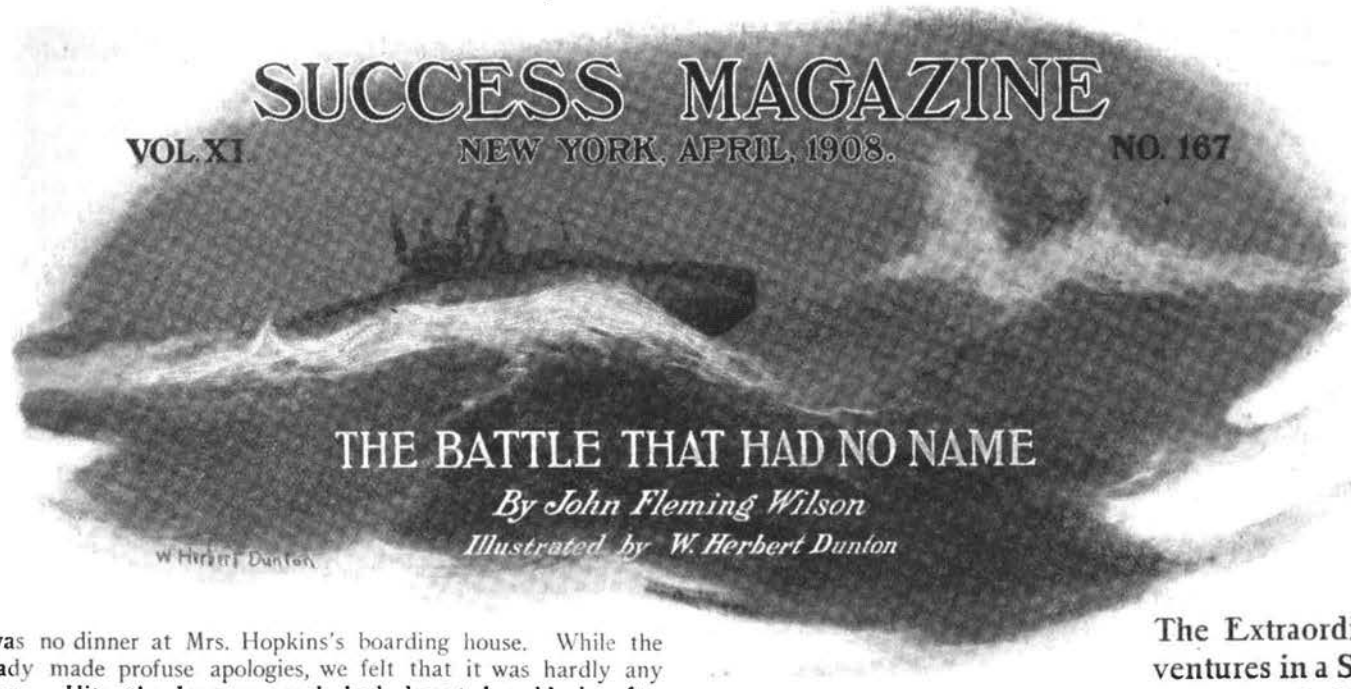


THE BATTLE THAT HAD NO NAME

By John Fleming Wilson

Illustrated by W. Herbert Dunton

THERE was no dinner at Mrs. Hopkins's boarding house. While the landlady made profuse apologies, we felt that it was hardly any fault of hers. Hito, the Japanese cook, had departed suddenly, after the manner of his race, and there was none to take his office in the kitchen. We condoled with Mrs. Hopkins, swallowed the cold victuals she offered us on damp plates, and gathered on the porch to discuss the eternal question of the Yellow.

There did n't seem to be much to say that was novel. We were aggrieved, and said so, blaming the whole Japanese nation for the delinquency of Hito. From personal wrongs we gradually shunted to the main track of universal problems, and restated with emphasis what a great many politicians had voiced as the Public Demand of California. We ended with fervent wishes that Russia had wiped Japan off the map of the world.

This was Jefferson's opening. He had been the San Francisco *Times* correspondent in the Far East, and we listened to the hundredth repetition of his adventures, hardships, and successes—the last barely recognized by a jealous fraternity.

When Jefferson came to a full stop, two hours later, we prepared to go to our rooms. The school-teacher caused us delay by remarking, in his mild manner, that he envied Jefferson his opportunities for a full and vivid conception of the Spirit of Japan. "I was by way of being a war correspondent myself," he ventured, gently.

The school-teacher had never, so far as we knew from his conversation, been outside of the very mildest parts of the United States. If you had asked one of us whether Mr. Parsons had ever had an adventure, we would have stared and remarked that he was devoted to his work in the school. On the other hand, he was not a voluntary joker. True, he frequently raised a laugh; but it was usually at himself, and not because he placed anybody else in a humorous light. So we stopped in our general movement toward bedrooms and listened to this somewhat extraordinary announcement. Jefferson led out with a question:

"So? When was that?"

"During the Japanese and Russian War," Mr. Parsons said.

"I did n't know you were in journalism," said Jefferson. "Usually I know one of the brotherhood at sight."

Mr. Parsons's manner was apologetic. "I was n't what you might call a journalist," he said. "It was only to oblige a friend. I was, in fact, an unwilling war correspondent."

Jefferson, who had got up, sat down again. "That 's rather interesting," he said, kindly. "I never heard of an unwilling war correspondent. Indeed, the anxiety of good newspaper men to go to the front was such that only the very best of the best stood any show at all."

The school-teacher seemed uncomfortable. "I don't pretend to have done anything in the regular way at all," he explained. "As I said, my attempting to act as war correspondent for the *American Scientist* was purely to oblige a friend. I was quite unwilling, I assure you. You see," he went on confidentially, "*my* line was flour, macaroni flour."

Jefferson nodded, and his comical glance assembled us around the school-teacher. "Let 's hear about the unwilling war correspondent whose real line was macaroni flour," he said, genially.

Mr. Parsons did n't smile. Instead, he flushed painfully, as he sometimes did when we laughed too broadly at his little ways. "I know it sounds ridiculous to you," he said, humbly; "but I saw the Battle of Moriyoshi. That is, I was *under* it."

Jefferson flushed himself. "I never heard of that battle," he said, curtly. "I presume it escaped all of us! I should enjoy being enlightened."

We all insisted, partly because we thought Jefferson's manner uncalled for; partly because we were really curious. The school-teacher seemed put out, but manfully stuck to his guns. "Of course you never heard of it," he said, briefly. "I never wrote a piece about it. If you had heard of it I should never have ventured to mention it. I have already said that I was unwilling at the time, and I certainly claim no honor for myself in having yielded to the importunity of a friend, Lieutenant Pettifer, J. P. N."

"May I inquire what 'J. P. N.' stands for?" inquired Jefferson, icily.

"Japanese Navy, I believe," answered the school-

The Extraordinary Adventures in a Submarine of the Analytical Chemist, Whose Specialty Was Macaroni Flour

"My line was macaroni"

teacher. "At least, that was the only impression I got while in China."

"Very likely," Jefferson assented, regaining his good humor. "Don't let me interrupt."

Mr. Parsons withdrew his slight form into his chair and appeared to favor the dusk which the light of the setting sun shot with dim fire.

My line was macaroni flour (he resumed). I studied chemistry at college and found a chance to go into the office of a wheat and flour broker in San Francisco who had a large export business. You may not know that macaroni, or Italian paste, is made from a flour peculiarly rich in gluten. The production of this wheat depends for success upon many elements of soil and cultivation. It had become a very valuable product, and my employer devoted a large portion of his time and capital to the business of exploiting this article of commerce. When he found that there was a fine market for it in the Orient he decided that it would pay to discover whether a flour rich in gluten and with the other peculiar properties which make Italian wheat so valued might not be manufactured in China and Japan out of wheat grown there. He commissioned me to go to the Orient and make investigations and experiments with a view to introducing this new industry there.

I left San Francisco and spent several months going over the arable districts of Japan before the war broke out. At the time of the declaration of hostilities I was in Hakodate, preparing for an exploratory expedition into Yezzo. Naturally, I found myself in a very embarrassing position. The Straits of Sangar, upon which Hakodate lies, are on the route direct to Vladivostock, and it was from the former point that the offensive preparations of the Japanese were largely made, as Mr. Jefferson can explain to you better than I.

Being a foreigner, though on a peaceful mission, it was explained to me with all politeness that I had better stay in Hakodate. My going into the interior would be misunderstood. In fact, the authorities could not allow it. Moreover, my explorations of the island of Nippon and its agricultural resources, it was felt, might easily be made use of by the enemy. To make the matter short, I was forbidden to leave Hakodate.

At first I devoted my energies to convincing the officials that I was not belligerent, and that my mission, being one of peace and for the advancement of the industrial interests of Japan, should not be considered in any way inimical to the government. But Count Hyashi, to whom I finally appealed, stated that as I knew the exact statistics of the crops and soil of Japan, my knowledge was too valuable to the Japanese Government to be overlooked. He begged me, in their time of stress, to devote my talent and experience to Japan. In fact, he offered me a flattering position in the Imperial Bakery. Upon communication (through the war office) with my employer, I obtained permission to accept this offer. For the next six months I was very busy making a full test of the nutritive values of the various flours used in the baking of the supplies for the forces in the field, and had the honor of introducing a bread far superior to any then in use, and one which, on account of the non-variance in constituents, would keep indefinitely without loss of essential nourishing value.

The satisfaction of the Government with my efforts caused the officials to transfer me to Mororan, across the Straits, where a large force of men was engaged in baking several millions of rations for the fleet. Here I had a school of instruction in bread chemistry and I may say that it was due to the quick apprehension of my pupils that the rations issued from that depot were acknowledged to be the best ever provided.

To pass over these small services I shall go on to the circumstances that led directly to my accepting the position of war correspondent and my consequent presence at the Battle of Moriyoshi.

On account of the vast quantities of coal available at Mororan, that port was used as a point of departure for many vessels of the Northern Fleet. It was also used as a place for such refitting as could be done without the use of a dry dock. And when eighteen submarines ordered from an American firm were delivered, they were delivered at Mororan.

I have heard it said, by those who know, that submarines were not well known by the Japanese. However that may be, the firm that made those unloaded at Mororan sent with them a force of American workmen and experts to put them in order and to instruct the Japanese in their use and management. Among these Americans I found an old college mate, Pettifer, who was in the same class in field chemistry with me.

"I remember a flash in my eyes"

Of course I was glad to see Pettifer. We immediately got permission to lodge together.

I soon ascertained that the submarines were not, so to speak, a finished product. Pettifer explained to me that there were many chemical and scientific calculations in their construction and equipment that were by no means of settled expediency. He himself felt that their use in warfare was problematic, as yet; in his position as one of the experts in charge of them he would not answer for their behavior.

Having the common interest of chemistry, I devoted what time I could spare from my bakery laboratory to going over with Pettifer all the chemical formulas and processes employed in the production of power, conservation of oxygen, and so forth. Probably I weary you. I will pass on to say that six weeks after the arrival of the submarines the announcement was made to the Japanese Government that they were ready for service. There followed the further announcement that, in order to fulfill the contract with the Japanese, all the experts sent over by the constructing company were to remain in the employ of the Government as instructors in the use of submarines. I remember my roommate coming to me with a very large sheet of paper inscribed with many Japanese characters. He said it had been handed to him by the depot commandant.

"Here is a commission as lieutenant in their old navy," Pettifer said. "Think of Willie, *Lieutenant* Willie Pettifer, J. P. N.!"

"What does it mean?" I asked him.

"It means fighting," he said gravely. "To tell the truth, Parsons," he went on, "this submarine work is still an experiment. Does anybody know whether *No. 6* (that was his boat) will behave according to specifications in service? I don't. The Japs don't. I'm blessed if I know anybody who *does* know. So the Government quietly makes the company put us fellows in to run them. And that keeps anybody from running around and telling the world that Japan has submarines. Oh, the Japanese are smart all right! But I say, Parsons, is n't this a nice job for little Willie Pettifer, to be put in charge of a boat like *No. 6?* Just think if we were trying to blow up a big Russian battle ship and a dollop of water should short-circuit the spark-coil!"

"What would happen?" I inquired.

"Either the torpedo would explode in the tube, or else it would miss its object by six degrees. I've figured it all out, you see. Take your choice. Or if we were using the gasoline engines, and one of the spark coils short-circuited, we'd turn around before we could switch in another. That comes of having twin screws with separate engines."

"Two engines make it safer," I remonstrated.

Pettifer was much put out by this argument. "That's not the question. It's a question of efficiency. We've got eighteen submarines here. If every submarine answers for one Russian war ship and goes to the bottom itself, the Japanese Government will think them a success. But it won't be satisfied if six months from now the Russians still have their battle ships and we still have the submarines."

I quote this remark to show that Pettifer was a thorough workman and wrapped up in his profession.

Nothing happened the next week and Willie put in his time polishing up *No. 6* and training his Japanese crew. When I asked him how the Japanese took hold he replied, "All right. Only they're not scientific by instinct, the lower class. They're impatient. My best man came to me this morning and wanted to know if it would n't be cheaper all around to simply run *No. 6* alongside the enemy, open the gasoline tanks and the oxygen tanks and then spark the whole business to kingdom come. It took me two hours to prove to him that a perfect mixture of gasoline and oxygen would n't exert enough force to dent the plates of a battle ship, not counting the fact that the experiment would cost the Government a good submarine and the services of trained men. I don't think the man sees it yet. I believe he has it in his head that I'm a coward and afraid."

"Are you afraid?" I demanded.

Willie Pettifer always was an honest chap. "You bet I'm afraid," he said. "I've just come from the admiral's, and I told him I would n't stand for any such unscientific nonsense. I'll have discipline or run my submarine myself, I told him. I don't want any *banzai* patriot blowing me and my machinery up just to make a holiday. A 'marine is a scientific instrument and not a plaything for *banzais* to fool with. Either I blow up properly and in good order or I don't blow up at all."

"What did the admiral say?" I asked.

Willie laughed. "He did n't say anything. But he took my man and put him to work in the coal sheds. I guess the admiral is n't going to have any fireworks not scheduled by himself."

The next morning Willie came round to my office, hustled a couple of students outside, shut the door, and flourished an order in my face. "See that!" he demanded. "That 's an order for fifty gallons of gasoline and five gallons of cylinder oil. I 'm to take the 'marine to sea at five o'clock this afternoon and run out of the Straits eastwardly one hundred miles, *submerged*. Now that sounds like plain English, does n't it? But it 's the imported article. Those few words mean that I 'm to sink *No. 6* in her slip, periscope my way out of the harbor and down the Straits and out to sea one hundred miles."

"It sounds like it," I agreed. "What then?"

Willie nearly pulled his mustache out by the roots. "That 's it," he growled. "That 's the Japanese of it. Now, the admiral and everybody else that knows anything at all about these submarines knows that their radius of action submerged is exactly 110 miles. In other words, when *No. 6* has gone her one hundred miles and comes to the stop, she 's got just ten more miles to go submerged, or twenty miles on the surface. Will Lieutenant Willie Pettifer, J.P.N., kindly go to the top story of a twenty-story building and step off? That 's the gist, sum, and substance of that order."

"Are you going?" I demanded.

"Of course I 'm going," he said crossly. "I want you to go along."

"That 's really kind of you," was my reply. "But I 'm busy. I 'll go with you some other day."

"I don't mean it the way it sounds," Willie protested. "The admiralty has got some scheme up, probably a big battle. I figure that when we run out there and come to the top we 'll find a Japanese fleet busily engaged in taking off a Russian fleet. Maybe we 'll have something to do. Anyway, we 'll be brought home. Don't you want to see a battle? Besides I 'll be the only white man on *No. 6* and I want company."

"I could n't get leave, even if I wanted to go," I said warmly. "I 'd do a great deal to oblige you, Willie, but I can't go."

"If I get you a pass, will you go?" Willie insisted.

Now there really was no reason why I should n't go. Besides, he explained to me that I could help him in keeping track of the various apparatus used in maintaining respirable air, even temperature and so forth. And I felt sure he would never get the pass.

That was where I mistook Willie. He came back at noon with a slip of paper signed by the admiral himself. "There 's your leave," he announced. "You are to go as correspondent of the *American Scientist*."

"But the *American Scientist* does n't know me from Adam," I said. "And I 'm no war correspondent. Besides, they 're not giving correspondents any privileges these times. Look at that crowd down the coast sitting on the club veranda with their caps over their eyes."

"The *American Scientist* will be glad to get an account of the action of a submarine on service, written by a chemist," Willie insisted. "And when the admiral comes down off his high horse and does a favor for Lieutenant Pettifer, J. P. N., I want you to understand that it 's not your place to make objections. If you will read that piece of paper you will find that you are under my orders."

There was nothing for me to do but take off my apron and go with him. I was really glad to go, too. It was a change from flour-testing and baking.

Willie made me take my pipe and tobacco out of my pocket and went through me to see if I had any matches on me. Then he gave me a cigar. "Smoke that while you can," he said. "We can't smoke in the 'marine."

I sat down on a pile of coal in the depot, while Willie went on an errand, and smoked till an officer coming by took the cigar from me and carefully extinguished it in a bucket of water. He told me smoking was not allowed and I had to show him my pass from the admiral to keep from going to the guard house. Then Willie came by, riding on a coal car, jumped off, took me by the arm, and hurried me off down to the slips.

No. 6 lay under a shed, the farthest in the long row of submarines. She looked unusually damp and dirty. Willie said he had been giving her a coat of grease. We went down through the little hatch in the top of the steering tower and Willie soon had his three men busy over the electric motors which ran the 'marine when submerged. Then he turned over the gasoline engines which were used on the surface.

"I 've had her in apple-pie order for ten days," he said. "The batteries are up to their capacity and I can't think of anything else we ought to do. I wish we could carry more gasoline. But we can't. I guess we 'll start. It 's ten minutes to five now."

I went out on deck with him while some of the dockyard hands eased off the moorings. *No. 6* swung into the middle of her slip and Willie nodded to me. "Below with you, Parsons," he said quietly. "We 're going to submerge in the slip."

Just then the admiral strolled up. Willie saluted. The admiral looked at his watch, but said nothing. A pump started clanking in the hull and *No. 6* sank slowly till the water was within two feet of the hatch. The admiral snapped his watch case and leaned over toward Willie. He handed him a slip of paper. "Steer that course," he said briefly.

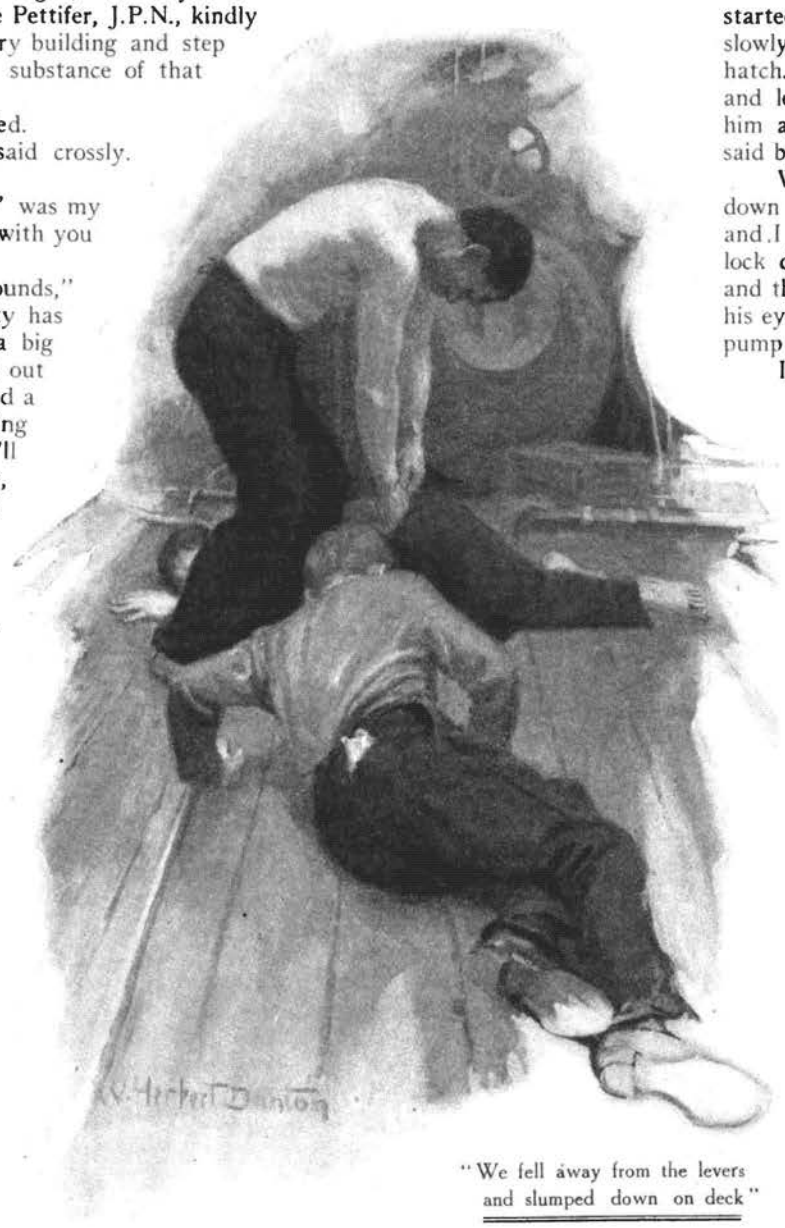
Willie waved his hand and shoved me down the ladder. Then the hatch fell into place and I could hear him breathe as he twisted the lock down tight. The electric lights came on and the pump increased its speed. Willie kept his eye to the periscope tube and suddenly the pump stopped and the motors began.

I could feel the hull start forward. I went off my feet at a sudden upward sway, much like the rise of a horse at a fence. One of the Japs picked me up, and smiled. Then Willie motioned for me to join him in the little steering tower -- a steel cylinder about four feet in diameter, projecting about four feet above the upper shell of the vessel. "That was a shallow place," he said.

"I 'm glad it was n't a rock," I murmured, and Willie said he was glad, too.

"One has to trust to a clear channel," he said. "But we 'll soon be out in the Straits, and then we 'll be all right."

I can't tell just how many times there was that sickening upward motion of *No. 6*. Each time I could hear the gentle swash of the water in the tea-kettle that sat on a little electric plate just below me, on a shelf. Then, in half an hour, the submarine settled down to a steady, slightly rolling gait. When she did that Willie told me to look into the periscope tube. I did so and discovered that we were going along with a bright light visible far away on the left-hand side. "That 's a lighthouse," Willie said. "We 're submerged five feet. See anything else?"



"We fell away from the levers and slumped down on deck"

I examined the miniature horizon carefully, but could distinguish nothing.

Willie looked again and nodded. "Over there on the starboard bow. Still there. The admiral 's pretty clever, is n't he?"

"What 's over there?" I inquired.

"A torpedo boat destroyer," Willie answered. "She 's burning no lights, but I can see the glint of water along her sides. That boat, Jap though she be, is n't as clever as little Willie Pettifer, lieutenant, J. P. N. I can see her, but she can't see me. I *greased* my vessel, and there is n't any glint of water about *No. 6*. You could be right over her and not see a thing." Willie laughed. "She 's coming cross channel to see if she can't pick us up. The admiral is smart, is n't he? He wants us to get away without anybody knowing we 're gone, and then sends a destroyer out to look for a Russian submarine. Suspicious people, are n't they, Parsons?"

I agreed with him, but regretted that the destroyer was so close. "She might run onto us," I said. "Then what would we do?"

Willie grinned across the steering tower at me. "The admiral fixed that," he chuckled. "That destroyer has orders to destroy a Russian submarine that is reported to be hovering around. Upon consulting the paper the admiral handed me in the slip, I perceive that I am to use 'war measures in case of meeting an enemy or suspicious craft.'

Consequently, if that destroyer gets too close, we 'll just blow her up. The admiral will understand."

"But she 's not an enemy," I protested.

"How am I to know that?" Willie remarked. "I 'm taking no chances, Parsons. I 'm Lieutenant Pettifer, J. P. N., and *No. 6* is going to do what she was told to do, if ten Japanese destroyers go to the bottom. I don't intend her to run and tell the admiral she saw us. You understand? We 're running submerged. *Nobody* sees us. Do you understand? NOBODY sees us!"

I confess that this remark afforded me a new view of Willie's character, and I reflected upon my foolishness in yielding to his importunity and going with him on so desperate an expedition. Such meditation was not pleasant, especially as there recurred to my mind Willie's statement about the helplessness of *No. 6* when she should finally rise to the surface one hundred miles at sea.

My thoughts were interrupted by Willie calling down for the mate to come and take the wheel. The Jap elbowed himself up the steps, repeated the course he was to steer, and, as Willie and I started down the ladder, put his eye to the periscope tube. We climbed down through the curtain which kept the tower in comparative darkness and into the lighted hull.

The other two of the crew were busily engaged watching the flying motors, one with an oil can in one hand, the other with his hand on the switchboard. Willie paid no attention to either of them, but carefully went over the entire interior, from bow to stern. When he came back and sat down beside me on the grating, his face was placid. "She 's tight as a bottle," he said, quietly. "And the machinery is working first class. Of course, we 're using practically none of the oxygen as yet, as I 'm taking air in through an elevated pipe forward. But I guess it 's up to me to get rid of that destroyer now. She 's fast, three times as fast as we are, and if she once catches sight of us and we don't know it, she can put us out of business in three minutes. There! Kujiro 's seen her."

The mate was whistling gently, and Willie disappeared into the tower. An instant later the two men below answered an electric buzzer by starting a pump. *No. 6* settled quickly. There was a snap of valves and the click of starting fans. Then the pump stopped and Willie came down the steps. "We 're thirty feet down," he said. "I guess Mr. Destroyer won't find us now. He was n't half a mile ahead. Maybe we 'll pass under him."

The hours passed slowly, but not unpleasantly. Apart from the gentle sway from side to side one would have supposed the vessel to be at rest on the bottom. Willie kept going and coming while the mate stayed at the wheel. At midnight he wrote up the log and figured our position. That done, he handed me the slate. "We 've made just fifty-three miles since we left the slip," he said. "That leaves us forty-seven to go. We 're just sixteen miles off shore. I wonder if that destroyer is still around? We 'll sneak up at two o'clock and see."

At a quarter of two Willie called the mate down and went to the wheel himself. A little later he summoned me and I joined him in the cramped tower. "I 'm going to make a little dash up," he explained. "I can't waste time in pumping out and rising in dead water. We 'll just make a little jump hurdlewise. Now keep on your feet and, whatever happens, don't say a word."

He pressed the electric indicator, pulled a lever with a jerk, and *No. 6* stuck her nose up at an angle of forty degrees. There was a roar of water overhead, the port glass foamed before my eyes and Willie jerked out an oath, putting the steering wheel gently over. *No. 6* slid from under my feet, dropped her nose, and the roar of the water died away. Almost instantly the pump clanked below. Willie leaned over, clipping the words with his teeth. "We nearly hit her. She saw us. *Now* see the fun!"

The machinery sang a new tune and I realized that the motors were slowed down and that we were rising from our second plunge. Willie watched the submergence dial and when it crept up to ten feet put his eye to the periscope tube. We turned slowly, as I could perceive by our altered motion. Suddenly he reached over and pulled another lever. The machinery started up full speed; there was a long shrill whistle of air through the hull, and the submarine's bow leaped up.

"Torpedo gone," Willie muttered. "Hope it does the work. Now look!"

The machinery stopped and Willie glued his eye to the periscope tube. I saw the thick glass opposite my eyes suddenly clear and a red flash appear. *No. 6* shook horribly and rose and fell so that I could barely maintain my hold. I was aware of the hot breath of the mate on my cheek. Then a huge wave overwhelmed us and Willie laughed.

A moment later *No. 6* floated in the long swells on the surface and we were breathing the night air through the open hatch. A hundred rods away I saw a torn pillar, slashed with red, heave out of the sea and slowly sink, endwise. Kujiro, leaning over my shoulder, breathed through his teeth. "Japanese!" he hissed, clutching my arm cruelly.

Willie turned his eyes on the mate with a look I had not imagined possible on his face. "Japanese," he assented, icily. "Go below and start the motors."

The mate did not stir. His black eyes fixed on Willie and his lips drew back over his teeth.

"Go below!" Willie ordered again.

Kujiro snorted and let out a wild cry. I remember a flash in my eyes and came to myself to find the mate a dead weight in my arms. In fact, he *was* dead. Willie put his revolver back in his pocket and called down the steps. One of the crew answered and Willie motioned to him to relieve me of Kujiro's body. "Throw it overboard," he commanded.

The man obeyed, very carefully. The body slipped off the grating we stood on, poised a moment on the sloping curve of the deck, and then slid down into the water as a swell rolled us heavily in its trough.

Then I remembered the destroyer and looked about to see her. The sea was vacant except for a field of white 'way to starboard of us.

When we were once more in the steering tower, and the motors were going again, and the submergence dial showed twelve feet, Willie leaned over to say, "Those patriots don't understand modern warfare. But the admiral, *he* understands. He 's scientific. Make a note of that, Parsons. You 're seeing genuine scientific offensive operations this time. I just begin to see it myself."

The night settled down, it seemed to me, into quietness. *No. 6* hummed on her way through the water with satisfying steadiness. But somehow I could not lose sight of a big field of white foam, heaving in the darkness where a moment before a steel pillar, slashed with red, had disappeared into the depths.

At four o'clock Willie called one of the crew to take the wheel, and entered his figurings upon the log slate. "We 're seventy miles on our way," he remarked. "Thirty to go." Then he carefully wrote at the bottom of the slate these two items:

At 2 A.M. we torpedoed an unknown destroyer which attacked us. She sank at 2:06 A.M., bow first.

Kujiro, first-class gunner, mutinied and was shot by myself at 2:09 A.M. His body was thrown into the sea by my order. W. PETTIFER, Lieutenant, J.P.N.

Daylight appeared in the periscope tube. Neither of us could distinguish anything on the gray horizon. But, as Willie remarked, the elevation of the periscope was so slight that we could not see more than a couple of miles in any direction. "We still have twenty miles to go," he said, briefly. "Now, here 's where we drop clean out of sight."

We apparently lost speed by this last submergence, and the motors hummed heavily, as if they were working against an overload. Willie examined them frequently, leaving me to steer by the compass. Each time he instructed me under no circumstances to touch any of the levers that lined the little tower. As we drew to the close of our journey he seemed disturbed, and I saw him repeatedly look into the huge battery tanks, as if to see how they stood the drain on their stored power.

"It 's a tight pinch," he remarked, as the clock tinkled nine. "We shall make it to the dot. And we 've kept our course like a liner, too, unless my calculations are at fault. But—"

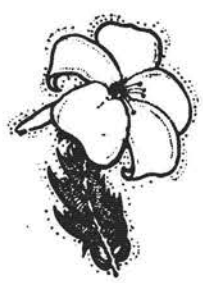
His pause was so suggestive that I repeated his "but" questioningly.

"We shan't have power enough to maneuver fifteen minutes when we arrive," he said, curtly.

"How about the gasoline engines?" I demanded.

"All right on the surface," he answered, "but I dare n't run awash with them going. And to submerge and rise again we *must* have electricity. I tell you, Parsons, that 's where these boats are still in the experimental stage. Here we are going to bob up out in the Pacific, probably in a heavy sea, inside a thin shell, with not enough power to get back into sight of land even if we run our engines. And I see the batteries are damaged. I 'll have to use the engines to re-charge them. Otherwise

[Concluded on page 264]



The Eden Memory

By EDITH M. THOMAS

NOW, when the Angel missioned with the sword,
At Eden-gate his burning falchion drew,
And when our sad First Parents had passed through,
How did that garden mourn their fate untoward!
The fourfold rivers from their urns were poured
With unconsoled repinings; and the dew
Did stand like tear-drops in the heart's-ease blue,
And waned the lilies' golden honey-hoard.
The breathing air henceforth was but one sigh
That all around that lonesome pleasance ran,
While Voices asked—and lapsed without reply. . .
Such wistful airs about my garden fan,
I dream, some grief of Eden still must lie
At heart of every garden made by man!

LORD CURZON,

Viceroy and Governor-General of India from 1899 to 1905, and now representative Irish Peer. Like his predecessor, Lord Lansdowne, Lord Curzon is frankly a pro-opiumist. He coined the phrase "opium faddist," so frequently heard in the halls of Parliament.

DRUGGING A RACE

By SAMUEL MERWIN

VII.—How British Chickens Came Home to Roost.

In this installment is given the extraordinary story of the British Royal Commission which decided that opium is a universal household remedy and that it may be given freely to children "without appreciable ill results"; also an account of the way in which this official defense of the traffic broke down when the opium evil found its way into British possessions nearer home. A remarkable form of government ownership—manufacturing opium in a form attractive for little children. Meanwhile, the opium traffic goes merrily on.

HENRY J. WILSON, M. P.,

Who wrote the fearless minority report arraigning the methods of the Royal Commission which whitewashed the opium traffic in 1895. When Mr. Wilson attempted personally to investigate the opium situation he was shadowed by government detectives.

WE HAVE seen, in the preceding articles, that the Anglo-Indian Government controls absolutely the production of opium in India, prepares the drug for the market in government-owned and government-operated factories, and sells it at monthly auctions. Let me also recall to the reader that four fifths of this opium is prepared to suit the known taste of Chinese consumers. The annual value to the Anglo-Indian Government of this curious industry, it will be recalled, is well over $20,000,000.

Now we have to consider the last strong defense of this policy which the British Government has seen fit to offer to a protesting world, the report of the Royal Commission on Opium. Against this stout defense of the opium traffic in all its branches, we are able to set not only the findings of other governments, such as those of Japan, the Philippines, and Australia, which have opium problems of their own to deal with, but also the curious attitude of a certain British colony, amounting almost to what might be called an opium panic, on that occasion when the Oriental drug found its way near enough home to menace British subjects and British children.

Opium for Children

The men who administer the government of India have a chronically difficult job on their hands. In order to keep it on their hands they have got to please the British public; and that is not so easy as it perhaps sounds. It would apparently please both the Government and the public if the whole opium question could be thrown after the twenty thousand chests of Canton—into the sea. But the British public is hard-headed, and proud of it; and the spectacle of the magnificent, panoplied Government of India gone bankrupt, or so embarrassed as to be calling upon the Home Government for aid, would not please it at all. Of the two evils, debauching China or gravely impairing the finances of India, there has been reason to believe that it would prefer debauching China. That, at least, is what successive governments of Britain and of India seem to have concluded. It has seemed wiser to endure a known quantity of abuse for sticking to opium than to risk the cold British scorn for the bankrupt; and accordingly the Indian Government, with the approval of one home government after another, has stuck to opium. The only alternative course, that of developing a new, healthy source of revenue to supplant opium, the unhealthy, would involve real ideas and an immense amount of trouble; and these two things are only less abhorrent to the administrative mind than political annihilation itself.

But there came a time, not so long ago, when a wave of "anti-opium" feeling swept over England, and the British public suddenly became very hard to please. Parliament agreed that the idea of a government opium monopoly in India was "morally indefensible," even went so far as to send out a "Royal Commission" to investigate the whole question. Now this commission, after traveling twenty thousand miles, asking twenty-eight thousand questions, and publishing two thousand pages (double columns, close print) of evidence, arrived at some remarkable conclusions. "Opium," says the Royal Commission, "is harmful, harmless, or even beneficial, according to the measure and discretion with which it is used. . . . It is [in India] the universal household remedy. . . . It is extensively administered to infants, and the practice does not appear to any appreciable extent injurious. . . . It does not appear responsible for any disease peculiar to itself." As to the traffic with China, the commission states — "Responsibility mainly lies with the Chinese Government." And, finally (which seems to bring out the pith of the matter), "In the present circumstances the revenue derived from opium is indispensable for carrying on with efficiency the government of India."

From a painting by John G. Millais, National Gallery, London.

WILLIAM E. GLADSTONE,

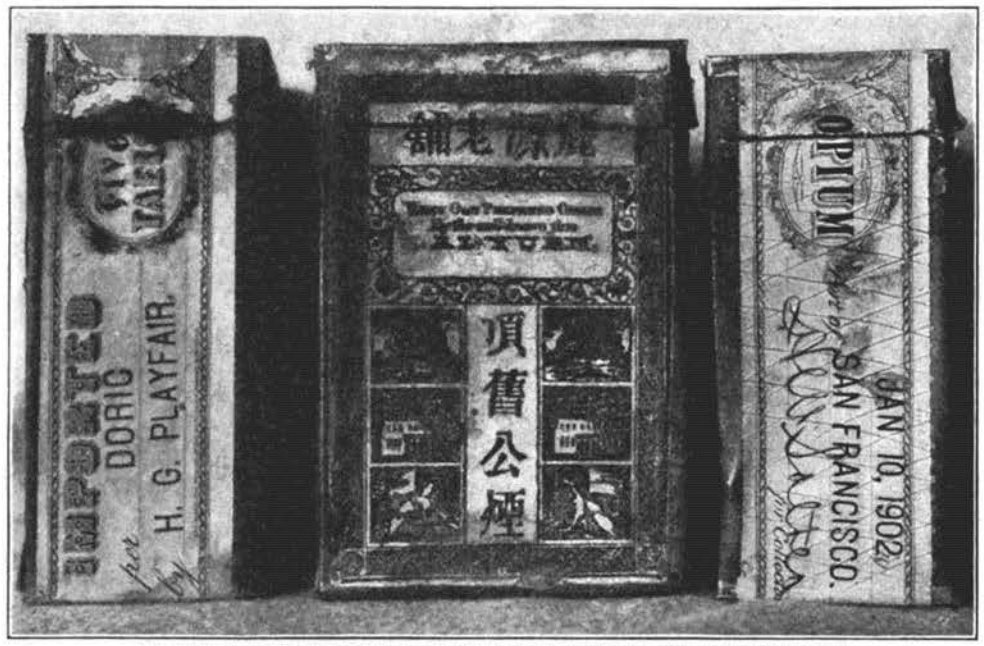
Who, as Premier of Great Britain, thwarted the attempt of the anti-opium majority in Parliament to put an end to the Anglo-Indian Government opium monopoly.

Royal Whitewashing

To one familiar with this extraordinary summing-up of the evidence, it seems hardly surprising that the Rt. Hon. John Morley, the present Secretary of State for India, should have said in Parliament (May, 1906)—"I do not wish to speak in disparagement of the Commission, but somehow or other its findings have failed to satisfy public opinion in this country and to ease the consciences of those who have taken up the matter."

The methods employed by a Royal Commission which could arrive at such remarkable conclusions could hardly fail to be interesting. The Government opium traffic was a

scandal. Parliament was on record against it. There was simply nothing to be said for opium or for the opium monopoly. It was "morally indefensible"—officially so. It was agreed that the Indian Government should be "urged" to cease to grant licenses for the cultivation of the poppy and for the sale of opium in British India. This was interesting—even gratifying. There was but one obstacle in the way of putting an end to the whole business; and that obstacle was, in some inexplicable way, this same British Government. The opium monopoly, morally indefensible or not, seemed to be going serenely and steadily on. If the Indian Government was urged in the matter, there was no record of it.



"WHERE THE CHINAMAN TRAVELS, OPIUM TRAVELS TOO."
A consignment of opium from China to the United States, photographed in the customhouse, San Francisco

Two years passed. Mr. Gladstone, the great Prime Minister, deplored the opium evil—and took pains not to stop or limit it. Like the House of Peers in the Napoleonic wars, he "did nothing in particular—and did it very well." So the vigilant crusaders came at the Government again. In June, 1893, Mr. Alfred Webb, moved a resolution which (so ran the hopes of these crusaders) the most nearly Christian government could not resist or evade. Sure of the anti-opium majority, the new resolution, "having regard to the opinion expressed by the vote of this house on the 10th April, 1891, that the system by which the Indian opium revenue is raised is morally indefensible, . . . and *recognizing that the people of India ought not to be called upon to bear the cost* involved in this change of policy," demanded that "a Royal Commission should be appointed . . . to report as to (1) What retrenchments and reforms can be effected in the military and civil expenditures of India; (2) By what means Indian resources can be best developed; and (3) What, if any, temporary assistance from the British Exchequer would be required in order to meet any deficit of revenue which would be occasioned by the suppression of the opium traffic."

Gladstone's Resolution and Its Result

The crusaders had underestimated the parliamentary skill of Mr. Gladstone. He promptly moved a counter resolution, proposing that "this House, press on the Government of India *to continue their policy of greatly diminishing the cultivation of the poppy and the production and sale of opium*, and demanding a Royal Commission to report as to (1) Whether the growth of the poppy and the manufacture and sale of opium in British India should be prohibited. . . . (4) The effect on the finances of India of the prohibition . . . taking into consideration (a) the amount of compensation payable; (b) the cost of the necessary preventive measures; (c) the loss of revenue. . . . (6) The disposition of the people of India in regard to (a) the use of opium for non-medical purposes; (b) their willingness to bear in whole or in part the cost of prohibitive measures."

Mr. Gladstone's resolution looked, to the unthinking, like an anti-opium document. He doubtless meant that it should, for in his task of maintaining the opium traffic he had to work through an anti-opium majority. Mr. Webb's resolution, starting from the assumption that the Government was committed to suppressing the traffic, called for a commission merely to arrange the necessary details. Mr. Gladstone's resolution raised the whole question again, and instructed the commission not only to call particular attention to *the cost of prohibition* (the shrewd premier knew his public!), not only to find out *if the victims of opium in India wished to continue the habit*, but also threw the whole burden of cost on the poverty-stricken people of India—*which he knew perfectly well they could not bear*. The original resolution had sprung out of a moral outcry against the China trade. Mr. Gladstone, in beginning again at the beginning, ignored the China trade and the effects of opium on the Chinese.

But more interesting, if less significant than this attitude, was the suggestion that the Indian Government "continue their policy of greatly diminishing the cultivation of the poppy." Now this suggestion conveyed an impression that was either true or false. Either the Indian Government were putting down opium or they were not. In either event, if Mr. Gladstone was not fully informed it was his own fault, for the machinery of government was in his hands. The best way to straighten out this tangle would seem to be to consult the report of Mr. Gladstone's commission. This commission, on its arrival in India, found no trace of a policy of suppressing the trade. Sir David Balfour, the head of the Indian Finance Department, said to the commission: "I was not aware that that was the policy of the home government until the statement was made. . . . The policy has been for some time to sell about the same amount every year, *neither diminishing that amount nor increasing it. I should say decidedly, that at present our desire is to obtain the maximum revenue from the opium consumed in India.*" As regarded the China trade, Sir David added: "*We will not largely increase the cultivation because we shall be attacked if we do so.*" And this—"We have adopted a middle course and preserved the *status quo* with reference to the China trade."

JOHN MORLEY, M. P.,
The present Secretary of State for India, who has admitted that "somehow the findings of the Royal Commission on opium have failed to satisfy the conscience of the nation"

The Government's Unpleasant Problem

Mr. Gladstone's resolution was adopted by 184 votes to 105, the anti-opium crusaders voting against it. And the Royal Commission, with instructions not, as had been intended, to arrange the details of a plan for stopping the opium traffic, but with instructions to consider whether it would pay to stop it, and if not, whether the people of India could be made to stand the loss, started out on its rather hopeless journey.

One thing the crusaders had succeeded in accomplishing—they had forced the Government to send a commission to India. They had got one or two of their number on the body. The commission would have to hear the evidence, would be forced to air the situation thoroughly, showing a paternal government not only manufacturing opium for the China trade, but actually, since 1891, *manufacturing pills of opium mixed with spices for the children and infants of India.* If the Indian Government, now at last brought to an accounting, wished to keep the opium business going they could do two things—they could see that the "right" sort of evidence was given to the commission, and they could try to influence the commission directly. They adopted both courses; though it appears now, to one who goes over the attitude of the majority of the commission and especially of Lord Brassey, the chairman, as shown in the records, that little direct influence was necessary. Lord Brassey and his majority were pro-opium, through and through. The Home Government had seen to that.

The problem, then, of the administrators of the Indian Government and of this pro-opium commission was to defend a "morally indefensible" condition of affairs in order to maintain the revenue of the Indian Government. It was a problem neither easy nor pleasant.

The Viceroy of India was Lord Lansdowne. He went at the problem with shrewdness and determination. His attitude was precisely what one has learned to expect in the viceroys of India. A later viceroy, Lord Curzon, has spoken with infinite scorn of the "opium faddists." Lord Lansdowne approached the business in the same spirit. He began by sending a telegram from his government to the British Secretary of State for India, which contained the following passage: "We shall be prepared to suggest non-official witnesses, who will give independent evidence, but we cannot undertake to specially search for witnesses who will give evidence against opium. We presume this will be done by the Anti-Opium Society." This message had been sent in August, 1893, but it was not made public until the eighteenth of the following November. On November 20, Lord Lansdowne sent a letter to Lord Brassey, "which," says Mr. Henry J. Wilson, M. P., in his minority report, "was passed around among the members [of the commission] for perusal. It contained a statement in favor of the existing opium system, and against interference with that system as likely to lead to serious trouble. This appeared to me, a departure from the judicial attitude which might have been ex-

[*Continued on pages 258 to 260*]

THE CODLEY HOMESTEAD

By ROBERT MACKAY

Illustrated by R. EMMETT OWEN

NATHANIEL CODLEY was a traveling agent for a big seed house. He operated over a territory made up of the western half of a New England state and an adjoining slice of New York. Nearly all of his customers were farmers, with some of whom he boarded by day and bedded by night, when on his travels. In the guise of guest he was much sought after, for his hosts credited their accounts with his maintenance, charging first-class hotel rates for meals that were mostly of pie, tempered with fat pork, baked beans, and hard cider.

Now, Nathaniel, who was of Delaware birth and breeding, had a digestive apparatus that never took kindly to the pie *régime*, in consequence of which he looked upon life with a bilious eye, developed the sure-cure-for-dyspepsia habit, swallowing countless powders and bitters, reading the literature relating thereto with uncanny relish, and feeling annoyed if he found himself shy of a single symptom of the many catalogued in the booklets. One day, after a pie lunch and a pill dessert, he experienced the thirst that comes from overheated stomach linings. So he drank long and deep from the moss-covered bucket, the germ-breeding bucket, the uncleanly utensil that hung in a well. The well had ancient but intimate relations with a cattle byre and other things not good in connection with drinking water. When Nathaniel got home, a week later, he felt all peaked. The peakiness continuing, Mrs. Codley called a doctor, who diagnosed the case as malaria, with typhoid tendencies.

The ensuing struggle between the busy *bacilli* of the well water and a system sapped by pie and patent medicines ended in Sara Codley's finding herself a widow and Nathaniel's finding a resting place in the burial plot of the Commendable Conclave of Associated Seedsmen, of which organization he had long been a member.

After a decent period of emotional and garmental mourning, Mrs. Codley took an inventory of herself and her affairs. The vocation of a seed salesman does not lead to wealth, but Nathaniel had been a thrifty soul, so the widow found that she was the owner of a good deal of rather old-fashioned furniture, a fire-insurance policy, a well-stocked wardrobe, and about six hundred dollars in the savings bank, while there was a prospective two thousand dollars due her in benevolent dividends from the C. C. A. S. Furthermore, the firm for which her husband had worked was in the habit of giving its salesmen a bonus on all business over and above a certain annual amount, and she had just received a notification that a small sum was due her on that score. As for herself, she was still in the opulent forties—a little woman of pleasing curves and apple complexion; one who still blushed prettily when the occasion rose. She was the sort of woman that the average man likes to think he is going home to at the end of a worrisome day.

For many years Mrs. Codley had had spells of land-hunger—for land that would bring, with its sights of green fields or hill slopes dappled with cloud shadows, the smell of rain-sprinkled earth, the twittering of birds, the rustle of leaves, the dronings of investigating bees, and, mostly, perhaps, the cackling, crowing, and cheeping of a chicken colony. She discovered that it was not difficult to find advertisements of properties of apparently the very sort that her soul longed for, but that it was difficult to make a selection from among the multitude. It was all very bewildering and exasperating; for, just as she had decided that any one of half a dozen "ads." suited her needs exactly, she 'd light on another half-dozen in the same or some other newspaper that were even more alluring. There seemed to be no end to this kind of thing, and, at the end of a week's hard work, Sara had not only not replied to any of the advertisements, but was possessed even of the idea that if she did reply she would defraud herself of the ultimate bargain that would surely be hers if she watched and waited long enough.

One happy morning her eye caught the looked-and-longed-for, and, with a gladsome pulsing through her. Sara felt that her pennies spent on newspapers had not been profitless. Right up at the top of an inside page of the first paper that she opened, and running across three columns, was an advertisement, emblazoned and emboldened in verbiage and type, that gladdened her heart.

Mrs. Codley did n't stop to wash up her breakfast things. She knew that the cottage would n't go begging five minutes after people had read about it. As she slipped on her best things,—not forgetting to make her hair look its nicest and neatest, and seeing to it that her hat was on straight,—she fairly twittered with eagerness at the thought of all that the cottage would mean to her, should she be lucky enough to forestall the dozens that she was positive would be after it when they saw the advertisement. The following was the alluring "ad.," that proved the turning-point in her career:

> God made the country; man made the town.
> Why waste your life in a stifling, stuffy city flat?
> Why not secure health, wealth, happiness, and a home of your very own in the beautiful country?
>
> Why not put the rent money in your own pocket instead of in the landlord's?
>
> We have for sale, cheap, a cozy, well-built cottage of five rooms, broad piazzas, covered with rose vines; deep, dry cellar; summer kitchen at the rear, all conveniences. Stands in about an acre of ground, part of which is truck, part flower beds and lawn. Large chicken run, coops, and two incubators. Small barn and stable. A pretty trout stream ripples through the property. Plenty of shade and fruit trees, also miniature orchard. To the west is a windbrake of majestic firs. The whole surrounded by heavy, barbed-wire fence. Most picturesque scenery, woods, lake, etc. High-class neighborhood. Within easy walk of magnificent ocean beach. Cool in summer, mild in winter. Bathing, boating, fishing, hunting, etc. You can sell all the truck and eggs you raise to nearby hotels and boarding houses. Churches and public schools in adjoining town. Near railway and three trolley lines. Healthiest section of the State. Property increasing in value every week. Thirty-three minutes from city, fare only 10c. Taxes nominal. Price, to immediate purchaser, $600—ten per cent. down, balance $8 per month. Buy, and in six months time we guarantee this investment will be worth double the price asked. A PARADISE ON EASY PURCHASE. Apply, Hearthstone and Rooftree Real Estate and Building Loan Company, Room 2009-19, Gridiron Building.

Mrs. Codley had never had occasion to visit the interior of a sky-scraper before, and she was awed by the marble corridors of the Gridiron, impressed by its uniformed attendants, bewildered by the rocket-flight of its elevators, and she reached the offices of the real estate concern in a mental condition which may be described as "kneadable." This condition is duly recognized and assessed by the astute ones of the earth, who know the psychological effect of big and busy buildings and massive office furniture on simple minds.

The Hearthstone people, catering as they did to those of modest means and humble environments, were careful not to scare with too much splendor. They relied on the Gridiron itself for the preparatory process, hence their offices, while many, were comfortable rather than imposing, inspiring confidence instead of breeding perturbation.

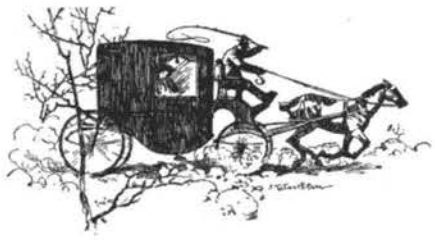
Mrs. Codley, bewildered by the long line of doors bearing the gilded name of the concern, and feeling terribly insignificant among the bustle and bigness of it all, was almost tempted to beat a retreat. But the thought of the cottage gave her courage, and finally, after trying one or two doors, she managed to find that which gave access to the general offices. Inside, the brass and mahogany host of latticed windows labeled "cashier," or "contracts," or "bookkeeper," or what not, the carpets the architects' drawings on the walls, and all the rest of it, duly affected her.

"'No favors in business,' said Gratz"

Finally, an impressive office boy wanted to know her business, and then conducted her to where a swinging door, bearing in gold letters the word "Ladies," gave access to a cozy waiting room. Once inside, it was n't long before she was in a mood to accept anything and everything that the Hearthstone and Rooftree Real Estate and Building Loan Company might see fit to tell her or to sell her.

In the easy chairs which were dotted around the room sat a half dozen or more women, most of them comfortable looking matrons of apparently her own walk of life. Sara's heart sank within her as she felt certain that each and every one of them was after that cottage, and that they had precedence of her because of her tardiness.

She eyed them with unfriendly eyes in consequence, and they, so it seemed to her, looked at her in much the same fashion. Even as she reached this conclusion she forgave them for so doing, reasoning that they must feel much as she did at the prospect of there being rivals in the field for that little paradise with its trout stream and chicken coops. Still, in spite of Sara's heartburning, she could not help but notice and admire the room and its furnishings. Hung about the walls were water-colored drawings of houses, all of which were cozy-like and not too big, and built in every sort of architecture known to the profession. In one corner was a stuffed partridge, and over the mantelpiece there was a deer's head with branching antlers, on which rested a long spray of artificial cherry bloom. It was just the sort of room to make you hate the city and yearn for the country; a room to make you abhor subways and roaring streets, and long for mornings when you are awakened by the call of catbirds, and can gather strawberries with the dew on them, and new-laid eggs for breakfast; a room to make commutation a



detail not worth considering, and the ordinary flat of the city a thing despicable, no matter what its janitor service or the regularity of its hot water supply.

Mrs. Codley sighed contentedly, as she leaned back in her rocker and fixed her eyes upon a photograph on the wall, which showed a well-fed commuter leaning on the gate of his "this-style-only-fifteen-dollars-a-month-home," feeding a brood of chickens. The picture seemed to be a happy foreshadowing of her future, and in the contemplation of it she became lost to the fact that other women had arrived while those ahead of her had been disposed of, and that her turn to see "our Mr. Waudle" had come.

Mr. Waudle's private office, into which the office boy ushered her, was another symphony in green. Only the carpet had a few pinky flowers in it, and the solid looking desk and other furniture were of cheerful white oak. There was a safe, on the face of which was painted a lovely landscape, with the inevitable cottage in the middle distance Then, too, there were impressive-looking sectional maps on the wall, and more photographs of tree-embowered homes, and a real hand-painted oil of a farmyard, so natural that you could almost hear the pigs squeal and catch a whiff of the stables.

As for Mr. Waudle himself, he was a chunky, beefy cheeked, elderly man, with thick lips curved in an everlasting smile, and eyes that were so colorless that you never discovered how sharp they were. Then he had a rich, unctuous voice; wore white neckties like a parson, and the women with whom he came in business contact declared that he was a "perfect gentleman"—whatever that meant. He was the senior partner of the concern.

Mr. Waudle lived up to his reputation for politeness when he accosted Sara. Rising, bowing, and handing her a chair, with a gracious dignity that made her catch her breath through sheer admiration, he begged to know how he might have the pleasure of serving her.

Mrs. Codley, blushing and confused, had some difficulty in pulling the advertisement out of her glove, her fingers trembled so. Then she handed it to him hopefully.

"My dear madam," said Mr. Waudle, pulling out the *vox tremolo* stop of his voice, so as to accentuate his regret; "we sold that property at exactly one minute past eight this morning. Our offices open at eight, and a lady —a widow lady, madam," Mr. Waudle said the last word with a sympathetic reverence that went to Sara's heart, "who has already transacted a good deal of business with us, was waiting our arrival with the price of the property in her hand. I am sorry—very sorry."

Mrs. Codley, after a pause, ventured to say that she was sorry, too. But somehow she did n't feel so sorry as she felt she ought to under the circumstances. The truth was that Mr. Waudle had already impressed her as a man of vast real estate resources, one who could, if so minded, hunt up a duplicate of the cottage, from among the hundreds of homesteads that the company evidently owned. Mr. Waudle nodded abstractedly, as if to say, "Of course, of course, who would n't be worried at letting such a bargain slip through one's fingers?" Finally, just as Sara was wondering whether she had n't better get up and leave, he turned to her.

"I think," he said, slowly, "that—mind I don't positively promise—but I think I might persuade our Mr. Gratz to forego a sale that he is about to make of a delightful—" here he stopped, and, switching on the full voltage of his smile, added, "but before I go further with that matter, tell me just exactly what you want, my dear madam."

Mr. Waudle could say, "My dear madam," with an intonation that would persuade a lady-clam on a dry beach to tell her age.

And so Sara opened her heart, and in ten minutes' time Mr. Waudle, with the help of an occasional adroit question, was fully informed as to her desires, her available funds, just what proportion of the latter she was prepared to expend for a property bargain, and all the rest of it.

Then he touched a buzzer-button on his desk.

"Ask Mr. Gratz to come here," he said to the office boy who answered the summons. Sara did not note that as he gave the command the toe of his right foot was pressed on the carpet under his desk. Thrice did the weight of his foot thus fall, and in Mr. Gratz's office at the end of the corridor, there was a triple buzz, which, in the private code of the firm, was a token that Mr. Waudle had a "good thing" on tap, and that he desired Mr. Gratz's presence in "cinching" it.

Mr. Gratz did not appear for five minutes or more, Mr. Waudle explaining that in the meantime the former was probably closing a real estate deal with a representative of one of "the four hundred," and that accounted for his delay in appearing. In the interval Mr. Waudle chatted charmingly with Mrs. Codley on the advantages of the country as opposed to city life, and his views were so entirely in accord with hers that she inwardly thanked her stars for having guided her to him and his.

Finally Mr. Gratz appeared. He was tall, slender, and wore a very swell suit of fashionable gray. He had sparkling eyes, a magnificent crop of black hair, and the polish in his manner was as brilliant as was that which gave luster to Mr. Waudle. On being introduced, Mr. Gratz held out his hand to Mrs. Codley, shaking hers warmly as he did so. Sara felt that she was literally in the presence of a friend.

"Gratz," said Mr. Waudle, after a preliminary word or two, "I want to ask you, as a personal favor, if you can give Mrs. Codley the refusal of that last remaining lot of ours at Rosebeach."

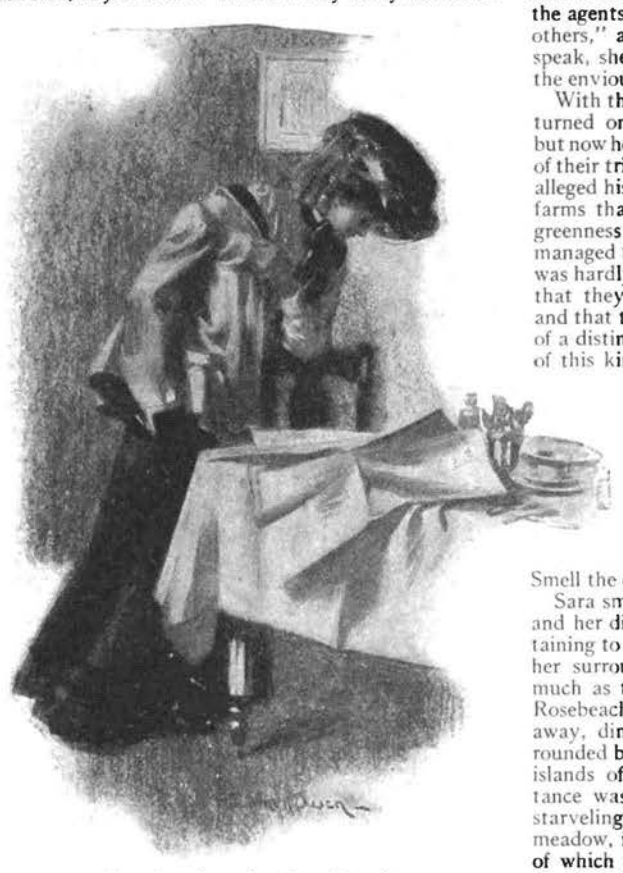
Mr. Gratz frowned and shook his head doubtfully. "As a favor to me," repeated Mr. Waudle.

"No favors in business," replied Gratz, looking at Sara and smiling confidentially. "If we did business in that way, why,—" he extended his hands as if to intimate that he would have to grant favors all the time.

"Gratz," went on Waudle, impressively, "Mrs. Codley is a widow lady—"

The impression on Mr. Gratz's face changed. The fact evidently made a difference in Mrs. Codley's favor.

"She is, furthermore, a prospective customer of ours. We want to treat her well. We want to establish her confidence in us. She desires a little home—a home, in fact, as well as in name—in the country. That cottage at Wheatwold on which she set her mind has been sold, as you know. It is our duty to try and atone



"She slipped on her best things"

for that disappointment. The only property that I know of that will aid us in doing so is that at Rosebeach. I ask you to do what you can in the matter."

Mr. Gratz strolled up and down the office once or twice before he answered. Then he halted abruptly, and turned to Waudle. "Under the circumstances," said he, "I 'll do what I can. But remember, Waudle, that in doing so I am sacrificing what is practically a certain sale in order to accommodate you and Mrs. Codley."

"Thank you, Gratz," said Waudle, warmly. "I thought I could rely on you."

"Talk the matter over with Mrs. Codley," said Mr. Gratz, moving toward the door, "and let me know when she would like to see the property, and I 'll arrange for her to do so." Then he held out his hand. "I rely on you, Mrs. Codley, not to mention this matter outside of this office. It would never do, you know, for it to become public that we were favoring one customer against another." With that he disappeared closing the door softly behind him.

Mr. Waudle looked at Sara with a gratified smile. "I thought that I could induce Gratz to do this," he said. "Usually he is a hard man, but you seem to have won him over. Ah, the power of women—the power of women!" And Mr. Waudle shook his head in such a knowing fashion that Sara blushed, and again vowed inwardly that he was a "perfect gentleman."

Mr. Waudle then produced a big map and a pile of literature appertaining to Rosebeach.

At the end of a half hour's persuasive and purring conversation on his part, Sara felt positively glad that she had not purchased the original cottage. She made arrangements to visit Rosebeach the following day, in company with Mr. Gratz, Mr. Waudle, or some other member of the firm. And Mr. Waudle, after loading her down with the seductive literature of the concern, waved aside the office boy, and insisted in a dignified way on seeing her to the elevator.

At the station in the morning Mrs. Codley found Mr. Gratz, a couple of his subordinates, and nearly a dozen prospective customers of the real estate concern, the majority of the latter being women. And I regret to say that Sara had enough of feminine nature to thoroughly enjoy the looks that the other ladies threw at her, when Mr. Gratz, forsaking them, approached, isolated, and monopolized her. It was the same thing on the train. The agents herded the others at intervals along the car, but Mr. Gratz took Sara all by himself to a secluded seat, and began to talk charmingly of nearly everything apart from the nature of their errand. So entirely taken up was Mrs. Codley with the many subjects, entertaining, instructive, and humorous, which Mr. Gratz produced from his apparently inexhaustible anecdotal stock, that she did n't notice how the time was flitting. Neither did she observe that she was on an express train. Hence they reached their destination in what seemed to her but a few minutes, although it was in reality the better part of an hour. When Mr. Gratz gallantly helped her into an awaiting hack, clambered in after her, and banged the door, requesting the agents, with a touch of *bauteur*, to "look after the others," and when they thus drove off in state, so to speak, she felt an added sense of elation as she noted the envious looks of the other women in the party.

With the slamming of the hack door, Mr. Gratz again turned on the faucet of his conversational abilities, but now he talked more or less directly about the purport of their trip. He called attention to the landmarks, and alleged historical houses, to the luxuriance of the truck farms that they passed, to the size of the trees, the greenness of the grass, and many more things. He managed to entertain the widow so thoroughly that she was hardly conscious that the hack ride was a long one, that they soon left the main highway behind them, and that the vehicle was bumping over roads that were of a distinctly recent nature. After half an hour or so of this kind of thing the hack turned sharply to the right, and Sara became conscious of a tang in the air which suggested salt marshes and low tide. She sniffed to confirm the hint conveyed to her nostrils.

"Ah" said Mr. Gratz, inflating his lungs with an appearance of tremendous enjoyment, "is n't this different from the stifling air of the city? We are getting near Rosebeach, — and this is Rosebeach air. Smell the ozone! There is a year of life in every breath."

Sara smiled and nodded, but in spite of Mr. Gratz and her disposition to be pleased with all things appertaining to him and his, she could n't help but note that her surroundings were a trifle disappointing, inasmuch as they were totally unlike her ideas of what Rosebeach was or should be. In front was the far away, dim, misty line of the ocean, and a swamp-surrounded bay, its surface broken with long stretches and islands of reeds and marsh grass. The middle distance was dotted with clumps of stunted trees and starveling bushes. To the right were long stretches of meadow, interspersed with little creeks, from the mud of which came the odor of Mr. Gratz's "ozone." A few hundred yards away was a line of scraggy pine trees. To the left was more scenery of the same description, bounded by low hills to which Mr. Gratz referred as the Wheatstone Mountains. A few scattered, thriftless-looking farmhouses were the only signs of human habitation in the immediate neighborhood. Far away a locomotive whistle piped feebly, as if emphasizing the distance between civilization and Sara.

"The road that we are on," said Mr. Gratz, between bumps, "is to be turned into a noble and tree-shaded *boulevard* by the County Commissioners. The Fisherville and Metropolitan Street Railway Company, recently incorporated, is to run a trolley line over it, one terminus of which will be Rosebeach, and the other the metropolis itself. I tell you this in strict confidence, and beg you won't mention it because we are trying to get options on a lot of land through which we are now passing, and, if the news got out, the present owners would put up the prices on us."

Sara felt flattered by the confidence reposed in her and Mr. Gratz continued: "Over there, where you see the trees," pointing to the lean-limbed pines, "is a piece of property that the Van Devyke family are trying to get hold of, on which to build a magnificent summer residence. A little nearer this way, just where you see the brook (this was a muddy tidal gutter), is another piece of property that certain millionaires, whose names I am not at liberty to mention, have recently bought for a clubhouse. They are going to enlarge that part of the bay (another creek) and make it a yacht anchorage. Right in front of us—on the ocean front—a body of capitalists intend to build another Newport, so it is rumored. If they do,"

Mr. Gratz lowered his voice, "property in and around Rosebeach will advance five hundred per cent. a year. Again I beg of you not to mention this to anybody."

"It seems rather wild down here—and low—and damp, does n't it?" ventured Sara, after a little silence.

"It may seem so," replied Mr. Gratz, indulgently, "but a woman of your sharpness, Mrs. Codley, knows what a mistake it is to judge a man or a piece of property by appearances. Broadway, New York, was, one time, nothing but a piece of wilderness, was n't it? Look at it now! Fifth Avenue was wild. Look at it now! Every piece of property in the world, of any value whatever, was once wild. That 's what makes wild property profitable. You buy it in the wild state and—" Mr. Gratz snapped his finger as much as to say that it all happened in a crack—"you improve it a bit, and up goes its price, and before you know it, you are the owner of a fortune big or little, just according to the size of your property. I brought you to this place purposely, so that you may see a place where you can make big money by waiting a bit and watching your land grow in value. I pay you the compliment of believing that in your mind's eye you can see this property just as it will be in one or two or three years hence. Fancy, a new Newport to the south, mansions and country clubs to the right, more mansions and cottages of the aristocracy to the left, and, in the middle of it all, your property, like an egg in a nest, being hatched out by the sun of prosperity."

At this moment, the hack, that had been approaching closer and closer to the swamp that bordered the bay, turned sharply around a corner, and there was disclosed a stretch of fifty or a hundred yards of fairly decent roadway, that had before been hidden by one of the scant tree-growths before mentioned. On the side of the roadway furthest from the "shore" was the beginning of a flagged pavement that ceased abruptly after six or seven yards of growth. Behind this pavement the land had been in places cleared of cat-tails and rushes and other growth, and attempts had been made to fill up the pools and hollows, so that, as compared with the surrounding desolation, it looked comparatively "improved." At the entrance of "Beach Avenue," which, as Mr. Gratz informed Mrs. Codley, the road was named, was a large sign to the effect that the place was Rosebeach and that villa lots of a restricted nature would be sold to desirable tenants at from $500 to $1,000 a lot, on easy terms of purchase, and those yearning therefor were requested to apply to the Hearthstone and Rooftree Real Estate and Building Loan Company at the Gridiron Building. At intervals along the roadway were large white signs somehow or other suggesting the decoy ducks of the gunner. Half way up the road was a squatty structure of ultra Queen Anne style, surrounded by a stretch of very green lawn dotted with beds of very scarlet geraniums. Sara could not help but notice that the soil of the beds was of a bright brown, while that surrounding Rosebeach was of the usual black and slimy sort of swampy land.

That the house was inhabited was made evident by the smoke issuing from the chimneys, the snowy curtains on the windows, and the plump, well-dressed, and cheerful individual who was feeding some chickens in the rear of the garden.

"One of our customers, Mrs. Codley," whispered Mr. Gratz, nodding his head in the direction of the chicken feeder, "young married man with wisdom enough to make a home for the future for himself and his family. Charming people he and his wife are. They will make you lovely neighbors. Thribble is his name."

Thribble came toward them, smiling politely and with extended and welcoming hand. Somehow or other his face was vaguely familiar to Sara, yet she failed to place him. In the matter of cordial politeness he was not many degrees removed from Mr. Gratz himself, and on learning that Sara was a hunter for a home, he became more cordial than ever.

"Where does Mrs. Codley think of locating?" asked Mr. Thribble, after some little conversation.

"Well," replied the other, "I brought her down to see Rosebeach."

"But," said Mr. Thribble, with a little frown, "everything is sold out here,—months ago."

"In a sense, yes," replied Mr. Gratz; "but Smalley—you remember Smalley, the big lumber man who bought plot 86, finds that, after all, business compels him to live in Michigan and that left the plot open."

"But," pursued Mr. Thribble, with a mystified air, "I thought that Brobley—that relative of the Vanderbilts—snapped up the plot on hearing of Smalley's intentions."

"He *intended* to snap it up," answered Mr. Gratz, with emphasis, "and I had practically given him my word that he should have it. But Mrs. Codley put in an appearance at our office, and Mr. Waudle persuaded me to shelve Brobley and—there you are."

"Tell Mrs. Codley just what you think of Rosebeach, Thribble," suggested Mr. Gratz. "Coming from you, one of our customers, it will have more weight with her than if it came from me."

"What do I think of Rosebeach?" repeated Thribble, with a rising and enthusiastic intonation. "What do *I* think of it? It is just the garden spot of God's green earth. Of course, like everything else worth having, it has to be looked after a bit, and coaxed a bit, and trimmed up a bit. But see how it repays one

"'As for health,' continued Thribble, 'why—'"

for a little trouble," and he swept his hand comprehensively toward the lawn and the geraniums. "I ask you, Mrs. Codley, if that does n't look like a real little home? As for health, why—" Thribble paused and put his thumbs in his vest sleeve-holes and inflated himself, as if he himself were a sufficient guarantee for the hygienic qualities of Rosebeach, without any further speech on his part.

"Mrs. Codley thinks you are a bit unsettled down here—that it is a little too wild, and all that kind of thing."

"Unsettled!" cried Thribble, in a tone in which there was more regret than reproach. "Unsettled! If Mrs. Codley means by that that we are not crowded in, jostled, hustled, suffocated by thousands of neighbors, she 's right. If she means that we have elbow room, that we can do as we like, that there are no meddling boards of health to prevent us from raising our own chickens or our own ducks, or keeping our own dogs, or listening to the birds singing in the morning, or watching our flowers grow, or, in short, doing as we please with our own, why she 's right. I, for my part, think that lots of elbow room won't be long a cause for complaint at Rosebeach."

"No," said Mr. Gratz, nodding at the "sold" signposts. "Look at these. A few months hence and Rosebeach will be a beautiful and busy little community."

Mr. Thribble smiled ruefully, "I am afraid so."

"Afraid!" queried Gratz.

"Well," said Thribble, reluctantly, "I am not what you call a sociable man, and I know that when all these houses are built and taken possession of by their owners, Rosebeach is going to be a sort of society center, because of the class of people that will be here."

"So much the better for you," said Mr. Gratz, "for your property will then be a little fortune in itself. All you will then have to do is to sell out, and you 'll find yourself in possession of a sum that will enable you to build wherever you like."

"No" said Mr. Thribble, "not for me. I like Rosebeach too much to sell out, come what may." Then, with a confidential smile: "We know enough to hold on to a good thing when we have it, don't we, Mrs. Codley?" Naturally Sara declared herself to be with him in this regard.

"I 'd ask you inside Mrs. Codley," said Thribble, pleasantly, "but, to tell you the truth, I only got down from the city about an hour ago, and found that Mrs. Thribble had left a little note for me saying that she had gone to see a neighbor and won't be back for an hour or so. She 's taken the keys with her. If you would like to wait until she comes back, we shall be only too glad to ask you to lunch."

Sara was quite touched by this neighborly offer of Mr. Thribble, and said she would be only too pleased to wait. But Mr. Gratz raised his brows smilingly, and said he was afraid that they could n't afford to do so, as they would have to catch a train back to town in an hour and a half, and that by the time Mrs. Codley had seen the last remaining lot at Rosebeach it would be time to begin the return trip. But he did hope that Mrs. Codley would lunch with him when they got back to town. Mrs. Codley, with pleased reluctance, promised to do so, whereupon the hackman jogged forward, leaving Thribble standing on the side of the pavement and bowing a polite and temporary adieu.

The lot to which Mr. Gratz then directed Sara's attention was well toward the further end of the roadway. It was still in its primitive condition, covered with brushes, tall, harsh grass, and a scraggy tree or two. Mr. Gratz explained that the work of clearing would not be begun until the building of a house was decided on. After this and with a wisdom born of experience, Mr. Gratz did not attempt to further persuade Sara to become a client of his firm, knowing that it was about up to her to begin asking questions, and that, when she did so, she would be, in a sense, a lost woman.

Just at the psychological moment, Mr. Gratz suddenly drew his watch from his pocket, and, with a "God bless my soul, we shall have to hurry to make our train," bade the hackman hurry to the depot.

On their way to the train Mr. Gratz avoided any references to Rosebeach. Neither was that heavenly spot mentioned during the trip to the city. Once there, he again suavely insisted on Mrs. Codley lunching with him in the big and dazzling restaurant in the basement of the Gridiron. Sara, who had never been in such a place before, was delightfully scared by the impressive waiters, stained glass, table cutlery, linen, and *menus*, and when, finally, Mr. Gratz began ordering quite a nice little dinner of four or five courses, and when, just as he had finished doing so, Mr. Waudle happened in and was astonished to find his partner and Sara together, and when Mr. Waudle furthermore declared that, the next time she took a trip to Rosebeach, he, Mr. Waudle, intended to be the lucky man, and when Mr. Gratz asked Sara's permission to invite Waudle to sit with them, and when Waudle declined, on the ground that two was company and three was none, and when, after some pretended hesitation on his part, he said that he would eat with them only because she had asked him to do so why, the swamps and the desolation of Rosebeach disappeared, and in their places there appeared a little paradise; while, as for Waudle and Gratz, Sara could find no higher praise for them than to declare again to herself that they were the most perfect gentlemen that she had ever known or heard of. While the restaurant had been a revelation to Sara, the dinner was more so, and when, after some solicitation on the part of her host, she consented to sip a little wine—it being her first experience—she felt—well, she did n't know exactly how she felt, but her general emotion was gladness, and added regard for the Hearthstone and Rooftree Real Estate and Building Loan Company.

The dinner, interspersed, as it was, with much pleasant conversation, took nearly an hour and a half, and just as it was over, Gratz, turning to Waudle, declared that Mrs. Codley had n't made up her mind to buy at Rosebeach after all.

Mr. Waudle turned to Sara and looked at her with an inquiring smile. Sara smiled in return. Exactly why, she did n't know.

"Nonsense," cried Waudle, joyously, "we know better, don't we, Mrs. Codley? Of course Mrs. Codley is going to be one of our customers. She was joking with you, Gratz. Mrs. Codley, when I saw you yesterday, I knew that you were a woman who enjoyed a joke. Let 's go upstairs and settle this matter right away, eh?" Sara nodded, the trio arose, and in a few moments Sara found herself in Mr. Waudle's private office, reading over one of the firm's contracts, the most of which was mystery to her in view of its legal terms. Presently, Gratz entered with a large roll of architects' plans of houses of the Thribble and Queen Anne order highly colored. The cunning architect had not forgotten the lawns and geraniums in each instance. Messrs. Gratz and Waudle evidently took it for granted that Sara intended to build immediately on the land she had bought.

Many were the arguments cited by the two men to prove, not only that Rosebeach was an ideal property, considered merely as a piece of property, but that it

[*Concluded on pages 255 to 258*]

The Red Cactus

By Chauncey Thomas

Illustrated by Sigurd Schou

THE June night was clear and cool. Far out in the dim surface of the lake a canoe was floating. In the canoe were a man and a woman. The man was Mason; the woman was Mexie.

Far across the blue-black waters the lights of the Mexican town twinkled and glittered like a floating star cluster; the slowly breathing crystal on which they two were drifting seemed, with its sunken sparks, like an inverted heaven; near at hand a white cliff of lava loomed straight up from the dusky shore, a stupendous ghost of stone; while from the shadowy hill behind it came the distant leapings of a waterfall, now splashing faintly on the still air, now sighing away into silence like the moans of some wild animal. There was no moon; but in the western sky a dark rose glowed, like a negress's blush, and dimly showed where the jagged edges of the heavens were snow-pillared by the surrounding peaks.

From the meat-sizzling camp fires jeweled along the inky shores beneath the pines, great converging tongues of blood-light licked hungrily over the waters. An elk bugled off in the timber. A lone wild duck, with crippled wing, went swimming away in the point of a spreading V. Overhead, on whistling pinions, the startled flock, heard, but unseen, made the stars blink as, fainter and fainter, they passed into the vast silence beyond the hill. The wild Indian memory vanished.

Drifting in that canoe of tallowed bull hide with the blanketed, crow-maned Aztec girl, Mason gave half-open ear to "The Legend of the Lost Souls" she was chanting in a soft guttural as he looked, half fascinated, at her, and struggled less and less with a growing spell within himself. To-morrow he must fight for this girl—fight with Salarado. Was she worth it? Mason tried to cool himself, tried to study her calmly. He looked at her.

What, three years before, out there on the hot desert, she had seemed and promised, to-night she was—and more. Still—

Child she was no longer; but a luxuriant, full-blown woman; not the slowly unfolded snow-blossom of the North, but that bursting, smothering bloom of the South. Still—

Although the face was of rare brightness, it lacked the stability; it had lost the frankness of a child for the artlessness that is the very art of artfulness. True, the great, clear, dark eyes looked freely out from under a splendid forehead—but in their conscious innocence there was an uneasy, self-conscious *something* that might be prayerful deceit, snaky treachery—anything. Mason's doubts grew quiet as he looked into them and saw what, after all, might be nothing but the natural Eve-light of a rich-hearted woman making the most of her girlhood. For a month he had been thinking, he—thinking: and the heart of every thought and of many a dream had been this luring riddle now idly playing with the water—and perhaps with him, too. Mason's good bachelorship was near being docked.

This was Mexie: this was the "Tear of the Clouds" on that night in June. When left, Mason was thinking of the morrow.

But let us leave them here for a little, while we go back a way on the trails of Mexie, Salarado, and Mason, to see what recently happened. When Mason left Middle Park late in the fall before, he came into the mountains of Northern New Mexico, still-hunting for that lodestone myth—the Lost Mines of Montezuma. Here, by half-intended accident, he met Mexie. Her somber Aztec father, one day the winter before, after lighting a cigarette, had calmly sheathed his bowie knife in his breast. He had died smoking and in silence. Then Mexie, all alone, had come to this Mexican cattle camp. Here, straight from Berthoud Pass on his way to the Rio Grande, came Salarado. Mexie and Salarado met: Salarado stayed. When, a year later, Mason appeared, all three—Mexie, Salarado, and Mason—were at odds with each other, and upset within themselves. Mason, honor bound, would have died before he would have betrayed Salarado to the outside law. Here, at least, the desperado was safe. Berthoud Pass they never spoke of—such was the code of the frontier. Salarado, in turn, whetted his knife and brooded over his rival; then, with indifference, watched Mason hover about the flame that had all but consumed him three years before. Meanwhile, Salarado punched cattle, and, by a miracle for him, came to own twenty cows. Mason mined. As for Mexie, she would surrender to neither Mason nor Salarado. Each made the other more valuable to her. For the first time in his life, Salarado had met a woman he could not hypnotize: for the first time in his life, Mason had met a woman who hypnotized him. Mexie was drawn first one way, then the other: now by Salarado, the animal, now by Mason, the man. If Mason had been certain of having Mexie, he would not have wanted her; and it was the same with Salarado. Neither being sure, each one was determined to have her. That universal female instinct that revels in seeing two men battle for a woman aroused in Mexie every art and will of the coquette.

Until that morning Salarado and Mason had been surface friends; but the hidden growing opening between them Mexie had that day widened to an open break.

"Denver duel, Colorado code, friends, flash, funeral," laughed Mexie, as she jumped between the whipped six-shooters. "None of that, gentlemen. Put 'em up. *Put 'em up*, I say."

Both men sullenly obeyed. Then Mexie pointed to a column-like rock part way up the mountainside above the town.

"On top of the Spire grows a red cactus. I saw it to-day through the telescope. I'll marry the man to-morrow who brings it to me. Do you agree?"

"*Si*, if *señorita* wishes," was Salarado's murmur.

"I will," said Mason, slowly.

"Shake hands," ordered Mexie.

They did so. Then they parted. Both were cool, both determined, yet in no way alike. In them even the same qualities were different.

Now, the Spire is a rock in New Mexico that is as high and steep as a cathedral tower. You can see it to this day, steepling into the sky; its bare, smooth top cut sharp against the blue. No one was ever known to have climbed it but Old Maco, the palsied, bent old miser, who was called "The Old Cheese," and who owned a hundred herds of cattle. He had scaled it once, when a boy; but on coming down he had fallen and splintered his left knee; and ever afterwards he had gone lame and had climbed no more. From the memory of man, dating back almost four centuries, the best of mountaineers, fly-footed, had tried the Spire: many had quailed and not a few had fallen to smear the rocks below; but, except Maco, no one had ever climbed the Spire. This deed had made him famous throughout New Mexico, for of all men he alone knew the secret of the way up that rock. In his maimed youth this exploit was his glory; for of it he was fanatically proud and jealous, and he bore his crippled knee like a warrior's wound. But when, in his sordid old age, warped by rheumatism, as sour and distorted and crafty as the limping

Soldiers of Fortune

By Emery Pottle

To-day we have journeyed far,
My heart and I;
Came home at dusk 'neath a star
Hung keen and high.

The morn was a blade of steel—
Scabbard of white—
Bonnie and brave to feel
In burnished light.

As we footed the open road
We sang the sun:
Love was the debt we owed
The day begun.

The hills were abrupt and blue,—
Castles of kings,
To be won and wandered through
For precious things.

Noon and the long afternoon—
Gladness and hope—
And a shadow that walked too soon
The westward slope.

So is the wild world won
By them who roam:
But best of the day that is done—
The door of home.

Richard, he tried to barter the apple-ashes of his triumph for more cattle, no one believed in either his honesty or his memory. Although Salarado loathed the old he-hag, yet right to Maco did he go and offer all his cattle, twenty cows, if the miser would tell him how to climb the Spire, that from its top he might pluck Mexie.

"Will Mexie wed at last?" piped the old man. "She 'll make a rare wife—a rare wife. Even I, as old as I am, would give half my cattle for her. Ho! Ho! Ho-o!" he cackled, as he limped along to barn his twenty cows.

"You!" drawled Salarado. "You! Why, she would not soil her eyes on you, even if you are so far past your second childhood that you are once more a youth in your own addled pate. Come, old man, tell me how to climb the Spire, for the day's light sees me on its top—or wept by Mexie at its foot."

"The way up the Spire, is it? 'Wept by Mexie'—Ho! Ho! Ho-o! I climbed it once—but, boy! nowadays there be no such climbers as I was when a lad, and could out-top the goats and the mountain sheep. Better not try it. Go up the east side until you come to a cross cut in the rock—I cut it there fifty-one years ago—and an arrow pointing up toward the south side. Nine men have died trying to go that way. But you go the other way; climb round the Spire to the north. Down, not up, till you come to a crevice. Then up—no—let me see—let me see. It was long ago and I forget. Yes. You wedge your way *down* the crevice four lengths of your body till your toes feel, a yard to the left—you cannot see—a shelf no bigger than Mexie's hand. From there you work round to the west side of the Spire. Then you will be above the 'Wall' that stops all on the west side from coming up any farther. Then on up to the summit—to Mexie! But it is harder to come down than to go up. I fell from that little shelf getting back into the crevice; fell to the ledge below, and all but rolled off down onto the rocks. And I have limped for fifty years—fifty years. Now begone. Take a care of that little shelf. Twenty cows for a girl! Twenty cows for a girl! Ho! Ho! Ho!"

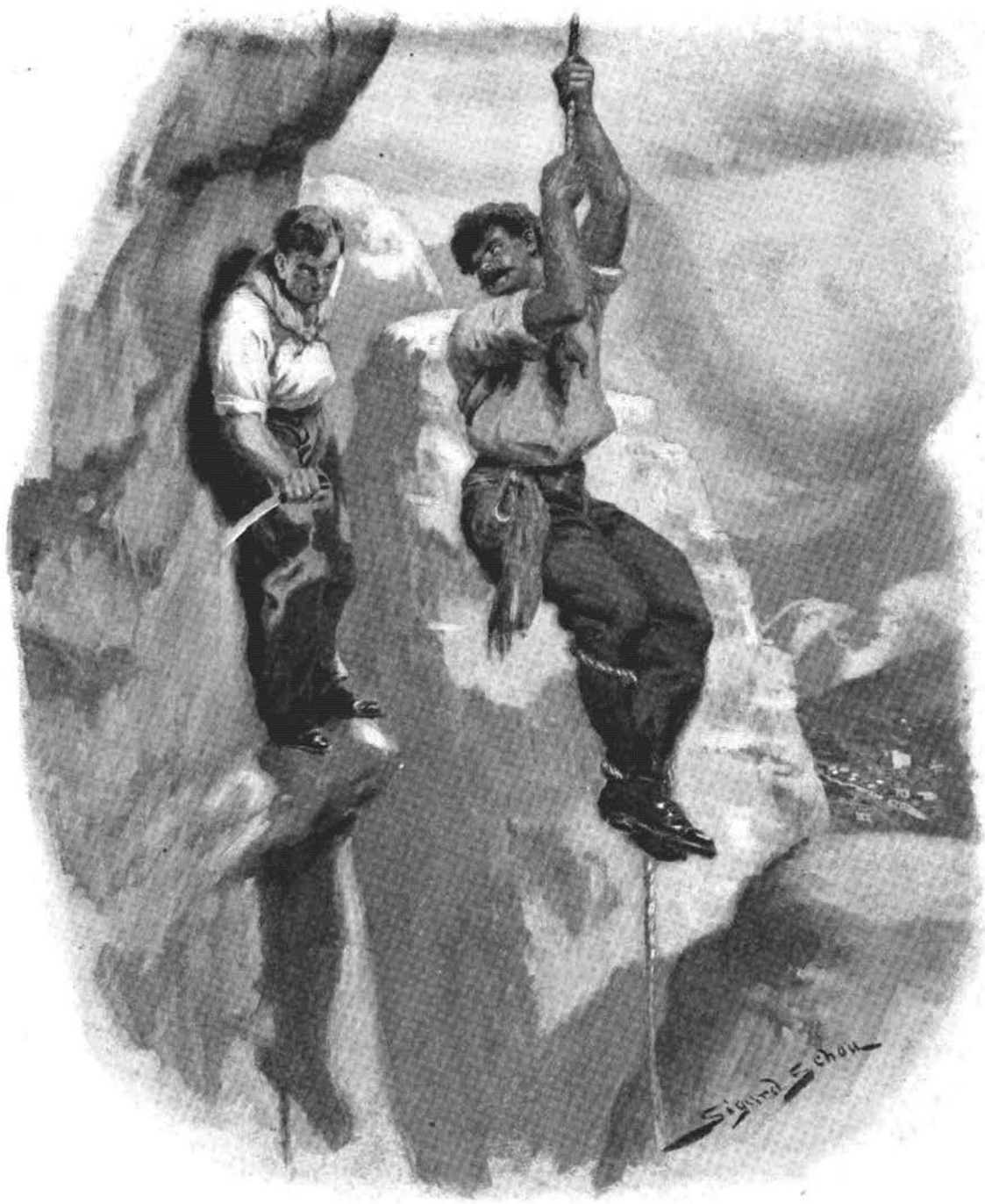
Far up the mountain side the last rays of the setting sun flashed from a rifle barrel. Salarado looked up. Mason had seen the horned bribe—and both men understood.

The next morning, just at gray break, Salarado, with a rope wound around his waist, started up the east side of the Spire. It was lighter here than on the other side—the west, which was still in the shadow—so Mason waited for more light to come, for he scorned to follow Salarado. From below all the camp watched them—and made ready for the wedding. Mexie arrayed herself like a lily, and then, through the largest telescope in the place, she watched to see which man would win her. When the sun came up, Mason was far up the west side and at the foot of the "Wall" that no man had yet climbed. But all the people wondered; for across Mason's back gleamed the long barrel of his rifle.

"Mason and his rifle are one. He takes it with him even up the Spire for the cactus and Mexie," the Mexicans said, one to another; yet they all knew that the heavy rifle was a great hindrance.

Mason tried and tried, but he could not scale the "Wall." It was smooth, except in one place, and here, where it was rough enough to give him a toe-and-finger hold, it leaned far out over the ledge on which he stood.

Just then Salarado came creeping around from the north side of the Spire. Old Maco had told him right: he was above the "Wall." Salarado stopped and looked up, then down, even far down to the rocks, for Mason; but the rough overhanging ledge beneath which was Mason hid the two from each other. The whole camp, however, could see it all; and faintly from below both climbers heard the shouts. Neither knew what the shouting was for. First each thought it was for himself, and then grew cold and trembled as he thought it might be for the other ahead of him.



"There, five feet out from Mason's jut, heavily swinging in the rising wind, Salarado hung"

Up, up crawled Salarado. Mason could go no higher; and although he could not see Salarado, yet a stone rattling down told him that the other was above him. The cheering below had now grown still; there was not a sound on that far mountain height. Hopeless, clinging to a brush root, Mason quietly waited. On climbed Salarado. Although still hidden from each other, they both could see the red cactus mocking in the puffs of wind, two hundred feet above the ledge that stalled Mason.

Then Salarado came within ten feet of the top, and into the view of the watching Mason. He would reach the top. A second time the cheers came faintly from the airy depths. Just then Salarado looked down and saw Mason, and he waved his free arm at him tauntingly, then kissed his hand to the cactus so near. Again the cheers quivered up from the earth below.

In the blood-heat of that race up the rock for the cactus and Mexie, the transparent varnish of æon-grown civilization then blistered and smoked away. The strain went back to the root of time. The climb ceased to be two men striving for a woman; it was a struggle of two males for the female. Mason unslung his rifle. Salarado saw the weapon muzzled on him, and lay against the warm granite, white and sick; the distant telescopes saw the raised gun; and all the world grew still and held its breath. Then slowly as a chilled serpent, without a glance below, Salarado crept up the rock and reached for the flower. The scarlet cluster, playing stiffly in the breeze, touched the ends of his fingers. Click, click! from below made him shudder. He drew back his hand, and, with closed eyes and set teeth, he gripped the rock. A glance down into that black muzzle, or into those cold, never-missing eyes sighting behind it; or beyond both into the awful depths below, and Salarado would drop through the air like a wounded bighorn.

Then the wind grew still and the flower stopped its coquetting. Out rang the rifle shot. Salarado felt the sting and the cutting breath of the bullet. It snipped the stem of the cactus stalk and purred away into silence. The thorned flower fell, not into the gulf below, but gently down upon Salarado's hair, scratched his blue-bronze cheek, and caught on his shoulder. The next instant, heedless of thorns, Salarado had it in his hand. He kissed it; he slipped it into his bosom and buttoned tight the blouse over it. The rifle echoes crashing among the peaks seemed to him the surgings of his own soul. Thrilled out of himself, his fear vanished. Taking

a sure grip with his left hand, and hanging at arm's length from the rock, his right arm spread far out, Salarado, through the upcurling powder-smoke, dared Mason to shoot again. But Mason said never a word. Using one hand and his teeth, he reloaded his rifle and waited. He had not missed.

With a joyous, mocking laugh, Salarado drew himself up over the edge, balanced to his feet, and stood on the pinnacle. His kindling eye sweeping the magnificent panorama for miles, Salarado poised on the tip like an eagle. To him, then, those faintly rising cheers were ecstasy. He knew that every glass and every eye in the camp were on him now, and he drew forth the cactus, kissed it and kissed it, held it on high, and from the scarlet cluster showered caresses down to that white dot by the church door, that he knew must be Mexie. This was Salarado's hour of triumph. His fame would ring throughout the mountain-conquering West. His name would echo to every mountaineer in the Rockies. He, Salarado, had climbed the Spire! The Spire! That rock that had baffled every climber in the world—his was the second foot that had stood there since the earth was made! But more than all—he had won Mexie. Mason? Bah! What of him! Fame! Salarado never for a moment forgot that this intoxicating reputation would focus on him official eyes hungry for a sight of him. This he would attend to later.

From a ribbon around his neck where Mexie had looped it, he took a little hollow golden heart that she had given him. In it was her picture and his, and a whisp of her hair, black and glossy. This little heart he opened, pressed to his lips: then tore a petal off the scarlet flower and placed it within. Reaching to the dizzy edge he plucked up by the roots the deflowered cactus where it was growing in a handful of soil lodged in a rough "M" chiseled in the rock half a century before by Maco. Then, standing to one side, that all below might see, and placing his and Mexie's heart on the very tip of the crag as on an altar, Salarado laid on it the uprooted plant, gathered the score of loose stones that strewed the top, and piled them over the treasure like a monument. Bare haired and with his left hand on the marriage memorial that should stand a century, Salarado once more kissed the cactus to that white speck below; then he plucked the red blossom free from the poison spines that it might not sting Mexie's fingers, tied the flower to the ribbon, placed it against his bare chest, buttoned tight his blouse, and peered over the edge to begin his more perilous descent. To stay longer where he was, with that hungry rifle below, would be cowardice—and what woman loves or forgives the coward? His experience in Eve-hunting had taught Salarado that it is easier to win a mate than to keep one: Mexie was his—but he must not stop. Old Maco had spoken true when he had said that it was harder to get down than up.

It was well for Salarado that Mason could not see that consecration on the summit: but those steady cheers wired into the ears of the rifleman, and he knew. Then did the cave-man blood of the old Picts and Scots in Mason froth to murder, the blood of that tree-tribe—those trunk-dodging, tusk-ducking, ham-stringing mastodon-killers—that, armed with the stone-ax and the flint chisel knife, had ranged the Highlands after the tiger and the hyena before Thebes was hut of river grass by the young Nile; the blood enriched with the gore of the cave-bear when Persepolis was a camp; that, in its stone age, steeled Cæsar could not conquer; the battle-breed that was still in bronze when Rome was falling: would this blood be tamed by a trick? Baffled by twenty cows? The blood that in a glacier-suffering forefather had planted the butt of the tusk-headed spear against a rock and, self-baited, had mortally stopped the charge of the rhinoceros to save the hairy woman—would this blood, now armed with the lightning weapon that is the war fruit of a thousand million lives, would this blood be denied its lust? Robbed of its mate? Slink down before a nodding flower? In the ear-wrung, eye-pierced, heart-rotting Mason the cave-brute, sluggish for only a few centuries, was dully eager. It crouched there on the ledge, and in its shriveling mind the Man congealed into one guttural, that froze from those peeled lips:

"Kill."

To its jaw and fore-shoulder wabbled the rifle—but the weapon was strange; the paw could not true the sights on that laughing face above; and with bare fangs and curling tongue it mouthed:

"Wait. Come near."

Then over the edge and backwards down the cliff, feeling his way, crept Salarado. The eyes of the whole camp were watching them now: that one slipping, sliding backwards down the rock—blindly hunting with his toes for a foothold—and that silent rifleman. When halfway down to the ledge that covered Mason, Salarado could go no farther: not a jagged point nor a crack could his toes find. He must use his rope. Driving his knife into a split in the rock just above him until the strong blade was buried and wedged fast, he unsashed the rope and knotted it around the slender hilt in the fashion of all climbers, so that as long as there was a pull on the rope the knot would hold; but with the weight off, a few flips would shake loose the knot and free the rope, which would fall to the man below, to be used thus over and over again if need be. But the knife must stay wedged in the crack, lost for good. Time and again Salarado tried this knot, but on the small hilt of the knife it would not hold. At last, in grim despair, he looped the rope over the knife in a tight knot and, with a glance below for the now hidden Mason, slid down; but not until he came almost to the end of the rope could he find a firm foot-and-hand hold. Loath as he was to leave the rope, he could do nothing else; and, knowing well that he was leaving the climber's best help behind, he let go the cord and slid scratching down to the ledge that covered his foe. Here he was safe from Mason, and he was glad of that; for just ahead, up to the left, was the all-dangerous little shelf—Mexie's Hand it is called to this day—from which old Maco fell forty feet to the ledge below—that ledge where Mason was lurking with his rifle that never missed.

Up to the left worked Salarado, out onto the little shelf—then he knew why Maco fell. To get from the little shelf back into the crevice was impossible. Coming from the crevice out onto the little shelf there was a hand-hold that could be pulled against and thus hold one close to the face of the cliff; but when going back the hand could only push against it; and to do this was to push oneself off the narrow rim into the abyss below. Without this hand-hold it was impossible to do anything. Sick at his stomach, his leg muscles quivering like new-killed meat, the trapped mountaineer looked down—and there was Mason. The rifleman had pulled himself out onto a little jut of rock from which he had a clear view of everything, and on which he could stand secure with his hand free. Forty feet apart the two men looked at each other.

"Drop me that flower," ordered Mason.

"When this flower drops, I drop with it."

The two looked into each others' eyes, Mason up, Salarado down—the black leopard treed by the gray wolf. Far below, so far below that they looked like frantic ants, Mexicans were struggling up the mountain to the foot of the Spire. They had begun to climb when the rifle shot rang out as if it had been a starting gun; but they could not be there for hours. Long before that Salarado's muscles and nerves must give way and—a funeral with a closed coffin.

Just then rolled a low distant rumble, the rumble of thunder among the peaks. Far to the west both men looked, then once more at each other. Question was in their glance. A storm was coming, a lashing storm of wind and rain. The wind would pry them from their meager footing, the rain would grease the rocks. Within an hour, less probably, the storm meant death for every blooded thing clinging, gnat-like, to the spire. Once more Mason asked, this time as quietly as if for a drink of water:

"Will you drop me that flower?" And as quietly fell the reply:

"No."

Mason yet had time to gain a place of safety, but if Salarado staid on that little shelf he was a dead man. If he could regain his rope he had a chance for life, as with that he might tie himself fast to the wedged knife and thus save himself from being swept by a cyclonic gust off into space: but the storm might last three days and nights; and what human frame, strung to nerve-breaking, can endure three days and three nights on the wet face of a cliff, beaten and pounded by an Alpine hurricane? Even this shadowy hope was denied the helpless Salarado, for on the little shelf he could not turn, and to climb backwards to the rope was impossible. His fate now lay with the rifleman, who would pluck the cactus from his bosom. Salarado knew this; and so did Mason. It was good for Salarado that Mason's volcanic emotions had erupted while that over-hanging ledge was between them, for now the lowering of a common, pitiless enemy chilled his overwhelming fever to stone.

Mason now did a strange thing: he once more raised that never missing rifle and fired, not at his prey but straight up at the handle of the wedged knife. Spat! struck the bullet. The knife leaped into the air, and, flashing like a trout, went ringing down the cliff and whirled out of sight into the blue gulf. Both men held their breath—up through the distance beneath came the "Ching!" as the blade splintered on those blood-hungry rocks at the foot. But the rope was free! Like a frightened snake it came curling and sliding down the precipice, hissing after the knife. A second too late and it would be gone. The thread of life was reeling fast when Mason, instantly yet with instinctive care, braced his loved weapon against the rock before him, swung himself along the "Wall," and gripped the cord just in time. Calmly coiling it, he looped it around his neck so that his hands might be free, and once more with splendid knack and icy nerves regained his perch on the little granite jut forty feet below his enemy. Salarado watched this arboreal work with eyes of the cornered bighorn: eager those eyes were, and warm with the glow of admiration for such magnificent mountaineering, but in them showed no surrender.

The thunder was massing: the only sound in the clear quiet of that birdless height was Mason's nostriled breathing. Without a word he recoiled the rope, tied one end around his waist and hurled the other up to Salarado. The action was so unexpected that Salarado dumbly watched the plaited rawhide whiz past him and whip down again to Mason; where it hung dangling.

"My friend you are a fool," remarked Mason. "Catch it this time or I throw no more."

This time Salarado snatched the lariat as it licked up to him; but the effort, slight as it was, all but sent him tumbling into the chasm below. The two men were now connected by a line, a line strong enough to hold a bull, it is true, but of what use was it? A twitch of Mason's hand and Salarado would be jerked from his narrow shelf—literally from the hand of Mexie—but Mason did not give the fatal pull.

"Can't you tie it up there and slide down here to me?" he asked.

That "to me" galled Salarado, and his—

"No, there is no place!" was hot with anger.

[Concluded on pages 262 and 263]

Who 'll Be the Next President?

By GUSTAVUS MYERS

Illustrated by W. C. COOKE and JOHN BOYD

NOTHING changes so quickly as American politics, unless it be the weather. Nor is there anything in national politics so illogical as that expression which so many times has been conscripted into service, "the logical candidate." There have been many "logical candidates" before the assembling of presidential conventions, but usually the logic of them has dissolved just at the precise moment when the conventions were called upon to nominate their choice. Accident, compromise, fortuitous circumstances, blended with adroit wire-pulling, have usually been the deciding factors.

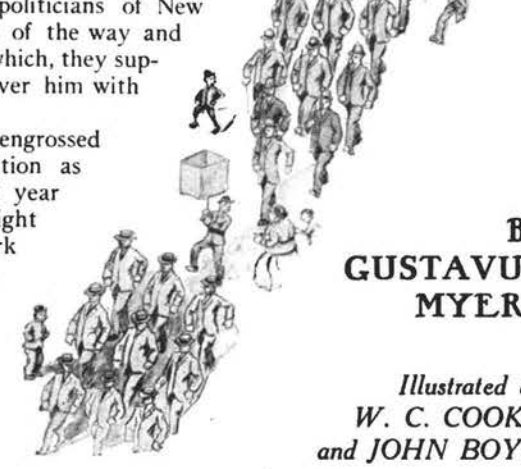
This is why the "dark horse" is as much a part of skirmishes for presidential nominations as is the "logical candidate." Both have become indispensable to a really proper presidential campaign; if either the one or the other was missing, there would be something strangely wrong in the managing of these quadrennial contests. They would lack native color, and, moreover, would be insufferably tame, which is a thing that the American public cannot tolerate.

Logical Successors and Dark Horses

In the struggle now under way for presidential nominations, an unusual number of "logical candidates" are in evidence on the Republican side, while the Democratic has at least several. A year ago, President Roosevelt was hailed, as he still is by his inveterate and numerous admirers, as the "logical successor of himself." Evidently President Roosevelt decided that the logic in his case was being too much overworked, for he finally, and definitely, renounced all desires to occupy the White House for another four years, and took pains to discourage his too ardent followers from further campaigning in his behalf. This rather effectively cleared the way for the bounding into the arena of various "logical candidates" and a respectable quota of "dark horses." As for the Democratic prospects, while William Jennings Bryan seems to have monopolized the "logical candidate" qualifications, he is now aggressively confronted by competitors who claim to be fully entitled to rank in the same class. He, too, will have to prove his claims against some ambitious "dark horses."

It is customary, before national conventions, not to take the prospects of the "dark horses" too seriously. It is the conspicuous candidates only who receive much attention and about whose policies, personalities, and political strength the conflict rages. The "dark horses" are treated rather as politicians whose chances, while of some passing interest, are vague and extremely conjectural. But in national politics it is the surprising and unexpected that must often be looked for. "Dark horses" cannot be dismissed from consideration with a cursory reference. It happens that many of our Presidents since the time of Martin Van Buren have suddenly emerged from the equestrian stage into full-bloom Chief Executives of the nation.

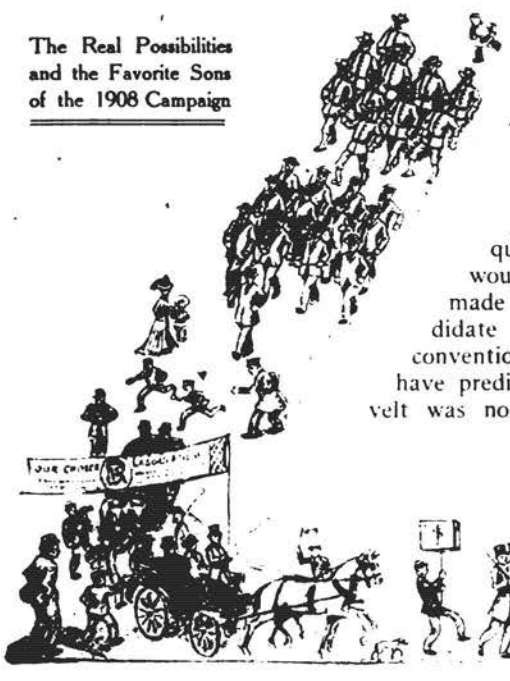
William Henry Harrison was somewhat of a "dark horse," and Millard Fillmore was a mere yearling compared to the weight and girth of contemporaneous politicians. William H. Seward confidently expected to get the nomination which went to Abraham Lincoln. Rutherford B. Hayes was very much of a "dark horse," and likewise James A. Garfield; no one was more chagrined at Garfield's getting away with the prize—a prize resulting tragically for Garfield—than John Sherman, who was quite sure that he himself would land it. A single speech made Bryan the Democratic candidate in 1896; a day before the convention not a single delegate would have predicted his selection. Roosevelt was nominated for the Vice Presidency because of the fervent desires of the machine Republican politicians of New York to get him out of the way and bury him in an office which, they supposed, would soon cover him with political oblivion.



Those who are engrossed in activity or speculation as to the candidates this year will do well not to slight the chances of the "dark horses." One or two of them may suddenly bound to the winning post, irrespective of past performances.

On the Republican side there is no dearth of candidates for the nomination. Some time before President Roosevelt emitted his semi-official declaration that in no circumstances would he be a candidate again, sundry Republican dignitaries were busy stringing a maze of political wires. Vice President Fairbanks has not traveled the country over, addressing every meeting to which he has been invited and gently patting children on the cheek, for the airy pastime of it. The Vice President has long had decided presidential ambitions, and, although he has not obtruded them ostentatiously, none the less this tall Indiana product has employed every move to his expected advantage. He made a slight slip when, with great temerity, he drank a cocktail at a banquet and brought down upon himself the censure of teetotalers. But the incident has been forgotten by this time, especially as, since then, he has practically secured the support of the Indiana delegation, which is much more important.

The Real Possibilities and the Favorite Sons of the 1908 Campaign



Some Willing Republicans

During the time when President Roosevelt was regarded as an uncertain quantity—so uncertain as to call forth the criticism from Justice Brewer, of the Supreme Court of the United States, that he was "playing hide and seek" with the nomination—it was considered a highly advisable thing, on the part of certain aspirants, to claim the credit for initiating his "policies" or the benefit of his tacit indorsement. Senator Philander C. Knox, of Pennsylvania, modestly came forward, and, in so many words, proclaimed that he was the logical candidate for the nomination, inasmuch as he, when Attorney-General of the United States under President McKinley, had started the policy of proceeding against great offending corporations, a policy which President Roosevelt subsequently made his own. Senator Knox, it is known, would not demur at the nomination, and he has the backing of his party in Pennsylvania and of mighty corporate interests.

But the irrepressible Taft has had, and still has, the advantage of Senator Knox. Mr. Taft, it has been adroitly and incessantly given out, is Roosevelt's own choice. As Roosevelt is still tremendously popular, this, if true, is an asset of incalculable weight, morally and politically. The mass of Republican voters want to see the President's policies carried on, and will put their faith in any one vouched for as being devoted to them. A great many Democrats, it seems, are also anxious to elect Roosevelt again.

Mr. Taft, however, has a bitter competitor for the nomination in his own state, Ohio, in the person of Senator Joseph B. Foraker. Senator Foraker is one of those frank, ingenuous politicians who brushes aside all pretenses of diffidence and announces himself with almost brutal frankness. He is no admirer of President Roosevelt or his policies, and says so. He wants the nomination for President, and does not conceal the fact. Moreover, he is a grand master in the noble science of political

manipulation. So, for that matter, is "Joe" Cannon, Speaker of the House of Representatives. Far in the background, "Uncle Joe" lurks, with a carefully groomed professional modesty, but with well-developed aspirations and a multitude of humming wires to back him up. Robert M. LaFollette, of Wisconsin, is a candidate whose name may come before the Republican Convention, although there does not appear to be any widespread movement in his behalf. From the eulogistic accounts of the venerable Senator Allison's services which are going the rounds of the press and which bear the impress of an underground, lively press bureau, one can read the signs that this purring, soft-

THE DEMOCRATS

THEODORE ROOSEVELT, (New York)
He may be elected President again in spite of himself.

WILLIAM H. TAFT, (Ohio)
Present Secretary of War and the man whom President Roosevelt prefers as his successor.

CHARLES W. FAIRBANKS (Indiana)
The Vice President will go to Chicago with a solid delegation from his state.

PHILANDER C. KNOX, (Pennsylvania)
United States Attorney-General in two Presidents' cabinets and the "favorite son" of his state.

CHARLES E. HUGHES, (New York)
Who is being "boomed" on his excellent record as Governor of the Empire State.

ROBERT M. LA FOLLETTE (Wisconsin)
Looked upon by many admirers as more than a "dark horse."

JOSEPH G. CANNON, (Illinois)
The Speaker of the House of Representatives who is 72 years old and hopes to win.

J. B. FORAKER (Ohio)
He is Taft's strongest opponent in his home state.

spoken Iowan, long since dubbed "Pussy Cat Allison" by General Logan, is hankering after the nomination himself.

A more recent addition to the ranks of these candidates for the nomination is Governor Hughes, of New York. Governor Hughes has not personally projected himself; his friends and followers have done this for him. He has a strongly developed bump of ambition, and, although a newcomer in politics, is in reality one of the shrewdest of politicians in interpreting what the people seem to want.

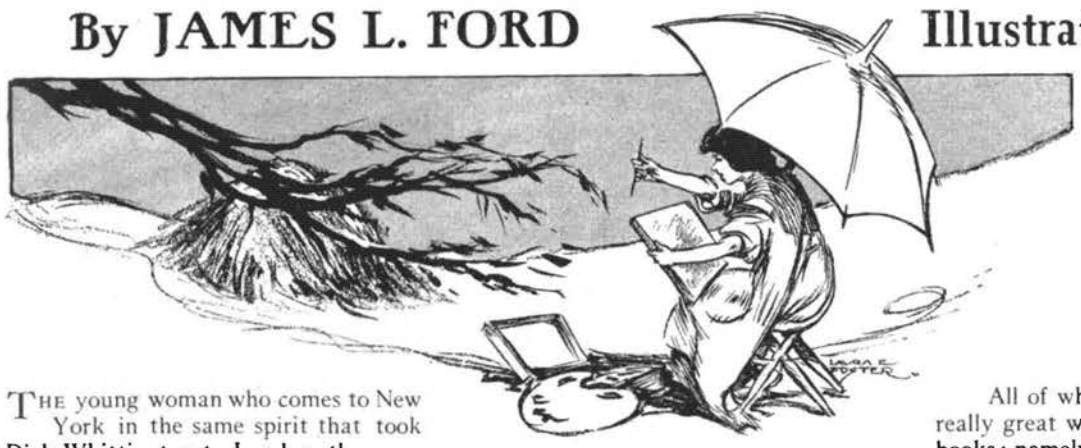
What are the chances of these various candidates? In the first place, there are

[Continued on pages 248 and 249]

THE REPUBLICANS

The Girl Who Comes to New York

By JAMES L. FORD Illustrated by Laura E. Foster



James L. Ford has a way of seeing the common matters of our every-day life sincerely and truthfully. This article, while dealing chiefly with young women, is of equally great value to the many young men who look upon New York City as a Mecca for their ambitions, and who are caught in the traps and pitfalls that are laid for the unwary. Mr. Ford has made a study of the metropolis for over a quarter of a century. His early works gave him a prominent rank as an American humorist, and his ready wit and satire are apparent in all his writings.

THE young woman who comes to New York in the same spirit that took Dick Whittington to London, the same spirit in which young men have been pouring into the great centers of the world from time immemorial, labors under many disadvantages, not the least of which is the fact that in nine cases out of ten she has not been brought up to earn her living; for New York is no place for the idle young woman who has no thorough knowledge of anything, though it offers infinite possibilities to those who have integrity and industry and have been at pains to fit themselves for the struggle for existence.

But the custom of having the daughters as well as the sons of a moderately well-to-do family go out into the world in search of a livelihood is of such recent origin that parents and elders have not yet learned to take it as a matter of course; and I have no doubt that at this very moment thousands of mothers, aunts, and grandmothers are wearing their hearts out with anxiety over the pet of the family, who, having absorbed some of the modern spirit at the college to which she was sent to study botany, moral philosophy, and the folklore of Greenland, has calmly announced her intention of going to New York to gain her bread, perhaps in company with a college mate whose views of life are similar to her own.

The Many Occupations for a Girl

It is to the young woman of this class—educated, ambitious, and, perhaps, stirred by a feeling for one of the finer arts—that I am addressing myself. A quarter of a century ago she would have sought employment only as a teacher, but to-day every occupation that calls for a cultivated mind, executive ability, or any one of the artistic gifts, is open to her on terms that, if not quite as fair as those offered to her brother, are at least more generous than her sex can obtain in any other city that I know of. For, although the smaller towns are willing that their women kind should work for a living, and even support a husband or a brother or two, their attitude, socially, toward these progressivists is one of deep-rooted prejudice and suspicion; whereas New York honors its clever women by treating them with the respect that is their due. Whatever may be the feeling in small towns and villages in regard to the woman who is obliged to earn her living, I am proud to say that there is no grade of metropolitan society worth entering that will even pretend to look down on her; none that will close its doors to the successful writer, artist, actress, or woman of affairs.

Nowhere else in the world are there to be had greater rewards for the young art student, who, not content with sketching a desolate landscape, relieved by a haystack and a branch of a dead tree, and calling it a "nocturne," has learned how to draw the human figure; or for her sister of the pen who has sincerity and imagination and a real knowledge of English; or for the young girl who has a talent for acting or singing and a capacity for enduring hard work and bitter disappointments; or for the bright, healthy-minded, ambitious, and energetic young woman who has made up her mind to succeed in medicine, dressmaking, or business of any kind.

I often wish that I had preserved all the letters that I have received from, and in regard to, young women who desired to paint or act or write or sing or open tea rooms of dressmaking shops; together with stenographic records of the many conversations that I have had with them and with their mothers, friends, blood relations, and acquaintances. I am quite sure that this mass of documentary evidence, eked out by the later histories of these young aspirants for fame or fortune, together with a few wise utterances and deductions of my own, would, if properly digested and classified, form a most valuable handbook for use in Vassar and Wellesley, and one that would yield me royalties to the end of my days.

In that book I should be careful to call attention to the fact that the perils to which a young man is exposed are not the same ones that beset the path of his sister; for the reason that what may be termed the principal danger-points differ with the sex, and that personal vanity stands in the same relation to man that misguided sympathy does to woman, and that the vulnerable heel of Achilles did to that famous warrior.

All of which leads up to the utterance of one of the few really great worldly truths that is not to be found in the copy books; namely, that man's vanity is far greater and more deeply rooted than that of woman. Indeed, in comparison with the average man—whether downy-cheeked, sophomoric student or gray-whiskered banker visiting New York on pleasure bent—the peacock is a shy and retiring bird, who dislikes nothing more than to be compelled to show his plumes.

That flattery is pleasing to a woman cannot be denied, but she seldom pays a higher price for it than an amiable smile, whereas a man can be flattered out of every dollar of his fortune and then retire to the poorhouse without ever knowing why he parted with his money. There is not a single scheme of bunko or swindling that is not founded on the solid rock of masculine vanity. No man is induced to buy a gold brick or a roll of counterfeit money or to embark in a "wire-tapping" enterprise or to pit his knowledge of stocks against Wall Street and his judgment of horseflesh against the betting ring, unless he has first been convinced that he is brighter and cleverer and better able to take care of himself than any swindler that ever went down Broadway. Even when all this is over and his money is gone and he is supposedly a poorer and wiser man, he is never so wise that Some One cannot in soft, cooing accents persuade him that he has never before been really "understood" and that he is really the genius he takes himself to be.

But the metropolitan sharpers—and there is not one of them who is not a close student of human nature—never dream of offering a woman a gold brick or a package of sawdust with a bogus bill on the outside, or even an opportunity to beat the racetrack or the gambling house by a trick that would not impose on a suckling babe; because they know that her vanity is merely superficial, and that their point of attack must be some deeply rooted and essentially feminine trait, like her avarice, her credulity, her unreasoning sympathy, or that extraordinary blending of all those qualities that causes her to deliberately blind herself to the truth and to see things, not as they are, but as she would like to have them.

Phases of Misguided Sympathy

It is because of these womanly qualities that get-rich-quick banking and suburban building-lot schemes possess for her an irresistible charm. She does not see why ten per cent. a week is not a much better rate of interest for her savings than five per cent. a year, and she prefers to picture to herself the glories of Hohenzollern Heights, Long Island, as the wily real estate agent paints it, with sewers, pavements, electric lights, and a white marble courthouse, rather than view it as it is in all its desolation of sand and scrub oak.

"A student of human nature"

But the rock on which more feminine barks are foundered than on all the others combined is that of quick, misguided sympathy, and there is not a single metropolitan channel open to navigation by young women in which its sharp edges do not cleave the current. On either side of this rock, and so near that the bark must be well steered to avoid both dangers, are the quicksands of trusting credulity, beneath which lie the whitened bones of thousands who tried to amass fortunes by buying people at their own valuation and selling them at the price established by a shrewd public; and of millions who persisted in seeing things, not as they were, but as they thought that Providence should have made them.

I do not know when the entire question of the risks run by young women in a great city has been

summed up as accurately and as succinctly as it is in that most entertaining play, "The Chorus Lady," whose heroine, refusing emphatically to allow her younger sister to enter the profession in which she has been successful, or to tread the paths which she herself has trod without coming to harm, exclaims in the terse slang of her calling:

"I can tell the goods from the phony! She can't."

And by this the wise little show girl means that no one is safe from evil who has not learned how to distinguish truth from falsehood, the real from the imitation, the sincere from the fake.

My only excuse for the introduction of slang into this essay, which is addressed seriously, respectfully, and with honest intent to young women of the very best type, is that no one has yet said the same thing as well in pure English. In fact, the wisdom and the truth of these slangy words must serve as their own apology. For my part, I wish that every woman's college in the land had its chair of "How to Tell the Goods from the Phony," for it is a branch of study whose importance it is impossible to over-estimate, and which is very little understood within scholastic walls.

A new chair for colleges

How Easily They Are Robbed!

There is not a trade, art, profession, or social circle in New York that has not its goods and its phony. In fact, the whole population of the town may be divided into these two grand divisions, and the girl who would succeed must realize that while the one will sustain and comfort her, the other will rob her, and that she must make her choice between the two. She must learn, also, that money is not the only thing in New York City that is worth the stealing, and that she can be robbed of her time, her labor, her influence, her ideas, and even of her sympathy and her tears, as well as of her pocketbook. She may charge her mind also with the knowledge that those insincere friends who demand of her more than they give in return should be avoided at all hazards, and that one way of finding out whether her intimates are the goods or the phony is to set down with slate and pencil precisely what she is doing for them and what they are doing for her in return.

That it is easier to rob a woman through an appeal to her sympathy than in any other way is a fact that is well known, not only to the blind beggar who owns the tenement house in which he lives, but also to every one of the vast metropolitan horde that stands ready to take advantage of her helplessness or ignorance. I cannot speak too strongly in regard to this jagged rock against which innumerable beats and sponges and swindlers will endeavor to steer the ship of the inexperienced young woman, caring little whether or not she founder, provided they serve their own miserable ends.

"Perfectly lovely and kind"

It is because of the presence of this rock in the very heart of Park Row's much traveled channel that we seldom find a woman occupying a chair of musical, literary, or dramatic criticism, or, indeed, filling any other position that is liable to make a fatal call upon her sympathetic emotions. Even when she is absolutely honest in her financial dealings she sees no harm in making use of her office as critic or writer to puff some singer, actress, or fame seeker to whom she has taken a fancy. There is not a woman before the public who has not found this out long ago and who does not try to attract to herself all the writers of her sex with whom she comes in contact; feeling perfectly sure that forever after they will work for her while she sleeps, printing her name whenever it is possible, sounding her praises in type and by word of mouth, and sometimes even forfeiting their hard-earned positions through the zeal with which they use their pens in her service.

"Cooking up 'heart interest' stories worthy of a 'scare-head'"

The Beacon of Literature

If I seem to address myself too closely to those young women who are engaged in newspaper work it is only because the nature of their occupation and the number and variety of their experiences render them a fit subject for almost any word of suggestion or criticism that may be uttered to their sex. Their lives, moreover, possess a deep interest for the rest of the sisterhood as does any life that is rich in danger and opportunity. The prizes of a literary career are very great, and they usually go to her who, throughout years of hard newspaper work, has contrived to preserve that accurate sense of proportion and respect for the truth which are as the staff in the hand and the lamp unto the feet of those who are destined to tread the higher ascents of Parnassus.

It is not always easy in any business, and especially in that of writing, to follow the snow-white banner of truth and to turn aside from those false gods of mendacity that are ever at one's elbow, but it is doubly hard to be honest and sincere when one is paid a salary to be otherwise, and is surrounded by women who vie with one another in praising the unworthy and recording things that do not deserve to be set down with pen and ink—women whose whole lives are spent in such work as interviewing actresses and singers, asking leading society women for their photographs, and cooking up "heart interest" stories from such suicides, evictions, and affairs of love and murder as the Sunday editor may deem worthy of a "scare-head."

At first, perhaps, the novice will protest against the general tone of the woman's page, as conducted by some newspaper woman who is young only in the matter of bonnet strings and cheap jewelry—if you wish to understand a woman's contempt for her sex put her in charge of one of these pages—but her more experienced associates will quiet her with the oft repeated: "Of course you and I know that it is n't true; but how many of the public know?" "Well, that sort of thing goes nowadays, and you 've got to be like all the rest or you won't succeed."

Misjudging the Public's Intelligence

If she is weak-mindedly influenced by talk of this sort she will in time come to nurture the belief that the great reading public does not know that which is quite apparent to even the least intelligent of her half-baked associates; and then her feet will sink deeper and deeper into the quagmire of sloppy, worthless woman's-page writing, and she will become a Park Row hack or "hen cooper," as it is called, for the remainder of her days, unless she should have the good fortune to lose her job through a maudlin desire to help some worthless and designing person who has made a cunning appeal to her sympathies.

It literally makes me heartsick to hear some pale, over-worked little woman, who is making a brave fight to hold the job of reporting that she has secured with so much difficulty, talk about how "perfectly lovely and kind" some cold-blooded celebrity of society or the stage has been to her.

"When I called on her," says this artless young creature, "she took me by both hands and said it was so good of me to come. Just think of that—good of poor little *me* to call on *her!* Then she asked me to sit down and have a cup of tea, and she gave me a lovely bunch of flowers and this beautiful photograph of herself inscribed with her own hand. I suppose you saw the column I wrote about her last Sunday? She wrote and thanked me for it in the sweetest way possible, and asked me to come and see her again."

Go back to the farm, little woman, and stay there until you have acquired a sense of proportion. Do you know what that column puff which you wrote under the spur of that woman's purring voice is worth to her? Do you also know that she got it out of you without spending a cent? The flowers were sent to her by some one quite as foolish as yourself; the photograph is part of her advertising paraphernalia; the ink was furnished by the hotel, and the cup of tea that she cordially pressed upon you is carefully charged to her manager. As for the note that she wrote you in "the sweetest possible way," and which you propose to keep forever among your treasures, it is merely an expression of that form of gratitude which has been described as "a lively sense of benefits to come."

Perhaps you doubt me, which is not at all unlikely, considering that you have been nearly a year in the Park Row that I have known since the seventies. Then wait till you have lost your job because of your persistent attempts to puff this and other women who have been "perfectly lovely" to you; then go up to the beneficent donor of the cup of

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Lilacs and Lilies

By MARY FENOLLOSA
"SYDNEY McCALL"
Illustrated by J. D. GLEASON

"You wanna learn to read time off a clock-face," remarked the door-keeper, insolently, and began to shut, against the intruder's very nose, the great wood and glass panels of the hospital entrance.

"Here, boy,—hold on!" called out a genial voice from within the hall. "This is Easter morning. The poor chap has got a wife in Ward D."

The bell-boy retired with a few subterranean expressions of contempt for all charity patients and their visitors. It was Doctor Allardyce, assistant house surgeon of St. Raymond's, who now took his place in the doorway, offered a friendly hand to the shabby figure still hovering on the steps, and practically drew him within the vestibule.

"Go right up and tell them that Allardyce sent you," he said kindly. Then, in a lower voice, destined for the avoidance of unsympathetic ears, he added, "I 've a wife of my own at home."

The newcomer, with a curt nod of unsmiling gratitude, started down the long corridor to the right. As he neared the elevators his slouching step broke almost into a run. The young doctor watched him sadly. He knew a look of hopeless misery when he met it.

Marjorie sat upright against her snowy pillows. The sun came in through the high windows of the charity ward as though searching for a throne. To John Sedgwick's eyes the light seemed to swirl and concentrate about his wife's narrow cot. At first she did not see him. Ten o'clock was the hour for "charity guests" and she knew it was still ten minutes of that hour There was no doubt that her thoughts were of love—of him. The brooding, gentle smile betrayed it.

John paused a little in the background to watch her. The golden-brown hair was braided in two long ropes which fell, one on each thin shoulder, outlining her face and throat with a sort of Gothic setting, like a mediæval angel in an altarpiece. Her face, still colorless from the long, desperate illness, had a subtle underglow of returning health, giving a sweet, translucent purity, as of a flower. Indeed it was a little nook of flowers! At Marjorie's left, touching the bed, stood a plant of growing lilies, one imperial stem crowned with gold and snow. To her right was a very beautiful, small tree of blossoming white lilacs.

"John's head went over on his hands"

At sight of the bush, Sedgwick came forward swiftly, and stood at the foot of the bed his rough and toil-discolored hands clutching the iron railing. Marjorie looked up. A little cry of welcome sped from her lips. They gazed at each other silently; then she held out her thin arms. Still he did not speak or attempt to go nearer.

"My lilacs! My lilies!" she breathed. "Did you ever see anything so beautiful?"

"Never!" answered the man. His eyes had not left her face.

Suddenly she felt timid and abashed, as if it were a stranger standing by her bed. She prattled on, nervously, of her flowers.

"When the lilacs were brought, this morning, with your name, John, I was so happy! Not only for the dear things themselves—but I felt that you must have had good luck at last—a story taken—some verses —or, perhaps, the great serial sold at last. Nurse says that lilacs are the most expensive Easter flowers, next to orchids. They certainly are the most beautiful! Oh!"—here she turned to lean her face into the clusters, "Don't they smell like—home?"

John cleared his throat twice before he spoke again.

"No, Marjorie, there has n't been any luck. Only I saw such lots of flowers in the windows, and all this arrogant New York throng buying, —buying—to send to friends for Easter—I had n't an idea that you might get a flower without me—" He paused, glancing resentfully at the indifferent lily. "It came over me like a fever,—that you must have a white lilac for your Easter greeting—though I should sell my immortal soul to get it!" He gave a laugh that matched the bitterness in his eyes. "Well, I got it! Who sent the other?"

"Miss Constance," said Marjorie in a faint little voice. The sense of the unusual in John was deepening with each moment. A tremor of weakness quivered at her throat and pulled at her lips. To hide it, she leaned far over to the left, her cheek against a lily scarcely less white and frail.

In the pause, John Sedgwick came around heavily to the right, drew up a wooden chair and sat close to the lilac, still out of reach of his wife's hand.

"Are you ill, John?" she whispered at last.

"Ill, no! Why should you think it?" he answered quickly.

"You—you—look—different," she murmured.

"Oh, that all?" he responded. Again came the low, bitter laugh. "So Miss Constance sent you the lilies—your paragon of charity, Miss Constance. They cost a lot, too. I know the price of all, from a mangy lily on a stick to a basket of green orchids! What's money to Miss Constance, or her kind?"

Marjorie did not attempt an answer. She had been working nervously with a white visiting card tied with ribbon about the lily-stem. She handed it to John who, unconsciously took it, gave one disdainful glance, and crumpled it in his palm.

"Oh, I know well enough what you think of Miss Constance,—" he went on as if driven. "You and the other—" He was about to say "paupers," but his lips refused to fashion the ugly word. He gulped and substituted "unfortunates." "You and the other unfortunates, here! You've talked enough about her! What's money to Miss Constance or her kind?"

Still Marjorie could not answer. John knew that he was hurting, but a power outside himself kept on.

"She's an angel, of course—tin crown, trumpets—milk and honey by the gallon! That's her pose!"

"How can you bear to speak so of one who has practically saved my life?" asked the sick girl, at last. "She has done everything that you, dear, could not do. She would have moved me into a private room, but you became—angry. I know it was your pride—and I love you for it—but you must n't be unjust to her. I think she really loves me."

"She loves the abject servility of your gratitude," said the boy, harshly. "I've nothing against her personally—it's her kind. Oh, I've met them in the settlements, and soup-kitchens, and rescue missions—those ultimate indignities that wealth can offer poverty."

Marjorie's white face was taking on a yellow tinge. Blue-gray shadows deepened under her eyes and about her quivering mouth, but John either could not or would not see. His demon of despair rose high and lashed him. He opened his mouth to speak again, but a peremptory gesture of Marjorie's hand stayed him.

"If you could meet Miss Constance—or even *see* her once! You have never even seen her."

"No, and don't want to," he muttered, sullenly. "I could draw you a picture of her now—high-nosed, deep-chested, florid—dressed always with 'quiet elegance.'" He sneered over the conventional term. "Exuding patronage and Florida water; her loud, unctuous voice obviously lowered—"

Something like a smile flickered into Marjorie's eyes when the nurse, coming up swiftly, announced—

"Miss Constance, and she wants to see Mrs. Sedgwick first."

John made a motion to rise.

"No, no," cried Marjorie. "You must stay, John. You shall see her. Nurse, make him stay!"

The nurse gave John a look.

"Mrs. Sedgwick must not be excited. A fever, just at this time—" She broke off. with a gesture.

John slunk down in his chair.

A light, eager footstep came across the marble floor. John looked up, thinking it another nurse, and saw a little gray lady making for Marjorie's bed with the directness and precision of a well-managed skiff about to beach.

He gave a smothered exclamation, and caught his lip between strong teeth. A sickening thrill passed over him. Then he sneered at his own terror. Of course, in all New York, there was more than one little gray lady.

"The blessings of all Easter morns be yours, Marjorie, my darling!" cried a softly modulated

woman's voice of sweet and peculiar intonation.

A fist of ice struck on the man's bare heart. There was no mistaking the voice. He had the coward's blind instinct of flight. His feet shuffled dully on the polished floor.

"John," his wife called out, triumphantly, "*this* is my Miss Constance!"

Miss Constance detached herself from Marjorie's enveloping arms and stood upright.

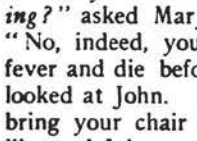
"By hearsay, at least you are no stranger, Mr. Sedgwick," she began pleasantly. "Marjorie and I—"

The slim hand in its gray glove was outstretched across the bed—across Marjorie. Miss Constance's gray eyes ran merrily up the tall figure.

John stood like bronze. The muscles of his throat and face quivered once and then set in a death-mask of indifference. He touched the gray fingers lightly, courteously, and let them fall. "Marjorie is not to be excited," he exclaimed, with precision.

"The idea of your telling Miss Constance that," laughed Marjorie. "Why, she has nursed me half the time."

Miss Constance stooped suddenly to kiss again the upturned face. Perhaps the elder cheek rested a little longer than was necessary against the young one. When she rose her eyes and voice were steady.



"He did quite right to warn me, dear. We must all remember it and be calm."

"My old aunt in Kentucky calls that 'kam,'" said Marjorie, giggling. She was still a mere girl, and there are times when giggling is the only relief to excitement.

"Perhaps I should not intrude upon this Easter hour with your husband," said Miss Constance, a little tremulously.

"Do you mean that you are thinking of *going?*" asked Marjorie, in pained astonishment. "No, indeed, you shall not! I should get a fever and die before night. You have hardly looked at John. Now, I want you to bring your chair right here by your lily, and John must put his closer to his lilac, and you must each hold one of my hands, and I—oh, I shall be very nearly perfectly happy!"

As these small mandates were being fulfilled she gave a little caress, first to one, then the other of her two companions, smiling like a beloved willful child that has won its way. Her lids, freighted with content, fell slowly.

Then John Sedgwick raised his eyes and looked squarely into the face of Constance King.

"White lilacs and lilies," crooned Marjorie, with a sleepy smile. "Did you know that John sent me the lilacs, Miss Constance?"

"Yes, I knew."

"I ought to scold him for the extravgaance, but I can't do it. The dear, beautiful things!" Here she opened her eyes again to look at them. "Oh, but they are a piece of springtime, straight from home."

"You often long for that Kentucky home, dear child," said Miss Constance, sadly, in the tone of one who makes an assertion rather than asks an unnecessary question.

"But not in the way of wanting to go back to it," corrected Marjorie, with spirit. "We are *never* to go back till John succeeds. The others did n't believe in John. But I believe in him!" She gave a smile of utter love and trustfulness, and tried to reach John's thin cheek to pat it.

"O Marjorie, Marjorie!" he groaned, aloud, in a voice of such intolerable agony that Miss Constance shivered. "*Don't* trust me. I can't stand it. Your people were right. I am not fit—"

Marjorie silently drew his hand to her lips.

"Marjorie," said Miss Constance, in a clear, impersonal tone, "if you will promise to lie very still, so that nurse won't scold us, I have a little story that I would like to tell—an experience of mine—last night."

"An Easter eve story, and about you!" said Marjorie, gleefully.

John looked again at Miss Constance. His face was twitching now, and an ugly sneer coarsened his mouth. Miss Constance met his hostile gaze steadily. "I particularly want you to listen to my story, Mr. Sedgwick," she remarked.

He gave a harsh, defiant laugh.

"I see. Marjorie is not to be excited. You choose fine needles instead of the noisier rack. I shall listen."

"Why, John, what on earth—" began Marjorie, in amazement. Miss Constance gently turned the wondering face to hers.

"You will both understand better when my story is at an end," she said.

"You look as though it might be a doleful story," said Marjorie, shrinking a little.

"Yes, it is sad, very sad—at least, in the beginning. It is, as you said, a story of Easter eve, and what, in all the earth's experience, is sadder than those hours of darkness between Gethsemane and Easter morn?"

"Yes," said John, as if to himself; "that is the time *He* went down into hell!"

Miss Constance all at once sat up very stiffly and began to talk very fast.

"All day yesterday I was in a rush of duties. I had been from church to chapel house, from settlement to school, from hymn practice to choir rehearsal, and had sent many small offerings of flowers to those I knew would love them. At ten that night—last night—when I was actually on my way home, it came over me all at once that the chief of all my gifts, the flower I had anticipated most joy in giving, had been overlooked."

"It must have been this lily," remarked conceited Marjorie.

Miss Constance gave her a loving little pat for answer.

"I made poor, nodding Timothy, the driver, turn the tired horses about—we were then crossing Fourth Avenue—and we started for the nearest florist."

John gave a sudden, convulsive motion, as though seized with an ague.

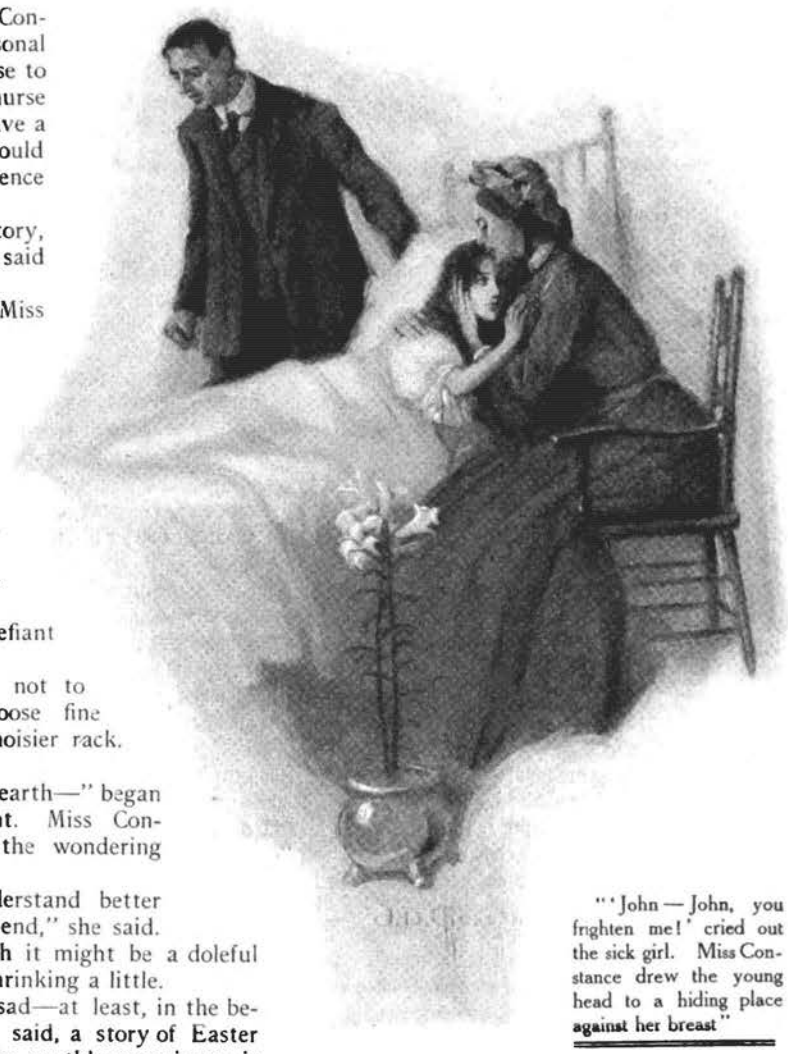
"As I went into the shop I noticed that, behind the shadow of a bay tree, on the sidewalk, a man was standing."

"Oh, oh!" cried Marjorie, "I feel the shivers starting!"

"A fine mist fell. The man had neither raincoat nor umbrella. I wondered, for an instant, how he could so ruthlessly expose himself, but, being intent on my own affairs, I did not stop to ask."

"I should n't have dared to speak to a skulking loafer like that," declared Marjorie.

"After deciding upon my lily—*your* lily—" Miss Constance corrected herself, with a fleeting smile toward Marjorie, "I turned and came out of the shop more slowly. I believe I was singing a bit of an Easter anthem—those refrains of Bach do get themselves so tangled in one's heart—and I was swinging about in my careless way that cut-steel purse I always carry."



"'John—John, you frighten me!' cried out the sick girl. Miss Constance drew the young head to a hiding place against her breast"

"Not the gorgeous one the nurses and all the charity patients threw in to give you last Christmas!" cried Marjorie, trying to lean upon one elbow.

"You 're not to be excited, Marjorie," came John's cold voice.

"Of course not—of course not," murmured Miss Constance. "I was forgetting. Thank you, Mr. Sedgwick. Well, Marjorie, to make my story short, as I reached the sidewalk and the small avenue of bay trees, my swinging purse struck full against the man's bare hand. He must have felt it an insult to his poverty—a challenge—"

"Oh, what did he do?" breathed round-eyed Marjorie."

"Almost as if against his will, the hand turned and seized the purse, and the man's low voice said to me, 'Don't cry out. Let the purse go! I need it more than you!'"

"And you threw away your pretty purse like that!" said Marjorie, in disgust. "Did it have any money in it?"

"A little; I have n't an idea as to the exact amount."

Marjorie was both incredulous and indignant.

"You did n't even try to call a policeman, or think of sending off the horrid thing to jail? Oh, that anybody—*anybody* should be willto steal from you! I wish John had happened to be near. He does hate a sneak."

John showed some chill interest.

"What, now, was the reason that you gave up the purse so easily, Miss King?" he asked. "You could, of course, have summoned help."

"Of course. I recognized that on the instant,

[*Continued on pages 253 and 254*]

Getting the Best Out of Employees

ORISON SWETT MARDEN

THERE are certain plants and trees which kill the chances of every other growing thing in their neighborhood. They so poison the soil and the air that everything about them is stunted, starved, blighted.

Some employers so poison their environment that even the most capable employees cannot prosper under them. Their atmosphere is so suffocating, so depressing, that those about them feel restrained, repressed, suppressed. They cannot act naturally in their presence or do themselves justice. They feel nervous and ill at ease.

How They Lost Their Grip

I have known of employees who worked for years in such an atmosphere without getting ahead. They thought it was lack of ability that kept them down, but when they changed their positions and got into a congenial environment, they advanced rapidly. They expanded like tropical plants which had been stunted for a time in an arctic climate, but which flourished when taken back to their native soil.

Many employers seem to have a perfect genius for dampening the enthusiasm and spontaneity of their employees, who shrivel and shrink every time they come near them. It is impossible to be at one's best in their presence. They destroy individuality, hope, and courage. They make it very hard for their employees to take an interest in their welfare, because they belittle them, scold them, and take the heart out of them, all the time.

I have seen stenographers, clerks, and other employees in business houses, scolded and hounded, criticized and nagged, until they completely lost hope and courage and became mere automatons. They had been bullied and browbeaten so long that they had lost confidence in themselves, and with it their ambition. They had come to take it for granted that they were the stupid, dull, careless ignoramuses they had been pictured by a cross, crabbed employer, who had used them as kicking posts, objects on which to vent his spleen.

There are thousands of people in the great failure army to-day who might have been successes but for losing their grip through discouragement, caused by constant faultfinding and suppression. It is not every youth that has the stamina to hold up his head, no matter how much he is denounced, scolded, and repressed. Some tender natures, very finely and superbly organized, succumb to such rough treatment and never develop, just as some delicate buds will not open their petals and fling out their fragrance in a cold atmosphere which chills them.

Some employers make a perfect hell upon earth for their employees without meaning to, simply because they are victims of their cross-grained, crabbed disposition, victims of dyspepsia, or lowered vitality, the result, perhaps, of great financial strain and worry, overwork, or irregular living, or vicious habits.

Mean Treatment Calls Out Meanness

I have known an employer who, when he had the headache and felt cross because of dissipation the night before, would go through his place of business in the morning, storming, raging, swearing, destroying the peace and happiness of his employees for the entire day.

It does not matter that your cruel words are flung out in the heat of anger or under the stress of irritability, from any cause whatever, their effect is just as painful as if they were deliberate. Tongue thrusts are often infinitely more cruel than blows from the hand.

Some men have a special talent for stirring up and calling out the most despicable qualities of their employees or those about them. They appeal to the qualities in men which they would gladly bury forever. They arouse the beast in them which they would willingly let sleep.

Employers do not seem to realize that if they call out the worst, if they arouse what is mean, narrow, despicable in their employees, it is a reflection upon themselves. Like calls out like. You cannot expect to call out the divine qualities of another when you send out only what is devilish in yourself. Is there any philosophy by which you can expect those about you to be always polite and kind, responsive and obliging to you, when you are mean and contemptible to them? You may be sure that they will pay you in your own coin. Just because you yourself do not happen to feel right, or may have been out on a debauch, you cannot go around among your employees and vent your spleen upon them, and expect them to be deferential, cheerful, and obliging to you. They will answer your frown with a frown. It may be somewhat suppressed or masked, but you will not get a smile for it. You will get hatred for hatred. It may not be so plainly expressed, but it will rankle in the heart all the same. What your employees give you will be a pretty good picture of yourself, an echo of what you give them.

Employees Are Silent Partners

It is a serious thing to throw black shadows across the life of a fellow struggler; for, after all, the difference between you and your employees is largely that of costume and paraphernalia. You may dress a little better, have better things to eat, a more comfortable place to sleep in, and yet they may have qualities that are much superior to yours.

It is a pretty serious thing, Mr. Employer, to vent your spleen upon those who are really doing their best to help you succeed. Did you ever think that your success depends very largely upon your employees, that they are really your silent partners, that you could not possibly get rich without them?

Did you ever think that many of those working for you might, given opportunities as good as those you have had, be vastly superior to you?

You would better be a little careful how you treat those young people who are working for you, Mr. Employer, because even without your superior advantages and opportunities they may some day be employers themselves in your line, and you may be obliged to look up to them for advanced ideas. They may, sometime, become your superiors.

How often have I seen employers humiliated in after years in meeting those who had once worked for them, and who had been humiliated and abused a thousand times by them, but who had pushed to the front and were in positions of power, often above those of their former employers!

Many employers do not praise, upon principle. They think it is very bad for the employee; that criticism is much better than appreciation. Nothing is falser than this idea. Some people are so constituted that they live upon appreciation and praise. They cannot do good work without it. They require it as a stimulus. There is nothing that the average employee will work harder for than commendation or an expression of appreciation. The fact is, there is nothing else which will so tie him to his employer as a feeling that he is appreciated. Nothing will so enhearten him as a word of praise when he tries to do his best.

The Tonic of Encouragement

Thousands of young people work for years in positions where they are fairly famishing for a word of appreciation, for a little praise when they try to do well; but they never get it.

I have known an employee to spend hours, days even, trying to do a special piece of work unusually well, hoping to attract the attention of his employer or to get commendation, and then have it received not only with absolute indifference, but, perhaps, even with criticism of some detail that was of very little consequence.

Do not be afraid to praise heartily. Do not give a little pinched, stinted appreciation, as though you are afraid you will spoil your employee. Be whole-hearted and generous in your praise. You will be surprised to see how he will respond.

Many a successful man and woman found the turning-point of their career in a little praise, a little hopeful encouragement!

How many people date their first inspiration, their first step upward, from an encouraging letter, appreciation of something they did, or a word of praise which kindled hope or aroused ambition and determination to be somebody in the world!

Clara Morris says that when she was trying to establish her reputation in New York, Mr. Augustin Daly, her manager, used to watch her from the audience in order to criticize her. One evening, after she had had a great many discouragements, he came up to her and said, "Good girl! You never did better than to-night." This kindness at a discouraging moment, she says, meant more to her than anything else she had ever experienced.

Faultfinding the Worst Policy

What miracles praise and encouragement, and real heart-felt appreciation and interest have wrought!

There is no tonic like praise. There is no remedy in the world for indifference equal to encouragement. It is a powerful stimulus which works like magic. No employee can long continue enthusiastic and interested in his employer's welfare, in the success of his business, when he gets no response in appreciation, or praise, or helpful sympathy.

The knowledge that our ability is recognized makes us think more of ourselves. It gives us hope that, after all, there may be something for us in the future as well as for others who have succeeded.

The efficiency of employees depends almost wholly upon their courage, because, without courage, enthusiasm and zest are impossible. No one can be original, creative, and prolific in his work under fear and suppression. Spontaneity is absolutely necessary to the best results. If employees are hemmed in, watched, suspected, criticized, their work must be restricted and of an inferior quality. Courage and hope are great elements in production. They are powerful assets in employees, which many proprietors entirely cut off. Things which create antagonism and put the employee constantly on the defensive suppress individuality, and make him a mere machine. There must be freedom or a loss in the ideal service.

Faultfinding is the shortest-sighted policy in the world. It does no good. It is energy wasted. There is an infinitely better way.

[*Concluded on page 263*]

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 unchartered island in the South Seas. The savage inhabitants offer the Americans welcome and hospitality. In an interview between Captain Mason and Joseph Tudor, leaders of the refugees, and the king of the island, it is made plain that they are to be prisoners in a beautiful valley. Hope of release seems to lie with Lentala, a beautiful young woman who is the king's fanbearer, and her brother Beelo. Beelo instructs Tudor and his faithful Christopher in the language and customs of the natives and teaches them to color their skin brown. Meanwhile there are internal troubles in the colony. Vancouver 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. After many thrilling adventures Vancouver is rescued. Tudor and Christopher meet Beela at the palace, and they have an audience with the king, who seems friendly. Beela and Lentala, alternately, direct the negotiations.

Chapter XVIII.—To the Rescue of the King

ON OUR way to the royal apartments, Beela again took us through the vaults. I used the opportunity to fix in my memory the exact places where the arms and ammunition from our vessel were kept. The king never permitted any of his subjects to handle firearms.

Hard by the vaults she showed us a dungeon. Not within her memory had it been occupied, and few, even in the palace, knew of its existence. It was an ingeniously designed prison, a grated window for ventilation and a little light being so placed that no sound could reach the outside; and the door was so deadened that no beating could make a noise.

Anxious that none of the king's attendants should see her, Beela gave us directions how to go and what to say and do if we were halted, and slipped away, informing us that we might see her face at a small curtained window high in the east wall of the room where the king would receive us.

One after another of the attendants whom we encountered on the way eyed us curiously, and, I thought, suspiciously, and put their heads together after we had passed. One of them gave a low whistle; two came forward from in front, stopped us, and demanded our identity and business. All these men were armed.

"The king expects us," was my curt answer; but more effective was our cool assurance.

Thus we arrived at the door, which was open, a soldier on guard. More peremptorily than the others he demanded our names and errand.

"The king expects us," I repeated, and was going within; but the fellow laid a hand on me. I flung it off, and so confused him that we were within before he could interfere. He mustered some briskness to follow, but was too late, for the king had seen us.

I was shocked at his appearance in the clearer light of day. At the feast he had looked not far beyond his prime; his eyes were bright then, and he bore himself with a commanding dignity. Now he was sinking into decrepitude.

"I have been expecting these men," he said, and the guard withdrew; but I knew that he was slyly listening at the door.

We made an obeisance. I caught a glimpse of Beela's encouraging face at the window.

The king was lounging on a divan; he had been talking with two elderly men seated on rugs before him. They regarded us keenly as the king asked them to withdraw. When they had gone, Christopher closed and locked the door, and stood with his back to it. The surprised and curious scrutiny of the king was on him, passing down his grotesque figure. From Christopher he turned to me.

"What do you wish?" he inquired.

"To serve you, Sire."

"How?"

"Secretly, by finding out many things, by learning the truth; and in any other way."

"I have men for that."

"You have Lentala, also, Sire. She knows that you need us, and that we will serve you intelligently, faithfully, and without fear."

"Without fear of whom?"

"Every one of account has enemies, Sire."

"Have I any? I want no guessing."

"We will find out."

"Does Lentala know?"

"Not positively, perhaps; but we all love her, and she has many ways of learning, since she is not hedged about and kept in the dark as your Majesty can be."

The king was brightening; a faint eagerness crept into his face.

The departure from the valley of Mr. Vancouver with Gato.

"Where did you learn to talk in that way?"

"I don't understand your Majesty."

"That inflection. It is n't pure Senatra."

"It is my misfortune, Sire. A long time ago a white man, an American, escaped from the natives with the aid of a Senatra girl. She went with him into the lonely mountains back of the village Sumanali. There my brother," indicating Christopher, "and I were born. We speak our father's language as well as our mother's."

"English?"

"Yes, Sire."

"I meant something else, also, in your speech—a quickness, a nimbleness."

"The white man was bright and keen, Sire."

"What is your name?" he asked me.

"Joseph, Sire."

"And his?"

"Christopher, Sire."

"Those are not Senatra names."

"Our father was an American, Sire."

He put me through a further shrewd examination, and I answered readily. It was having a slow but conspicuous effect in heartening him. I was evidently a new and refreshing element, perhaps bringing hope. He appeared satisfied, and asked:

"Have you any suspicions?"

"I have, your Majesty."

"Of what, and of whom?"

"Might it not be unjust, Sire, to express mere suspicions?"

He reflected a moment, and asked:

"Do you know Gato?"

"Yes, Sire."

"And the Black Face?"

"Very well."

"And the purple flame?"

"Yes. I saw it two days ago."

"Where?" asked he in excitement, sitting erect.

"It was slipping along the top of the valley wall, near the Face."

The king's perturbation increased, but he found no wavering of my eyes under his sharp gaze.

"More than that, Sire: my brother and I went into the river passage through the wall. We saw the red fire and barely missed a great explosion."

The king's astonishment brought him to his feet.

"Tell me more!" he demanded.

I gave him an account of all that we had seen and endured, including the flaming waterfall, the boiling cauldron, and the earthquake.

"You dared that passage!" he exclaimed, looking from one to the other of us in amazement. "It was the white blood. Not another man in the kingdom would do it. Gato could not make any of his men go; yet I was anxious to know."

He was saying this partly to himself, as he aimlessly walked the floor.

"Why did you go?" he abruptly asked.

"We had heard that no one else was willing, and we wished to serve your Majesty."

The king's back being turned, I glanced up at the window. The curtain parted for a moment, and Beela's beaming face nodded and smiled.

"Yes," muttered the king, in a profound disturbance, "it means that an upheaval is at hand—and a crisis!" He came and stood before me, plumping this question at me: "Do you fear the Black Face, the flame, and the earthquake?"

"Not in the least, Sire," I smilingly answered.

"All the others do."

"Your Majesty has not forgotten that our father was

white. He taught us a great many wise things."

He was smitten with a look that seemed to come from his conscience, and sank with a groan into the divan.

"Had I only been as true to my duty, and led my people to the light!" he exclaimed. "Lentala begged me to. Now I must pay, I must pay!"

I needed no recalling of my pledge to Beela, for pity held me. I looked to the window, and the radiance coming thence lighted my wits.

"There is always hope, Sire," I cheerfully said; "we can work and hope."

He gave me a haggard look. "You know," he said, "the Senatras believe that unless sacrifices are made of the white people in the valley there will come no more wrecks and castaways, and that the Black Face will therefore send the terrible earthquake and eruptions which frighten our people into madness, sweep the island with fire, and destroy lives and farms. But how can a sacrifice be made? The people think that to offer up a madman would infuriate the Face and cause frightful disaster. It is impossible to bring another white man from the valley, because the colony would fight rather than give him up. Yet unless there is a sacrifice the Senatras will rebel through fear of the Face, the army will revolt, my palace will be seized, and the queen, Lentala, and I, with all our friends and servants, will be put to the sword."

"A leader, who must be a traitor, would be required for that, your Majesty. That would mean a man of eminence among us; and not that alone, but one who has already laid his plans and is ready at this moment to strike."

The king was staring at me in terror.

"You speak with a deep understanding," he huskily said, "and you have more to tell me. Proceed."

"Yes, Sire. The white people wish only to leave the island, and to go in peace. They will do no harm if they are not opposed; if they are they will harm only those who oppose them."

"How do you know?"

"I speak with knowledge from my white father."

"But if they are permitted to go, they will spread tales of great riches here, and destroying ships and armies will come."

"Permit me, Sire. In the first place, with such coadjutors as Lentala, my brother, and me, you could make the island impregnable. That would be far wiser than the risk which you are now running, for the sea, even in my father's time, was filling with ships, and the great countries were hunting new possessions. At any time a ship may come without the aid of the storms. She would see this large and beautiful island, and, though driven off, would inform her own country, which would send vessels and men to overwhelm us."

"Yes, yes. But would it be possible for us to prepare defenses?"

"It is our duty to do all that we can, Sire. But there can be an additional protection. So long as we keep our present backwardness we shall be deemed the rightful prey of any nation. If we aim to be more like the great countries, and send ambassadors to them and make treaties with them, they will protect us against one another."

This mightily impressed the king.

"That sounds reasonable," he said, with a pitiful air of wisdom, "but it may be attended to hereafter. We are facing a present crisis. You said that a leader of an insurrection would be required."

"Yes, Sire."

"The army could put down any trouble."

"With the army itself in revolt?"

"But Gato's control of the army is powerful."

"Yet it is on the edge of revolt. If Gato is all-powerful with his men, and in spite of that fact says that he can't control them— But your Majesty is abler than I to draw inferences."

The king came nervously to his feet.

"It is easy to understand, Sire," I went on, "that an ambitious and unscrupulous man would see his opportunity when the people are paralyzed with fear of the Face or with an outburst of its wrath."

"Opportunity for what?" the king demanded.

"What would he want, Sire? Your throne would be a temptation, and so would Lentala to a man who wanted a beautiful wife."

The king gripped the edge of a table.

"He asked me for her," the wretched man growled, like a lion gnawing a bone. "I refused him. She is very dear to me. I wanted her to have a better man, of her own choosing; for I have provided that she is to rule my people when I am gone."

Though greatly surprised, I refrained from looking toward the window, and kept silence while the broken man fought out his agony. When the urgency of his situation had measurably restored him, he began to pace the floor, and asked:

"Something has to be done immediately. What would you suggest?"

"What does your Majesty understand the case to be?"

"We are on the eve of a revolution. The task is to check it."

"Meanwhile, Sire, I observe that a score of Gato's soldiers are in the palace. Is that customary?"

The king stopped and turned a livid look on me.

"No. Gato suggested that it would be safer to have them here for the present as a protection."

"Protection for whom, Sire?"

The hint in the question swept the breath out of him, and he stood staring.

"I had n't suspected—" He struggled for breath to begin. Then, "I see, I see."

The imminence of danger electrified his dormant forces. He hardened and expanded, and fighting blood began to run in his veins. I said:

"There is one thing more, your Majesty. The white people in the valley are able, daring, and cunning. Already some of them have escaped and are at large in the island."

"Impossible!" he exclaimed, in consternation.

"I have seen them myself, Sire. They are perfectly disguised as natives." A quick look at the window showed me a frightened but not a reprimanding face.

"You are positive?"

"Absolutely, Sire."

"How did they come out?"

"Either by tricking Gato's men, or by connivance with some one, of course."

A rap at the door prevented further discussion.

"That is Gato," the king whispered. "Hide there," pointing to a curtained door in the rear wall.

"'Gato roared like a wild beast'"

We were immediately concealed. The place was an anteroom. Through the curtain we could hear and see everything.

Gato entered.

"What news?" the king inquired, in a friendly, businesslike fashion.

"Everything is quiet, your Majesty."

"How is the weather?"

"It is beginning to clear."

"Good! If the storm has made any wrecks, a castaway for the sacrifice may drift ashore. That would restore order."

Gato solemnly shook his head. The king reclined in silence, and then asked:

"How many soldiers have you in and about the palace?"

The man was surprised. "Twenty, Sire," he hesitatingly answered.

"Send them to the Council Chamber, and summon Lentala."

"May I ask your Majesty—"

Gato found a look that he was not accustomed to see. It was evident, from the slowness with which he proceeded to obey, that he was alarmed and was gaining time for new plans.

Christopher and I stepped forth when Gato was gone. Beela exhibited some fear, but I sent her a smile.

"You," the king commanded me, "observe his manner with his men. You," to Christopher, "follow him to Lentala and see that no harm befalls her; I will show you a way. Don't let him see either of you. Come with me to the Council Chamber immediately after the soldiers have assembled."

Beela nodded to me, and dropped the curtain. The king led Christopher into the anteroom, gave him hurried directions, opened a door leading out of that room, dismissed Christopher, and returned. By this time I was passing out, having observed that no one in the corridor was looking toward me.

Gato had formed his plan, and it contemplated swift execution, as I judged from his prompt, incisive manner with his men. In each instance he gave an order which I knew from the pantomime included the Council Chamber; then, in the man's ear, he added something which brought a start, a stiffening of the body, and an unconscious grip of the sword-hilt. As the men were straggling past me to assemble, the king leisurely strolled out into the corridor, and was sauntering beyond me, when he stopped, turned, and asked, under his voice:

"What are the signs?"

"He has ordered them to kill you in the Council Chamber at a sign from him."

"Umph!" The king passed on toward his living-apartments, which he entered.

When he came quietly walking back, the corridor was clear of soldiers. He slipped a modern revolver into my hand.

"Do you understand its use?"

"Perfectly, Sire."

"May I trust your nerve and judgment to use it at the right moment, and without missing?"

"You may, Sire."

"I think one shot will settle the matter. If not—"

"There will be three of us, your Majesty."

He nodded, passed on, and turned back. He had become transformed, and appeared to look forward eagerly to the crucial moment.

"Gato ought to be here with Lentala by this time," he said.

He walked slowly to the private audience-room, looked in, and strolled back. Near me he stopped short, intently listening.

"Did you hear that?" he asked.

"No, Sire."

"It sounded like the roar of an infuriated animal."

His strolling began again, but with an increasing uneasiness.

"I don't understand it," he said. At intervals he stopped and listened. Finally he came back.

"I sent for her," he explained, "to announce that she was heir-apparent to the throne, and vested with present authority to take any measures in this crisis that would seem proper in her discretion."

I did not know before that my heart could be so touched by such a man.

His impatience at last slipped control. "We will go and see what detains them," he said.

We started down the corridor. At his own apartments he paused to send a servant to the Council Chamber with word that he would soon appear. We had gone but a short distance beyond, when we met Christopher.

"Is all well?" asked the king.

"Yes, Sire."

"Are Lentala and Gato coming?"

"No, Sire."

"Why not?"

"He 's in the dungeon, Sire."

"In the dungeon! Locked up?"

"Yes, Sire."

"Who put him there?"

"Me, Sire."

"What for?"

"Your Majesty told me not to let him harm her."

"Harm her! Did he try to?"

"I was there. She wants to see you." He turned to me. "And you, sir."

We three hastened to her apartments, where we found her lying on a couch and attended by a number of frightened women.

"Lentala!" the king anxiously said, "what is the matter?"

She forced a smile, held out one hand to the king and the other to me, gave mine a quick, tight squeeze, released our hands, in a weak voice bade us be seated, and with a wave of her hand dismissed the women.

"What has happened, child?" the king insisted.

"Gato came. I was alone. He did n't know that Christopher was behind him." She was speaking with difficulty, often pausing. "He was impatient. He said he loved me and wanted me. And if I would n't marry him he 'd . . . he 'd strangle me here and now. . . . That his men were waiting in the Council Chamber to kill you if I refused him, and then they would kill the queen. . . . I said no. I trusted Christopher. Gato's fingers hooked like that," she showed with her own hands, "his eyes glared terribly, and he came at me. . . . Christopher crept up, said to me, 'Don't scream,' and leaped on Gato. They grappled, and rolled on the floor. Gato roared like a wild beast." Lentala covered her eyes with her hands. "I heard things crack and break. I could n't look. Then came an awful squeak. Christopher said again to me, 'Don't scream.' It meant he was safe. I felt myself falling. . . . When I saw again I was

lying on this divan, and my women were with me. Gato was gone. Christopher was standing in the door. I asked him where Gato was. He said, 'In the dungeon.' He would say no more, and I sent him for you." She looked at him, and added, "Dear old Christopher!"

His face was blank.

"Can I do anything for you?" the king gently asked.

"No, thank you. I'm only a little shaken, and will be up in a few minutes."

"Would you like the queen to come?"

"No. It would distress her. Not a word of this to her!"

The king led us out. At the door I looked back and won a smile.

We went in silence, and the king stepped into his apartments, bidding us wait in the corridor a minute.

I turned a keen look on Christopher, and he met it frankly.

"Are you hurt?" I asked.

"No, sir."

"Is he badly injured?"

"Him?"

"Yes."

"He don't need no doctor, sir."

"Did he go with you quietly?"

"Yes, sir."

"He'll hang for this, Christopher."

"Sir?"

"The king will hang him for this."

Christopher's gaze wandered vacantly round the corridor, and after a while he quietly said:

"It won't hurt him, sir."

The truth blazed through me. I had been misled by Christopher's perfect calm.

"Christopher!" I cried, seizing his hand and wringing it; but he looked bored.

Chapter XIX.—The Strength of the White Blood

ALTHOUGH the king was greatly shocked when I told him what had really happened to Gato, his gratification quickly rose, and he regarded Christopher curiously.

"Why didn't you tell me at once?" he inquired.

"That is not his way, Sire," I explained. "He avoids talking."

"It was a wonderful thing to do," his Majesty mused, as we slowly went to the Council Chamber.

Something had given him a fearful blow, and I guessed it was the danger to which Lentala had been exposed. His face was haggard again; his gait was unsteady; he doddered and mumbled.

As we neared the Council Chamber, he said:

"Come in and stand near me, one on either side."

We found the soldiers in a huddle near the door, the racial dulness of their faces somewhat keyed with expectancy. The king gave them but a glance as he passed them and ascended the throne,—to be more impressive, no doubt. Christopher and I stood as flanks.

"Form a line facing me," the king sternly commanded.

The soldiers glanced at one another in wonder as they obeyed, and furtively had anxious eyes and ears for Gato. They were a fine crowd, selected for courage and dash.

"You understand," the king said, "that I am always in supreme command of the army, including Gato and every other officer. Any person who may be in immediate charge of you is serving as my agent, and is appointed and removed by me at my pleasure. All your fealty and loyalty are for me. You will now acknowledge that with an obeisance to your king."

The rascals were dazed. They might send shifting glances down the line if they liked, and wonder and waver if they pleased, but obey they must: every man felt it in his bones. The line went down.

Etiquette required the maintenance of the posture until the king gave the word to rise. The obeisance consisted in coming to the knees, resting the elbows, well advanced, on the floor, pressing the palms down, and rooting the floor with the forehead,—an easy performance if quickly finished, but a torturing one if sustained. On this occasion the king neglected the releasing command; and that was unheard of. In such a position the men could see nothing.

"A soldier's first duty," he resumed, "is to his king. In becoming a soldier he dedicates his manhood, his strength, his life, to his sovereign; that is to say, to his country. A true soldier is glad to die for the happiness and safety of his king. His duties are as sacred as those of a son to his father. A worthy son will remember the protection that his father has given him. If he hears him defamed, he will uphold his name; if blind, will lead him; if threatened, will defend him though death be the reward. So it is with a soldier and his king."

His voice weighted his words with a deep emotion, and he spoke slowly, with pauses. It was like listening to a passage from the Bible—but much better read than commonly.

"A king may be kind to his soldiers; that will bring him their love with their fealty, and give their duty a double force. A king may grow old and stand in need of the strong, willing arms of young men whom he loves and who love him. A king may totter under the burden of long service to his people; his soldiers will then be his stay and comfort, and with joy in their hearts will do his high will. Serpents may crawl in the weeds about a king's throne; his soldiers will beat the weeds clear of them."

The king could not have failed to see a painful writhing that wormed through the line. His pause was long.

"A son who hears even his brother speak ill of their father, will reprove the brother and shame him. If that fails, he will chastise his brother if he can; but if the brother is stronger, the dutiful one will take the matter to their father, since the safeguard of the family is endangered by the disaffection of a single member. If a father discovers one of his sons jeopardizing the unity, prosperity, and safety of the family, he will give the faithless son such treatment as the security of the family demands."

The pause this time was still longer. Meanwhile, the endurance of the men had nearly reached an end. Whatever may have been their mental state, their physical was one of excruciating pain.

"Some men are induced to do wrong through heedlessness or blindness, not knowing the gravity of their deeds, and not foreseeing a dire result. Others are weak and easily led; they are untrustworthy tools of their leaders, and shame is their greatest punishment. Others are cruel and wicked at heart; they will therefore be ready to betray the men who led them to betray others. All of those are poisonous serpents in the weeds about a king's throne. And it is far worse in a soldier than in any one else."

After another pause, he said:

"A king who is kind and wise will be slow to believe evil of his people. It will be natural for him to think that all will be as wise and kind as he. Yet he must be watchful; he cannot protect the people unless he protects himself. If he finds a scandal, he may hide it, lest it weaken the common faith in the strength and purity of his government. If he discovers that any are unfaithful, he will not make their treason public by hanging them before the people, unless he knows that a warning will stop other traitors. No; he will be merciful and keep them privately for a time, till they may walk forth erect in their recovered manhood."

Here and there a gasp or a strangled groan broke the silence of the line. The king was heeding.

"The man at the right of the line will rise."

The fellow came painfully to his feet, and stretched the agony out of his muscles.

"Advance and lay your sword on the dais," ordered the king.

The man obeyed.

"Return to your obeisance."

A start thrilled the soldier. He gave the king a desperate, pleading look, but found eyes with a cold sternness that sent him to obedience.

"The next, rise."

The peformance was repeated with him, and with the rest in turn.

"All rise," said the king. They stood up. "I will now take you to a room in the palace, where you may consider in quiet what the soldiers of a king should be. You," he ordered Christopher, "walk beside me at the head, and you," to me, "follow the soldiers."

The dignity of a mighty sorrow sat like a grace upon him as he slowly led the procession. Never were prisoners more securely manacled with steel than these men, though their members were free; and though there was a certain pomp in the march, it was that of a funeral, and the silence was louder than the blare of much brass.

The king turned into the corridor that led to the vaults, and descended the stair. This brought him and the others to the dungeon door. He halted, and Christopher unlocked it. It swung wide. The king and Christopher stood aside, and the men marched in. Christopher closed and locked the door.

"Your Majesty!" I exclaimed; "you surely have not forgotten that Gato—"

"My son," he calmly answered, "what they have already endured has made the way easier to what they will find in there."

Without haste the king conducted us back to the chamber in which he had received us, and seated himself erect on the divan. He was studying us.

He inflated his cheeks and pursed his lips while his goggling eyes roamed, and queer wrinkles came and went in his face.

"The white blood," he grunted, staring at me. "It accounts for your keenness. The white blood never sleeps. If it is with you, good; if against you—" He rose and glared. "Which love you the more, son," he growled, "the white blood or the brown?"

"Your Majesty sees our color. We came freely and offered our hearts, our arms, and our lives to your Majesty. And it is not forgotten, Sire, that Lentala sent us."

"I remember." The growl died in him, and he brightened. With both hands he clutched the edge of the couch. "It takes white blood to fight white blood," he said. "Did your father tell you that?"

"Not that I recall, Sire."

"Black blood and red blood and yellow blood and brown blood always fall before it, soon or late. He said nothing about that?"

"I think not, Sire."

"You know it is true?"

"My father told me much of the great world."

"Then he told you that. And I know. I saw it when I went abroad in my youth. I learned it from Lentala's father. Does it mean anything to you that your mother was a Senatra?"

"It is sufficient that your Majesty and Lentala are Senatras."

[*Continued on pages 250 to 252*]

POINT AND

For everything which appears under this heading—humor, anecdote, verse, or pithy saying—payment is made at the rate of ten cents a word. Address: Editor, "Point and Pleasantry," SUCCESS MAGAZINE, Washington Square, New York City.

Wash Day at Pullman

THE Pullman Company, whose president, Robert Todd Lincoln, is the only living son of the best friend the plain people ever had, is strong on economy.

Those of us who knew have long grumbled at the fact that the porter, who closes down the untenanted upper berth where one's head will strike it hardest, is paid only $25 a month. Now, the Interstate Commerce Commission tells us that of this $300 a year the porter must give up to the company each year $50 for two uniforms of a grade which wholesale clothiers have offered to supply at 40 per cent. less. Three fourths of the porter's wage is paid by the traveling public in the form of tips.

The Pullman Company is capitalized at $128,000,000, and two years ago its stockholders cut a "melon" of $20,000,000; but does its frugality stop, think you, at holding up the porters, the public, and the railroads? Far from it! Herewith is a further crumb of information from that hard-working commission:

Esthetic travelers have looked with favor on the practice of covering up the blanket in a berth with a clean, white sheet. This is in conformity with what is known as the "third-sheet rule," which was adopted January 1, 1905. Up to that time the Pullman Company washed the blankets every six months. Now the blankets are washed every eighteen months, or at intervals of a year and a half!

Oh, fortunate traveler, ignorant of the disclosures of the high official muckraker:

"Thou hast no figures nor no fantasies,
Which busy care draws in the brains of men;
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound."

* * *

Wedding Music

By Felix Jose

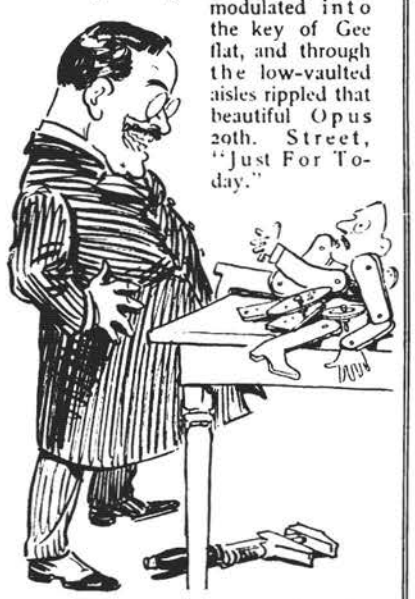
IT HAPPENED at The Little Church Across The Street. A wedding was in progress.

The organist had played "Lohengrin Coming In" and was prepared to play "Mendelssohn Going Out."

During the ceremony the strains of "Call Me Thine Own" were blent with the Prayer Book service.

Suddenly the sexton whispered in the ear of the organist, "Both of them's been married three times!"

Instantly the fingers on the keyboard modulated into the key of Gee flat, and through the low-vaulted aisles rippled that beautiful Opus 20th. Street, "Just For To-day."



What the President Thinks of Bigelow

ATTENDING one of President Roosevelt's luncheons, a guest sought to entertain the company with this anecdote:

"When the Emperor of Germany first got a graphophone he marveled at it, and at once wanted to see how it worked. He took it apart, and then put it together again, perfectly readjusting from memory every piece of minute mechanism."

Mr. Roosevelt was interested—till the speaker added: "The Kaiser's friend, Poultney Bigelow, tells the story."

At that Mr. Roosevelt drew in his breath and rejoined through set teeth:

"I wish somebody would take Poultney Bigelow apart and forget how to put him together again!"

* * *

One from Washington

"I HAD a letter from a constituent," said Congressman Nathan Wesley Hale of Tennessee, "who asked me to forward to him, as quickly as possible, the 'Rules and Regulations of Congress.' By return mail I sent him a photograph of Joe Cannon. If he understands the game like we do, he will have no trouble in seeing that my answer is decidedly to the point."

* * *

What He Wanted to Say

By A. B. Lewis

"HELLO!"

"Hello!"

"Hello, confound you! What do you want?"

"Is this 6445?"

"Of course! Why don't you go ahead and talk?"

"Oh, you need n't get mad about nothing."

"Well, my time 's worth money! I can't stand here all day jabbering 'hello' to somebody!"

"This is about the first time I ever used a telephone, and—"

"Did you call me up just for practice?"

"No, of course not."

"Did you call me up to tell a funny story?"

"No, I—"

"Well, why don't you go ahead then with your business?"

"You don't give me a chance. As I was saying—"

"There you go again! Say, how long are you going to keep me standing here?"

"You can sit down if you want to!"

"I'll sit down on you if this is supposed to be a joke! Who are you, sir?"

"My name is Brown. I moved in directly opposite you a few weeks ago."

"Well, Brown, I'm sorry I have spoken so harshly to you, but I'm not feeling just up to the mark to-day. Hope you will pardon me."

"Oh, certainly."

"What was it you wished to say to me?"

"Why, I wanted to tell you that your house is on fire."

* * *

A Ten Centiment

By WILBUR D. NESBIT

Bards, have you heard?
Sing now with bliss!
Ten cents a word
They pay for this!

Why sing of war
When one may get
Two-sixty for
The alphabet?

Why sing of love
When one may rhyme
His fancies of
The silver dime?

O, Pegasus,
Bar accidents
Each word sung thus
Brings in ten cents!

Kipling and Doyle,
Some folk aver,
Burn midnight oil
At one plunk per.

But what of that?
I rather guess
That ten cents flat
Makes for SUCCESS!

I hope they will,
To my delight,
Pay for each syllable I write.

I'll pluck the dictionary dry
If they will pick
These words to buy.

My loins I'll gird;
No rhyme will miss—
Ten cents a word
Is fine for this!

What are words for?
(A warning cough:
The editor
Says, "Choke it off!")

Everything Was Work

By Glenmore Davis

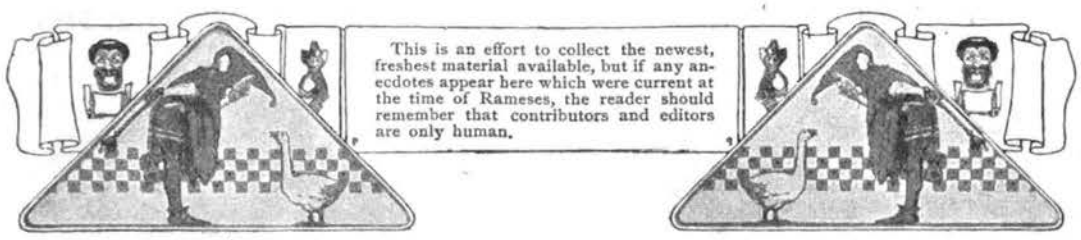
ON A warm Tuesday afternoon in February—there are such in New York—after "Polly of the Circus" had been at the Liberty Theater nearly two months, Frederic Thompson, detecting some carelessness in the work of two of his actors, called a rehearsal. The company, frightened into unwonted alertness and activity, had reached the end of the second act when Mabel Taliaferro, the star, declared that she "had been working too hard, and was going to rest for a while."

"Working hard!" exclaimed her husband and manager, "Mrs. Thompson, do you know what work is?"

"I certainly do," replied the wee actress icily; "everything is work."

"Don't jest," said the manager.

PLEASANTRY



"Remember that you are Miss Taliaferro in the theater, and not Mrs. Thompson."

"Everything is work" said the little lady.

"Is this work?" exclaimed Mr. Thompson, pounding the chair on which he was seated.

"Yes, it 's wood work," said his wife.

She rested.

* * *

Turning the Tables

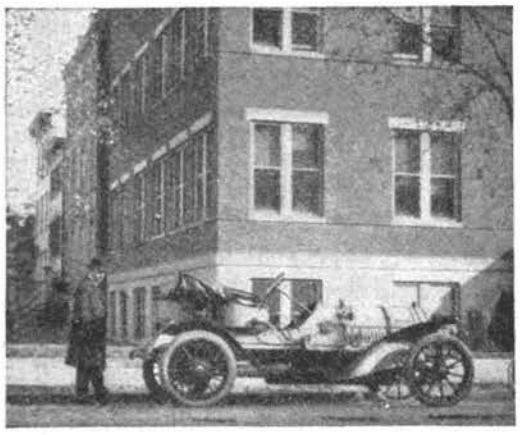
When E. L. Godkin was editor of the New York "Evening Post" he was supposed by many to lack a sense of humor. But those in his employ who stood close to him knew better. One morning he sent for his young city editor.

"Last night," said Mr. Godkin, "I read in the 'Post' an account of the suicide of a boy. Your news paragraph reported as the motive that the boy was being resisted at home in a premature inclination to marry. Mr. Blank, can you imagine how that father felt when you accused him, for what was no doubt done in a sense of loving duty, of being the cause of the death of his child?"

The young city editor stammered an apology.

"Thank you for your explanation," said Godkin. "But," he went on in a more decided tone, "if anything like that ever happens again, I give you fair warning, sir, that I *will leave this paper!* I will not work for a paper that says things so cruel!"

* * *



Warwick M. Hough in Difficulties

One of the most active opponents of pure food legislation at Washington was Warwick M. Hough, general counsel of the National Wholesale Liquor Dealers' Association. On the very day that Dr. Wiley, chief of the Bureau of Chemistry, succeeded in getting an executive order forbidding the adulteration of whisky, Mr. Hough while driving a motor car punctured a tire directly in front of that bureau.

Just then Dr. Wiley himself appeared on the scene.

"This is certainly one on me," said Mr. Hough, genially, pointing at the punctured tire.

"Yes," replied Dr. Wiley, grimly, "you can get by everything in this country except the Bureau of Chemistry."

* * *

The Cautious Reporter

By Jeanette Becher

"Young man," said the editor to the new reporter, "you lack caution. You must learn never to state a thing as a fact until it has been proved a fact. You are apt to get us into libel suits. Do not say, 'The cashier stole the funds'; say, 'The cashier who is alleged to have stolen the funds.' That 's all.—Oh, get something about that First Ward social to-night."

The next day, half-way down the social column, the editor saw the following cautious paragraph:

"It is rumored that a card party was given last evening to a number of reputed ladies of the First Ward. Mrs. Smith, gossip says, was the hostess, and the festivities are reported to have continued until 11:30 in the evening. The alleged hostess is believed to be the wife of John Smith, the so-called 'high-priced grocer.'"

* * *

Some Things to Remember

By John Kendrick Bangs

The fact that a parrot is green is no sure sign that he is not a bird of ripe experience.

The great drawback about yellow journalism is not that it is yellow, but that it is read.

There is nothing so wonderful but that it might be more so. Niagara, for instance, would be far more marvelous if the water flowed the other way.

Many a man is modesty itself until his children are born. It is then that he begins to put on heirs.

It may be true that money talks, but it is so frequently tight that its conversation is hardly worth repeating.

There is nothing that so destroys one's pride of ownership as the early morning call from the tax collector.

The Birth of the Squall

By Nixon Waterman

Said I: "Whence comes this sudden squall?"
And the "tar" as he paused to sweep
The rocking sea thus answered me:
"From the cradle of the deep."

* * *

Two Letters to the Editor

January 23, 1908.

Editor, Success Magazine:

Dear Sir—Your announcement of ten cents a word is quite interesting. One naturally begins to figure (like the boy with rabbits) that one can easily do 1,000 words a day (between the intervals of cutting coupons—resting, as it were) which would mean $100 a day. This would mean about $35,000 a year, not including Sundays.

But, on the other hand, your circular is irritatingly incomplete, for it does not say when you pay. Imagine being able to make $35,000 a year and then waiting to have your income published before you can use it.

Immediately on reading this alluring prospect I went out and ordered a six-cylinder runabout and a steam yacht. Now, however, I am afraid to send you any manuscript, for fear you might not return it for six months, or else keep it for publication and payment until some time after my fiftieth wedding anniversary, when I would be too old to care.

How is this? Sincerely,
Thomas L. Masson.

January 24, 1908.

Editor, Success Magazine:

Dear Sir—I beg to acknowledge receipt of yours of yesterday inclosing check for $16.30, being payment for my letter of yesterday to you,—163 words at ten cents a word.

Yours very truly,
Thomas L. Masson.

Computing a fortune

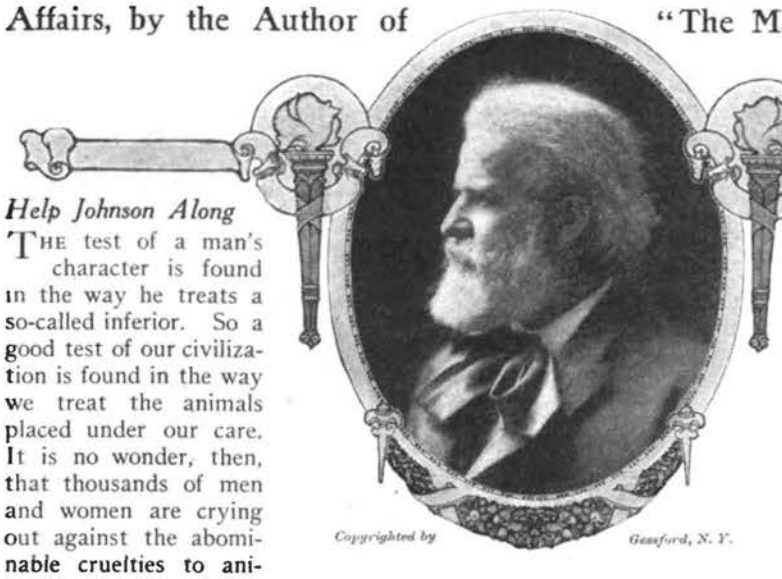
* * *

In 19-Something-else

"The dead man found on the fifty-five story building is believed to have fallen from a neighboring roof. He was terribly crushed."

EDWIN MARKHAM'S EYRIE

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

THE test of a man's character is found in the way he treats a so-called inferior. So a good test of our civilization is found in the way we treat the animals placed under our care. It is no wonder, then, that thousands of men and women are crying out against the abominable cruelties to animals practiced by irresponsible vivisectionists in the name of science. Holes are drilled into the skulls of living animals; their backbones are sawn asunder, and other revolting cruelties are laid upon trembling and defenseless creatures.

Such deeds not only agonize the animal, but they animalize the experimenter. In many places any one can vivisect without restriction. There is now in New York a strong effort of the friends of humanity to put the whole matter under legal restriction—to provide for regulation, record, and responsibility.

The Johnson Bill, No. 256, now before the New York Legislature at Albany, is an attempt to protect our animal friends against needless torture. That bill should become a law; and I wish ten thousand of my SUCCESS MAGAZINE readers to write in favor of this bill to members of the New York Senate and Assembly. Be a voice to speak for our dumb friends who have no language but a cry. Write, and do it *now*.

* * *

Our Greatest Musical Genius

THREE stars have lately fallen from the constellation of American art—St. Gaudens, the sculptor; Stedman, the poet-critic, and Edward MacDowell, the musical composer. Saint Gaudens and Stedman went full of years and works. But MacDowell went early with most of his music buried within him. He found time, in a hard-driven life, to throw out only a few beautiful creations, heroic and tragic and tender—touched throughout with the spirit of faerie and romantic youth. Even these few masterpieces proclaim him not only as the greatest American composer, but they also place him among the great musical artists of the world. Still how much more he could have done had he not been for many years chained down to bread-labor. How much poorer are we and the world for this foolish waste of genius, this yoking of Pegasus to the plow. But our civilization is haphazard and spendthrift. Otherwise the delicate dream-led spirit of MacDowell would have been provided bread and shelter, leaving his genius free to capture new wonders out of the realm of harmony—new wonders to match our Shasta and our Niagara.

* * *

The Mystery of Style

STYLE, the veil behind which a man's thought breathes and trembles, is a gift of the gods. The patrician's will and testament cannot entail it; the university degree cannot grant it; the rich man's bank-book cannot purchase it. Seldom does it descend from parent to child as in the case of the Dumas of France, the Arnolds of England, the Jameses of America. Those to whom come the perfect gift—the Bacons, the Thomas Brownes, the Carlyles, the Ruskins—are the only men and women who carry an eternal antidote for the poppy of oblivion.

* * *

Stylists in Public Affairs

OF the men writing on public affairs to-day only a few are conspicuous for literary style. Charles Ferguson is remarkable for the sustained beauty and intensity of his English. Benjamin de Casseres (a young Emerson robed in darkness, the author of fugitive essays with whose thought I am often in conflict) is a knightly user of words, a man who can cram an argument into a verb, and dash an April morning into a phrase. Now comes Edward A. Ross, author of "Sin and Society" (published by Houghton and Mifflin, Boston), a book that reveals him as a master of style and thinker of distinction. He is a Thomas Lawson raised to a higher power of moral passion. With more of the street and less of the peak than Ferguson, Ross has the sure and swift attack, the sinewy swing, the solar-plexus blow. Energy, simplicity, and a fire of earnestness are on every page. Like Kipling, Ross seizes for his purpose the catchwords of the crowd. The voting precinct, the police-court, the base-ball diamond, the gambling den, the laboratory—all yield weapons to his hand, and in his strong crusader stroke the base metal flashes like a blade of Damascus.

* * *

Ross Arraigns the Criminaloid

LISTEN to Ross's comment on the "patriotic" stand of our business pirate. Who else has so deftly ripped the mask from our hypocrisy?

> In criminaloid philosophy it is "un-American" to wrench patronage from the hands of spoilsmen, "un-American" to deal Federal justice to rascals of state eminence, "un-American" to pry into "private arrangements" between shipper and carrier, "un-American" to fry the truth out of reluctant magnates.

Here, according to Ross, is the buccaneer in business:

> Likewise the criminaloid counterfeits the good citizen. He takes care to meet all the conventional tests—flag worship, old-soldier sentiment, observance of all the national holidays, perfervid patriotism, party regularity and support. Full well he knows that the giving of a fountain or a park, the establishment of a college chair on the Neolithic drama or the elegiac poetry of the Chaldeans, will more than outweigh the dodging of taxes, the grabbing of streets, and the corrupting of city councils. Let him have his way about charters and franchises, and he zealously supports that "good government" which consists in sweeping the streets, holding down the "lid," and keeping taxes low. Nor will he fail in that scrupulous correctness of private and domestic life which confers respectability. The criminaloid must perforce seem sober and chaste, "a good husband and kind father." If in this respect he offend, his hour of need will find him without support, and some callow reporter or district attorney will bowl him over like any vulgar criminal.
>
> The criminaloid therefore puts on the whole armor of the good. He stands having his loins girt about with religiosity and having on the breastplate of respectability. His feet are shod with ostentatious philanthrophy, his head is encased in the helmet of spread-eagle patriotism. Holding in his left hand the buckler of worldly success and in his right the sword of "influence," he is "able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand."

The criminaloid is further photographed as follows:

He does not know what it is to rally around a principle. Fellow partisans are "friends." To scratch or to bolt is to "go back on your friends." The criminaloid understands sympathy and antipathy as springs of conduct, but justice strikes him as hardly human. The law is a club to rescue your friends from and to smite your enemies with, but it has no claim of its own. He expects his victims to "come back" at him if they can, but he cannot see why everything may not be "arranged," "settled out of court." Those inflexible prosecutors who hew to the line and cannot be "squared" impress him as fanatical and unearthly, as monsters who find their pleasure in making trouble for others. For to his barbarian eyes society is all a matter of "stand in."

Here are the tactics of the criminaloids:

Now, it is the concern of the criminaloids to delay all growth of conscience by silencing the alert vedettes. To intimidate the molders of opinion so as to confine the editor to the "news," the preacher to the "simple Gospel," the judge to his precedents, the teacher to his text-books, and the writer to the classic themes—such are the tactics of the criminaloids. Let them but have their way, and the prophet's message, the sage's lesson, the scholar's quest, and the poet's dream would be sacrificed to the God of Things as They Were.

* * *

Will the Ross Remedy Cure?

I HONOR Professor Ross because he is a brave and honest man, who sees abuses and is not afraid to proclaim them. I think highly of his diagnosis, but not of his panacea. He says: "In twenty years two developments—the disappearance of free land in the rain-belt, and the triumph of the big concern over the little one—have narrowed the circle of opportunity for the working men to achieve independence, and therefore tend powerfully to consolidate wage-earners into a conscious class. It does not yet appear whether this will make impossible the government by public opinion which has contributed so much to the good temper and steadiness of American society." In this summary Professor Ross points out the appalling fact that the circle of opportunity is growing less and less, year by year. But what is his cure? Simply an appeal to public opinion to "lift the plane of competition." Competition is war, and Professor Ross would sanction a permanent war in human affairs.

This alert and searching critic points out through many pages the evils of our fifty-year franchise laws, our iniquitous tariff schedule, our excessive railway charges, our grabbing of public mineral lands, our corrupt sale of canals and gas plants, our fake meat inspection, our Niagara grabs, our cynical denial of protection to labor; and yet for all this he has no cure but a public opinion speaking through "a transfigured individualism." Surely Professor Ross is a "dreamer," a man with a plan far more Utopian than the radicals, who demand that the nation shall own the criminal trusts. We have been trying to rule by "transfigured individualism" since the Ark was on the stocks. Pleading with the plunderer is a method that has failed since Pharaoh, the ancient monopolist, cornered the corn. Dependence upon "a transfigured individualism" has ever been the patriot's hope and his despair. The fact is that individuals however earnest are so intent on their private struggle for bread that they have little time for watching thieves who make it their whole business to plunder all the people all the time. I see no way out of this state of affairs but in the gradual transfer of the great public interests and utilities out of the hands of individuals into the hands of the people. When these great interests become the people's interests, the people will be forced to look after them and direct them in the spirit of the common welfare.

* * *

A Poet-Critic

JUST as we enjoy a traveler's tale of his journey, or a hero's account of his adventure, so do we enjoy a discerning critic's report of the impression a work of art has made upon his imagination. George Edward Woodberry is a critic coming like Lowell, with the double equipment of poetic power and scholarly survey. His criticism like Lowell's and Coleridge's rises to the realm of the creative. His new volume, "Great Writers," bears the authority of intimate comprehension and quick sympathy with many moods and many ages. He gives us Cervantes, whose "Don Quixote" carries the spirit of many-colored Spain; Scott, whose cycle of historical romance is the glass of Scotland; Milton, whose "Paradise Lost" holds in solution the religion and learning of his epoch; Virgil, whose "Æneid" gathers the glory of imperial Rome into the one monument that has not perished; Montaigne, whose essays reflect forever the average man; Shakespeare, whose mighty plays dramatize the long mysterious procession of our humanity. (The McClure Company, N. Y. $1.25.)

* * *

New Poems from Stephen Phillips

STEPHEN PHILLIPS is one of the poets who loves to tell again the old stories dear to the race. He has already given us an exquisite expansion of Dante's swift sketch of "Paolo and Francesca"—a feat as great as would be the building of a Sonata Pathetique from one aërial bar of music. This drama, and the lofty idyl of "Marpessa" (the maiden who chose for lover a mortal, instead of a god) are of a nobility that makes us expect much of Stephen Phillips. On the whole, his "New Poems" cannot be placed inside the same charmed circle that holds those two elder works immune from time.

"Endymion," the poem which opens the new book, while having touches of Mr. Phillips's magic evocation, still suffers by comparison with the April-colored "Endymion" of Keats, and even with the moon-misted "Seléné" of Amèlie Rives. "Orestes," a tender variant of an aspect of the old Greek tragedy, is tremulous with pathos. "Iole," a one act drama laid in Corinth, is one of those dateless things about which this poet's imagination loves best to build its delicate dream. This theme is the immemorial situation where a father sacrifices his child to placate the blind gods. Long ago we got the shock of it in the fate of Agamemnon's daughter and the fate of Jephtha's daughter. But Mr. Phillips has the rare genius that can invest these old tragic situations with a passion, a pathos, and a beauty, that give them the youth and morning of a new life. "Iole" is as chaste and reserved as if chiseled from Parian marble. Its poesy lies in its high mood, its sense of great things about to happen. It is molded with that austerity and onward motion which "carries" on the stage, a craftsmanship which makes Mr. Phillips one of the poet-dramatists whose plays are actable.

Throughout this book blow the "silverous gusts" of the fine Phillipic phrase; still I find nowhere a passage so fortunate, so appealing, as that one haunting bit from "Paolo and Francesca"—a bit that swings into place with "Wordsworth's."

> "Old, unhappy, far-off things
> And battles long ago."

I refer to *Francesca's* category of the sorrows that have been wont to shake her heart:

> "Ancient woes,
> Sea-perils, or some long-ago farewells,
> Or the last sunset cries of wounded kings."

(John Lane Company, New York. $1.00.)

* * *

Molted Feathers

WE DISCOVER in the world only what we bring to it: the lion looking into the pool sees a lion, the jackal sees a jackal.

The divine life has in it a beautiful paradox. All spiritual possessions dwindle if we hoard them, increase if we share them.

In the great day of God that is coming, we shall not use men to make money: we shall use money to make men.

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

IN SPITE of the fact that the world sees the most wonderful advancement in every science, we are in some ways veering backward to old-fashioned things. The man who designs our fashions, finds, in the clothes of a century ago, such graceful lines and simplicity of drapery that the women of 1908 are more beautifully and becomingly clad than at any time during the last four decades. If ever feminine garb was ugly it was from the late sixties till the nineties. In the matter of cookery, we are going backwards to simpler living, more wholesome food and the less elaborate *menus* of our great-grandmothers. Last November, I asked a leading authority upon cookery and dietetics what she considered a perfectly up-to-date, well-balanced plan for a Thanksgiving dinner in a household of average means. You may be interested, even if this is April instead of November, in the bill of fare she gave me:

Back to Simpler Living

Oyster or Fruit Cocktail
Salted Pecans — Pimolas
Roast Turkey — Cranberry Sauce
Mashed Potatoes — Squash — Creamed Onions
Lettuce Salad — Crisp Wafers
Mince and Apple Pie — Cheese
Orange Ice — Cake
Fruit, Nuts, and Raisins — Bonbons
Coffee

"WHAT," I queried, "have you left out the time-honored, oyster soup, chicken pie, and Indian pudding?"

"I have," she answered, "because we are returning to common sense about food as well as other things. The joy of a Thanksgiving dinner does not lie in such repletion as we ascribe to a boa constrictor; it consists in good fellowship, the happiness of a family gathering, and the comfortable sense of having dined well. In the typical Thanksgiving dinner of ten, twenty, or thirty years ago, there really was no pleasure. If one tried to partake of each of the many courses, the only result was utter discomfort. A well-trained housewife of to-day makes up her *menu*, with various things in mind; it must be well balanced, so the body has a proper amount of nourishment; it must be palatable, tempting, be a meal of proper accompaniments, and just ample enough to satisfy. When it begins to have the elaborate appearance of a hotel *menu*, the art of planning a good dinner has not been attained, the meal is being degraded to the level of mere vulgar show."

Planning a Good Dinner

I MADE an interesting find recently in the shape of a housekeeping book compiled by one of the richest women in New York during 1803 and 1804. She was known as a rarely fine housewife and famous entertainer. In her book were *menus* for family affairs, stately dinners, and various gala occasions. It was marvelous how thoroughly she had mastered the secrets of a well-balanced meal, for in those days dietetics had never been heard of. She had always the choicest things in the market, but there never was vain elaboration. One of her society dinners, when every man at the table bore a name famous at that time, was as simple as the Thanksgiving *menu* I have quoted. To-day, society—the best society—is following in her footsteps, while in England they are cutting down elaborate *menus* even more ruthlessly than we are, in deference to King Edward. He now takes every possible care of his health, and gives first consideration to his stomach. He detests spending several hours at the table and a few courses are all of which he partakes.

Cutting Down the Menus

GEORGE ELIOT once said, "One must be poor to know the charity of giving." Ten or twelve years ago a group of college girls sat around a winter fire discussing the question, "What would I do with a million, if I owned it?" Not one of them at that day had the slightest prospect of wealth; the future held for them the necessity of earning an income. Each girl had tastes of pronounced individuality. Some would spend wealth on a lovely home, others on travel; one preferred books, another frankly said "beautiful clothes"; one looked forward to "a constant round of pleasure," several would use their money for art study; only one declared for the happiness to be found in doing deeds of charity. She would spend her million on the sick, the needy, and the downtrodden. To this very girl there came, a few years later, from a most unexpected source, a fortune, not of one million but of many. The woman's nature seemed to change, under the dazzling influence of wealth. She bought a splendid home, surrounded herself with every luxury that money could purchase, and her life became one of extravagance, display, and frivolity. Charities have ceased to turn to her for aid; she is frank enough to tell every applicant that she needs all the money for herself. Even a few old, needy relatives have never received a cent of bounty from her. It proves that none of us know our own natures intimately.

What Would You Do with It?

We can imagine what we would do under certain circumstances, but our dreams are as airy a fabric as the prophecy of a ragged urchin, who said: "If I was the little boy of a President, I 'd have a raspberry sody, five cents' worth o' peanuts, an' two lollipops every day o' my life."

DURING a recent talk with an interviewer, Minnie Maddern Fiske deplored the immense vogue as well as the influence of what might be called "the inconsequential play." She did not condemn the lurid or immoral drama, simply the play which is probably more largely presented on the American stage to-day than any other. She said: "It is strange to behold how insistently the old story-book play holds its place; the characterless, little nonentity of a play. Somehow it attracts a surprisingly intelligent class of people, who would ruthlessly bar from their libraries an utterly trashy novel." Mrs. Fiske is one of the keenest students of human nature and she knows intimately the audience of whom she speaks. It is made up of well-dressed, well-fed men and women, possessing comfortable homes and the self-respect which makes them good citizens.

Mrs. Fiske on Certain Plays

IF YOU could have a glimpse into many homes you would find, in the art and literature within their walls, the same characterless note which distinguishes the plays we have mentioned. Among the novels on the bookshelves you would probably discover a row of Dickens or some other classic. Only—Mark Twain says, "The classic is a book which everybody praises and nobody reads." The rest of the books are not absolutely trashy, they are like the plays which Mrs. Fiske denounces, "inconsequential." They may be amusing or exciting, they serve, as the play does, to while away a few hours pleasantly, but with how much profit? None at all, so far as one may judge. The pictures in such a home are equally inconsequential. Such homes, form the character, minds, and tastes of children in the same mold.

What We Find in Their Libraries

The world is so full of inconsequential people; young men and women who are honest, hard-working, and ambitious, so far as their ambition extends, but lacking in something—one scarcely knows what to call it—not exactly manliness or brain power, but something as intangible as magnetism or lack of magnetism.

Then America has so many pretty girls! They are exquisite of coloring, graceful of figure, sweet and amiable of expression, but there the beauty ends. There is no sparkle and glow of intelligence in their lovely eyes.

Money may have been spent lavishly in educating these girls and they may have absorbed all the education it was possible for them to take, but it left them just as they were in childhood, sweet, smiling, and beautiful. Their highest ambition is pretty clothes, admiration, "a good time," and a fashionable wedding. Then a young couple gather goods and chattels about them and found another inconsequential home. They may be so happy that it seems like cruel caviling to criticize, but there is one question one cannot help asking: "Where will it end?" One cannot expect much from such conditions.

It means another generation of human beings with taste and intelligence exactly on the plane of the father and mother.

To go back to the art of the inconsequential home. A great deal of the exceedingly crude pictures and tawdry bric-a-brac which disfigure the homes of to-day can be traced straight to the lurid "art" counters of our department and ten-cent stores. Every counter is a duplicate of the other, and all of them are horrors. Twenty years ago we did not buy everything—from a roast of beef to a *cloisonné* vase—under one roof. Then homes were not cluttered with the obnoxious "art" decorations of to-day. Pictures and bric-a-brac were purchased with due consideration, one at a time, for they were not cheap. They were gathered slowly and were of some account. Now the housewife who has a spare dollar is vanquished by the charms of the department store "art" counter. Things there are marked down to a mere nothing; so she goes home with an armful of stuff to add to an already over-decorated house—a gaudy plate, an idiotic poster picture, a tawdry imitation of tapestry, or, worse still, a vase which is called "Japanese."

Buying "Art" on Bargain Counters

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Several months ago, I spoke of the husbands who keep their wives penniless, and still come letters from men and women, to whom the theme appealed. From one woman I have had a pitiful plea that I exonerate her from having written the letter I quoted. "My husband has made life a misery for me ever since," she says, "because the situation is the same in our home; but you know it was not I who complained. It simply shows there are many women who have to endure what I do." I got soundly trounced by more than one man for holding up the American husband to view as "a miserly brute." They abused me for taking up cudgels on behalf of unreasonable wives, such sympathy only made them more discontented. From women who "manage" their husbands came advice to the young wife to begin business in the new household with a perfect understanding about money affairs. A clergyman says: "Go ahead, don't drop the subject. Show up the penurious husband in such a contemptible light that from very shame he will turn over a new leaf. During forty years of pastoral life, I have found more unhappiness caused in homes by a husband not sharing the income with his wife than by any other human failing—and I do not even except immorality. There is less immorality in the world than there is cruel selfishness."

To Those Who Wrote to Me

From women, however, came the most pitiful letters. They seemed to think I could help them. I can't. The minister can preach, the editor can put the truth into words, but it lies with each individual, with each household to master its own problems. Still one is deeply touched by the simple pathos of such a letter as this, a letter without a signature:

"I was very much interested by your article in the January number of Success Magazine. It was about the strongest putting of the question that I had ever read. I am sincerely glad to see so much agitation of this subject of the wife coming into her equal rights of her husband's property while she is alive; not waiting for an 'equal and just distribution' after somebody is dead. I am one of the wives who have ceased to ask for money; therefore I do without some of the absolute necessities of life. This is written on my last sheet of paper, there is not a postage stamp in the house, and I have not a cent. Unlike the woman whose letter you quoted, I am not permitted to run bills at two or three stores. If I ask for money, I meet with one of two moods; an angry refusal or an air of martyrdom and no money in either case. Both are equally galling to the spirit. Yet 'He' claims to be worth several thousands of dollars and outsiders tell me of his prosperity. I am going to seal and direct this, when I get enough money to buy a postage stamp, I will mail it."

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One cannot forget the piteous note in that sentence; "while she is alive." I have never attended a funeral, when I have not thought, "What a waste of beautiful flowers—now." We, who are alive are the only ones who can enjoy them. The fragrant, lovely display means nothing to the sightless dead. I stood one day beside a coffin, where a daughter was gazing with tear-dimmed eyes into the still face of her mother. The room was embowered with flowers. The woman said bitterly, "If these could only have been distributed through the long, bare, hard-working years of Mother's life, what a joy they would have been to her! She loved flowers intensely. I have known her to go into a florist's shop, just to smell and see the blossoms for ten minutes, and to come out looking happier for it. While she was alive, nobody who brought her these ever sent her a blossom. Why should they do it now? It is too late." There was a world of truth in it, just as there is in this sentence which I clipped to-day from a Mexican paper: "There are more people dying each day for the lack of a kind word, a pat on the back, and a little encouragement than there are from disease."

"A Rose to the Living"

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There is a great difference between contentment and a dead ambition.

Who rises every time he falls will sometime rise to stay.—*William Morris.*

The Engaged Girl and Others

By JANET FIELDS

There Are Many Who Need the Counsel of this Department. Write and It Will Be Cheerfully Given

I AM seventeen and have just left high school. My uncle offers to provide the means for two years more of education. At the end of that time I expect to marry a young man to whom I am engaged. I cannot decide whether to take a two years' college course, or take up some studies in domestic science which would aid in the care of a home, for I know nothing of housekeeping.

✦ ✦

INSTEAD of giving advice, let me tell you of a woman, who is a power in the city where she lives, in civic and social life as well as in her well-managed home. She became engaged when as young as you are, but a wise mother insisted that, before marrying, she should be educated along such lines as would teach her how to care for a home and family. She took a special course as nurse in a city hospital, and was taught how to nurse the sick, and treat emergency cases, and learned a good deal about simple medicines. Afterwards she took up dressmaking, cookery, and the general care of a house, putting into practice at home everything she learned. She still had leisure left for some social affairs and when she entered the new home it was not as the young wife who has everything of life's problems to learn; she possessed larger, more scientific knowledge than many a grandmotherly housekeeper. Somebody asked her once, if she ever regretted having missed a college course. "Never," she answered. "What on earth would astronomy, Greek, or any of the 'ologies' have done for me when a kitchen stove grew balky, when my little boy had to be nursed through scarlet fever, or the water pipes burst?"

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I EARN fifteen dollars a week as a stenographer. I have been engaged for three years to a young mechanic, who earns twenty dollars. We do not intend to marry until we own a home of our own. He has saved $1, 100, and I have $600 in the bank. In a year or so, we will have enough to build the little home we want and to furnish it. My friends say I am doing an idiotic thing to help toward earning a home. What do you think?

✦ ✦

IF the young man is worthy of your love and confidence —and I am sure he is—it is a most praiseworthy effort to work together for a home. You are both learning wise lessons of economy, then with such ambition and faith in each other, there is little chance of your drifting apart, either before or after marriage, as so many foolish young couples do. In a life partnership, the closer the financial confidence, the greater the peace and happiness of a home.

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I AM a Southern girl and my grandmother, sister, and I have little to live upon except what we raise upon a small farm. None of us has been trained to earn a living, but I have a chance to market all the small fruits I can raise. Grandmother objects strenuously. She says poverty is preferable, that no Southern gentleman, not even a Northerner would marry a girl who has worked outdoors. We have agreed to leave the decision with you.

✦ ✦

I UNDERSTAND fully your grandmother's view of the case. It is not wholly a Southern one. The woman, whose girlhood was spent early in the last century, was reared under such different conditions, with such different ideas that we can hardly appreciate how she feels. Since that day, women, forced by necessity or stirred by ambition, have gone into industries, which once were wholly usurped by men. They have shown, too, that when they put all their energy into the work, they can do as good work as men, in many a field of labor. Men have been forced to recognize and esteem working women accordingly, and the man who would allow the choice of a wife to be governed by the fact that she had once earned her living in any dignified, honest way would not be worth marrying. So far as outdoor work is concerned, there are thousands of cultured women raising from the soil all sorts of profitable crops, or rearing animals for the market. Our state agricultural colleges graduate every year hundreds of girls who are prepared, after the most scientific methods, to do outdoor work for a living. Two young college women in New Jersey earn an excellent income by raising fine pigs. A Wellesley College girl, left with no inheritance but a small New England farm, has fifteen acres producing such strawberries as command the highest market prices. Some young women have taken abandoned farms in New England and worked a wonderful transformation on them. These are cases which might be multiplied by the hundred.

I HAVE broken my engagment with a man for whom I could have had no lasting affection. He gave me a beautiful diamond engagement ring. I have returned all his presents except this. Would you send it back if you were in my place?

✦ ✦

I MOST certainly would! There is an unwritten law among honorable women that immediately upon breaking an engagement, all the gifts of a *fiancé* should be returned. Certainly, first of all comes the token of a pledge of marriage. I cannot understand why any girl should consider for a moment retaining the ring when an engagement is at an end, except from the same motive that made an Indian brave decorate his belt with scalps. I do not know the character of your late *fiancé*, but I hope for your sake he is not like a man I once knew. He found that the girl who jilted him was not willing to return a valuable engagement ring, so he brought suit against her for obtaining goods under false pretenses.

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I AM a business woman. My sister and I keep house together in a little apartment. I plan to be married here in a short time but am perplexed how to word our invitations. My sister is too young for a figurehead. It seems foolish when I bear the wedding expenses, to use the name of my only relative, an old aunt, who is a stranger to all my friends. Is there no form of invitation I could use without parading my own name as hostess?

✦ ✦

YOU could very properly issue your invitations without any one figuring as hostess. Here for instance, is a form which is quite correct.

Your presence is requested
at the marriage of
MARY GRAVES
to
ALEXANDER HUGHES
Thursday afternoon, April 16,
Nineteen hundred and eight
at one o'clock
389 West Calvert Street
Pittsburg, Pennsylvania

At Home,
After June 1,
76 Summer Avenue,
Harrisburg, Pennsylvania.

✲ ✲

A STRICT Methodist upbringing has made me intolerant of card-playing and smoking. Still I am engaged to a young man who indulges in these things moderately. He is so devoted to me that I am trying to overcome his bad habits, but it seems almost useless. The problem faces me whether it is better to give him up now or marry him in the hope of making him live down his vices.

✦ ✦

I SHOULD scarcely call his habits "vices." If a man who has worked hard all day finds relaxation in nothing worse than a harmless game of cards, or a pipe, I should say you have the prospect of a good husband, provided—he loses none of his devotion for you. This is where the problem lies. Many homes are made unhappy by the husband or wife being as you term it "intolerant." Frequently the husband who might have spent a happy, comfortable life, indulging mildly in his few "vices," goes, driven by constant nagging and rebuke, hot foot to excess and ruin. Wise, gentle women have married men, who had sunk to such depths that one waited dubiously to see what the future held for them. But the work of such women was done so lovingly, so prudently, that they saved a life and a soul, bringing back the manliness and self-respect which had long been lost. I think now, in particular, of one rarely good woman, an actress, who married a man in her own profession. He had allowed drink to conquer him so terribly that it seemed as if a hopeless, heart-breaking task lay before her. Slowly, however, aided by infinite love and patience, she lifted him back to a place among his peers, men of genius and nobility. The talents he had half wrecked, began to live again. America remembers him with affection and gratitude for his work as dramatist and actor. That woman's lifework was certainly worth while, only her love had no intolerance in it.

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WOULD you advise me to begin housekeeping with a mother-in-law in our home? We have no prospect of getting married unless my husband supports his mother as he does to-day.

✦ ✦

THE mother-in-law question, thanks to the funny columns of American papers, has

become, as Mark Twain would call it, a "root joke." Consequently it is the bogy of every young wife. It is too bad, because it brands every woman, fierce or gentle, whose son takes unto himself a wife, a genuine old harridan. It is a mighty hard subject to give advice upon, because the settlement of the whole affair lies with the individual man or woman. It is always the best plan for a young couple to begin life alone, but, if that is not possible, both women must look the situation in the face and try, instead of antagonizing one another, to make home the blessedest place on earth for the man they both love. The young wife should remember that the day may arrive for her to become a mother-in-law, then if she puts herself in the mother's place she will realize what a wrench it is to give up the reins of home to a newcomer as well as to share the love of the boy she idolizes. When perfect fusion is achieved, the mother-in-law becomes a comfort, a gentle helpmate, and sunshine in a home.

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WE LIVE in a beautiful New England village, and have an old-fashioned house with shaded grounds about it. I am to be married in June. Would it be too great an innovation to have an outdoor wedding?

✦ ✦

NO, INDEED, it would be a charming plan, and might set a fashion in your vicinity for the simplicity which makes a wedding really delightful. Occasionally in America one hears of outdoor weddings, but they are an everyday occurrence in English villages. In fine weather, the ceremony takes place in the village church, the wedding party coming and going afoot, attended by their friends, with little maids of honor to scatter flowers in the path of the bride and bridegroom. If one has spacious grounds and trees or other foliage to insure privacy, the ceremony may be performed on the lawn amid gorgeous shrubs and June flowers. Do not mar the effect by an artificial decoration of palms and hothouse plants. Daisies and laurel are far more beautiful. The wedding breakfast can be set on tables under the trees and the whole affair made perfectly charming.

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MY AUNT gave me at Christmas a bride's linen chest and I am beginning to stock it. I have not much money to spend but I can do beautiful handwork. Would you tell me what I need for a small home?

✦ ✦

WATCH the linen sales at your city stores. A careful shopper can make a few dollars go a long way by that method. In selecting material ask to see that which has been laundered; you will have a better idea of the quality if the dressing is washed out of it. A modest stock of linen would consist of one dozen sheets, one dozen pillow cases, four bedspreads, six Turkish towels, two dozen towels, four bureau scarfs, six tablecloths, one dozen dinner napkins, two dozen small napkins, one dozen small fringed napkins, four tray cloths, two sideboard covers, and as many doilies, of varied sizes, as can be afforded. Although the linen chest is not their final repository, provide liberally of kitchen necessities, even if you have to economize on finer linen. You will require one dozen cup towels, one dozen glass towels, six roller towels, and one dozen cheese-cloth dusters. You might add a laundry bag for the table linen, six dishcloths, a clothespin apron, six holders, and four cotton-flannel bags to fit over the broom, for sweeping polished floors.

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I HAVE just returned from a visit at the home of my *fiancé*. His mother, who is an Englishwoman, waits on her sons like a slave, and they seem to expect it. She brushes and presses their clothes, picks up after them everywhere, and attends so assiduously to their wants at the table that she never gets a bite till her food is cold. She even polishes their shoes—with blacking and a brush! I draw the line at that, and almost dread the prospect of marrying one of her sons; he may expect such services of me.

✦ ✦

HAVE a perfectly honest talk with your sweetheart. Don't disparage his mother, but let him know he must give a certain amount of care to his belongings. Begin with the first day of home-keeping as you expect to continue. The upbringing of a husband is very much like the upbringing of a child. In a house, where I once visited, the husband went every morning to the head of the stairs and called to his busy wife, "Margaret do you know where my clean collars are?" Every morning, she replied, "Yes, dear, your collars are in the left-hand corner of the third drawer, in the tall bureau." Then she remarked to me with a wistful smile, "John has asked me that question every morning for twenty-two years." When a wife allows herself—as that woman did—to become a human card index, she has nobody but herself to blame.

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A TRUTH

By Ella Morris

Here is a Truth I hurl at you:
Where Laughter is, Success is, too.

THE EDITOR'S CHAT

The Good Will Habit

THE habit of holding the good will, kindly attitude of mind toward everybody has a powerful influence upon the character. It lifts the mind above petty jealousies and meannesses; it enriches and enlarges the whole life. Wherever we meet people, no matter if they are strangers, we feel a certain kinship with and friendliness for them, greater interest in them, if we have formed the good will habit. We feel that if we only had the opportunity of knowing them, we should like them.

In other words, the kindly habit, the good will habit makes us feel more sympathy for everybody. And if we radiate this helpful, friendly feeling, others will reflect it back to us.

On the other hand, if we go through life with a cold, selfish mental attitude, caring only for our own, always looking for the main chance, only thinking of what will further our own interests, our own comforts, totally indifferent to others, this attitude will, after a while, harden the feelings and marbleize the affections, and we shall become dry, pessimistic, and uninteresting.

The Good Will Habit

Try this year to hold the kindly, good will attitude toward everybody. If your nature is hard you will be surprised to see how it will soften under the new influence. You will become more sympathetic, more charitable toward others' weaknesses and failings, and you will grow more magnanimous and wholesouled. The good will attitude will make us more lovable, interesting, and helpful. Others will look upon us in the same way in which we regard them. The cold, crabbed, unsocial, selfish person finds the same qualities reflected from others.

How much better it is to go through life with a warm heart, with kindly feelings toward everybody, radiating good will and good cheer wherever we go! Life is short at most, and what a satisfaction it is to feel that we have scattered flowers instead of thorns, that we have tried to be helpful and kind instead of selfish and churlish.

The world builds its monuments to the unselfish, the helpful, and if these monuments are not in marble or bronze, they are in the hearts of those whom their inspirers have cheered, encouraged, and helped.

All of us, no matter how poor we may be, whether we have succeeded or failed in our vocations, can be great successes in helpfulness, in radiating good will, good cheer, and encouragement.

Everybody can be a success in the good will business, and it is infinitely better to fail in our vocation and to succeed in this, than to accumulate great wealth and be a failure in helpfulness, in a kindly, sympathetic attitude toward others.

The habit of wishing everybody well, of feeling like giving everybody a Godspeed, ennobles and beautifies the character wonderfully, magnifies our ability, and multiplies our mental power.

We were planned on lines of nobility; we were intended to be something grand; not mean and stingy, but large and generous; we were made in God's image that we might be God-like.

Selfishness and greed dwarf our natures and make us mere apologies of the men and women God intended us to be. The way to get back to our own, to regain our lost birthright, is to form a habit of holding the kindly, helpful, sympathetic, good will attitude toward everybody.

* * *

When Hate Is Met with Hate

How little we realize when we hurl thunderbolts of hatred toward another that these terrible thought shafts always come back and wound the sender, that all the hateful, revengeful, bitter thoughts intended for another are great javelins hurled at ourselves!

How many people go through life lacerated and bleeding from these thrusts which were intended for others!

Think of what people who refuse to speak to another, because of some fancied grievance or wrong, are really doing to themselves! How this venom intended for another poisons their own minds and cripples their efficiency!

A kindly feeling, a feeling of good will toward another, is our best protection against bitter hatred or injurious thoughts of any kind. Nothing can penetrate the love shield, the good will shield. We are unharmed behind that.

It does not matter what feelings of revenge and jealousy a person may have toward us, if we hold the love thought, the charitable thought toward him, his javelins of hate will glance from us, fly back and wound only himself.

How easily, beautifully, and sweetly some people go through life, with very little to jar them or to disturb their equanimity. They have no discord in their lives because their natures are harmonious. They seem to love everybody, and everybody loves them. They have no enemies, hence little suffering or trouble.

Others, with ugly, crabbed, cross-grained dispositions, are always in hot water. They are always misunderstood. People are constantly hurting them. They generate discord because they are discordant themselves.

* * *

The Glory of Life

THE human race is still in its infancy. Up to the present moment, with a few grand exceptions, man has lived mostly an animal existence. The brute is only partially educated out of him. He has not yet evolved that superb character, that diviner man, foreshadowed in the beast.

How few people ever get anything more than a mere glimpse of the true glory of life! Few of us see any real sentiment in life or anything above the real animal existence and animal pleasures. Most of us look upon our occupation as a disagreeable necessity that somehow or other ought to have been, and might have been avoided.

The trouble with many of us is that we think too meanly of ourselves. Our sordid aims, and material, selfish ambitions, have so lowered our standards that we think downwards instead of upwards, we grovel instead of soaring.

Our lives are materialistic, selfish, greedy, because we live in the base of our brains, down among the brute faculties. We have never explored to any great extent the upper regions of our brain, never developed our higher intelligence.

Many people cannot understand why an all-powerful Creator did not start the world with a highly developed civilization,—why we could not just as well have been provided with all of the facilities and improvements which we now have, without the struggling with poverty, and the straining to overcome our ignorance, without paying all the penalties of our lack of knowledge. They cannot understand why an all-loving and all-powerful Creator could not have spared us all this dreary drudgery, saved us the necessity of spending the most of our lives in doing disagreeable work, in preparing to live.

But getting a living was intended to be a mere incident, instead of the principal occupation of our lives. There are numberless indications in our make-up that we were intended for a much finer, diviner purpose than the most of us appreciate. There is every indication in our constitution that we were intended for something infinitely superior to anything which human beings have yet attained.

Our very possession of the sense of nobility, our aspiring, reaching up instinct, our unlimited capacity for everything beautiful and grand, are indications that there was a superb purpose, a divine plan in the Creator's human design.

* * *

Lemon Squeezers

WE ALL know people whose particular occupation seems to be to squeeze the sour out of everything. They never see anything sweet. Everything is bitter to them.

They cannot enjoy a friend because of his faults. His

mistakes and weaknesses loom up so large that they cannot appreciate the good in him. They cannot see the man God intended, perfect and immortal; they see only the deformed, diseased, crippled, handicapped man who, in their opinion, will never come to any good.

Nor do they see the world that God made. The beauty that looks out of the landscape, from the trees that rustle in the wind, that is wrapped in the flower, is lost to them. They only see the floods, the fire, the earthquakes, the lightnings, the wrecks which destroy. They are blind to beauty. It is all covered up in the ugly, the forbidding. They do not hear the infinite harmonies that entrance the ear that is in tune with the infinite. This is all lost to them in the discord of their thoughts.

These people are habitual fretters, borrowers of trouble. They have never learned to enjoy God's medicine—mirth and joy. To them, the joy of the dance is lost in the possible sin. They have never learned the joy of living, the exulting pleasure that comes from the unspeakable privilege of being. They take life too seriously. They never learn the secret of the laughter cure, or the tonic of joy.

These people seem to have a genius for anticipating evil. The weather looks bad, the season is too wet or too dry, and the crops are likely to be poor. It is going to be a bad year for business; money will be hard or tight. They can always see a storm coming on the horizon. Their imaginations are wonderfully prolific in all sorts of gloomy predictions.

People who are always seeing disaster in the future, who are afraid that their families or their friends are going to be killed in railroad wrecks, or burned up, or wrecked in steamships, who predict hard times and poor crops and poverty, never amount to much, because their pessimism strangles their possibilities. The mind becomes a magnet and attracts the realities of the very thoughts and sentiments that prevail there and dominate it.

These people do not realize what a great part hope plays in success and happiness. They do not understand that people who always see good things coming, who believe the best of everybody, who believe that there are great and good things in store for them, who think abundance and good times, are likely to realize what they expect, for they put themselves in a success and happiness attitude. Their minds look in the right direction, and thus they attract the things which they long for.

Nothing has power to attract things unlike itself. Like attracts like. Everything radiates its own quality, and attracts things which are akin. If a man wants to be wealthy and happy, he must think the happy thought; he must hold the abundance thought and not limit himself. He who has a mortal dread and fear of poverty generally gets it.

The young man who starts out with a determination to make himself comfortable, to surround himself with abundance, who builds his foundation as though he expected a large, generous superstructure, is much more likely to succeed than the man who does not prepare for much, who does not believe there is anything great in store for him.

Stop thinking trouble if you want to attract its opposite. Stop thinking poverty if you want to attract wealth. Do not have anything to do with the things you have been fearing. They are fatal enemies of your advancement. Cut them off. Expel them from your mind. Think the opposite thoughts just as persistently as you can, and you will be surprised to see how soon you will become a magnet to attract the very things you long for.

It is astonishing how a poor boy with no chance, even in the midst of an iron environment, begins to attract success to himself by constantly and persistently holding to his ambition, dreaming of the future he longs for, thinking of it, struggling toward it. He increases his power of attraction more and more by the longing and the struggling and working toward the desired goal, even when he cannot see the light.

A fatal penalty awaits those who always look on the dark side of everything, who are always predicting evil and failure, who see only the seamy, disagreeable side of life; they draw upon themselves what they see, what they look for.

The plants of prosperity and happiness will not thrive in such an atmosphere. They will never bear fruit when blighted and chilled by the winds of pessimism. The conditions must be congenial, or there will be no flowering or fruitage.

* * *

He Was Done—but Did Not Stop

A LONG-WINDED member of the Massachusetts Legislature was delivering an address in the Town Hall of a village near Boston. An old Scotchman, after listening for some time, arose and left the hall. One of his countrymen, who was waiting at the door with a hack to drive the speaker to the station, asked: "Is he done yet, Sandy?" "Ay," Sandy replied, "he 's done lang ago, but he will na stop."

One of the great faults of Americans is that they talk too much and think too little. Many people fear that if they do not talk they will be thought foolish or ill-mannered, so they keep jabbering away whether they say anything or not.

MUNICIPAL BONDS

Their Safety and Value as an Investment. How They May Be Bought and Sold. What they Earn

By CHARLES LEE SCOVIL

THERE is no form of investment in this world that is safer than the bonds of the United States Government. In view of the fact, however, that such bonds sell at prices to yield less than 2 per cent., they are rarely purchased by individual investors, who cannot afford, except in special cases, to accept so small a return upon their capital. The great bulk of the bonds of the United States Government are used by national banks, which must, as soon as organized, provide themselves with a certain amount of such bonds. The amount is dependent upon the capitalization of the bank. If the capital be $150,000 or less, the bank must deposit with the Treasurer of the United States bonds equal to one fourth of the amount. If the capital be in excess of $150,000, the amount of bonds deposited must be at least $50,000. United States Government bonds are also used by national banks, under carefully guarded legal restrictions, for the purpose of taking out circulation. In fact, in more ways than one, government bonds are the foundation upon which our national credit is constructed.

The Foundation of National Credit

MANY authorities claim that municipal bonds of the best type rank next to government bonds in point of safety, placing them even ahead of state bonds. While a bondholder can bring legal action against a municipality, he cannot sue a sovereign state, although one state can sue another. Some states have no debts; others, comparatively few; and still others have a considerable amount of outstanding obligations. However, the floating supply of state bonds in the market is relatively small, and those available command high prices.

The Safety of Municipal Bonds

Municipal bonds are direct obligations of cities, towns, counties or school districts, and are usually issued for purposes of a public character, such as water works, courthouses, schools, parks, sewers, street paving, etc. The bonds are issued in accordance with the laws of the different states, and have behind them all of the real and personal property of all the citizens of the municipality. Moreover, the bonds represent the credit and good faith of the entire community, and can usually be issued only with the consent of the taxpaying voters. The payment of the principal and interest is provided by taxation, and, in most cases, it is customary to create a sinking fund, whereby there is set aside each year a sum of money sufficient to retire the bonds at or before maturity. When municipal bonds are issued to pay for improvements likely to suffer heavy depreciation before the bonds mature, it is the consensus of opinion that either a sinking fund should be created, or the bonds issued in serial form, thus making it certain that a certain proportion of the total issue will be retired each year.

THE administration of the affairs of a municipality must be conducted, in many respects, along lines similar to those of any well-ordered business firm or corporation. Sometimes a city has its own enterprises to maintain and safeguard. For example, New York City owns ferries, subways, docks, etc. A part of these the city itself operates; others are leased to private individuals or concerns. In any event, to be successful, and without burden to the taxpayers, they must yield a return sufficient to compensate for the capital invested in them.

What a Municipality May Own

Then again, there are the schools and the libraries, the parks, the fire department, and a vast number of other interests, all of which are of prime importance to the welfare and happiness of a community. The money with which to establish and maintain these things is furnished by the citizens as a whole, through the medium of taxation. The question of financing is, therefore, just as necessary in the case of a municipality as with a great railroad or any large corporation or business enterprise. This will serve to indicate to the reader why it is most important for the citizens of a municipality to elect to office men of high principles, and who possess, at the same time, the ability and the training, the character and the disposition to protect, at all times and under all circumstances, the great responsibilities entrusted to their safekeeping.

IN PRACTICALLY all states the indebtedness of municipalities must be limited to a certain percentage of the assessed valuation of their real estate liable to taxation. The percentage varies with different states, but the maximum is about 10 per cent., as in New York State, for example. This limitation does not apply to the water debt of municipalities, for the reason that such an improvement is a public necessity and the revenue derived from the sale of water is sufficiently large, ordinarily, to meet the carrying charges and provide for the retirement of the debt at maturity.

The Indebtedness of a City

THE great element of strength in municipal bonds, all other things being equal, lies in the imperative duty of the municipality to levy a tax upon all of the property within its limits to provide for the payment of the interest and the principal as they become due. In other words, the bondholders have a prior lien against taxes, which takes precedence over all other obligations, whether contracted in advance of or subsequent to the issuance of the bonds.

Taxation Increases a Bond's Value

Before a municipality can sell an issue of bonds it must publicly advertise the offering, and carefully define the purposes for which they are to be issued. Moreover, their legality must be passed upon by competent attorneys. This is an indispensable requirement, and, so far as the individual investor is concerned, it should be the primary consideration. A mistake with respect to the legality of the issuance of the bonds might not only harm the innocent investor, or, at least, occasion him considerable annoyance, but it might also result, and, in all probability would, in the municipality being compelled to accept a lower price for the bonds, if it were necessary to cancel the issue and authorize a second offering, added to which would be the money wasted in the preparation and advertising of the original issue.

IT IS easy of belief that on account of these features most individual investors prefer to purchase municipal bonds through investment bankers or bond dealers. In fact, in most instances, practically all of any issue of municipal bonds is purchased by investment firms and resold by them to their clients. Naturally, the bond dealer, through long experience, and through having behind him the facilities for safeguarding himself against the purchase of an undesirable issue, is well qualified to determine the safety and intrinsic value of any specific offering of municipal bonds. He must, of necessity, be a good judge of values. No matter whether he buys the bonds through private sale or competitive bidding, he is forced to bid sufficiently high to secure any part of an issue. On the other hand, if he bids too high, he is almost certain to be compelled to carry the bonds for an indefinite period. Of course, this is true, more or less, of all classes of bonds purchased by dealers, including those of railroads and other corporations; but the competitive feature is usually more acutely emphasized in the case of municipal bonds, on account of the very wide publicity governing the offering.

How Such Bonds Are Bought

THEN again, it is a well-known fact that many firms making a specialty of municipal bonds will not bid upon issues offered by the smaller municipalities until after an expert representative has visited the town or city and made a personal and careful investigation. In addition, the firm usually has its own attorney, or one whose reputation for experience in such matters is beyond

Why a Broker Is Protected

question, pass upon the legality of the issue. If the bonds are finally purchased, the firm is usually prepared to submit a copy of the opinion to the prospective buyer.

Well-informed investors are familiar with the discrimination always exercised by responsible firms in the purchase of municipal bonds. It is for this reason that they usually prefer to buy through such sources. The slight advance in the cost of the bonds over the price received by the municipality is more than offset by the feeling of reassurance in the investor's mind. This is inspired by his confidence in the fact that the bankers would not have purchased the bonds in the first place unless they were entirely convinced of the legality and the intrinsic investment value of the issue. The comprehensive organizations of the firms transacting business along modern lines, and the great distributing powers they have through the large number of clients served, make it possible for them to supply municipal bonds at a comparatively small profit over the original purchase price; and this fact is equally true as applied to the bonds of railroad, public utility, industrial, and other corporations.

IT IS important for investors to remember that municipal bonds, like all other forms of investment, represent various degrees of safety, ranging from those of a "gilt edge" quality to others of a highly speculative order. Bonds of large and important cities, like New York, Boston, Philadelphia, etc., are exempt from taxation within the city limits. In practically all states, savings banks and trustees are allowed to invest in municipal issues within their own borders; while those of some few cities are legal investments for such funds in other states. Savings banks are just as rigidly restricted by law in their investments in municipal bonds as in the case of railroad bonds.

The Range in the Value of Bonds

The prices at which municipal bonds sell vary in accordance with the extent of the security afforded and the investment demand. In common with all other investments, they suffered proportionately heavy declines in the panic of 1907. Generally speaking, however, since they are purchased, primarily, for permanent investment, and, as in the case of many other classes of bonds, closely held by investors, the declines for the best issues were not anywhere near as extensive as in the case of many other bonds of active market. At the same time, those of the large cities, like New York, for example, have an active market and can be disposed of, one might say, almost instantly. There is undoubtedly a large demand on the part of savings banks and individual investors for the best issues of municipal bonds, although it is the consensus of opinion that a sum of money wisely invested is usually distributed as equally as possible among different kinds of bonds; municipal, railroad, public utilities, etc.

THE bonds of the city of Boston are now selling at prices to yield about 3.80 per cent.; Philadelphia about 3.75 per cent.; Chicago and St. Louis, about 4 per cent., and New York City about 4¼ per cent. Municipal bonds of many other cities are now selling at prices to yield about this same rate of income, and are generally recognized as being representative of the best class of such investments. On the other hand, there are desirable issues that sell at prices to yield about 4½ to 5 per cent. Broadly speaking, municipal bonds offered at prices to yield a higher rate of income than 5 per cent. should not be purchased without the recommendation of responsible dealers.

Some Prices Now Being Quoted

Assessment bonds, as a class, are limited obligations, in that they are usually issued to provide funds for regulating and paving streets, building sewers, and all other work done by contract, the money to pay for which is collected by assessment from the owners of the property benefited by the work. Broadly speaking, they do not usually rank, from point of security, with other bonds of the same municipality, in that they do not have behind them the full faith and credit of the entire city.

LOCAL improvement bonds, when legally issued for improvements of streets, are frequently regarded as very good investments; but the value of the abutting property should be greater than the total assessment. Buyers of local improvement bonds should satisfy themselves that the steps leading up to their issuance have been taken strictly in accordance with the law. Many purchasers of such bonds have lost considerable money through neglecting, in times past, to thoroughly examine into this feature. The individual investor should not purchase such bonds until satisfied that the legality of their issuance has been certified to by thoroughly competent attorneys. Furthermore, the value of the property abutting the streets should also be certified to by independent appraisers. These precautions are sometimes neglected by dealers, owing to the fact that the issues of such bonds are usually comparatively small.

Be Sure of a Correct Issuance

REVENUE bonds are sometimes issued by municipalities in anticipation of the payment of taxes, with the expectation that they will be redeemed after collections have been made. Consequently, they do not run, ordinarily, for more than six months, and are distinctly a short-term investment. Sometimes they are issued to provide money for the special needs of a municipality, which might not have been taken into account when the budget for the current year was prepared, in which case, they are usually retired out of the tax levy covering the year next succeeding their issue.

Revenue Bonds and Their Profits

Revenue bonds are issued to yield various rates of interest, depending upon the existing condition of the money market. For example, in recent times those of New York City have been issued at rates ranging from about 4 per cent. to 6 per cent. Revenue bonds are generally regarded as having practically the same intrinsic value as other bonds issued by the same municipality. The reason why they usually sell at prices to yield a higher rate of income is on account of the limited time they have to run.

No More Investigations

THE thousands of letters which are being received from our readers concerning investments, assure us of the confidence that is being placed in SUCCESS MAGAZINE in trying to set our readers aright regarding the best place in which to put their money. The appreciation shown by those who have been helped by our investment department is gratifying to us. In our humble way we have made an earnest effort to acknowledge this confidence and appreciation, and it has been our pleasure to reply to all inquiries as promptly and intelligently as possible.

OUR earnestness and enthusiasm have carried us to a point beyond which we simply cannot go, and we find it absolutely necessary, in justice to ourselves, to discontinue making investigations for our subscribers. The inquiries received are too numerous and of such a widely varied nature, that we are unable to do justice to them without a large and expensive organization for this purpose only. We do not believe that there is a publication in existence that has been called upon to get from under such a heavy burden of mail. We have met and conquered it for eighteen months, but at last we must throw up our hands. This we deeply regret, for it has been one of the most interesting, as well as one of the most thoroughly educational experiences we have ever had.

DURING these eighteen months of investigation we have compiled data and valuable information concerning at least three hundred companies doing business in this country. This information we do not propose to keep from our subscribers, and we are glad to let them have it free of charge, but we shall have to discontinue investigating any more concerns.

We shall be just as active, and keep in just as close touch with the investment field as ever, and shall be happy indeed to continue giving advice to our subscribers concerning the handling of their surplus funds. But please do not look to us for detailed reports, unless it should be that your inquiry concerns some one of the companies already investigated. In such cases you are welcome to our findings.

OUR effort has been to direct the attention of our readers to sound, seasoned securities, where a market has been established, and where they are acceptable to banks as collateral, and to make unpopular the form of investment which is unquestionably bringing about a great deal of suffering, unrest, and dissatisfaction among the small investors of this country.

The methods of the financial faker heve had much of our attention for the past fifteen months. We do not propose to "let up" on him, and we are going to continue to make life as uncomfortable for him as possible. There is no reason why the small investor of this country should not take care of the large borrowers of money, who have intrinsic value to put behind their needs.

What It Means to Live in a Land of Freedom

A MEMBER of the New York Legislature says that a Russian citizen of Albany, told him that every time he came out of his house he felt like getting down and kissing the very stones in the pavement, he was so glad to stand upon a free soil and to know that his children would have an opportunity to become American citizens. He said that Americans do not appreciate their liberty because they are born to it; but that he regarded it as an inestimable boon to have the opportunity to bring his family from Russia to this land of freedom and opportunity.

We who enjoy American citizenship do not realize what freedom means to these people, who dream of it, perhaps for years, before they get here.

Artificial Stone for Building Homes

By H. B. BAKER

A modern dwelling, with cellar, built of concrete blocks at a cost of $6,550

With the gradual depletion of our forests and the consequent increasing scarcity of lumber, with the rapidly rising cost of brick and stone, there has come a demand for a new building material—a material that will be cheap and accessible, that will withstand fire and weather and the ravages of time. In answer to this demand there has grown up in this country, within a very few years, a new industry: manufacturing concrete blocks for the building of houses. So rapidly has this innovation taken hold, so large has this new industry become, that it looks as though building operations were about to undergo a great revolution. Perhaps the present century may sometime be known as the era of concrete, the age of artificial stone.

Like most of our innovations, the building of concrete houses comes down to us from ancient times. The Pantheon at Rome was filled with concrete and has a towering concrete arch still in a state of perfect preservation. The Aurelian Wall about Rome, ten miles long, is of concrete, as are also the Pools of King Solomon, near Jerusalem, still perfectly preserved and in use. Ireland's Lookout Towers, built by the Druids over a thousand years ago, are composed of this material, and there are many who believe that the Pyramids of Egypt were built of concrete, turned by time into the semblance of natural stone. Some of the greatest marine constructions of modern times, like the Eddystone Lighthouse in England and the base of our own Statue of Liberty, are of cement construction. All of these structures have proven that concrete is one of the most durable building materials in existence.

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It was not, however, until machines were invented that would produce concrete blocks of convenient size and produce them cheaply that concrete began to come into general use, and it was not until hollow blocks were produced that its use became really popular. Cement, in its various forms, we have long used for sidewalks and curbings, where we found it cheaper and more durable than natural stone; we even employed it in making floors. But since people do not walk upon walls or hang from ceilings, we could not bring ourselves to employing cement in the building of houses.

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But now all of that has changed. In 1882, only 185,000 barrels of Portland cement (the material most popular in concrete construction) were used in the United States; in 1907, the number was estimated at 35,000,000. In 1900, concrete building blocks were practically unknown in the United States; now there are several thousand firms and individuals engaged in their manufacture.

The making of artificial stone is carried on by a great variety of methods, which may be roughly divided into two classes: "pouring," that of using an abundance of water, and machine, or dry molding. Pouring was the first method to gain prominence. It consists of adding enough water to the cement mixture to make it plastic and of pouring the plastic mass into molds. One great objection to this method of building has always been the waste of the lumber used in making the molds. Another objection frequently raised is that "poured" cement dries too slowly and does not secure its strength quickly enough.

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"Dry" tamping, or the making of cement blocks with a smaller portion of water, is a much more popular method. With proper treatment sprinkling and seasoning—a very strong and durable block is made in from twenty to thirty days, with a somewhat longer time for ornamental work. The only drawback to this method of artificial stone manufacture is that the process must be a very careful one, and that an ignorant or careless workman might make very imperfect blocks.

Opinion as to the proper constituents of concrete and as to their respective proportions is almost as varied as the number of manufacturers, and cannot be discussed here. Portland cement seems to be most in favor for block making, and clean sand, or gravel, or stone screenings, are used according to the geographical location and the nature of the work required. Often a small proportion of hydrate of lime is added. Blocks are made in machines, of which there are many on the market, varying in devices for molding blocks of different shapes and sizes and for imprinting ornamental designs. Some machines add to the blocks a "facing," or thin layer of smooth colored or waterproofing substance, which permits a saving of the more expensive material. Other manufacturers prefer to make the blocks of the same composition throughout. Most machines make a block from sixteen to twenty-four inches in length and from six to twelve inches in thickness. Special machines for making sills, lintels, cornices, steps, etc., are readily obtainable.

But what is the use of all this? Why are we deserting a building material that has served us so long for a substance we have never seen except in sidewalks and cellars?

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THE first and perhaps the most important consideration is the cost. In this connection it is claimed that concrete construction can be obtained at half the cost of brick and at one fourth the cost of stone. While wooden buildings can in most places be erected at a smaller initial cost, the durability of concrete and the avoidance of the expense of painting and repairs are believed to more than compensate.

There are many elements that enter into this economy. The blocks are, as a rule, made in the neighborhood of the building. Since sand or gravel are usually obtainable, and since only the cement has to be transported, the cost for freight is materially reduced. The hollow interior of the blocks permits an economy of material, and their size permits cheaper workmen to

An automobile garage built of dark-red concrete blocks

build faster than highly paid bricklayers and stone masons.

Less mortar is required, and there is no waste as there is in dressing stone. So much for the initial cost. The durability of concrete construction makes repairs unnecessary, and there is, of course, no expense for painting.

Another very important consideration is the fire-resisting qualities of concrete. For a long time concrete has formed the principal feature of the fire-proof construction in our large modern buildings. The safety to be obtained from the construction of an entire house of concrete can readily be imagined. How many of our conflagrations—*amounting in a year to our total annual building bill*—could be avoided if our buildings were made of concrete instead of highly inflammable wood, or brick with wooden interior structure! Besides the feeling of safety, the owner of a concrete house can obtain much better fire-insurance rates than if his building is of wood.

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ANOTHER advantage claimed for concrete construction is that of strength. Tests made in various technical schools show that hollow concrete blocks will stand a strain of from 1,500 to 3,000 pounds per square inch before being crushed. A wall of good concrete is as strong or stronger than a brick wall of equal thickness.

The hollows in the concrete block are a very important feature of the new building material. It has long been known that hollow spaces within a wall prevent rapid changes in temperature. The tendency of the new form of construction is, therefore, to make houses warmer in winter and cooler in summer. The hollow spaces provide an easy means for running pipes and electric wires. These spaces may also be used wholly or in part for heating and ventilating flues. On the other hand, the solid blocks seem to be more desirable for large buildings and for various kinds of public works where great strength is necessary.

The absence of decomposable substances tends to make concrete construction vermin-proof. There is little doubt that the general use of concrete would result in better sanitation and make for the health of the community.

Concrete is constantly growing in favor for sewer-pipe construction. In one Western city two hundred out of three hundred miles of sewer pipes are made of this material. It is claimed that these sewer pipes are more durable than vitrified ones, and are sold on the same price list.

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CONCRETE construction is especially popular with builders of dairies and creameries, where the question of sanitation is a vital one, and of garages where fire-proof construction is necessary. It is being used a great deal in the construction of silos, circular, air-tight buildings for preservation of green food for cattle. In isolated rural communities where fire protection is inadequate, concrete construction is growing rapidly in favor. Its use is by no means confined to rural communities, however. A factory of fifteen buildings has recently been completed in a Western city and a concrete sky-scraper has just been finished on one of the busiest corners of New York City. There are any number of churches, hospitals, depots, and warehouses that are built of concrete. Concrete is being used more widely every year in the construction of bridges and culverts, and the United States Government has specified concrete, instead of masonry, in all its new contracts for docks and breakwaters.

Why, then, is concrete not in more general use for the building of dwellings? It has made rapid strides in the past six years, but why did not the movement receive its impetus long ago? Perhaps one reason why artificial stone did not find more immediate favor for home building is that the earlier concrete dwellings were unmistakably ugly. Very often they were cheap and very bad imitations of stone. It is doubtful whether even that condition, had it continued, would have weighed long with a people so prone to sacrifice appearance to comfort and utility. But it did not continue. With the keen competition that has grown up among the makers of concrete block machinery, more attention has been paid to making beautiful houses. By building molds with attractive designs, by selecting materials that will give an excellent imitation of stone, by developing the manufacture of colored concrete, and by widening the facilities for making ornamental trimmings, the concrete makers have succeeded in building homes that are beautiful to look at. There is bound to be still more improvement in this line. Then, when we compare these newer buildings with the unsightly wooden and brick structures which they replace, we can readily believe that the new movement will make for a higher standard of beauty in our architecture.

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IF THEY do succeed in making concrete houses, either by "pouring" or by block construction, so cheap as to be within the reach of most of our working population, they will have a far-reaching effect upon our social conditions. The problem of housing is one of the most serious with which our large cities have to contend. If small cottages can be built so cheaply as to overcome the cost of transit, what a movement there will be from the crowded tenements to the suburbs; what an increase there will be in the health and safety and happiness of our working people! Here is an opportunity for philanthropic men of wealth—or, better still, for the municipalities themselves—to build clean, attractive, fireproof homes for the people, to rent them at a moderate price and yet receive a fair return upon the investment.

Little Billy Discusses Matrimony

By I. Newton Greene

WEDINGS is a union, something like a laber union, for cards is used and it makes members get in and hustle to pay thair dews. A weding needs three people, two men and one woman; one of these men orter be a minister, but a justice of the piece or a alderman can be used if a preecher ain't handy.

Sometimes a man has a turribal time finding a girl to mary, but this being leep year she sees him first and their aint anything to it after that. Befour a feller can get maryed he shud studdy his girl's father's polyticks. This helps some, and so does going hoam early at nite, which holds down the lectrick lite bills. Even fathers of girls in love don't overlook a bet like that.

Nother thing to be reckolectid is that a man shud settil up before he tries to settil down. Some fellers make girls think they love them by sending preasants costing a weak's saliry; but wize fellers prove thair devoshun by saving the coin to use after the nupshal not is firmly tide. These last fellers is the ones which keaps the goant bill collektors from the famlee speeking tube. If both sides is evvenly matched, then love is a grate game, so far as I can see from the bleechers, for I aint old enough to sit in the grandstand.

The Other Half Is Waiting

ONE of the most pitiable sights in the world is that of people who are using only a small bit of their ability, while the rest of it is waiting to be used. It is still ineffective because of the many little weaknesses or peculiarities, the bad habits, or the lack of preparation, which handicap and make practically ineffective the whole life.

How pitiable to see splendid talent, fine ability everywhere tied down by comparatively little things!

True Stories by "Success Magazine" Readers, for Those Who Are Interested in the World of Out O' Doors

His Camera "Did n't Work"

By T. E. Hanke

He had done magazine work for years. In June he was promoted and told that illustrations for his articles would be acceptable. So he bought a camera and material enough for a trip to Mars. With this formidable equipment he hied to the Rocky Mountains for his vacation, because there were some "charming bits" there he wanted for a Western story he was going to write.

He joined our party—three clerks in the Government employ at Washington—at the "Springs." We were duly impressed with his paraphernalia, and accepted, in advance, his generous offer to "take" us in effective poses.

Our plan for the day was a drive to Seven Fall and up Cheyenne Mountain. Our friend's box occupied considerable space, but the astonishing amount of camera knowledge disseminated by him was very interesting to us.

He knew all about plates and films, spherical aberration, halation, and fog. His conversation was peppered with "rapid rectilinear," "astigmatism," etc. He knew all there was to know of lenses, diaphragms, and other things with which we were not even on speaking terms.

The scenery was wonderful, but not fully appreciated by us on account of our interest in the unpacking of numerous plate holders, and trying to get ourselves in focus.

For pictorial effect, the driver, at great risk, posed his horses on a narrow ledge; I leaned over a hair-raising prospect of perpendicular rock, and appeared to be dropping down to nothingness. Then we panted to the top of the Falls and stood beside an empty grave, in meditative posture, to the tune of the clicking shutter.

The sun, going behind a mountain, made twilight in the little town at its base—a town that looked to us, nine thousand feet above, like methodically placed boxes. A train on the Cripple Creek Line darted out of one hole in the mountainside and into another with a noise entirely out of proportion to its size, looking like the toy train my boy runs around the nursery floor.

We parted with our photographer at the hotel and watched his magazine for months, hoping to see ourselves in its pages. Recently I met him, and, before he recognized me, I asked about the pictures.

"Oh, yes," he said; "you see I was n't familiar with just that make of camera, and forgot to pull out the slides that cover the plates."

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Intelligent Squirrels

By P. H. Kemp

In the parks of the National Military Home in Kansas there are hundreds of squirrels. Uncle Sam guards, protects, and cares for them almost as well as for the old veterans, housing them in comfortable boxes securely placed in trees, and feeding them with nuts purchased in the home market.

These squirrels are a fruitful source of entertainment and amusement for the veterans. In favorable weather they come out of their homes and play close around the buildings and in the trees bordering the walks, sometimes running along the electric and the telephone wires, and occasionally venturing into the barrack. They are so tame that they will eat from the hands of any veteran, and allow him to pick them up and fondle them. Some of the old men always carry in their pockets a supply of peanuts for their favorite squirrel friends. It is an interesting sight to see a white-haired veteran sitting in the shade of the trees, with from ten to fifteen squirrels eating peanuts from his hands, jumping upon his knees, arms, and shoulders, and hunting in his pockets for nuts.

It is a remarkable fact that these squirrels seem to look upon the old soldiers as friends. They come at their call, and climb all over them as playfully as kittens. On the other hand, they look upon every civilian as an enemy, and when one approaches scamper back to their homes in the parks. They certainly distinguish the veteran from the civilian by his uniform.

A few of these squirrels have names, and come when called by them. When told to do so, "Dewey" runs up a tree or jumps upon a veteran and takes a nut out of his pocket. "Teddy" usually comes to the barracks along a single telephone wire that runs close by his box in the park. When he meets another squirrel on this wire, the second squirrel stops and clings to the wire by his paws while "Teddy" passes over him.

Though these squirrels are not to be called rational, they certainly do rational things; and though they are not to be called human, they certainly manifest human traits.

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Some Camping Joys

Anne S. Hagerman

It is necessary when out camping to laugh at all difficulties, for you will have many. My husband and I encountered enough on a recent vacation to make all hope of ever undertaking a similar jaunt seem impossible. But as we look back, they were the source of most of our fun.

To begin with, we put a hole in our canoe. We had come twelve miles by train to the river, where our canoe was kept; and after changing our clothes and loading the canoe with baggage and provisions, we pushed off and struck a piece of glass. This was really serious in a little country place where we could buy nothing for mending purposes. One kind old man who had never heard of shellac said he would help us hunt for some, and suggested our using a little mucilage.

After several hours the canoe was mended. We started on our way, but were soon overtaken by a terrific thunder shower. It was necessary to turn the boat and crawl under it to keep from getting drenched.

When we reached our camp ground we could find no dry wood, and consequently we had no fire. It was almost night, and important that we should pitch camp. A bicycle lamp in the tent was our only salvation that dreary night. It was a lamp not intended for cooking purposes, but cook on it we did, though the meal thus prepared was very long drawn out.

First, soup. One small cup at a time, at the rate of half an hour a cup. Second, coffee. Perhaps once or twice I longed for my gas range at home—but what was the use?

Before our meager supper was finished, the tent pole collapsed and we found ourselves in a very bad predicament. Our sense of humor, which had not deserted us, was put to the test, and we were soon laughing so heartily that we had scarcely strength to right the pole.

At last, crawling into our blankets, tired and still hungry, we were soon asleep. A few hours later my husband was awakened by a little scratching noise near a flap of the tent. He lighted a candle and grabbed his revolver. I awoke from my dreams of bears and wildcats, and armed myself with a knife and a large stone. After a breathless space, the scratching resumed and a tiny field mouse scampered out of the sugar bag and under a crack. Nothing but a mouse—not even a rat! Imagine our disgust! I almost wished it had been a bear.

A few days later, when we were expecting friends for the day, I had peeled and boiled a large potful of potatoes to have ready for frying. On returning to camp we discovered, to our dismay, that a friendly cow had visited us in our absence and had devoured our potatoes. They were all we had.

Do you think we were discouraged with our first camping experience? Come and watch us start out again the first bright Saturday next June, and you may judge for yourself.

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Quail at the Chuckwallah Mine

By Alfred L. Bartlett

The Chuckwallah had struck water. As more was pumped out than could be used at the camp, the surplus water was allowed to flow along the side of the dump. This was a great boon to the quail in the vicinity. Before this their nearest drinking place had been at Cow Wells, four miles away. It would have been murder to have killed these harmless creatures who had come so far for a drink and seemed so tame. Besides, it was only a short time after breeding season, and most of them were not full-grown. The feeling of

the miners was expressed by one hardened old fellow, in whom no one would ever suspect a trace of sentiment, who said: "It is mighty pleasant to hear the birds whistling to you when you go down the shaft on the morning shift."

Not being frightened away, the quail became quite numerous, and their "Bob White, Bob White" became as familiar a sound at sunrise as the chug-chug of the engines.

So it went until one early morning. The eastern tourist came. He was bent on slaughter, and seeing the quail in such numbers that it would be impossible to miss them, he fired. At the sound of the shot, several men rushed forward. The tourist picked up five quail, not yet half-grown, and said, with an air of triumph: "Maybe that was n't pretty good for one shot, eh?"

The tourist's amazement at the torrent of abuse that descended upon him was ludicrous. He probably never before had heard men express their opinions so frankly and strongly. "Bill" Blake, the big shift boss, walked up to him, grabbed the gun out of his hands and broke the breech on a rock, saying, in an explanatory way, "You can't trust a fool like that with a gun. He 'll be shooting road runners next." This would indeed be an unpardonable crime in a rattlesnake country.

This man, when he returned home, probably told this tale as an evidence of the rowdyism of the miners, as no one took the trouble to explain to him the reason for his rough treatment.

The Girl Who Comes to New York

[*Continued from page 219*]

tea and the flowers and the photograph and ask her to help you to gain a new position. Make a careful note of the change that will come over her when she learns that you are no longer in a position to be of use to her, and, unless you are a hopeless fool, you will enter upon the duties of your next position with a much clearer knowledge of the difference between giving and taking, and working and being worked, than you ever had before.

After you may be said to have cut your wisdom teeth on the hard ring of a lost situation and its attendant mortification, poverty, and bitterness, it will be well for you to remember that there are three classes of women with whom your work will bring you most frequently in contact, namely, women of the stage and platform, famous leaders of society, and murderesses. Of these, the last named are the least dangerous, as they not only have less to ask of you than the others but are also securely locked up where they cannot rob you of anything but your tears.

Moreover, it is quite possible that, as the hour of death draws nigh, the lady who has poisoned her husband or strangled her infant may have lost some of that taste for publicity which has been her chief source of joy and consolation since she fell upon evil days, and perhaps her chief temptation to sin; and it is just possible, too, that she will show her gratitude for your "heart interest" stories in her behalf by some trifling farewell gift of jewelry or clothing which your employer will allow you to accept, and which she will never be able to hold over you as a club.

The distinguished actresses rank next to the Borgias as desirable intimates, because newspaper fame is a legitimate part of their calling, and it is quite right and natural for them to seek as much of it as they can get. But even when you are admitted to their friendship be careful not to write anything favorable about them. Accept as much of their warm regard as they care to bestow on you, and let somebody else do the writing. After all, the real actress is usually a woman of generous impulses and kindly feelings, and, if her success has not been so great as to strip her of all generous qualities, she may prove a real friend in the time of need.

The persons of all others who must be carefully shunned are those women of society who have contrived to advertise themselves into a sort of vulgar fame through the constant printing of their names and portraits in the Sunday papers, and whose names are forever on the clacking tongues of the illiterate and the underbred. I am not, of course, speaking of women of real social distinction but of those newspaper-made queens of fashion who are "not the goods but the phony" as the Chorus Lady would say, and who owe what they call their "social position" to the efforts of just such women as yourself.

Cold-blooded, on the make, merciless in their dealings with their poorer and feebler sisters, these overdressed cuttlefish of society are the very last persons in the world for the young newspaper woman to seek an intimacy with. To them a fashion writer or reporter is simply some one to be made use of, and there is nothing in the way of time, service, or professional influence that they will not accept at her hands, or even less than nothing that they will give in return—unless you count a smile that is about as bright and sweet as an ice chest.

She Could n't Obey

Maggie (calling upstairs),—"The gas stove went out, mum."

Mistress,—"Well,—light it!"

Maggie,—"It went out through the roof, mum."

Who 'll Be the Next President?

[*Concluded from page 217*]

many who refuse to accept President Roosevelt's declination. The buoyant and declamatory Thomas W. Lawson, of Boston and the Universe, is one of these. Mr. Lawson declares that President Roosevelt's re-election is an absolute necessity; that he is the only man who can right the wrongs from which the people are suffering. Otherwise, says this incisive word-carver, "there will sweep over the country a tornado which will leave in its wake appalling disaster." Mr. Lawson recently set out to acquaint his "430,000 correspondents" with his designs, fears, and conclusions, and move heaven and earth for Roosevelt's renomination.

In one sense Mr. Lawson is undoubtedly right, although he will find that while he may know the mysteries of finance, he is an amateur in politics. A terrific contest is under way between the two wings of the Republican Party, the one standing for and representing corporate interests, the other a division which seeks to limit somewhat the encroachments of corporations. The real question is as to which element will control the convention. If corporation retainers will be in control the chances are that the candidate will be a man whose strength in the convention will be precisely the reverse among the voters. On the other hand, if the followers of President Roosevelt dominate, the candidate will have a certain popular strength, but will alienate the support of the powerful corporations whose funds sway elections.

This is the problem confronting the Republican National Convention; to squirm around or evade it, the probability is not unlikely that some "dark horse" may be chosen, some candidate of a neutral tint, who, while in words responding to the popular cry for reforms, will not be seriously feared by the corporations. Besides, after all, it is Congress which makes the laws. and while the people get passionately aroused over presidential contests, they are inclined to forget that Congress slips in scarcely noticed.

Few of the Republican candidates for the nomination have any real popular strength, although many of them have the most powerful administrative or corporate backing, which may be more telling, at least in the National Convention. Vice President Fairbanks is neither regarded with alarm by the corporations, nor does he personally or politically arouse the slightest enthusiasm among the people. His personality is a cipher, and his views are expressed in platitudes which defy analysis. Senator Knox is a typical product of the boss-ridden and corporation-owned State of Pennsylvania; the corporate interests would joyously welcome him to the White House. Secretary of War Taft may be likened to a hothouse growth; his has been a series of elevations by personal, not by electoral selection. No popular demand for him can be discerned. On the contrary, his course in injunction proceedings against labor unions and the precedents then created by him when he was a United States judge in Ohio, are still bitterly resented by the whole organized labor movement, although he has been trying to gain the support of the labor unions by advocating a change in the injunction laws.

Senator Foraker rose by grace of corporate interests, and at all times frankly speaks for them. In that his course is straightforward and honest. "Uncle Joe" Cannon has succeeded admirably in creating for himself a national pose and personality which are in reality myths. The average reader of newspapers imagines him to be a blunt, slouchy, bucolic, homespun, unsophisticated man. He is none of these. Cannon is a millionaire, and one of the most adroit of politicians. Since the difficulties into which he has plunged himself with the American Federation of Labor, in ignoring its pleas for anti-injunction legislation, he would find it a well-nigh impossible task to get union labor, as a whole, to support him. Bryan, however, is quoted as saying that Cannon will be nominated. Senator La Follette has some local, but no national backing, either popular or corporate, that can be discerned. As for Senator Allison, he is a chronic "dark horse," with possibilities, and nothing else. He is not known, even superficially, as a corporation baiter, which fact might count heavily with one wing of the Republican Party. There were indications that George B. Cortelyou, who rose from the position of stenographer in the Post Office Department to that of Secretary of the Treasury, was looking lovingly at the presidential prize, but it cannot be said that he had any other following than his own small administrative faction.. Governor Charles E. Hughes, of New York, has, on the other hand, a very considerable public sentiment behind him. His public course, since he was counsel to the gas and insurance investigations, has created a feeling on the part of many who believe him honest and sincere that he would make an acceptable President. His boom is a spontaneous, and not an artificial, incubated one.

Up to a few months ago William J. Bryan was looked upon as indisputably the candidate, for the third time, of the Democratic Party. Bryan, it must be admitted, has a strong moral hold upon certain masses of that party, although there are signs that it is weakening. If anything, Bryan has become timidly conservative, while, on the contrary, the Democratic masses have be-

come more aggressively radical. Bryan's great prestige arises, not from the issues he preaches, which are trimming and totally inadequate to solve present problems, but from the common belief that he is incorruptible. Lawson says that the corporate interests would prefer Bryan to Roosevelt in the White House, for the reason that they could thwart Bryan's policies by an opposition Congress. This is probably not an incorrect reflection of corporation aims.

Bryan, however, will have formidable contestants. An important section of the Democratic Party has set out to bring about the nomination of Governor John A. Johnson, of Minnesota. The chief argument for Johnson's nomination at Denver is that Johnson has repeatedly carried Minnesota, a Republican state, by large majorities, while Bryan has failed to get its electoral vote. The further argument is put forth that Johnson has succeeded in both being a reform governor and in retaining the confidence of the business interests, especially the friendship of James J. Hill, the virtual dictator of the Northwest. Governor Johnson declares that tariff reform is the issue of the campaign. Thus in the Democratic Party an attempt is made to get a candidate in whose person will be united an assumed devotion to the popular cause as the masses of Democrats understand it, and an absence of antagonism to the industrial, transportation, and other corporations and their concentrated wealth and power. Democracy is to be harmonized with special privilege, monopoly, and exploitation. On the face of it, considering present public temper, this will be a practical impossibility, but it will be interesting to note the various makeshift efforts to blend two distinct things which are as incompatible as fire and water.

A radically different stand is taken by Mayor Tom L. Johnson, of Cleveland, who has a large and enthusiastic national following and who is being acclaimed as the indispensable candidate of the Democratic Party. Mayor Johnson's beliefs are clear-cut and unmistakable. He is, and has consistently been, opposed to all forms of special privilege. A believer in the doctrines of Henry George, he preaches the abolition of every kind of government favoritism and privilege, and has attracted to himself a devoted mass in the Democratic Party. His course in Congress and as the multi-elected mayor of Cleveland has been that of a vigorous fighter for principle. He is anything but a straddler, compromiser, or weak brother, if the ultra-radicals are in control of the Democratic Convention, it is far from unlikely that he will be chosen as the candidate for President.

However seriously William R. Hearst's chances for the nomination were taken, it is certain that they are not considered of much importance now. Hearst has himself said that he is out of politics. If he ever had any real chances, he destroyed them rather effectively in last year's municipal election in New York City by coalescing with the Republicans. This fluctuating from one party to another does not strengthen the popular confidence in Hearst's claims of being a disinterested, sincere champion of the people. Moreover, party loyalty still counts as a great factor. But Hearst and his movement, while apparently dormant, and essentially an aimless one, may be sprung with surprises. He retains a hold, although a much diminished hold, upon a large number of voters, and he has a chain of newspapers with an immense circulation throughout the country. These are considerable assets, and while many of his enemies have prematurely interred Hearst in a political grave, the wise spirits in politics are keeping a watchful eye on his moves.

Judge George Gray, of Delaware, is another Democratic possibility. Remote as his chances seem, they are not less so than were Judge Alton B. Parker's before the Democratic Convention of 1904. The American people do not seem to get enthusiastic over the severe legal mind injected as a candidate for the Presidency. Judge Gray, viewed in this light, would be a colorless, although a dignified candidate. Woodrow Wilson, president of Princeton University, is another suggested Democratic candidate. Dr. Wilson is being pushed on the grounds that he is a Southern man, profound scholar, and that he will carry New Jersey. Something more, however, is demanded of a candidate than these vague qualifications. The mass of voters are no more attracted by the cold academic mind than they are by the cold judicial. Dr. Wilson will undoubtedly be allowed to remain where he is.

Both Republican and Democratic politicians are beginning to realize the great growth and the tremendous scope and intensity of the Socialist Party. At first the rise of Socialism was ignored, and then, when it could no longer be ignored, it was ridiculed. In 1900, the year when the present Socialist Party first entered the national field, Eugene V. Debs, its candidate for President, polled 87,814 votes. Four years later, Debs, again the candidate, received nearly half a million votes. Since 1904, Socialism has been bounding forward and spreading at such a rate that the old-party politicians, instead of ignoring or ridiculing it, are beginning to fight it aggressively. Recent state and municipal election returns show that the harder they combat it the more it persistently grows.

The Socialist Party is so organized that there is no possibility of any set of leaders deciding in advance who the candidate for President shall be. There are no leaders in the Socialist Party, in the usual political sense. The National Convention, and that only, will choose the nominees for President and Vice President.

LENTALA

[*Continued from page 225*]

The king fixed a keen stare on me.

"You mention Lentala very often," he said.

"She indorsed us to your Majesty."

"Something more is here. That is the white blood in her. In you and in her the white blood knows its own."

His sudden confirmation of my surmise concerning Lentala choked the words in my throat.

"Why don't you speak?" he roughly demanded. "Is it not true?"

I could only gaze at him.

"The white blood finds and knows its own," he went on. "Two hundred and fifty of those with white blood are held on this island by a great horde of those with brown blood. I need a man of the white-blood shrewdness and boldness and courage to manage those two hundred and fifty to the safety of my people and my island. But if I take a man with white blood in his veins, it will side with the white blood that threatens me."

"Would Lentala hand over to treason and destruction your Majesty and the queen and all the other Senatras whom she loves, and the people to whom she belongs and the country that has nourished her?"

"Not wittingly, for she is a daughter of the gods; but the blood, my son, the blood!"

"Sire, a love early planted endures forever."

He rose to fight his despair, and walked up and down the room.

"Yes, it is true," he said at last. "Lentala has proved it. I spared her father, a castaway, because he stopped a great plague that was destroying my people. I myself was stricken, and he saved my life. I feared him because he was of the white blood, and because of his wisdom and power. He held the secrets of the gods, and had no fear. I had planted deep in my people a hatred of the white blood; and I required that he not only disguise himself as a native, but remain within the palace grounds. He taught me many things, but I refused to follow his advice to instruct my subjects. He educated Lentala."

"Is he still alive?" I asked.

"He died two years ago. If he were only here now! We became strong friends. Lentala's devotion to the islanders is returned by them almost as idolatry. I know how the white blood can love, but I know also how it can hate; and it knows its own."

He suddenly halted and wheeled upon me.

"You say," he moaned, "that some of the white men are at large on the island. What mischief are they doing? What mines digging under me? My people are children—I have kept them so, God help them! I need not alone a wit and a daring to match the white people's, but Senatra devotion as well."

"Your Majesty knows Lentala."

He blazed on me. "Do you love Lentala?"

A fierce tingling raced through me, and dumbness held me.

"She is beautiful and sweet," he went on. "She is steadfast; she is brave and able. There never was a woman to match her. You are big and strong and brave. She found you. Like finds like. Do you love her as a man loves a woman?"

I fought blindly for wit and words.

"Yes, Sire," came the thin, even voice of Christopher.

We both turned in surprise. He beamed on us blandly.

"Does she love him as a woman loves a man?" the king asked him.

"Yes, Sire."

His audacity held me speechless.

"I can trust her—and you," the king said to me,—"so far as blood tempered by love and loyalty may be trusted, which is farther than it may trust itself. I am old and broken. Come, you two, and stand before me."

We obeyed, I wondering.

"I have no other men to equal you, and I need you. You must serve me. Take time now, and remember your white blood. Remember that it is stronger than your brown, for I have seen its dominance in you today. Remember that when your allegiance is tested in a choice between white blood and brown, the white will be the stronger. Only one thing can save you and me and all my people."

"And that, Sire,—?"

"—is your manly pride to see and know and overcome your white blood, and serve and obey your king to the end."

He paused, and looked from one to the other, as though expecting us to speak, but we were silent.

"The white blood," he passionately resumed, "is the most terrible thing in the world. It is strong and shrewd; it never gives up; it pursues and fights relentlessly to the ends of the earth; without mercy or pity it hunts down, plunders, overwhelms, exterminates. Only one thing can hold it in check, and that is opposing white blood. Brown blood cannot cope with the white people in the valley, but white blood can; and for the task the gods have sent me white blood mingled with brown seeded in my soil and grown to it with deep roots. That is my hope and trust."

His gaze of affectionate yearning was on us.

"The duty of your Senatra blood is loyalty to your king; the task of your white blood is to outwit and outdo the people in the valley. I will place Lentala in command of the army. You must not take a step without her full concurrence, and you will obey her without question. Do you agree?"

"Gladly, Sire."

"A hundred soldiers guard the passes from the valley, and are relieved every day. When not on duty they attend to their private affairs. I will at once send out messengers summoning these to assemble outside the palace wall, in the king's highway passing the main gate. There I will address them and turn over the command to Lentala."

He was profoundly studying me. His words, "to outwit and outdo the people in the valley," were grinding within me, and I longed to demand an explanation. A savage ferocity was manifest through his benignity. To outwit and outdo the people in the valley,—my people, my friends! I would be his tool to betray and destroy them. The bottomless pit should have him first, and the hand that he would turn to treachery and murder would send him thither.

My face must have shown something of what I tried to conceal; for the king, his look growing desperate and malignant, stepped back a pace. There came from somewhere a sharp rap, which made me start, and sent my glance to the curtained window, to which the king had his back. I had supposed that Beela was with Lentala; but there she was at the window, her hand upraised in warning. It brought me instant control.

The king also had heard, and looked round sharply, but the curtain was down.

"What was that?" he inquired.

"My big toe, Sire," answered Christopher.

"What did you do with it?"

"I cracked the joint."

"Why?"

"It feels good, Sire."

His Majesty curiously regarded Christopher's feet. "It must be a large joint," he said.

Christopher stood in gentle silence. The king turned to me, and found me docile.

"That look of rebellion was the white blood in you," he said.

"Only for a moment. Your Majesty may trust me." Nevertheless, he was troubled, and shook his head.

"He won't no more, Sire," said Christopher.

"How do you know?"

"I know him."

"Explain."

"He does little things short and big things long."

My amused smile was fortunate, because it put an end to the king's tragic gravity.

"I am satisfied," he remarked. "Now, the first thing for you two to do, while the army is assembling, is to go out, find, and bring to the palace all the white men that have escaped. The next,—"

The sentence was never concluded, for there came a rumble and a sharp, pervading jolt. The king stiffened, looked about in fear, and groped for the table. Following was a gentle quiver, which rapidly increased till it became an oscillation, and with it a deep rumbling. It ended with a mighty wrench and a violent swaying, accompanied with a hoarse explosive sound. The stones of the palace were grinding and groaning. The table slid a yard, stopped, and shot back as the king tried to seize it.

I found myself plunging and lurching for a footing as the oscillation continued, and so were the king and Christopher. They sat down on the floor. Surely the violence would ease in a moment. Instead, the convulsion rose to a fearful crash, which sent my feet away and my body smashing on Christopher. He caught me with one hand and with the other diverted the flying table from the king.

The spasm ended abruptly, but the menacing tremble was again in play.

"Be careful!" rasped the king; "the third is the worst."

As before, the quiver rose through oscillation to a heavy swaying, more violent than ever, and ended in a tumult of jerks, which sent us sliding and scrambling as we fought the portable things that were hurled about the room.

It was suddenly gone. We rose, much dazed. There was no sign of Beela at the window.

"It is over," weakly said the king. "The worst in many years. And what has it done? It has terrified my people into madness. I see them." He was losing self-control, and was staring as at a vision. "They are beginning to rise from the ground. Many are digging out of their ruined huts. . . . Their teeth are chattering. They look at one another in horror. No one has a sister, a brother, a father, a mother, a friend. All are blind and mad. . . . They run hither and thither. They—"

A confused screech and roar, as of wild animals driven to a focus by a surrounding forest fire, rang through the closed door of the room. The king listened.

"The palace servants," he mumbled through quivering lips. "They are seeking me—their father and protector. Imagine from this how the island is swarming and groaning, and with a terror that is half vengeance."

The man was beside himself.

"Peace, Sire!" I begged, but he did not hear.

"The terror does not abate: it increases with the

freer flow of their blood after the shock. . . . They are beginning to think. They look at one another and see their kind; then kindred and friends. . . . 'The Black Face!' says one, softly. 'Ay, the Black Face!' is the louder reply."

The king stood with clasped hands and closed eyes.

"'This is only the beginning,' they say. 'The Black Face has been denied while it looked down on abundance.' Who has denied it? The heavens ring with the answer, 'Our father whom we loved, our protector whom we trusted, our king whom we have thought a brother of the gods. Why has he flouted the Face and challenged its wrath? What terrors or witcheries have been wrought by the gods of the people in the valley, that our king has gone driveling behind his walls?'"

"Your Majesty!" I called, shaking him by the arm.

"The guard are leaving the passes. The white people are wise; they understand, and are joyful. They send scouts. . . . My soldiers mingle with my roaring, mobbing people. They all push and roll through the pools of rain-water in the highways, churning them to mud. They grind their teeth; they laugh horribly, like imbeciles. The palace is their aim, and their king sits grinding and mumbling there. All the trouble has come from the people in the valley. The white blood breeds all there is of that in the world."

He was flinging his arms and lunging about. I woke to the urgency of action, for undoubtedly in his madness he had correctly seen the turbulence in the island, and the sweating hordes plunging over all roads converging to the palace. A glance passed between Christopher and me; and I nodded toward the door, which a packed, howling mass was already straining.

"Come," I said, seizing the tottering king about the waist and dragging him to the anteroom. I thrust him within, and secured the door back of the curtain.

When I turned, Christopher, his hand on the key of the door into the corridor, was listening. There was no sign of Beela at the window.

"She's out there?" I asked in alarm.

"Yes, sir."

"Open the door," I ordered, stepping back to guard the anteroom.

He opened it, swinging behind it against the wall.

It was done so suddenly that those pressed against it fell into the room. The next came tumbling on them, and more on these, squeezing horrible sounds from the mouths of the lowermost, and bringing unpleasant grimaces to their faces. In a second the opening was jammed half way to the top, and still the pile grew. Behind it were frenzied men and women, vociferating prodigiously, and fighting for the diminishing passage to the king.

The pressure outside being somewhat relieved, one of the more agile men leaped on the pile and sprang with a howl to the floor; but Christopher had emerged, and a blow from him dropped the adventurer. The next, less active than the first, was scrambling over the heap, and paused as he found himself grazed by the flying body of the first, for Christopher had picked him up and tossed him over the heap into the pandemonium beyond. The following man drew back, and slid down to the corridor floor.

I had been looking for Beela without, but she was not in range.

Before another maniac could mount the pile, Christopher had dragged a body off the squirming mass and flung it out. Another followed, and another, and others, the succession of them so close that none dared breast the fusillade. Christopher streamed with sweat, and the mildness in his eyes had become a glare.

All this had a cooling effect in the corridor. Christopher, not waiting to look for cracked ribs at the bottom of the heap, cleared the last away, and walked forth. None can say how much his unearthly pale eyes, minatory expression, and extraordinary figure had to do with what followed. I went to the door. A hush fell as he advanced on the mob, which fell back in silent terror. With each hand he seized a man, jammed their heads together with a murderous thwack, shook them, stood them up, left them stunned, and immediately snatched two others and treated them similarly. A third pair and a fourth nursed aching skulls. Christopher swept through the groups with two long, strong arms for scythes, mowing a wide swath as he brushed women along, sent a man spinning from a blow, dashed another against the wall, and brought them into subjugation with a counter-panic of his own manufacture. He came upon two men with some appearance of character, and ordered them to finish the work and send the people to their quarters. They obeyed him promptly. At last he sauntered back to me, calm but puffing.

Beela approached from the opposite direction. I stepped forward in gladness to meet her.

[To be continued in May.]

One Short

She asked him if he was the photographer. He said he was.

She asked him if he took children's pictures. He said he did.

She asked him how much he charged. He said, "Four dollars a dozen."

"Then I'll have to go somewhere else," she replied; "I only have eleven."

Lilacs and Lilies

By MARY FENOLLOSA

[*Concluded from page 221*]

I never lost my head at all. Both Timothy and the shopkeeper were quite close. I think, Mr. Sedgwick, it was the look in the young man's eyes. I never saw such misery in so young a face before. God grant I shall not again. I believed him when he said, 'I need it more than you.'"

John's head went over for an instant. Marjorie's thin voice broke in:

"Still, he was a thief, and he ought to be in jail this minute."

"I 'm afraid I agree with Marjorie," said John. "A thief is a thief just as a leper is a leper. There are no delicate distinctions."

"And I don't consider what I have been describing a theft at all!" cried the narrator, with spirit. "I relinquished the purse of myself. I need not have done so. It, and the few dollars left, I regard as a loan. They will come back to me. You both will see."

John looked at her strangely. For the first time his thin face flushed, and his eyes fell away from hers. One hand stole to an inner pocket, where a metal something, imbricate and scaled like a reptile, lay coiled.

"Well, is that the end of your story?" asked practical Marjorie.

Miss Constance gave a tremulous little laugh and rose to her feet.

"Why, no," she said. "What I've told you was only a beginning. The end—the end—!"

She turned her back to the bed and walked away a few unsteady paces. Under her breath she prayed, "God help me to be wise. Put words upon my lips. God help me!"

Marjorie flashed startled eyes to John. "Why, what on earth—?" she was beginning, when his hand upon her mouth silenced her.

Miss Constance came back, smiling, and leaned above the bed.

"You did n't know I was such a restless person, did you, Marjorie?"

"You never were like this before," said Marjorie.

"You see, it 's about that story," Miss Constance explained. "The ending of it. I want it to have the best of all endings—renewal of faith and love—for oneself—and one's fellowmen."

John watched her closely.

"Then, in your opinion, should cowardice and crime go unpunished?"

"Oh!" she cried, with a little sob, "do not fear that there will be no punishment. That always comes. And the finer the nature the more intolerable will be the suffering and expiation."

"To suffer and suffer—to writhe with a remembrance like an arrow-head festering in a wound—will even years of it efface self-contempt?" He spoke now as if to some inner listener.

"'Pride ruined the angels—their shame them restores,'" quoted Miss Constance, softly.

At this John's head went over on his hands.

"You two are talking mighty funny," said Marjorie, whose pretty brows were knitting with the maze of cryptic utterances.

Miss Constance reseated herself beside the lily.

"It is n't hard to understand, dear, that, in what is done, the motive, rather than the plain action, counts."

The young face cleared. "Oh, is that it? You mean that we should n't think of your man last night as a common thief until we know what drove him to steal!"

Miss Constance winced; she started to speak, but Marjorie kept on. Her thoughts had risen on Easter wings of pity.

"Perhaps it was a sick child—a dying child—his own little baby," she whispered, her voice breaking over the last word. "Or a young wife—iike me—who has just lost—"

John sprang to his feet. "You fire my imagination with your thoughts, you two," he cried, and gave a little laugh with no mirth in it. "I feel and see Miss Constance's story as if I had been there. Poor devil—hungry, cold, envious, all Easter thoughts to him a mockery! There goes his skulking figure now, drawn as in a nightmare to the bright windows of the rain-glistening streets. Food is in there in plenty, behind strong, beveled edges of clean glass. There are the jewels for fine ladies, spread out in tinted cases. As bright are the facets of the barroom mirrors, flashing up and down their jovial invitation. But our poor devil has n't the price even of a glass of beer! Then there are flowers—flowers everywhere—flowers bought by those who barely glance at them, to be sent to the rich who will give as careless a look. Spring flowers, home flowers, flowers for the millionaires, for chorus girls and courtesans, flowers in plenty for the churches and the dead, but not a flower for—shall we say, Marjorie?"

"John—John—you frighten me!" cried out the sick girl. Miss Constance drew the young head to a hiding place against her breast. John's bloodshot eyes flamed down upon Miss Constance.

"On the other hand—let us look at the thing squarely, without flinching. What test is there to

character but some such bitter moment of temptation? Hunger does not excuse, nor sickness, nor love. If he fails, he is self-condemned! No, do not interrupt me yet! You idealists, you sentimentalists, may do more harm than good. You cover sores that should be cauterized. A thief is a thief, and the cross is for him. You can't polish down a cake of tinted spar and find an amethyst."

"No," cried Miss Constance, whose gray eyes were now black with repressed excitement; "but neither can you take an amethyst and use it for a bit of purple chalk. I fancy that some of us get to know the difference!"

John made a slight jesture of disbelief. Marjorie, peeping upward, saw that his excitement was over. She caught his hand and held it while Miss Constance hurried on.

"Even though we should make mistakes—we sentimentalists—even though we should polish down a hundred arrowheads and find no gem, we are rewarded if, in the next one, it has been waiting. And besides, you see,"—here she paused and sent a smile of lovely tenderness to Marjorie—"even a quartz-crystal does n't always come single. There may be other crystals at its side."

John's tortured eyes lowered themselves to Marjorie's upturned face. The softening gleam of tears flooded them. His underlip was white with the pressure of his teeth. Miss Constance saw his fine nostrils quiver like those of a thoroughbred suddenly tamed.

"You 've won," he muttered thickly. "You' ve won!"

"Does n't he talk just like a book, when you get him started?" asked Marjorie, with pride. "I was so afraid we would n't get him started. Now, do you wonder, Miss Constance, that I believe he will succeed?"

"Not in the least, for I believe it, too. Already I have a plan— But really, dear, I must make the rest of my visits, now, or they will be turning me out.' She stood drawing on the gray gloves.

"Mr. Sedgwick," she said, "could you come to my house this afternoon about five; the plan I hinted at—"

John bowed, flushing darkly.

"The address is—"

"I have the address," said John, interrupting. He opened his right hand, disclosing the card from the lily. It was much crumpled, and two of the sharp corners had pierced his palm almost to the point of bleeding.

* * * * * * *

"Did n't she go funny and quick, just at the last?" said Marjorie, a few minutes later, as she tried to lift from the pillow, where he had suddenly plunged it, her husband's boyish face. "And *that's* your big, florid settlement worker," she cooed, triumphantly. "They all call her, here, 'The Little Gray Lady.' Why don't you talk, John? Are you tired? Well, I 'm tired, too, and so happy—so happy. If Miss Constance has a plan, we 're all right. I felt in my bones that our luck was turning! Blessed lilacs and lilies! And blessed, blessed Easter Day! Why, John, I believe you 're crying! Never mind—we 'll both have a little cry—just for pure joy!—and then we 'll rest—for I am—very—tired!"

She nestled her cheek against the boy's dark hair, and, in a moment more, slept like an exhausted child.

The Song of the Wind

By JOEL BENTON

THE wind that sings in the chimney flue,
What does it say to me and you?

Rich is its haunting minor key—
Mooning for things that can never be,

Or things that are lost to the day and sun,
Back in some black oblivion.

It moves on wings from the misty past,
Over its gloom are shadows cast.

It whistles a dirge for ancient days—
Solemnly sad are the tunes it plays.

Its volume rises and falls. It fills
The heart with tremors and doubts and thrills.

It 's a drowsy drone by night or day—
As if Life and Joy had gone away.

It roams the breadth of the sea and earth,
But it never harbors a note of mirth.

O, gray old harper, in wondrous ways,
Your requiem tells of the yesterdays—

But who that lives can the tale translate,
Or quote the presage of Life and Fate?

But sing away, in the chimney flue,
Of things that are old and things that are new—

Till sorrow and suffering seem sublime—
To the very ends of the sands of Time!

The Codley Homestead

[*Concluded from page 211*]

was Sara's duty as well as her privilege, to begin the construction of a house upon it at the very earliest date possible. And before she exactly realized it, she had promised to do all or nearly all that the others had suggested. She had signed a lease, under the terms of which she was to acquire a five hundred dollar plot at Rosebeach, measuring forty by one hundred feet, for four hundred dollars, Mr. Waudle explaining that they knocked off one hundred dollars in view of her general desirability as a customer, and because they felt assured that she would do justice and indeed honor to her holding.

Sara halted a little at the lease, saying that she preferred to buy the land outright.

"But you won't prefer to do so," said Mr. Waudle, "when I have explained to you why we almost always sell land on lease instead of freehold. You see, Mrs. Codley, that Rosebeach is restricted property. We don't want to have any man or woman, build or carry on a business that will interfere with the high tone of the place, and the comfort of the rest of our customers there. We don't want distilleries, or factories that burn soft coal, glue works, or mean little houses that will spoil the general effect of the property and lower its value. The lease is the protection which we afford to all our customers against businesses such as I have spoken of.

"And besides," chimed in Mr. Gratz, "all our leases are for nine hundred years, so you see, Mrs. Codley, that it is practically the same as if you bought the land outright. I don't think that you will quarrel with us about the renewal of the lease when it runs out."

Mr. Waudle led the laugh which followed Mr. Gratz's remark, and Sara's scruples against the lease vanished. So, after a little more conversation, the lease was signed, after being read over. She also signed a memorandum promising to build at Rosebeach a house to cost not less than one thousand. two hundred dollars. And when a notary public had been called in and witnessed her signature, and the signatures of the others, and when she had paid down the fifty dollars which she had with her to bind the bargain, and when she had promised to bring the balance on the morrow, then Messrs. Waudle and Gratz rose simultaneously, extended their hands, and congratulated her upon being a keen woman of business, and upon being the owner of the property which she had secured from them. And Sara, being taken to the elevator by them both, left in a state of elation and anticipation such as she had never before experienced in all her life.

Sara was on hand the next day with the balance of the purchase money, and again received the congratulations of the firm. She also had a long talk with Mr. Waudle in regard to building operations. He pointed out to her that she had better order the construction of her home forthwith, in order to have it habitable before fall. He also stated that, although their clients had the right to name any builder they might choose, yet the majority of them employed a certain firm that seemed to give universal satisfaction, and suggested—declaring that it was a mere suggestion on his part—that she should do likewise. To which she, of course, assented. Whereupon, Mr. Waudle rung up the building firm, and it was not long before one of the principals of the latter, a Mr. Jollay, was on hand. Then another conversation took place, specifications which read, oh, ever so prettily, were gone over by Sara and the builder, and it was arranged that, as Mr. Jollay put it, the construction of the house should begin the moment that the plot was in such a state as would warrant it. This puzzled Sara a little, but attributing her confusion to her ignorance of such matters, she said nothing, and remained elated at the prospects which lay before her. So she signed a contract with the builder, paying him an amount in advance.

Just before she went, Mr. Waudle said sweetly, "We will advise you from time to time, Mrs. Codley, as to the progress of events, so as to keep you posted."

"Thank you, sir," said Sara gratefully, thinking that Mr. Waudle was as thoughtful as he was polite.

For several days subsequent she heard nothing whatever of Rosebeach. But one morning she received a letter from the real estate firm notifying her that she, among other Rosebeachians, had been assessed for paving purposes, and would she please forward a check for twenty-two dollars forthwith. Somewhat surprised, and feeling that perhaps there was a mistake somewhere, she hastened to Mr. Waudle.

Mr. Waudle was courtesy itself. "Have you your lease with you, Mrs. Codley?" he said. Sara had not, whereupon the firm's copy of the instrument was produced, and her attention was called to that clause in it by which she bound herself to abide by the assessments which might be made from time to time for "improvements," and general purposes.

"There it is, madam, in black and white," said Mr. Waudle, with a pleasant and decisive little smile. "I am sorry if you did n't note the clause, but, if you remember, I asked you to read carefully the lease at the time that you signed it."

Embarrassed at her own stupidity, Sara produced the money and got a receipt for it.

A week later, she received a letter from the builders,

which was to the effect that they were ready to commence operations as soon as they were instructed to do so. This communication rather upset her. She was under the impression that the preliminaries to the building of her home were already in order. So away she hastened to the offices of the concern, and, on reaching them, saw Mr. Thribble issuing therefrom. She hailed him, but he, with a hasty shake of his hand, begged to be excused, saying that he had to catch a train and hoped to see her soon at Rosebeach.

Mr. Jollay appeared to be surprised at Sara's bewilderment over his letter.

"You 'll excuse me saying so, Mrs. Codley," he said, tartly, "but it seems rather queer that you don't know what 's in either the lease or contract to which you put your name. We 've got it in your contract that our work begins when your land is in a fit state for us to do so—and not till then."

"Then it is n't fit, is it?" asked Sara, helplessly.

"Well," said Mr. Jollay, with a nasty sort of laugh, "we don't usually try to put up houses on a mixture of mud, sand, and cat-tails. And that 's what your lot amounts to just now."

"But Mr. Waudle said—" began Sara.

"I ain't got nothing to do with what Waudle said," interrupted the builder. "All I know is that I 'm ready to go ahead when the land 's ready for me. And you 'll have to excuse me now, for I 'm busy. You 'd better see Waudle," and he rose, and opened the office door meaningly.

Mr. Waudle was in, but very busy, said the office boy. Even he, so it seemed to Sara, had lost the respective attentiveness of a few days before. Could Mrs. Codley wait? She could. She did. In fact, she waited nearly an hour before summoned to the Waudle presence.

The real estate man was polite but hardly cordial. Once more he regretted—and he said it with a little frown—that Mrs. Codley's memory was so lax about the clauses of her lease. And he trusted that, if in the future she had occasion to trouble the Hearthstone and Rooftree Real Estate and Building Loan Company in regard to her affairs, she would bring her lease with her, so as not to necessitate the company's wasting time in going through its files of duplicates.

Sara, hurt and humbled by the acerbity of the hitherto genial Waudle, promised to do as told. On the lease being produced, there, sure enough, it was, that the party of the second part, namely Mrs. Codley, covenanted, etc., etc., to defray all expenses incidental to "improving" her holding, no matter what the nature of such improvements.

"I trust," remarked Mr. Waudle, icily, "that the matter is now made clear to you. And let me advise you to consult your lease at home, if, in the future, matters come up which you do not clearly understand. We are very busy people here, Mrs. Codley,"—this with a slight thawing and a gleam of his ante-purchase smile—"and find it impossible to spare time to see our customers personally every time that some trouble crops up with which they are likely to meet when making a home. It is better, therefore, to write us, rather than to come to our offices, in such cases."

This time Mr. Waudle did not go gallantly to the elevator. The unescorted Sara, on her way to the outside hall, caught sight of Mr. Thribble standing in front of one of the latticed windows marked "agents." Then it came to her that she had seen him at the offices on the occasion of her first visit to them.

"Who is that gentleman there?" said she to the office boy. She did n't know exactly why she was asking the question.

"Mr. Blett, one of our agents. Want to speak to him, ma'am?"

"No, thank you," said Sara, "but are you sure his name is n't Thribble?"

The lad looked at her for a moment. He had been with the real estate people a couple of years, and he "knew his business," as Mr. Gratz had more than once declared. So again he looked at Sara. Then he said, "You 're right, ma'am. It is n't Mr. Blett. It is Mr. Thribble. A customer, I think, but his back is so much like Mr. Blett's that I was mixed up in the two." With that he opened the door and let her out.

Feeling as if much of her recently created rosy world was slipping from under her, the widow made her way home, there to think over the situation. But under the soothing influences of her snug flat and a good cup of tea, it was n't long before her naturally sanguine disposition began to reassert itself. Obviously men of business like Jollay and Waudle were not to be blamed if they got a bit impatient with her for taking up their time by blunders. On the face of it, too, she ought to have carefully and thoroughly understood the lease before she had signed it. Yet the thought would intrude that, if it had n't been for that little dinner in the Gridiron restaurant, she might n't have signed the lease in as hasty a fashion as she had done. Just before she fell asleep, she remembered with a start that she had n't asked Mr. Waudle how to go about getting her land improved. She decided that she would see Jollay in the morning instead.

Mr. Jollay, the next day, declared that he could and would clear and otherwise make the land ready for building purposes at the most reasonable rates. What would the job cost? Well, there would be a week's work for a couple of men getting the land ready to fill in—.

"To fill in?" queried Mrs. Codley, "what do you mean Mr. Jollay?"

"You sure don't think, ma'am," said he, "that we can do much with your lot as it is unless you want a house built on stilts and fitted with life preservers. The land 's got to be made—made, mind you. We 'll want at least twenty carts or so of loam and cinders, although if I was you—"

"Was Mr. Thribble's land *made* before he could build?" asked Sara.

"Whose land?"

"Mr. Thribble, who 's got the house with the lawns and geraniums."

"Oh," replied Jollay. "Yes. To be sure. Thribble, that his name? Why, of course it is. Well, he had let me see, thirty or forty cart loads of good fill-in stuff from Hufftown. They 've got public dumps there, you know."

"Dump heaps?" said Sara, amazedly.

"Sure," replied Jollay, cheerfully; "best thing in the world to fill in where the land 's like it is at Rosebeach."

Sara felt her soul nauseate within her at the idea of literally living on a dump heap. "Is n't it unhealthy?" she quavered.

"Not a bit of it, that is, if you 're careful to get the right kind of stuff. Has to be some picking and choosing at the dump, but my men can be relied on, and you need not fear getting a lot of old bones, rags, and other things that ain't good to live with."

Again Sara shuddered. "Is n't there anything else that could be used instead of dump stuff?"

"Lots," answered Jollay, promptly. "But expensive. Cost you a pretty penny to use straight sand or earth. The dump 's all right, Mrs. Codley, if some care is taken. Mr.—ah—Thribble's found it so."

Sara reflected. "How much will this filling-in business cost?"

The builder did some juggling with pencil and paper. "Well, I have n't looked your plot over, but if it 's like the rest of 'em, I should think that I could do the job for about—er—seventy-five or a hundred dollars."

"What!" exclaimed the astonished Sara. "Surely you must be mistaken."

"Not a bit of it. It 's nearly four miles to Hufftown, and you 'll want at least thirty or forty carts of dump tailings. The carts can only make two trips a day."

The agitated Mrs. Codley arose. She would let Mr. Jollay hear from her in a day or two. Mr. Jollay said he hoped so, as he was fending off one or two other jobs for her sake. If he once started in on these jobs, he did n't know when he could tackle hers; and the weather warm, too; but it looked like rain.

Nothing was done in this direction by Sara, and after a month of mental debating she was startled by the receipt of the following letter:

MRS. SARAH CODLEY,

Madam:—We beg to remind you that under the terms of the lease by which you acquired possession of Plot 86, at Rosebeach, N. Y., you are to begin building operations on said plot within two months of the making of said instrument. As the period in question has now expired, and as we are given to understand such operations have not been begun, we have to notify you that, unless the terms of your lease are observed in this and other particulars, we shall be compelled to safeguard our interests under the powers of the protective clauses of the said lease. Respectfully yours,

HEARTHSTONE AND ROOFTREE REAL ESTATE AND BUILDING LOAN COMPANY.

With this affrighting communication came a memorandum of a directors' meeting of the company, at which it had been unanimously resolved to sewer Rosebeach, and Sara among others, was called upon for "a first assessment for said purpose of $18.32." The concern was particular as to cents. Cents somehow suggest painstaking accuracy and an equitable distribution of financial burdens.

Obviously, there was only one thing to be done, and that was to go ahead with the building of the house, unless—the lease contained a menacing clause to the effect that, if she failed to live up to the terms of it, the parties of the first part—Waudle and the others—could oust her from the property, and all the money that had been paid to them would be forfeited. She was absolutely certain that this clause had not been read to her by the glib Gratz with the other clauses on the day that she signed the lease.

Was it any wonder that Sara felt heartsick at the present and frightened at the future? The lease seemed chock-full of things as formidable as they were unexpected. Mr. Jollay was written to as well as the real estate people, Mrs. Codley promising to call on the morrow to settle up affairs with the first, and notifying the latter as to her intention to do so.

Mr. Jollay was glad to know that Mrs. Codley was ready for him to go ahead. He had been figuring on the filling in business, and found it would cost her exactly $94.60. Mr. Jollay liked his odd cents also. Could n't he do it cheaper? He could, only Mr. Waudle and the real estate people in general might object. "What had Waudle to do with it?" asked Sara. Mr. Jollay shook his head patiently and sadly. Had n't Mrs. Codley even read her lease? Did n't the lease specifically state that all improvements must be acceptable to the parties of the first part, meaning Waudle, *et al.*? And Waudle would n't stand for no cheap fill-

ing as might be a nuisance to the neighbors or perhaps sink under the weight of the house. No, ma'am. She was at liberty to get anybody she pleased to do the job, but it must be up to the Waudle standard, that was all.

In a helplessly dazed fashion she told Jollay that she would be in the next day with the money—the builder explained that such work was always paid for in advance—and that he could then begin to make her Rosebeach holding habitable.

Once more home, she tried to forget her doubts and forebodings. For a long time she sat, thinking it all over. The next morning Mr. Jollay telephoned, asking her if she had the money ready. Sara had the courage to say she had not.

It was a terrible jolt. In fact it was the first good jolt that the Hearthstone and Rooftree Company really had. It grew in proportions until it reached the courts of law. Let us all be happy in knowing that Sara came out the victor, and that the offices of the glib Gratz and the wiley Waudle were soon being rented for other purposes.

Drugging a Race

By SAMUEL MERWIN

[*Concluded from page 208*]

pected from Her Majesty's representatives." From this Mr. Wilson goes on, in his report, to lay bare the methods of the Indian Government in preparing evidence for the commission. To say that these methods show a departure from the expected "judicial attitude" is to speak with great moderation. It is not necessary, I think, to weary the reader with the details of these extended operations. That is not the purpose of this article. It should be enough to say that Lord Lansdowne and his Indian Government ordered that all evidence should be submitted to the commission *through their offices;* that only pro-opium evidence was submitted; that a Government official traveled with the commission and openly worked up the evidence in advance; that the minority members were hindered and hampered in their attempts at real investigation, and were shadowed by detectives when they traveled independently in the opium-producing regions; and, finally, that Lord Brassey abruptly closed the report of the commission without giving the minority members an opportunity to discuss it in detail. The result of these methods was precisely what might have been expected. Opium was declared a mild and harmless stimulant for all ages. No home, in short, was complete without it.

There is an answer to the report of the Royal Commission on opium more telling than can be found in speeches or in minority reports. In an earlier article we examined into the beginnings of opium. We saw how it is grown and manufactured; how it passes out of the hands of the British Government into the currents of trade; how it is carried along on these currents—small quantities of it washing up in passing the Straits and the Malay Archipeligo—to China; how it blends at the Chinese ports in the flood of the new native-grown opium and divides among the trade currents of that great empire until every province receives its supply of the "foreign dirt." Now let us follow it farther; for it does not stop there.

The Chinese are great traders and great travelers. The weight of the national misery presses them out into whatever new regions promise a reward for industry. They swarmed over the Pacific to America in a yellow cloud until America, in sheer self-defense, barred them out. They swarmed southward to Australia until Australia closed the doors on them. They swarm to-day into the Philippines and into Malaysia. In the Straits Settlement, in a total population of a little over half a million, more than half (282,000) are Chinese. When America would build the Panama Canal, her first impulse is to import the cheap Chinese laborer, who is always so eager to come. When Britain took over the Transvaal she imported 70,000 Chinese laborers. *And where the Chinese travel, opium travels too.*

The real answer to the Royal Commission on opium should be found in the attitude of these countries which have had to face the opium problem along with the Chinese problem. Let us include in the list Japan, a country which has had a remarkable opportunity to view the opium menace at short range. What Japan thinks about opium, what Australia and the Transvaal and the United States think, what the Philippines think, is more to the point than any first-hand statements of a magazine reporter. We will take Japan first. Does Japan think that opium is invaluable as a general household remedy? Does Japan think that opium is good for children?

Here is what the Philippine Opium Commission, whose report is accepted to-day as the most authoritative survey of the opium situation, has to say about opium in Japan:

"Japan, which is *a non-Christian country, is the only country visited by the committee where the opium question is dealt with in the purely moral and social aspect.* . . . Legislation is enacted without the distraction of commercial motives and interest. . . . No surer testimony to the reality of the evil effects of opium can be found than the horror with which China's next-door neighbor views it. . . . The Japanese to a man fear opium as we fear the

cobra or the rattlesnake, and they despise its victims. There has been no moment in the nation's history when the people have wavered in their uncompromising attitude toward the drug and its use, so that an instinctive hatred possesses them. *China's curse has been Japan's warning, and a warning heeded.* An opium user in Japan would be socially a leper."

"The opium law of Japan forbids the importation, the possession, and the use of the drug except as a medicine; and it is kept to the letter in a population of 47,000,000, of whom perhaps 25,000 are Chinese. So rigid are the provisions of the law that it is sometimes, especially in interior towns, almost impossible to secure opium or its alkaloids in cases of medical necessity. . . . The government is determined to keep the opium habit strictly confined to what they deem to be its legitimate use, which use even, they seem to think, is dangerous enough to require special safeguarding."

"Certain persons are authorized by the head official of each district to manufacture and prepare opium for medicinal purposes. . . . That which is up to the required standard (in quality) is sold to the government; and that which falls short is destroyed. The accepted opium is sealed in proper receptacles and sold to a selected number of wholesale dealers (apothecaries) who in turn provide physicians and retail dealers with the drug for medicinal uses only. It can reach the patient for whose relief it is desired only through the prescription of the attending physician. *The records of those who thus use opium in any of its various forms must be preserved for ten years.*"

"The people not merely obey the law, but they are proud of it; they would not have it altered if they could. It is the law of the government, but it is the law of the people also. . . . Apparently the vigilance of the police is such that even when opium is successfully smuggled in, it cannot be smoked without detection. The pungent fumes of cooked opium are unmistakable, and betray the user almost inevitably. . . . There is an instance on record where a couple of Japanese lads in North Formosa experimented with opium just for a lark; and though they were guilty only on this occasion, they were detected, arrested, and punished."

That is what Japan thinks about opium.

The conclusions of this Philippine Commission formed the basis of the new opium prohibition in the Philippines which goes into effect March 1, 1908. The plan is a modification of the Japanese system of dealing with the evil.

Australia and New Zealand have also been forced to face the opium problem. New Zealand, by an act of 1901, amended in 1903, prohibits the traffic, and makes offenders liable to a penalty not exceeding $2,500 (£500) for each offense. In the Australian Federal Parliament the question was brought to an issue two or three years ago. Petitions bearing 200,000 signatures were presented to the Parliament, and in response a law was enacted absolutely prohibiting the importation of opium, except for medicinal uses, after January 1, 1906. All the state governments of Australia lose revenue by this prohibition. The voice of the Australian people was apparently expressed in the Federal Parliament by Hon. V. L. Solomon, who said: "In the cities of the Southern States anybody going to the opium dens would see hundreds of apparently respectable Europeans indulging in this horrible habit. *It is a hundredfold more damaging both physically and morally than the indulgence in alcoholic liquors.*"

That is what Australia and New Zealand think about opium.

The attitude of the United States is thus described by the Philippine Commission: "It is not perhaps generally known that in the only instance where America has made official utterances relative to the use of opium in the East, she has spoken with no uncertain voice. By treaty with China in 1880 and again in 1903, no American bottoms are allowed to carry opium in Chinese waters. This . . . is due to a recognition *that the use of opium is an evil for which no financial gain can compensate*, and which America will not allow her citizens to encourage even passively." By the terms of this treaty, citizens of the United States are forbidden to "import opium into any of the open ports of China, or transport from one open port to any other open port, *or to buy and sell opium in any of the open ports of China*. This absolute prohibition . . . extends to vessels owned by the citizens or subjects of either power, to foreign vessels employed by them, or to vessels owned by the citizens or subjects of either power *and employed by other persons* for the transportation of opium." Thus the United States is flatly on record as forbidding her citizens to engage, *in any way whatever*, in the Chinese opium traffic.

The last item of expert evidence which I shall present from the countries most deeply concerned in the opium question is from that British Colony, the Transvaal. Were the subject less grim, it would be difficult to restrain a smile over this bit of evidence—it is so human, and so humorous. For a century and more Anglo-Indian officials have been kept busy explaining that opium is a Heaven-sent blessing to mankind. It is quite possible that many of them have come to believe the words they have repeated so often. Why not? China was a long way off—and India certainly did need the money. The poor official had to please the sovereign people back home, one way or another. If a choice between evils seemed necessary, was he to blame? We must try not to be too hard on the Government official. Perhaps opium *was* good for children. Keep your blind eye to the telescope and you can imagine anything you like.

The situation was given its grimly humorous twist when the monster opium began to invade regions nearer

home. It came into the Transvaal after the Boer War, along with those 70,000 Chinese laborers. The result can only be described as an opium panic. I quote, regarding it, from that "Memorandum Concerning Indo-Chinese Opium Trade," which was prepared for the debate in Parliament during May, 1906:

"The Transvaal offers a striking illustration of the old proverb as to chickens coming home to roost.

"On the 6th September, 1905, Sir George Farrar moved the adjournment of the Legislative Council at Pretoria, to call attention to 'the enormous quantity of opium' finding its way into the Transvaal. He urged that 'measures should be taken for the immediate stopping of the traffic.' On 6th October, an ordinance was issued, restricting the importation of opium to registered chemists, only, according to regulations to be prescribed by permits by the Lieutenant-Governor—under a penalty not exceeding £500 ($2500), or imprisonment not exceeding six months.

"Any person in possession of such substance . . . except for medicinal purposes, unless under a permit, is liable to similar penalties. *Stringent rights of search are given to police, constables, under certain circumstances, without even the necessity of a written authority.*

"The Under Secretary for the Colonies has also stated, 'that the Chinese Labor Importation Ordinance, 1904, has been amended to penalise the possession by, and supply to, Chinese laborers of opium.'"

Apparently opium is not good for the children of South Africa. That it would be good (to get still nearer home) for the children and infants of Great Britain, is an idea so monstrous, so horrible that I hardly dare suggest it. No one, I think, would go so far as to say that the Royal Commission would have reached those same extraordinary conclusions had the problem lain in Great Britain instead of in far-off India and China. Walk about, of a sunny afternoon, in Kensington Gardens. Watch the ruddy, healthy children sailing their boats in the Round Pond, or playing in the long grass where the sheep are nibbling, or running merrily along the well-kept borders of the Serpentine. They are splendid youngsters, these little Britishers. Their skins are tanned, their eyes are clear, their little bodies are compactly knit. Each child has its watchful nurse. What would the mothers say if His Majesty's Most Excellent Government should undertake the manufacture and distribution of attractive little pills of opium and spices for these children, and should defend its course not only on the ground that "the practice does not appear to any appreciable extent injurious" but also on the ground that "the revenue obtained is indispensable for carrying on the government with efficiency"?

What would these British mothers say? It is a fair question. The "conservative" pro-opiumist is always ready with an answer to this question. He claims that it is not fair. He maintains that the Oriental is different from the Occidental—racially. Opium, he says, has no such marked effect on the Chinaman as it has on the Englishman, no such marked effect on the Chinese infant as it has on the British infant. I have met this "conservative" pro-opiumist many times on coasting and river steamers and in Treaty port hotels. I have been one of a group about a rusty little stove in a German-kept hostlery where this question was thrashed out. Your "conservative" is so cock-sure about it that he grows, in the heat of his argument, almost triumphant. At first I thought that perhaps he might be partially right. One man's meat *is* occasionally another man's poison. The Chinese differ from us in so many ways that possibly they might have a greater capacity to withstand the ravages of opium.

It was partly to answer this question that I went to China. I did not leave China until I had arrived at an answer that seemed convincing. If, in presenting the facts in these columns, the picture I have been painting of China's problem should verge on the painful, that, I am afraid, will be the fault of the facts. It is a picture of the hugest Empire in the whole world, fighting a curse which has all but mastered it, turning for aid, in sheer despair, to the government, that has brought it to the edge of ruin. Strange to say, this British Government, as it is to-day constituted, would apparently like to help. But, across the path of assistance stands, like a grotesque, inhuman dragon,—the Indian Revenue.

From a Recent Novel

By J. W. Foley

She dropped her eyes; he threw up his head.
Her face fell; he ground his teeth.
Her cheek burned; his heart sank.
She grew cold as ice; his brain was on fire.
Her heart came up in her throat; his brow grew dark.
Her eyes flashed fire; he tore his hair.
Her very soul was rent; he could have bitten his tongue in two for saying it.
She cast the lie back in his teeth; he swallowed a lump in his throat.
She shuddered as with a mortal wound; he grew weak as water.
An icy hand clutched at her heart; then he trembled like an aspen.
She grew faint and sick; he was in agony.
Painfully she strove for breath; his eyes blazed.
She swept from the room; he fell in a heap on the rug.
Plainly, after all this, life could never be the same again for either of them.

The Red Cactus

[*Concluded from page 214*]

It was then Mason did what cost him dearly. Once more he picked up the finest rifle in New Mexico, raised it over his shoulder and struck it against the cliff. The stock that had so often caressed his cheek splintered, broke off, and shot down through the blue air into the wrinkling velvet of the treetops. In that stock was set, like a jewel, a tiny ring engraved with a double "M" intertwined. It was a ring of Mexie's that she had fastened there with her own hands. Prying and splitting with his bowie, Mason bereft the barrel of all wood. The choicest weapon in the Rockies, under its owner's vivisecting hands and knife, became but a tube of steel, a hollow crowbar. Freeing the rope from his waist, Mason tied the end with many a half hitch around the loved barrel, and then signaled Salarado to pull it up. Slowly, and in the utmost danger, using but one hand and his teeth, the man clinging above did as he was told: for life is sweet, though offered by the enemy. Then, with infinite care and caution, in a frost-split that the eyes of Mason had noted was too wide to hold a knife, Salarado wedged the iron bar tight and fast. Testing the knot Mason had made about the iron, and finding it true, Salarado, with a great sigh, gripped the rope, wound his legs about it, and, like a spider along his gossamer, slipped down to his foe.

There, five feet out from Mason's jut, heavily swinging in the rising wind, Salarado hung, with no hope of getting back up the slender cord, and with an insane depth of rock-toothed air below. Before him, on the jut, Mason was thumbing the edge of his bowie.

"Now will you give me that cactus—and Mexie?" The words, hollow as from a cave, were as cold and pointed as icicles: but the dangling man answered,—

"No!"

"Salarado, you are a brave man. Will you be my friend?"

With the thought of Mexie in his mind, Salarado answered,—

"No!"

"Then go to her!" snarled Mason, and with his bowie he reached for the taut lariat.

Salarado closed his eyes. Raising his face to the blackening heavens, with stiff lips he formed the dry word,—

"Mexie."

Up from below, on a curl of air, shivered women's shrieks, the yells of men, and the protesting moans of a hundred friends. Mason looked down. There, on the church steps, a tiny white figure knelt and raised her arms to him. Even at that distance the hair-sighting eyes of the rifleman saw and knew Mexie.

The wind hushed. Second after second dragged by, but the swaying man felt no knife-edge on the rope; yet in that high stillness he heard Mason scraping and rubbing along the rock. Salarado's form slowly stiffened. His breath cut his throat and lungs as if dusty with powdered glass. In his ears he heard the ringing of his own funeral bell—or those of his wedding to Mexie. Still he hung there, slowly twisting in the whiffs of air.

"Why does n't he hurry?" he thought. Sleepily he opened his eyes and saw Mason standing back under the rough overhanging ledge. The jut of rock was free. This stony arm held out to him, this taste of life within five feet, made the suspended man dizzy. Once more he shut his eyes and set his teeth. Raggedly he counted:

"One.—One—two—three! Two times two—are five. One from one—makes, makes two— One, two, three, four, five—two times two are four. Two plus—two plus one are five. Nine times seven are sixty-three— Keep cool. Courage. Mexie." Sluggishly the panic settled in his mind, his eyes opened, and strength pulsed once more in his rope-gripping hands and legs. With the practiced swing of the born mountaineer, Salarado swung back and forth, each time a little nearer to the empty jut. Now his feet brushed it—he gave the rock a kick that sent him swinging far out over the whirling gulf below. With gathered momentum he swung back to the jut, stood upon it.

He was safe—but his life he owed to Mason. Each man thought of Berthoud Pass. They were now "quits."

How different now than when fifteen minutes before Salarado had stood upon the summit! An age had passed—but Salarado still had the cactus. Just before Salarado braced firm-footed on the ledge, stood Mason still armed with his bowie; Salarado was not only weaponless, but his muscles numb from their strain for hours on the cliff, and racked to breaking, hanging on the rope, were weak and twitching. Grimly the two love-sick men eyed each other. There, viciously keen to the slightest move, they half-crouched, like two mutually fang-torn wolves gathering breath for the last struggle before the impatient female.

A dazzle of lightning forked between them—told them that there was a God. Then a wondrous light lit, flickered up, and gleamed steady under the sweat-dripping brows of Mason.

"Come," he said simply, as he sheathed his bowie, and turned for the downward climb. Between these locked jaws Mason had crushed a hundred centuries.

Then up from below burst a roll of cheers and joyous

rattle of revolver shots; but it was drowned in the cannon thunder about their ears. Nature, however, as if in admiration of that splendid act, curbed the storm; and the rocks were not wet until the two mountaineers had reached the foot of the Spire, and safety. But away on the heights, jerking about the little shelf where Maco fell, cutting over and across the jut of granite, the bar-fast rawhide lashed and cracked like a bull-whip.

At the foot of the crag they were met by the breathless climbers who had started up at the puff of smoke and the distant snap of the first rifle shot. Lifting his hand Salarado stifled all questions; Mason was silent. Attended by all the Mexicans, the two men came before Mexie—Mexie dazzling in her wedding clothes, as she sat housed from the first drops just within the door of the old *adobe* church.

Even old Maco was there. Snarling his skinny fingers together under his bent form, he was rasping his toothless mumble:

"Twenty cows for a girl! Twenty cows for a girl! Ho! Ho! Ho-o!" and limping around behind the impassive priest.

Side by side Mason and Salarado stood before Mexie. At her feet Salarado laid the cactus, rich with two men's lives. Mason stood silent with folded arms. An electric hush gathered over the scene, tense as the hanging storm. With a blush the radiant beauty reached down, picked up the scarlet flower, and slipped it between her breasts.

And then she laughed: "You fools! To think that for this silly flower I would have either of you! I won't—I can't—for a moment ago I married Maco, the owner of a hundred herds— And my wedding present is twenty cows."

A dark, snarling leap and Salarado was at Mexie's throat. Mason crashed between them. On the ground they rolled, one seething knot of battle. Mexie shrieked with laughter. Old Maco fainted.

At the command of the *padre* half a hundred Mexicans jumped into the frav. Salarado and Mason were wrenched apart; and, fighting everything, were rushed into separate *adobes.* Maco was soused with a pail of water, and revived. A harsh word from the *padre* confined Mexie's joy to her eyes, and hand-hidden lips.

Quickly the Mexicans harnessed Old Maco's bony mule-team to the wagon held together by baling wire. In it was a meager and worn-out camp outfit. A board served for a seat. Into the wagon they bundled the "Old Cheese" and his handsome bride. Maco whacked the mules, and away the ramshackle affair went splashing down the now muddy road in a swirl of rain for Maco's most distant sheep ranch, an outpost on the edge of the desert fifty miles away. The last sight the yelling, shooting Mexicans caught of the bridal couple, Maco was still pounding the galloping, mud-spattering mules; while Mexie, with one arm, was waving back a triumphant, taunting good-by. The other arm lay about Maco's stringy neck like the coil of a snake. Mason, too, watched the spectacle. His captors could hold his arms, but not his eyes and thoughts.

"Girl! You're right. I'm the biggest fool west of the Big Muddy," he said aloud to himself. Then the uproarious Mexican miners, cowboys, bull-whackers, and mule-skinners let him go, but chaffed him in English, Spanish, and Indian.

"Go it! You greasers! Rub it in. I need it," growled Mason. Collecting his few trifles, and with a new rifle and horse, in an hour he took the north trail for the Colorado line.

They held Salarado for a week—or rather, until they were tired of watching so docile a creature. When the jail door opened to him at length, the buffalo strolled out, stretched himself, borrowed some tobacco from his recent jailer, and squatted down in the sun by the jail door for a smoke and a snooze.

That night Salarado followed Mexie.

In Contests?

Of Limerick writers, the worst
Is he by the passion accursed
Who flings them and flirts them
But always inverts them
And writes the last line of them first.

Enterprise

A Bladensburg merchant was dozing in his store one day when a little girl with a pitcher appeared in the doorway and asked for a quart of molasses. The storekeeper yawned, stretched himself, half opened his eyes, and then in an injured tone said, "Ain't there nobody in Bladensburg that sells molasses but me?"

No work is well done or healthily done which is not enthusiastically done.

The habit of happy thought would transform the commonest life into harmony and beauty.

The struggle to climb to a higher place in life has strength and dignity in it, and cannot fail to leave us stronger for the effort, even though we miss the prize.

Getting the Best Out of Employees

[*Concluded from page 222*]

When a person makes a mistake or does wrong, speak to him kindly. It will act like magic. And never lose an opportunity for showing your appreciation of a good piece of work.

Your employees are not going to give you their best for your worst; their admiration and devotion and loyalty in return for your suspicion and meanness. If you scold and nag them, and look down upon them, you cannot expect them to admire you, to look up to and love you.

If you sow thistles and thorns among them, do not expect a harvest of roses and the sweet perfume of admiration and love in return.

If you are mean and selfish, you will get stinted, stingy service, as a rule. If your employees feel that you do not care anything for them, except for what you can get out of them, they will feel the same way toward you and only care for their salaries and for an easy time.

Their respect and admiration are worth everything to you. They hold your success or failure largely in their hands. They can often turn the tide and make all the difference between good fortune and bad. It pays to keep employees contented and happy; it increases the quality of their service very materially.

It is an employer's duty as well as the best possible policy to praise his people for doing well. Yet I know business men who never express appreciation of an employee's work no matter how faithful or painstaking he may be. They say that if they show any appreciation it will not be long before the employees will think that they are as good as their employers, will get "swelled heads," and will become dissatisfied and discontented.

One large employer boasts that he has working for him, for twelve hundred dollars a year, a young man who is easily worth five thousand, and that he would pay five thousand rather than lose him. When asked why he did not pay him more, he said he "did n't have to," that the young man had a family and he did not dare to take chances of throwing up his job. He said he calculated to keep his employees in a condition where they would be afraid to ask for a raise of salary lest they should be discharged.

There are thousands of young men in this country today who are capable of doing great things, of building up large businesses of their own, but who are discouraged from starting out for themselves, kept down, by their employers.

I know a man, who is at the head of a firm which employs a large number of people, who says that, no matter how able a young man may be, no matter how much executive ability or leadership he may develop in the firm's employ, its policy is to discourage him from going into business for himself. Although his employers may really believe he is capable of conducting a larger business than their own, they keep him down just as long as possible, because it is for their interest.

This is a most selfish policy. If the employee has been unusually faithful, if he has shown marked ability in your employ, and you have had all the benefits of it, you have no right to try to keep him down. On the contrary it is your duty to encourage him to start for himself, your duty to urge him to do the largest thing he is capable of.

Many employers who do not understand the effectiveness of the encouraging philosophy are continually taking the heart out of their employees, keeping them in a condition of hopeless discouragement much of the time by their constant depreciation and selfish efforts to keep them down.

I realize that there are also many who feel very kindly disposed toward their employees, and who really want to do the best thing for them, but who lead such strenuous lives, are so pushed and crowded all the time, that they do not have much opportunity to encourage those who are doing good work and who deserve to be encouraged.

But, just try the experiment of dropping a word of praise as you go about among your employees, when you see them doing especially well, even if you are very busy, and you will find that it will work wonders.

I know employees who work like Trojans when their courage is up, when they feel that their work is appreciated, and when they are praised for doing well; but just as soon as their employers find fault with them, or scold them, or they feel that their work is not appreciated, they become discouraged and lose their interest.

Now, the best investment you can ever make, Mr. Employer, is to let your employees know that you appreciate their work. Be generous with your praise, especially when your employees do unusually well.

Appreciation and encouragement make an employee think more of himself; and anything which will increase his self-respect will increase his confidence in himself, and that multiplies his efficiency.

If all employers understood the uplifting power, the tremendous stimulating influence of appreciation and praise, they would get a very much higher quality of service, while their employees would be infinitely happier. And happy employees are much more productive and resourceful than unhappy, discontented ones. Happiness is a great vitality generator, a great strength sustainer, and a powerful health tonic.

The Battle That Had No Name

[Concluded from page 206]

we'll be helpless indeed and in a pretty bad fix."

I had learned enough about submarines during my sojourn with Willie in Mororan to know that they depended for every movement, for their very balance in the water, upon nicely adjusted electrical machinery. I could perfectly understand that, without power of that kind, we would indeed be helpless.

"What are your orders when you arrive at this spot in the ocean?" I demanded.

Willie seemed to regain his spirits instantly. He chuckled. "The admiral is a wonder!" he ejaculated. "There are no orders!"

"No orders!" I repeated. "How are we to get back?"

He tugged at his mustache. "How do I know? How do I know whether we are to get back at all? How do I know what the admiral has in mind? One thing, Parsons—just remember, we are part of a scientific calculation."

"I'd like to see the solution," I remarked, much nettled at the situation in which I found myself.

Willie paid no attention to me. "There are a good many factors in this problem of the admiral's," he went on, musingly. "There's this 'marine and all the calculations behind it; there's me and those two human beings below in the hull; there was Kujiro; the destroyer; and then, my dear Parsons, there's you, the war correspondent of the *American Scientist*. Oh, the admiral's a great man!" he concluded, warmly. Then he said, "Here we are!"

The motors hummed into silence, and the pump slowly began to work. We listened to it, and Willie kept his eyes fastened on the indicator that marked the progress of emptying the ballast tanks. Presently he shook his head. "We can't make it under this pressure," he said, crossly. "There is n't as much power left as I thought. The batteries have gone to pieces. We have n't risen an inch. I told O'Brien, when he braced that for'ard tank, that the skin was not strong enough. It's giving in, Parsons, now. I hope it holds against the pressure for another five minutes. We'll see!"

It was not comforting to realize that the great pressure of the water at the depth at which we were was pressing in the steel hull as fast as the water in the tanks was withdrawn from within. Far less comforting to follow Willie's steady finger and see by the submergence dial that we were, in fact, sinking steadily. He called down into the engine room.

The motors started again, and *No. 6* quivered slightly as she gathered way under their slow impulse. Willie watched his indicators an instant after the swaying motion of the vessel steadied. Then he jerked a lever toward him. *No. 6* threw her prow upward as the horizontal rudders caught her. She surged slowly toward the surface. I heard the pumps gather speed. Willie chuckled. "That fetched her," he said. "Now let's see where we are."

No. 6 came to rest with her hull just awash, as I perceived by the foam appearing and reappearing over the port glasses. Willie was staring into the periscope tube. He straightened up and smiled. "I guess we'll just pump out some more and go topside and have a smoke," he said.

When *No. 6* rolled easily in the swell, and when we were indeed afloat, we unscrewed the little hatch and climbed out and down on the slippery deck. I was surprised to find how fresh the air was.

"We've been using tank oxygen for several hours," Willie explained. "But I was sparing of it. Have a cigar and look round."

I took the cigar he offered me and was soon enjoying it. Willie, with another one between his teeth, climbed forward to the bowl-shaped bow and knelt there, running his fingers along the seams where the steel plates were riveted together. He came back shaking his head. "That upper tank is in bad shape," he said, briefly. "I'd hate to have to submerge again with our weak power. I'm afraid that tank will collapse."

I had nothing to say to reassure him, and he soon had an extensible mast brought up and stepped in the deck. When it was stayed lightly he took his binoculars and climbed up to get a view all around the horizon. While he was so engaged I put my cigar aside and ate a plate of rice and drank some tea which one of the crew handed up to me.

Willie came down, had something to eat himself, went below, and spent an hour going over his machinery. He came on deck, ascended the mast, came down immediately, and said, grimly, "I thought so."

"Thought what?" I demanded.

"That I'd have to start those gasoline engines and re-charge my batteries instead of using the gasoline to turn the propellers," he responded, enigmatically.

In a quarter of an hour I heard the cough of the engines and the whir of a dynamo. I went below and found Willie covered with oil and grime. "Next submarine I build," he said, crossly, "I'll not scamp room. I'll have a separate engine to run the dynamo. No sense in having to uncouple the main engines from the shafts this way. It makes the boat helpless for the time being."

This discovery bothered him for the next hour. Then he went on deck again and held some conversation with the man he had put on watch there. He called to me. When I reached his side he pointed far to the south. A plume of dark smoke lay on the sea's edge. "That's not a Jap," said Willie. "That's a Russ, burning compressed coal. And compressed coal means a war ship. And a Russian war ship in these waters means—"

"Means what?" I asked.

Willie winked at me solemnly. "It means that the admiral was most tremendously smart."

I failed to see the point, and said so. Willie was very patient and explained. "The admiral hears that there are Russian war ships coming in from the eastward, intending to slip through La Perouse Straits and across to Vladivostock. Now, the admiral does n't go and display his knowledge all over the town. He comes to his office and sends for me. 'I'll just have Lieutenant Pettifer, J. P. N., quietly take *No. 6* and leave Mororan. Not even the ships in the harbor will know he's gone, for he's going submerged. And I'll just send Lieutenant Pettifer out where the Honorable Russian will pass by. Lieutenant Pettifer can't come back. He can't, unless he gets gasoline from Gabriel. We'll just see what Lieutenant Pettifer will do under those circumstances.' That," said Willie, "is what the old scientist said to himself."

"Will you please tell me, Willie," I interrupted, "why the admiral let me go along with you?"

He grinned. "You were sent, my boy. The admiral did n't want *anybody* to know *No. 6* was gone to sea instead of being merely submerged in her slip. So he told me to get you to go along. He said you could go as a war correspondent. In fact, I guess you are an unwilling war correspondent."

I agreed with Willie as to this, but reminded him that in reality I had only yielded to his importunity as a friend. "I'd never have come, except for that," I protested.

"All right," said Willie. "I appreciate that, and feel the worse because you came under those circumstances. But I'm glad to have you, anyway, for there is business ahead."

"What business?" I inquired.

"Those war ships," he responded, pointing to the fast-thickening smoke. Hashi tells me there are two of them."

"What are you going to do?" I said, anxiously. "I thought you were helpless—that *No. 6* was out of business."

"My orders read to 'use war measures in the presence of the enemy,'" Willie replied, briefly. "Now we'll get ready."

Getting ready consisted in pumping every tank out, examining the air-dryers and the apparatus for controlling descent and ascent, and in charging the batteries as much as we could. Willie explained to me, when this was done, that he had been inside the forward tank and had tried the seams. "It'll have to hold," he said. "If it don't, I'm afraid the Russians will have the best of us."

I did my best to expound to him the preposterous folly of attempting to grapple with two well-prepared battle ships in a submarine whose behavior was, to say the least, problematic. Willie heard me out, and asserted that he was responsible for the good name of the submarines. "I'm here for the builders in America," he said. "And the admiral has figured it all out. It's a scientific calculation, and we must do our part." So far as I recollect, he said nothing else till he gave orders to close the hatch and to submerge. It was with deep regret that I saw the water surge over the port glasses. I was not reassured when Willie asked me to go below and see what the pressure in the compressed air tank was. I reported, and he seemed satisfied. Later, as *No. 6* swayed gently along, Willie remarked that he would be glad of the room occupied by the two torpedoes remaining. "When they're gone we'll have less trouble with that for'ard tank. In fact, Parsons," I remember him saying, with a comical twist to his mouth, "we may have to get rid of those torpedoes in order to keep *No. 6* from going to the bottom."

He said nothing more.

At last, just about noon, he motioned for me to look through the periscope. I saw two war ships, about half a mile apart, both steaming slowly. The nearest one was, as nearly as I could judge, about a mile away. When I had looked, Willie glued his eye to the tube again and slowly turned the steering wheel. "I'm going to get the foremost one," he remarked, ten minutes later, as he pulled a lever.

No. 6 lifted her nose and surged up as the missile left her. A moment later we emerged upon the surface, Willie threw the wheel over and the submarine wallowed downward again like a porpoise, her whole frame rasping and quivering. At the instant she answered her rudders and rolled to an even keel the lights set in hoods by the indicator dials flashed and went out. Apparently I stubbed my toe and was flung headlong down the steps into the lower hull.

I regained my feet quickly, although *No. 6* was shuddering from bow to stern and her decks fairly heaved. I perceived, by the light of a dim lantern, the two Japs. One of them was bending over the motor casing on the starboard side, while the other gaped, open-mouthed, at something I could not see. Willie

dropped on his feet on the lower deck and called, quietly, "Short-circuit, boys!"

It was then that I realized the discipline Willie enforced. The men responded to his voice like trained dogs, and, during the fifteen minutes ensuing, the war correspondent of the *American Scientist* stood on the steel plates, held to the railing on the steps leading to the steering tower, and perspired. The whole interior of the hull glowed with sparks of fire and flashes of electricity.

How they managed, I could not tell you. But the lights came on again, though dimly, and the motors started hesitatingly. With the instinct of self-preservation I went up into the steering tower. It was nearer the surface, at least. The first thing I saw was the submergence dial. We were 113 feet under water.

I stared at this, feeling that I *must* tell Willie. But I confess I had not courage to go below again. The little light illuminating the dial brightened slowly, and, as it did so, I saw the indicator needle move on to 114, then, with a sudden slip, to 119. Willie leaned over my shoulder. "I wonder if we got that battle ship?" he muttered. "The torpedo did n't have far to go and the explosion started some of our plates, I perceive. Messed my wiring up a little, too."

I laid my finger silently on the dial.

"Pretty deep, is n't it?" Willie remarked, quietly. "And that for'ard tank is full of water. But we must get that other ship."

He dropped down into the hull and I heard the clanking of the pump. It did n't sound very lively and when Willie shouted for me I decided that we had reached the end of our course. I went down feeling quite reconciled. I found Willie and the crew busily engaged.

"Hand pump," he said, briefly. "Use your muscle on this."

The two Japs were gearing up the pump, and in another minute I had hold of a steel bar which I worked back and forth under Willie's direction. "It 'll get easier as we rise," he remarked. "Keep on, even if you drop."

The Japs, stripped to the waist, labored mechanically and efficiently. It would be impossible to tell you how laborious our toil was. We were pumping against the horrible pressure of the water in which we were submerged, and I assure you that within five minutes I heard nothing except the dull opening and shutting of the heavy check valves.

Willie went to and fro swiftly and noiselessly. His face, as he passed under the lights, showed as calm and serene as if we were in *No. 6's* slip and not sinking in the bottomless Pacific in a leaky cylinder of steel. Once or twice he stopped and glanced keenly over us. The third time I noticed that the Japs' faces were suffused with purple and that the veins in their necks stood out blackly. They toiled on, steadily. It struck me that they would soon give out. For myself I felt fairly strong though with a queer sense of giddiness, probably due to the unusual exertion.

Willie came by again and paused to say, "We 'll rise stern foremost."

Another time he came and smiled. "You fellows are n't making much progress," he said. "I think I 'll have to give you a drink."

My mouth dried up like a piece of paper in the fire at the very suggestion. Willie smiled again and reached overhead to a stop-cock. I heard a sharp hiss, and a current of cold air struck my shoulders. I took a deep breath and was amazed at the effect. I instantly regained my strength. I saw the Japs look up dully and then redouble their efforts.

No words I could use would convey the proper impression of our industry. You will imagine that men fighting for life would toil incessantly and desperately. But our prodigious efforts were not the result of fear or despair. We were exhilarated, elevated above all perils and disaster. Our strength flowed out into that pump gloriously. Our eyes shone. Our hearts beat strongly, evenly, and without pain. I swear to you we could have lifted *No. 6* bodily out of the depths to which she was gone. And so we drove those pump bars back and forth as if they were straws.

How long we labored I am unable to say. I had set my whole mind on my task. Occasionally I caught a glimpse of Willie peering through the heavy vapor that surrounded us. Once or twice I heard his voice, ringing bell-like, saying some encouraging and unnecessary word.

Suddenly he loomed like a shadow over us. "We 've risen to fifty feet," he boomed.

I smiled. The Japs drew their thin lips back over their teeth and smiled, too. How we drove that leaky shell upward from the ooze! How our arms sped and our hands grasped and the check valves thundered as we thrust the water out! What a din we made! The hollow cavern of the hull resounded. And as the clamor of our vast toil rolled back and forth *No. 6* surged upward.

Willie opened the hatch. The sunlight poured down upon us. The chill sea wind blew on our heated bodies. We cooled like irons in a blacksmith's tub. The pump levers suddenly were infinitely heavy. We threw our dead weight against them and they gave, creakingly. They stopped. We could not move them.

Willie came down the steps and stared at us. "That undiluted oxygen is great stuff," he murmured from a great distance. "Regular elixir of life!"

We fell away from the levers and slumped down on

A Great Stenographic Feat

ONE of the most remarkable demonstrations of the work possible to be performed by expert shorthand reporters, was given at the National Business show in Chicago, on the evening of February 8th last. The spectators who witnessed the exhibition were taken, for the time being, into an up-to-date court reporters' office, and were initiated into the mysteries of the delivery of fast transcript in court work and in general reporting. A thirty-minute address was reported by the experts, and within two minutes after the speaker conclued his remarks, members of the audience were presented with typewritten transcripts of the talk. Then the audience was taken into court for a short time, the method of reporting testimony fully illustrated, and in less than two minutes after, typewritten copies of the testimony were handed out. Then there was a demonstration of "double dictation"—a feat only performed by the most expert stenographers,—and the evening closed by an exhibition of really fast shorthand writing—matter being taken in shorthand faster than 230 words a minute and read back without hesitation.

The shorthand writers taking part in the demonstration were Clyde H. Marshall, a court reporter with offices in the Reaper Block, Chicago; Joseph M. Carney, of the court reporting firm of Welch & Carney, Milwaukee; John D. Carson, Harry R. Howse, E. M. Mizell, H. F. MacMahon and Harry A Sheldon, court reporters at 79 Clark street, Chicago; Frederick Carleon and C. G. Palmer, court reporters in the Stock Exchange Building, Chicago; and W. R. Hill, court reporter in the Chicago Opera House Building, Chicago.

The first demonstration was that of speech reporting. Mr. Robert F. Rose, a court reporter of Chicago, explained to the audience the methods employed in expert court work, talking for thirty minutes. His remarks were reported in two-minute relays, typewriter machines being on the stage, and the reporters dictated their notes to expert operators, carbon copies being made and distributed through the audience. Mr. Rose explained in detail the difficulties encountered by the expert reporter, giving for illustration, many anatomical, medical and other technical terms, showing that the reporters taking his remarks were skilled in all branches of expert work. He then took a transcript of a case recently tried in the United States Circuit Court in Chicago, reading from it at a fast rate of speed, the reporters taking it in relays, retiring to the typewriting machines and dictating their notes, the matter being distributed as each page came from the machine.

A remarkable exhibition of fast shorthand writing was given by Mr. Clyde H. Marshall, Mr. Rose reading at times faster than 230 words a minute and at no time below the 200 mark. At the conclusion of the dictation Mr. Marshall stepped to the front of the stage and read back the matter from his notes to the audience, without hesitation, and practically as fast as he had received it—one of the most wonderful feats of shorthand ever performed.

The exhibition of "double dictation" was of great interest. It is only with the most legible shorthand can this feat be performed. The dictator sits between two operators, dictates a sentence from the first of his note book to the typewriter on the right and then dictates from another portion of his book to the operator on the left. Turning again to the typewriter on the right, he dictates another sentence from the first part of his note book, and then follows with another sentence from the other part of his note book to the left operator. This he pursues until he has concluded his work—dictating from two portions of his shorthand notes to two different operators, thereby breaking the context to a great extent, and doubling his value, for he really performs two men's work at one time.

When it is taken into consideration that four years ago Clyde H. Marshall, then a boy of twenty, was physically "all in," financially "broke" and with little or no knowledge of shorthand, the young man or woman interested in the possibilities of shorthand will find much to inspire. Now Mr. Marshall is one of the leading reporters of Chicago—where court reporters earn from $3,000 to $10,000 a year. Mr. Harry R. Howse, Mr. John D. Carson and Mr. Frederick Carlson—all expert reporters in Chicago—have not yet attained their majority. Mr. Joseph M. Carney, as a member of the firm of Welch & Carney, is probably the best known reporter in Wisconsin. Recently the *Milwaukee Sentinel*, in an article on court reporting, said that these experts make more each year than a Congressman's salary. Mr. Carney is but twenty-five years old. Mr. W. R. Hill, in the recent trial of John R. Walsh, demonstrated his ability as a reporter, as he was one of the force called upon to furnish reports of the case. Two years ago he was living in the little lumber town of Rat Portege, Ontario, and acquired his knowledge of expert shorthand by taking a correspondence course. Mr. C. G. Palmer was a failure with a non-standard system of shorthand, but is a success with a standard system. E. M. Mizell and Harry A. Sheldon are connected with the largest court reporting firm in the world. Hugh F. MacMahon did not attempt to become an expert until he was forty-three years of age, although he had written shorthand for many years. He was told when he was but thirty-one years old that he would never make an expert, and twelve years after began his perfection study and—succeeded.

Each of these expert shorthand writers is a graduate of the Success Shorthand School, of New York and Chicago—the school presided over by expert court reporters. In this school, young men and young women who know nothing of shorthand are taught the most expert shorthand known. John D. Carson, one of the experts taking part in the above demonstration, was a boy in high school when he began the study, living in Webster Grove, Mo. He found time to devote to shorthand lessons given by the Success Shorthand School while completing his high school course, and is now one of the youngest and best court reporters in Chicago. He is an illustration of what can be done by one who will devote conscientious study to shorthand.

Not only does this school teach beginners, but it perfects stenographers for expert work. As stated, Mr. MacMahon was told, before he took up the course with this school, that he could never become an expert. Four months after his enrollment with this school his earnings were doubled.

Aside from these experts, there are many others in Chicago and throughout the country who owe their ability to the expert instruction received from this school. Ray Nyemaster studied while residing in the little city of Atalissa, Ia.; he is private secretary to Congressman Dawson of that state. Louis C. Drapeau studied while working in San Francisco, Cal.; he is private secretary to U. S. Senator Perkins of that state. Then there are court reporters in nearly every state in the United States who received their instruction from this institution.

Young man or young women, if you are interested in shorthand—a study which will bring you in close contact with "the man at the head" of any business, or, as a profession, will bring you from $2,500 to $10,000 a year—you should write at once for "A Book of Inspiration," contributed to by successful young men and women, by Hon. William J. Bryan, by William E. Curtis, and many others. It will be sent free of charge to those who inquire.

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deck. The cold air played over me, stifled me. Then somebody poured a bucket of cold water over me and I died.

That is, I thought I died. As a matter of fact I sat up and swore at Willie. He reached down and helped me to my feet. "You may not know it," he said. "But you fellows have been pumping two hours and a half. Now, if you can wiggle your limbs, we'll try and get this old tub into fighting shape again. That other war ship is lying two miles away, disabled. We landed the first one, all right."

He dragged me up through the hatch and to the little deck. *No. 6* lay almost awash, her bow canted downward. Just on the edge of the sea I made out the bulk of the surviving Russian. That apparition was enormous and appalling. I clutched Willie's arm in protest. "You are n't going to try to torpedo her?" I demanded.

"Willie almost shook my hand off. "Lieutenant Pettifer, J. P. N., is in command of this fish," he said curtly. "Kindly go below and drive those Japs on deck."

They came, staggering, with bloodshot eyes. He received them with flying orders. They hesitated, glanced dully about them, and gradually, as though gathering momentum, went about their duties.

For an hour they worked out on the bow of the 'marine, Willie thrusting them around in the washing water like dolls. They came in, soaked through, dripping with perspiration in spite of the chill wind and chiller waves. "I guess those plates are fixed enough for another try," said Willie, dropping a heavy hammer through the hatch. "Now we 'll pump her out some more."

My skin pinched my flesh at the words. But he drove us below with a smile, did Willie, and put our hands on the levers and—and we pumped. When we fell away from the bars, unable to exert another ounce of strength, he smiled widely. "We 're all right now," he announced cheerfully.

He coupled up the gasoline engines a. I investigated the fuel tank. "I guess we 'll just about make it," he said to me as he passed into the steering tower. "I 'll save what 's left in the batteries for maneuvering when we get there. Lucky that battle ship is disabled."

No. 6 gathered way through the heaving waves under the propulsion of the coughing engines. Down in the hull the heat grew torrid and the fumes of escaping gas choked us horribly. But the Japs stayed at their stations doggedly, and when I essayed to go into the little tower and Willie made room for me I found the air there far worse than below. The hatch was screwed down and Willie was peering through a little peep-hole set with thick prisms of glass.

I looked through the periscope and saw the huge ship rolling about a half mile distant from us. Her stern was toward us.

"They 're pretty busy on that ship," Willie remarked, "otherwise they 'd see us. Guess they ran into the wreckage of the first one and fouled their propellers. I hope the sun won't set right in our eyes."

He pressed a button and I heard the shifting of a heavy body below and the clang of a steel gate. "There goes our last torpedo into the firing tube," Willie explained. "And I 've got to use oxygen to discharge it with. Compressed air is all used up. But these torpedoes travel anyway, once clear of the tube."

At that instant a puff of smoke rose from the stern of the war ship, and almost simultaneously a shell screeched over *No 6*.

"In line, but too high," Willie said. "Seeing they know we 're here I guess we 'll scare them to death."

Once more *No. 6* settled in the water. The gasoline engines stopped and the motors began to rumble.

A vague terror seized me as I realized that we were dropping. I was aware that someone was clutching my leg and I kicked out violently. Willie glanced down and I saw his face suddenly harden. He reached over swiftly and picked up the heavy brass wrench used in screwing the hatch down. He dropped it. A muffled groan was emitted below and the hand let go of my leg.

No. 6 swayed uneasily and as if ill-balanced as we groped along. Willie stared continuously into the periscope. "I 'm getting between them and the setting sun," he said. Later he reached over and pulled the lever, releasing the torpedo. Instead of the upward surge nothing followed but the hiss of slowly escaping air. The submergence dial showed that *No. 6* was sinking.

"Not pressure enough," Willie said wrathfully. He pulled other levers and I felt the submarine struggle upward in obedience to her horizontal rudders. But the strain was too great. The motors slowed down and stopped. The lights grew dim.

We groped our way down the steps. As we reached the lower deck I felt the body of someone under my feet. I stooped down and laid my hand on the bare chest of the Jap who had clutched my leg. The wrench had done its work.

After a moment's fussing with the switches on the part of Willie the lights brightened. "We 've no use for the little current remaining," he said, "except to see to work by. I 'm sorry I killed that fellow there. We need him to pump."

"What 's the use of pumping?" I said. "We 're down here to stay."

"There 's still that Russian up there," he replied. "And we 're not so deep this time although of course

we 're going down all the time. I reckon we can get him yet. I 'll help you."

The pump levers gave reluctantly to our first pulls. The Jap gave a couple of thrusts to his bar with his body and then rolled his eyes to his commander. I could not hear what he said. Willie's voice rang out wrathfully. "Not this time, my son! No patriots here! If you so much as make a move toward that switch I 'll send your name to the admiral as a mutineer in the face of the enemy."

As the sailor sullenly thrust his weight against the pump-lever Willie called across to me,—"These chaps are all for *banzais* and flowers. They ain't scientists. But the admiral, he 's the lad for science. The idea of this blind patriot wanting to set that torpedo off in the tube when we don't know how close the battle ship is! Anyway, we 're too deep down to do any harm if we were right under her."

After an infinite period of toil I saw Willie reach up to the oxygen valve again. He turned it on full. As he put his hand back on the lever I caught his smile. He nodded brightly. The cold blast struck down between my shoulders and flowed over my chest. I took a deep breath. Once more I was full of strength.

How our hearts beat! And at every full pulse we drove the bars over and back with endless might. We breathed fire and it poured out to our clutching fingers and into the steel levers. The dim interior of the submarine grew brilliant and luminous. The machinery stood out in shining masses capable of miraculous activity. The past and the future faded. For that hour we lived in the gorgeous, magnificent Present. And all the while Willie smiled.

It gradually broke in upon my rapt mind that the Jap was singing. His muscled chest shone behind the lever as he plunged to and fro with extraordinary agility, and his song, throbbing upward, rose and filled the sounding shell of steel. I have heard the strain elsewhere, on the coal docks and in the holds of merchantmen loading with cargo. But I shall always hear it as that sailor sang it over his pump handle in that sodden submarine, as we drove our glorious tomb upward from hell.

"*Hey-a ho-a hum! Hai-a hai-a ho!*" he lilted.

That tireless song in our ears, we labored with flooding energy. Ah, what an hour that was! Death's fingers at our throats, Death's arms about us! Death's cold waters burdening us down! And the Jap sang, and we flung the heavy steel levers back and forth with gusto, with silent laughter, with full-throbbing hearts. . . .

The plates underneath our feet suddenly tilted. The long, luminous cavern of the hull soared, fell away like a pencil from a search light. There was a rush of water overhead, the thud of waves breaking on the deck. The song died away. We dropped the pump levers. Willie leaped to the steering tower, and I heard the rasp of the hatch as he unscrewed it. A breath of air swept down upon us. I saw the Jap crumple up like a mechanical toy when the current is turned off. My own strength ebbed in a second. As I squatted on the pump I looked up. A single star peeped down through the open hatch. A bit of flying spray stung my flesh.

I crept up the ladder one step at a time. I paused by the steering wheel for breath. Then I slowly thrust my arms out of the hatch and drew myself on deck.

It was dark night. *No. 6* lay high among the shadowy waves that reared themselves against the horizon and swept under her with gurgling sounds like surf among the rocks. Willie, braced against the little railing that ran around the top of the tower, was staring out silently.

In my weakness I felt that we had reached the end, indeed. What end? I could not tell. But as I glanced up at the figure above me I saw the same still smile, discerned it in the gloom as though a light shone on his face. Then my eyes opened.

A hundred yards away, lifting her dark bulk upward above the heaving sea, lay the Russian. Not a light showed; not a human sound drifted out to us. I surmised that she had been abandoned.

That surmise proved unfounded. A figure appeared at her rail—a careless and drowsy figure.

I managed to get beside Willie. He put his hand on my arm. "Hush!" he whispered. "We've got them yet!"

Before I could seek an explanation a wave took *No. 6* gently up, heaved her forward a hundred feet, and dropped her back fifty. I held on and was silent. A second wave thrust us softly within a hundred feet of the vast mass of the battle ship. And as we rolled I heard, at last, a shrill cry from the deck of the Russian.

I was blinded by the glare that enveloped us as if in response to that cry. Willie dug his fingers into my arm. "Found us the first thing with their search light," he muttered. "But they 're too late!"

A third wave lifted us up in that dazzling blaze, poised us delicately. We slipped down its farther face. The nose of *No. 6* stopped a bare dozen yards from the enormous wall of steel. "Look up!" Willie cried.

I lifted my eyes against the gleaming light. Silhouetted in its cold brilliancy I saw a multitude of heads rising from a huddled mass of surging forms. It was the battle ship's crew gathered at the rail. Amid that dark multitude gold flashed, the sheen of steel and the flicker of polished accouterments showed transiently.

[*Concluded on page 270*]

THE WELL-DRESSED MAN

Conducted by ALFRED STEPHEN BRYAN

A Help to Those Who Wish to Dress in Good Taste and Within Their Means

[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.]

TRUE fashion, like good manners, does not change fundamentally from season to season. The incidentals vary, but the essentials are preserved. I am speaking, of course, of fashion in its broad sense and not of that narrow and silly "faddism," which makes a mountain out of the placing of a button and an epoch out of the curve of a lapel. A fop has been wittily described as "one who has no mind above his collar," and in that opinion all men of rational ideas about dress will concur. The twin faults to avoid are eccentricity and exaggeration. The eccentric dresser strives oh, so hard, to be "different," and in his pursuit of originality he is akin to the fearfully and wonderfully garbed "slapstick" comedian of the music halls. Exaggeration in dress means to take a sensible mode and "go it one better" on the theory, that if the original is fashionable, the other must be ultra-fashionable. Both views disregard the clear fact that good taste, and not a fancied style, lies at the root of correct dress. I have frequently summed up the real purport of fashion in four words—*becomingness to the individual*. That is the "be-all and end-all" of dressing well.

New Wing Collar and Tie

* * *

SPRING clothes are noteworthy for the many novel colors presented, rather than for any distinctive cut. Among the favored shades are blue-green, *écru*, smoke, moose, wood, slate, elephant, light brown, mode, tan, olive, and kindred tints. When it is remembered that not so long ago the only fabrics deemed to be appropriate for suits were black, blue, dark gray, and the like, the significance of the leaning toward more colorful materials and sprightlier patterns becomes apparent.

There is no doubt that a great many men are tired of monotony in dress, and the dashes of color which have been introduced this season will serve to enliven it appreciably.

* * *

AS HITHERTO, soft-surface fabrics are most in vogue, and with reason. They lend themselves more readily to the manipulations of the tailor, drape more gracefully and fall naturally into the curves of the figure. It is a mistake to choose a tough, wiry cloth. It remains stiff and unyielding, whereas the present leaning of the mode is toward softness and "lounginess." Soft-finished worsteds lead in favor, with fancy cheviots right behind.

Brown, gray, and dark green are the season's "smart" colors—brown in shades like tan; gray in hues like smoke, and green in tints like olive.

The Sack Coat. Spring, 1908

AMONG sack-suit patterns it is chiefly stripes, from the masked feather stripe to the bold chalk line, and from that to broad bars. The patterns most to be recommended are indeterminate stripes which are prominent enough to be seen, but not so prominent as to obtrude themselves upon the eye. Right here it may be pertinent to add that stripes have a tendency to make a short man seem tall and a tall man taller, whereas plaids convey the opposite impression. Plaids have run their course, and, while a few are shown by some tailors, they are in no sense as fashionable as stripes. Plain cloths, in blue and Oxford gray, are, of course, quite as correct as ever.

New Fold Collar and Tie

* * *

THE modish sack suit—the others will be treated of in an article to follow—is of good length, about thirty inches, for a man of normal stature. It has a back that only traces the outline of the figure and, if anything, leans toward roominess. Tightly fitting and shaped-in coats of every sort are no longer in vogue, nor are the side seams pressed. The shoulder is natural and a bit sloping, no padding being used at all. Shoulders with an exaggerated broadness, artificially produced, are in very bad taste. The lapels are moderately deep and roll softly. They are not ironed flat.

* * *

FOR several seasons the good-form tailors have made coat fronts as pliable and free from needless stiffening as possible, to accentuate the aspect of ease and softness so much desired in suits avowedly for comfort and lounging. The stiff-front coat is clumsy, hard to button, and does not lie flat and snug over the chest. About half an inch from the edge there is a prominent line of stitching, which extends along the edges of the front, lapels, cuffs, collar, and pocket flaps. Like the wide stitching on a linen collar, it helps to give the coat more character. Whether or not the sleeves have a cuff finish or a turn-back cuff is of no particular consequence, the taste of the wearer being the only thing to be consulted. If a turn-back cuff be favored, it is usually narrow. The center vent in the back is also left to personal preference.

* * *

TROUSERS are cut loose enough for comfort, but not with the exaggeratedly wide hips and "peg-top" bottoms that are supposed to be characteristics of the college youth, but which, in fact, he would scorn to wear. If the trousers are intended to be turned up at the bottom, they are made to hang straight from the knee downward and just clear the ankle. Enormously wide "turn-ups" that exhibit a glimpse of vari-colored hose are another piece of silliness wrongfully attributed to college sponsorship. So many follies in dress are fastened upon the innocent university man, that it is high time somebody cleared him of the charge of being half fop, half freak. As

a matter of fact, he has excellent taste, a keen eye for the picturesque, and an unerring sense of the fitness of things. The last-named alone would prevent him from falling into the egregious eccentricities that are committed in his name.

* * *

ST. ALBANS.—Whether or not a sack coat have pocket flaps is hardly a question of style, though most of this season's garments have them. For our own part, we prefer flaps, as they lend a trimmer finish to a coat. The breast pocket may be omitted, if one wishes. While, to be sure, it is a handy place for the handkerchief, the garment bulges awkwardly, and its smooth fit is impaired. This, too, is a matter of personal convenience, rather than fashion.

W. R. J.—The correct sack suit for spring is described in this issue of SUCCESS MAGAZINE. A tall man looks well in a double-breasted sack, but any man below normal height should avoid it, as it tends to make him look square and stunted. Broadly speaking, dark colors are best suited to most men, and particularly to light-haired men.

NEW IDEAS

What Is Latest and Best in the World of Progress and Invention Boiled Down for Busy Readers.

A FIRM in Munich, Germany, has put on the market a new kind of asbestos under the title of "asbestos slates." These slates, it is claimed, are as hard and as strong as the natural slate, and form a valuable covering for roofs and walls, and insulating material for electrical purposes.

* * *

A NEW ENGLAND girl, Miss Sara P. White, has invented and perfected an up-to-date puppet show. The puppets, modeled on prominent actors and actresses, are moved about electrically on a miniature but elaborately fitted stage.

* * *

BELGIUM maintains, near Antwerp, a large model farm to which habitual tramps are sent. The regular hours and hard work have made useful citizens of many of these tramps. Others, not anxious to be reformed, have given the country a wide berth.

* * *

THE Charity Organization Society of New York City has finished the first year of its bureau for securing employment for cripples and others who are in some way physically handicapped. During the first year, employment was obtained for four hundred and fifty, who were thus made self-supporting.

* * *

HIRAM PERCY MAXIM, son of the inventor of the machine gun, has been granted a patent for a "silent firearm." This new weapon, in the eyes of experts, threatens to revolutionize the world of arms.

* * *

THE house car or caravan has come into practical use in England. One successful automobile of this sort contains bunks like those on board ship, a miniature kitchen in the rear, and seats on top.

* * *

AN EMERGENCY horseshoe, made of chain, is proposed for horses on slippery pavements. This ice creeper is said to be effective and easy of adjustment.

* * *

AN IMPROVED "pedestrian catcher," to prevent accident to persons run down by tram-cars, is attracting attention in Dresden. It is easily attached to cars, does not get out of order, and picks up and carries along life-size leathern manikins, living dogs, and even bottles filled with fluid.

* * *

A POWER plant at Tacoma, Pennsylvania, is operated by sunlight. The rays of the sun, striking through glass, fall on blackened iron pipes, and raise the water in them to steam. If it proves successful, the new invention will be of vast importance, especially in tropical countries.

* * *

GIFFORD PINCHOT, chief of the Bureau of Forestry, has requested Congress to appropriate $25,000 for a timber census. It is the first proposal of the kind. Mr. Pinchot informed the Committee on Census that at the present rate of consumption—40,000,000,000 feet a year—the timber resources of the United States, including forest reserves, will be entirely exhausted in twenty years, without reforestration.

* * *

AN ICELESS refrigerator has been produced which, it is claimed, will do away with all the inconveniences of the old system. An electric motor keeps cooling liquids moving through pipes and adjusts itself automatically. Everything from a small refrigerator to a large storage room can be cooled by this process at a trifling cost.

A PARTY county committee of one of our large cities, recently suggested that the thumb-marks of every voter be taken when he registered and again when he voted. This Bertillon test, the committee declares, is the only method of absolutely preventing fraudulent votes from being cast.

* * *

A MOVEMENT has been started by the American Patriotic League to establish correspondence between the children of the public schools of the United States and those of foreign countries. It is claimed that the better acquaintance resulting, will make for world peace. The first experiment will be made with the school children of Japan.

* * *

ONE of the high schools in New York City is planning to install a theater in its building. The theater is to be equipped with stage, footlights, scenery, and all the accessories.

* * *

IT IS proposed to establish tailor, millinery, and jewelry shops on the newest of the Hamburg American trans-Atlantic liners. Another line is considering running theatrical performances.

* * *

THE Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy Railroad directs the movements of its trains entirely by telephone on one of its divisions. The system is said to be working satisfactorily.

The Battle That Had No Name

[*Concluded from page 267*]

The huge, silent, heaving concourse had but a singie countenance. It was that of a man in night-clothes, one bare leg thrust part way over the rail, a *chapeau* on his head, a sword in his hand. Roused from sleep, from lethargy, by a cry of dread, the commander of the immense ship stared down at us with an appalled and frightful look. His bearded lips moved in unspoken, useless commands. His sword waved in an infinitesimal arc. He comprehended *No. 6* wallowing in the sea; understood her errand. His gaze flickered upon Willie, leaning intently over the slight rail of our deck. I felt his eyes cross mine. Then he fixed his terrible, profound vision upon some one else.

In that enduring pause I looked round to see what this grotesque figure viewed with such astounding terror. I did not have to seek far. Beside me stood the last Jap of the submarine's crew. His bare legs straddled the open hatch cover. His white chest, streaked with grime, shone boldly in the white light. His bony face was turned upward to his enemy. Behind his grinning lips his teeth gleamed in ferocious triumph.

As these two, the prepared and the unprepared, met each other's eyes, while the silent crowd on the battle ship hung over the rail and Willie and I stared at them, a final surge lifted *No. 6* steadily up. For an instant we hung, balanced on the crest. Then the submarine slipped down the shining declivity toward her foe.

With a swift outstretching of his arm Willie encircled my shoulder. His voice rang in my ear. "We made it!"

No. 6 thrust her bowl-shaped nose downward into the flanks of the huge battle ship. The deck crumpled under my feet. I saw the enormous wall of steel above us give inwardly and then expand. The search light snapped out.

I found myself clinging to a piece of grating in a very rough bit of water. The darkness was intense. An acrid odor suffused the air which I breathed. Then I was conscious of an arm about my shoulder. I heaved myself round and dragged at it. Willie's voice sputtered in my ear. "I did n't know whether you were worth saving or not," he said, spitting the water out of his mouth.

"What happened?" I asked, gathering my thoughts. "Where 's the battle ship?"

"We got her," he said, quietly. "That torpedo was still in the tube, you know."

I pondered this a while. "I don't see that we 're any better off," I said, presently. "We 'll drown."

"You forget the admiral," he assured me. "We 're part of a scientific calculation. We 've done our part. And how is he to know whether his calculations were correct unless we report?"

I refused such comfort. Willie sat up on the rocking grating. "Look here," he said, brusquely. "The admiral knows we 're here. He 's figured it all out."

I guess the admiral did know. Anyway we were picked up the next morning by a small torpedo boat whose commander took our presence on the grating as a matter of course, gave us a hot drink, and immediately steamed back into the Straits as if he had come out on purpose for us. I went back to my laboratory and my bakeries. In fact I never wrote anything about the affair. Willie and I decided we 'd call it the Battle of Moriyoshi, after a big mountain we saw the day we were picked up. But we did n't think it was worth a line in the paper. And I was n't really a war correspondent. My line is flour.

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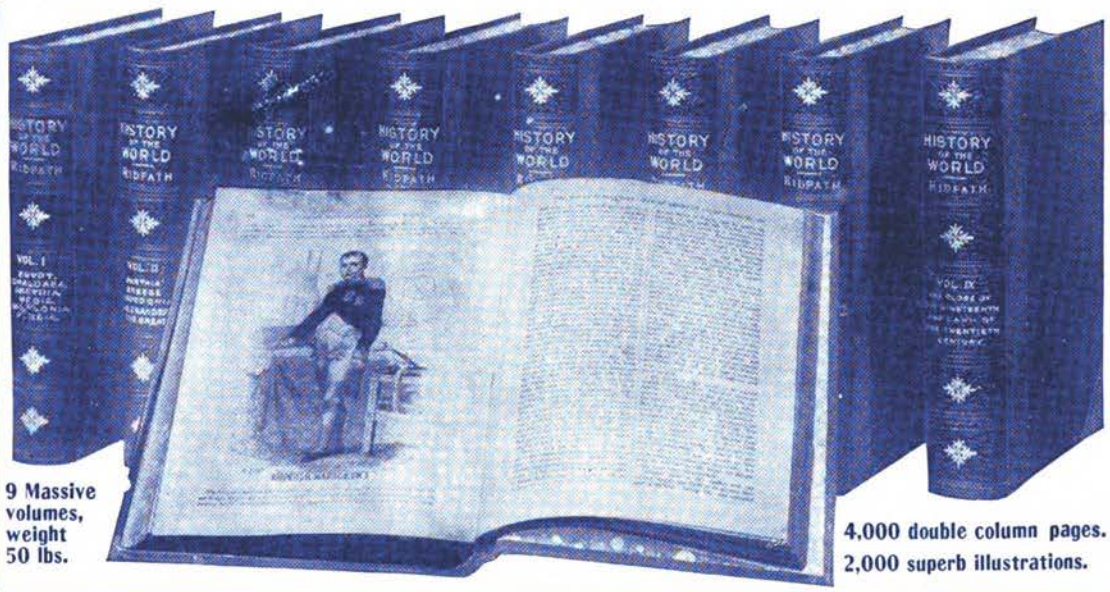

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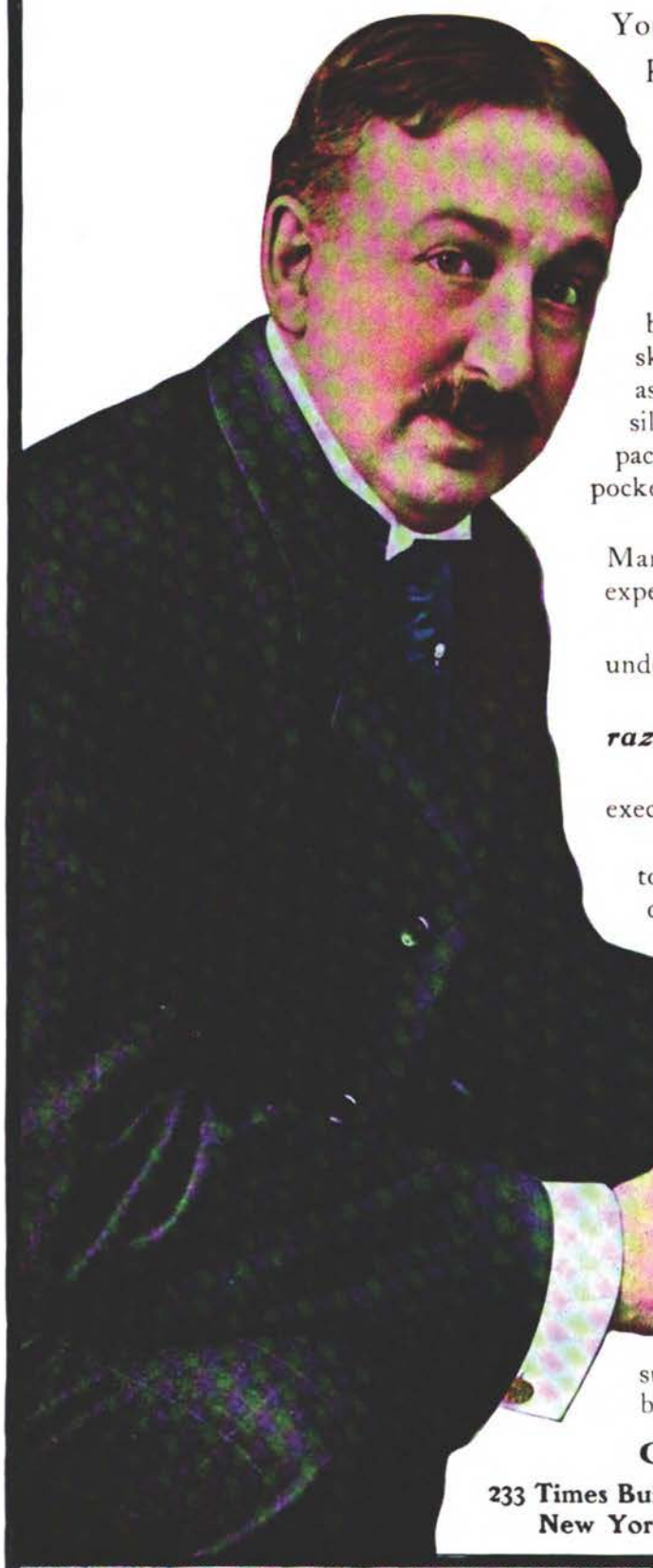

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