SUCCESS Magazine

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

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THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY, Makers, Chicago



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SUCCESS MAGAZINE



A Periodical of American Life

Published Monthly by

THE SUCCESS COMPANY. EDWARD E. HIGGINS, Pres. O. S. MARDEN, Vice Pres. FREDERIC L. COLVER, Sec. DAVID G. EVANS, Treas. HOME OFFICE

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Expirations and Renewals

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



Subscriptions to commence with this issue should be received by May 5th. Subscriptions to commen with the June issue should be received by June 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 uben 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 ap-pearance 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 rep-resentatives 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 im-position 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.



Important Notice

WE desire to notify those of our Regular Subscribers who have received an invitation to participate in our Bond Issue, that the time for acting upon this invitation at the price originally quoted is extended until June 1st. Owing to unexpected delay in mailing a large number of our letters transmitting this bond offer, they did not reach subscribers until too late to be acted upon before April 1stthe limit date originally set-and, desiring as we do to give all an opportunity to take advantage of our offer, if they wish to do so, we are glad to extend the time, as stated.

We shall also be pleased to give full information regarding our Bond Issue to all of our subscribers and readers who have not yet received our offer, and subscriptions for the unsold remainder will be filled in the order of their receipt at our office. A very large portion of our Bond Issue has already been sold.

Our Auxiliary Editorial Board of Life Subscribers

.

ON A bright spring day about a year ago, we retired to our growlery, locked the doors,

assumed the easiest chair we could find, put our feet upon the window sill, and gazed meditatively upon the growing greenness of Washington Square. It was a beautiful day, but the beauty was but poorly reflected in our mood of moroseness and dissatisfaction.

Here we were, making each month in New York City a magazine which ought to be of interest and service in a million homes situated in every part of this great country of ours; and, in spite of the best efforts of traveling editors and special correspondents, we could not seem to get into close enough touch with that great constituency which we sought to reach to enable us to know, to our positive knowledge, hundreds of things that we

needed to find out about. Then and there, we dreamed a dream, and found a remedy-a partial remedy, at least, if not a complete one-and within a week the machinery was set in motion which has produced in the last twelve months the beginnings of SUCCESS MAGAZINE'S "Auxiliary Editorial Board of Life Subscribers."

We have to-day nearly 12,000 members of this Auxiliary Board united with us closely as Life Subscribers and under agreement to answer such questions as we may address to them from time to time, in consideration of the special Life Subscription Offer made to, and accepted by them. They are living in all parts of the country, about in proportion to the population of the respective states; they are surrounded by all kinds of social, political,



Reduced illustration for Morgan Robertson's story, "The Last Battle Ship," SUCCESS MAGAZINE for June Drawn by W. J. Aylward

Author of "A Drummer's Yara "

and religious environment; they are engaged in almost four hundred different kinds of occupations and life work; they are certainly of at least average intelligence and ability; and no other body of which we have any knowledge will so correctly reflect local and national public opinion, upon any subject, as this will do.

The ordinary "straw vote" of commerce, as obtained by the usual newspaper methods, is a pretty poor thing, and has become the laughing stock of politicians and others from its utter failure to express real public opinion. The reason for this is that "the great silent majority" is not heard from. If SUCCESS MAGAZINE, through its columns, asks the opinion of its fifteen hundred thousand readers on any special subject and gets ten thousand responses, the "vote," though seemingly large, is worthless. If. however, we ask the opinion of our twelve thousand Life Subscribers and receive answers from ten thousand, we get a "vote" that is of exceedingly high value, and we can be almost sure that the result is "public opinion," because the silent vote, in proportion to the total, is inconsiderable.

What is practically our first "referendum" to our Life Subscribers appears elsewhere in this issue under the title, "The Voice of the People." It is worth the earnest and careful study of all our

readers, as a most interesting and unique expression of popular judgment on certain of the great national administrative problems facing our legislators at Washington to-day. Advance sheets of this article have been sent to the President and to every senator and representative in Congress, together with the principal daily and weekly papers of the United States. It is safe to say that there has been no recent expression, of a similar character, equal in interest and importance to that given by our Auxiliary Board in response to our request.

The question may be asked, "Do these Life, Subscribers really represent American citizenship in any sure way? How about ages, occupations,

etc.?" We have been able to obtain accurate information as to occupations and ages from about ten thousand of our Life Subscribers, with the following results:

Occupations

In the matter of occupations there is an amazing

CHAS. BATTEL LOOMIS, ELLA HIGGINSON, Author of "Heartbreak Trail"



Author of nibal the Delicate "

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JOSEPH C. LINCOLN,

May, 1908

ON OUR OWN AFFAIRS



variety; nearly 400 different occupations being mentioned by name. These may, however, be grouped into four large classes, as follows:

1.—3171 are in business life and include bankers, financiers, insurance officials and agents, merchants, manufacturers and managing employees, clerks and accountants.

2.—3034 are in professional occupations and include clergymen, lawyers, physicians, dentists, teachers, engineers, and those engaged in railroad and government service.

3.—2553 are land owners, country gentlemen, and men of leisure.

4.—325 are students, and 953 are engaged in miscellaneous occupations of the most varied character.

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The first series of questions, the results of which appear in this issue, forms only a beginning-an almost superficial beginning, we might say-of the real work that we have in mind to be accomplished by ourselves and by our Life Subscribers. Our Auxiliary Board of Life Subscribers forms only the nucleus of much larger plans for improving the public service which we have inaugurated and upon which we are at work. In carrying these out we expect to establish additional editorial connections in Washington and in state capitals throughout the country, so that we may always be in close touch with the forces that produce national and local legislation-in sufficiently close touch to obtain early information as to what is expected to happen of national importance.

This information frequently cannot be presented to readers of the magazine until four, six, or even eight weeks after its receipt by us, because of the fact that our circulation is so large that we have to go to press with each issue nearly a month before publication. What we can do is to present facts promptly, through the mails, to our Life-Subscriber Auxiliary Board, and we can ask each to make known his personal opinion on the pending legislation by letters to his representatives and senators. In other words, through an organization of this kind-having no political obligations and ambitions whatsoever, but obtaining early information as to dangerous or vicious legislation-it may be possible, we hope, to put into effect a pressure of public opinion in an absolutely unique and effective manner, and far more promptly than could be done through the medium of SUCCESS MAGAZINE itself.

This is the work we have to do. It must be





DR. E. E. WALKER, Author of "Cooling Drinks for Summer" MARY FENOLLOSA. Author of "Old and New" done gradually, and with the utmost care. We must search to the bottom of the well for the truth of every statement that we make—of every presentation of *facts*—which we give to our subscribers. It is a difficult and responsible task, but one that we must not, and shall not evade.

One thing more. Our invitations to become Life Subscribers were originally issued to a small number only of our subscribers. Later on, the list of invitations was somewhat extended, but all invitations were withdrawn on December 31st last, and probably less than one third of our present subscribers have any knowledge of our Special Life Subscription Plan. The expense involved in carrying out this plan, and the cost of conducting the new

work outlined herein is so great that we have not felt, until now, like financing a further increase in our Auxiliary Board.

In view, however, of the keen interest in our plan expressed by our Life Subscribers . and the many letters of regret from regular subscribers who did not avail themselves of our original invitation, we have now decided to permit some increase in the membership of the Board, and if any of our regular subscribers or readers-including equally those who have received our original invitation and those

who have not—are desirious of becoming Life Subscribers of SUCCESS MAGAZINE and members of our Auxiliary Board, we shall be pleased, upon request, to extend a special invitation to do so, and, for a short time, to duplicate our original proposition. As a matter of precaution, however, we must reserve the right of declining applications received after June 1st, if the total membership of our Auxiliary Board should reach twenty-five thousand as a whole or five hundred in any one state.

A Word from Our New Home

WITH this number of SUCCESS MAGAZINE we greet you from our new quarters. We were very comfortable in the old home until we grew too big for it. But Washington Square, quaint and charming though it be, has been left behind in the onward rush of things. To-day it is an eddy, a bit of the past century slumbering on into this bigger, busier time.

Here in our new building, looking out on the rush and whirl of life that surges up and down Fitth

Avenue and Broadway, stimulated by the sight of the towerlike structures that overshadow the green trees of Madison Square, we are surely closer to modern lite, and closer, which is more important, to American life. Perhaps some of the stimulus of the new environment will get into the pages of the magazine. Perhaps we shall be bigger, more modern, and more American for the change.

We cannot help hoping that this will be the case.



THE portrait of President Roosevelt on the cover of this issue is a reproduction of the painting by George Burroughs Torrey, the well-known New York artist. It was loaned to us by Mr. Paul Morton, President of the Equitable Life Assurance Society, at the special request of Mr. Roosevelt. Some time ago we asked the President for a new picture of himself, something that would be a little different from the usual run of photographs. He kindly wrote us that he had asked Mr. Morton to give us permission to reproduce Mr. Torrey's painting, as he considered it one of the most striking likenesses of the many for which 'he has sat. Mr. Morton willingly permitted us to remove the painting, which is life-size and heavily framed, from the drawing-room of his private residence, so that an exact reproduction could be secured. So valuable is this painting that we were obliged to insure it for \$3,000, for the short time it was in our possession. e are very glad of this opportunity to publish what is, perhaps, one of the best pictures of the President-a picture which, we believe, thousands of our subscribers will wish to preserve.

> No Word from Mr. Lawson

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Now about that reply to Fayant, " Lawson, by Lawson." We have done our best with Mr. Lawson. Last month we published a telegram from his secretary, explaining that the article would not be ready for the April number. While we were making up this, the May number, the same gentleman asked us, by long-distance telephone, to set an outside date for Mr. Lawson to have the copy ready. We gladly named the latest possible date before putting

this number on the press. That date came, and passed, but it brought no article. So we have been finally forced to believe that we can do no better than let Mr. Fayant's keen analysis of Lawson's character stand as substantially correct.

The June Fiction

IF BATTLE SHIPS are to be attacked by air ships from above, and by submarines from below, they must be armored so heavily that they will finally refuse to float. When this comes to pass—and come to pass it must, according to the ideas advanced in Morgan Robertson's strikingly imaginative story, "The Last Battle Ship,"—the air ships and the submarines will be left to fight it out among themselves. It will appear in our June number.

Edward Salisbury Field contributes a merry tale of youth and love in the California of to-day, called "The Lone Chicken Bonanza." It is alight with good humor and bright incident. "Heartbreak Trail," by Ella Higginson, is a big Alaskan story with the vigor of gold-crazed men in it, and the love of a woman. Joseph C. Lincoln, who wrote "The Hermit," and also those quaint novels, "Cap'n Eri," and "Mr. Pratt," reappears with another healthy humorous yarn, "Hannibal the Delicate." An installment of "Lentala" completes the list of June fiction.

Congressman Quinn

IN THE June number our readers are to make the acquaintance of a new character, Congressman Lucius Quinn. Don't look him up under "Q" in the Congressional Directory, for he won't be there. He is, none the less, a very real and very live congressman, whose name many of you would recognize were we at liberty to make it known.

MORGAN ROBERTSON,



Author of "The Last Battle Ship "



Reduced illustration for Ella Higginson's story, "Heartbreak Trail," SUCCESS MAGAZINE for June Drawn by Arthur Coccy

The Nation's Tribute is to the men and things

which serve it Among the lofty shafts of gratitude and appreciation which America raises is the towering though invisible tribute to the service rendered by SAPOLIO



New York, May, 1908

SUCCESS MAGAZINE

Vol. XI No. 168



A FEW years ago one heard with remarkable frequency, "Funk has painted another portrait." Naturally, the uninitiated asked, "Who is Funk?" and those who are ever hunting for new men who are "doing things" found Wilhelm Heinrich Funk in a Forty-second Street studio, in New York City, diligently throwing a new dash and a new force into some portraits which have since placed him in the very limited, but absolutely remarkable class of American portrait painters.

Mr. Funk is a Dutchman. His father was an officer in the Hanoverian army, and as Hanoverian officers never amass great fortunes, the elder Funk found himself in poor straits when his country was annexed to Prussia after King George had been forced to flee. The only compensation left by that doughty monarch to his loyal defenders was the furniture of his palace. Naturally, a business career had been planned for young Wilhelm Funk, who had already shown his aptitude for drawing. The walls of his home, the tablecloths and napkins, all attested his budding genius. The father apprenticed him to a grocer, believing that such a pursuit would quench his artistic fires. The grocery store failed in its object, and the elder Funk apprenticed his boy to a butcher, in whose employ, it is said, he performed duties which other boys absolutely refused to do. Rebelling against the unnatural, he started out to support himself. Art was his objective, but hunger drove him back to his father's roof, a penitent.

He was next apprenticed to a book-

The reproductions used in this article are by Hagelstein Bros., N. Y.



DOROTHY GOULD, Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. Gould From a painting by Wilhelm Funk

binder. This position gave him access to books of art, telling of the great masters of the past. His desire to become a painter was kindled by these masterpieces, and during the three years that he spent in bookbinding, he frequented a Sunday art school where the rudiments of drawing were taught. Not long after, he became what is known in the old country as a journeyman bookbinder,-one who wandered from town to town afoot to pick up odd pieces of work. When young Funk left his native village, he had Berlin in his mind. He wanted to see the great art galleries of that city, and knew that if he ever reached there it would be on his sturdy legs. As a journeyman bookbinder, he found employment, and had finally walked to Munich when the news of his father's death turned his face homeward.

He was then in his eighteenth year, and he found himself at the head of a family, with his mother and brothers depending on him for support. This responsibility he accepted, but he was to bear it in his own way. He heard that America offered a great opportunity for struggling talent, and, after selling sufficient of his household belongings to insure his relatives from immediate want, he sailed for New York in the steerage of a cattle ship, with just enough money to permit him to pass the immigration statutes, and with a carpetbag filled with drawings. Ignorant of American customs, unable to speak a word of English, he found it impossible to secure work. In a few days his money was gone. He wandered the streets weary and pen-

He wandered the streets weary and pen-Diginiless.by One night he crawled into an

SUCCESS MAGAZINE

empty ice wagon to sleep. In the morning he was rudely awakened some miles from the city, for the ice wagon had been driven to a suburb for a load of ice, and its sleeping lodger had been oblivious of it all in his dreams. One morning an advertisement for painters, in a German paper, caught his eye, but house painters were wanted, and he lost the work through inefficiency. This disappointment created the means of subsistence, however, for young Funk soon learned the trade and became a house painter. He worked almost continually, and was soon able to send remittances home to his family. His trade took him into various channels. Sometimes he painted ships, and sometimes cheap signs. His first artistic opportunity, he says, came during these days when he was allowed to paint an indicating hand in the cabin of a ferryboat.

Two resolutions held him. One was to attend night school and study, in the development of his talent, and the other was to save money. He clung rigidly to these resolutions, and in a few years was able to return to Europe and enter the studio of Professor Kaulbach, of Munich. When his savings were gone, Mr. Funk went back to New York and followed his two resolutions again, which enabled him to return to Munich later. After his second trip abroad he met a picture dealer, who engaged him to paint portraits on a tour through the Southern States.



MRS. DANDRIDGE SPOTSWOOD From a painting by Wilhelm Funk

His work is marked by two very good qualities—naturalness in pose and force. He believes in the theory that made Rembrandt and Van Dyke—that the painting is greater than the subject.

"It is not so much that I am painting a portrait of Mr. or Mrs. Soand-So," said Mr. Funk, "but that I am to produce a picture. The picture will live not because it is a portrait of some person, but because it is a work of art. A great many students come to my studio and tell me that if they could only paint Mr. Moneybags, or his daughter, their name would be made. I tell them that this is not so; that they can find just as much art in an unknown person as in one of great prominence, and that their future can be built up just-as quickly if they will look for art in the streets as well as in the millionaire's home."



MISS JEANNE TOWLER From a painting by Wilhelm Funk Digitized by

Mr. Funk is doing a great deal to create a popular interest in art in New York. He believes in having good paintings in clubs and in public places, where the passing throng can admire them. We are too busy, he claims, to visit the museums and galleries, and the paintings should be placed where they will come in contact with our daily life.

Mr. Funk believes strongly in the development of America as an art center. He is a cosmopolitan. As this lifestory shows, his varied connection with all sorts of people has given him a clear insight of life. He has painted in several European capitals, including London, but he enthusiastically says, "1 want to die in New York."

He would have paintings put in more prominent places, where the public can see them. The average museum has

The two went from town to town, and Funk painted many portraits. Many of these early efforts of the now eminent artist are held in high esteem by their owners.

After two years of this nomadic career, he felt he was destined for bigger things. New York was the beacon that attracted him, and in the metropolis he made his home. His first notable success was a pen portrait of Edwin Booth, drawn from life a short time before the great tragedian's death. It was published in the Review of Reviews, and attracted so much attention that Mr. Funk regards its appearance as the turning-point in his career. He became a newspaper illustrator-one of the first in America-and finally worked up to color illustrations, becoming so successful that one periodical made an offer for his exclusive services. He then resolved to devote the rest of his life to his greatest dream -portrait painting. It is not easy for a beginner to find people who wish to sit for a portrait, and Mr. Funk began with his friends in the world of art and letters. The merit of his work did the rest. Personally, Mr. Funk is a big man, with the rugged romance of the Norsemen in his face. He is big of mind and big of brawn. He has that affable nature and kindliness which is ever a part of the man who has met adversity and conquered it. Long wanderings and an intimate knowledge of all classes of people have made him broad-minded and sincere. A natural determination to win out has given him force and character. All these qualities show in his work. When Mr. Funk begins a portrait, it is not a sketch worked out, but a great mass of color toned down until he has reproduced the subject before him.

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May, 1908 '

no great attraction to the average human being, who would not go out of his way to seek one, but if a fine canvas is thrust upon him where he least expects to find it, it will arouse his artistic fires. There is much money spent in decorating clubs, hotel foyers, restaurants, railroad stations, and other places where the public gather, with tinsel effects and tawdry ancient design, that might be put into works of art at a great benefit to the public.

There has been considerable awakening in art in the United States of late, and it is such men as Funk who are responsible for it. They are taking the public into their confidence, so to speak. They no longer hold themselves aloof as inspired beings who are not permitted, by some mystic influence, to associate with their fellow beings. On the other hand, they mingle with the



LADY DRUMMOND From a painting by Wilhelm Funk

common people, talk with them, and try to create a feeling for artistic taste. It has been my pleasure to meet many painters, and I have seldom found one who has not had what might be called a pretty full intelligence. They are a class of men who seem to grasp serious problems in a serious way. One of my most heated political discussions was with a portrait painter, who proved to have a greater knowledge of the monetary condition of the nation than was gained from the several books I had read. I found another at a lecture on radium, the most interested listener in the audience, and still another reading with the greatest delight of the wonders of the engineering feats of the Simplon tunnel.

With such a broad basis to work on, it is not impossible that the artists in America are going to keep us pretty well interested in their future work. This little story of Wilhelm Funk is a good example of the manner in which the great majority of them have struggled out of nothingness to fame. No other band of men has worked so hard to overcome obstacles. The artist feels his triumphs when he is young when a mere boy, in fact—just as Funk felt them when he drew little



sketches on his mother's tablecloths. This burning desire to some day swing some mighty thought on canvas cannot be kept down. It becomes the embryo painter's master, and in its power he is a slave.

I do not include here the vast army of daubers who persist in calling themselves artists and who ought to be suppressed by a kindly but firm law. It is of men of ideas and ideals and originality that I speak.

Funk is one of that new American school that is exemplifying this individuality. He shows it in the force and originality of his work.



MRS. THOMAS BEALE DAVIS From a painting by Wilhelm Funk Digitized by GOOgle

THE LITTLE GOLD GOD By Porter Emerson Browne Illustrated & Edward Poucher



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IT was a little room, with no closet and but one window-a window that looked out upon a long row of house backs, all exactly alike and upon a double line of back yards, ornamented with drying clothes, ash cans, torn newspaper, and gaunt and hungry cats.

1.

The room itself was well nigh as cheerless as all that upon which its one window might look. In one corner, by the window, was a cheap table cluttered with many sheets of closely written paper, a few roughly bound manuscripts, a pair of books, and many pencils. Along one side of the room was a narrow, lumpy bed, covered with

a torn spread; and above its head a row of hooks holding only a dress suit, while a pair of patent leather pumps peeped out incongruously from beneath a trailing corner of the torn spread. There was a single chair by the table, and across, on the other side of the window, a washstand upbearing shamefacedly a handleless pitcher, a cracked bowl, and a frameless, splotchy mirror. That was all.

All, did I say? Yet not quite all. For above the clothes hooks was a narrow shelf; it held a silk hat, carefully wrapped in a bit of newspaper, and a little gold image of Buddha, ravished by vandal hand from far-distant temple-fallen from pristine magnificence of untold greatness to-this!

Squatting heavily amid its dust, the little gold Buddha cast a cold and apathetic eye over the room and that which it held. There had been degrees to its descent-gradations to its fall. It could remember, and well, its temple home, in whose mystic dusk dwelt many other images and strange, weird, beautiful carvings, and great magnificence of jade and jewel.

There followed, in recollection, a blank of many days; for those days it had spent packed in a huge, pigskin bag, between a pair of khaki riding breeches and a uniform coat. Then it had again been freed in a large, comfortably furnished sunlit room, from the mantle of which it could, when the gentle hand of some one named Watkins left it at an angle, gaze down upon a broad street, thronged with clattering cabs and puffing automobiles and tall, well-poised foreign devils, and their beautiful women.

There had been a journey, made in the side pocket of an overcoat—and yet, to such a traveler as the little gold Buddha had become, it could not be called a journey but merely a little jaunt. At its end, he had been taken from the coat pocket by the hand of its owner to be placed in another hand-a little, soft, clinging hand; whereat, it had gazed unwinkingly and unmoved into dark, deep eyes, upon red lips parting over the whitest of teeth, upon delicately molded nose and high-arched brows, and a smooth forehead of purest flesh tint, above which

billowed and tossed a great mass of dusky hair. "Oh, Jim!" the owner of all these glories had cried. "Where did you get it?"

"From a rascally looter in Peking," his owner had replied. "He stole him from some temple or other in the interior. He's my mascot, now, you know; and he's going to stick by me. Are n't you, old chap?" and he patted the little gold Buddha affectionately on the shoulder with a big sunburned finger. "He sits on the mantel, right over the fireplace, and when 1 get lonely I talk to him. He's a bully good listener, and he never attempts to argue or to criticise, nor does he ever become otherwise disagreeable."

"What do you talk about?" asked the girl,

slowly. "Oh, about the writing—about men and affairs—about business—though mostly—" and he hesitated just the slightest bit-"aboutyou."

"About me?"

He nodded.

"What do you say about me?"

He shook his head.

"It would n't be fair to tell you—now," he said slowly. "You see, the conversation is half his; he does all the listening, you know, so I must n't tell you our secrets without his consent.

"I've asked him to let me, often," he went on, "but he 's never told me that I might. Sometime, perhaps, if God is good, I can tell you all. But not yet-not yet."

There had been other things said. But they did n't seem to amount to much; so the little gold god paid scant attention. He could n't understand the harsh talk of the foreign devils very well yet, notwithstanding the many con-versations that he had had with his owner; and other things interested him: the great, frescoed



"You are told that you had better come around to-morrow"

ceiling above his head, and the massive chandeliers, the huge mahogany chairs, and the dull draperies picked with golden threads. It was the nearest thing to his distant temple home that he had seen since the day he was kidnaped; and it made him almost homesick.

Then he had gone again to the coat pocket and so back to his broad mantel in the big. sunny room, and under the attentive care of the person named Watkins.

So, for a time, he remained.

Of a cold, bleak night in late winter, when, outside, the avenue was deserted and the little white beads of the snow whizzed angrily by the lights to flatten themselves against the window at his side, his master had come in much earlier than was his wont, to throw himself, without removing coat, hat, or gloves, into the great chair before the fireplace, wherein had been kindled a grateful blaze in anticipation of his coming.

For a long time he sat there, elbows on knees, chin in palms; and from the mantel, the little gold god watched patiently, waiting for him to begin the talk that he knew well would come.

At length the man rose and, slowly taking his hat from his head, laid it on the table. Then he removed his coat and tossed it across the back of a chair, when he again seated himself, heavily, and turned his eyes to the little gold god.

"We're up against it, old man," he said, slowly. "We're up against it, you and l. There's nothing left-not even the few thousands that we thought we'd have. We can sell all this stuff," and he nodded, with a backward toss of his well-shaped head that indefinitely signified furniture, rugs, bric-a-brac, and all; "and that will keep the wolf out of the vestibule for at least a while. We'll have a few hundred dollars between us and the bread line. And then what? I don't know anything except the army. No business man would want me cluttering up his office. Of course, Geers or Huntington or Berkeley or Van Ness or any of those chaps would find me something to do. But that would be nothing but charity. Maybe there's some-thing in the play. We'll find out. And if there is n't-well, there 's always the service. We can go away again. Perhaps we can find a little teapot tempest somewhere-for as long as the old-flag does n't need us, we'd better be fighting for some other nation than rotting in a prairie-dog hole or policing a Filipino beat. But we'll try the play first.

"They say there 's a lot of money in a good piece. Why, Allerdyce made close to a hundred thousand on 'Before Dawn.' But it takes a lot of money to live these days. She has a million now, and a lot of other millions coming. Still, I think that if we should have a successful play produced, we could ask her, could n't we, old man?

"Of course it would have to be a very good play, you understand, and the critics would have to praise it very highly. It would have a long New York run at the Empire, say, or the New Amsterdam, or the Lyric. There'd be royalties of a couple of hundred a week, maybe more; and we'd have contracts to write ever so many more plays for the best managers. And then they 'd send our piece to London, and of course we'd have to go over with it. And nobility would take it up, and royalty would attend; and it would be the sensation of the year. And after that, we'd write, well, say one good play a year, and live part of the time in Paristhe spring, you know-and go down into the Riviera, and to Egypt, in the winter, and travel a bit beside, coming back to New York each summer to help stage the play that we had done.'

He rose and went to the desk. From a pigeonhole he took a manuscript, bound in simple covers of heavy blue paper and held together with brass fasteners. Taking it in his hand, he went back to the chair and again seated himself, shoving his feet to the glowing coals.

"I wonder how many times we have been

through this, old man," he said, flipping the typewritten pages beneath the ball of his thumb. I wonder if it's any good. I wonder."

He raised his eyes to the flat, staring gaze of the little gold god.

"What do you say, old man?" he asked. "Shall we stake our fortunes on this?" and he tapped the manuscript with a tanned forefinger. "Shall we let this tell the story? If it shall

prove a go, we'll ask her. If not-why, we'll get aboard a boat and go to some place that 's a long way off, and very hard to get back from. That would make it easier, you know. Shall we do that ?,'

The little gold god sat in stolid silence, gazing down into the questioning

eyes. "If we succeed, she could n't say no, could she? 1 think she cares a little-1've dared to hope so. She could n't say no, could she, old man? It would n't be playing squarely with us to let that happen. don't think we'd better try to see her again, for it's not always easy not to

say things that one should n't. So we'll just write her a note, saying that we are going away for a while. Then, by and bye, we'll come back, and she 'll say Yes;' and then there 'll be a wedding - not a big, splurging wedding, with thousands of craning necks and critical eyes and commenting tongues, and tons of flowers, and miles of newspaper columns, and a display of gifts that looks like Tiffany's show rooms, and a crowd on the street to interfere in what is none of its business and to have paraded before it that which is most intimate of, and sacred to, man and Weddings are woman. sacred, old man. popular usage to the contrary notwithstanding. There should be just the bride and groom and those who

are dear to them and to whom they are dear. 1 know a little church. It's out in the country, beneath God's blue sky, and it cuddles among great, green trees that He has placed there to give it shelter. There 's ivy clinging to its walls, and great bushes of lilacs cluster about it, covering it with incense more fragrant than any that man could ever hope to make. From the green velvet of its lawn, one can see the deep blue of the sea, edged with the whiteness of the singing surf. It's there we 'll go; and as soon as we shall have been made man and wife, we'll go away-just the two of us, and no one else, and-"

He stopped abruptly and drew the back of his hand slowly across his forehead. And he said no more.

11.

ON THE next morning, the little gold god, sitting on his mantel seat, saw men come and pack up the furniture and bric-a-brac and curios

-a rug from Turkestan, a handful of silver bracelets from Biskra, a Filipino bolo or two, a Cuban machete, a lariat from Mexico, and from India pottery and strangely woven silks-a hundred and one things that a man might pick up in many countries.

After they had gone, leaving the room bare as a locust-ridden field, there came Watkins, rubbing his eyes with his knuckles and protest-

ing that 'e did n't care about the money-that 'e 'ad enough halready -begging that 'e might be taken halong to the new quarters, and that Mister Herrol howe 'im 'is salary and p'v 'im w'en it was conwenient. But the master had

clapped him on the shoulder, thrusting into his unwilling hand a yellow-backed piece of the foreign devils' strange paper money (which, on going, Watkins surreptitiously tucked into the change pocket of his master's overcoat while making pretense of brushing it) and had told him that where he was going there 'd be only just enough room for himself and the little Buddha-whereat Watkins, now blubbering openly, had hesitatingly touched the hand that his master held out to him and thumped his way heavily down the stairs-which was most strange, for always up to that time had his step been noiseless.

They had moved-the little gold god again in the overcoat pocket, his owner in a trolley car. It was to Thirty-seventh Street, near Sixth Avenue that they went, into a big back room on the second floor. A doctor lived on the first floor, having the parlor for his office; and there were four other roomers beside the master. There they stayed until the snow was gone from the back yards upon which their window looked and one might open one's window sometimes at noon without being un-

comfortably cold. Yet the man had no news to tell except of a shrinking bank account and of many tedious, heart-breaking waitings that always ended in managerial rebuff.

More days passed—slow days that stretched sullenly into slower weeks; and the city became hot as the city becomes hot-the city that sucks in heat all day that it may blow, during all the night that should be cool, its fetid breath, pitilessly, upon its helpless victims. They had then moved again, this time to the little hall bedroom with its narrow couch and one stiff chair.

The man seldom talked. Usually he was too tired of body and soul. He would lie upon his bed, his big frame stretched loosely over a ragged counterpane, trying to rest and to breathe in a place which could give no man chance for either.

To-night, however, he sat in the stiff chair, by the window, grateful even for the hot wind that bigitized by Cogle



spend a month or more. It was in all the Sunday She may come to papers. care for some other chap-perhaps she has already." He suddenly sat up straight.

"Don't you think, old man, that I might send just a note to tell her the good news and ask her not to love any other fellow until we know whether it 's to be success or failure? Don't you think we might?"

He turned deep, grave eyes to the little gold god.

But the latter was stolidly silent; and after a long, long time the man shook his head, slowly.

"No," he said. "Not even that; for the production of a play does n't necessarily mean that it will be a success; and the chances are still big against us. I'm afraid we must keep on waiting."

And from that which he said afterwards the little

the little table in the hot. close room with intermissions, occasionally, for trips to the little lunch room just around the corner, on Broadway, where one might help oneself to a choice of

gold god knew that he had not written, and that she had gone away all unknowing. There followed days of rewriting and revising, days of selecting the company, days of rehearsing. The third act had to be entirely re-written, and the man labored and wrought before

half a dozen different kinds of edibles, call for

coffee, tea, or milk, as desire dictated, and then,

after paying for that which one had selected, re-

tire to a chair having one broad arm that might be used as a table. And one could absolutely

kill all desire for further eating at a cost never

ing, and more difficulties over the casting of the

so sadly that the man's watch was replaced by a little ticket on which was a number, and

beneath it a name, and under that, scratched in rusty ink, "Watch, \$17.50." And the ticket

was added to a little pile of others that, with a

thin bundle of letters, and a long strip of green

paper perforated at intervals, dwelt in a little,

tin dispatch box, kept beneath a single dress

was to give birth to the man's brain child a

hole in the belt served to keep the dress suit from

following the watch, and to prevent the little

days. The little gold god, sleepless, looked down

from his shelf upon another figure, just as sleep-

less as was he-a figure that sprawled upon the

lumpy bed and gazed with calm, wide-open eyes

out through the window and over the flat line

of roofs to the stars beyond, glimmering sharply

night was hot: so hot that he frankly made no

announcement of the play would mean; and as

soon as the press agent had gotten started,

But once did he talk. It was late, and the

've had a hard time the last few days, old

"I forgot about what the

The man had little to say during those last

On the Saturday before the Monday which

piece; and the bank account dwindled sadly-

There came more rehearsing, and more chang-

exceeding a quarter of a dollar.

shirt in the washstand drawer.

box from mawing yet another ticket.

against the dense darkness of the sky.

attempt to sleep.

man," he said.

OMO

"Dalrymple stood there cursing himself and me and the actors and the audience

" If it were n't that there 's so much at stake," he said, wearily, to the little gold god who sat ever so stolidly upon the narrow shelf, "1'd chuck it all now and go away. But it's she, you know. And there must be no giving up until the end is reached; must there, old man?

"I've visited the offices of every manager in New York, I suppose. Some of them are out of town; others tell impertinent little old men of twelve or fourteen years to tell you that they are out of town, caring nothing that you know them to be liars. Others keep you waiting and waiting the whole day through, only to leave by a side exit; whereat you are told that you had better come around to-morrow. Yet others will refer you to some one else who will take your play and promise to look over it; by which is meant overlook it. And yet others will promise to read your play when they have time, and, after keeping you hanging around for months, will tell you, when you request a decision, that if you are in a hurry you'd better take your stuff somewhere else.

"I almost killed one to-day-Stein, who made half a million on 'Dotty Dimple,' you know. I was admitted to him-probably by mistake. He asked me what I wanted! I told him, and he said, ' If I should read all the plays that every fool brings into my office, I would n't have time to eat. Naw. I don't want to see your play.

"I wanted to thrash him. I'm a bit sorry that I did n't. It might have helped those poor men and women of the stage whom circumstances force into cringing before him and his kind that they may get something to eat."

He sat for a time, gazing out into the night. "Dalrymple was courteous to me, though. Said he'd look over the play a little later if 1'd bring it around; so was Hastings. Well, old man, we can only keep on plugging. But it 's a heart-breaking game.

III.

THERE came a day, a month later, when the little gold god heard a step upon the stairsa step that he had not heard in many a long day; and he did not recognize it as that of his

owner until the door opened; and then he knew at once that Fortune, so long dour, at length had consented to smile.

The man flung his hat upon the bed and seated himself beside it. Then he took from his pocket a long black cigar, with a tiny band of red and gold about its plethoric middle. "I'm celebrating, old man," he said, holding

up the cigar before the squat figure on the shelf.

See? Dalrymple's going to produce the play." There was a pause; for the little gold god was alike unmoved by success or failure.

Dalrymple says it's good. He's going to put it on at the Plaza in September; and we've signed contracts. Is n't that great?

The little yellow Buddha did not express an opinion either one way or another. "I saw her to-day, too," said the man, at

"She was on the avenue, in her car. length. She did n't see me. I hid behind a member of the Traffic Squad. It's positively wonderful how easily one can lose oneself in New York. Keep off Broadway at night and away from Fifth Avenue in the daytime and one is as safe from discovery as one would be in Lhassa.'

He sat for a moment deep in thought.

"I'd like to write to her again," he mused softly. "There's been no word between us since that last little note; and I gave her no address to which she might write me. She must think very badly of me. But I could n't trust myself to write even. But that was the only thing to do-to lie incomunicado until such a time as I might know whether or not I might ask her or must go away into the long silence.

"She leaves to-morrow for the Rangleys-to



That Crazy Quilt-the Tariff



By H. E. MILES Chairman of the Tariff Committee of the National Association of Manufacturers

WHAT is to be the pivot around which the great political fight of 1908 will whirl? From the present outlook, it will be the tariff. That time-worn question has put every other issue in the background. In order to grope with it, spellbinders and old-time politicians are polishing up their musty speeches, changing a word here and there, and adding to the highsounding sentences in order to move the masses. But there is a deeper and more important method of dealing with the subject. Every farmer, every manufacturer, in fact, every business man in the nation now wants to know what the Government intends to do. They have taken the issue into their own hands. They want Congress to appoint a tariff commission, so that the matter can be dealt with in a business-like manner.

Mere Political Bellowing

Politics, to those not in it, is a noble and patriotic calling; politics, to many who are in it, is a trade like any other. It has one objectthe continuance in power of the politician and his party. As in all other callings, measurable regard is given to the Ten Commandments and General Principles, but always with this one object in view: success at the polls. The education of the voter is of secondary consequence, or of no consequence; his vote must be had, nothing more. To get this vote must be must be two things—talk and money. Of the talk we all know; as to the money, that comes in the shape of campaign funds. If we stop to think, we realize that those who contribute largely in money are those who have the greatest money interest in the result. In times of war and great spiritual or political exaltation, every one gives. In ordinary times, only those give money largely who look for large money returns. Our politician, then, while talking, must talk with reference to the campaign fund, and make those statements and promises which will help get the fund, or at least not imperil its acquirement.

There is the further practical consideration, that those interests which will gain very largely by legislation have, in advance, as a business proposition, seen to it that men are already in high political places who are in sympathy with, if not subject to, the ambitions and desires of these same interests. This is well illustrated by the statement of the late president of the Sugar Trust, that his trust habitually gave largely to the Republican funds in Republican states, and to Democratic funds in Democratic states, and divided large sums equally in doubtful states; the consequence is evident. Sugar is tight in the saddle, and even the Southern low-tariff Democrat must be equally mindful of the fact that sugar is in the saddle, and that sugar must be continued in its comfortable seat, and that to this end sugar itself will again liberally contribute.

of Racine, Wis.

H.E. MILES,

The Republican light vaudeville politician will bring out his campaign puppet of Free Trade, and make believe that it is an issue, though it is "deader than Hecuba." It never was an issue, except upon his insistence in his political addresses. Whenever our political artist hears the word, "tariff," he will strike his pup-pet. And so used and skilled is he in this Punch and Judy act, that he will insist on demonstrating with it, whether the onlookers are willing or not. He knows that the country is absolutely and entirely committed to Protection, and that it would be as easy to tear from the Bible the Ten Commandments as the principle of protection to American industries from the hearts of the people. He will claim for protection whatever of good the Almighty has vouchsafed us as a people, leaving to Beelzebub whatever blessings we have failed to acquire. The equability of the rainfall and the fortunate birth rate are due not to Providence, but to the Dingley Bill. The public will be told that the panic of 1893 was due to the fact that the Wilson Bill was a free-trade measure, which it was not, and that the trials of the present day must

A Sensible Plea for a Commission of Business Men to Wrest the Tariff Schedules from Political Buncombe and Juggling



not be called a panic, because they come under the Dingley Bill, which will be called protective, as it is not. And so the politicians will take care that the people do not think, but, in Ingalls's phrase, only "think that they think."

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The Democrats will play a sort of second fiddle to the Republicans, with small difference in essential doctrine. The older listener will like it, as the oldest church-goer likes the sermon, as a sort of gospel that is good for whatever children are present, and because it sounds so like the campaigns of his own boyhood. I have just said that the Democrats would pipe a nonessential accompaniment to the Republicans. But what if they should actually inform themselves, what if they should seize their great opportunity and make a great trumpeting of truth in the land? If they do, the election is theirs. But it is the unhappy destiny of the Democratic Party to perceive truths which it cannot put into execution. They are like fearful longshoremen who hear the guns of distress on a flaming vessel, and send up cries of alarm, but are unfit for the task of saving the crew. They let everybody know of the wreck, but their service ends there. There is a psychology to parties, even as there is to men, and the Democratic Party is not executive. It is often right, but it lacks the ability to demonstrate it. Emphatically, the Democrats are not qualified to handle the present situation. It is a manufacturers' problem that confronts us, and the Democrats come, largely, from states where the manufacturing interests are second to agricultural ones. They do not comprehend the relations between the manufacturers and the general public, nor the bearing that tariff has upon our international relations.

Our Illegitimate Schedules

The tariff question of to-day is of the deepest moral, political, and commercial significance. It is, in short, a question of political and legislative illegitimacy. The Dingley schedules,

when made, were illegitimate, and the false blood in them has told ever since, and will tell to their death, and in their succession, by schedules that are protective, not by the affirmation of politicians only, but in truth and in fact; by schedules measuring justly and equally the difference in the cost of production here and abroad, beneficently protecting our high American wage scale, that our vast manufacturing population Digmay lively as first and always contended, in continuing comfort, with plenty for education and improvement, and enabling our manufacturers further to expand with safety, and to hold the home market reasonably while wonderfully developing foreign fields.

The present schedules help some greatly, if to discriminate grossly in favor of an interest is in truth to help that interest, but in many cases where they favor, they also hurt, and where they most favor, they most hurt. Take, for instance, a domestic industry which controls our markets, and largely also the markets of Europe and Asia. Its falsely called protective tariffs are from one hundred per cent. to two hundred per cent. of the wholesale price. It adds to its foreign prices so much of the tariff that its fellow countrymen pay thirty to sixty per cent. more on their requirements than do foreigners, and there is large profit in the foreign trade. Illegitimate, indeed.

The method of tariff making is in slight measure illustrated by the experience of the head of one of the great industries of America, in connection with the McKinley tariff. President McKinley then chairman of

nection with the McKinley tariff. President McKinley, then chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, said to this man: "Of course, I don't know what protection your people ought to have; you make the rates and make them fair, as, of course, you will."

Why Manufacturers Disagree

The man in question put on the free list a large part of the product, because it was made cheaper here than abroad, and his people were selling it with good profit in Belgium and Germany, the home of foreign competition. This same product appeared finally in the bill with sixty per cent. duty. The proposed schedules were so changed in other respects that, after years of experience, manufacturers in that industry are constantly confused as to their interpretation. On the other hand, they suffer from laxity in the administrative laws to such an extent that some articles are imported at a fraction of what are known to be either the foreign or domestic costs. Information without end might be given showing the unreason both of the tariff and of the method of its making.

Of the \$15,000,000 worth of manufactured products of our country in 1900, not less than two thirds cost the consumers more than real protection would have permitted. Many tariffs, however, which are unreasonable and excessive, as tariffs, bring no money hurt to any one. They do harm, however, in the outcry they cause and the opportunity for harm

which lurks within them. Such are those of industries which are on a sharp competitive basis. Were a tariff a thousand per cent., the public would not be financially hurt if competition within the industry made the selling prices cover only cost and a fair profit.

Herein we see why many most admirable men, mostly manufacturers, differ with one another almost to the point of crimination and Some are desperately in need of protecwar. tion. They could not live without it. Their schedules are excessive. Under competition they are taking no advantage of such excesses. Is it not clear that they may reasonably and with desperate earnestness contend for the present status, little realizing the position of those in other industries, and the great body of consumers who do greatly suffer from opportunities fully developed and made use of in the excesses of other schedules?

Verily, we are all of one family, and our dif-

ferences are those of children who see only in part.

When the opponents of the present unfair and unreasonable tariff concentrate their attention, as they now promise to do, upon the actual figures, schedule by schedule, there will be revelations as important as those of the recent investigation under Governor Hughes, and the life of this tariff and the political life of any party or set of men who defend it will have a duration not of years, but of months and hours only.

It is estimated by experts that the graft in the present tariff, by which we mean the sum taken with congressional permission, in addition to any amount that could possibly be justified as coming under the principle of protection itself, is not less than half a billion dollars a year, and accounts, in great measure, for the unprecedented flow of wealth into a few hands. Great



financiers say, without hesitation, that it is against public policy and the general welfare that this enormous sum is given into a few hands, instead of being left in the pockets of the consumers to meet their lesser and daily needs. The entire people have been trifled with and befooled, in that they have overlooked, until this time, the essence of the entire matter.

Attention will henceforth be called daily and in increasing measure to the schedule itself, and schedules must stand and fall, as they are right or wrong. This will work a wonderful economic revolution, quietly and without harm, because it will nowhere decrease incomes except where they are clearly shown to be excessive and secured unrighteously or improperly from an overwilling Congress. The cost of living will be less, the general welfare subserved, and foreign trade enormously increased.

Our agricultural lands have been so taken up that further great increases in population must

be principally provided for by manufacturing. The manufacturers themselves are interested from all sides. What is the one producer's finished product is another's raw material. An unjust tariff benefiting one manufacturer on his product, is an unjust and wicked discrimination against that other manufacturer who takes that product as his raw material.

Sixty-two per cent. of all imports are for use in manufacture, and of this sixty-two per cent. one third pays duty, so that the manufacturers are themselves large payers of duty, and interested on that side as well as on the other.

Above all others, agriculturists and consumers generally are deeply concerned, for protection is two-sided. The manufacturer must be protected as against foreign competition. His protection against that competition implies, how-

ever, that there shall be competition within the country, and that in this internal competition shall be found protection to the consumer, the consumer thereby securing his supplies of manufactures in this country under such competition at cost plus a reasonable profit. Competition, however, has been so far destroyed that the consumer is no longer protected. He is a victim to the misapplication of the beneficent principle which he himself set up. Agriculturists are especially hurt. They constitute one half our total population. Their products are all raised and sold under sharp competition, with Europe as the final market. They have kept the faith in respect to this saving principle of internal competition.

Farmers Who Look for Relief

Manufacturers have not kept equal faith, circumstances having not only permitted, but also compelled them to profit by consolidation. Consequently the farmers are feeling the imperative need of relief, their principal organization, with a million members, demanding readjustment in forceful language.

Such is the general tariff situation as it appears shortly in advance of the campaign. The ultimate outcome is entirely evident. Our own circum-stances determine it, and the experience of all foreign countries foretells No principle is good except as it it. is rightly applied. The machinery for making tariffs is entirely inadequate and wrong. There must be constituted a tariff commission such as obtains in all other advanced civilized countries. This commission must devote its entire time, in the most highminded, impartial, non-political way, to the disclosure of all facts and evidence bearing upon every industry that seeks protection. Not alone

talk, but books of cost, and the *minutia* of evidence, internal and external, must be produced. The relation of each industry to every other industry and to like industries abroad must be considered. Power to compel the submission of testimony must be given the commission. The interests not only of those who wish protection, but also of the countless millions who go about their daily affairs, not immediately and personally concerned in individual schedules, must be safeguarded and fully protected. So there will be developed a series of schedules that correctly measure all differences and all requirements. All interests will be helped, none wronged.

This commission idea is not new. In innumerable ways commissions have been of extreme service to the public. We have municipal and state commissions, police, water, fire, health, railroad, and other commissions. Many of the greatest national movements have found their origin in the work of these commissions. Two of national consequence have acted recently and most satisfactorily, these, being the Anthracite Coal Commission and the Interstate Commerce Commission. Alongside these, and of equal or greater consequence, a Tariff Commission must take its place. Thus in the coming campaign we will have the old politicians seeking to mesmerize the people with propositions as soothing and as old as the "Rock of Ages," and on the other side the new and living ideas and the thinking people.

There is a bright prospect that the really conservative and able reformers in Congress, who now fully foresee the situation and approve of it as here outlined, will secure the appointment of such a commission in the present session of Congress. If they do, we will have little of it in the campaign, and a certainty of a revision of the right sort in 1909.

If this commission is not appointed, then the tariff will be, in all probability, not one of the foremost, but the foremost issue, and there will be disclosures of unfairness, ignorance, and selfishness, in the making of schedules, that will stir the public as did the insurance revelations and the meat disclosures.

Congressmen themselves, as a whole, have little or no knowledge of schedules. Few of them are business men. The chairman of the committee on manufactures in the United States Senate, for instance, is from Idaho, chosen presumably because he comes from a state which has no manufactures, and he can know nothing of the subject.

It is a business proposition, and must be handled as such. Business men must not, as a business proposition, make tools and fools of their congressional representatives, but must go before a commission as before a court, armed with proofs, ready and willing to testify. The manufacturers of the United States are no less high-minded and patriotic than other men.

They, if any, are the special beneficiaries of the present unreasonable and iniquitous schedules, yet they are demanding, with substantial unanimity, that they be relieved of the necessity of wheedling, of misleading, and of apologizing. They wish to have a straight road, and not to make their way by circuitous paths.

They ask for the appointment of an efficient tribunal which will adjust their privileges, their profits, so far as they are determined by special legislation, and set their limitations. The tribunal must be one in which they can repose perfect confidence-one which will give them. what they deserve, and deprive them of what is not their share. These men know, as manufacturers and as citizens, that such a judicial determination will bring them satisfaction and safety. Their house will then be builded upon a rock and not upon the sands of injustice and discrimination, or of misjudgment and misinformation.

UPIN THE FAMILY TREF

F

"FATHER!" Ma looked up from the teapot; she will persist in addressin' Pa in that patriarchal fashion, as a pattern to us; "I do wish

By M A B

you'd look up your family records and see if you're not eligible for the 'Sons of the Colonial Governors."

I'd so like to have you join something like that. It would give tone to the American

half of the family. My being English—" Pa put down the paper and kind of frowned. "I've told you, over and over again," he said, "that I don't believe in those 'ristocratic orders. They're against the American policy, which is democratic. A man's ancestry don't count for that, here !" Pa snapped his fingers. "Does n't the Constitution of the country say that all men wus created equal? Nobody seems to remember that, nowadays. The country's going clear to the bad with imported caste notions.'

"But you would n't call the few generashuns that would carry you back to the Colonies ancestry, would you?" Ma said, liftin' those fine Wyvil-Blount brows of hers. Wyvil-Blount is the "sir" that Ma's descended from. She can - afford to lord it over Pa, because she's acquainted with her great-grandfathers on both sides; but Pa, he don't even know who his grandfather wus, on one side. Says so himself, and that he's proud of it-says that's bein' a true American.

"Family is beginnin' to mean what it ought to in America," Ma went on. "Before long we shall have a very respectable gentry. It takes four generations, you know, to make a gentleman.'

"And four more to make a scoundrel," Pa "Such nonsense as folks talk nowadays! said. You 'd be ashamed to associate with one of your gentlemen of a few generations back, if you met him. The street sweeper of to-day is a regular Chataukua Course compared to him. Your Sir Blount could n't read nor write, and did n't take a bath once in ten years. He ate with his knife when he wus asked out to dinner, told rybald jokes, and got beastly drunk in the presence of ladies.'

"Queen 'Lizabeth chewed tobacco!" I said. "and swore horrible, too-the histories say so." "It makes me tired, the way people single

out one unfortunut duke or lord, and heave the whole family onto his shoulders," Pa said. He wus real riled up, now. "When they go on about their great-great-grandfather, they forget he was only one sixteenth of the family census. No-even if ancestry wus n't against my convicIllustrated by R.EMMETT OWEN

M

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T

The attitude of Pa and Ma in regard to an Exalted Line of Ancestry has an unexpected bearing on the chances of Sister's best young man

tions, by the time I got far enough back to find some one worth being desended from, there would n't be enough of him in me to find with a mikroscope."

Well, I know this," Ma said, firmlike, and she looked at Sis, "I'd never consent to anyone's enterin' my family that did n't have blood !" Sis dropped her head, for her best feller is just an American, and has n't got any ancesters.

"Better not!" said Pa, gettin' up from the "Old Wyvil-Blount is spread out pretty table. thin already. He'll split if you try to stretch him much more."

'I mean to raise the tone of the family, not lower it," Ma said. Folks say we get all our nice ways from Ma she's so English. "That is why I want you to look into this matter, Henry."

All this talk put me in mind of the English boy that goes to my school. I got down my cap and started over to see him. He's been in England since Ma has, and I thought maybe he might know something new on the subject. The English boy's father is some kind of a sientist that's out here studying things. His pa brought him along because he did n't have no mother. I like the Britisher all right, though he's 'queer at times---talks like an effected young lady; but he plays common and everyday enough. I guess it's custom, like the Chinaman's Q.

I found him on the steps, with his dog. Hello!" I called out. "Come on down to "Hello!" I called out. Daly's and get a soda."

"I've just had my tiffin," he said. That's forrin' for lunch.

"Well, and what if you have?" I asked.

He stuck his hand round in his pocket. "Have n't a shillin'," he said. "Grandfather cut down our 'lowance this month."

Oh, does your grandfather do the workin' for the family?" I asked.

"What do you mean?" He seemed surprised. "Why, your pa's grown up," I said. "I never heard of no one but girls gettin' allowances."-

Ma, she just takes it out of Pa's pockets whenever the idea strikes her. - " Can't your pa work? What

do you all sponge on your grandpa for?" "Work!" he repeated as though the word wus a forriner. "I never heard of any of my people's doin' any." "My, what a family of loafers!"

N

He jumped up mad, so I had to explain I did n't mean no harm. "Who is your grandpa, anyway?" I asked, sittin' down beside him. "He must be a reg'lar hummer for an old boy—all the work he does."

"My grandfather!" he said. "He's the Duke of Tunbridge."

I stared hard at him for a minute, but it never fazed him a bit! "But your name ain't Tunbridge!" I said.

No-father is Lord Elbrook. He calls himself Mr. Elbrook over here. It saves trouble."

I rubbed my eyes, for it did n't just seem believable. I felt for a minute as if I wus in one of Sir Walter's novels. "But where's your castle 'n retainers?" I asked him, "an' your plumed helmet an' armor?"

"The castle's too heavy to carry about in our pockets, you know," he said, " and the other old junk is home in the garret, I guess.'

"What makes you act so funny about it all, though?"

"Funny, how?" he said. "What do you mean ? '

"Why, just goin' 'round as though you wus nobody, not talkin' constant about the Dukeyour grandpa. If I was that close to a duke I'd spend my time lettin' folks know it."

Well, the English boy he could n't understand that nohow, did n't see why any one 'd want to take the trouble to mention it in the first place, and why anybody should care in the second. The English are queer, are n't they? I told Ma all about this. She did n't say anything, but I did n't hear Sir Blount's name mentioned for two whole days. I got lonesome.

I wish I had a duke for an ancestor instead of a Sir Blount. Ev'rybody's got a sir back of 'em, some place. Ev'ry time Ma tells her friends about Sir Blount they up and say they 've got one, too, only his name's difrunt. It makes Ma that mad! Sirs must be awful plentiful. The king must wear out a whole armory of swords whackin' men on the back and makin' 'em into knights. J gress that the cason for it.



"Then he said, 'Well, well, well,' kind o' slow like, and collapsed back into a chair "

Anybody that wants, can help himself to a sir and nobody know the difrunce. Now, with a duke, or a belted earl,—I wonder why an earl's always got to go belted, I should think suspenders'd hold him up just as well;—well, with these it's difrunt. They've got 'em all numbered, and they know right away when one's missin'.

Just the same Pa did write to a man named Hereldry, who keeps things about people's ancesters in his bureau drawer, an' ask him to hunt up somethin' about him, Pa. Pretty soon Pa an' the man wus writin' steady to each other, but Pa did n't let on what wus in the letters. We noticed, though, when Ma talked the ancestry gag, that Pa smiled considerable to himself.

One day he said to Ma, "So you hope 1'll find a revolushunary officer, do you; or a colonyal governur, maybe?" He wus still smilin' in that secret way. "And another 'sir' in the family, I suppose, would just overwhelm you. For my part, I don't take much stock in knights. Most any one that can make good soap, or gloves, can be one. The Revolushunary generals wus all right, bein' Americuns; but there wus a great many of 'em—a great many of 'em!" Pa left the room shakin' his head so mysteruous that it set us all guessin'.

"What is it, do you suppose, that that hereldry bureau 's puttin' into his head?" Sis asked Ma.

Ma. "I don't know," said Ma; "but, whatever it is, I'd advise Malcom to get some of it put into his head."

Sis looked teary. "It would n't do any good," she told Ma. "Malcom says there's never been any ancestry in his family to his knoledge, an' there would n't be any use searchin' for it. I don't see what's the good of the old stuff, anyway, except to make people act disagreeable."

"It's good to keep girls from marryin' beneath them," Ma said, so solum like that I tried to remember if that was in the Commandments.

The next day the fattest letter of all came from Hereldry, an' Pa chuckled and beamed till he had us all nearly crazy. Finally he turned to Ma and said, "Madam,"—somethin' awful must have happened to have him talk that way to Ma -"I have looked into my ancestry, and have made some very remarkable discoveries. I hope they will satisfy you." Then he chuckled some more. "What is it that you've found out?" Ma gasped. "It—it could n't really be a lord!"

"Madam," Pa said again, he wus that excited, "rightfully, where do you suppose I should be at this moment?"

"I can't imagine," Ma whispered. She seemed sort of frightened.

Pa drew himself up verv straight, and waited a minit till he saw we wus all holdin' our breaths. "Rightfully," he said, "I should be on the British throne at this moment." Ma looked ready to faint; but she wus too anxious to know what wus comin' next. "When I go into a thing," Pa went on, "I go into it deeply. I made up my mind that if I wus to be desended from anybody at all it wus to be some one really worth while. I told the bureau that in the beginnin', just what I wanted, and just what I did n't want."

"But who are you, anyway?" Ma asked. She wus terrible bewildered.

Pa made a bow like the beginnin' of a somerset. "Madam," he said, "there stands before you the great-grandson of King George the fourth of England !"

We all shouted; but Ma sat down and looked at Pa as if he wer'n't just Pa at all, but some person too great to be treated familyer.

Then Pa explained how it wus that the king had married a Mrs. FitsGerald, and that they had had a son, and, though the king had liked the lady a lot, he had n't put himself out particular about the son; that finally the lady had died, and the boy was brought to America to clear out of business.

Some of Pa's friends began to urge him to do it, by tellin' him it wus his moral duty to assert his claims, that he wus the true and rightful King of England, and he ought to prove it, and that they wus willin' to support him and help him run things when he got there. Pa said there wus a whole lot in what they said, but he hated to stir up a revolushon and plunge the country into bloodshed. He said if he could n't take the throne peaceable he wus n't goin' to take it at all. Then Pa was afraid that he was too American in his views to rule properly. He never did believe in free trade, and as for home rule, he wus clear against it. Kings, he said, wus terrible for bein' hard up. They wus de-pendent on Parlemint for their monthly pay, and if Parlemint did n't choose to give it to them it needn't. The brewery wus payin' well, Pa said, and he kind of hated the idea of goin' back to a salary. Still, he said, he wus ready to do his duty.

Then Ma backed down—she what had been so happy and proud ever since Pa discovered his ancestry, and had even forgot all about Sir Blount in Pa's greatness. When Pa made up his mind that he would go to the Old Country to make his claims, Ma found out she wus n't willin'. She said the thought of bein' a queen frightened her to death, that somethin' dreadful always happened to queens, either they got poisoned or beheaded, or the king divorced them when they begun to get wrinkled.

'Long about this time Malcom came to Pa

11.

THE NEW BEATITUDE

Brother Felix, in his cell At the Mission San Rafael, Wakened by the wind's loud cries Down the slopes of Tamalpais, Rose, and looking through the bars On the coldly gleaming stars, Thought he heard the waves, like Fate, Pounding on the Golden Gate; Listened—it was at his heart Something knocked with wondrous art, And a Voice, calm, sweet, and clear, Whispered in his startled ear:

1.

"Brother Felix, take thy pen And unto the hearts of men, Hearts with hopeless tears bedewed, Write a new beatitude." In the long white gown he wore, Down the long white corridor, To the sacristy he crept Where the pens and inks were kept, Violet and green and red And the leaf with gold bespread; Found his box, of redwood made, On the cover, "F" in jade, (Jade and redwood-strangely blent Orient and Occident!) Then into the chapel stole, Crossed himself-an Aureole 'Round the Holy Rood was set Green and red and violet, Brighter than the hues that lie Garlanded against the sky In the far Hesperian zones Out beyond the Farallones.

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get him out of the way; and some people by the name of Barth adopted him and give him their name. Nobody in England ever troubled about him afterwards. He married and had a son and that son had a son which was Pa. And no wonder Pa had never known anything about his greatgrandfather when the same had done ev'rything to keep the matter dark. I would n't have owned such an ancester. I never referred to him affectionate to the boys as greatgrandpa, or anything of the kind; just spoke of him as plain George the fourth. But Pa, he wus happy enough in being a king, or the next thing to it, not to mind. He used to say how slender wus Edward's hold on the throne-he called him Cousin Edward-and how by just presentin' himself he could put Edward

about Sis. I happened to be in the room that day. and 1 got behind the piano so's not to be in anybody's way. Malcom reeled off some rigamarole that grown up fellers use about love and the one-personin-the-world business, and about not bein' worthy, and ended by askin' Pa if he could have Sis.

Pa got very stiff all of a sudden. "1'm supprised that you ask, Mr. Perrison," he said. He's known Malcom since he was a little baby. "Supprised that you ask." Ma was in the room, and she kind o' sniffed.

"I can take good care of her, sir," Malcom spoke up. "I'm doin' well with my bizness."

"It is n't that. Mere money considerashuns have no weight with me,' Pa said, as though he was a milyonair as well as a

king. "Oh, have n't they?" Ma cried; "I suppose you'd like to see your

daughter marry one of them forrin' beggars." "My dear," Pa said, "I am voicin' your views as well as my own; at least, they were

your views the last time I talked with you." "What is your objecshun, sir?" Malcom asked. "You can't posibly know anything

asked. against me." "Even if you were of the nobility, I could n't "Be wined his spectacles careful. "My daughter comes of royal blood, and a marriage outside of it, as you can clearly see, would be a missaliance."

"You talk as though you wus on the throne already," Ma put in.

" If I remember correctly, sir," Malcom said, Mrs. FitsGerald wus of neither noble nor royal blood.

"My great-grandfather could afford to do a great deal that I cannot," Pa said. Then Pa told him that not havin' been born great and noble, he could n't be expected to understand the barricade that bars the royal families from mixin' with the masses. He said some more, the upshot of which wus that the first class wus born to sit and smoke with their heels on the table, while the other class blacked their boots. He said it had been that way for centuries, and consequently it was proper. Marriage, fie said, between these two classes, wus clear out of the question.

"The next thing we know," Ma said, turnin' to Sis, "he'll be preachin' the divine right of kings" kings.

"No," said Pa, "I'll leave that to Rockefeller and Peerpont Morgan. They know more about it than 1 do."

So I can't have your daughter?" Malcom said. It wus easy to see that he wus mad.

'On the one condition you may-that you prove your descent equal to hers. I never could look Cousin Edward in the face if I did anything to-what is it you call it, my dear?" turning to Ma—" Ah, yes, if I did anything to lower the tone of the family."

As Malcom went out of the room, he dropped an envelope with the hereldry man's trademark in the corner.

Pa took some papers out of his desk that had drawin's on them. One wus a big tree with more branches on it than I'd ever seen any tree have; and another had a lion and another animal which wus standin' on its hind legs, and looked considerable like a goat but wus n't one exactly, shakin' hands with each other. "Just one piece of information wantin' to make it complete," Pa says, low to himself; "then I'm ready to fight it out with Edward. Great thing this, bein' a king." Pa crossed his legs and lit his pipe, settlin' back to some dreams in which I s'pose he imagined himself wearin' ermin' clothes already and ridin' in a silver carridge. When I heard him snore I crawled out from behind the piano.

A week afterwards I and the English boy were playin' ball in the front yard when Sis and Malcom came along, arm and arm, both of 'em smilin' like chelsy cats. "Where's Pa?" they said.



Violet and red and green Faded from the holy scene, And the White Light left no trace In the dark and gloomy place; Brother Felix knelt, and then, With a whispered, faint "Amen," Quickly to his cell he sped, Lit the candle near his bed; White with wonder, cold with awc

Still the screed is guarded well; Brother Felix wrote no name On the dusty Roll of Fame, But, the New Beatitude, Like a lovely interlude, Binds his life to yours, to mine, And unto the life divine. Madam,' he said, 'there stands before you the great-grandson of King George the fourth of England '"

"In there!" I nodded to the window in Pa's den.

"Come on!" said Malcom, and he braces ahead, Sis clinging to him like a blackberry vine.

"Somethin' 's doin', Tunbridge," I said, droppin' my bat on Ma's crocuses-I never saw such flowers for gettin' in the way—"come on, let's listen." We crept round to the other window where we could peek in and hear everything plain. Malcom opened up on Pa. "You told me,

sir, that I could have Pauline if I could prove my desent equal to hers. I can, and here's the papers to show it." Malcom shuffled a whole bundle of letters on to Pa. "I am a sion," he said, "of the Stuart line; and it's 1 instead of you that ought rightfully to be on the English throne.

Well Pa, he leaned back dumfounded, while Malcom begun openin' up the letters, haulin' out coats of arms galore and soundin' off titles a mile a minute. "You see, sir," he said, " you 're a Hanover and a German and ain't got any right to an English throne which your house got possession of through usurpin' the rights of the Stuarts, who are the real kings of England. William of Orange and Mary took the throne away from James the Second, and banished him and his son. That son was the rightful heir and I'm a direct descendent of his. You Hanovarians came in on a side line; and you can plainly see that my claim is way ahead of yours.'

Pa agreed it was a bang-up ancestry all right that Malcom owned, but he could n't quite see that Malcom instead of him was the true King of England. While they were arguing it out, the mail carrier came in the gate, and 1 raced round and got the letters to carry them in to Pa. There was only one-in the hereldry man's handwritin'.

Pa's face cleared up wonderfully when he saw to it was from. "This will settle it," he said, who it was from. openin' the letter.

It seemed kind o' hard to understand, for Pa read it over and over, each time his face gettin' more dismal. Then he said, "Well, well, well," kind o' slow like and colapsed back into a chair as though he was sick. There he sat shakin' his head and mumblin' to himself with Malcom and Sis both shreakin' out at him to know what was the matter.

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SUCCESS MAGAZINE

HARRIGAN AND By LEROY SCOTT ON THE November day the Paris cablegrams announced that Mr. Samuel Crane was to

marry the beautiful Countess Revnaud, sensation reigned from the Battery unto New York's most northern dwindlings. For Mr. Samuel Crane had long been, and still was, an imposing figure in the public eye. His financial coups, his social glories (shared by his wife till her death three years before), had covered broad acres in the newspapers. And the previous April there had been other large areas of newspaper attention, for when he had been summoned before the "Committee for the Investigation of Watered Stock " to testify regarding the paper of the New York & Chicago, of which he was president, his health had suddenly failed and he had hurried abroad, via Canada; and it was understood his condition would not improve ("dared not improve," said the cynical) till the committee had ended its sensational sittings. And shortly prior to this there had been double-column, first-page rumors of a breach of promise suit to be brought against him by the famous Madame Morini, then crazing the large crowds drawn to the opera by her brilliant coloratura singing, in which rumors the great prima donna had referred to certain tender epistles, containing a definite proposal, that would be produced in court; and hard upon this rumor had come another rumor that all had been amicably adjusted, and that wedding bells would sound in the autumn-to which the smiling Morini had entered no denial.

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On the day after the announcement of the engagement, the Paris cablegrams brought the city another sensation. Madame Morini, who had been resting at a friend's chateau in Southern France, had rushed up to Paris. She was all passion, wrote the correspondents-the hot, vengeful passion of Italy. Her wrath at being jilted burned all the higher because the Countess Reynaud, before her marriage to the late Count, had also been a famous soprano, and between her and Morini had been long and bitter jealousy; and it was Boulevard gossip that the Countess was now making this her latest triumph over her ancient rival a matter of public boast. Madame Morini told the correspondents how Crane, after getting her into a complaisant mood the previous March by again promising to marry her, had wheedled her into entrusting to him the letters on which she had based her threatened suit. But, letters or no letters, she would sue Crane for his entire fortune, and expose him to the world for the fickle dastard that he was. Oh, but she would!

There was no replying interview with Crane, for when the correspondents called at his hotel he had just gone out for a stroll, and all day he did not come back. The next day he still had not returned. There rose whispers of foul play; hints that the roused Morini had connections with Italian anarchists in Paris and with their French brethren; hints (though hardly strong enough to warrant her arrest) that her vengeance had taken swift and dire satisfaction through anarchistic agency. The fourth day the cablegrams announced that Madame Morini was sailing from Cherbourg on the Deutschland to fill operatic engagements, and that Mr. Crane was still missing. The hints of the day before were grown into positive statements of a horrible anarchistic end, and a number of anarchists had already been arrested on suspicion and the Paris police had out the dragnet for still others.

11.

OVER at detective headquarters these cablegrams were read with an especial interest by Mr. Edward Harrigan. Harrigan had for-merly belonged to Crane's staff of private detect-

ives, and only the previous April he had been secretly employed by Crane in the matter of the Morini correspondence, trying to secure the letters (before the success of Crane's blandishment) by methods so untroublous to Madame Morini as searching her apartments while she was caroling at the opera. And that anarchists were concerned in the affair gave it an even sharper interest to Harrigan. For anarchists were Harrigan's specialty. He had been led thus to specialize by the original discovery that the real anarchist was a spindling individual who, when you tried to arrest him merely shouted nonsense at you about the "rights of free speech " instead of landing on you with his two fists, as did the ordinary, undangerous citizen; and by the further fact that there was glory and great newspaper space in anarchists. So Harrigan had arrested dozens of them-to his so great fame and credit, that at headquarters and in the newspaper stories he was known as "Anarchist Ed.' On the morning the Deutschland was due,

Harrigan was suddenly called into the chief's office. "Here's a piece of work right in your line, Harrigan," said the chief. "Got a cable this minute from those slow Paris police. They 've just learned that an anarchist, mixed up in this Crane business, sailed on the Deutschland. Second class. Name's Victor Jourdain. You'll have to hustle, for I called up the pier, and they told me the Deutschland had already docked."

Harrigan was off at the last word-not very swiftly, to be sure, for when you're forty, and have a double chin, and your trousers are snug around your thighs, you don't move with the agility of twenty years and a hundred and fifty pounds. His mind worked excitedly, and beneath the golden jockey of his stick-pin there was an exultant galloping. "Harrigan had inside information that there was soon to be a vacancy just above him. Favoritism and the pull enjoyed by lesser men had, as everybody knew, long held him back from higher places to which his talents entitled him. But he was now on a hig case-for an anarchist case is always big; "'So you sink you head me off! But me, I come openly,

and exploited as it would be in the papers, it should certainly land him in the vacancy.

When he reached the dock, passengers were already leaving. Victor Jourdain was perhaps amid this stream, but Harrigan had no idea of the anarchist's appearance; his first task must be to get a description from a member of the crew. He lost a minute by being plumped into by a broad-hatted, brown-haired little man with a pointed brown beard, wearing a soft string tie and a high-shouldered foreign coat. man, glancing up furtively, apologized in French and quickly threw his shabby leather bag into a cab. Harrigan, instinctively turning the cabman a look, gulped back his breath and breasted his way against the current of passengers out upon the pier.

Though there was a townful of passengers hovering about hundreds of open trunks in which customs inspectors were digging, Harrigan saw instantly a single person-a woman, somewhat stout but of shapely figure, all in soft flowing black, and with a wide hat whose two great downcurving plumes caressed her shoulders. In her ears were pearls; a string of pearls looped thrice Digitized by

May, 1908 THE ANARCHIST Illustrated By SIGURD SCHOU



before all ze world's eyes. You-ha! You sneak back. I know why.' She nodded. 'Afraid zey make you one weetness in ze court!

around her neck, swung to below her waist; one ungloved hand was ringed to the knuckles. She was maturely handsome, with the dark sumptuous beauty of lands laved by the Mediterranean.

She was talking to a circle of reporters. Harrigan slipped past her back-he was n't very eager to meet Madame Morini's eye-and as he went by he caught a bit of her broken, excited

English: "As 1 say, 1 come back to America to sing again ze song. But Meestair Crane !---ah, he shall suffer. To sink zat a man, feefty years old, hees hair all gray, should act by a lady so bad! I shall sue—yes! I shall not be insult, and Meestair Crane he just laugh!"

Harrigan hurried on, and soon he was listening to the steward who had cared for the cabin of Victor Jourdain, having opened the conversation by thrusting a dollar into the little German's hand. Victor Jourdain had already left the pier-he had taken all his meals in his cabinhe had never gone on deck save at night when all were asleep—he had spoken to no one. "Hum," said Harrigan. "And what did he

look like ?"

"Leetle-so high as your shoulder-hair it vas brown-his eyes not look at you straighthis beard brown und it haf a point-hat, very broad.'

Harrigan thought instantly of the little man who had bumped into him. His pulses quickened: this Victor Jourdain was not your harmless variety of anarchist !

Near Madame Morini Harrigan paused and, his solid legs far apart, held his ruddy face thoughtfully upon the group encircling her. If he was to get full honor from this enterprise, he needed help from the reporters there: it was not so much what you did, as what you got printed, that pushed you along over at headquarters.

After a moment he caught the quick eye of a yellow-headed, alert little chap of twenty-two or three, a cigarette hanging to his lower lip, on his head a back-pushed gray felt hat, banded with a tri-colored ribbon. The reporter slipped away from his fellows.

"Hello, Harrigan. Anything doin'?" Harrigan pocketed his hands, half closed his eyes, and mystery sat upon his features.

Well-rather !" he vouchsafed.

"See here, Harrigan," the reporter said, eagerly, "put me next !"

Harrigan had picked out Billy Lewis because Lewis represented the City Press Associationa news-gathering organization that served every paper in the city. "Can't tell you, exactly."

Harrigan removed his cigar with a big hand that was advertised, as though by an electric sign, by a blazing diamond on its little finger. "But—I'll give you a tip. I'm after an anarchist, and—" "Anarchist!" said Billy. His blue

eyes snapped, and in his excitement he spat loose the pendant cigarette.

"And he's mixed up in a great case." "Gee!" said Billy. "A big first-page story! A corker!"

Harrigan pulled his derby hat down to his bushy eyebrows and corroborated Billy with a silence, significant, profound.

Billy's mind worked swiftly. A berth with the City Press Association is but a stepping-stone toward a place on one of the big dailies; and one way to make the striven-for change is to turn in a rattling story which the other reporters have missed. Then the city editor of one of the dailies sends for you and gives you a desk. Billy's immediate ambition was such a promotion. Besides, back in his college town was a girl waiting till there was salary enough for two. He drew close up to Harrigan. "See here, Harrigan," he whispered eagerly, "say nothing about this to the other fellows. Let me handle it alone and I'll stick to you night and day, and I 'll play you up to the limit !"

Harrigan looked dubious. "I dunno, Billy," he said. However, Lewis's proposition was exactly his own plan. Lewis would take the place of the second detective he would

need (assisted by a regular detective he would naturally get but half the glory), and, besides, Billy would serve him up right to all the papers-whose dozen reporters he could n't have tagging ofter him. "Well, all right, Billy," he finally conceded-"since it's you."

"Thanks, old man!" said Billy. "I'll join you as soon as 1 write the interview with Madame Morini. Say, Harrigan, if Crane was n't already out of the way, I'd back Morini there ten to one to win. Oh, but she's mad !--- and she's got nerve! And I'd like to see her win, you bet! Morini's got a temper, but she's warmhearted, and generous, and is popular with the opera people. As for Crane, he ought to get it! . . . But remember, old man; this case is just between you and me."

As they started away together, Madame Morini said good-bye to the reporters and was straightway engulfed by a score of operatic friends who had come down to greet her. The reporters saw Harrigan, and smelling new prey were immediately around the pair.

"Hello there, Anarchy Ed-what's up?" demanded one.

"Not a thing," quickly answered Billy.

Harrigan had his faults, but one of them was not to turn tail and sneak away from publicity. "Nothin' I can speak about just now, boys," he answered with alluring reticence. "Only a he answered with alluring reticence. little anarchist matter."

"Anarchist !" Excitedly the group pressed closer. "Anarchist ! You don't say ! An important case ?"

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Harrigan gazed up at the corrugated roof. "Rather!" he said. "But see here, I can't say anything about this

just yet." "Nothing definite, of course not," returned a reporter. "But generalities won't hurt your case. What's he look like?"

"Big fellow," suggested one of the inter-viewers—"long hair bushy whiskers—dirty collar—shifty, malignant eyes ?"

Harrigan said, medi-tatively, "Well, I guess that's about him.'

Down went the details on the margins of their newspapers.

"D' you think he has

any connection with the Crane-Morini case?" Harrigan considered a space, his eyes half "Well-sure he has." closed.

"And you've got clues to support this opin-

ion?" "Well," returned Harrigan, "I reckon I'm a detective."

"And you're going to track this villain down, however great the danger to yourself, to the very end?"

Sure," said Harrigan.

"That's hot stuff !" said one of the reporters. Harrigan was requested to stand still a few moments, and several young men carefully pointed square black boxes at him. He maintained his most imposing posture till the last "click," when he relaxed and said, "I'll tell you the whole thing when I 've got him run down," and walked away with Billy Lewis, whom he agreed to meet two hours later at an appointed corner. Billy was wroth within at Harrigan's giving to all what Harrigan had promised him as exclusive news. But the real story was still ahead and there was still a good chance that he would be its sole historian, so he decided for the present to keep his indignation in his stomach.

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HARRIGAN'S only clue to Victor Jourdain was the cabman who had driven the anarchist away. With a mental picture of a disheveled silk hat and a shaven face that long exposure to weather and to beer had made a bright brick color, Harrigan began bowling along, with watchful eyes, upon the green upholstery of a hansom-a method of detection highly approved by his two hundred pounds. But every cabman he passed had just such a hat and just such a face; and when he picked up Billy Lewis he had not yet seen the cabman that matched the picture in his mind.

As they drove about together Harrigan also kept an eye on the incessant new editions of the evening papers, and shortly after noon he had his gratification. There he was, on the first pages, as large as Madame Morini-a full two columns wide! And he really was a dignified, distinguished, intrepid looking gentleman! One of the "yellow" papers presented beside him a picture of the anarchist, hairy and desperate, 'drawn from description;" and all about the two was a frame of pistols, daggers, infernal machines, and bombs with sputtering fuses. And the text of the several accounts did him equal justice. The anarchist's plot was "colossal and dastardly"; the anarchist was described in the horrific details suggested on the pier; and Harrigan was "of the finest type of our police, fear-less, of powerful build," and "in running to earth this dangerous enemy of the public he is counting his own life as naught."

Harrigan carefully folded the papers and



thrust them into his pocket. This was the sort of stuff that helped a man to promotion.

Finally, toward four o'clock. Harrigan saw, amid the ruck of vehicles at Thirty-fourth Street and Broadway, the cabman of his search. The cabman gave the address of a little French hotel near by, and within ten minutes Harrigan, having examined the register while the clerk (also headwaiter) was in the dining room, was asking if the Hotel de Chantilly could spare a room for himself and his friend. It could, and five minutes later the two were installed on the fifth and top floor-the same being Jourdain's floor, as the register had informed Harrigan-and Harrigan was in conversation with the chambermaid regarding towels and hot water.

After Harrigan had complimented her, with the best gallantry of Mulberry Street, upon her girlish looks (the clerk-headwaiter was her son), he casually inquired if any Europeans ever came to the Chantilly. It appeared that many did; in fact, one had come only that morning, and had the chamber but two doors down the hall. He was French-spoke not a word of English. He had taken the room at ten and had not stirred from it.

Harrigan and Billy exchanged glances. The next instant the maid's outstretched hand was clutching a two-dollar bill.

'See here," said Harrigan, bluff, reassuring. "I'm an American, and a foreigner like that interests me. I'll want you to tell me a little about him.'

"But, pardon, monsieur, I am vair sorrybut how can I tell you about him, when he give me two dollairs I not say anything about him?"

Again glances were exchanged. The next moment the maid's hand was richer by three additional dollars.

"Merci, monsieur," she beamed. "To monsieur tell what he ask!"

When she had gone they gazed at each other excitement, triumph. "Say," exclaimed in excitement, triumph. "Say," exclaimed Billy, "something great's going to turn up in this case !"

Harrigan nodded, with a profound look. 'Our game now's to watch him," he said, "and see what he's up to-catch him in the middle of his trick-mebbe with some of his pals."

Harrigan, sitting on the edge of the bed, went off into deep contemplation, aimed at Billy and Billy's report of the affair. Presently Billy remarked that since Jourdain clearly would n't leave his room till after dark, and since there was no need of two on watch, he felt it his duty to see if Madame Morini had anything new to To this Harrigan agreed. say.

Two hours later Billy re-entered the room, his chubby face aglow. He drew Harrigan down beside him on the dingv counterpane, and his voice was an excited whisper.

SUCCESS MAGAZINE

"I found Madame Morini alone and had half an hour with her. Excitable women of that kind cannot keep a secret, Harrigan. The talk made me suspect a lot of things. When I left her I visited all the chief operatic and concert managers. And what d' you think I found out? She does n't have an engagement with one of them!"

Harrigan tried not to look surprised.

"She's over here on another game. And by putting this and that together I made certain what her game is. Harrigan, she's come to get the Crane letters - by hook or crook! "

A rather interesting discovery, but not his own-so Harrigan took it calmly.

"And what's more," Billy went on rapidly, she knows the letters are in Crane's house. Part of the blarney he used to get the letters was that he just wanted to lock 'em up for safe keeping in a place known to both. It was right after he got 'em that he had to skip. And another thing, Harrigan-she's got hold of a key to his house!"

Harrigan rolled his cigar along his gold teeth. "Supposin' that is all so-what good 'll the letters do her now?"

"She laughs at Crane's having been done away with," returned Billy. "And if he has, 1 think she wants the letters to show the world what a raw deal he 's given her."

Billy continued to talk, and Harrigan to remain indifferent. A little later they went down to the cajé for dinner, having arranged with the maid to notify them instantly in case the anarchist attempted any move. They were in the midst of some stringy roast beef when the alarmed maid beckoned them out.

"While I answer one ring," she whispered, "Monsieur Jourdain he leave his room, he leave ze hotel."

Harrigan and Billy rushed to the entrance, but no anarchist was in sight.

Here was a catastrophe indeed ! The dreams of both were gone instantly to nothing ! They looked at each other blackly, blankly.

Presently it occurred to them that perhaps this first issue of Jourdain from his room had no significance, and that he would soon return. The situation was further brightened by Harrigan seeing a silver lining to the catastrophe. "I been waitin' to search his things," he said ; "this's our chance."

Ordering the maid to give quick warning of Jourdain's return, and getting her pass key, he and Billy mounted and entered lourdain's room. A sudden quietness, a trembling, even, came over Harrigan as he gazed upon the old leather bag on the foot of the bed; and Billy, curious, nonchalant dare-devil, as his trade and nature made him, preferred the neighborhood of the door. But Harrigan was in the presence of his biographer; he had to act the hero. So with his boldest air he cautiously opened the valise.

Suddenly he started back, his ruddy face almost white. He pointed at a round wooden box, the size of a small cheese. "Look there !" he whispered.

"An infernal machine !"

Billy stared, and paled. "Are you sure?"

"Yes-they make 'em any shape to fool you." He hesitated, hung back-then again remembered his biographer was beside him. He advanced upon the bag and with shaking hand took up the box. He consigned his soul to its [Concluded on pages 334 to 336]





CHARLES EMERSON COOK, Dean of The Friars, with David Belasco

IT is quite probable that, if the amount of publicity obtained every year for individuals and enterprises could be accurately measured, it would be found that fully two thirds of it could be traced directly to the efforts of the various members of a certain new and powerful association called "The Friars" and composed very largely of men who have graduated from newspaper offices.

The Friars dates only from the year 1903, when the press agents of the different New York theaters were wont to meet on Friday nights to compare notes and discuss matters of common interest. Chief among the topics considered at these meetings was that of the deadheads, or free-ticket grafters, who at this particular time had attached themselves to the amusement business like barnacles, and in such numbers that the problem of get-

HARRY G. SOMMERS.

Knickerbocker Theater

ting rid of them was one of no small difficulty and responsibility. As the press agents, sitting in confidential talk, took up this matter they discovered that nearly every theater in town was carrying on its free list all sorts of persons who had no sort of claim to their courtesy, or whose ancient rights to seats had long since expired. By carefully sifting out the names on their lists, together with those of chronic applicants for seats, and then taking concerted action against the beats, they not only reduced their free lists to proper proportions but also justified their own existence as a useful working body.

The Friars Themselves

The first president of the association was Channing Pollock, at that time the press agent of the Shuberts and now better known as the author of two or

three successful plays. In this connection, it may be said that Mr. Pollock is the husband of Miss Anna Marble, who is herself a press agent of remarkable cleverness and good judgment, qualities which she employed for a long while in the service of Oscar Hammerstein's opera house.

Mr. Pollock was succeeded by Charles Emerson Cook, of David Belasco's staff, and also with some reputation as a dramatist. Mr. Cook's successor to the office was Wells Hawks, who

THE MEN WHO MANUFACTURE FAME



press the theatrical "deadhead" nuisance, has become a dignified body of resourceful publicity men





PHILIP MINDIL.



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WELLS HAWKS. Abbot of The Friars, Charles Frohman's Companies

was then Charles Frohman's right-hand man, and now occupies himself with the Hippodrome. Mr. Hawks suggested extending the ranks of The Friars so as to take in the traveling agents and press agents in cities throughout the country, a policy which has increased the membership to nearly one thousand. Other prominent members of The Friars are

J. W. Rumsey, who keeps Daniel Frohman's attractions before the public; W. G. Smythe, of the Belasco staff; Harry G. Sommers, the manager of the Knickerbocker Theater; Wallace Munro, who labors in the interest of Louis James; A. Toxen Worm, who is Mr. Sothern's press agent; H. E. Warner, who represents the Shuberts; Bruce Edwards, in the employ of Charles Dillingham; George W. Sammis, the manager of the Herald Square Theater; Willard D. Coxey, of the Barnum show; Will A. Page, of

WILLARD D. COXEY.

Barnum and Bailey

the Shubert staff; James Forbes, in the employ of H. B. Harris, and Frank and Paul Wilstach.

How Mrs. Campbell Was "Made"

Several of these men enjoy real distinction as press agents, while not a few have shown ability in other fields of endeavor. It is said that the highest salary is paid to A. Toxen Worm, who is a native of Denmark and graduate of the University of Copenhagen. He came to this country as a civil engineer, speaks many languages, and, wonderful to relate, writes good English. It was his imagination that led him to become a press agent, and it was the same quality that induced him to announce twelve blooded Arabian horses" for a production of "Monte Cristo," a drama in which no horses are ever employed.

He' won his brightest laurels by his work in the interest of Mrs. Patrick Campbell, whose wretched little dog he christened "Pinky-Panky-Poo"-thus paving the way for a vast amount of advertising for the animal, and, incidentally, for its mistress. When Mrs. Campbell played at the Republic Theater-now Belasco-Mr. Worm induced the street commissioners to lay down tan bark to deaden the noise in Forty-second Street, and then caused the Health Department to interfere in the interest of public sanitation. He also



EUGENE K. ALLEN. Librarian of The Frians

GEORGE W. SAMMIS.

Herald Square Theater



A. TOXEN WORM.

Lyric Theater

started a story about Mrs. Campbell's husband, who was a British soldier, breathing a message to her into a phonograph just before his death. This story he substantiated by means of a photograph which showed the English actress reclining on a couch with the phonograph in her hand, listening to the voice of her dead husband.

Mr. Page, late of the Hippodrome, is another agent whose work is thoroughly familiar to the public. He was always doing something for the chorus girls employed at that place of amusement, and to whom he used to refer as the "pieces of seaweed," in



to call on every press agent whose matter it has been his good for-tune to "run" during the year-write advertisements, keep the quarrels between manager and star and all other tidings suggestive of disaster out of the papers. and to cast a rosy glow over everything that bears the managerial stamp of his employer. In addition to all this he frequently edits and writes a press sheet, containing several thousand words of cheery, readable matter relating to his shows.

SUCCESS MAGAZINE

Above all, must the successful Friar know what not to print, for his value to his employer depends quite as much on what he is able to keep out of the

the water scene. It was Mr. Page who organized bridge clubs, circulating libraries, and mutual improvement societies for these young ladies, and, as nowadays it is necessary to give actual proof of work accomplished in order to induce the papers to notice it, it will be seen that his life was a busy one. Mr. Page has also tried theatrical management on his own hook, and has two or three plays to his credit.

Another Friar of renown is James Forbes, whose play, "The Chorus Lady," is one of the most successful attractions in the country. Mr. Forbes has other dramas in hand, and the chances are that both he and Mr. Page will desert the ranks of the publicity seekers in the near future.

Indeed, every man with sufficient originality and cleverness to do good press work is certain to cherish higher ambitions. That is why there are so many budding dramatists, managers, and writers among The Friars. Moreover, some of the most astute of these agents declare that the business becomes more and more difficult every year, and that the invention of fakes plausible enough to be swallowed by the newspapers has nearly reached its limit. Time was, they say mournfully, when the actress who took milk baths, lost her diamonds, or was poisoned by a powerful drug concealed in a bunch of violets, or whose health was drunk in champagne from her own slipper by the leading bankers of the community, could have all the space she wanted in the daily papers on the mere word of her press agent; but now, in the language of Broadway, she must "deliver the goods"-in other words furnish reasonable proof that what her agent says is true. It is because of this latter-day congestion in Park Row, that the European monarchs who were kept busy by the American chorus girls who invaded their realms and laid siege to the hearts of the young princes, have now time to attend to other, if less important duties.

The Friars hold weekly meetings, and once in six weeks give a dinner in honor of some distinguished member of the profession. Henry Miller, Marc Klaw, Clyde Fitch, Augustus Thomas, David Belasco, Victor Herbert, Al. Hayman, and A. L. Erlanger are among those who have been thus entertained, and the list shows that this wise brotherhood of press agents ignores the rival camps of Syndicate and Anti-Syndicate in its selection of guests whom it wishes to honor. Each one of these dinners is marked by some special and interesting feature. When Mr. Thomas was entertained, there was an arrange-ment of "witching hour" lights over his head, and at the Belasco dinner the various stage effects of storm, rain, and snow used in his familiar dramas, were employed with so much skill that one of the guests observed that if

Belasco had stage managed the thing himself it could not have been much better done. When Mr. Fitch was entertained, he paid his hosts a very high compliment, declaring that they were the only persons connected with the theater who did not offer to re-write his plays.

It would be hard to find a more sober, industrious, or businesslike man in the town than the press agent of the sort that helps to make The Friars the useful and up-to-date body that it is. In order to hold his job, he must be at his desk early in the morning and work until late at night, for he may have to represent two or three theaters and eight or ten traveling companies. For example, John D. Williams is a press agent for Charles Frohman's attractions which means that he must keep before the public seven theaters and fourteen companies, besides supplying the newspapers with items relating to the three theaters and half dozen companies that his employer controls in London.

The Many Duties of a Friar

As the Friar is liable to be called on at any moment from any part of the country for information regarding these attractions, he must keep in his New York office a large supply of pictures and matter relating to them all. The instant a play is produced in New York, or scores a hit in any of the other cities, demands for descriptions of the plot, pictures of the author, the actors concerned in it, and the manager himself, pour in from all parts of the country and even from London, where the American drama is entering upon a new and prosperous phase of its existence. In order to supply all this matter there devolves upon the press agent one of the most difficult duties in the whole theatrical profession -that of inducing the star players to sit for their photographs. For, delighted as actors and actresses are to have their pictures printed, there is nothing they hate more than devoting half of a bright sunny afternoon to sitting for them in costume in a photograph gallery. Nor is this to be wondered at when we consider the trouble that it involves and the agreeable and profitable manner in which the time might be spent in walking up and down Broadway or driving on the Avenue. Sometimes it is necessary to bring the photographer to the theater after rehearsal and hold the actresses almost by main force until their pictures are taken. The press agent must also be ever on the alert to pick up and elaborate items of news connected with his attractions, and, failing these, to invent items that look like news, and to prepare them in an attractive form for the Sunday paper. He must also make suggestions to reporters, put them in the way of securing interviews and other readable matter, entertain visiting journalists from all parts of the country -and not one of these while in New York fails

pany, and everything else calculated to hurt his employer's enterprises in public esteem. I have always maintained that one injudicious paragraph could do more harm in a minute than the most astute press agent in the land could repair in a year, and in bringing this little essay to a close, I will relate the bitter experience of the late Lawrence Barrett at the time when he had arranged to appear at the Lyceum Theater in London. It was at this moment that an officious and ignorant member of his staff sent to the press of America a ridiculous paragraph which intimated that the then Princess of Wales was quite likely to resent the Prince's rather notorious attentions to actresses by showing a marked preference for Lawrence Barrett, the eminent American tragedian. In justice to Mr. Barrett's memory, it should be stated that he was the very last man in the world who would countenance such an impertinence.

papers as it does on what he manages to

get in. He must, therefore, suppress all tidings

of disaster, such as impending lawsuits, quar-

rels between manager and star, divorce matters

and scandals relating to members of the com-

About this time he was beginning to wish that he had not signed to appear in London, for the risk—professional as well as financial—was very great, and he had about made up his mind to get out of it if he could do so without loss of prestige. Mary Anderson had made a great hit there, and when her manager offered Mr. Barrett a handsome bonus for his time at the theater he was greatly tempted to accept, and would have done so had it not been that he was too proud to retreat in the face of the newspaper attacks, which had been particularly virulent and annoying. Accordingly, he declined Miss Anderson's cffer and undertook the London engagement, with the result that he made a complete failure and lost a large part of his fortune.

After carefully considering the trade of publicity as it is carried on at the present day, we cannot escape the conclusion that the press agent of the future will be neither a jolly, easygoing bohemian, working on his own personality and the friendship of his newspaper cronies, nor an inventor of plausible and interesting fakes, but rather an astute, sober-minded man of methodical habits, carrying on his business after the fashion of a successful merchant, and looking after the interests of his client with as much zeal, acumen, and fidelity as if he were a lawyer of the highest class. That is the sort of press agent who will endure long after the others shall have disappeared from the field, and whose cruse of the divine oil shall supply the actors, authors, society women, financiers, and statesmen of generations to come.

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May, 1908

HAPPY? IF NOT, WHY NOT? ORISON SWETT MARDEN

WE HAVE seen many painful examples during the past few months of the failure of wealth to produce happiness. We have seen that a fortune without a man behind it does not stand for much. The X-rays of public investigation have revealed some ghastly spectacles.

Of a number of rich men who were in positions of great responsibility and trust at the beginning of the recent financial panic, some have committed suicide, others have died from the effects of the disgrace which they had brought upon themselves and their families, and still

Fortunes Without

others have suffered tortures, not so much because of their wrongdoings, as from the fear of disclosures. A few months ago, these men were supposed

Men Behind Them to possess the things which make men happy. They had what all the world is seeking so strenuously,

-money. They lived in palatial homes, were surrounded with luxuries, and yet, the moment misfortune came, what they called "happiness" fled as though it had the wings of a bird.

These men felt secure because they had that which most everybody is struggling so hard to get. They had supposed themselves so firmly intrenched in the wherewithal of life, so buttressed by their "solid" investments, that nothing could shake them.

But, almost in the twinkling of an eye, their foundations slipped from under them, their reputations vanished, and, instead of being the big men they thought they were, they not only found that they were nobodies, but also that their "happiness" had flown with their reputations.

But happiness is not such a transient visitor as that. If these men had had the genuine article, no panic could have shaken it, no fire burned it out, no ocean swallowed it up.

Real happiness is not a fluttering, fly-away unreality. It is not superficial. It does not live in things. It does not depend upon money. It is a quality of character. It inheres in personality. It consists in facing life the right way, and no one who faces it the wrong way, no matter how much money he may have, can ever be happy.

The trouble with many of the men who went down in the panic was that they put the emphasis upon the wrong thing.

Man is built upon the plan of honesty, of rectitude-the divine plan. When he perverts his nature by trying to express dishonesty, chicanery, and cunning, of course he cannot be happy. The very essence of happiness is honesty, sincerity, truthfulness.

He who would have real happiness for his companion must be clean, straightforward, and sincere. The moment he departs from the right she will take wings and fly away.

Emphasizing the Wrong Thing

What a pitiable thing it is to see the human race chasing the dollar-material things-trying to extract happiness, to squeeze joy out of money alone!

How little people realize that the very thing they are hunting lives in themselves or nowhere, that, if they do not take happiness with them, they may hunt the earth over without finding it. Happiness is a condition of mind. It is a fundamental principle,

and he who does not understand the principle cannot possibly be happy. All the misery and the crime of the world rest upon the failure of

human beings to understand the principle that no man can really be bappy until he barmonizes with the best thing in him, with the divine, and not with the brute. No one can be happy who tries to harmonize his life with his animal instincts. The God (the good) in him is the only possible thing that can make him happy.

Real happiness cannot be bribed by anything sordid or low. Nothing mean or unworthy appeals to it. There is no affinity between Founded upon principle, it is as scientific as the laws of mathethem. matics, and he who works his problem correctly will get the happiness answer.

There is only one way to secure the correct answer to a mathematical problem; and that is to work in harmony with mathematical laws. It would not matter if half the world believed there was some other way to get the answer, it would never come until the law was followed with the utmost exactitude.

It does not matter that the great majority of the human race believe there is some other way of reaching the happiness goal. The fact that they are discontented, restless, and un-

happy, shows that they are not working their problem scientifically. Understand the Principle

We are all conscious that there is another man inside of us, that there accompanies us through life

a divine, silent messenger, that other, higher, better self, which speaks from the depths of our nature and which gives its consent, its "Amen" to every right action, and condemns every wrong one.

Men and women in all times have tried to bribe this constant monitor, to purchase its approval, to silence it in nervous excitement, to drown it in vicious pleasure, with drink and with drugs; but all in vain.

Men in every age have disregarded its warning, have tried in every

possible way to get away from its tormenting reproofs when they have done wrong, but no gormandizing, no amount of dissipation or excitement, has ever been able to silence its voice. It always continues to give its unbiased, unbribed approval or disapproval to whatever we do.

There is nothing in which people deceive themselves so much as in the pursuit of happiness. There is only one way to find it. That is, by obeying the laws upon which we are built. We are constructed along the lines of truth and justice, and we cannot reach felicity by disobeying these, the very laws of our nature.

As long as we continue to do evil, to get money by unfair meansby robbing others or dealing unfairly with them-as long as our ambition is to get rich anyway, we can never attain true happiness, because we are going in the wrong direction. We are introducing discord into our natures, encouraging the very opposite to what we are seeking.

It is just as impossible for a person to reach the normal state of harmony while he is practicing selfish, grasping methods, as it is to produce harmony in an orchestra with instruments that are all jangled and out of tune. To be happy, we must be in tune with the infinite within us, in harmony with our better selves. There is no way to get around it. The idea that we can practice wrong in our

Must Harmonize with the Best Thing in Us

vocations, in our dealings with men, or in our pleasures, and then periodically seek forgiveness in our prayers or through our churches-the idea that a man can do wrong and be forgiven without remedying the wrong, or without forsaking the sin, has done more harm than almost any other thing in civilization.

A clear conscience, a clean life, the elimination of selfishness, jealousy, envy, and hatred, are necessary to all bigb enjoyment.

One trouble with many of us is that we try to make happiness too complicated an affair. But happiness really flees from complication. ceremony, and pretense. Nature has fixed her everlasting edict against complicated living. You can never force pleasure; it must be natural; it must come from sane living.

Real happiness is so simple that most people do not recognize it. They think it comes from doing something on a big scale, from a big fortune, or from some great achievement, when, in fact, it is derived from the simplest, the quietest, the most unpretentious things in the world.

Our great problem is to fill each day so full of sunshine, of plain living and high thinking, that there can be no commonness or unhappiness in our lives.

Little kindnesses, pleasant words, little helps by the way, trifling courtesies, little encouragements, duties faithfully done, unselfish service, work that we enjoy, friendships, love and affection-all these are simple things, yet they are what constitute happiness.

The great sanitariums, the noted springs of the world are crowded with rich people, sent there by their physicians to get rid of the effects of complicated living. They tried to force their pleasures and came to grief.

Not long ago, I dined in the home of a very rich man, and it took two hours and a half to serve the dinner. There were thirteen courses, made up of the richest kinds of food, and many of them absolutely incompatible with one another. In addition to this, there were seven kinds of wine!

Think of any one being healthy or happy living upon such a diet!

What are the enjoyments of the average rich? Is there anything more vapid, insipid, unsatisfying than the chasing after that indefinite, mysterious something which they call happiness; that will-o'-the-wisp

No Happiness for Idlers

which is always beckoning them on but ever eluding their grasp; that rainbow which recedes as they approach? They may enjoy the titillation of the nerves for a moment, the temporary excitement,

and the exhilaration which come from even vicious pleasures. But what of it all? It is only animal enjoyment. Nothing but regret, disappointment, and disgust follows.

There is within every normal person a strong desire to do something and to be something in the world; and every idler knows that he is violating the fundamental demand of his nature, that he is really cheating himself out of a very sacred prize, the getting of which would mean more to him than everything else in the world.

I have talked with idle rich young men who said they knew that it was all wrong for them to refuse to do their part of the world's work; that it was a mistake for them not to enter into the great activities and struggle for a prize which the Creator had fitted them to take, but that the paralyzing effect of not being obliged to work had undermined their inclination.

Recently a rich young man was asked why he did not work. "I do not have to," he said. "Do not have to" has ruined more young men than almost anything else. The fact is, Nature never made any provision for the idle man. Vigorous activity is the law of life; it is [Concluded on page 339]

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SUCCESS MAGAZINE

THE MONEY BAG By ERNEST POOLE Mustrated by ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

It was a stout little bag of brown canvas, the neck wound round with red cord; and, for double safety, over the cord was wrapped tightly a broad rubber band. The night that Matteo pulled it out and showed it to Harson, the big Norwegian, even opened it, and excitedly counted the money, and then talked volubly for hours about all the glad life it would bring—that night put a seal to one of the strangest friendships the North River Docks had ever seen.

To no living soul in New York had Matteo ever confided his secret. For months, at work in the long, roaring dock shed, the stocky little Italian had worn the bag under his belt; and only a joyous hitch, now and then, to his corduroy trousers had ever betrayed its existence. At night, when he lay down to sleep on the floor, in a room with five other Italians, his sole preparation for bed was to buckle his corduroys tighter. And this secretive vigilance, in a man like Matteo—joyous, laughing, jabbering, open as the day—was proof of some passion truly prodigious behind it. Still Matteo was Matteo, and the time had come when not to tell some one the whole magnificent secret was absolutely impossible.

This is the way that he came to choose Harson. On the dock at work, with childlike curiosity he had often watched the Norwegian giant, morose and silent, or humming some strange wild song of the *fjords*, heaving barrels and crates like playthings into the hoisting nets, with a terrible strength that to Matteo was an object of ceaseless delight and wonder. Outside of work hours, Harson spent most of his time in his little bare room in Matteo's tenement, next down the hall. He had no friends. The dockers called him "a deep one." To try to see down into his soul was like trying to see into the turbulent tide that spanks the dock piles night and

day and brings from far away strange sea odors. From what life had he come? Nobody knew. When would his restless blue eyes suddenly fill with a tempest of passion-as they often did without warning? Nobody knew. A most uncanny companion to drink with. So the dockers called him "a deep one," and left him alone. And this isolation only deepened his strangeness. But one hot August night, when Matteo peeped through the open door of Harson's room, he saw an amazing picture. The giant sat there in his grimy shirt, black and huge against the dim light of the open window, his broad brutish jaws . relaxed; he was bending over a small dirty photograph-staring.

No tears, no ejaculations, no black despair—in short, nothing at all Italian. Only a silent, groping stare. But it sent the shivers down little Matteo's spine.

The next night, when Harson was out, Matteo stole into the room and found that the small dirty picture was that of a wee chubby boy with



from his forehead. The Italian stood there a long time, now watching the picture, now glancing curiously about the bare room-until suddenly he saw the giant himself frowning in the doorway. One look was enough. Matteo lost no time in explaining. And so hard he talked, so fiercely did he try to make Harson understand his broken English, so eagerly did he bring out a picture of his own to show, and so convincing was the anxious struggle in his mind before he jerked out the brown bag-that,

little by little, Harson's indignant frown softened into a slow dull grin of amusement. And then, as, piece by piece, out of Matteo's broken English, expressive looks, and winks and nods and gestures, he gathered some inkling of the passion that burned

deep and absorbing in Matteo's soul, he drew slowly closer and closer to the little Italian; a dumb, deep-suffering, kindly look came on his face. And he lit his pipe and sat there listening far into the night.

Matteo's story is the kind that can never be written. If you would have all its richness, its fiery passion of hope, suspense, and despair, its

dreams, its warm vivid pictures and deep intensity of joy—you must make Matteo tell it himself. The story in outline is here.

He was born in a hamlet nested high in the mountains gray with olive trees, just south of Naples. Almost all the people there were minstrels who in summer wandered up into Switzerland to play and sing before the hotels. And they had looked with scorn upon Matteo because as a boy he could not even hold a tune. So one day, rebelling at last against their mocking, he had tramped down the hills to Naples to work on the docks. And there, in the next two years, he used to have long night talks with Italian sailors, out on the star-lit quays.

They told him about a strange new city over the sea, ten times as big as Naples, where all the buildings were glittering towers, where men worked as though mad, and where, on the docks, you could earn twenty *lira* (four dollars) in only one day and night!

More and more did Matteo talk of this city with Anna, whom he had seen in Naples almost every night for a year. She was a girl of twenty, light haired and slow of movement, with serious steady gray eyes. She lived with her aunt and helped her do laundry work for one of the big hotels. It took her many months to get used to the picture city that Matteo could already so vividly see in his mind; but at last she agreed that he had better go. Before he left, they went

ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN ----

"And so they drew closer together, these two, never fixing their minds

to an old priest to whom her aunt was devoted. The good man married them that week, and then Matteo started for New York. The wise old aunt had refused to let Anna go with him. First, she said, let Matteo prove himself by working hard and earning some of this fabulous money. She had consulted the priest—who knew everything, and had fixed the sum at two hundred dollars.

On the sea Matteo was desperately ill. The real New York soon shattered his picture city. He spent five wretched weeks looking for work, and wrote to Anna that New York was a city of roaring and curses, of ugliness and cold; and he said that he waited there only to earn enough to come home. Two weeks later he wrote that New York was splendid as the stars, that he was earning money fast, and that here they would lead a life fit for kings! For Matteo had a job.

All this he told Harson that night. And on Harson's massive face there came a look so hungry, and so deep down did his short rough questions pierce into Matteo's secret, that the little Italian told more than he had ever dreamed of telling. When, suddenly rousing to this fact, Matteo stopped short, in frightened distrust, and rose to go, the big Norwegian laughed, drew from his bosom an old leather bag, and poured from it a pile of coins and bills on the table. "You don't be scare!"

from it a pile of coins and bills on the table. "You don't be scare!" he said gruffly. "Me money enough! Me money no good!" And he laughed again. But the laugh was so harsh and bitter, that, though Matteo smiled boldly, he trembled in his soul. He went back to his room and lay on the floor in the dark, softly cursing himself for his frankness.

For days after that he avoided Harson. And the giant, seeing this, made no effort to re-open their talk. Only once on the dock, toward the weary end of a day, when the little Italian was straining to heave over a big bale of cotton, a huge knobby hand-appeared over his shoulder

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MATTEO

May, 1908

MATTEO OF

discussing themselves, barely knowing each other, but always on images far away

-and the bale rose up like a feather. Matteo jumped aside and looked up, saw the Norwegian, gave a quick nervous laugh, and hurried away. A moment later, he turned furtively around. Harson stood looking after him, and on Harson's face was the same dumb, curious smile. Again, one night, coming up the dark stairs of the tenement, he came suddenly on the Norwegian, who loomed on the landing, waiting. Matteo almost fell backwards in his fright. But Harson reached out and seized his arm, and held

him there, smiling at his trembling. "For why?" he asked. "For why you scare?" Then he drew him into his room. And there, at first from policy but later from a vague instinctive trust, Matteo lost his misgivings, became again his joyous natural self-and so the friendship went on.

Night after night, in Harson's room did Matteo talk and Harson listen. Over and over again did they count the money in Matteo's bag. Matteo had but a poor head for such things as Often when he had just put in five figures. silver dollars out of his weekly pay, his count showed that he had even less than before. At one such time, he flew into a rage and instinctively snatched out his knife, at which Harson's dull face gleamed with amusement so kindly and quiet that Matteo's anger soon died away. And then, slowly and laboriously, they recounted the pile. In such recounts, somehow, the sum was always made good. Once Matteo even found that he had three dollars too much-and he laughed and gave up in despair.

Now, Matteo began to compose his love letters in Harson's room. They were long and rich, these letters, in passionate love words and pictures. Parts he translated, while Harson complacently smoked. But most of the time he bent silent and anxious over his pencil. And it was curious then to watch the broad hairy face of the giant: sometimes hungry and scowling,

again softened and even smiling. Still more marked were these strangely contrasted moods when Matteo read to him letters from Anna; most of all, when she sent a pompous, unnatural picture of herself and their baby boy. To all Matteo's curious questions as to Harson's own story, the giant gave only short, rough replies -or laughed. And once, when Matteo pressed him too far,

he gripped the little man's shoulders till they crackled, and said very low:

"You talk. *I listen!* You hear? *I listen!*" But, in the months that followed, through Harson's questions and comments and gruff remarks, Matteo felt the story. And so they drew closer together, these two: never discussing themselves, barely knowing each other, but always fixing their minds on images far away, images made so unreal and angelic by homesick masculine dreaming that

any woman of sense would have laughed in their faces.

Before he met Matteo, Harson had been a hard drinker. This he had stopped for a time. But now he began again, not regularly, but in

occasional sprees that lasted for nights and days and nights together. At such times he would sit huddled in a corner of his favorite den, a low, narrow little saloon facing the river, laughing and talking loud in his strange harsh tongue, grasping men by the arm, at first in a jovial, friendly way; but then, made angry by their amused grins, he would draw closer, his hot breath in their faces. Late one Saturday night, when a crowd sat around him winking and joking at his efforts, he staggered up and went out



HARSON

without paying. And a curious little newsboy, who followed him out, described what he saw as follows:

"He was out on de end of de dock an' I was behind a big barrel. De wind was blowin' like automobeels, de old river was up on her ear, an' de big guy was breathin' de whole show in! He kind of leaned from side to side an' he sang a song. It was a queer Swede song wid 'Swede words, an' it made me kind of grab de barrel tighter. An' de more he sang it, leanin' from side to side, de hotter it got-till at last it got clean crazy! An' he broke it off an' he laughed! And when he laughed-I jest jumped an' scooted!"

The next day Harson came back to the saloon, still unsteady and muttering. He paid what he owed, plunged his head into cold water,

and went back to work. So six months more went by. The sprees grew more an frequent. He seldom saw Matteo now. The sprees grew more and more

But one balmy night in April, the little Italian burst into Harson's room, his dark face flashing with joy. He found the giant half stupid from But, without heeding this, he again drink. counted his money-two hundred dollars in all! He was going back to bring Anna and the boy! He showed proudly his presents, a pair of blue earrings, a package of Coney Island post cards frosted and glittering, a tiny tin automobile, and a gorgeous pink picture hat! Then, at Harson's continued surly stare, he grew angry and went out.

But a few hours later, in the middle of the night, he rushed in and shook the giant in his bed. Harson sat up slowly, blinking and growling, while Matteo lighted the gas. The light showed a startling change. Matteo's eyes were With short crazed with fury and despair. broken words and sobs and imprecations, he told of the fake business man who had met him in a wine shop and had promised to change his money into Italian cash. He had pulled it out and the man had begun to count it, when a blow from behind had knocked Matteo senseless. When he came to his senses, he was lying alone in an alley.

Big Harson sat there in his bed stupidly staring, his face slowly contracting in a scowl as he tried to grasp Matteo's meaning. The little dark man was walking up and down the room with furious gesticulations-his black eyes unsteady and restless. All at once, he sat down on the chair, his swarthy head went down, and he shook convulsively-silent. Harson rose stiffly and slowly pulled on his boots. He stood there a moment looking down at little Matteo, then leaned over and picked him up and half carried him down to the street.

All the rest of that night and all the next day and the night that followed, Matteo wild and eager, Harson slow and stupid and scowling, they hunted for the thief. For hours at a time, in an alley across the street, Harson stood watching the wine shop. So a long sleepless week went by. And then Matteo bought a new bag,

exactly the same as the old one. This he laboriously sewed inside of his coat. And the next day he went back to work.

Harson went with him. Harson's sprees, in the three summer months that followed, grew less and less frequent. And when Matteo worked over time, Harson worked too. They have terrible stretches of work down there on the river. From the time when a big ocean liner comes in till the time when she sails, the rush goes on day and night; for the time of the ship is worth thousands of dollars a day to her owners. Often a gang begins at five in the morning and works until dawn of the following day. So to work overtime means to go on with the next gang, and labor thirty and even thirty-five bours at a stretch. This is hard to believe, but

living close to the docks I myself have often seen it. At such times Harson kept close to the little Italian, toward the end of the strain, and his hairy right hand came often over Matteo's shoulder.

About this time the men in their gang began to notice that Matteo was "gettin' 'em bad." His flashing smiles were rarely seen. He worked in tense, nerv-



W.C. MORROW'S ROMANCE OF THE SOUTH SEAS

LENTAL

Illustrated by CHARLES SARKA

She wore a becoming dress that might have suited either a woman or a man; but everything about her spoke of the sweetness and grace that only a lovely woman can have. I was tired of the foolish Beelo sham. We had grown too near for me longer to tol-erate that absurd barrier. "Now for your news, dear Beela," I said. There was the slightest start when she heard that pro-nunciation of the name, but she did not turn to me at once.

nunciation of the name, but site and not stand once. "When the earthquake began," she said, "I ran to the queen, for such things frighten her dreadfully. After it was over there came the uproar by the servants. I locked the queen's apartments and kept them out. But their noise frightened her even more than the earthquake, for they battered her doors. It would n't do to ad-mit them. Presently the king came by the private entrance, and, although he was badly shaken, the necessity to comfort the queen brought him composure. They are together and quiet now. Then I came to this cor-ridor, where the servants were massed and quiet now. Then I came to this cor-ridor, where the servants were massed against the door. I could do nothing with them. For a moment I was frightened, when the door opened, but when I saw what Christophar's plan was. I know that all was Christopher's plan was, I knew that all was I went then and secured the gates opening to the

safe.

safe. I went then and secured the gates opening to the palace grounds." "And what's ahead, Beela?" "The worst," she quietly answered, but gave me a slow, mischievous look over that repetition of her femi-nine name. "We have a little time before the king comes," she brightly added, "and we need it to rest." There was a challenge in her glance. "But the mob is coming!" I protested. "The king told me that you and Christopher and I should be quiet till it assembles. Then he will come for you." I drew up my stool facing her, took both her hands, and said:

l drew up my stool facing her, took both her hands, and said: "I have a confession to make, dear friend." "Really, Joseph?" she exclaimed in mock alarm, pronouncing the name perfectly. "You know. And you've been only pretending that English was n't perfectly familiar to you." She gave a musical, purring little laugh. Any man would deserve great credit for self-restraint in resisting it -- and the chin. Thenceforward she spoke in English of the purest accent. "What's the confession, Joseph?" "I've known something for a long time, Beela, and I've been deceiving you with thinking that I did n't know; but I did so because you evidently wished me to be deceived. Everything might have gone wrong if I

be deceived. Everything might have gone wrong if I had betrayed my knowledge to you. But it has served its time. You will forgive me for deceiving you dear ?"

dear?" All that went to make her a miracle of precious womanhood was vibrant. There was the same sweet flutter that I had seen before in her velvety throat. Of course she enjoyed her little triumph of knowing that even for a time her deception had prospered, and she was a-thrill with the recollection of it. After that came contrition. A half-smile lingered on her lips, though her eyes were fueful. "You are good and generous, Joseph, for not giving me a chiding word; and I don't think there is the least of it in your big heart."

heart.

heart." "Chiding, sweet girl? I understood your feeling for the necessity of the deception. Your wish is my law, and to serve it is less a duty than a privilege." There was a slight puzzle in the glow that flooded her heavenly eyes. "You found it out all by yourself, Joseph?" "Yes, dear." "That is remarkable. Neither Christo-pher nor Annabel gave you the smallest

"That is remarkable. Neither Christo-pher nor Annabel gave you the smallest hint? They knew." "Not the smallest." The hurt of their keeping the secret from me must have shown in my face, for Beela laughed teas-ingly. It restored me. "You pledged An-nabel not to tell me," I said, " and Christo-pher is silent—and a gentleman. Is that the explanation?" "Yes." A soft embarrassment crept over her, and she gently withdrew her hands and

"Yes." A soft embarrassment crept over her, and she gently withdrew her hands and sat regarding me in sweet content. "I also have a confession to make, Joseph." She tried hard to look just a trifle anxious. "What, dear?" "Joseph!" she cried, frowning and

stamping; "how can I think when that is in your eyes and your voice! I won't look, and I won't listen." She turned her shoulder to me.

"What is in my eyes and in my voice, dear

Beela?" She sat still a moment, and then slowly turned her head a trifle and peered at me as if baffled. "You must n't tease me, Joseph." She saw my smile and again turned away. "What is the confession ?" I asked. "Let's go back to the beginning. There were two real reasons why I posed as a boy. One was that it gave me more freedom of limb for going through the forest and for scaling the valley wall, and the other was that it made me less conspicuous to the guards,—I could have escaped if they had detected me. On my word, dear Joseph, I never intended to deceive you long about that."

She cautiously looked round at me, for 1 was silent. A cheap resentment at learning that I had been unnec-essarily tricked must have betrayed itself, for the dear

essarily tricked must have betrayed itself, for the dear girl took my hands. "'Joseph—" she began. "Then why did you keep it up, dear?" I asked. "Joseph, the time was when your want of percep-tion was mistaken by me for dullness, for obtuseness,— for such a lack of understanding as makes a man or a woman not worth while. But I discovered that it was not dullness at all. For a time I refused to believe that a burgen being could have what I saw in you." a human being could have what I saw in you." If I have ever seen wondering fondness it was in her

What was it, dear?" I asked uneasily.

"What was it, dear is a sked uneasily. "Your trust, which sees only the true, and, unwit-tingly taking into your heart the false with the true, makes the false true with your trust." I was silent with the deep thankfulness that God had

ent such a woman into the world and into my meager

sent such a woman into the world and into my meager life. "So, Joseph, I prolonged that deception until all doubt of what you are was gone. I am glad that I did, and am sorry that I can think of no more tests." There was a dash of her dear mischief in that speech. "And now that this is a time of confession and understanding —you started it, remember—I must say that one of the deceptions played on you— They were really harmless, were n't they, dear Joseph?" "Perfectly," I smiled. "—that one of them was unnecessary. It was such fun to play those pranks on you, Joseph! I could n't help it. I know it was wicked, but you were always gentle and kind, and I knew you would forgive me. Joseph, you would forgive me *anything*, would n't you?"

you

Yes, dear heart."

"Yes, dear heart." "It was delicious to see you walking so trustingly through the complications that beset you." "Dear!" I cried, my senses afloat and my arms aching for her; "I am only human. Your sweetness--" She pushed back her chair before my advance. "And you don't know in the least," she went flying on, "how often I had to leap from one of my selves to the other, and how exciting it was."

was getting little out of her chatter except the music of her voice and the picture of loveliness that she made.

noment he was on the wall. He studied the "In a outer scene a moment, crouched, and sprang into the maelstrom

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

THE bark Hope, carrying a party of Ameri-cans, bound for the Philippines, where they intended to start a colony, is wrecked on an un-

chartered island in the South Scas. The savage inhabitants offer the Americans welcome and hospitality. In an inter-view 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 re-lease 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 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. Van-couver 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 masouerading as 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 ad-ventures Vancouver is rescued. Tudor and Christopher meet Beela at the palace, and they have an audience with the king, who seems friendly. Tudor and Christopher are instrumental in saving the king and Lentala from the traitorous native, Gato, and thus gain the confidence of the king. The latter invokes their aid in the crisis which has arisen because no strangers have been sacrificed to the Black Face, and Christopher quells an insurrection.

Chapter XX.-A Habit of Concealment

"What news, my friend?" I cheerily inquired. "What news, my friend?" I cheerily inquired. "We'll go to the king's reception room and talk," she answered, looking at Christopher. "Dear old Christopher!" she said, deep and sweet. "Yes," I remarked; "I left the king in the ante-room." Christopher and I followed her into the reception room. "He's not there now," she replied, seating herself, "but with the queen. Christopher, go and stand down the corridor, opposite the queen's apartments, and wait for the king. Those lunatics may break loose again when they hear the mob outside the wall." He started.

He started. "Christopher!" she called. He turned. "Do you love me?" "Yes ma'am." "That's all." I had never seen her so calm and steady, so rich in

"That's all." I had never seen her so calm and steady, so rich in ultimate qualities, so little the volatile, meteoric, yet wise child-woman who had been my sunshine, my tease, my playfellow. She had become a composed and gracious woman. It came to me with something like pain that this was the truer and finer Beela. There was another feeling—one of a great need in my life.

"Don't you care to



know which of the deceptions was unnecessary?" she demanded, trying to look injured. "Indeed I do."

She came and stood beside me, gazing down into my "Beela," she answered. "Beela?" after a mystified pause; then, thinking that she was teasing, I laughed. She appeared much relieved, and brightly said: "1'm

She appeared much relieved, and brightly said: "1'm glad you understand and forgive me. . . . But you resented her at first." "Beelo had become very precious, dear, and so my readjustments where you are concerned are slow. But a new fondness grew with Beela's coming." "Poor Joseph! And she was n't necessary. I am sorry now that 1--" "(She? Who?"

She? Who?" "Beela."

I was a little taken aback, but came to my feet with a dazzling consciousness that all the glories of earth were packed into this moment. "Not at first, dear," I said, "but in time she became more necessary than my life. My heart sits in gratitude

at Lentala's feet for sending me her sweet sister." She was stricken into a statue, and was staring at me

as at some strange creature from another planet. I stood in silent misery. How had I hurt her? She took a turn of the room, and flung herself on her knees at the couch, buried her face in her arms, and went into laughter mingled with sobs. I seated myself went into laughter mingled with sobs. I seated myself on the couch and laid a caressing hand on her head. "Beela," I pleaded, "forgive me. Let me know what I have done that hurt you." "No," she cried. "I would n't for all the world ! My heart is breaking with gladness!" Surely no other mortal could have put such startling contradictions into so few words. My hand found hers: she caught it tight

startling contradictions into so few words. My hand found hers; she caught it tight. "You dear old Joseph!" she said. "Choseph, Choseph!" It was plainly hysteria; the brave soul had been on a breaking strain too long. I drew her to me, bent her head to my shoulder, and pressed my cheek to hers. "Dear heart," I said. She made no resistance, and gradually grew quiet.

grew quiet. "Sweet," I went on, "we have been through many trials together, and there are more ahead. . . . The days were dark more ahead. . . . The days were dark till Beelo came. He stole into my heart with hope, courage, and love. A shock came when he passed. I don't know, but perhaps I never should have loved you but for him. He was the sunny highway leading to you;

The was the sunny highway leading to you; and now I have the daring to lay my love and my life at your feet." The sigh that drifted through her parted lips had no threat for my anxiety, but she did not answer. Her hand gently drew mine down from her cheek, and she rose. She studied me a moment

studied me a moment. "Let's talk, Joseph. Perhaps we have been hasty." I noted the patient weariness in her voice. She sat beside me, and after a short silence resumed: "I have never loved a man till— It has n't been possible here. But you have known beautiful, lovely women." "Yee"

Yes."

"And liked them very much."

"Very much." Her glance fell, and a little quiver crossed

her lips. "You have known Annabel a long time. You were close to her; you and she talked long and often." "Yes."

"Exceptionally so." "And accomplished—and gracious—and has good manners and a velvet voice." "All of that."

"And she's kind, and gentle, and has high principles." "True."

"And she's kind, and gende, and has high processes "True." "She belongs to your people, your world." I only smiled. "Joseph," raising her sad eyes to mine, "you have loved her once, and now love me?" "I have never loved Annabel, dear heart, but I do love you." "Why have n't you loved her? How could you help it?" "Because I was waiting for you." "You have never told her that you loved her?" "No. But, dear Beela, I can't discuss Annabel in this way." Her eyes blazed. "She loves you!" "That is not true, and no one has the right to say such a thing of a woman without knowing that her love is returned." Beela bit her lips and came stiffly to her feet.

Beela bit her lips and came stiffly to her feet. "You are unkind!" she exclaimed. "I have a right -a woman's right-to reasons for believing what is in-credible without them."

The picture of outraged dignity that she made was so ravishing that I feared my adoration would override the sternness which I had taken so much trouble to set in my face.

"What is incredible, dear?"

She impatiently turned away. I think she did it to hide a smile, but she was too wary to answer. Instead, she drew from her bosom the little toilet case I had given Lentala on the day of the feast, and gravely ex-amined her reflection.

"If I were beautiful like Annabel—" she began. "Beela!"

"—or Lentala, and—" "Beela!"

"--and were pink and white---" "Beela!"

She made exactly such a face at herself in the mirror as Lentala had, and suddenly turned on me.

"I was nearly at the top of the ladder, which sagged and crashed under the double weight. The king made a detaining gesture to-ward me

"The highest privilege of my life would be to stay here with you." She stood in a melting happiness.

She stood in a melting happiness. Her rosy mouth was conveniently near. I should have been a fool to let the opportunity pass, and she was not on her guard. She drew back too late. The dignity with which she came to her feet had a new ten-derness. I also rose. She gazed at me with a wistful-ness that searched all the hidden places in my soul. Never had she been so lovely as in this moment. "Dear Joseph, take more time. There is something —you don't know, though I—thought you understood. Now I dare not— A great fear fills me." "Love knows no fear, sweetheart." "Not for itself, but for its loved ones. Joseph, will you forgive me? It was a foolish thing to do, and I am very, very sorry. Your trust has shamed me. Dear Joseph, 1— But first let me tell you something else. The colony must now be marched out of the valley, for I told Captain Mason that a severe earthquake would be

severe earthquake would be his signal for starting at once. Annabel is coming, and—" The door opened to the king and Christopher. His Majesty, anxious and broken though he was, gave us an approving smile, — perhaps from what he read in our

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faces. "My maddened people are gathering," he said. "It was wise of you to lock the gates, my child. When the crowd grows larger it will begin an assault. That will be the time for me to ap-pear. I will call out the soldiers from the crowd and put them under your com-mand."

That surprised me. "Par-don me, Sire, I understood your Majesty to say an hour ago that *Lentala* was to have command." So I did "

"So I did." "But your Majesty has just said that *Beela* is to have it."

"Beela? I could n't have said that, as I don't know

any such person." I was dismayed at the king's apparent condition, and Beela in great perturbation was trying to speak. The man must be roused

from his shaken state. "This is Beela, Sire, Len-tala's sister.". "She has no sister," he

answered clearly, and turned sharply on Beela. "Lentala, have you been play-ing one of your pranks?" He hurried her away as she was trying to speak.

Chapter XXI.-Both Sides of the Wall

HABIT is the strongest force in animate nature.

Though I was shaken, the bent of an urgent purpose re-mained, and I went forward to it with all the will at my command. The roar of a mob—the most horrible of sounds-

smote my hearing when Christopher and I emerged from the palace into the grounds. A turn in a broad, curving walk through the trees brought the barred main gate into view. It was a massive affair of wood, iron, and bolts, with a small wicket, which was closed.

and bolts, with a small wicket, which was closed. The king, all alone, wearing his crown and his cloak of state, was awaiting us near the gate. He beckoned us to raise a ladder to the wall. It was done. "I will presently go up alone," he said, calm but sad, "and will talk to them. Men have gone for a heavy beam with which to ram the gate. The crowd is densely packed here. That will make an attack on the gate impossible for a time. It is likely that the the gate impossible for a time. It is likely that the soldiers will assemble and clear a working space." "What can we do, Sire?" I asked. "Nothing now. The most that I can hope for is to hold the situation until Lentala returns."

"She has gone?" "Yes. It was something about the white people. I

"Yes. It was something about the white people.' I could n't keep her. She was confident we could hold the mob." "And your Majesty's plan—?" "I will show myself on the wall, and talk to them. At the proper moment I will call you up. If I am stricken down, you and your brother retreat to the palace. Defend it by any means and at any cost." His sorrow was too great to be commanded by fact

His sorrow was too great to be companioned by fear, and it bore an impressive dignity which his haggardness intensified.

Digitized by Continued on Page 34

She returned the case to her bosom.

be wise to act hastily now and suffer for the rest of life. Annabel would make a perfect wife. She would play no pranks and childish deceptions. You understand her and she knows you. I'm only a wild, uncouth savage." "Anything more, dear?" I wearily asked. She gathered breath to resume: "And there's Len-tala. She is to be a queen some day, and very rich. With rank and wealth, she would be a shining woman in America, and her husband would be the happiert

in America, and her husband would be a shining woman in America, and her husband would be the happiest man in the world; for with all of that he would have the far richer treasure of her love."

"A worthy man will come to her some day, Beela." "Did n't you think she was—was fascinating?"

Les. Dut what right have we to make so free with Lentala's name, especially as she is foreign to the matter?" Again Beela was offended, but she controlled herself. "You would be ashamed of me with people of your kind."

"You alone are of my kind, dear Beela; and shame

island.

"Joseph, Lentala used to be beautiful and good and true, and an angel." "She is all of that yet."

"I think you nearly loved her once." My tongue was silent. Beela laughed mischievously;

ittle devils were dancing in her eyes. "Joseph, I'm serious. Reflect; because it would n't be wise to act hastily now and suffer for the rest of life.

"I do think so." "Reflect again, Joseph: Would you prefer her poor, obscure, wild little sister?" "Yes. But what right have we to make so free with

for you would be shame for myself, shame for all that is precious to me." "Suppose, Joseph, that I should refuse to leave this island."

HE VOICE OF THE PEOPLI

WITHIN less than a year another Presidential term will have begun, and the nation will either continue to travel the road on which it now finds itself, or will turn off in some new

direction. If Theodore Roosevelt should be forced by the pressure of public opinion to take up the burden again, we should know about what to expect. Congress would be urged to keep up the navy to a fair strength and a high efficiency. The energy of our most energetic citizen would be directed at the immense task of developing our

national waterways, conserving our forests and minerals, and irrigating our deserts. The struggle to overthrow bad government and to detect and punish railroad looters, land thieves, and corruptors of citizenship, would continue. It *might* continue if a similar man were chosen in his place—if there is a similar one.

But, if we know Roosevelt well, have we a real acquaintance with Taft, Bryan, Hughes, and the other eligibles? We know them as Cabinet officers, governors, orators, but not as Presidents. Roosevelt has led the struggle in person for seven years. We know how it feels to watch him doing it. Some of us have not enjoyed the feeling, perhaps, but we have at least been relieved of all uncertainty as to what he was driving at. These big, slashing policies of Roosevelt have not yet been worked out to their conclusions; we don't know yet just how good or just how bad they are. Counterbalancing this uncertainty is the always disturbing prospect of changing leaders.

What Our Life Subscribers Think

It has, therefore, seemed to the publishers of SUCCESS MAGAZINE that the winter and spring preceding the election should be a good time to ask some of its friends to express their views concerning the great problems in constructive administration confronting our Government at Washington. Accordingly, a set of questions was sent out in January to the members of the "Auxiliary Editorial Board" of SUCCESS MAGA-ZINE, consisting of its 12,000 Life Subscribers.

A description of the unique character of this "Auxiliary Editorial Board" and how it came to be organized will be found elsewhere in this issue.* Suffice it to say here, that these 12,000 American citizens are of all ages, from twenty to ninety; they are distributed throughout every state and territory of the Union; they have been selected without regard to politics, religion, or social position in their respective communities; they are engaged in nearly five hundred different kinds of occupations: and it would appear to be practically certain that no other unofficial body of citizens more truly represents the average public opinion of the entire country.

When we add to this, the fact that these 12,000 American citizens have agreed to tell us from time to time what they believe regarding any questions of public importance which we submit to them, and when it is possible to state that nearly 90 per cent. of this number have actually answered our questions set forth below, it seems hardly too much to say that no one who is interested in our American problems, and particularly in the real thought of the American people regarding the proper solution of those problems, can afford to miss a careful reading of this analysis of our "straw vote" on measures and men.

It has seemed impossible to avoid presenting a considerable part of this statement in statistical form. The returns from different sections of the country are in themselves deeply significant. And the tabula-• See "The Editors' Outlook," page 276.



What Ten Thousand of Our Life Subscribers Think about National Policies and Presidential Candidates

tions, however formidable they may appear, are really simple and clear.

The questions themselves are important. We have had seven years of agitation, exposure, criminal proceedings, and appalling evidence of wrongdoing on a huge scale by many of our "leading citizens." These unfortunate events have been topped off with a panic and "hard In view of all the facts, it seemed to times." the publishers of SUCCESS MAGAZINE, highly important right now to find out if the people wish to go on, to carry out the Roosevelt policies, to complete the job-at the risk of continued hard times and unsettled conditions-of wresting the practical control of our Government away from the corrupt alliance between Big Business and Bad Politics; to enforce the law against rich and poor alike, or if they have had enough, and want "a rest" from the Roosevelt sort of thing.

The questions were framed with a view to arriving at an answer that should indicate the trend of opinion to-day on these matters, and also on the questions of the conservation of our natural resources, the upbuilding of the navy, the retention of the Philippines, etc.

One word more before we plunge into the analysis of the vote. It seemed wise to include a choice of Presidential candidates in the list of queries. And at once arose the question—How about Roosevelt? Should he, after his renunciation of the third term (or, as some prefer to call it, the "second elective term"), be included among the list of candidates? The final decision in the affirmative was made, not by the publishers of SUCCESS MAGAZINE, but by its readers. So many letters came into the office supporting Mr. Roosevelt for another term, even demanding that he be "drafted" for the work against his will, that it seemed inadvisable to omit his name from a list which was supposed to cover the whole field.

The Referendum

The questions were mailed on January 25, 1908, to our entire life subscription list. In each case it was requested that subscribers vote "Yes," or "No," to the questions as stated. The answers received by us up to and including March 1, 1908 (aggregating nearly 10,000), are included in the following tabulations.



In this diagram map, the country is divided into five sections, so that the vote for each section upon the respective questions, submitted to our Auxiliary Editorial Board, may be more clearly understood.

There was only one word with which to express our feeling when the tabulation was completed—and that was the word "astonishing." Whatever we may have supposed the temper of

the people to be in the light of the thousands of letters which regularly come to us, we imagined nothing so completely one-sided as this vote.

On the first question, "Should the Government exercise a stronger control over corporations doing an interstate business?" there were 9,146 affirmative votes against only wrative

200 in the negative. Still more remarkable are the returns on what

was really the key question, Number Four: "Would you support the President and Congress in carrying out corporation reforms which would tend to the permanent betterment of our social conditions, even if it meant some personal sacrifice to you yourself in the way of 'money panics,' restriction of bank credits, and other matters affecting business?"

Frankly, we should not have been surprised at some little evasion, or even a good many plain negatives, on this question. Among our life subscribers are many bankers, lawyers, physicians, manufacturers, and other types of men of affairs who might naturally be somewhat more conservative than the farmers, clerks, students, etc., on the list. But this result was the most overwhelming of all. The "ayes" have it by 9,137 to 175. Could there have been a more complete answer to a difficult question? The conclusion is inevitable that the country is not "clamoring for a rest."

The question of permanently retaining the Philippines drew out the closest vote, 5,214 in favor, and 3,994 against the imperial idea.

For a Strong Navy

The upbuilding of the navy was approved by 8,218 to 1,088. But the answer to the question of the advisability of expending vast sums of public money for the development of our national resources, such as internal waterways, irrigation, the Panama Canal, etc., brings us back to about the former preponderance of "ayes," in this instance 9,050 to 266.

President Roosevelt's administration is approved by 8,648 to 669. The vote on candidates is equally significant. Here again the popular belief in Roosevelt triumphantly asserts itself. His lead of about 4,300 over the next highest, Bryan, is really even more significant than the figures might seem to indicate, for it cannot be doubted that a great many of Taft's 1,110 votes were so cast out of respect to President Roosevelt's known desire that Taft should be his successor. If Roosevelt were frankly a candidate, many of the votes now listed under Taft's name would be in the other column.

QUESTION 1. Should the National Government exercise a stronger control of corporations doing an interstate business?

The result of this vote is as follows:

			Number of Votes Cast	Number Voting "Yes"	Number Voting "Na"
Section One		•	 The second s	3,097	97
Section Two				2,169	44
Section Three			1,635	1,612	23
Section Four		2	971	938	33
Section Five	•	$\widetilde{\mathbf{x}}$	1,342	1 330	12
Totals .			9,355	9,146	200

It is evident that there is substantial unanimity throughout the country on this question, the number of negative votes in each section being exceedingly small. QUESTION II.

Should business corporations conducting an interstate business report annually to the National Government, as banks and railroad companies now report? The result of this vote is as follows:

			Number of Votes Cast	Number Voting "Tes"	Number Voting "No"
Section One			3,191	3,092	99
Section Two			2,212	2,164	48
Section Three			 1,631	1,603	28
Section Four				926	47
Section Five	×	ĸ		1,316	22
Totals .			 9,345	9,101	244

There is practically equal unanimity on this question also, co-related, as it is, with Question Number One.

OUESTION III.

Do you believe that these reforms in the conduct of great corporations should be carried out, even if in doing this there should be a risk of temporarily un-settling business conditions?

In this question, and in Question Number Four, we begin to touch the American Citizen in one of his tender places-the pocket. Our Wal! Street friends have been accustomed to holding up the danger of unsettling business conditions as an argument for urging the Government not to act too strongly in corporation matters. It is really extraordinary that the answers to these two questions should carry the same remarkable unanimity as was shown in Questions Numbers One and Two.

The vote on Ouestion Number Three was as follows:

	~			Number of Voies Cast	Number Voting "Yes"	Number Voting "No"
Section One			4	3,181	3,088	93
Section Two		23	\mathbf{x}	2,212	2,168	44
Section Three				1,632	1,600	32
Section Four					938	33
Section Five	*			1,320	1,303	17
Totals .	V.			9,316	9,097	219

QUESTION IV.

Would you support the President and Congress in carrying out corporation reforms which would tend to the permanent betterment of our social conditions, even if it meant some personal sacrifice to you yourself in the wdy of "money panics," restriction of bank credits, and other matters affecting business?

Only 175 out of 9,312 have voted "No" upon this question, and only forty-three who voted on Question Number One have evaded a reply.

QUESTION V.

Do you believe in the policy of permanently retain-ing the Philippine Islands? In other words, do you believe that America should remain a world-power, or should our national policy be one of cutting off all foreign complications and coming back to the confines our own original country? of

Here appears the greatest difference of opinion, as is shown by the following result:

				Number of Votes Cast	Number Voting "Tes"	Number Voting "No"
Section	One			3, 191	1,829	1,362
Section	Two).		2,190	1,341	849
Section	Thre	e .		1,605	803	802
Section	Four			992	474	518
Section	Five		÷	1,230	767	463
Totals				9,208	5,214	3,994

It appears that nearly sixty per cent. are in favor of the permanent retention of the Philippines, and slightly over forty per cent. are against. It is only fair to state that this question involved more qualifications and explanations of the personal position of the writer than any other on the list, and it has been made clear that even a large number of those who voted "No" were not in favor of evading our responsibility in the matter of the Philippines, but only desired to bring about eventual emancipation.

QUESTION VI.

Would you approve liberal appropriations by Con-gress for the upbuilding of the American Navy, for the purpose solely of properly defending our present seacoast and island possessions, and of increasing our prestige among nations?

The result of the vote on this exceedingly interesting problem, upon which Congress seems to be somewhat uncertain as to the popular attitude, is as follows:

			Number of Votes Oues	Number Voting "Yes"	Number Voting "No"
Section One		1.00	3,172	2,780	392
Section Two	5	23	2,209	2,004	205
Section Three			1,609	1,391 .	218
Section Four	2	2	981	834	147
Section Five		•	1,335	1,209	126
Totals .		2	9,306	8,218	1,088

QUESTION VII.

Do you approve the policy of expending vast sums of money for the development of our national re-sources, such as are illustrated, for example, by the Panama Canal, the improvement of our internal waterways, the improvement of waste lands by irriga-tion briefs at the the example internal in the second tion projects, etc.; these expenditures being in the nature of investments which require present sacrifices, but are expected to increase the national wealth and the facilities for doing business?

Here, again, we return to practical unanimity, as shown by the following result:

~ *				Number of Votes Cast	Number Voting "Tes"	Number Voting "Ne"
Section One	:0			3,175	3,086	89
Section Two	1.1	19		2,207	2,062	145
Section Thre			$\widetilde{\omega}$	1,614	1,599	15
Section Four	10	12	S.	980	967	13
Section Five		i.	9	1,340	1,336	4
Totals	2.0	5		9,316	9,050	266

QUESTION VIII.

Do you, on the whole, approve the administration of President Roosevelt?

In order to understand fully how extraordinary is the result shown on this question, it should be remembered that we have no means whatever of knowing the politics of our 12,000 Life Subscribers, as they were selected absolutely without regard to this point; and, from the character of Success MAGAZINE, we have no reason to suppose that there is a larger proportion of "Republicanism" in either its regular subscription list or its life subscription list than there is of "Democracy."

The result follows:

				Number of Votes Cast	Number Voting "Yos"	Number Voting "No"
Section One	÷			3,174	2,950	224
Section Two		÷	÷.	2,240	2,094	146
Section Three		æ	÷	1,613	1,522	91
Section Four			~	963	824	139
Section Five	à.	8	3	1,327	1,258	69
Totals .		æ		9,317	8,648	669

QUESTION IX.

Who would be your first and second choice for the Presidency during the next four years?

We now come to a question entirely different from any of the others, involving personalities rather than policies. With the desire to see exactly what the American people thought about prominent Presidential candidates in the public view, and also for convenience in voting, we named what are perhaps the most prominent of both Republicans and Democrats.

The result follows

		•				First Chelos	Berend Choles
e F	100	set	relt			5,460	325
					4	1,178	695
						1,110	2,569
			÷2	- 82	24	975	1,886
	12	52	ж.	20	14	192	328
ett	e	33	\sim	12	54	80	429
à		. R.	÷.,		24	57	160
W	. F	air	ban	ks		. 32	84
					-	26	18
		*				25	81
ou		(4)			19	23	132
*	a.	(a)	$\mathbf{a}(\mathbf{c})$		14	22	47
κ.			10		3	17	15
1	÷.		(i)	÷		12	4
	ett W	ette W.F	ette W. Fairl	ette W. Fairban	ette W. Fairbanks ou	ette W. Fairbanks ou	e Roosevelt . 5,460

The Vote of the Country

The vote of the country by sections is especially interesting in this connection, and is as follows:

	BOOSE Jat Choles	2d Cholce	BE1 Ist Choles	Sd Chelce	TA. Ist Choles	Sd Cholee	HUG let Chelee	24
Section One			254	168	380	899	537	798
Section Two	1,376	82	214	157	310	702	160	423
Section Thre	e 975	54	220	137	202	450	96	330
Section Four	397	64	326	97	83	170	88	IST
Section Five	876	41	164	136	135	348	94	294
Totals 1	5.460	225	1.178	605	1.110	2.000	075	886

Many interesting and thoughtful letters accompanied the votes. We regret that it is not possible to print them. Two extraordinary facts are indicated by these letters: one, that strict party lines are breaking down to an unprecedented extent, and another, that there is a strong feeling that President Roosevelt, as one writer has tersely and pointedly put it, "has no right to desert us."



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SUCCESS MAGAZINE

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The Price of Liberty By Ellis O. Jones

"How do you manage your railroads in this country?" inquired the Man from Mars. "In those countries of what you called the Old World which I have visited, they are owned and managed by the government

"Inasmuch as I have never been abroad," re-plied the Politician, "I must, of course, conclude that their methods are purely theoretical.

that their methods are purely theoretical. We, in this country, pride ourselves on being practical." "May I ask you to explain?" said the Man from

Mars. "Certainly," replied the Politician. "Our practice proceeds on the theory that the Government is too poor and too inefficient to own and manage our railways. Accordingly, the work is turned over to private individuals."

viduals." And are the individuals trustworthy?" " We have to

"By no means," said the Politician. "W appoint railroad commissions to watch them.

OINT A

"And the legislatures r "They, in turn, are watched by the magazines." "Oh, I see, the magazines are the final arbiters. That is very interesting." "No, you are mistaken. The magazines are watched by the

magazines are watched by the

"Of course. It finally gets back to the people." They act upon the information provided by the maga-

They act upon the information provided by the maga-zines. Surely the people do not need watching." "Wrong again. That's where we come in," said the Politician, proudly sticking his thumbs in the arm-holes of his waistcoat. "We have to watch the people to keep them from watching us." "And how does it all work?" inquired the Man

from Mars. "We are living very easy, thank you," answered the

.

"Who Steals My Purse" By Sewell Collins

WHEN Hall McAllister was playing in "Brewster's Millions" in Chicago, he was in the habit of run-ning across the alley during his idle second act, to visit Jack Barrymore who was playing "The Boys of Com-pany B," in the theater next door.

door. One night, as he start-ed over, he thought of the \$30,000 in stage money which he must have in the last act, and to reas-sure himself, he opened his coat and took the package half out of his pocket. In another minute he found himself pushed hard against the door, the imitation money gone, and two figures disappearing in

imitation money gone, and two figures disappearing in the darkness. "It nearly spoiled the play," says McAllister. "I had to give Brewster \$85 in real money and the rest by check. But after all," he added, sympathetically, ""nerbars even thurshave families to support."

perhaps even thugs have families to support."

How to Get a Library for Nothing By Thomas L. Masson

By I homas L. Masson It is comparatively easy, for any one who has enthu-siasm and patience, to borrow in the course of time a fairly respectable library. The advantages of such a library are manifest. It costs nothing except a little grace, a little condescension, and, perhaps, a shade of discrimination. Your unsuspecting friend, full of en-thusiasm for his book, insists that you ought to read it. He thrusts it upon you. You must take it home with you. Or, if it happens that he has already had some experience with you, and suddenly at this point be-comes silent, it is easy for you to take up the thread,

thank him warmly for his information, and if he is "quite through" with the book, will he lend it to you "for a few days"? Of course, there is nothing for him but to com-

ply, and thus your library

In-

swells.

deed, libraries have been known, under these favorable conditions, to grow to such proportions that it has even been necessary to return some of the books borrowed in order to make room. Under these happy circumstances it is better perhaps to exchange the book returned for others which are more desirable, thus constantly

er wüddige

raising your standard. The unfortunate necessity of returning any books may be avoided, in these days of sectional bookcases, if you have the tact to borrow an unused section from

you have the tact to borrow an unused section from each friend whose library you have depleted. It is by some considered desirable to have a few un-broken sets on one's shelves. Of course, it is possible under favorable circumstances to borrow from a friend a complete set of Thackeray, or Dickens—under the plea that one is compiling a calendar or something of that sort. But, after all, is n't it better to take only those books which one really wants? Thus we shall have only the cream of each author. Of course, if we ever came to dispose of the books.

Of course, if we ever came to dispose of the books, we should not be able to get so much for them at auction in broken lots.

Even with proper care and a wide circle of friends, however, certain books will not be obtainable in any

way except by buying. The danger of this is, of course, manifest. It makes one careless about money matters, and may develop into a habit. It should, therefore, only be indulged in in cases of absolute necessity, when other means have failed.

They Prayed Running By George Sedgwick Swift HARRY and Ethel, were crossing a field on their return from Sabbath

their return from Sabbath school, when they en-countered a bull. At the animal's approach the y fled in terror. Faster and faster they ran, yet nearer and nearer came the bull. "We must pray," panted Harry. "You do it," Ethel pleaded. We'll kneel down right here." "No, we'll pray running. You ought to do it; you're a girl." "O Lord-O Lord-I can't," sobbed Ethel. "You o it."

do it." The proximity of the bull demanded immediate action, and Harry rose to the occasion. Loudly and

fervently he prayed: "O Lord for what we are about to receive make us truly thankful!"



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"The commissions, then, are to be depended upon?" "Not at all. They are watched by the legislatures." "And the legislatures?"

PLEASANTRY

He Was Still Counting

By Paul Hanna

A DOCTOR, now eminent, was at one time serving as intern in one of the Philadelphia hospitals as well as hold-ing his own with a coterie of rather gay friends. On

of rather gay friends. On a certain morning the physician awoke to find that he had sadly overslept. Sleepily donning his attire he hastened to the hospital and soon a stalwart young lrishman claimed his attention. "Well, my man, what seems to be your trouble this morning," inquired the doctor, concealing a yawn, and taking the patient by the hand to examine his pulse. "Faith sor, it's all in me breathin', doctor. I can't git me breath at all, at all." "The pulse is normal, Pat, but let me examine the lung action a moment," replied the doctor, kneeling beside the cot and laying his head on the Irishman's chest. "Now let me hear you talk," he continued, closing his eyes and listening attentively for sounds of pulmonary congestion. pulmonary congestion. A moment of silence. "What will I be sayin' doctor," finally asked the

patient.

"Oh, say anything. Count. Count one, two, three and up, that way," murmured the physician, drowsily.

"Wan, two, three, fure, five, six." When the young doctor, with a start, opened his eyes, Pat was continuing weakly, "tin hundred an' sixty-nine, tin hundred an' sivinty, tin hundred an' sivinty-wan. . . ."

The Child Father to the Man

THOSE persons who think they see in Mr. Roosevelt an alarming dispo-sition to regulate other people's affairs will be interested to learn how early

this tendency was manifested. When Theodore was quite a little boy, his father told him that he was

boy, his father told him that he was going on a long journey and admon-ished young Ted to be a good boy and take good care of his mother. That night, in his prayers, the lad asked the Almighty to watch over his father, who was traveling far from home, and to help him be a good boy, then he added: "As for mother, I will look after her myself."

The Bravest Man

By James S. Metcalf

JAMES CREELMAN, the well-known war correspondent, J who is on record over his own signature as having provoked the war between the United States and Spain,

gives this description of the bravest man he ever saw: "It was during the siege of Port Arthur," says Mr. Creelman. "On the edge of one of the parapets, his feet hanging over the edge, sat a man making a sketch of the scene. From the Japanese ships in the offing

CONTRIBUTORS

the contrary, material which fails to gain a place on these pages, and yet seems worthy of publication, will be retained and paid for at the usual rates. Address : Editor, " Point and Pleasantry," SUCCESS MAGAZINE, 29 E. 22d St., N.Y. City

continuous stream of screaming death-delivering shells. But the man sketched on unmoved. Mauser bullets, with their peculiar snake-like hiss, flew over and beside him. In all noise and imminent death the man continued his work, completely absorbed

in it. "Finally there came from within the fortification a Russian officer of gigantic size. He stood long beside

and watched the pencil carefully filling in the graphic lines. The shells from the ships when they struck the masonry stirred up a cloud of mortar dust, and as they exploded threw chunks of

broken stone in every direction. The officer's uniform was covered with the mortar dust, and his fatigue-cap had been knocked awry by a Mauser bullet. I have never seen a braver man. At last never seen a braver man. At he said, in excellent English--foi all Russians are excellent linguists-and speaking with an aristocratic drawl, 'I say, Creelman, aren't you ever going to finish that sketch?'"

* * **Deeply** Affecting

A ND when," said Mrs. Nuvoreesh, "those

death.

French pheasants came by singing the Mayonnaise, it was too deeply touching for words."

. Ready to Act

PROUD MOTHER.—"And now, Professor, what do you think of my daughter's execution?" GREAT MUSICIAN.—"I think it would be a most excellent idea."

The only legitimate way to kill time is to work it to

A Sacrifice to Science

By Warren D. Eddy

A JOLLY young chemistry tough While mixing a compound of stuff, Dropped a match in a vial,

And after a while, They found his front teeth and one cuff.

A Profit, Anyhow By Macon W. Moore

HE was filling his first prescription and when he handed it to the lady he told her it was a dollar and ten cents.

She paid the dollar ten and after she had gone he informed the proprietor that the dollar was counterfeit. The proprietor looked over his glasses at the young

man and said: "Well, how about the ten cents—is that good money?"

The young man answered in the affirmative. "Oh, well," the proprietor replied, "that's not so bad — we still make a nickle."

Getting Even with

Fra Elbertus

ELBERT HUBBARD says he was nearing the end a lecture before one of thousand attentive inmates of a state insane asylum, when an old woman came screaming down the aisle, waving her arms frantically.



"My God! I can't stand this nonsense any longer." "That," said the superintendent to Mr. Hubbard, "is the first sign she has shown of returning sanity.'

Others Whenever

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SUCCESS MAGAZINE



The typewriter user always expects more and better service from the

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than from any other writing machine. He has reason to, a right to, and we want him to.







In the fire at Collinwood School near Cleveland, Ohio, nearly two hundred children lately were burned to ashes; and again we have an illustration of a saving in money that is a waste of life. In order to economize funds, certain officials had built narrow stairways of fat

Georgia pine, and run steam - heating pipes within two inches of timbers soon dried to tinder by the incessant heat. There was one thing more needed to make complete the stu-

pidity of the builders of this fire-trap—the doors needed to be so constructed as to open inward aud not outward. We read that this detail was not omitted. The children on the day of doom piled in heaps against the unopening doors, while the flames pressed in and devoured them. Doors with hinges opening both out and in would have saved all the children and all the heart-break. Let it hereafter be a capital offense for any builder to put a merely in-swinging door on any of our human hives.

A Silent Tragedy

THE National Bureau of Labor is now making an extended investigation into the condition of women and children in our American industries. Light is certainly needed on this grave matter. A nation that will not care for its working women and children should have its name blotted from the book of life.

Most piteous is the silent tragedy of the working child—the child who is, in this era of machinery, whirled in for the first time to slave by the side of grown-up men. The sacrifice of children in some sudden catastrophe arouses the instant compassion, the swift defense of the nation. With quick accord the people demand that no more forever shall there be a Slocum, or a Boyertown, or a Collinwood disaster. But if we could all realize the long misery, the distressful torture, the sure destruction of the host of little ones drawn into Child Labor, little ones dying sometimes as surely, though seldom so spectacularly, as the children of the worldwatched tragedies-if we could realize it all, how long think you, friends, would this crime of civilization stand against the cyclone blast of an aroused public opinion? Child Labor has come in so gradually, it is carried on so quietly, it is defended so skillfully by those interested in grinding children into dividends, that few parents of America realize that even the deficient census of eight years ago gives a total of nearly two million children under fourteen at work in wage-earning labors.

Robbing Youth of Its Youth

YES, an army of children at work among uschildren taken from sleep and play and school to work in body-wrecking, mind-dulling drudgery in mill and shop and field and factory. Child-workers are cramped in the dark coalbreakers, filling their lungs with coal-dust; they are strained in the damp, hot cotton mills, where tuberculosis is invited; they are racked in the fierce heat or sudden chill of the glass factories, in peril of accident from molten or broken glass;



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

> this waste of life, ending in the early grave or in the stunted wrecks of manhood and womanhood that Mammon makes when he drains the marrow from the little child, robbing youth of its priceless youth?

Dr. Ure You're Immortal!

As EARLY as 1784, the physicians of Manchester, England, made a noble protest against the evils of child labor. Even then the old-time masters were using the same arguments that our mill and mine masters and their lobbyists are using to-day. We find a certain Dr. Ure of that old time delivering himself pontifically to the effect that factory laws are an act of despotism toward trade and of mock philanthropy to persons who depend upon their work for their living.

living. "What!" puffs Dr. Ure, verging on an apoplexy, at the outrage against property. "Here is a bill that requires every child twelve years old to produce a certificate that he or she has attended school for two hours in each of the six days of the preceding week, on penalty of dismissal from the mill in which he or she earns his or her livelihood. Two hours a day of education for a working child!" foams the purpling leech. Two hours for study, indeed, when all the time a farthing is rolling away from your wealth! "These children can never afford it," roars Dr. Ure. "They must be discharged to sympathize [sic] with the listless progency of the farm laborers." How is that for a solarplexus thump at those who fancy that children ought to have bright hours in the green fields, free to chase butterflies and pick daisies?

The Child Yoked to the Machine

WITH the rise of machinery in England in the eighteenth century, came also the gigantic evil of child labor. As the machine grew more cunning and more nearly human, it was found that the hands of children could guide many parts of this new wonder. So straightway the factories were filled with little ones from poorhouses and homes, and the long tragedy of child labor began its somber march. When Victoria came to the throne, there was not one effective law to save the little workers. She signed over one hundred bills of petty amelioration, yet it was not till 1874, that the friends of mercy were able to win a ten-hour bill for the children. A hundred years went to this one feeble step, a step that should have been taken in an hour. How cold are the hearts of men when touched by the stone-death of the great god Profit!



they work in furniture factories, among dangerous machinery and lung-destroying sawdust. They work in the alkali of soap factories, in the dust of felt and fur manufacturies, in the nicotinetainted air of tobacco factories, in the noxious fumes of varnish and

> naphtha works, in match factories where phosophorus gangrenes them, in type foundries where the lead poisons them. Can any prosperity in trade, any roll of fat dividends, compensate for

been avoided had the mother-queen announced, as she bent her head to the crown, that the blight of child labor should lie no more forever on England's green and pleasant land. But the fight went on long and hard; for Property had clenched its teeth against any infringement of its "sacred rights." And children are still And children are still working in English factories, though now, after generations of wasted life, they are under some restrictions in regard to age, and hours of labor.

The Extinct Chimney Sweep

THE chimney sweep of old is the one child worker now completely extinct. The sorriest tribe of all the herds of the Miserable were perhaps those unhappy beings who existed only to clean chimneys. Sidney Smith, a conservative and truthful witness, has, in the Edinburgh Review for 1819, a paper on the little sweeps, a chronicle of miseries you would not wish to read alone in the creepy night. We are told that these little fellows were let out by the poorhouse to contractors, or were picked up or stolen on the streets. Their knees and elbows were crooked from constant climbing. They suffered tortures by having their skin rubbed with brine to harden it. Their eyes grew bleared from the soot and smoke. Cancer was on their bodies as a trade-mark. Long before daylight the sweeps had to be stirring, so as to have the chimneys cleaned while the chimney-throats were cool. As the little creatures climbed, straw was burned under them to make them hasten the work. If they caught fire, they were deluged

with water from the chimney top. They had to carry a heavy load of tools and soot; and sacks of soot and stubble made their dismal beds. They were little human gargoyles: they were little ebon effigies of sorrow.

And yet with all this torture of body and blight of soul before his eyes, the pious and apologetic Sidney Smith rubs his sleek white hands, and declares that Parliament is quite right in throwing out the bill prohibiting the clean-

ing of chimneys by little sweeps. And why, forsooth? "Because," says the cheerful reverend, "because many chimneys in old houses cannot be swept without little sweeps; and to do away with sweeps would increase risk of fire, and be thus an injury to property." Mark the dread alternative, "an injury to property!" "No injury to property!" this is Mammon's raucous slogan at the gate of the old abyss. Property is sacred and man is only a prop for property -this is the last blasphemy in the book of darkness. To let man perish that property may persist -this is the last treason of the sons of Lucifer.

It is strange how we cling to the idea that the thing that is, is the thing that must ever be. Sidney Smith's chimney sweep is obsolete; and yet our chimneys are cleaned. Wherever there is a grave need, the human mind can reach into this great wonder-house of invention and find the thing that will serve the need. Wherever the child has been barred by law from a trade, inventive genius has brought forth the machinery to do the work vacated by the child. Even the little bootblack, crouched, sweaty and grimy at our feet, is perhaps to be given a furlough at last, for a machine is beginning to do his dirty work. Already there are machines where-for a nickel in the slot-a swift electric brush will brighten your shoes in a twinkling.

Le Gallienne's New Prose Fancies

"LITTLE Dinners with the Sphinx" is the title

of the last volume from the pen of Richard Le Gallienne. May there flash forth many another midsummer-night rout of these fancies; for into these volumes is caught perhaps the most poetic prose of our time, some of the most poignant musing on the mystery of life-that mystery that lies so near to this restless spectacle of existence.

Not all this work of Le Gallienne's is of the same high merit, the same deep import; sometimes he seems trifling, even flippant. But, as the fragrant April orchard flings out more of riotous bright bloom than will ever come to fruitage; so Le Gallienne's mind here and there flings out fragile futile blossoms that will not Yet when Le stay for the summer ripening. Gallienne's garden of fancies shall have hung its season in the wind of time, the seekers of the beautiful will still go to it, finding there a green corner of leafy and bloomy boughs, nested with birds, and still lovely with the color and fragrance of the questioning, laughing youth of to-day.

The Book of a Thinking Heart

ENKINS LLOYD JONES'S book, "Love and Loyalty," is a collection of talks on noble living, addresses delivered, Easter after Easter, for twenty-three years, to the boys and girls of his Confirmation Class in Chicago. In these times so strident with the shrill call, "Get on, or get out!" it is refreshing, indeed, to come upon a book like Mr. Jones's that insists upon seeking first the ideal, upon remembering the rights of others, upon living the simple life. This book is not flung together crow's-nest fashion; for it is taken with loving care from rich treasures of the writer's mind. It is not only sweet with the wisdom of the heart, but also bright with parables from science, history, and literature. The

volume ought to be on every young person's shelf, and on the table of elders whose hearts are young. [University of Chicago Press, Chicago, Ill.]

A Poet's First Book

ONE might think there could be no new way of telling the old tender-tragic story of the life of Jesus. But George Creel, the brilliant young editor of The Newsbook, in his "Quatrains of Christ," has a hundred or more Omarian stanzas that give the tale

in fresh bright phrase, all carrying an atmosphere of love and faith that go to the heart. The poem might be cut with advantage, and some of the lines raised to a higher poetic power. Yet on the whole, this is one of the four or five best books of verse among the many that have come to me from the younger American writers. Here is a stanza level to the mood of the whole:

For some, eyes hard upon a little place They plot and prattle in, ne'er raise a face Until Death's hoary hand arouses them To cringe before an undreamt greater space." [Newsbook Press, Kansas City, Mo.]

"Stars of the Opera," by Mabel Wagnalls

THIS comes in a new and enlarged edition. Written by one who is herself an exquisite musician, it gives brief and vivid outlines of both the plot and music of a dozen or more of the world's greatest operas; as well as a record of personal talks with the prima donnas who sing the great rôles. It is a book that gets beyond the librettos, and helps one feel the emotions that surge through these mighty harmonies of the master composers. [Funk and Wagnalls, New York City.]

"The Wagner Stories," by Filson Young

THIS is a volume confined to the great German cycle, telling each story as it appears to the onlooker at the opera; massing information from the words, the score, and the stage directions, and endeavoring always to build and hold the mood that Wagner strives to create by the composition. It is a book that will enlarge and enrich the view of the unprofessional reader.

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

E VERYWHERE the good housewife is beginning to take an interest in the growing agitation for pure food. She chooses very carefully her canned goods, syrups, sauces, and all sorts of grocery products, for now, at a glance, she can tell how largely or slightly they are adulterated. She realizes that she is getting better value for her money when she pays thirty-five cents a quart for pure maple syrup than twenty-five cents for a bottle of stuff that the manufacturer confesses is 25

bottle of stuff that the manufacturer confesses is 25 bottle of stuff that the manufacturer confesses is as per cent. maple : nd 75 per cent. cane sugar. If the housekeeper wishes to adulterate the syrup at home, she can have a product of good flavor at less than the doctored article would have cost. The woman who markets intelligently for her family is being edu-cated to-day in all sorts of ways, by reading, by lec-tures, and by sharp observance of the goods which the market offers, until she is becoming critical. The more critical she grows, the more honest becomes the manu-facturer; therefore, we look forward to steadily im-proving conditions in the standard of goods. The legislator may legislate, the grocer may do his honest best in a demand for pure food, but it lies in the hands of the American housewife to make food adulteration a thing of the past. If she will go without certain com-modities, rather than purchase things that are doubtful, the manufacturer and grocer, left with tons of unsalable foods on their hands, will quickly realize that honesty is the best policy.

BESIDES the agitation for pure food, there is afoot, all over the country, another crusade by the health officers of our cities and towns, a fight for pure, clean milk. Outbreaks of typhoid and kindred epi-demics have forced them to it. In many places the conditions under which cows have

The Fight for Clean Milk

been kept and milk stored have been so vile that it is a wonder epidemics did not develop into old-fashioned plagues.

I remember, years ago, when our only query as to pure milk was whether it was creamy or watered, that the wife of a young physician made a large sensation in a small town. She had a baby dependent on a milk diet, and she started out to investigate the dairies of the withhere and the started out to investigate the dairies of the neighborhood. Each household had its favorite milkman, and we had gone on emptying his cans, year after year, without a question as to what conditions his milk was subjected to, before we drank it or fed it to our was subjected to, before we drank it or fed it to our babies. One day, at a sewing society, the doctor's wife talked for half an hour. She told of her visits to the farn.houses within a radius of ten miles, whence came our milk supply. The pictures she drew of cows drink-ing from stagnant pools into which sewage filtered, of stables so filthy that the milkers donned long boots be-fore entering them, of milk stored in unventilated closets in these stables, of cows which were diseased, of milkers going straight to their task with unwashed hands after stabling horses, of half-washed, unsunned milk cans, of neglected strainers and wiping clothes, of promis-cuous rags used for drving— But, details are too many.

cans, of neglected strainers and wiping clothes, of promis-cuous rags used for drying— But, details are too many. She gave the names of dairies, and her story fell like a bombshell among us, for we had been using milk from these places for years. Her investigations re-sulted in the discovery that out of fifteen neighboring dairies, there were only five where every condition was the perfection of cleanliness. Straightway these five milkmen began to have so much business that it was simply impossible for them to supply the demand. The newspapers took up the story and the town ap-pointed a milk inspector. Careless farmers, who saw nothing ahead of them but bankruptcy, turned over a new leaf. They had it impressed on them that the secret of business success was to keep healthy cows and to keep those cows clean. to keep those cows clean.

thoughts

THE receipt of many appreciative letters from readers of this Corner is mighty pleasant. Frequently men take time to comment on something that has been said. Whether they differ or agree, I am glad to receive their letters, because they bring new thoughts

With Those Who

With Those Who Write to Me man who indorses what I said about stamping out the drink habit by teaching women how to cook. "You're right," he says;

"that sort of talk is getting at the underside of the drink evil. I am a working man. I make my home in a working man's quarter of the city, and I know what I am talking about. My wife is a mighty good cook, the sort of woman who can make a cheap bit of meat taste like the finest roast beef, just because she knows how. We live better roast beef, just because she knows how. We live better on my small wages than lots of families who have twice as much. But there are few women 'round here like my wife. I pity many a man who works in our shop, when I see him empty his dinner pail, his grub is so different from mine. There is soggy bread, chunks of tough meat, greasy doughnuts, and blue coffee—the same thing, day in and day out. Some of the stuff is so badly cooked a dog would not eat it. When a man throws it away and goes off to the nearest saloon for beer and a free lunch that is decently cooked you can't blame him. Nobody can work on an empty stomach. All the time, well-dressed, well-fed women come among blame him. Nobody can work on an empty stomach. All the time, well-dressed, well-fed women come among us, preaching and persuading; anti-tobacco women, anti-whisky, anti-this, and anti-that. I'm dead set against that sort of thing; they could not get me to sign one of their pledges, even if I don't take a drink once a month. I'm a free man living in a free country. Most of the men I know, feel as I do. If these women want to do good, let them take your advice and go to training young women how to keep a man's home clean and neat, how to cook a meal as well as my wife does, and how to bring up healthy, well-behaved children."

HERE is a letter which sets one to thinking; A reader of Success MAGAZINE writes: "I was married six of Success MAGAZINE writes: "I was married six months ago. My husband is a professional man and we are beginning to make acquaintances in the best social circle of our small city. I am planning some sort of an entertainment, but one thing bothers me, if I invite the set we meet everywhere, it means I must include several rude, ill-bred, newly rich women whom I dislike exceedingly. They say and do the most inexcusable things, yet no hostess seems brave enough to deliver the snub

ingly. They say and do the most inexcusable things, yet no hostess seems brave enough to deliver the snub they deserve in the shape of leaving them out at an entertainment. I really hate to have them come into my home; still I am not old enough or strong enough socially to make the innovation of ignoring the six or eight women I allude to. It is a social problem I would very much like to hear discussed."

I was helping to write invitations one day for an after-noon affair when the question came up, "Whom shall I invite?" A list lay before us that held the names of several women. When one name was mentioned of several women. When one name was mentioned the hostess laid down her pen. "I am not going to invite Mrs. Stanley," she said. *Exclude Those Who Are Obnoxious*

Are Obnoxious she entertains beautifully, she has plenty of money, and she seems to

plenty of money, and she seems to be invited everywhere." "That is true," said the mother, "but she is one of the rudest and most disagreeable women I know. I have been debating in my mind the subject of enter-taining and I have come to the conclusion that if one would make a social affair perfectly successful and happy, both for oneself and the friends we regard highly, there is only one way to do it: eliminate the women whose society cannot possibly add to the pleasure of any affair." any affair.'

But, Mother," ventured the girl, "you are cutting

"But, Mother," ventured the girl, "you are cutting out such a lot of women, who go everywhere, and you are inviting Miss Scott, she knows hardly any of our friends; her mother, you know, is a dressmaker." "Miss Scott," the mother replied, "is a lady. Mrs. Stanley is not. I had an instance of Mrs. Stanley's breeding the other day at the Bradley tea. A little group was discussing that never-ending theme, the domestic question. Mrs. Stanley extolled her new butler; she had at last succeeded in finding a first-class English butler. She turned to Mrs. Mar-shall and asked her if she did not think the butler question was a problem. The

the butler question was a problem. The poor little woman stammered and turned poor little woman stammered and turned scarlet; think of the wife of a college pro-fessor who gets \$1,000 a year, having to do with the butler problem! Mrs. Stanley suddenly remembered herself and added airily, 'Ah, pardon me, Mrs. Marshall, I forgot; you do your own work, don't you?' That settled the woman for me.

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She will never again be invited to this house. There She will never again be invited to this house. There are scores of women on that list who are equally loud, rude, and disagreeable. If I have any place in society, I mean to show that I am not choosing my friends simply for their position, their money, their fine clothes, their equipages, their beautiful homes or— their clever tongues. Often the cleverest tongue is the cruellest. When I gather people about me, for a few hours of pleasant sociability, I mean to make it a circle where gracious, kindly meaners will prevail and people where gracious, kindly manners will prevail and people will not utter words that hurt."

THAT woman was a hostess after my own heart; if there were more like her, how vastly different social life would be! A Western judge—let us hope he had been singularly unfortunate in his female relatives—

The Woman and the Feline that all women were cats. Women read that press dispatch every-where, one morning, and for a few hours at least the ears of that judge must have burned. Still, judge must have burned. Still, there are women who indorsed his

judgment, although they feel that he might have quali-fied his remark and said "some women are cats." One can't help wondering why poor pussy, from time im-memorial, should have been picked out as the proto-type of a mean, treacherous, back-biting woman, for a cat which is well-fed and kindly treated is a lovable animal, and, querly enough, it is the animal on which most women lavish their love. A man who studies the traits of dumb creatures tells us, however, that the female cat treats the species of its own sex in a pecufemale cat treats the species of its own sex in a pecu-liarly mean and vicious manner. It bites instead of back-biting, and, at the first throb of jealousy, will scratch like a good fellow. If that is so, we have to confess that there are cat-like women everywhere, in the lowest rank of life and in the highest, for we have had cat-like queens; clever old Queen Bess had many a pussy-cat trait.

AT SOCIETY affairs I have seen women deal out more deliberately cruel hurts than if they had scratched the cat does. Such stabs rebound every time upon as the cat does. Such stabs rebound every time upon the hostess. One woman who chooses her friends for their charm of manner or nobility of mind and character

the nostess. One woman who chooses her friends for their charm of manner or nobility of mind and character told me of an experience she once had which made her weed over with grave deliberation her circle of social acquaintances. "One day," she said, "when I went to my lawyer's upon business, I made the acquaint-ance of a girl in his office. She was singularly charm-ing both in manner and person. I took such a liking to her, I invited her to dine with us several times. On becoming better acquainted I learned her story. She was the daughter of an old English soldier, almost the last survivor of the 'Noble Six Hundred' who made the historic charge at Balaklava. The old man, who had been wounded, was an invalid. This girl supported him, giving him the tenderest care and relin-quishing in the most unselfish manner all sorts of girlish pleasures and small feminine extravagances that her tather might want for nothing. She did not tell me of their circumstances; I heard the story from an outsider, and I honored the girl for her reticence.

and I honored the girl for her reticence. "One night I was giving a reception for a famous author, and among those whom I invited was my girl friend. She came to me several days before the affair, author, and among those whom I invited was my gril friend. She came to me several days before the affair, pleading to be excused. I asked her why. She con-fessed that she knew nothing of social life in our town. 'It is time you did,' I assured her. 'Many charming women who are coming here will be pleased to meet you.' The girl came, simply, I believe, to please me. I kept her near me as long as possible, introducing her to my friends. Later in the evening, when the throng began to disperse, I found she had gone. A friend told me indignantly of what had happened. The girl was chatting with her, when two women drifted past the corner, where they sat. One of them paused for a moment, glanced perplexedly at my young friend, raised her lorgnette, stared at her through it, then swept on. 'Good gracious!' she said superciliously, to the woman who accompanied her; 'What liberties Mrs. Hayes does take in inviting certain people to meet one! I was struck dumb for a moment. That girl is an assistant stenographer in my husband's office, an assist-ant, if you please.' The girl overheard the remark as it was intended she should. The wife of my lawyer was never again invited to our home."

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THE ROMANY

By EDNA S. VALENTINE

Mist of dawn and glint of sun on tarn and tree: Sign that springtime 's quite begun and calling me. Far and far across the hills the road winds long, Drunk with the dawn, a robin trills his wander-song.

Light the heart as lilting rhyme, and light the load Following through the summertime the gypsy road.

which? ----CARUSO You think you can tell the difference between hearing grand-opera artists sing and hearing their beautiful voices on the Victor. But can you? In the opera-house corridor scene in "The Pit" at Ye Liberty Theatre, Oakland, Cal., the famous quartet from Rigoletto was sung by Caruso, Abbot, Homer and Scotti on the Victor, and the delighted audience thought they were listening to the singers themselves. At Rector's, the noted Chicago restaurant, when some of the grandopera stars sang, with piano accompaniment, the diners listened with rapt attention and craned their necks to get a glimpse of the singers. But it was a Victor. In the rotunda of Wanamaker's famous Philadelphia store, the great pipe organ accompanied Melba on the Victor, and the people rushed from all directions to see the singer. Even in the Victor laboratory, employes often imagine they are listening to a singer making a record while they really hear the Victor. Why not hear the Victor for yourself? Any Victor dealer will gladly play any Victor Records you want to hear. There is a Victor for every purse-\$10 to \$100. Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J., U. S. A. Monte ictor To get best results, use only Victor Needles on Victor Records

Which



Kalamazoo Stove Company, Mfrs. Kalamazoo, Mich.

makes baki

Our patent oven thermometer and roasting easy

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WOMEN AGENTS Sparetime or permanent work. Choice of Ro new big sellers. Write for \$2 FREE offer. FAR MFB. CO., Box 535 Radme, We.

Niles Bryant School of Plano Tuning



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

The girl's best adviser, first, last, and all the time, is a wise, gentle, sympathetic mother. If she is a mother with abiding youth in her heart, so much hap-pier is the daughter, for then the understanding of a girl's nature with its loves, its ambitions, and its friend-ships is very real to her. When our editor suggested this department I hesitated. It seemed like usurping a mother's place and prerogative, till I was reminded that there are thousands of girls who have no mother to turn to for advice, or, sadder still, have a mother who does not understand. To such girls, I hold out a friendly hand and the warmest welcome. If I can give counsel or help on any subject, ask for it freely. If I had my choice of girls who would gather in this cor-ner, I should wish for girls with ambition to create a useful niche for themselves in the workaday world, or for girls with that most womanly of all ambitions, to for girls with that most womanly of all ambitions, to be good, helpful wives and loving, wise mothers. America needs such girls by the million, and Success MAGAZINE will be happy, indeed, to number a large coterie of them among its readers.—JANET FIELDS.

Do you think a city-bred girl, accustomed to a comfort-able home, enjoying a wide circle of pleasant friends and city pleasures, could be happy as a farmer's wife? I care very much for a young man who has asked me to marry him. He is well-to-do, but I hesitate about saying yes, because I should have to live on a Western farm and shoulder many cares which are new to me, as well as find myself in a circle of society very different from the one comprising the friends I know now.

myself in a circle of society very different from the one comprising the friends I know now. WITHOUT knowing you, it is hard to answer such a question as this. You might make a splendidly capable farmer's wife, then—you might not. If you are the sort of girl who would study, sympathetically and understandingly, the possibilities of a new environ-ment and new neighbors, who could make the best of things and do everything possible to make life happier and more cheerful for every one about you, as well as undertake, to the best of your ability, the many cares which devolve upon a farmer's wife, you could then be very happy. Remember, life on a farm is vastly differ-ent from what it was in pioneer days or even twenty or ten years ago. In the country, in the most remote districts, are found everywhere, well-planned, comfort-able, commodious, artistic, convenient homes, with ex-cellent sanitary conditions, beautiful surroundings, and the facility for quick travel by trolley or railroad to anywhere. When one does grow to love country life, there is a charm and delight in its wholesome freedom and closeness to nature, for which no city pleasures can compensate. As for society in country places, I have to acknowledge, city dweller as I am, that I have found more real culture and true refinement among country men and women than I have in city communities. Perhaps it is because there one can live nearer to nature's heart, perhaps because there are fewer distractions from Perhaps it is because there one can live nearer to nature's heart, perhaps because there are fewer distractions from the study and reading we busier people only skim over. Perhaps it is because some of the frills of fashion, which crowd into a city woman's life create in her more or less superficiality. But certain it is you will find among country people plenty of brain, fine breeding, genuine old-fashioned hospitality, and the truest kindliness.

I am nineteen and have just left college. I write in a graphic style, have good health, and vast ambition to be a newspaper woman. In this little city of 40,000 there is no chance for a beginning. Would you advise me to come to New York?

come to New York? I would not advise you to come to New York, unless, years hence, New York holds out a beckoning hand to you. The metropolis is piteously full of women writers who started out in girlhood, just as you are eager to. To-day they are living in little hall rooms, cooking scant meals over a gas jet, writing stuff that won't sell, searching every newspaper office and pub-lishing house for a crumb of work that will bring in a dollar or two. Every editor in New York is brought face to face every day of his life with the woman eager to be a journalist, and he is often too busy or too pitiful to speak the truth to her. Hundreds of women come from small cities, where, if wise, they might have made a most successful beginning. If

have made a most successful beginning. If there is one business more than another which demands apprenticeship, it is journal-ism. My advice, and I speak from personal experience, is to begin on a paper in your own city, even if at first you do not earn a cent. There are a score of subjects for which a busy editor will appreciate a bit of outside help: personalities, the correct account of a wedding, or any sort of a social affair, women's club meetings, bright, up-to-date, crisply written items for the woman's page, or a racy letter on anything in the local eye. Let an editor discover that you can make good on any special line of work—and, by-the-way, the more lines you can cover the better— then when a chance comes he will send for you to be-gin work on a regular salary. Once in the ranks, make yourself as indispensable as industry and your talents will permit, thus a career well begun may end in New York. I cannot imagine, however, why every writer turns longing eyes on New York. There are equally large chances in all American cities for a newspaper woman, who has the right stuff in her, to earn a good salary and reputation. Only remember, it is constant devotion to work as well as talent, that tells. Did you read "The Girl Who Comes to New York," by James L. Ford, in our April number? L. Ford, in our April number?

When I have a home of my own, I am prepared to put the wise and economical teachings of my mother into force; but I am much disturbed by traits shown in the young man to whom I am engaged. I hate to confess it even to my mother, but I find him niggardly, in such picayune ways. Still, he seems unconscious of it. I dread a future with such a husband.

4

dread a future with such a husband. Do Not hurriedly marry such a man. Have an inti-mate talk with your mother, and I feel sure she will give you the same advice. If you care truly for such a man, discuss the question frankly with him. The un-fortunate niggardliness from which some people suffer— and make other people suffer—is not always a character-istic. It comes occasionally from being brought up in a home where economy has fairly become a disease. The habits of such a home are ingrown in the children. If this is the case, the young man might be brought face to face with a trait he did not know he possessed, and his love for you would help him to conquer it. Give him a trial, after you have talked it over, and if he continues his niggardly ways, you would be happier single. single.

I live with my grandmother. She is very good to me, only she keeps me a "little girl." I am sixteen, and many of the girls in school, no older than I, go to parties, the theater, and all sorts of affairs. I have to go to bed every night at nine o'clock; if I have callers they go home at that time. My best dress is a plain lawn, and most of the girls I know have frocks of silk or lace. Don't you think Grandmother ought to let me have a little more liberty?

girls I know have frocks of silk or lace. Don't you think Grandmother ought to let me have a little more liberty? LET me tell you of two girls I once knew, who were next-door neighbors. Margaret had a mother as wise and loving as your grandmother. She knew how short are the wonderfully happy days of girlhood, so she kept her daughter "a little girl" till she was nearly twenty. She gave her all the merry, innocent fun a girl could have, simple pretty frocks, and a large circle of pleasant boy and girl friends. Still, Margaret had regretful hours, when she wished for some of the good times her neighbor Linda enjoyed. Linda's mother was a society woman, who gave twice as much time to society affairs as to home. The little girl had grown up in an atmosphere of party-going and party-giving. At fourteen she was one of the most beautiful children I have ever seen, and the people who gathered about her fiolish mother did not hide their admiration. On her fifteenth birthday she "came out." Her party gown was sumptuous enough for a stately matron, with a low neck and a long train. Her pretty curls were converted into an elaborate mass of puffs; she wore flowers, jewels, and long gloves, she had also donned her mother's society manners. There followed parties, balls, receptions, and other social gayeties in which she took an active part. One day she was in school, the next day she was absent. Her teachers be-gaft to remonstrate, for a girl who had danced till day-light could not study. When she was sixteen she had been outstripped in her classes by children three years younger. Then the mother de-

not study. When she was sixteen she had been outstripped in her classes by children three years younger. Then the mother de-cided she could be tutored for a few accom-plishments at home. Tutors found a sleepy pupil unresponsive, so Linda grew up an ignorant little butterfly. Margaret was twenty when she came home from college to fill a niche in the society of her native town. That niche was a very different one town. That niche was a very different one from the place Linda occupied. Margaret too was a beauty, but of the fine, wholesome

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style that tells of perfect health. She had read widely, lived among cultured men and women, traveled in Europe, and her company was a delight and inspiration to all who knew her. But she spent only a few years in her home city. She made a happy marriage, and to-day is the wife of a famous man, and mistress of one of Washington's finest homes. Poor Linda, at twenty-six, is a faded, artificial, nervous, over-dressed, vain little creature, with an unkind, critical tongue, and few friends. The younger folks in town look on her as "an awfully old maid." She has been so long in society that her girlhood was bloomed out long ago. She might have married, but life for her was one silly flittation, and now, with her beauty waning, the frivolous, silly, uneducated woman finds life a dreary desert at an age when all its enjoyment ought to be coming to meet her. Which would you rather be, Margaret or Linda?

I am a stenographer and earn twelve dollars a week. I live in a city boarding-house, the best I can find, that charges seven dollars a week. There are fifty people here, a few of whom are congenial, the rest otherwise. We have a big parlor, where a mob congregates every night to play cards, gossip, and do fancywork. I have really nothing in common with any of them, because I was brought up among a different class. I have pleasant acquaintances among young men and women, but I would not invite them here to spend the evening amid the parlor hubbub, still I am indebted to many of them for happy entertainment, and I have nowhere I can ask them to come. I have a large third-story front room. Do you think if it were converted into a sort of sitting-room I could invite my callers upstairs?

could invite my callers upstairs? CERTAINLY you could, if you set about the innovation in the right way. Have a frank talk with your landlady, telling her what you wish to do. She can help you to make a pleasant sitting-room of your which can be covered with a bright rug and plenty of pillows. With a little artistic skill even a bureau top which can be covered with a bright rug and plenty of it table appearance, and a girl's ingenuity wi'bed-roomy" effects. If you can afford a chafing dish and a few dishes for a little supper layout, it will add to the home-like look of things. No matter how girlishly innocent your little gatherings may be, remember there good. Give such people no excuse for criticism. If young men friends are in the party include some pleasant matron among your guests, if possible from among the boarding-house inmates. And let the festivities formatiles, the girl away from home may create for herself, even in a boarding-house, a sort of home

I am twenty-two and have had a college education, but I care very little for society life. I want to do something, though I quite agree with my father, who is a rich man, that a girl not specially gifted with any talent ought to keep out of the working ranks, where all the places can be filled by women who have to earn a living. If I lived in New York, I would do settlement work, but I am an only child and my parents want me at home.

New YORK has its quota of want and misery, still it is not the only city in America where one can do settlement work. I feel sure that if you look for it you can find in your Southern city plenty of scope for kindly deeds as well as wide, practical charity. A girl I know, in a New England city, who felt as you do, gave up her pet scheme of settlemert work in New York and yielded to her father's wish that she stay at home. His suggestion was that she might have the \$2,000 he gave each year to charities and spend it as wisely as possible where it would do the most good. The girl entered into the scheme, heart and soul, and of course she found plenty to do. A wretched tenement on a street crowded with Syrians was converted into an attractive clubhouse, with a nursery and a kindergarten, where poor washwomen might leave their children. Festivities in the Syrian quarter, which once had been followed by brawls and the patrol wagon, are now very different. There is a library, a smoking-room, a dance hall, several wellequipped bathrooms, which are 'n constant demand, and a cooking-school, where women and girls are being tanght to make the best possible use of the cheapest foods. This girl's club is doing another graciot s work. They made a cordial acquaintance, wherever it was possible, with girls who work in stores, offices, or shops. The pleasure they have brought into many a lonely life is the truest kindliness. There has been no trace in these friendships of the condescension or patronage which so often hurts instead of helping. All the work has been done on a good fellowship basis, which is the secret of its success. There have been trolley itreats, walks and talks, and entertainments in beautiful homes, which seemed like Paradise to girls whose four walls are the dingy interior of a cheap boarding-house. There is no space here to tell half of what these girls have accomplished, only, to my way of thinking, it has been truer missionary work than the converting to Christianity of millions of heathens. It h



An Overloaded Ship

Makes slow headway against the heavy, rolling sea.

It's the same with the man who overloads his system with a mass of heavy, indigestible food.

It means a heavy, foggy brain and a tired, sleepy feeling when you ought to be making "things hum"-skimming along on the high tide of success.

Are you going to remain in the slow-going "Freighter" class, or would you prefer to be one of the "Ocean Greyhounds?"

Change your food. Try



with rich cream, and get energy and speed !

"There's a Reason."

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



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For Military Gun Clubs THE EDLTOR'S CHAT

Music and Health

Music has a decided influence upon the blood pressure in the arteries, and upon the respira-tion. We all know how tion. We all know how it soothes, refreshes, and rests us when jaded and worried. When its sweet harmonies fill the soul, all cares, worries, and anxieties

fly away. Many nervous diseases have been cured by music, while others have been greatly retarded in their devel-opment by it. Anything which keeps the mind off our troubles tends to restore harmony throughout the body.

body. All the uplifting, encouraging, cheer-producing emo-tions, the emotions which create hope and buoyancy of spirits, expectancy of better things—all optimistic emo-tions—have a decidedly beneficial influence upon the health.

health. A feeling of uplift, of happiness and well-being, quickens the heart's action, increases the circulation of the blood, and tends to open up all the avenues to health. Worry, fear, anxiety, jealousy—all the de-structive emotions—tend to give a sense of restriction and repression. They inhibit the heart's action rather than accelerate it and repression. T than accelerate it.

than accelerate it. Where these emotions predominate there is a sense of constriction through the whole arterial system; even the nerve centers feel the suppression and constriction. Whatever makes us happy, whether it is a good or useful story, a good joke, or the tonic which comes from success or any unusual achievement, tends to produce health and mental well-being. All have felt the uplift of a great, unexpected joy, which sent a thrill through the entire being. Every emotion which tends to produce mental harmony lubri-cates the bearings of the physical machinery and helps promote health. promote health.

cates the bearings of the physical machinery and helps promote health. Whatever makes us happy tends to make us healthy and efficient. But we must not confound happi-ness with that which gives temporary physical pleasure, but which is followed by fatal depressing reaction. That can only be called real happiness which is lasting, which promotes permanent well-being. We have all felt the refreshening, uplifting influence when, physically worn out and discouraged after a nerve-racking day's work, on returning home we found some unexpected joy awaiting us—perhaps in the arri-val of an old chum or friend whom we had not seen for a long time, and whose genial presence made us forget completely our troubles and weariness. Or, perhaps, it may have been a call from a jolly, jovial neighbor, who sees the ludicrous side of things, and who made us laugh heartily, scattering all our problems and trials to the winds. Or, it may have been a romp on the grass or floor with the children and the dog. Who has not felt the sudden release from weariness and discouragement caused by the change to a pleasur-

and discouragement caused by the change to a pleasur-able scene or environment, or the bringing into play of new faculties which had not been exhausted by the toil and perplexities of the day?

The Doctor Habit

One of the tendencies of ill health is to make one mor-One of the tendencies of in nearth is to make one mor-bid. People who are constantly thinking about their ailments, worrying about their troubles, suffering pain, often develop a morbid passion for sympathy. They want to tell everybody of their aches and pains, to de-

their aches and pains, to de-scribe their symptoms. Have you ever known a woman who has acquired the doctor habit, a woman who loves nothing in the world quite so well as an oppor-tunity to tell the doctor of her ailments? She has poured them out to unwelcome ears them out to unwelcome ears, to forced listeners, till she longs for some one who can really appreciate it all, who



This becomes almost a mania with some women, who have few outside activities to divert them. minds naturally revert to themselves and they think of their unfortunate condition until they become saturated with the poisoned thought.



Ruined by a "Sure Thing"

A "SORE thing," an "inside tip," has ruined more men than almost anything else. A splendid man committed suicide in New York not long ago because he lost everything on an "inside tip," for which he drew sixteen thousand dollar from the savings banks dollars from the savings banks-every dollar he had in the world.

It had taken him many years of careful economy and self-sacrifice to accumulate his little fortune; but it was

all lost in one foolish investment. He thought he was going to make a big fortune; but, instead of that, the stock he bought went down, his margins were completely wiped out, and he found him-

margins were completely wiped out, and he found him-self penniless. The recent financial panic brought to light many good illustrations of the possibility of being ruined by a "sure thing." Scores of people who went down, lost their money on what they were led to believe were perfectly solid investments that were "sure to win."

Thousands of clerks, and many other people, with their small savings, like a flock of sheep, followed the inside tip of some financier who is believed to know what is going to happen, and were ruined. The truth is, even the most level-headed business men and the most

is, even the most level-headed business men and the most astute financiers do not know what is going to happen, as is shown by the fact that many of them were caught and seriously crippled in the late panic. There are vast multitudes of people living in this country to-day in poverty, many of them homeless and even without the ordinary necessities, not to speak of the comforts of life, just because they could not resist the termitation to gamble to risk enough to make them the temptation to gamble, to risk enough to make them comfortable in some get-rich-quick scheme, which they were told was a "sure thing."

If You Have Lost Your Grip

Most of the people whom I have met who are down in the world, or talented people who are doing mediocre work, have lost their grip. And what does

It means that they have lost confidence in them-selves. No man loses his grip until he loses faith in himself.

himself. The grip and confidence of most people follow their moods. If their courage is up, if they feel well, their grip is firmer; but the moment they get a little dis-couraged, or have a fit of the "blues," they lose their grip, and are soon 'way down. Now, the well-trained man pays very little attention to his moods, except to show them that he intends to be master, that he does not propose to throw away a good

to his moods, except to show them that he intends to be master, that he does not propose to throw away a good day's work just because he does not happen to be in the right mood. When he goes to his office or store in the morning, he goes there determined to do a solid day's work, to give his best; and the result is that, after awhile, moods have very little to do with him. After he has conquered them a few times, and shown himself master of his mental conditions, his mind falls into line with his resolution.

with his resolution. People who are victims of their moods never amount They never know when they start out in the morning whether they are going to do a day's work or not. If they "feel like it," they will; if they do not, both the quantity and the quality of their work will be lowered.

lowered. People who are victims of their moods are weaklings. They simply go along the line of least resistance. I know a writer who says he never knows in the morning whether he is going to do any effective work that day or not, because he can do good work only *when the Muse says the word*, and he never knows when it will come to him. It may come in the dead of the night, and then he gets up and rushes for dear life until the spell is gone.

and then he gets up and rushes for dear life unua the spell is gone. This is a confession of weakness, a confes-sion that a man is not his own master, but that he is subject to some mysterious force or passion which comes and goes without any regularity, which is governed by no principle. Moody people ought to be very careful about their liv-ing habits. They should be regular about everything— their meals, their sleep, their exercise, and their work. The condition of the health has everything to do with moods, and there is no other thing that will contribute so much to robust health as absolute regularity. The mental attitude has a great deal to do with the

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Almost a mania

moods. If you approach your work with the spirit of a master, if you go to it as a conqueror, with a deter-mination to accomplish what you undertake at all haz-ards, and keep at your work no matter how you feel, you will be surprised to see how quickly you will mas-ter your mental condition.

*

Who Holds You Down?

WHAT object is more pitiable than that of a healthy, strong, well-educated young man whining about the hard times, or the lack of opportunity in this land which is so packed with chances? In what other country, or at what other time in the history of the world, were the times hatter or the opportunities greater?

at what other time in the history of the world, were the times better or the opportunities greater? Tens of thousands of young people in this country try to excuse themselves for their failure to do something worth while by saying that it is the fault of society, that it is due to economic conditions, to the fact that a few good-for-nothing idlers get all the money and all the good things, while the many do all the work and bear all the burdens burdens.

Young men and young women idle away their lives, waiting for something to turn up, for somebody to boost them; while other boys and girls, with half their chance, educate and lift themselves out of poverty. The veriest nonsense that ever entered a youth's head

The veriest nonsense that ever entered a youth's head is that the good chances are in the past, that somebody must help him or he can never start. The mainspring of your watch is not outside of its cases. No power or influence outside of the watch can make it keep good time. Its mainspring is inside. The power which will carry you to your goal is not in somebody else. It is in yourself, or nowhere.

. What the Farmer Should Know

THE profession of agriculture demands knowledge of nature's laws, problems, processes, and possibilities more than almost any other. The farmer deals with more concrete things than does almost any other worker, and he should understand the laws of chemic forces.

He should understand the chemistry of the soil, in or-der that he may mix brains with it, analyze it, be able to bring out the latent possibil-ities of barren, sterile land. He should understand the

laws of heredity in stockbreeding, the marvelous pos-sibilities of fruit evolution, and of trees and of plants. He should be ready to supplement the varying seasons, and to defeat their tricky warfare.

Warrare. What other man can get greater enjoyment or profit from scientific knowledge than the farmer? Should a man spend his life in the country, in the very Eden of nature's mysteries, and yet know nothing of their secrets? Is it worth nothing to be able to read "books in the running brooks, and sermons in stones"? Is it nothing to be able to read the story of creation written

nothing to be able to read the story of creation written in the rocks, to be able to trace the handwriting of the Creator in the stone strata which crop out of the soil? Is it worth nothing to a farmer to know something of the mysteries which unfold the petals of the flowers and develop the fruit from the seed? Is he to remain forever ignorant of the marvels of the sunset and the rainbow? Shall he not know something of the laws of the clower and the marvelour coloring of the laws of the clouds, and the marvelous colorings of the laws of and something of the wonderful mysteries of the con-stellations spread over his head? Enwrapped in Nature's mysteries, must he remain incapable of understanding any of them, entirely ignorant of their meaning? The fact is we have been too ignorant to know or to

The fact is, we have been too ignorant to know or to appreciate the dignity and the marvelous possibilities of the profession of agriculture.

He Is the Richest Man

In whose possessions others feel richest. Who can enjoy a landscape without owning the

land Who absorbs the best in the world in which he lives,

and who gives the best of himself to others. Who has a strong, robust constitution. Who has a hearty appreciation of the beautiful in

nature Who enjoys access to the masterpieces of art, science,

and literature. Who has a mind liberally stored and contented.

Who can face poverty and misfortune with cheerfulness and courage.

Who values a good name above gold. For whom plain living, rich thought, and grand effort constitute real riches.

.

Some men put such serious handicaps on all their endeavors by their bad manners and untidy dress. by their use of slang, and by making a bad first pression, that they are never able to use their real ability to advantage and are always kept back.

-----ATO SAL ------

THE T. A. SNIDER PRESERVE CO., CINCINNATI, U. S. A.

Builders of Brawn, Brain and Bone.

HAT'S Pork & Beans-when "Sni-

der-processed." Not a food in the whole range of edibles is so rich in building material.

-Beans contain 23 per cent. of Nitrogenous Proteid.

-Beefsteak contains only 20 per cent. of Proteid. -Eggs contain 12½ per cent. and -Bread only 6½ to 8½ per cent. of Proteid.

Now, Proteid—Nitrogenous Pro-teid—is that part of food which builds human Tissue, Muscle, Mental-energy and Personal-power.

Ask your Doctor! . . .

But Beans, as usually cooked do not give up their rich contents of Nit-rogen and Proteid to the average digestion.

Because, Beans are very closetured and therefore slow to absorb the Digestive Fluids that must act on them to extract their nutrients, when eaten.

Moreover, certain chemical ele-ments are liable to seal up their Proteid altogether, and so make them quite indigestible. Hard water, for instance, makes the Proteid in Beans absolutely insol-uable, useless for food as pebbles. This is why the Snider-Process of cooking Pork & Beans was inserted

cooking Pork & Beans was invented.

. . .

This "Snider-Process" renders Beans porous and absorbent so the di-gestive juices of the stomach can readily act on them to extract their Nutrients.

The Snider-Process also eliminates the colicky Gas and flatulence, with the bitter flavor native to all Beans. It makes them mellow, cheesy, tender,—a delight to the palate and to

the eye. In making them porous it also permits them to absorb freely that dainty seven-spiced Snider Ripe-To-mato-Catsup with which they are generously surrounded.

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refund.



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bility to advantage and are always kept back. IF subscribers (of record) mention "Success Magazine" in answering advertisements, they are protected by our guarantee against Loss. See page 276



Nature's greatest student



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Where will I spend this year's vacation?

DIRONDACK MOUNTAINS may be just the answer to this question. You can wear business clothes or a dress suit, fish, hunt or camp, play tennis, golf, bowl, dance or lose yourself among the mountains' shady nooks and quiet retreats. You can stop at palatial hotels, boarding-houses, farm-houses, cottages or camps, just as you desire.

I will gladly send you an itinerary of a trip from your home city to the Adirondack Mountains and return (side trips if you wish) —illustrated literature, maps, information on hotels and incidental expenses—and sum the activation into an approximate cost up the entire trip into an approximate cost. Hoping you will avail yourself of this oppor-tunity for additional information, I am,

Sincerely yours, J. F. FAIRLAMB, Gen. Passenger Agent.





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NATIONAL CIVIL SERVICE TRAINING ASSOCIATION 105 Central Build



What Ailed Senator Vest

GEORGE G. VEST was often termed the "vi-

often termed the "vi-per of the Senate." He was a master of rhetoric and logic but never ranted. His weapons were wit and sarcasm. He seldom spoke without a host of attentive listeners on the floor and in the galleries. Although physically wasting away from the very be-ginning of his last term and finally reduced by a pitiless malady to a mere shadow of his former self, his sena-torial duties constantly engrossed his mind above thoughts of health. During the last two sessions of Congress, of which he was a member, he could barely walk unsupported, but his mind was as virile and clear, and its faculties as alert and brilliant as though his body were in its pristine health and vigor. He survived only a few months after he quit, the Senate, dying at his unostentatious but com-

dying at his unostentatious but com-fortable home at Sweet Springs, Missouri, in September, 1904, in the seventy-fourth year of his age. Soon after the ravages of disease had begun to shrink his once robust frame,

begun to SHTINK his once robust frame, I was indiscreet enough to ask Sena-tor Vest what was the matter with him, and why he did not seek some resort that would restore his health. This was his characteristic response: "Down at a resort in Virginia which "Down at a resort in Virginia which have been visiting for a long time there lived an old friend of mine who there lived an old finend of mine who looks worse every time I see him. When I last saw him I pinned him down to tell me what was the matter with him. He explained that in the ten years his health had been failing he had consulted more than fifty doctors, had consulted more than fifty doctors, every one of whom gave his malady a different name, and a different treat-ment. He said he had finally become disgusted with the whole medical fraternity, had taken the case in his own hands, and had discovered that all that ailed him was Anno Domini. And that, my young friend," said Senator Vest, with a merry twinkle in his eye, "is all that's the matter with me—just Anno Domini."

Morgan's Sensational Speech

Morgan s Sensational Speech WHEN John Tyler Morgan, of Alabama, died, the longest heard and best informed man in Congress passed away. He was an encyclopedia upon all ques-tions pertaining to national legislation. His antagonism of Cleveland's financial policy of 1893 is memorable. It was in October of that year, when the factional rupture among the Democrats was most ominous, that Senator Morgan, resenting the importunities of those who sought to persuade him to cast aside his mature convictions, and go with the administration and the Republicans who sided with it, referred to certain Democratic senators as being constantly in friendly in-tercourse, and association with, "some of the great leading minds of ancient and modern Republicanism on the other side of the chamber."

leading minds of ancient and modern Republicanism on the other side of the chamber." "For them," he said, "this is a novel, a new de-parture. There seems to be no want of brother-hood between them; in fact, they stick as close and affectionately to each other as a stamp sticks to a love letter." This sensational utterance from a leading Democrat caused sense

IF SUBSCRIBERS (OF RECORD) MENTION "BUCCESS MAGAZINE" IN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS, THEY ARE PROTECTED BY OUR QUARANTEE AGAINST COSC SEE PAGE 276

This sensational utterance from a leading Democrat, caused sena-tors to sit up, crane for-ward, and take notice. It was followed by a still greater shock from the same source, a little burst of sarcastic eloquence from the Alabaman, whose tense satire almost shook the chamber with unwonted laughter. Said Mr. Morgan, con-tinuing his line of allusion to the strange spectacle of

to the strange spectacle of fraternal affection between ION | senate Democrats and Re-as City, Mo. | publicans, and referring By O.O. STEALEY

to the subservience of some of the former: "The trumpet had sound-

"The trumpet had sound-ed, the forces were mar-shaled, the clock had struck at the White House, and the cuckoos here all put their heads out of their boxes and responded to inform us the time of day."

How Williams Resembles Wheeler

A DECADE or more ago General Joseph Wheeler was the most alert and nervous man in Congress. He always came down the aisle in a hop-skip-and-jump style, and, as he was a diminutive man, weighing only a hundred pounds, he never failed to attract the atten-tion of the occupants of the galleries.

John Sharp Williams, the minority leader in Congress, is much like what Wheeler is much like what Wheeler was in size and disposition. Mr. Williams is keenly alert to 'the proceedings of the House. He listens intently and patiently to all that is said by the members, and is prompt in his questions and ready with his answers. When one of the opposition makes a statement which makes a statement which Williams knows to be mis-Williams knows to be mis-leading, he jumps up to in-terrupt with the celerity of a jack-in-a-box. If one of his own side of the House is making an intemperate speech, or saying things that had better be left unsaid, Williams coulime and 6deets Williams squirms and fidgets in his chair as though he had convulsions. Sometimes he cannot endure the agony longer and he will leave his set and take one near the seat and take one near the speechmaker, and glare at

him with pronounced displeasure. Mr. Williams is a bundle of nerves and the wonder is, that one of his delicate build can stand the burden he imposes upon his strength.

Two Men Killed by the Tariff

NELSON A. DINGLEY, the author of the Dingley Tariff Act, was an absent-minded man and had many peculiarities. When he was not speaking or reading, he appeared to be "up in the clouds." Had he lived to these honk-honk flying automobile days, he would surely have been run over. In going from the capitol to the Hamilton Hotel (he generally walked), he would meet hundreds of friends, but was so absorbed in tariff schedules that he would pass them by unrecognized. Outside of his deep study the only thing that seemed to interest him was the black overcoat flung over his left arm. He always carried it—in summer as well as in winter—and it was an old coat which had been

left arm. He always carried it—in summer as well as in winter—and it was an old coat which had been purchased ten years before it was brought to any notice. If a friend would say, "Dingley, it's cold, why don't you put on your coat?" he would reply, "Yes, I will directly," but the "directly" never came. It is an undeniable fact, that Mr. Ding-ley, who was not a robust man, killed himself over the bill bearing his name. When the measure was pending in Con-gress, the only sleep or rest Mr. Dingley got for nearly two months was between gress, the only sleep or rest Mr. Dingley got for nearly two months was between four and nine o'clock in the morning. Coincidental to this it can be stated that William L. Wilson, the author of the Wilson Tariff Bill, also wrecked his health in its preparation, and died a few years after its passage.

Senator Bailey's Two Fads JOSEPH W. BAILEY, of Texas, has two fads that he always keeps to the front in his mind. The first is the



The cuckoos told the time of day

"Stephen B. Elkins is popular and congenial"

May, 1908

Constitution of the United States, and the second is the horse—especially the pure-blooded animal with a long pedigree. He worships the first and idolizes the second, and will talk with any one for hours on the two topics. His speeches in the Senate show that he knows all about the Constitution, and his choice stock farm in Kentucky attest his knowledge of the horse. With Kentucky attests his knowledge of the horse. With the exception of his broad-brimmed black hat, his dress is like that of a clergyman, and he wears a white tie the year round. He cares little for fashionable society, but enjoys intercourse with his friends.

George Gray-Sage and Philosopher

JUDGE GEORGE GRAY, of Delaware, sage and philoso-pher, is still badly missed on the minority side of the Senate. In his whole career in the Senate he fully sus-Senate. Senate. In his whole career in the Senate he fully sus-tained the illustrious record which the little state of Delaware has made in that body. The great political questions growing out of legislation affecting the South, had been practically disposed of when Mr. Gray entered the national arena, and the Force Bill was the only partisan measure of great consequence which he had to consider. Purely eco-nomic issues were mainly

nomic issues were mainly the subject of discus-sion and action. These do not afford much opportunity for flights of imagination and oratorical efects, but are suited for the considera-tion of a student of the conservative and judicial temperament of George Gray. His speeches disclosed learning, thought, and judg-ment of a high order



While a senator he added to the measurement of his fame by serving on two international commissions: one, the commission which adjusted questions between the United States and Canada, and the other the Paris Com-United States and Canada, and the other the Paris Com-mission, which formulated the treaty between the United States and Spain for the session of the Philippine Islands. It was a tribute to his ability and his worth when a President of opposing politics selected him as judge of the United States Circuit Court, and it was a tribute not less great when President Roosevelt asked him to serve as chairman of the commission which settled the coal strike of the of 1902.

Among the Great

FRANCIS M. COCKRELL, now a member of the Interstate Commerce Commission, was for years the most unique figure in the United States Senate. His ability, simplicity of manner, rugged integrity, and wide experi-ence gave him a commanding position in the upper body, seldom enjoyed by a member. Tall of form, with prominent features, and a discerning eye, he is a curious and striking figure.

PERSONALLY, Stephen B. Elkins is one of the most popular and congenial men in the United States Senate. He is approachable and considerate to his col-leagues, and to the general public. A gentleman who has been associated with him in business and in politics for fifteen years cause that he never knew Mr. Elkins to has been associated with him in business and in politics for fifteen years, says that he never knew Mr. Elkins to lose his temper, and that the same poise, benevolence, and optimism is displayed equally in politics, business, or the domestic relations. It is a part of Mr. Elkins's philosophy to be happy and contented, to avoid anger and gloom, to live simply, exercise a great deal, and to look on the sunny side of things generally.

Cool, calculating, and unabashed over anything that may occur in debate concerning him or his methods is Nelson W. Aldrich. He keeps his seat and eyes his opponent while being subjected to the most stinging abuse. He also, at these times, wears a sardonic grin on his ironclad features. He has been his party leader in the Senate for fifteen years, and displays remarkable generalship in his successful management. The only fad he has is to spend his vacation abroad. He is a rich man and does not care for what is commonly rich man and does not care for what is commonly known as "society."

The most dignified man in the Senate, after Conkling retired, was J. J. Ingalls. On no occasion did he unbend his slim, tall stature. A smile on his face was as rare as a hot spell where the north pole is supposed to be. He was at all times reserved, though not haughty. Literature was his hobby, and it was won-derful how much he could store of it under a six and three-outer that three-quarter hat.



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The Canadian Pacific Railway Company has for sale 0,000,000 acres of agricultural lands in the great grain growing Provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta. Prices range from \$8.00 to \$25.00 per acre according to quality ind location.

Easy Terms of Payment for Settlers

An actual settler may purchase not more than 640 acres on the ten installment plan, by paying a cash installment at the time of purchase, interest at six per cent. on the unpaid purchase money at the end of the first year, and the balance of the principal with interest, in nine equal installments annually thereafter, as shown in the following table : 160 Acres Cash Pay't Ist yr's Int.

	.00	239.70	81.62			200.00
	.00	263.60	89.78		**	220.00
19	.00 **	287.60	97.96	6.6		240.00
13	.00 "	311.55	106.10	**		260.00
14	.00 **		114.32	**	·	280.00
15	.00	359.50	122.44	3.4	**	300.00

Maps showing the lands in detail have been published and will be sent free on application to department "N," C. P. R. Land Office, Winnipeg. Write particularly for map of 150,000 acres of open prairie lands in the far famed winter wheat district, the land of the warm Chinook wind, in Southern Alberta. Price of first class lands in this district, \$15.00 per acre, Intending settlers will receive special attention from local agents. J. L. DOUPE, Asst. Land Commissioner. F. T. GRIFFIN, Land Commissioner, Winnipeg. Canada.



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Are you pushing your **business**? A strong new book on ad-

A strong new book on ad-vertising by T. D. Mac-Gregor, Ph. B., of the BANKER'S MAGAZINE, entitled "**Pushing Your Business**," will help you. It costs only a dol-be, but it is converted for lar, but it is crammed full of money making ideas-not theory, but tried experience of one of the fore-

of money making ideas-not theory, but tried experience of one of the fore-most advertising men in the country. "Pushing Your Business," gets right down to the fun-damentals of copy, mediums and methods and tells how to advertise successfully. It deals with the technique-the externals-of advertising, but it also goes below the sur-face, down to bed rock principles. The book is new and different. It does not merely give you sample advertise-ments to copy, but *it helps you to help yourself*-to work out your own salvation in your advertising problems. The author has had a hand in some of the biggest and produced many thousands of dollars worth of business. He knows every branch of publicity from the inside. The book is written in the keen, personal style that has made the author's advertisements so resultid. "I consider Mr. MacGregor one of the best writers of financial and real estate advertising in the country."-H. E. Lesan, Pres., Lesan-Gould Adv. Agency, St. Louis, New York and Chicago. "Thave never read a book on this subject that has interested or helped me as much as 'Pushing Your Busi-ness.""-H. E. Woodward, Gen. Mgr., Rickert-Finlay Realty Co. New York. "Others who have spoken favorably of Mr. MacGregor's work are; David G. Evans, Treas., "Success;" Dr. Chan-ning Rudd, "Wall Street Journal;" Thos. Balmer, Adv. Dir., St. Rys. Adv. Co.; E. St. Elmo Lewis, Adv. Mgr., Burroughs Adding Machine Co.; Waldo P. Warren, Adv. Mgr., Marshall Field & Co.; H. Blackman, Vice-Pres., Doubleday, Page & Co.; O. H. Blackman, Vice-Pres., Frank Presbrey Adv. Co. "Hue dealing primarily with financial and real estate advertising, on account of the broad treatment of the subject, "Pushing Your Business." is practically help-ful to everyone who wants to get the biggest returns of business men. The book is illustrated. handsomely printed and bound in cloth. Drive advertising. It is being eagerly bought by all classes of business men. The book is illustrated. handsomely printed and bound in cloth. Driv St. Bankers Publishing

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Editorial Comment on the Latest Affairs of the World

F.

Not the least interesting thing about the present occupant of the White House is that each suc-ceeding communication to Consisting to minimulation to con-islation of a progressive character. In his March message the President attacked child labor

-that great social evil which has sapped the life and strength of the working people ever since the beginning of the industrial system. Our various state laws on the subject have a hopeless

的

lack of uniformity, none of them are adequate, none of them are properly enforced, some states have no laws at all. In New York, where the child labor laws are the best in the nation, 21,000 children joined the ranks of the laborers last year. And all over the country, in tenement homes, in coal mines, and in cotton mills, children are working away their health, and their play time, and their school time, and all their chances of future betterment.

President Roosevelt does well to urge Congress to pass model child labor laws for the District of Columbia. If then the states do not follow this excellent example, other federal powers must be invoked to bring the needed reforms. It is strange that after two centuries of agitation it is still necessary to force people not to sacrifice their own children, not to "grind the seed com."

Women's Work Regulated

ALTHOUGH child labor laws are in far from a satisfactory ALTHOUGH child labor laws are in far from a satisfactory condition, the right to regulate the hours of women's work has just been affirmed by the United States Supreme Court. There are now nineteen states in the Union that have passed legislation for the pro-tection of women workers. The recent Supreme Court decision, permitting Oregon to make a law limiting to ten the number of hours a woman may work, estab-lished the principle that she is entitled to special pro-tection and that her power to make contracts is limited. By this decision the Supreme Court comes nearer to the spirit of the times than it is the custom of that august body to get. The idea that a woman has not the right

body to get. The idea that a woman has not the right to work when and where she pleases is almost modern, though it is already in force in most civilized nations. Perhaps it will not be long until we get the right to limit the labor hours of men in dangerous trades. The decision means much to the women of this

country. It is hoped that all the states will now pass laws on the subject and that the principle that the Government has no right to interfere between employer and employee has received its death blow.

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Insuring Bank Deposits

THE plan for government insurance of national bank deposits, as set forth in the January number of SUCCESS MAGAZINE, seems to be, to-day, one of the most popular remedies for our financial ills. Supporters of the plan are springing up every day. A number of heads of large national banks and trust companies favor heads of large national banks and trust companies favor the scheme, and a number of prominent New York financiers are organizing to push the project. The young state of Oklahoma, with her characteristic dis-regard of precedent, has put the plan into operation in her state banks, and already deposits are pouring in from neighboring states. Now at last supporters of the plan are springing up among our lawmakers at Washington.

The project to levy a small tax upon the national banks and in return to guarantee their deposits—in other words to make the banks national in fact as well as in name—is worthy of hearty support. Since our present financial difficulties sprang from lack of confi-dence, it would seem logical to devise a scheme that will supply the lack. Most all of us would be brave enough to lend our money to a bank if we knew that Uncle Sam's name was on the note. It is interesting, too, to consider how exemplary our private banks would

become with such competition. There is opposition, of course; some honest, some timid, some financially concerned. "Why not," says an ultra-conservative New York daily, "guarantee the depth of rivers, and the yield of wheat?"

As long as they come no nearer than that to a real argument, the plan is likely to grow in popularity.

The Gilded Hundred

T_{HERE} is a constantly growing feeling in this country that Robert M. La Follette, of Wisconsin, is a statesman, and a states-man in the United States Senate shines



By HOWARD BRUBAKER

like a good deed in a naughty world. When, therefore, he arose recently in

When, therefore, he arose recently in opposition to the vicious Aldrich Bill, and told the story of the panic, he was listened to with respectful interest by the country at large. It is a dra-matic story that the Wisconsin senator tells, so auda-cious in its plot, so beautiful in its details, that it is hardly credible. He told us how the financial powers planned the October panic, and how they came forward at the eleventh hour and "saved their country." He showed us what a beautiful and profitable thing it is to be a country-saver. In conclusion he informed us that about one hundred men rule this country of ours, and in order that there might be no doubt about the matter, he told us who they were. They are the directors of the great financial institutions of the country, and their names read like a social and financial directory or New names read like a social and financial directory or New York City.

York City. The unfortunate feature of Senator La Follette's interesting story, is that it seems to be substantially true. New York bankers not belonging to this exalted one hundred, admit that his details of the late panic are fairly accurate. Since conservative statisticians regard one hundred rulers as too high a figure, the Senator has kindly classified these into the big fourteen and others. We are left to our own conclusions as to who rules the We are left to our own conclusions as to who rules the fourteen.

Meanwhile the country is indebted to Senator La Follette for a good speech and a courageous expression of opinion.

Teasing New York

NEW YORK is undergoing the interesting experience of having up-to-date cars put upon one of its water-logged, bankrupt, street railway lines. The cars are new, and therefore necessarily clean; they are large, and it is the intention to have people ride sitting down, instead of suspended from straps. One is expected to surrender his nickle as he enters, and to leave by the front door. This device allows the conductor to devote some time to the interesting task of starting and stop-ping the car. The new vehicles have air brakes instead of the old man-power kind, and optimists claim that the wheels are round rather than square. There are few, if any, of these devices for safety and comfort that have not long been in use in the smaller cities of the country. Yet it is interesting to see any kind of improvement in what has hitherto been only an instructive exhibition of primitive modes of transporta-NEW YORK is undergoing the interesting experience of

instructive exhibition of primitive modes of transporta-tion. When Father Knickerbocker saw shiny new cars coming down the avenue the other day, he resolved never to touch liquor again. What he would say if he once set eyes upon the buffet, smoking, or observation interurban cars of the Middle West, has no place in this moral family magazine.

Weakness in the Navy

Just when our collective national bosom was swelling with pride over the magnificent fleet we are sending around the world, Henry Reuterdahl produced an article in *McClure's Magazine* which reduced the swelling

in *McClure's Magazine* which reduced the swelling effectually. That our navy was unprepared for war was the burden of his mournful song. Our shell-proof belt of armor, he claimed, is usually about six inches above the water when the vessel is ready for action. Other faults that he pointed out, are that our battle ships are too low for fighting in heavy seas, that they have vertical shafts from turret to magazine making explosion frequent that the Igning in neavy seas, that they have vertical sharts from turret to magazine, making explosion frequent, that the gun crews are not well protected, and that we are short of torpedoes and torpedo-boat destroyers. On the subject of *personnel*, Mr. Reuterdahl complained that our system is such that the commanding officers are too old for the most efficient service.

old for the most efficient service. Mr. Reuterdahl did not make himself popular by these remarks. When you have spent a great deai of money on battle ships, you don't like to be told that, while they are amply protected from sharks, submarines, and other aquatic creatures, the upper parts might as well be made of cheese. It is n't flattering to hear that our magnificent fleet of floating fortresses is chiefly valuable for firing salutes and being photographed by moving-picture machines; that our gallant admirals are feeble old gentlemen on crutches. Therefore, we indulged in our national pastime of

Therefore, we indulged in our national pastime of investigation, and short and ugly words became common. Some gentlemen said that Mr. Reuterdahl does not know a battle ship from a lunch wagon. Admiral Evans, on the other hand, said that the magazine writer's criticisms are in the main correct. It's all a little hazy as yet, but

when it's all over, perhaps we'll know whether we have a real navy, or only a choice collection of tinware.

Sparing the Rod

THE Board of Education of the City of New York recently voted by a narrow majority to retain their rule against corporal punishment. This action was the result of a long contest between the spankers and the anti-spankers, while the interested small boy stood about with bated breath wondering what was about to hefel befall.

befall. It seems curious that a progressive community should seriously consider going back to education by main strength. Yet a city which tolerates horse cars and Tammany might well be expected to believe in advanc-ing civilization by pounding youngsters and in stimu-lating interest in orthography with a ruler. There were actually seventeen full-grown men on the board who were in favor of reverting to a system which has been abandoned in the army and navy, which humane societies prohibit in the interest of dumb animals, and which is retained only in prisons.

societies prohibit in the interest of dumb animals, and which is retained only in prisons. There are a lot of cities yet that might well follow the example set by this New York board—forbidding corporal punishment and providing special schools for incorrigible pupils. We suggest that they go further and provide punching bags upon which teachers may work off their unmanageable tempers. Unfortunately we have not as yet reached a point where we can protect children from the wrath of ignorant parents, but at least we need not hire athletic young college men to drub little Willie during the middle of the day! Very often little Willie is so stupid that no amount of flogging can give him a knowledge of history or a proper apprecia-tion of literature unless his teacher knows something about the subject himself.

Saving Daylight

THE British House of Commons has passed a bill to put all clocks ahead eighty minutes during the sum-

¹ put all clocks ahead eighty minutes during the sum-mer months. They have a way over in that tight little island of getting rid of a troublesome bill by passing it and then handing it over to a committee on execution. Here in America we let the committee do all the work, thus giving the members of Congress more time to dis-tribute seeds and campaign literature. While it is doubtful whether the Pearce Daylight Saving Bill will ever become a law, the idea is worthy of deep consideration. A system whereby a man may get up at 7:40 in the morning and think he is sleeping till nine needs no defense at our hands. When, on the other hand, the watch tells one it is five o'clock, one can quit work with a clean conscience, even though he knows, in his heart, it is only twenty minutes to four. knows, in his heart, it is only twenty minutes to four. Think of the advantages of living in a country where one is always before time at engagements, where rail-way trains are never really late, but only apparently so, where the messenger boy ceases to be stationary and becomes a medium of communication where the mitth-

where the messenger boy ceases to be stationary and becomes a medium of communication, where the mirth-ful club man goes carolling home at 10 P. M. Now at last we know why the sun never sets upon British possessions. If he had the temerity to do so, the House of Commons would promptly pass a bill requiring him to get up again and go to work.

The Peril of Anarchy

AN ANARCHIST is an optimistic, impractical, philosopher, who believes that we are all so good that govern-ment is an unwarranted impertinence. He is usually a mild-mannered idealist too soft-hearted to be a success-ful captain of industry. The average anarchist would regard it unethical to throw a boot at an offending black est, he shinks from violance as a stock manipulator

regard it unethical to throw a boot at an offending black cat; he shrinks from violence as a stock manipulator shrinks from publicity. But it so happens that this philosophy has gathered unto itself certain half-witted fanatics, with a fondness for explosives. So, whenever a public official is assassin-ated, or some blackmailing Italian society blows up a citizen, we cry "anarchy," and talk of wholesale deportation.

a cluzen, we cry deportation. Although all the anarchists in this country put to-gether would not be a menace to the existence of a New England town-meeting, the newspapers would have us believe that the very foundations of society are tottering. We need only to treat violent anarchists have us believe that the very foundations of society are tottering. We need only to treat violent anarchists as criminally insane and to punish murder adequately and promptly—whether it be actual or suggested, whether it be by hair-brained anarchists, or respectable lynchers, or criminally careless railroad directors—and the damar is gone

lynchers, or criminally careless railroad directors—and the danger is gone. The real peril of anarchy is that some time, in a mo-ment of hysteria, we shall rescind the right of free speech. When, as in the case of the recent Union Square out-rage in New York, some petty public officer, drunk with authority, forbids people the right to assemble peaceably, and to discuss their grievances, it is not surpris-ing that some crack-brained anarchist should throw a bomb. England has never had an anarchist outrage since she began permitting people to hold any kind of ing that some crack-oralised anarchist should show a bomb. England has never had an anarchist outrage since she began permitting people to hold any kind of meetings they desired. It is only under persecution that this foolish philosophy thrives. Then it is that the addled pate swells with pride, and the anarchist is moved to go forth to mighty deeds of valor. The doc-trine of anarchism has no place in the American plan, and nothing will kill it more quickly than lack of extention. attention.



3

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Long Term Bonds

THE UTICA GAS & ELECTRIC COMPANY owns and controls the entire gas business and practically the entire electric light and manufacturing power business of Utica, Mohawk, Herkimer, Little Falls and other municipalities in the thickly populated Mohawk Valley of New York State. The Company owns large and valuable hydro-electric water powers, and practically all franchises are unlimited in time. The available net earnings are nearly three times interest charges on the Refunding Bonds, which we offer to yield, for nearly fifty years,

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IN THE February issue of SUCCESS MAGAZINE the writer indicated why it seems to be advisable in these days for investors to these days for investors to display a preference for long time bonds, having from fifteen to fifty years and upwards to run before the date of maturity. At the same time, there are many investors and institu-tions that for one reason or

When Short Term Notes Are Issued another are especially interested in investments having only a short time to run, and that are large buyers, in the aggregate, of short term notes and equipment bonds.

Short term notes are usually issued by corporations during periods of high interest rates to provide money absolutely necessary for business purposes, the expecta-tion being that when the notes mature it may be possi-ble to sell long time bonds at considerably higher prices than could have been realized when the notes were originally issued. In other words, it is not regarded as good financing for corporations to sell long time bonds during periods of high rates for money, so that they create, temporarily, what might be termed an "emergency obligation," or one that will mature within from a year to five years, as the case may be, commonly known as a short term note. If, when the short term investment matures, the demand for long time bonds continues to be so limited that they cannot be sold at reasonably high prices, the short term note issue is usually extended, although, of course, a corporation is obligated to pay cash to the amount of the face value of the notes to such holders as may not care to accept the terms of extension. Generally speaking, however, the terms of extension. Generally speaking, however, the terms of renewal are made sufficiently attractive to warrant the note holders' retaining their investment.

SHORT term notes usually represent simply the promise of corporations to pay a certain sum of money on a given date, and, while they are the direct obligations of the corporations issuing them, the prices which they command are largely dependent upon the general standing and financial credit of the corporations. Sometimes, however, short term notes are secured by pledge of collateral, or, as in a few cases, they are guaranteed either as to both principal and interest, or as to princi-pal only. The desirable issues do not fluctuate to any very great extent in price, selling, ordinarily, in accord-ance with the interest rates commanded by money. For this reason they are a favorite form of investment with banks and business men. For example, a well-For this reason they are a favorite form of investment with banks and business men. For example, a well-managed bank always has a certain percentage of its surplus money invested in securities which can be quickly sold, in case of emergency, with little or no loss of principal, and it is generally recognized that the notes of sound corporations are not only certain to be paid at maturity, but also possess either an active or reasonably broad market. A recently issued quotation sheet, covering many of

reasonably broad market. A recently issued quotation sheet, covering many of the well-known issues of short term notes, shows that such investments are now selling at prices to yield from about 5 per cent. to as high as 14 per cent., and some issues yielding from $6\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. to as high as 8 per cent. are recommended by experienced and responsible invest-ment firms ment firms.

EQUIPMENT bonds, as a class, are also to be regarded as a short term investment; but they represent an entirely different form of security than short term notes. Institutions and individuals familiar with equipment

One-fifth Invested

bonds have for many years been large buyers of this excellent form of investment. Comparatively

in Equipment speaking, however, in the vast majority of cases, it is only in recent times that investors have familiarized themselves with such securities, and, even in these days, many persons do not fully appreciate the opportunities which they offer for the safe and conservative employment of

they offer for the safe and conservative employment of some part, at least, of their surplus funds. It is impossible to exaggerate how important it is for railroads to have at their command sufficient equipment to provide the public with ample transportation facili-ties, as well as to handle the enormous freight business of the country. It has been stated that about one fifth of the total capital invested in railroad properties repre-

sents the cost of the equipment, the remaining four fifths being depend-ent upon the use made of the one fifth. While some few railroads How They Are Created, Their Earning Powers, and Their Value to Small Investors **By CHARLES LEE SCOVIL**

purchase all or a large part

LEE SCOVIL purchase all or a large part of their equipment through the sale of long time bonds, in most cases the equipment is acquired through the issuance of securities designated by the various titles of "equipment bonds," "car trusts," or "equipment notes." Each of these three forms differs somewhat, although, in the main, only as to details, so that the writer will confine himself to an explanation of the salient features which characterize the entire group.

IT is important to point out that one of the differences It is important to point out that one of the differences between long time bonds and equipment bonds is this: long time bonds are usually issued for permanent improvements, such as roadbed, trackage, terminals, etc., and are regarded as other than *What Long Time* Bonds Purchase through the sale of a new issue of bonds, or by the sale of bonds of junior mortgages reserved for the purpose.

maturity are usually available either through the sale of a new issue of bonds, or by the sale of bonds of junior mortgages reserved for that purpose. Equipment bonds, on the other hand, are usually paid off in installments by the railroads purchasing the rolling stock, the money being provided from earnings. In practically all cases the bonds are paid off serially, either annually or semiannually, the final installment being payable in about ten years; whereas, the life of the equipment is about seventeen years for a wooden freight car and about twenty years for a steel car. The bonds are the direct obligations of the issuing railroads, or, occasionally, of subsidiary corporations, in which latter case they are sometimes guaranteed by the parent companies. They are also a first mortgage upon the equipment, usually at the rate of from eighty to ninety per cent. of its total cost, from ten to twenty per cent. of the total cost being paid in cash by the railroads 'when they contract for the purchase of the equipment. Sometimes, however, the bonds are issued against the actual cost of the equipment, dollar for dollar, although, in any event, the entire equipment remains pledged as security for the bonds until the final series is paid. In other words, the title to the equip-ment cannot pass to the railroads until all the outstand-ing bonds have been paid off, together with the interest thereon. In most instances, the title is vested in a ing bonds have been paid off, together with the interest thereon. In most instances, the title is vested in a trustee—usually a large and well-known trust company. If the title is not vested in the trustee, but, as in some cases, in a subsidiary corporation, the trustee is almost always empowered under the terms of the deed of trust to protect the holder of the bonds to the some extreme struct to protect the holders of the bonds to the same extent as if it actually owned the title to the equipment. Of course, after the final installment is paid, and all of the outstanding bonds provided for, the equipment belongs to the railroad.

EQUIPMENT bonds are usually issued in coupon form \$1,000 each, or in certificate form registered in the names of the owners, who, in the latter case, receive the interest directly from the issuing company or its fiscal agents. In order to give the reader a clear understanding of

equipment obligations, it seems to be advisable to refer specifically to

How Equipment Bonds Are Issued a few of the more recent issues. For example, under a deed of trust

And the for example, under a deed of trust dated February 1, 1907, the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Railway Company issued \$6,500,000, 4½ per cent. equipment notes, secured upon equipment costing about \$7,500,000. These notes are payable in semiannual installments of \$325,000 each from August 1, 1907, to February 1, 1917. From this it will be seen that the issue has already been reduced to \$4 \$50 000 and will of course 1917. From this it will be seen that the issue has already been reduced to \$5,850,000, and will, of course, continue to be reduced at the rate of \$325,000 every August and February first hereafter until the final series is paid. The deed of trust provides that so long as any is paid. The deed of trust provides that so long as any of these equipment notes remain outstanding, or their payment not provided for, the title to the equipment is to be vested in trust to an association, known as the "Rock Island Equipment Association"; but the trustee —a well-known trust company—is legally empowered to protect the holders of the notes in accordance with the elaborate terms of the indenture.

bond issues before purchasing them. I A thorough understanding of what constitutes public necessities will as-sist you in making sound investments. It will show you how to safely invest your funds and obtain an income of 5% to 6% Write for Booklet G. Free on request. E. H. ROLLINS & SONS.

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Railroad Equipment Bonds This information is contained in a small booklet which also shows how the Courts have ruled in regard to the securities of all the important railroads that have gone into the hands of receivers. Every investor should have this booklet.

Write for it to-day. RUDOLPH KLEYBOLTE & CO., Bankers 171 La Salle St. CEICAGO 115 Broadway 4th & Walast Sts. NEW YORK CINCINNATI



THESE equipment notes cover various kinds of cars and freight locomotives and cabooses, amounting to a total of about 5,115. The cabooses cost about \$1,030 each, the steel underframe cars of different types from

total of about \$,115. The cabooses cost about \$1,030 each, the steel underframe cars of different types from about \$1,080 to \$1,300 each, bag-gage cars about \$1,000 each, chair cars about \$1,000 each, chair cars about \$1,000 each, observa-tion smoking cars about \$19,000 each, first-class coaches about \$10,800 each, consolidated freight locomotives from about \$16,000 to \$17,580 each, etc. The Alabama Great Southern Railroad Company, under the terms of an indenture dated May 1, 1906, issued \$1,479,000 4½ per cent. equipment bonds, being 85 per cent. of the total cost of the equipment. These bonds are in coupon form \$1,000 each; interest payable May and November 1. The principal is payable at the rate of \$74,000 semiannually from November 1, 1906, to November 1, 1915, and \$73,000 (the final instaliment) on May 1, 1916. These notes are a direct obligation of the Alabama Great Southern Railroad Company, and are a first mortgage upon 2,000 standard freight cars and eight locomotives. The title to the equipment is vested in trust in a firm of investment bankers, but the trustee—a well-known trust company—is legally emtrustee—a well-known trust company—is legally em-powered to act for the holders of the bonds in accordance with the terms of the indenture. The St. Louis and San Francisco Railroad Company

under the terms of an indenture dated August 1, 1907, under the terms of an indenture dated August 1, 1907, issued \$5,074,000 5 per cent. equipment coupon notes in \$1,000 denominations. This issue represents 90 per cent. of the total cost of the equipment. The principal is payable in semiannual installments from February 1, 1908, to August 1, 1917. These notes are guaranteed by the American Car and Foundry Company by endorse-ment on each note. The equipment comprises 3,000 forty-ton steel underframe box cars, 1,000 fity-ton steel underframe coal cars and 500 forty-ton steel underframe stock cars. The indenture provides that the title to the equipment shall be vested in the trustee—a well-known trust company—and shall not pass to the Railroad Company until all of the notes have been paid off.

UNDER the terms of an indenture dated June 1, 1907, the Delaware and Hudson Company issued \$10,-000,000 first lien equipment 4½ per cent. bonds, due July 1, 1922. The interest upon these bonds is pay-able January and July 1, and the bonds are in coupon form, \$1,000 cach, with the privilege of regis-tration of principal. The total cost of the equipment is given as \$12,083,000; the tile being vested in a well-known trust company, acting as trustee. It will be noted that these bonds have fifteen years to run from date of issue, and that they are not paid off serially. The indenture stipulates, however, that the company must pay to the trustee an annual sinking fund of \$650,000 in cash. This money is to be applied either toward the purchase of additional equipment to become further security for them. If the money in the sinking fund is not employed in this manner, it must be used to purchase bonds legal for the investment of funds of insurance companies in the State of New York; the bonds so purchased to be held as further security for those of this issue. Bonds so purchased may be subsequently sold and the proceeds used either to purchase and cancel bonds of this issue. purchased may be subsequently sold and the proceeds used either to purchase and cancel bonds of this issue, or to purchase new equipment upon which these bonds will be a first mortgage. These equipment bonds are themselves a legal investment for the funds of insurance companies in the State of New York.

UNDER the terms of the indentures covering equipment bonds it is the custom to stipulate that the railroads must at all times keep all of the equipment in complete repair and in good working condition. They must also replace any equipment that may become worn out, lost, or de-stroyed, and, at least once a year, they must furnish the trustee with a full and complete statement showing where the equipment is located, describing and designating by the numbers any equipment that may have been destroyed and replaced, or that may have been repaired or may be undergoing repair. In addition, the railroads must keep the equipment insured against either loss or damage. All of these expenses are bome by the railroads, and, in any event, it is reasonable to believe that the railroads would, from the standpoint of their own best interests, take the best of care of proptheir own best interests, take the best of care of prop-erty which will pass, ultimately, directly to their ownership.

Then again, the railroads must, at least once a year, if requested by the trustee, allow its agents to make full inspection of the equipment, and furnish all reason-able facilities for so doing. In some cases, but not always, the cost of such inspection is borne by the railroads.

The life of equipment, the matter of depreciation charges, the basis of settlement in case of wreckage, and many other important points, are determined by an association, known as the "Master Car Builders' Asso-ciation." The railroads in this association are represented by master mechanics, superintendents, and those

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State

responsible for the maintenance of equipment, whose combined judgments are accepted as being authoritative. This insures a unity of rulings and action upon all matters relating to equipment obligations.

The statement emanates from reliable sources that a careful search has failed to reveal a single case of loss to the holders of such securities, either as to interest or principal. Other recognized authorities claim that during the depression of 1893 and

Not a Single

1894, when railroads aggregating 98,000 miles went into the hands

Loss Recorded 98,000 miles went into the hands of receivers, the outstanding equip-ment obligations, amounting to approximately \$60,000,000, were paid in full, except that, in some few cases, holders of equipment bonds were offered in exchange securities which afterwards sold at prices in excess of the original cost to them of their equipment bonds. On the other hand, many of the first mortgage bond issues of the same railroads were reduced in interest rate or value. One of the explanations of this remarkable record is doubtless the fact that the receivers found it to be absolutely essential to have the equipment in order to operate the various fact that the receivers found it to be absolutely essential to have the equipment in order to operate the various railroads. This is the experience that the receivers of some railroads are having to-day; consequently, they are compelled to take care of the outstanding equipment obligations. Without the use of the equipment, little or nothing could be accomplished. Like short term notes, the market for equipment bonds is governed, in the main, by the interest rates for money. It is reasonable to believe that there is perhaps no form of investment in the world combining to a

bonds is governed, in the main, by the interest rates for money. It is reasonable to believe that there is perhaps no form of investment in the world combining to a greater degree the three important features so essential for the funds of the average business man; namely, safety of the principal, liberal income yield and satis-factory market. The different series of any specific issue of equipment bonds usually sell at prices to yield the same rate of income. For example, a 6 per cent. basis for a \$1,000, par value, equipment bond having one year to run would represent a cost of about \$990 and accrued interest; for a series of the same issue due in five years about \$960 and accrued interest, and for a series of the same issue due in ten years about \$920 and accrued interest. Under normal conditions, the same bonds would probably sell at prices to yield from about  $4\frac{1}{2}$  to 5 per cent. Some of the most desirable issues are now selling at prices to yield from about 5 to  $6\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. Thus, it will be seen that in these days there are just as good bargains in properly selected equipment just as good bargains in properly selected equipment bonds as in all other classes of investment securities.

### Ready to Open an Account By Eduin Tarrisse

"PLEASE write your name on that line," said the bank teller, pushing a book and a pen toward the old woman.

"Do yez want me to sign me first name?" she asked, as she took the pen. "Yes, your full name, and middle initial, if you have

any." "Do yez want me husband's name?"

<sup>14</sup> Do yez want me husband's name?" "Yes, his last name, but your own first name." "Oh, me name befure I was married?" "No, your given name—Ellen, or Bridget—" "Sure, but me name is naythur wan o' thim !" "Well, what is it, then?" "Sure, it's Mary." "Very well. There are others waiting in the line, so please hurry and write your name." "Wan minute. Do yez want the 'Mrs.?'" "No, never mind that. Now, go ahead." "Sure, I'd do that, honest, I would; but, you see, sor, I can't write !"

### Be Square with Your Employees

BE SQUARE with your employees. A man who had worked faithfully for a firm for twenty years recently found a notice in his pay envelope to the effect that after the next Saturday his services would no longer be required. The only explanation his employers gave for his discharge was that he was getting along in years. They had been willing to skim the cream off of this man's life-work, to squeeze the best out of him, and then they set him adrift.

then they set him adrift. Many concerns making large profits have no compunc-tion in keeping their employees on starvation wages. When Justice Crane, of New York, was asked, a short time ago, to convict a young man, who was re-ceiving a salary of five dollars a week, for stealing something of small value, he said: "When I was a boy, I had to get along on two dollars a week the best way I could. My employers paid no more attention to me than if I had been a dog. There were days when I did not eat at all. On one occasion I was handed \$2,500 in cash for my firm when I had not had a meal all day. I was then pretty near the rock upon which all day. I was then pretty near the rock upon which this youth you see before us foundered."

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wanted to borrow money."

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6%



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#### May, 1908







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### THE ART OF WALKING By



The walking club of the University of Pennsylvania

A WALKING club composed of students of the Univer-sity of Pennsylvania was formed last January, and sixty men took part in the first walk, one hundred and twenty-five in the second, and now there are over three hundred members. The object of this walking club is to promote social fellowship among the mem-bers, to take rambles to places of interest, and thereby receive that "pulsating" health and buoyancy of spirits which can be obtained by indulging in this excel-lent exercise. lent exercise.

In texercise. This project is not original, as "Father Jahn" (father of the German system of gymnastics) about one hundred years ago formed a pedestrian club composed of young men who, while on their long walks, would perform exercises upon the limb of a tree. From this evolved our present horizontal bar. On inclement days this band of young men resorted to a room or hall and practiced gymnastics; thus the German turn

great recognized bodies of gymnastics.

WALKING is one of the commonest acts of life, and when taken vigorously is also one of the best exercises in which one can indulge. It is very important that the The correct walk, in which the heed is placed on the ground first. Slouch along with the shoulders rounded, and the abdomen of awn in. Observe the passing crowd in one of our city streets: how many people do we see who walk correctly? Hardly one person in a hundred. Most people slouch along with the head projected, the chest contracted, the shoulders rounded, and the abdomen protruding; whereas, the chin should be drawn in to the chest, and the body held in an erect position. A

> The bent-knee walk, in which the foot is placed flat on the ground.

> > Incorrect and unhealthy

protructing; whereas, the chin should be drawn in to the chest, and the body held in an erect position. A good way to tell whether the body is carried in a cor-rect position or not is to stand with the back to a wall; the head, shoulders, hips, and heels should touch it. Another way is to keep the back of the neck pressed against one's collar, or by balancing a heavy book on the head. Take a moderately heavy book and place it on top of the head and balance oneself easily. In this it will be observed that the head is in a line with the rest of the body, the chin drawn in slightly, and the chest thrown out strongly; and the abdomen will be drawn in and the knees straightened. If the properposture of the body

If the proper posture of the body be not maintained, the health cannot help but become impaired; the lungs cannot be properly inflated, and the internal organs will lose their natural and proper support. The Italian women who carry large and heavy loads upon their heads have erect bodies and are graceful in their movements.



MANY estimates of exertion may be inaccurate, but at least they prove that by walk-

in the University of Pennsylvania How to Indulge

in the Most Healthful and **Invigorating** of all Natural Exercises

WILLIAM J. CROMIE

Instructor of Gymnastics

ing we may easily, and without much fatigue, endure great exertion. Marey, a French scientist, has invented a shoe for showing with what force the feet press upon the ground, and has proven that one can, by a few hours' walking, reach the highest total of labor of which the body is capable in a day. The reason for this is due to the fact that not one



value. The following will prove the above suppo-sition to be erroneous. During the first week of the holiday vacation the writer walked over one hundred miles, an aver-age of sixteen and two thirds miles a day, not only without loss of energy in the muscles and other parts chiefly concerned, but even with an increase of vigor both local and general. Is this not interesting from the physiological and anatomical standpoint, when we consider that, in order to travel sixteen and two thirds miles, each lower limb must probably be moved about 20,000 times, making a total of 40,000 for both limbs 7 The arms swinging at the sides would make about as many. This would make a total of 80,000. This sum multiplied by two hundred muscles which are brought into greater or less action at every step, gives a product into greater or less action at every step, gives a product of 16,000,000. Can it be that our system is so consti-tuted as to be able to perform all of these muscular movements not only without loss by "wear and tear," but also with advantage? Experience proves this to be true.

### \* An Aid to Digestion

• An Aid to Digestion
Where is probably the best of all exercises for both the breath is increased many times its is normal amount. E. Smith, the English physiologist, shows that in slow walking the breath is almost doubted in volume. At an ordinary pace it is almost doubted in volume. At an ordinary pace it is almost doubted in volume. At an ordinary pace it is almost doubted in volume. At an ordinary pace it is almost doubted in volume. At an ordinary pace it is almost doubted in volume. At an ordinary pace it is almost doubted in volume. At an ordinary pace it is almost doubted in volume. At an ordinary pace it is almost doubted in volume. At an ordinary pace it is almost doubted in volume. At an ordinary pace it is almost doubted in volume. At an ordinary pace it is almost doubted in volume. At an ordinary pace it is almost doubted in volume. At an ordinary pace it is almost doubted in volume. At an ordinary pace it is almost doubted in volume. At an ordinary pace it is almost doubted in volume. At an ordinary pace it is almost doubted in volume. At an ordinary pace it is almost doubted in volume. At an ordinary pace it is almost doubted in the system, and as it is increased in the system, and as it is increased and invigorated. Under the influence of this powerfully oxygen is and assimilation are necessary for digestion, with more reased under this stimula.

### Natural and Unnatural Steps

Some writers advocate, as the correct way of walking, the placing of the ball of the foot on the ground first. This is decidedly improper, as the walk is likely to be unsteady, because the base is small and the steps





must necessarily be shortened. This way is very tiresome, as a mile walk will convince any one. The absurdity of this can readily be seen in the extremely high French heels worn by *some* women. When the base on which the body rests is small, as in "tiptoe" or "ball of foot" walking, one's foot is likely to turn and the ankle become sprained. Besides, a backward movement is incerted. movement is inserted.

In the natural tread the heel goes down first, and the footsteps turn outward (as one sees on snow or sand). The reason that the step is outward is due



foot pointing outward, as seen in the illustration. Upon ob-serving the walk of 1,000 stu-dents, it was found that every one placed the heel on the ground first.

Hum a Tune as You Move Along

Music, whistling, humming, the beat of a drum, all tend to make walking more in-teresting. Some claim that when these accompaniments are used the stars are longar in proper the steps are longer in propor-tion to their duration than when

Position of feet in correct walking a small boy following a band, one is usually animated with the boy's youthful spirit, and feels like falling in line with him. It has been observed that when students are on a long tramp, and are becoming tired and walk with seeming difficulty, a college song ealivens them, and the pace is more brisk. Upon walking up a hill at night the distance seems shorter and is less tiresome than in the daytime. The music probably acts in the same psychological way: the hill cannot be seen—the walk is forgotten in listening to the music. In standing and in slow walking, the veins of the legs become fuller, and the cir-culation of the blood and become heavy; the circulation is not materially quickened, and the waste products are not carried away guickly enough. Slow walking, consequently.

of feet in bent know walking

and the waste products are not carried away quickly enough. Slow walking, consequently, brings on a feeling of fatigue, while fast, vigorous walking keeps one fresh, and the walker performs far more muscular exertion.

### The Care of the Feet

THE chief cause of tender feet rests with the stockings or shoes in which the pedestrian may com-

Never begin a long walk in new shoes. The shoes should be of sufficient length and width in the length tread across the toes. For a long walk, good, stout soles are better than



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ACME

THE



light ones. Shoes laced up the front and reaching a trifle above the ankles, and of medium stoutness, will answer every purpose. To toughen the feet, bathe in a solution of salt water. If the feet are extremely tender, add a little powdered alum and vinegar. In case of spraws of muscles or tendons, *rest* and hot applications are the best treatment.

bo not hold vourself too rigid as you walk, but perform this exercise as if you enjoyed it. Walk fast and swing your arms. When alone, whistle or hum a song or march, as this gives a pleasing rhythm to the step. Do not be too ambitious, and, in your enthusiasm, begin with a ten-mile walk. If not accustomed to walking, begin with one mile a day the first week, and two miles a day the second. After the first week, and two miles a day the second. After the first month, double this distance, and in the course of two months you will find yourself walking eight or ten miles with ease and increased vigor. In the long walk, do not begin too fast. Start out slowly, gradually increasing the pace. Lengthen the stride, as thus more ground is covered and the muscles are thereby strengthened.



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BUBBORIBERS (OF RECORD) MENTION "BUCCESS MAGAZINE" IN ANSWERING ADVERTICEMENTS, THEY ARE PROTECTED BY OUR GUARANTEE AGAINST LOSS BEE PAGE 278

### The Sanitary Home

### ----(3)--Choosing a Refrigerator By CLAUDIA QUIGLEY MURPHY

NOTHING else is more important in the furnishing of a home than a good refrigerator, and, strange to say, the average housekeeper is perfectly ignorant of the principles of refrigeration and innocent of the construction and care of a refrigerator.

How, then, can such a purchase be wisely made, for it is a purchase that has to be made at stated intervals? The cost may seem to be an indication of the real value of a refrigerator (they are offered at prices from \$4 to \$100), but to be governed by price alone is unwise, for a seemingly expensive box may be most economical, and a cheap, flimsy one exceedingly expensive.

REFRIGERATORS wear out and need replacing, and the REFIGERATORS wear out and need replacing, and the study of the principles of cold storage is continually bringing about improvements, so that the product of to-day is very different from that of ten years ago and an intelligent choice requires constant study. Old housekeepers can easily remember the crude affairs called ice boxes that were formerly in use. To keep food cald anount to require to require the requirement the food cold enough to prevent its spoiling seemed the only object. Now the aim is to have perfect circulation of cold, dry air, so that food will not only be kept cool, but that its quality and flavors will also be preserved

A REFRIGERATOR sold at a cheap price must be cheaply built. If we could examine such a refrigera-tor we would find that it is merely a shell of cheap wood, with an interlining of common brown paper, covered over with an ordinary galvanized-iron lining, sometimes painted white, and sold to the public as an enameled refrigerator.

sometimes painted white, and sold to the public as an enameled refrigerator. This is no more a refrigerator than a counterfeit dol-lar is the genuine. A more expensive refrigerator may be made of two shells of wood, with a galvanized iron or zinc lining to the inner shell, and with the space between the shells filled with a layer of charcoal. This con-struction is comewhat better, as it insures better insu-lation and preserves the ice a bit longer. Such refrig-erators cost far more than a common box and are worth more, it is true, but they are not really good enough. more, it is true, but they are not really good enough.

\* \* \* \* Тне моэт desirable refrigerator for the ordinary home is made of two shells of hardwood, with a heavy lining of wool felt attached to the outer case. Then two shells of hair between four layers of sheathing paper is added, making it impossible for the warm air to penetrate through these walls. Now, which box would be the cheaper, the first or the second, so far as the consumption of ice and the preservation of food are concerned? This more perfect

the second, so far as the consumption of ice and the preservation of food are concerned? This more perfect box has the added advantage of a porcelain lining, genuine porcelain burned onto sheet steel, then sub-mitted to the burning process again, and then again, as are the colors in decorated china. Such a box will last a lifetime and admit of all the washing one wants to give it, and it is far superior to the cheaper one which is lined with galvanized iron, which is simply painted with white lead and which will easily crack, mar, and scratch. scratch.

A good refrigerator is also fitted up with heavy, sub-stantial hinges that will not spring out—and the locks secure the doors so tightly that no warm air can possibly filter through from the outside to melt the ice. The shelves should all be movable and made of woven mesh wire, on a steel frame, so that one can look to the very bottom of the refrigerator without stooping. These shelves can be scalded and cleaned, and there are no dark corners under the shelves. no dark corners under the shelves.

A cake of ice in a cheap refrigerator will last only one day, but in a thoroughly good one it will last three days, and save your food.

\* \* \* IN PURCHASING a refrigerator, ask a few intelligent questions concerning the linings and interlinings, the hardware, the movable shelves, and the distribution of air, and the dealer will know that you know what a good refrigerator is and that he cannot sell you a poor one. After purchasing a refrigerator, where are you going to place it? Are you going to put it out on a piazza, where the wind and weather will spoil it? It may be waterproof inside but it surely is not outside, and the porch is no place for it. Place it inside the kitchen rather than let it spoil outside. A better place is a room where it can receive the ice from the outside, and many of our modern houses are built with a refrigerator room. The pantry may be used, but never a erator room. The pantry may be used, but never a

porch or cellar. Be sure that the refrigerator stands level, so the water Be sure that the retrigerator stands level, so the water running through the waste pipes can run off freely. Keep it full of ice. The ice will not melt as fast in a temperature of 45 degrees as it will in a temperature of 55 or 60 degrees, so if you keep your ice chamber filled and the doors tightly closed, you will reduce the tem-perature, and thereby save your ice.

ASHION permits just enough variety in the shape and weave of straw hats to suit every man's requirements, but it forbids extremes. Of course, the only way to be sure of style is to get a



And that is not the only reason you should purchase a hat with the Knox trade-mark in it: quality and durability must be present, if you want a fresh-looking hat all Summer.

Quality, Durability and Style-only the Knox trade-mark will guarantee all three.



GISTERE

KNOX NEW YORK

### SUCCESS MAGAZINE

**KEEPS FOOD TO PERFECTION** 



Now learn how to arrange your food in a refrigerator, because your results will depend much upon the location of certain foods. Put butter and milk on the floor of the refrigerator, for all odors are carried up and not down.

not down. Shell fish, such as oysters, should be put in a glass fruit jar, with the cover screwed on tight. Put this jar into a tin pail with water enough to cover it, and by putting a piece of ice on top, the oysters will keep sev-eral days. Put left-over vegetables and foods on upper shelves—covering where it seems necessary. Every-thing must be scrupulously neat and clean, to avoid mold, or food souring. Green vegetables, lettuce, parsley, cucumbers, and radishes, can be put directly on the ice.—it will serve to keep them crisp. the ice,—it will serve to keep them crisp. Eggs will retain their freshness longer if placed with

milk and butter.

SCRUB your refrigerator frequently—once a week is none too often. Take out everything, wash the sides with soap and water and wipe dry—do not leave it to dry. Treat the shelves in the same way. Wash the ice chamber often, and do not neglect rinsing the ice carefully before it goes into it. Take a plunger and run it through the waste pipes. Examine

plunger and run it through the waste pipes. Examine the trap and see that it is not clogged with slime. You will then have a refrigerator that will insure perfect satisfaction. --



"Ya-as, suh," then exclaimed the darky, shaking all over with rapture: "ya-as suh, Mr. Roosevelt, yo' an' me is bole twins!"

### Mr. Taft's Popularity

"I'LL tell ve jes' how 't is, 'Rastus," said one of the old-time colored waiters at Harvey's in Washington, "dat Mas' Taft make hisself so pop'lah an' win such a heap ob fr'en's wherebber he go. It is his pussonal magnitude. Yessah, dat is jes' what does it—his pus-sonal magnitude!"

The only thing that is inexcusable and cowardly

is to give up the struggle.

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eliminates every trace of dampness, odor or taints; is al-ways sweet and clean and actually reduces your ice bills. McCRAY REFRIGERATORS have an active cold air circulation to every nook and corner. Their thick walls are insulated with mineral wool. They are lined with opal-glass (looks like china), porcelain-tile, white enameled wood, or odorless white wood. No zinc is ever used because zinc is unsanitary. Can be made to be iced from the back porch if desired. All sizes and linings are ready for immediate shipment. We build refrigerators to order for any requirement. Plans and estimates without charge. Send for Catalog No. 83, for Residences; No. 47, for Hotels, Clubs, Restaurants; No. 65, for Grocers; No. 58, for Meat Markets; or, No. 71, for Florists. They contain reli-able refrigerator information. MCCRAY REFRIGERATOR COMPANY, 691 Mill Street, - - - Kendalivil Branches in all principal cities. - Kendallville, Indiana.

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The Well-Dressed Man A Help to Those Who Wish to Dress in Good Taste and within Their Means By ALFRED STEPHEN BRYAN

[Readers of SUCCESS MAGAZINE are invited to ask any questions which puzzle them about good form in dress. If desired, writers' names will not be used here, but every inquirer must attach his name as a pledge of sincerity. It is suggested that the questions asked be of general, rather than of personal interest.]

Rice.—Four-in-hands for spring are narrow—about two inches—and tied into a slim, tapering knot under a fold or turnover collar with closely meeting front edges. Wing collars are less in vogue than formerly, but, if they are becoming to you, by all means wear them.

INQUIRER.—Patent-leather pumps are evening shoes and should not be worn before sunset. A blue serge suit is informal, while patent-leather shoes are formal dress—hence, the combination is inconsistent. Black socks are always good form and no other color, except very dark gray, should accompany Tuxedo clothes. Openwork hose are no longer in fashion.

CAP.—Golf coats are much less worn now than in former years, when the game was in its infancy and a special mode of dress was considered necessary. Scarlet and green were favorite colors then, but one sees few golf coats on the links to-day. Most men regard them as an affectation, though they look undeniably picturesque.

O'D.—Handkerchiefs are variously embroidered with monograms, signatures, crests, and initials. The work is expensive, and, of course, should only appear on handkerchiefs of fine material. You can buy handkerchiefs adorned with a single initial (A to Z) at all good shops.

WILE.—Having one's shirts made to measure is a luxury. You can naturally obtain a more accurate fit than in ready-to-wear garments and more exclusive colorings and designs. Still, ready-to-wear shirts are made to-day with such skill and care, that it is not worth while to go to a custom maker, unless cost is no consideration.

TOURIST.—You have in mind silk air pillows. These are made with Morocco or pigskin cases and measure (closed) about  $7\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$  inches. They are a distinct convenience for travelers who like to loll at their ease. Traveling rugs, shawls, and what are known as "Mauds" are usually made of vicuna and fine wools in plain colors with plaid backs or Scotch plaids on both sides. There are also black-and-white effects for mourning, an extreme idea.

PRINCETON.—The suggestions regarding motoring dress to which you refer are as follows: The motorist who is his own chauffeur—and being that is half the fun of the game—dresses with the idea of comfort uppermost. Style is of secondary consideration, if, indeed, it is a consideration at all. Driving a swiftly moving car against wind, through dust, and along roads often stony and jolting is a task which demands a sure eye, a steady wrist, and absolute ease of body. Fashion in dress must yield, then, to comfort, though there is no reason at all for not dressing both suitably and becomingly. The popular conception of a motorist as a creature of forbidding mein, clothed in garments suggestive of an Arctic explorer or a modernized bluebeard, is due to motorists themselves, some of whom delight to look spectacular even if they are only out on a trip through the park. Dress as lightly as you can and as warmly as you

Dress as lightly as you can and as warmly as you must. Let every garment have a place and a purpose. Don't pile on things indiscriminately, just because you have seen others wear them, of because they are attractively tagged in the shops, "Auto This" or "Auto That." Ease and strength are precious in guiding a machine and both should be husbanded for emergencies. The foundation of right dress is right underwear. This should be thick enough to keep the body warm in the



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 KEEPS YOUR SOCKS TRIM-The patented flap satisf' class and support prevent wrink-ling of the sock with low shoes.
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constant breeze which blows when the car is in motion, and yet not so thick as to induce perspiration. We recommend mesh underwear of medium weight. It lets the air in and out, absorbs perspiration, and preserves a uniform temperature, something greatly to be desired. The shirts should be sleeveless to give the wearer's arms perfect freedom and, for similar reasons, "knicker" drawers are preferable to full-length drawers. As concerns outer dress, a distinction should be made

drawers are preferable to full-length drawers. As concerns outer dress, a distinction should be made between long and short runs. A short run in a light car requires very little "muffling up," and any sort of loose flannel or tweed suit with a tweed cap will do. Leggings are serviceable, but by no means necessary. Many men prefer "knicker" trousers like those for cycling, and golf stockings. This manner of dress is simple, sensible, and leaves the legs unencumbered. We are quite aware that it differs from the popular notion of what a motorist should look like, but experi-ence has taught us that it gives the maximum of com-fort. Indeed, the man who dresses well keeps as far as possible away from any garb which would tend to make him resemble a hired *chauffeur*, and there is always that danger when one needlessly affects clothes extremely "motorish." The long run does not call for "bundling up," and

extremely "motorisn." The long run does not call for "bundling up," and a multiplicity of leather garments of varying weight and thickness are made in this country, but imported chiefly from abroad. It may be added that motoring is a sport from abroad. It may be added that motoring is a sport of European birth, but just because they wear cumbrous sack-like garments in the colder countries is no valid reason why we should do likewise. Leather may be very wear-resisting, but it is also extremely stiff and clumsy, and, of course, without the least pretensions to good looks. A long silk pongee coat is an admirable garment, dust-proof, wind-proof, soil-proof, and cloak-ing the whole body, without, at the same time, im-peding the wearer's movements. It may be worn over any kind of outfit, and looks "smart" as well as appro-priate. The regulation motoring cap is not as becompeaing the wearer's movements. It may be worn over any kind of outfit, and looks "smart" as well as appro-priate. The regulation motoring cap is not as becom-ing as a simple cap of soft tweed. A new motoring hat is of ooze calfskin, which will be found very service-able. It is pliable, and the stitched brim may be turned down in front to guard the eyes. A gauntlet glove is fashioned of black or tan cape skin, and the gauntlet may be loosened or tightened over the wrist, as the wearer wishes. Heavy, thick-soled boots, which lace high above the ankle, are recommended for long runs, as the roads are apt to be muddy and one may be obliged to tramp some distance in search of a repair shop, if the car balks or gets out of order—a contin-gency that is never looked for, but always provided for by the seasoned motorist. Moreover, heavy boots are needed in the car, since considerable of the rougher work must be done with one's feet.

### Fatalities

**Fatalities** "YES," said the beauteous young thing, "when I asked papa if I might go mountain climbing, he took my head off. But I had my own way, of course, and finally the crowd got started, and you know they made me put on a lot of wraps and things that simply suffo-cated me. And about halfway up I slipped and fell over a cliff and broke my neck! Indeed, yes. And when they had lifted and pulled me back on the trail I absolutely died from pain. But before long I was able to go on to the top, but by the time we were almost there I collapsed and sat down, for I could never breathe again. But they made me pull myself together, and in time we got to the summit, and there it was so cold I froze to death! Oo-ooh! And I was glad, I tell you, when we came down at last, and as soon as they got me home, I went to bed, dead from exhaustion."

### Stocks: A Derivation

### By ELLIS O. JONES

THE word slock comes from an Anglo-Saxon word meaning stick. It is quite clear, therefore, that it comes by its present meaning honestly. One of the best methods of sticking a person nowadays is to do it with stocks. The word slock has a variety of mean-ings. For instance, it is used to denote "the stem or branch in which a graft is inserted" (Webster), thus early justifying its graft connections. In former times, it was a favorite mode of punishment to put men in the stocks, that is, bind the hands and feet so they could not get away. From that, it was but a step to binding a man's pocketbook with worthless bits of paper, thus inducing mental and physical anguish unknown to the earlier method and leading, in many cases, to suicide itself. suicide itself.

From its original meaning as a stick or block of wood, the word was applied to persons "who are dull and lifeless, as a stock or post; one who has little sense" (Webster). Hence, the thing in which senseless people dabble.

Like many other words in our language, however, this word has undergone a notable and significant change in its abstract connotations. Formerly, it meant "something fixed and solid; a pillar; a firm support; a post" (Webster). Now it refers to something slip-pery, ephemeral, fluctuating, watery, evanescent and vicisitudinous vicissitudinous.



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May, 1908

### The Little Gold God [Concluded from page 284]

around came Huntington and Geers and Van Ness, and Tommy Berkeley. dodge them for a few days. I managed to But then they caught me, coming out of the alley. Of course they piled all over me and wanted to know where 1 'd been and what I meant by treating them as I had, and they congratulated me one minute and bullied me the next, and nothing would do but a run out to the Three Pigeons in the machines with dinner and a general jubilee.

"Heaven knows how I managed to get away from them .- And I did want that dinner, too! But I told them not to be so premature; that the play might be a frost; that I did n't have a minute to myself and would n't until after the production; that, if the first night went well, I'd take their dinner and get back at them with another. Just think of that, old man! Two real dinners! They're going to be on hand Monday night-three boxes full. I told them to be decorous and not make a chump out of me. But they would n't listen to me; and Tommy Berkeley swore that he was going to take the crowd out to his place at Southampton and train them so they 'd make the finest French claque that ever claqued, look like a bunch of paralytics at a funeral."

His eyes musingly sought the corner of the room. "I'm glad I did n't let the dress duds go," he muttered. "I'll need them after all. And, maybe, Tuesday afternoon, if she's back from Maine by then, I can go to her and-

The little gold god did n't hear the rest. It was whispered to the stars.

LONG before the sun had sunk behind the western roofs on Monday night, the man got out the one dress shirt from the little washstand drawer and carefully put in its bosom two cheap studs and in its cuffs a pair of cheap buttons (for good studs and buttons had long since been represented only by tickets). He carefully laid out upon the bed his evening clothes, thoroughly brushing them; and he took the newspaper shroud from his silk hat, and painstakingly wiped the dust from the treeless pumps.

He made a careful toilet before the blotchy mirror, shaving himself with a razor that had long since lost its edge and donning his raiment slowly until at length he stood completely dressed.

"There must be at least an hour yet to wait," he said. "I'll take a stroll up the Avenue. They 'll be dining on the terrace at Sherry's and Del's will be crowded. Perhaps to-morrow night- Heigho! It's been a long time since we came into the wilderness, has n't it, old man?" he asked of the little gold god. "Several æons, at least. But we're almost at the end To-morrow morning we'll go back to now. God's country. We'll fix matters at the clubs and move into the old rooms on the Avenue. And we'll try to find Watkins again. Poor Watkins! I wonder if they 've been as good to him as he deserves. We'll go to Her and ask that which we've wanted so long to know. And maybe she'll place her hands upon our shoulders and look at us with those wonderful eyes of hers-those eyes that are soft as the summer dusk, deep and pure as a woodland pool—and she'll say, 'Yes!' And then—" He broke off abruptly, with a short little laugh.

"We've been the architects of some wonder-ful air castles, you and I, have n't we, old man?" he asked. "I'll go out for a walk; and you wait here, and maybe in a few hours I'll have some good news for you. Wish me luck, old man, and *au revoir.*" And he was gone.

PATIENTLY, stolidly, in squat impassiveness, the little gold god sat alone upon the narrow shelf, above the empty hooks, waiting, while



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outside the little life that remained to the day was stifled from it by the choking grip of the sultry night until it lay dead upon a sweltering bier, shrouded by the dia-mond-studded blackness of the sky. Unmoving, unwinking, the little god sat waiting. The slow seconds grew into minutes, the slow moments into hours. The clock in the church around the corner

into hours. The clock in the church around the corner boomed out the hour of ten.

Some time after its brazen voice had died away into the city-riddled silence, there were slow steps on the airs. The door opened. The man entered. He laid his hat upon the bed—his gloves beside it. stairs.

Then, slowly, he took the little dispatch box from the washstand drawer and, opening it, drew therefrom a long slip of close-printed paper, perforated into many sections

"We did not burn our bridges behind us, old man," "We did not burn our bridges behind us, old man," he said slowly. "And in that we showed unaccus-tomed foresight. This," and he tapped the little slip of curling paper, "will take us a long way from here; and for the rest, we must depend upon the little which has not already gone the way of these," indicating the heap of pawn tickets, "but which now must do so. The play is a failure."

There was a long silence. "There was a long silence. "There was lots of applause, of course," he said. "Van and Geers and Tommy Berkeley and the rest of them saw to that, and overdid it, too. But that signi-fies nothing. It's had-very bad. I came away at the beginning of the third act. The stage hands even were jeering at it; and Dalrymple stood there cursing himself and me and the actors and the audience and vowing that he'd take it off to-morrow if the house had to stay dark the rest of the season. So I could n't stand any more and came away. It meant too much to me. means that we must go away, old man. We can never ask her. We don't even dare to see her.

Though we can at least write a note of good-bye, now that we are going away, and explain everything to her."

There was only the yellow paper on the table, and the pencils—no pen or ink—and but a single envelope. He hesitated a moment; then, carefully selecting a pencil that bore a sharp point, he seated himself and bent over the table.

A yellow sheet, bearing a few carefully penciled lines, slid gently off to the floor, and another took its place, soon after to follow the first in floating flight to the carpet; and another; and another; and another; and at length the man threw the pencil from him and sat

wearily back in his chair. "1 can't write it," he said. "1 say either too much or too little. 1--"

There was a soft step on the stair; a gentle, hesita-ting tap upon the door. The man raised his head from his breast.

"Come in," he said.

Slowly, very slowly, the door swung open- and She stood before him.

Her head was bare save for the covering that God had given it—great, glorious masses of billowing hair. She was in evening toilette and stood forth in perfection against the semi-darkness of the ill-lit hall. In those drously, beautifully incongruous. The man rose quickly to his feet and drew the back

of his hand uncertainly across his eyes. He was as one among the damned who suddenly sees an angel. "You!" he cried.

She nodded.

"Yes," she replied. "I am committing an indiscretion—a most unpardonable indiscretion, as Aunt Jane would say in coming here, am I not?" And she laughed a little." "But," he said, "how—when—!"

"But," he said, "how—when—!" "But," he said, "how—when—!" "It was quite useless for you to try to hide your light under a bushel," she returned. "We got some of the Sunday papers on Thursday and the news of your première was in them. So I came right back, reaching New York late this afternoon. The play had begun when I reached the theater. After the second act, I sent Tommy Berkeley around to find you. They told him you had gone; so he got your address from the mana-ger; and we stole away while no one was watching us. Why did n't you tell me? Why did you go away and hide yourself like this? But perhaps— It was not like you; for surely you cared a little for m—for your friends."

"God knows I did care—I do care—for for—my friends," he said, and his voice was low, and infinitely earnest. "But I had no money; and I could not be a burden upon them. I don't know enough about a burden upon them. I don't know enough about business to make myself worth anything to any one. I might have gotten a position peddling tea and coffee to country stores, or selling cravats and collars and waistcoats in a haberdashery. But those were things I did n't want to do. It was the play, or the foreign legion: and now it's the legion." She stood before him, hesitant, white fingers lacing and interlacing.

and interlacing. "Not that!" she said at length, tensely.

He nodded.

Yes. That."

She was looking full into his eyes, and he full into hers. So for a long moment a moment in which much, very, very much, was said, though no word was spoken.

At length her deep lids, laden with their heavy lashes,



### May, 1908

sank over her eyes and there came a spot of bright, rich crimson upon either cheek. She spoke, with a little rush of breath between red,

parted lips: "You said, once, that when the time should come, you would have something to to-tell me."

He nodded slowly. "Yes," he said. "I did say that. But—" White fingers laced and interlaced more swiftly; deep lashes still veiled averted eyes; and she turned

a little. "Tell me!" she cried suddenly. "The time is here. Tell me!"

His hands clenched. He started. And there came into his gray eyes a great longing and to his lips a rush of words. But then the white, firm teeth clenched; and the

torrent was dammed ere it had surged forth.

torrent was dammed ere it had surged forth. Slowly he shook his head. "I cannot," he said, wearily, dully. "It is to be the legion; it must be. God knows how hard it will be as it is; but if I should tell you all that there is in me to tell you, there would be an open wound to carry to the grave, and I can bear no more pain than is mine now. So good-bye, and may God guard you, always."

grave, and I can bear no more pain than is mine now. So-good-bye, and may God guard you, always." And now, suddenly, it had come; though not as he had dreamed; and she stood before him, her hands on his shoulders, and he found himself gazing into eyes soft as the summer dusk, deep as the woodland pool-eyes near to his—too near. His hands clenched behind his back and his breath came heavily. "Tell me!" she cried, tensely, vibrantly. "Tell me! And then you can never leave me! Tell me! " His hands, still clenched behind him, quivered; and his eyes gleamed with the longings of his soul. And yet:

His hands, still clenched behind him, quivered; and his eyes gleamed with the longings of his soul. And yet: "I cannot," he said dully. "I—" There were loud, hurried steps on the stairs below, and the raucous voice of the landlady was heard directing unseen persons to his room. Then there was another rush of steps, followed by loud hammerings upon his door, intermingled with cries demanding instant admittance admittance.

"Hey! Errol!" It was Dalrymple's voice. "Are you there? Hurry up, then. I want to talk to you." A single step brought the man to the door. He opened it a crack. "Well?" he said.

"Well?" he said. "Put on your hat and come along with me," com-manded Dalrymple, excitedly. "1've got the machine outside. The audience won't go home. They 're hollering for the author and they simply won't quit until you get out on the apron. The first two acts and a half of the third were rotten all right. But that can be fixed easy enough because the big scene knocked 'em cold. Percy of the *Gazette* and Dunn of the *Inter-City* say it's one of the biggest things they 've ever scen and the rest are just as crazy about it as they are. The audience is wild with enthusiasm and those guys in the two stage boxes have yelled themselves into a condition where they can't even croak. Come! Get your hat. If we don't get there pretty soon, they'll have the theater all torn apart. What'd yer leave for, anyhow? But never mind that now. The thing is to get to the theater immediately. Hurry, now!" For an instant, the man had leaned against the rough jamb of the door, hands inert, eyes wandering. But ere the other had done speaking, he was standing squarely, listening calmly. "Thank you, old man," he said. "I'm glad it's a success. 1'll be right down." "Well, get a move on," ordered Dalrymple, dicta-torially; and he pounded heavily and excitedly down the stairs. The man turned slowly on his heel. The girl stood

the stairs.

The man turned slowly on his heel. The girl stood

The man turned slowly on his heel. The girl stood before him, white hands clenched upon her breast, cheeks a glorious red, wonderful eyes gleaming. "1 'll tell you, now," he said simply. And he did, while the bright, distant stars and the little gold god looked on, brazenly—while below, in a big, red automobile, one Dalrymple looked at his watch and muttered excited anathemas at the night—while at the theater, three thousand uproarious people waited, quiesced into a poor semblance of patience by the repeated assurance of the leading man that "the author is coming." is coming."

It was something that required telling many times – this thing that the man had to say. And ere he had half done, Dalrymple was back, hammering on the door again. Then, obediently, hand in hand, like two little children, they had followed him out into the ill-lit hall and down the stairs. Left alone with the stars, and the lumpy bed, and the decrepit washstand, and the empty hooks, the little gold god threw back his head, opened wide his mouth, thrust forth his arms and, for the first time in some twenty-two hundred years, yawned mightily. "It's been a tough pull," he muttered (for he had by this time, you know, become excellently well versed in the strange tongue of the foreign devils), "but I rather think we have n't done so badly after all. I wonder where Watkins is."

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### Harrigan and the Anarchist By LEROY SCOTT

[Concluded from page 292]

maker and removed the lid. There was no explosion. "Well?" came the thin voice of Billy. There was a long pause. "Dirty collars," said

Harrigan. Harrigan. Billy snickered. Harrigan gave him a savage look and went on with the search. Billy came to his side. There were a few French novels, some clothing, a drill for boring through steel, three burglarious looking im-plements, and a revolver. Then from the bottom Har-rigan' brought two rolls of cotton batting. He un-wound the cotton and found the heart of each roll to be a bottle of a size commonly used for medicine. be a bottle, of a size commonly used for medicine, bearing the name of a French chemist. "Mighty careful with his stomach cure," remarked Harrigan, and tossed the two upon the bed.

Harrigan, and tossed the two upon the bed. Billy, who had studied chemistry, glanced casually at the Latin labels of the bottles. Suddenly he clutched Harrigan's arm and shrunk back. "Look out, man!" he cried. "D' you know what those liquids are? Kept separate, they're harmless. Combine 'em, and you've got one of the deadliest explosives in the world!" Harrigan's face so whitened that the fine arteries and veins were like red and blue tracings on paper. The two stared at each other.

two stared at each other. Just then the maid gave them warning. Clothing, burglar's tools, deadly bottles, flew into the valise, with oh, what a fear!—and the two were barely back in their own room when they heard the anarchist's stealthy footsteps in the hall.

THEY sat down in such a position that through the crack of their door, which they left slightly ajar, Harrigan could always have an eye on the door of Victor Jourdain. The strain was intense; Jourdain might venture forth any moment. But ten o'clock came, and eleven, and twelve—and not a creak of the anarchist's door. Harrigan tried to look alert and self-possessed, but continually he wiped his face. Toward one o'clock the anarchist's door began slowly to open. Harrigan saw the first crack. For a moment

to open. Harrigan saw the first crack. For a moment Jourdain's bearded face, fearful, searching, half concealed by his slouch hat, was in the door's opening; then he slipped out and came softly, rapidly, down the hall and

down the stairway. Instanly the two were on their feet. "Did you notice how his coat bulged out?" whispered Harrigan.

Billy nodded- pale, excited. They gave Jourdain a few moments' start, then went down the stairs. When they reached the hotel entrance they saw him half a block away, walking swiftly. They went after him and whenever they guessed he was about to look back, they darted into a doorway, or about to look back, they darted into a doorway, or paused and took the pose of a street conversation. Thus they followed him into Sixth Avenue, northward through Sixth Avenue to Thirty-sixth Street, and east-ward through the deep quietude of Thirty-sixth Street

ward through the deep quietude of Thirty-sixth Street to Madison Avenue. They paused at the corner in the shadow of a stoop. Jourdain turned into the avenue, and in the middle of the block stopped before a house, all boarded up. "Crane's house!" whispered Harrigan. Jourdain looked up and down the avenue. It was deserted. He swiftly mounted the steps, fumbled a united with a chisel at the plank door, then disappeared

minute with a chisel at the plank door, then disappeared

within. "Sav," whispered Harrigan, "he 's really goin' to plant a bomb in the house and blow it to nothin'!" "We could catch him just after the bomb's planted and kill the fuse!" exclaimed Billy. "That would make the story all the bigger. If we could only follow

make the story an the orgger. In we could only contain him in!" "Well, mebbe he's left the door open so's he can get out quicker," said Harrigan. They hurried up to Crane's mansion. Fortune was with them—the door opened at their touch. Breath-less, they listened for a sound, their five senses concen-trated in their ears. But the deserted stillness was unbroken. For a minute they stood so; then up on the second floor they saw a faint glimmer of light. With unbroken. For a minute they stood so; then up on the second floor they saw a faint glimmer of light. With all their organs of life at a pause, so quiet were they, Billy and Harrigan crept up the stairway and peeped through the crack of a door that Jourdain, evidently knowing the house to be empty, had not taken the care to close. The room was the library, and was ghostly with sheeted furniture. There in a corner beside a little safe of obvious newness his broad hat off rapidly safe of obvious newness, his broad hat off, rapidly working a drill, was Jourdain.

The minutes seemed eternity to the pair. But sus-pense-choked as he was, Harrigan determined to call up the other reporters just as soon as the hand-cuffs were on his man. Billy was all right, but then the other reporters would have him photographed-and pictures helped a lot.

Presently the drill went through. Jourdain's back concealed most of the next details, but they saw him mix a little of the contents of each bottle and slip a fuse into the safe. Then he took a big rolled-up rug that lay against the wall, wrapped the rug about the front

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of the safe, lit the fuse, and quickly flattened himself face downward in the farthest corner.

A moment, and there was a muffled, heavy explosion. Jourdain got up, and with other tools completed the hole through the safe's door. He thrust in an arm, and when the arm came out the two at the door's crack saw in his hand a small bundle of papers

when the aim came out the two at the door's crack saw in his hand a small bundle of papers. Harrigan recognized the packet. "The Morini letters!" he breathed. "Morini's man!" whispered Billy. Harrigan stepped into the library, his pistol out-stretched. "Well, I got you!" he exclaimed. Jourdain gave a startled crv and whirled about so sharply that the letters went flying from his hand and dropped by the door. From one cheek which had struck against the corner of the safe door, there hung down in a flap an inch or two of shop-made beard. White, stricken with panic, he stared at the two men. "I got you!" said Harrigan, more triumphantly, with a bolder pose for his present action would be to-morrow's history. He could fairly see his certificate of promotion. "I got you! The game's up!" The trapped, cowering little man answered never a word--leaned tremblingly against the library table. "Take off that beard, and let's have a look at you," Harrigan went on.

Harrigan went on. Still the man answered not. "Oh, I forgot he does n't understand English. Here, Billy; tell him in French to take off his beard." "*Leves la barbe*," said Billy, and Harrigan supple-mented the request with a glowering glance along the pictol barral pistol barrel.

Jourdain lifted two hands to his face. Shakingly they pulled and peeled. A minute lates he stood before them clean-shaven somewhat wrinkled, somewhat weazened.

weazened. Harrigan blinked his eyes—and so did Billy. The handcuffs which Harrigan was taking from a pocket clanked to the floor, and the pistol sank beside his thigh. "Great blazes!" gasped Harrigan. "Mr. Crane!" The three men stared at each other, amid a silence long, profound. The realization was vaguely entering Billy's stupelied mind that Mr. Crane had blown open the safe because he had probably forgotten the combi-nation, when his ever quick ear detected a faint rustle in the hall. He turned, and there in the doorway he saw a peeping, startled face topped by a plumed hat. The next instant the ample figure of Madame Morini swept into the room, and behind her, doing his best to keep off her train, came a tall, stoop-shouldered man carrying a small bag. carrying a small bag. Madame Morini fixed her astonished black eyes on

Mr. Crane and put two gloved hands upon her hips. She stared and stared -- and he seemed to shrink and shrink. Suddenly she laughed mockingly, bitingly. Her eyes took in the discarded beard, and the laugh

rer eyes took in the architecture grew louder. "Sam Crane! Ha, he sneak back to America, sneak into hees house to get hees lettairs to me! A false beard on heem, hees gray hair dyed!" Her laugh was pure scorn.

Crane writhed. His gray, twitching lips opened for his first word. Cornered, he tried to strike back with

"Well, when I heard you were sailing so suddenly, don't you suppose I knew all right what you were coming for?"

coming for?" "So you sink you head me off! But me—I come openly, before all ze world's eyes. You—ha! you sneak back. I know why." She nodded. "Afraid zey make you one weetness in ze court!" She laughed, and pierced him more deeply with her eyes. He could make no answer. "Of course I came to America for ze lettairs." She saw the packet on the floor near her feet. She picked up the letters and thrust them into her bosom. "You will not have ze safe to open," she said over her shoulder to her attendant. to her attendant.

She turned toward Crane, walked up to him. She seemed to grow more commanding, her dark eyes more withering, more triumphant. Billy had seen the *prima donna* as many a famous heroine, but never had she so

domina as many a famous heroine, but never had she so dominated a scene as now. "When I bring suit, when I show ze lettairs, what you sink ze Court say?—what you sink ze world say? And when I tell ze papers how Sam Crane sneak home, about to-night—oh, won't ze papers make eet beeg ! Won't ze whole world laugh !" The ashen, helpless face of the Wall Street magnate showed that he was even now hearing the laugh of the

showed that he was even now hearing the laugh of the world. Madame Morini laughed again, in her voice the triumph of complete avengement. As for Billy and Harrigan, from being actors in the play, they had become like the gentlemen with the bag, mere spectators. "I have all I want," Madame Morini went on. "Good-bye, Meestair Crane! Give my love to ze Countess Reynaud!"

She bowed, laughed again, and rustled magnificently away. Crane looked after with feverish hesitancy. As she passed through the door he called tremulously: "Madame Morini ! Marcella !" She turned back and regarded him imperiously. "Well?"

Something seemed to stick in his lean throat, but he got it up. "What what'll you take to keep still?" Her eyes searched him through and through. He was plainly in earnest, frantically in earnest. She considered long



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"You have jilt me, insult me, before all ze world," she answered. "Jilt me for ze Countess Reynaud. She laugh at me. Well-you marry me!" He went pallid, and his eyes blinked slowly. Again his throat scamed clogged

his throat seemed clogged. "Of course you'll give me a month or two-to settle

his consent.

his consent. Madame Morini's face did not at once soften. Crane turned to Harrigan. The silence of these others would not only save him humiliation, but would enable him again to slip abroad. "Of course you'll keep still about all this, Harrigan— you and the other detective with you?" There was nothing that Harrigan desired less than that the world should know who was the fearsome anarchist he had declared he would pursue to the bit-ter end. But Harrigan had two exceptional eyes for the main chance. So his red face became troubled with probity, and he said with doubt : "I don't know. There's my duty to my position and the public." "Oh, I'll make it worth your while," urged Crane. "Say five thousand." There was a decent period of hesitation on Harrigan's

There was a decent period of hesitation on Harrigan's part. Then is said slowly, in the tone of a favor: "Oh--all right." "And half that to you," Crane remarked to the safe

"And half that to you," Crane remarked to the safe expert. That gentleman was willing. Crane turned to Billy. "And five thousand to you." But, Billy, shaking with excitement, was already at the door. "You'll want a carriage to take you to the minister's," he called back. "1'll go and get one for you." And instantly he was out. "Vairy obligeeng young man," said Madame Morini, approvingly. She looked again at Mr. Crane, who looked back; the gaze continued for a minute, the while they realized their new relations. Then Madame Morini slipped an arm through an arm of Mr. Crane. "Well, come on, Sam," she said.

#### V.

It was five o'clock when Harrigan, having assisted through all the details of marriage, bade good-night to the Cranes. On the whole he was satisfied; his honor was safe, and five thousand's not a bad compen-

honor was safe, and live thousand's not a bad compen-sation for a doubtful promotion. As he strolled from the gilded marble rotunda of the vast hotel out into Fifth Avenue, a bundle of morning papers was being carried in. A great headline assaulted his eye. He seized a paper—and stared ! There it all was ! All ! The scene in Crane's house, with Madame Morini in the rôle of triumphant heroine— his reckless pursuit of the dread anarchist—the collar-box bomb, and all the rest. Yes—all ! And this same story, as he knew, was in every morning paper. Who

box bomb, and all the rest. Yes—all ! And this same story, as he knew, was in every morning paper. Who would have dreamed of a poor kid reporter turning down an easy five thousand like that ! Wouldn't he like to twist off that yellow head ! His brain filled with thoughts, visions. . . . How the boys at headquarters would laugh. Harrigan's anarchist ! . . And would Crane now pay him the promised five thousand for silence? He knew Crane. Not Crane ! . . Ah, but there was a satisfaction ! Crane,—how Crane would be laughed at ! And caught and gridironed by the Watered Stock Committee! Committee!

Committee! He was starting away, when his hand chanced to brush a paper in his coat pocket. He took it out. Staring up at him was his bold likeness; and above it, in inch-high letters, was the headline, "'Anarchy Ed' Pursues Daring Anarchist !" He ripped the paper into shreds, and flung them fiercely against the November wind. And empty Fifth Avenue filled with his curses.

### Platt and Depew at Prayers

PLATT and Depew at prayers is one of the enlightening PLATT and Depew at prayers is one of the enlightening glimpses afforded visitors in the galleries who come early to see the United States Senate begin its daily work. The two poor old men, when they are in Washington, come into the chamber early. Few sena-tors do this, and sometimes only five or six hear Dr. Edward Everett Hale's invocation to the Deity. The seat of Boies Penrose, of Pennsylvania, is between the two New York senators, but sometimes Depew moves over after Platt has been helped into the chamber and talks to him. When Dr. Hale began his prayer one morning, there were in the chamber, besides Platt and Depew, Perkins of California, Smoot of Utah, Dick of Ohio, and McCreary of Kentucky. A curious little company of men!



up things?" "I geve you one hour." "You mean to-night?" "To-night—or I tell ze papers !" He stared at her for a long, thoughtful moment. "Well," he said hesitatingly, "well—". And that was

### The Money Bag of Matteo

[Concluded from page 297]

him into a rage. His dusky face grew lean, and his black eves grew more and more restless. On pay day he stood in the long line, watching the window with a fixed, greedy gaze, and received hearty curses and shoves for trying to edge up out of his place. He was worst of all when in Harson's room counting his money. In this bewildering process, so hard would he breathe and so fierce would grow his eyes, that Harson would often seize him roughly and shake him, make him pour the coins all back into the bag, and go out for a tramp down along the docks.

Matteo had written a long letter to Anna telling all that had happened on that fatal night. Her letters since then had been short and full of suspicion. She wrote that in New York, where you made twenty lira in one day and night, it must be easy for a man to get money enough for one wife, unless he was always drunk and lost it like a fool. One simple, tormenting question burned in Matteo's mind.

"When a woman sees a man lose all his money like a fool, how long you think she waits?" This question he put to Harson so This question he put to Harson so many times that at last one night the big man broke out with a torrent of curses.

"She wait till she die!" he cried. "You get drunk, you beat her an' beat her till one night she die; her old fadder he grab de boy, you go far away alone by yourself; she is dead-but again she wait!" He turned sharply and looked out the open window, off over the gay, sparkling, tooting old river. There was a long silence. "She wait an' she wait," he muttered.

The long sultry days of September wore on. Now Matteo's bag held nearly a hundred dollars. But for forty-six days no letter had come from Naples. And the little Italian grew steadily worse.

After one terrific stretch of work, he needed Harson's big arm to get up the long, steep flights of stairs. Into Harson's own room they went, and Harson laid Matteo gently on the bed. Then he filled his pipe and lit it, and sat a long time by the open window; while from the darkness behind, Matteo feverishly tossed and muttered in delirium.

At last Harson rose, knocked the ashes out his pipe, and stood looking stupidly up at the stars. Then he turned, went to the bed, and bent over the sleeper. Slowly and very cautiously he unbuttoned Matteo's coat, as the little Italian lay hot and lifeless with fatigue. He worked silently. Only, now and then, a slight chink could be heard.

A few moments later, he rose and went softly out of the room. Down in the silent street, he turned toward the river; and for a long time he walked, slowly and dazed, as though in a dream. Toward morning he turned into a dock shed. The look of the watchman there he met with a smile and a shake of his shaggy head. He There seemed suddenly far away from men. was no ship at the dock that night. The long, dark shed was empty. Harson went out to the end, which was open and bright, with the strange mingled light of the cold old night and the first uncertain coming of the new, glowing day.

Late the next afternoon, little Matteo awoke tired and aching. By long habit, one hand went to his coat. It was open! With a quick mad cry he sprang from his bed and rushed to the table. His eyes were so blurred and his hands so unsteady, it was harder than ever to count. So he could not believe what he found. Over and over again did he count it. But when at last he could doubt no longer, then for the first time in years did little Matteo fall on his knees. He tried to pray to the Virgin. But he could think of nothing. He fervently crossed himself many times; and knelt there trembling, staring out into the heavens.

"A miracle!" he whispered. "A miracle!"



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Up in the Family Tree

By MABEL MARTIN [Concluded on page 289]

"It's too awful to tell," Pa said. "Just you go

"It's too awful to tell," Pa said. "Just you go way and leave me to get my bearin's." Right after they'd left the room, Ma tore in. "Whatever's the matter!" she cried. Isn't it funny the way women carry on about things? Here was Pa, the one what had met with disaster, sitin' as calm and dejected as could be; and Ma that did n't know nothin' about it, all upset. "The Bureau's been sendin' me some more informa-tion," Pa said. "And what is it?" Ma asked. Pa wheeled round and looked at her a minute. "The

"And what is it?" Ma asked. Pa wheeled round and looked at her a minute. "The Bureau says—" he replied, "it says that no record's ever been found of the king's marriage to Mrs. Fits-Gerald !"

Gerald !" Neither Pa nor Ma spoke a word for a long time. You could see it wus a pretty hard blow- this findin' out that Pa wus n't desended from kings at all. Final-ly Pa got up and kind o' shook himself. "Well," he said, "I'm kind o' glad that it's all over with. I wus n't cut out for a king, anyhow. I'm too old to learn a new trade. Where're those children r" he said. "I want to fix things up with them." Ma called Malcom and Sis, and they came in. "Mal-com," said Pa, "I have n't treated you square. You wus in every way worthy of Pauline, and I refused to consider you because of this ancestry nonsense. I want you to know right here that your desent don't make

wus in every way worthy of Pauline, and I refused to consider you because of this ancestry nonsense. I want you to know right here that your desent don't make any difrunce to me. You're a man, and an American, and that's enuf. We all of us get the ancestry bee in our bonnets at some time or other; and most of us get stung by it. Then we begin to get some of that good common sense of our fathers into those bonnets and understand what fools we've been. Come, lad, throw away the old coats of arms. They don't help a man in the makin' of his character." Pa reached out for all the papers on his desk and was goin' to chuck 'em into the wastebasket, when Malcom caught hold of his arm and stopped him. "What," he yelled, "throw away the Stuarts' coats of arms, and centuries of family tradishuns! Not much. You might as well throw me into the waste-basket. I expect to hand those records down to desen-dents who will reveer the memory of their ancester." He picked up the coats, and he and Sis went off, lug-gin' the Stuart traditions. "Well," says Pa to Ma, when they'd gone out, "that's all right enough as a sentiment- but what are you goin' to do when your ancesters were n't respect-able :"

### The Modesty of Grover Cleveland By JOHN M. SIDDALL

THE late Carl Schurz told me (the story has never been published before) that Grover Cleveland sent for him, early in the campaign of 1884, and asked for advice. If he should be elected President of the United States what ought he to do? What matters should claim his attention?

General Schurz told Mr. Cleveland that the tariff was an important issue. Then, out of the fullness of his knowledge of that particular subject, he elaborated his suggestion, and recommended it to Mr. Cleveland with great emphasis.

great emphasis. Grover Cleveland listened attentively. He said that he agreed with Mr. Schurz. "But, General Schurz," he said, "I am afraid that I don't know enough about the tariff. I am afraid that I don't know anything about the tariff." With that he leaned over and buried his head in his hands. "Then," said General Schurz, "Mr. Cleveland went to work, and three years later, as a direct result of his characteristic attitude of humility toward any new sub-ject, we had his great tariff message of 1887."

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### On the Defensive

JOINNY CLAYTON was the ill-used son of an uglv step-father. He always threw up his right arm whenever he answered any question in school, as though fearing an attack from his teacher. It was impossible to break

an attack from his teacher. It was impossible to break him of the habit, and so the pupils and teachers became accustomed to it, and made no comments. But when the bishop came to town and talked to the Sunday school, he lined up the boys and girls in class-room form to ask them some questions from the Cate-chism. Johnny Clayton happened to be at the upper end of the alignment, and the bishop gave him the first ourstion:

question: "Tell me, please, who made this great world of

ours?" "I did n't do it," exclaimed Johnny, as he threw up

his arm. "What is the meaning of this?" said the bishop, severely. "I mean that if I did, I won't do it again," said

Johnny, with a sob, as he threw up his hand and arm. The surprised bishop walked over toward the excited boy, and Johnny broke for the door, screaming: "Help! Mother !

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### May, 1908

#### If Not, Why Not? Happy?

[Concluded from page 295]

the saving grace, the only thing that can keep a human being from retrograding. Activity along the line of one's highest ambition is the normal state of man, and

one's highest ambition is the normal state of man, and he who tries to evade it pays the penalty in deterioration of faculty, in paralysis of efficiency. Do not flatter yourself that you can be really happy unless you are useful. Happiness and usefulness were born twins. To separate them is fatal. It is as impossible for a human being to be happy who is habitually idle as it is for a fine chronometer to be normal when not running. The highest happiness is the feeling of wellbeing which comes to one who is actively employed doing what he was made to do, carrying out the great life-purpose patterned in his in-dividual bent. The practical fulfilling of the life-purpose is to man what the actual running and keeping time are to the watch. Without action both are meaningless. There is no tonic like that which comes from doing things worth while. There is no happiness, like that which comes from doing our level best every day, everywhere; no satisfaction like that which comes from stamping superiority, putting our royal trade-mark upon

everywhere; no satisfaction like that which comes from stamping superiority, putting our royal trade-mark upon everything which goes through our hands. Man was made to do things. Nothing else can take the place of achievement in his life. Real happiness without achievement of some worthy aim is unthink-able. One of the greatest satisfactions in this world is the feeling of enlargement, of growth, of stretching up-ward and onward. No pleasure can surpass that which comes from the consciousness of feeling one's horizon of ignorance being nusbed farther and farther away—

comes from the consciousness of feeling one's horizon of ignorance being pushed farther and farther away— of making headway in the world—of not only getting on, but also of getting up. Happiness is incompatible with stagnation. A man must feel his expanding power lifting, tugging away at a lofty purpose, or he will miss the joy of living. The discords, the bickerings, the divorces, the break-ing up of rich homes, and the resorting to all sorts of silly devices by many rich people in their pursuit of happiness, prove that it does not dwell within them, that happiness does not abide with low ideals, with that happiness does not abide with low ideals, with selfishness, idleness, and discord. It is a friend of har-mony, of truth, of beauty, of affection, of simplicity. Multitudes of men have made fortunes, but have

How often we hear the remark, "He has the money, but cannot enjoy it."

A man can have no greater delusion than that he can spend the best years of his life coining all of his energies into dollars, neglecting his home, sacrificing friendships, self-improvement, and everything else that is really worth while, for money, and yet find happiness at the end !

at the end : If a man coins his ability, his opportunities, and his dollars, and neglects the cultivation of the only faculties which are capable of appreciating the highest happiness during all the years he is accumulating wealth, he cannot effectively revive these atrophied brain cells. His en-iovment, after he makes his money must came form

effectively revive these atrophied brain cells. His en-joyment, after he makes his money, must come from the exercise of the same faculties which he has em-ployed in making it. He cannot undo the results of a life habit after he retires from business. If you have not kept alive your ability to appreciate the beautiful, the good, and the true, you will be as surprised to find that it has left you as Darwin was when, in middle life, he discovered all at once that he had lost his power to appreciate Shakespeare and music. music.

music. We ought to be able to get a good living, even to make fortunes, and yet have a jolly good time every day of our lives. This idea of being a slave most of the time, and of only occasionally enjoying a holiday, is all wrong. Every day should be a holiday, a day of joy and gladness, a day of supreme happiness; and it would be, if we lived sanely, if we knew the secret of right thinking and normal living. Is n't it strange that so few people ever think of mak-ing happiness a daily duty; that they should put this everlasting emphasis upon their vocations, on money making, and let the thing for which they really live come incidentally or without planning? The making of a life should be emphasized infinitely more than the making of a living.

Few people ever learn the art of enjoying the little things of life as they go along. Yet it is the little, every-day enjoyments and satisfactions that count most in a lifetime

Almost every person 1 know is living in anticipation, not in reality. He is not actually living the life he has always looked forward to, or expected to attain; but is just getting ready to live, just getting ready to enjoy it. When he gets a little more money, a little better house, a little more of the comforts of life, a little more leisure, a little more freedom from responsibility, he will then be ready to enjoy life.

will then be ready to enjoy life. It is a rare thing to find a person who can truthfully say: "I am really living. This is the life I have been striving for, the life that I have looked forward to as being as near my ideal as I am likely to find in this world."

It is a great thing so to cultivate the art of happiness that we can get pleasure out of the common experien-ces of every day.

The happiness habit is just as necessary to our best



MANY young men and young women who would otherwise be expert shorthand writers, have made the great mistake of starting wrong. To the average person, the term "shorthand" has no particular signifi-cance, but, with no knowledge of the various systems, cance, but, with no knowledge of the various systems, they are led astray by the promises and representations held out by those who are not practical shorthand writers themselves, and who consequently are incapa-ble of teaching expert shorthand, let alone evolving a system of their own to revolutionize the art of shorthand writing. No greater crime can be perpetrated than that of

starting a young man or young woman in a field of endeavor, improperly equipped. And every one of these people who would make one believe that "in thirty days we can teach you to write with the rapidity of human thought" and that the systems which are used in order to report the great conventions, the proceed-ings of Congress, and all the important public work, are people who could not do a bit of expert work in short-hand if their lives depended upon it. How can they expect a young man or woman to become expert under their teaching, if they are not expert.

#### \* Earl Pendell's Experience

I HAVE in mind the experience of a young man who is now an expert court reporter in Fort Smith, Arkan-sas. His name is Earl Pendell. He wrote a widely advertised system of shorthand for several years, and found that he was not compe-



### \* A Court Reporter in Fifteen Months

THERE has been an idea that court reporting—a pro-fession that pays from \$3,000 to \$6,000 a year— could only be acquired after years of hard study. It cannot be acquired in a few days or a few weeks. I lately received a letter from a young man who has beately received a letter from a young man who has be-come a successful court reporter after fifteen months of study at his home. His name is C. H. Gorman, and his address is Eureka, Nevada. This letter, together with one from Earl Pendell, is given below, in order that those who are contemplating the, study of short-hand may ascertain how success in it may be acquired:

C. H. Gorman's Letter

"Now that I have been tried in court and not found wanting,

"Now that I have been tried in court and not found wanting, I feel that it is my duty to say something of my experience. Prior to 1906, I was a telegraph operator on the Southern Pacific Railroad. In March, 1906, I entered the bank at this place as a clerk. I was not long in find-ing out where shorthand would help me in my daily work, and I decided to study some sys-tem, but the question was, which system. About this time I met a Gregg writer-who told me the merits and demerits of all systems-from Mr. Gregg's standpoint. I asked him why there were not any Gregg court reporters of any note, or why Mr. Gregg did not have much to say on that point in his ad-vertising, and his answer "be-cause the system. is only a

little over ten years old; it hasn't been published long enough for anyone to become a first-class court reporter" very nearly decided me to leave shorthand strictly alone. About this time I accidentally came across one of the advertisements of the Success Shorthand school, and there was such a contrast between the claims that I decided to "bite," and I answered one of the advertisements and asked for particulars, be-cause there were three or four instances in that one ad-vertisement where young men not yet twenty-five years of age had become proficient enough in from one to two years to make good in court. "This case lasted four days and I made \$93-not so bad for an investment of \$30. In addition to the salary I received, and what I prized more highly than anything else, was the com-mendation I received from the judge and attorneys for the class of work I performed. In the face of these facts, can any one question the Success Shorthand system, or the methods of that school? chool ?

"I have given my experience in detail in the hope that it may help some in deciding right when they begin the study."

Here is a letter from Earl Pendell, which also gives his experience in shorthand:

I wish to say that prior to my coming to Chicago, less than three months ago, I was, and for five years had been, writing the Gregg system of shorthand. For less than three months before coming to your school, I had studied the principles of the Gra-ham system, which study I took up because of the inadequacy of the Gregg system. I had not progressed far enough with my study of the Graham to use it, and might be considered as having the equivalent of a knowledge of four or five lessons in your course. course.

It is true that I have endeavored to do court reporting with the fristrue that i have endeavored to do contreporting with the Gregg system, but it was with the greatest effort on my part that it was possible to keep within hailing distance of the witness. Then, too, I experienced great difficulty when brusbing<sup>4</sup> up against technical terms, and I frequently had to resort to long-hand in order to be sure of what I was writing.

This was after five years with the Gregg system.

This was after five years with the Gregg system. I leave to-day for Fort Smith, Ark., where I am to do court reporting, and will write the Success system in the courts. I feel a competency in myself, after less than three months' study in your school, which I never before felt with the Gregg system. Five years with the Gregg system did not make me as good a shorthand writer as three months with the Success sys-tem. Now, when I strike a technical term, I write it in short-hand and hnow that I can read it. Had I your system when I first started the study of shorthand, I would to-day be better off in the matter of dollars and cents, for on one occasion, while in Kansas City, I was compelied, because of lack of ability, to re-fuse the position of official court reporter, which would have paid two or three times as much as I was then earning, and am positive that had I then been writing the Success system I would, have been competent to hold the position. It is somewhat hard to criticize and condemn a system of short-

It is somewhat hard to criticize and condemn a system of short-hand, but the Gregg system retarded my progress, and kept me from earning what I could have earned with a better system, and I believe I owe this letter to you, and especially to those who are trying to decide what system of shorthand to study. I conscien-tiously recording your system to anyone desiring to study shorthand and to reap the fullest rewards in the profession.

\*

### Very truly yours,

EARL PENDELL \* \*

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tent to do expert work. Two times he was offered positions paying thousands each year, and both times he was com-pelled to refuse because of his inability to write fast enough shorthand. In less than six months' study of the Success Shorthand system he became an expert court reporter, and is now doing that class of work in Fort Smith, Ark. It cost him hundreds of dollars to use an inferior system, for he lost the emoluments which would have come to him had he learned an EARL PENDELL, Court Reporter. Fort Smith, Arkaness. become real shorthand writers and are handicapped by the flimsy foundation of a poor system of shorthand.

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welfare as the work habit, or the honesty or squaredealing habit.

No one can do his best, his highest thing, who is not perfectly normal, and happiness is a fundamental neces-sity of our being. It is an indication of health, of sah-ity, of harmony. The opposite is a symptom of disease, of abnormality. There are plenty of evidences in the human economy that we user intended for harmings, that it is our par-

There are plenty of evidences in the human economy that we were intended for happiness, that it is our nor-mal condition; that suffering, unhappiness, discontent, are absolutely foreign and abnormal to our natures. There is no doubt that our life was intended to be one grand, sweet song. We are built upon the plan of harmony, and every form of discord is abnormal. There is something wrong when any human being in this world, tuned to infinite harmonies and beauties that are unspeakable, is unhappy and discontented. One of the most inexplicable mysteries that ever puz-zled the selfish rich, is their failure to find happiness where they had expected to find it.

zled the selfish rich, is their failure to find happiness where they had expected to find it. The bitterest disappointment that comes to people who have made fortunes is that the wealth did not bring the happiness which it promised, or anything like it. They find that the affections do not feed on material things, that the heart would starve in the midst of the greatest luxuries alone. They find that, while money can do many things, it has little power to satisfy the heart yearnings, the heart hunger. How many women there are in palatial homes in this

can do many things, it has little power to satisfy the heart yearnings, the heart hunger. How many women there are in palatial homes in this country who are starving for happiness and who would gladly exchange all their luxuries for the love of a good man, even if he had not a dollar in the world! No selfish life can ever be happy. I am acquainted with a self-made man who has made a fortune, who tells me that the greatest enigma and disappointment of his life lie in the fact that, although he has made millions, he is not happy. He says that somehow he has never been able to make many friends; that people avoid him; that he has never been able to get the confidence of others to any very great extent, and that he is not popular even among his own neighbors. He cannot understand why he is not happy, for, he tells me, he has tried very hard to find happiness. The trouble with him is that he has always done everything with reference to himself. He did not mean to be selfish; but the whole passion of his life has been to make money, because he thought that would bring everything else that is desirable. He has chosen his friends for their ability to advance his interests, and has considered every step in life with reference to the effect it would have upon him. "What is there in it for me?" seems to have been the interrogation point in his life. Now, happiness is a reflection, an echo, a part of what we do and think. It does not depend upon our material possessions. Thoreau's cabin, at Walden Pond, only cost thirty-

material possessions. Thoreau's cabin, at Walden Pond, only cost thirty-one dollars, and yet Thoreau was rich and happy be-cause he had a rich mind.

cause he had a rich mind. It is as impossible for the selfish, greedy, grasping, thought, the thought always centered upon one's own interest, to produce a happy state of mind as it is for thistle seeds to produce wheat. But if we sow helpfulness, kindness, unselfishness, we shall reap a harvest of satisfaction, harmony, and happiness. Self-ishness and real happiness never go together. They are fatally antagonistic

harvest of satisfaction, harmony, and happiness. Self-ishness and real happiness never go together. They are fatally antagonistic. An inordinate ambition, a desire to get ahead of others, a mania to keep up appearances at all hazards, whether we can afford it or not, all these things feed selfishness, that corrosive acid which eats away our possible enjoyment and destroys the very sources of happiness. The devouring ambition to get ahead of others in money making, to outshine others socially, develops a sordid, grasping disposition which is the bane of happiness. No man with greed developed big within him can be happy. Neither contentment, satis-faction, serenity, affection, nor any other member of the happiness family can exist in the presence of greed. It is as impossible for a man who has been dishonest, who has gotten his wealth by crushing others, and by taking advantage of them, to be happy as it is for a person really to enjoy himself while walking with peb-bles in his shoes, or while constantly being nettled with pin pricks.

bles in his shoes, or while constantly being nettled with pin pricks. No man can be happy who is conscious of being a drone, of shirking his share in the great world's work, who knows that he is taking all the good things he can get hold of in life's great granary, put there by the toil-ers, and is putting nothing back. A debauched mind that has departed from the princi-ples of right thinking and right living has incapacitated itself for real enjoyment. The only way to get the happiness that is worth

The only way to get the happiness that is worth while is to live a straight, clean, pure, honest, useful life. There is no power in the universe that can make

a human being happy along any other lines. Straightforward, honest work, a determined endeavor to do one's best, an earnest desire to scatter flowers instead of thorns, to make other people a little better off, a little happier because of our existence, these are the only recipes for real happiness.

No man can be happy when he despises his own acts, when he has any consciousness of wrong, whether of motive or act. No man can be happy when he harbors

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### LENTALA [Continued from page 200

"The mob is swelling rapidly," he said with perfect

be crushed against the gate and the wall." Seeing that he stood inactive, I wondered whether he was so numbed as to be incapacitated; but he cleared

the doubt. "If the beam-carriers force their way through the mass, many will be maimed or killed. I am listening to the sounds."

His coolness and clearness were remarkable. Christopher, unruffled, was studying our surroundings. "There come the beam-carriers," said the king.

topher, unruffled, was studying our surroundings. "There come the beam-carriers," said the king. "They are much excited, and are not working smoothly together. One fell then; he was stepped on and hurt. Now they are torging ahead. They are blindly ram-ming the mass before them. A woman is hurt." The king's back was to the ladder and the wall. He was gazing into space behind me, listening. "Hark! Yes, that is he,—one of Gato's captains, a big, strong man, with a great voice. He has just ar-rived, fighting his way through the crowd, and calling the soldiers, telling them that I have murdered Gato. I have been kind to this man. On the chance of Gato's being out of the way, he sees his opportunity to step into his leader's shoes, carry out his plan, and usurp the throne. The soldiers are rallying. They fight ruthlessly for passage to the captain. It is bungling, cruel work." "No." "Let me go up." "No." He was firm as well as calm. "Wait. The soldiers are unwittingly preparing my moment. I have partisans as well as enemies there. If I showed myself now, it would increase the frenzy. My friends and enemies would at once begin a fight of factions. They could not, would not, hear my voice. I will let the soldiers clear the way." We waited. "We waited. "We waited. "We waited.

could not, would not, near my voice. I will let the soldiers clear the way." We waited. ""Why don't they scale the wall, Sire?" "That will come later, —by the soldiers." He stood listening. That was trying to my mercu-rial nature, and almost a mad desire to be over the wall in the thick of the melle was straining within me. The king produced a key, handed it to me, and com-posedly said: "That opens the vault containing the cargo from the white people's vessel, including the arms. If I fall, you and your brother will know what to do in defend-ing the palace. But don't be hasty. Be merciful if you can. This outbreak will not last long. Violent earth-quakes are likely to come again at any moment, and the red fire and purple flame on the summit make me think that there may be a volcanic eruption." "What will happen then?" "The white people will seize the opportunity to es-cape from the valley,—if they have not already started. That would mean the annihilation of the entire party, for all the Senatras, including the army, would fall upon

for all the Senatras, including the army, would fall upon them. Then my people would be satisfied, and order would be restored."

would be restored." My respect for his insight gave his words a crushing force. But what did it mean that Lentala had told Captain Mason to bring the colony out? I was moving toward the ladder under an impulse to be in action, but a firm grasp fell on my arm. An apologetic look of warning reminded me that Christo-pher never slept when a beloved one was in danger. The king had noticed nothing, so deeply absorbed was he. A puzzle was sharpening his senses and wrinkling his brow. "I don't understand that," he said. "What, Sire?"

"What, Sire?" "I wish I knew that Lentala was safe."

"How could she be in danger, your Majesty?" "Her white blood. It makes her too daring." He was looking about, but his attitude of concentrated lis-tening returned. "There it is again!" he exclaimed. "What, your Majesty?" He did not answer for a while: then "Do you have

He did not answer for a while; then, "Do you hear that?" "Yes."

"It is a new trouble. It started on the outskirts of the mob, and is drawing nearer. I can't make it out." He was at the highest pitch of alertness, and was

silent for a time. "Don't you hear the voice? That is no Senatra! His cries—don't you hear them, man? The people are falling away from him in terror. Don't you hear?" "Yes, Sire."

"Yes, Sire." "They are crying, 'A demon sent by the Black Face! He will take our children, and the hungry Face will de-vour them!' Don't you hear that?" "Something of it, Sire." "The people are stricken with fear. The women are fighting to escape. Don't you hear their screams?"

fighting to escape. Don't you hear their screams?" "Yes, Sire. Is n't it time to mount the wall?" "No. There is no foreseeing what this diversion will accomplish."

There was a pause. "He is advancing toward the gate, bellowing. Surely you hear him?"



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"Yes, Sire." My heart bounded, for I recognized the voice

"He is crying in English, 'They brought me out to eat me!' He thinks we are cannibals!" exclaimed the

king, aghast. "All the white people in the valley think so, your Majesty"

Majesty." He blazed with resentment, but his attention was

"He is calling me the chief of the cannibals," re-sumed the king, "and is fighting his way to the gate. He shouts that he must be the first to enter, and that he will find me and strangle me. He is a maniac. The natives have a horror of that malady. The noise is subsiding. Don't you notice?" "Yes, Sire, and now I will rescue the madman." I started foi the ladder, but with a fierce grip the king withhald me

withheld me.

withheld me. "Would you be a fool and spoil everything?" he shouted in a sudden fury. He was again composed and listening. "Wonder-ful!" he said. "Some of the men, seeing how easily he clears the way, are hailing him as a leader. They are not the soldiers. The beam-bearers are advancing again, for the madman is opening a passage. They carry the beam on their shoulders. They are gradually approaching the gate. Don't you hear the lunatic shouting?" "Yes, Sire." "A considerable body of soldiers must be massed at

" Y es, Sire." " A considerable body of soldiers must be massed at the gate, awaiting the bearers, but they are silent. They must be consulting what to do. They are draw-

I hey must be consulting what to do. They are draw-ing their swords." "Sire!" I cried; "I won't let that happen." "Wait," he peremptorily commanded. "What is that?" He was listening more breathlessly than be-fore. "Strange! Strange! It—" "What is it?" I demanded in a rage of impatience. "I don't understand," he resumed after a pause. "What can make it? There is no earthquake. Did wow feel one?" you feel one?"

"What can make it? There is no earthquake. Did you feel one?" "No, Sire. But I can't—" "Wait." His clutch was on my arm. "Surely it can't be the white people from the valley!" He reeled, and I seized the instant to spring upon the ladder. But I had forgotten Christopher. He turned me around to face the king. The stricken monarch was standing in a tenseness sprung from unnamable fears. But he started as some-thing new fell on his hearing. "No," he said, "not they. Something else. They are growing more quiet. It is a woman. They are hailing her. She speaks. Don't you hear her voice?" I could hear only a blur of noises. "She is shaming the women. And sending them away. She is my friend! Do you know the voice?" He seized my arm and gazed into my face. "No, Sire." "She is fighting her way through the men. She calls them fools, cowards, ingrates. They are dazed. Only one woman on all this island would have the courage to do that." "Sire, if you—" Sire, if you-

"She is calling, pleading; she is saying that I am the kind, wise father of them all."

kind, wise father of them all." I turned to Christopher, and found a startling trans-formation. No longer was he the dull, patient, waiting man. Every nerve was strung. The king's mouth was open; his eyes bulged; his clutch on my arm tightened. "Listen!" he commanded. "She is—"

"Sire, you must mount the wall. We must rescue

her! "" No, no! She is in little danger. May the gods give her strength! Hush! What is that? They are going forward with the beam. She is standing erect upon it. Did you hear that?" "What, Sire?"

"What, Sire?" "The soldiers are advancing with drawn swords." With a violent effort 1 broke the king's grasp and sprang for the ladder, but a giant hand feil on my shoulder and thrust me back. Above the subsiding din rose a clear, unterrified call from without: "Christopher! Christopher!" He had been waiting for that. His answer rang keen and far, and he leaped upon the ladder. "Come when 1 call," he said to us. In a moment he was on the wall. In another he had

In a moment he was on the wall. In another he had deliberately sent the ladder crashing to the ground. He studied the outer scene a moment, crouched, and sprang into the maelstrom.

Five thousand throats opened at the spectacle.

Five thousand throats opened at the spectacle. "The gate, Sire! Give me the gate key!" I shouted. "No! It would be death. The ladder!" I knew that Christopher must have acted intelligently in throwing the ladder. Had he done it merely to de-lay our ascent? When it was up, the king interposed before my clutch at the rungs. "Your king first," he said. "Mount then, Sire, in heaven's name," cried I, curs-ing inwardly at the delay and my own impotence. "Stay below until I summon you," said his Majesty. "Your appearance at this time may bring ruin to us all." Vaguely realizing that he was in the right, I gritted

Vaguely realizing that he was in the right, I gritted my teeth and waited.

Meanwhile, what was happening to Christopher and Lentala in that swirl of blind mob passion beyond the wall, and what meant the groans of men and the clang

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of metal? Christopher might save her life until the king should create a diversion, but what could a man do for himself, with a hundred swords at his breast? With dignity and deliberation King Rangan stepped upon the broad top of the wall. Slowly facing the mob, he raised his hand, and held it firmly aloft.

mob, he raised his hand, and held it firmly aloft. He had been seen before assuming the impressive attitude, and a mighty shout of mingled adoration and derision arose; it continued jeeringly till he raised his hand; then gradually it fell into the deep roar of break-ers after a storm, and thus faded to a silence broken only by the rumble of distant hordes moving on the palace. The king swept the multitude with his gaze, and spoke. and spoke: "Your king has grown old in service to his people,

and now-Gato! Gato! Give us Gato!"

"Gato! Gato! Give us Gato!" "Every true subject of mine holds his life at the ser-vice of his king." "Show us Gato! We must have him!" "Very well," his deep voice rang out. "You shall have Gato."

Before I could recover from my surprise he turned to me, tossed me a key, and ordered me to bring Gato immediately

Is all well with my brother and Lentala, Sire?" I begged. "Yes, but go at once!"

"Yes, but go at once!" I dashed through the grounds and the palace to the dungeon door, which upon reaching I flung open. Unable to see within, I said sharply: "Bring Gato. Be quick!" The shadows took dim shapes, stooped and lifted something heavy, and shuffled hastily toward the door. "On my shoulder!" I rapped. They laid him across. I slammed the door, locked it, staggered up the steps. The king was still address-ing the mob, but his glance fell upon me in answer to my call.

ing the mob, but his glance fell upon me in answer to my call. "Bring him up," he commanded. Again turning to the crowd, he said: "Gato is here. You shall see him; you shall have him. From him you will learn what it means to betray your king." I was nearly at the top of the ladder, which sagged and cracked under the double weight. The king made a detaining gesture toward me. "Stand him up to face the people," directed he. I dragged the stiffening Gato to his feet, and, my breast against his back and my arms locked round his body, turned him to the crowd. An inability to credit the senses held them dumb at first. They looked from one to another, horror in their eyes. Then a groan swept over the multitude; it passed, leaving a stillness inconceivably impressive.

"You wished to see Gato; you have seen him. You demanded him; you shall have him." He gave me an order. I raised Gato aloft, and started toward the gate, where the soldiers were massed. In a loud voice the king cried.

king cried: "Unfaithful soldiers of the king, take your leader!"

"Unfaithful soldiers of the king, take your leader!" I hurled Gato down among them. The heavy body struck something,—I did not see what. Lentala was standing between the soldiers and the gate. "Lentala!" rang the king's voice. A way to the foot of the ladder opened, and the king gave her a hand at the top. Then he reached for mine. Standing thus between us, he addressed the throng: "My people, these two and the one who leaped from the wall have been tried as by fire. They would die for their king if he but gave the word. You have seen Gato. Behold these! "Soldiers of the king, did I but raise my hand, thou-

their king if he but gave the word. You have seen Gato. Behold these! "Soldiers of the king, did I but raise my hand, thou-sands of my loyal and loving people would rend you where you stand. What should be done, my children," turning to the mob, "to honored and trusted sons who would steal upon their father to strike him down with an assassin's knife?"

A murmur, which rapidly swelled, warned the king. "Peace!" he cried. "A king can forgive. My sol-diers were never bad at heart; they were led away. Soldiers of the king, raise a hand in token of your loyalty."

Soldiers of the king, raise a hand in token of your loyalty." Every one obeyed. "Your faithless leader gone, I appoint Lentala, my daughter, as commander of the army." There was a craning of necks. The soldiers made no concealment of their surprise, but in their gratitude for the king's pardon shouted their acceptance. The king laid his hand on Lentala's head. "I now make this proclamation: I am old and broken, and the grief of this day has brought me near the end. To this one, true and wise, brave and de-voted, so deeply loved and trusted by us all, I resign the rulership of my people." He removed his crown and cloak, and placed them on her. "Obey her as you love her, and peace and security will abide with you. This is your ruler henceforth. Obeisance and greetings to Queen Lentala!" A thrill ran through the gathering, and all sank to the ground. I was on my knees at her feet, pressing her fingers to my lips and trying to speak. "Joseph!" she scolded under her breath, giving my hand a little squeeze; "don't do that! How can I cry when you are so absurd!" Tears were falling from her lashes. She turned, put her arms on the king's shoulders.

Tears were falling from her lashes. She turned, put her arms on the king's shoulders, and bowed her head, while mighty salvos of huzzas rent the skies.

[To be continued in June]



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### No "Ladylike" Athletics

JACOB GOULD SCHURMAN, president of Cornell Uni-

J president of Cornell Uni-versity, recently took a rap at what he calls "lady-like" games in colleges. It is evident that modification of college athletics has swung pretty far toward a cer-tain softness, which, in the minds of old-time college athletes, is certain to have a ruinous effect on college sports. President Schurman has seen his university rise from an almost unimportant position in sports to a place where it can compete with Harvard, Yale, and Princeton, and no doubt he is somewhat anxious. A further curtailment in football rules and other sporting regulations might, he fears, send his institution back to the second class. There can be no doubt that football last year was a

There can be no doubt that football last year was a much tamer undertaking than it had been for many seasons. The rigid rules, the forced playing, the stren-uousness and extreme provess necessary to win a battle, had caused much uneasiness in faculties and in homes, until the matter needed some adjustment. It is quite until the matter needed some adjustment. It is quite possible that our young college men will not long kick the pigskin in this easy-going manner. They are des-tined to make athletics one of the strongest and most potent factors in college life. It is an American insti-tution that cannot be kept backward. It is coincident with our commercial energy, and so it will always be upheld by the strongest and most muscular of col-lege men, even though the penalty in many cases be life itself. itself.

President Schurman need not fear. The "lady-like" game has no horrors for us.

### Canada's Good Example

CANADA objects to the Olympic Committee's plan of CANADA objects to the Olympic Committee's plan of sending eighty men to represent the Dominion at the games in London next summer. This opposition is based on the grounds of expense. Those who are con-versant with Canadian sports claim that not more than forty men in Canada have a chance of winning an event. The expense for each man sent over would be \$500, and in order to create the necessary total, \$40,000, the Dominion Government has given \$17,000, and the Ontario legislature \$2,000 toward this sum. Whether or not eighty men go, the important part of this whole matter is the attitude of the Dominion Government. Consider what an immense amount of lobbying and matter is the attitude of the Dominion Government. Consider what an immense amount of lobbying and legislating and chin music would be required even to borrow a ten-dollar bill from Uncle Sam to aid Amer-ican athletics in a foreign contest! We like the Domin-ion's spirit. It shows that it can rise above the sordidness of wordy debate and tariff tinkering, take a day off and see its swarthy sons wrestling for Mara-thonian honors, and not regret it if they fail to win. Our own nation can take a lesson from this. We need more of the spirit that will make us forget our

need more of the spirit that will make us forget our cares and get out in the open, run a foot race, and throw a javelin. But the possibility of Uncle Sam doing anything to create that spirit is about as remote as the rainbow end.

#### Now, for Socker

Now, for Socker The Intercollegiate League is an important factor in college sports this spring. It has finally succeeded in creating an interest in the old English game, socker— the British variety of association football—and two terms, one from Yale and one from Cornell, are plan-ning foreign tours. Socker has secured so strong a hold in the United States, and the players have made such progress in the standard of play, that they now feel able to cope with outside teams. The Yale team goes abroad to contest for the Milne Cup, presented by the English captain of that name. This team, under the guidance of Captain H. C. Wicks, is composed entirely of American-born players. The forward line in sort important of all, individual skill is being gradually developed. Cornell is sending a team to South Amer-ica, but it is a very cosmopolitan eleven, made up of natives of the United States, Argentine Republic, Greece, signegation of blood and brawn ought to startle our neighors below the line. Besides these two elevens, Pennsylvania has a strong me; so has Columbia and Princeton. They all have international aspirations. It is finding favor, too, in Western colleges and among the younger men of the

Iney all nave international aspirations. It is finding favor, too, in Western colleges and among the younger men of the "prep" schools. It may not be impossi-ble soon to see socker on an equal footing of popularity with football.

### By "Foursome"

Flying Machine Feats

THE most costly amateur sport of the summer will be ballooning and tests of flying machines. No less a person than Count Henry de la Vaulx says he considers the conquest of the air an accomplished fact, because it is a simple matter to construct air ships which can travel at the rate of thirty miles an hour, carry from six to eight passengers, and remain in the air from ten to twelve hours. He believes that in five years every great nation will possess light squadrons of dirigibles, attached to their armies for defensive purposes. But that is war, not sport that is war, not sport.

It is interesting to record the number of prizes now offered for flying machine feats, and 1 give here some of the principal ones:

of the principal ones: \$4,000, offered by M. Armengaud, for the first flying machine that remains in the air for a quarter of an hour. \$4,000, to be offered in competitions at Vichy in Septemher. \$500, offered by Mr. Pepin, of the South West Aëro Club, for the first man to fly across the Garonne. \$100 for the best horizontal indicator, offered by the Aëro Club, of France. \$100 for the longest flight in 1908, offered by Mr. Triaca. Three prizes of \$40 and three silver medallions, offered by the aviation committee of the Aëro Club, of France, for soo meters at certain heights. The Ernest Archdeacon Cup, new held by Henry Farman. Prizes for aëroplane competitions at Bordeaux, in July. Competitions for \$14,000 at Spa, in July and August. \$2,500, the Ruinart prize for the first who flies from France to England, or vice verse. \$2,000 for 5,000 meters, offered by the Aëro Club, of France.

ngianu, or rice versa, \$1,000 for 5,000 meters, offered by the Aëro Club, of France. \$25,000, offered by Mr. Gibson for the first to fly around St.

Louis. Cup of \$2,000, and \$3,000 in cash and other prizes, offered by the Michelin Company. \$5,000, offered by the London *Graskic*, for a mile flight on the Brooklands track. \$15,900 for three miles, offered by the Brooklands Track

Brooklands track. \$15,500 for three miles, offered by the Brooklands Track Company. \$50,000, offered by the Loudon Daily Mail, for a flight from London to Manchester. \$2,500, Dr. Gans prize (Munich competitions), for ten minutes in the air.

Besides these, the Aëro Club of America will offer several prizes ranging from \$40,000 to \$100,000 for certain feats not yet announced.

### A Cure for Temper

A Cure for Temper multitude.

### The Race to Paris

AT THE time of our going to press, four cars remained in the New York Times—Paris Matin automo-bile race from New York to Paris. In this number is included the German "Protos" which is still running, though about four states behind and amusing itself with broken crank shafts. The American car, the Thomas "Flier," arrived in Seattle in time to take steamer for Valdez, Alaska, on April 1. The "Zust," of Italian origin, is second in the race, having distinguished itself by getting lost in the California "Death Valley." The French auto, "De Dion," is third in order, but still moving perceptibly.

French auto, "De Dion," is third in order, but still moving perceptibly. There is an unmistakable interest in this race in America. All along the line the cars have been greeted with unusual enthusiasm—especially of course the American. The interest of the people has been so great at times as to impede progress, but this difficulty will not be a serious one when the cars reach Alaska and Siberia where the sight of a human being is con-Siberia where the sight of a human being is con-sidered a rare treat.

We cannot repress the thought that this race, difficult and ambitious as it is, loses considerable in interest because of the sea trips from San Francisco to Alaska. Motoring on board ship is not yet a well-recognized branch of sport.

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#### As Governor Hughes Puts It

**T**<sub>RUE</sub> lovers of sport are unanimous in their endorse-ment of the race track anti-betting bill which is ment of the race track anti-betting bill which is making headway in the New York Legislature. The bill, which has the enthusiastic support of Governor Hughes, has already passed the Assembly, and stands a good chance of becoming a law. Although the New York constitution forbids gambling, there is no statute which makes it possible to prevent bookmaking at the race tracks. The proposed law would make gambling on race tracks a felony. A bill forbidding betting at Washington race tracks is being considered by Congress. The value of such a law to legitimate sport would be incalculable. How many branches of sport and ath-letics have had unenviable reputations because of the discredit cast upon them by the betting evil! When

letics have had unenviable reputations because of the discredit cast upon them by the betting evil ! When we consider the thousands of men annually who are ruining their lives and fortunes for the sake of enriching a horde of bookmakers, we feel that no pains should be spared to put an end to the evil. If, as the opponents of the bill declare, horse racing could no longer exist if betting were prohibited, there could be no stronger evidence that it is an illegitimate sport. If, on the other hand, there is possible, on a greatly reduced scale, an establishment where horse racing for its own sake is carried on, where the noble animal himself is the object of interest, and not the value which a professional gambler puts upon his chances, there might be instituted a new and valuable branch of sport.

branch of sport. Opponents of these bills have again brought forth Opponents of these bills have again brought forth the argument that horse racing is necessary to improving the breed of horses. This opinion is entitled to respect only because of its age. It is the useful type of horse, sailing boat, and motor car that the country is inter-ested in improving, not the highly specialized speeding machines. Anyway, as Governor Hughes so aptly puts it, it is much more important to improve the breed of men men.

### HEALTH HINTS

 $T_{\text{HE}}$  boards of health in our large cities, especially in Chicago and New York, have been greatly exercised during the past year by the alarming increase of heart disease mortality.

disease mortality. In New York the increase has been twenty-seven per cent. over the previous year. The increase over 1905 was nearly 125 deaths a month. Dr. Darlington, the Health Commissioner of New York City, has submitted to the Board of Health a remark-able chart, which has been for many months in prepa-ration in the Department of Vital Statistics.

This chart shows a great increase in heart disease in Chicago, Washington, San Francisco, Philadelphia, Boston, and other cities; but New York City shows the

most alarming increase. Dr. Darlington says that the terrible American pace is responsible for much of this increase. Dr. Guilfoy, who had charge of the compiling of the

chart, says:

"Lack of exercise, overeating, intemperance and, gen-erally speaking, high living, is responsible for the remark-

Lack of betteriors, both series, interpretation and, gon-erally speaking, high living, is responsible for the remark-able increase. "People don't walk enough, nowadays. We have be-come so accustomed to the pellmell rush of the age that our bodies are being neglected. Rapid transit facilities have probably caused us to jump into subways or on ele-vated trains and surface cars in our hurry to reach a point, and we have entirely forgotten the habit of walking. "We worry too much in the present day. That is re-sponsible for heart weakening. "Probably the anxieties and mental disturbances of the recent financial trouble have had something to do with the increase of heart disease deaths of the last two months. It can't be charged that the increase in our population due to foreign immigration is responsible for thas alarming showing. The foreign immigrants don't have heart disease. "It is our out-and-out American that succumbs to this afficient. What is more it is our so-called wall world we do

have heart disease. "It is our out-and-out American that succumbs to this affliction. What is more, it is our so-called well-to-do business or social man and woman that go down under the strain on a weakened heart."

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pers, too much alcoholic stimulants, modern forms of sport, and late hours are undoubtedly bad for the heart." THE report included in the chart says that "late sup-

The increase of deaths from heart disease during and

The increase of deaths from heart disease during and following the late panic was very noticeable. An examining physician for one of the big life insur-ance companies says that he has never rejected so many applicants for the same period as during the last few months. "In nearly all the cases," he says, "the ap-plicant was rejected because of a weak heart." The terrible American pace is responsible for multi-tudes of premature deaths. The feverish desire to get on in the world, to get rich quickly, the terrible strain to keep up appearances, to crowd weeks into days and months into weeks, are formidable life shorteners. 2

The home is a great leveler of all rank excepting that of real merit and real worth. Titles, as such, cut very little figure in the home.



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NE BOAT COMPANY, 1622 Racine St., Racine, Wis



THERE is a disease called creeping paralysis, which be-gins with one muscle, or set of muscles, and creeps along until it envelops the entire muscular system and complete paralysis of the muscles results. There is no known remedy for this creeping paralysis after it has gained a certain headway. It may be slow in its action, but its presence means certain death. It is a terrible experience for a man to feel himself gradually coming within the grasp of this enemy, to feel it slowly but surely closing in upon him, crushing out his life.

out his life. When a man becomes conscious that creeping paralysis is slowly but surely strangling the life out of his business or his profession, he experiences a painful shock. But business paralysis is not necessarily as fatal as paralysis in the human subject. If you are equal to the emergency, you can stay the disease, you can reverse the processes which have produced it. In, many instances, the business man is unconscious of the paralysis that is creeping over his business. He has become so accustomed to his surroundings, and to the dropping of his ideals, and of system and order, and the

become so accustomed to his surroundings, and to the dropping of his ideals, and of system and order, and the fading out of his former alertness and the oozing out of his ambition have been so gradual that he does not notice the changes until the conditions are serious. He sits with ease and contentment in the midst of disor-dered surroundings, which would have aroused every drop of blood and indignation in him to exertion when he was a younger man

drop of blood and indignation in him to exertion when he was a younger man. It is a most astonishing fact that men will work des-perately to get a start in life, to establish a business, and then let it run itself until they become alarmed by the gradual shrinking and dwindling away of trade. Then they find that it takes almost a superhuman effort to stay the decline, to stop the leaks, to eliminate the dry rot, to revivify the business, and to get life and power into it again. A man with an experienced business eye can very quickly detect when going through a store, factory, or place of business, the symptoms of creeping paralysis. The proprietor may not know it, but it is evident, and the visitor knows that slowly but persistently the mal-ady will extend to the different departments, until the entire institution is within its fatal grasp.

entire institution is within its fatal grasp. .

MANY a business becomes stagnant because of the lack of circulation. There are no new ideas infused into the stock, the goods become out of date and stale. Start up the circulation, infuse new life into your busi-ness! You must get rid of the paralysis, or go to pieces. You must first find out whether or not you are work-ing to the best advantage everywhere in your business, whether you are conducting it along the most economic lines, whether you have the most efficient time-saving devices. You may be throwing away money in ineffi-cient advertisements may not be written to "pull"; and there is a great difference between an advertisement which "pulls" and one which does not, although the two may practically say the same things. It is the way of saying a thing which counts in an advertisement just as much as in a speech. Things must be put in a telling, forceful way, in order to command attention.

You may not be economizing your space to the best advantage. You may have three men employed where one could do the work even more efficiently, with the proper labor-saving devices. This is a progressive age. You cannot afford to miss anything which will give you more efficiency and more economy. Don't hypnotize yourself, as many business men do, into the idea that the great trusts are absorbing all the trade and gradually strangling the smaller concerns. There are plenty of instances in the country of men who are so progressive, so up-to-date in their methods, that all the trusts in the world cannot crush them. Do not deceive yourself by trying to find all sorts of excuses in hard times, or in the change of business. If your business is not holding its own, if it is dropping off, there is a real reason for it, somebody is to blame.

EVERY up-to-date business man is always on the alert for any indication of dry rot or creeping paralysis in his business—a malady which has ruined tens of thou-sands of good-meaning business men. If new blood is not coming into your business, if your percentage of customers is dropping off or not in-creasing, there is some trouble somewhere.

Your success is largely a question of grit, of persist-ency, of progressive ideas, of up-to-dateness. The quality of a man's brain and the doggedness of his en-deavor are everything. There are plenty of men in this country to-day whom nothing can down, for superiority is their pattern

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Alabastine can also be used in relief work—raised decorative motifs—effects that cannot otherwise be obtained. Alabastine hardens and becomes a part of the wall itself. You can therefore apply a new tint right over the old Alabastine, without washing or scraping, as is necessary when wall-paper or kalsomine has been used, or is used again.

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